CHAPTER LXX.

PREPARING FOR THE END. Could the beautiful, white-faced woman gazing at him from the lustrous depths of her great, dusky eyes be the brilliant, defiant woman he had brought to Alhambaa Court to serve him as his pliant tool?

"What has come over you?" he gasped; "you look as if you had just stepped from your coffin!"

As he uttered those hurried words he cross-

As he uttered those hurried words he cro ed the room to where Madame Juliette stood beneath the full blaze of the chandelier.

At the sound of his voice she started slightly, like one awakened from a dream.

"I sent word that I would see you tomorrow," she said, in low, sweet, emetionless
tones. "But perhaps it is as well that—"
"To-morrow," he echoed, his ghastly visage becoming a shade more ghastly.

He suddenly checked himself, with a glan n the direction of the door he had en He instantly moved to it with swift, stealthy steps. But the sitting-room was tenantless. Contrary to his expectation, Marie had gone. Nevertheless he carefully closed the door. That done, he hastened back to Madame Juliette, who looked at him with the same dusk, hopeless eyes of wondrous beauty, the same matchless marble-like face.

"Wake up, Celie, wake up!" he oried in hushed accents. "The game is lost! Save yourself while you can, Pinard—do you hear?" shaking her slightly—"Pinard is in town. We shall have a day, at least, but I go to-night. You had better do the same. Apparently, I shall have drowned myself; really, I shall be making for Australia."

"You are going away," she said in the same sweet, emotionless voice in which she had before spoken. "I will give you this now."

"Why, what—" began Mr. Udy looking in surprise at the 'package she had placed in his hands—"what the den——" "It is the money you paid me," pursued Madame Juliette, regardless or unconscious

of his interruption.
"Celie, Celie!" he whispered, "Are you "Mad! I have been mad—I was mad—when I took that. Now—now I am in my right mind!"

With an inaudible chuckle he pocketed his

Madame Juliette looked up again. Madame Juliette looked up again.
Hurriedly, brokenly, wildly, she gasped:
"It is upon you—the end, the end! You
will not escape. I know it. I feel it. I see
it. The end has come at last—at last! Oh,
man, prepare to meet thy righteous doom—
the doom of the thief, the liar the murderer!"
"Murderer!" hissed Udy. "How dare

He sprang upon her with the rage of a wild Madame Juliette moved one step, thus place

somewhat to himself by the slight movement,
Mr. Udy abandoned his evident purpose.
"None of your preaching to me!" he hiss-"None of your preaching to me!" he hised. "Don't tell me I won't escape! I will I defy your cant. Long before morning I shall be safe. From here I go to the drawingroom. In the drawing room I play my final part till bedtime. At bedtime I make my preparations. Then, presto—gone. Now what have you got to say?"

Madame Juliette had fallen back to the

ame hushed, passionless state in which he ad found her on his entrance.

had found her on his entrance.

She spoke again, alowly, wearily:

"You will not escape. God help you!"
In spite of hiraself Mr. Udy shuddered.
Then stretching his hand across the fautenil he said more pleasantly:

"Well, Celle, good-by to you; and remember that I've warned you in time. Follow my example while you can—escape!"

Madame Juliette placed her hand in his without a word. Involuntarily he started. Ice could not have been colder. With another shudder he dropped it and left her.

In the hall Mr. Udy shook his head.

"A wreck, only a wreck," he thought.

"A wreck, only a wreck," he thought.
"I'd never have believed she'd give in like
this. It's all Chaillie. And a pretty mess
he's made of Pinard. Thank Heaven it
storms as it does. He won't desire to end
his day's journey by a jaunt out here on such
a night as this. And now for the last tame
scene in which I shall figure in this infernal
plot for Alhambra Court. Exit Udy. Enter
Pinard. Luck to Chaillie."
With a chuckle for Chaillie." With a chuckle for Chaillie's approachin

discomfiture, and a seowl for the complete miscarriage of his own nefarious schemes, he went on to the drawing-room.

Left to herself, Madame Juliette immediately gathered up the various papers scattered round and carrying them to the sitting room, locked them carefully in her private

binet. "Locked—safe from Marie," she whisper As she snoke the words she draw the be

helonging to the cabinet from her bosom and fastened it to the desk key.

"I shall never use them again," she thought. "In the new life which I have marked out for myself these—"

Before she could finish the sentence a light

tap at the door interrupted her.

The door opened gently, and Mrs. Urqu-"Oh, thank Heaven!" uttered Madame

Mrs. Urquhart saw madame's countenan without bearing her words.

"Juliette, my dear Juliette!" she cried, regretfully, "did I startle you so?"

"I should apologize for my refusal to see you during the day; but—"

you during the day; but—"
'No, oh, no," interposed Mrs. Urquhart
quickly. "Since I could not help you, I
was quite content to wait till evening. But,
Juliette, it has grieved me that you have so
persistently refused to take a morsel of food."
'I cannot eat," she half whispered, more
to herself than to Mrs. Urquhart. "Not
here!" she added inaudibly, "Not here!"
As she breathed those two words, her attention was suddenly cangut and rivetted by

tention was suddenly caught and rivetted by a small bottle in Mrs. Urquhart's hand. "You have your medicine, I see?" she said quickly.
"And some for you."

Speaking those words, Mrs. Urquhart stood the bottle on the same little gold and pearl table against which Madame Juliette had rested her prayerful hands that morning. She took from her pocket a single powder, "The bottle is mine; the powder yours. Dr. Ronald says you are to take it without fail on retiring; and Juliette, I trust you will not neglect it."

glued to the sottle. Then she said a littl hurriedly, taking it from the table: "Leave this with me and let me prepare;

or you. I am going to make some sherhe and after you are in bed, will bring you

and after you are in bed, will aring you a
glass, and your medicine at the same time."

My dear Juliette!" protested Mrs. Urquhart. "Why, you are no more able—"

"Not one objection," smiled Madame
Juliette, with a forced gaiety that brought
the tears to Mrs. Urquhart's eyes by its tragic

"Not one. And now go before I prove how deaf I can be to all arguments."

As the door closed on Mrs. Urqnhart, Ma-dame Juliette's face settled to its strange,

less calm again.
moment she loaked at the bottle, and ved slowly, with bowed head, to the

Directly, when in answer to the summons aris appeared, madame with a slight on to Marie crossed the room.

\*\*Come with me Phase said briefly.

Pale and uneasy, Marie silently obeyed.

CHAPTER LXXI. BEPENTANCE.

Madame Julietto never stopped till she had

her sitting-room.

Her first act was to label the bottle "Poison—The deadliest," and lock it away in the buhl cabinet. She next went to a silver wine-cooler and ook from it a caraffe half-filled with orange

She instantly set it back and returned to the bthl cabinet.

"She looked excited, poor thing," she muttered. "The effect of last night's deadly draught, and the day's wearying preparations. She must sleep—she must sleep dreamlessly, profoundly. That will prove her best restorative."

When she again took up the caraffe, she poured a portion of its contents over a gold.

oured a portion of its contents over a gold-in liquid in her hand.

Directly after she left the room, a harmless pottle of water in one hand and the sherbet

in the other.

With a face pale and passionless as that of the dead, and wondrously beautiful as a vision, she crossed the great octagon hall.

Mrs. Urquhart received her with a grieved ender protest.

Madame Juliette forced her sad, beautiful lips into a smile, and eilently administered the water according to Mrs. Urquhart's di-

"Drink it," she said gently.

Mrs. Urquhart looked up from her pillows
a little wonderingly.

"Why do you do those things for me yourself?" she smiled. "Why not leave them to
Cleo?"

"I love you."
"You love me, you say, Juliette," Mrs.
Urquhart murmured, with swimming eyes.
"Since I also love you, will you not confide in me?" I think you have some trouble of which I know nothing. Will you not share it with me? Will you not let me comfort you?"

Even in the dim light of the globed night-lamp the spasm which contracted Ma-dame Juliette's beautiful features was dis-The next instant she spoke huskily, rapid-

y.

"God bless you," she faltered. "For some time I have intended to confide in you. When the proper time comes you shall read my story. It is addressed to you, and is my story. It is addressed to you, and is locked, with other papers, in my buhl cabinet. She paused; then whispered meekly, en-

'May I kiss you?" "May 1 kiss you?"
"May you?"
With that reproachful, tender reply Mrs.
Urquhart put up her arm and drew the
matchless head down to her own.
Again and again she kissed the quivering

lips; again and again she caressed the whit Madame Juliette left the chamber with

ting-room, muttering wearily as she raised her hand to her white brow: Going to her dressing-room, she loosened he heavy coils and braids of hair, allowing it to sweep in its full, magnificent, purple-black length about her shoulders.

Madame Juliette stood and looked at it in the great cheval glass, her hands loosely

clasping themselves, and a strange, dreamy ook gathering in her dusky eyes. "Ah," she presently breathed, her hushed tones as dreamy as her gaze, "how he loved it. Poor Hubert."

against her perfect head.

she moved dreamily from the mirror to great gold and ebony press in one corner. Dreamily she opened the doors. Dreamily she pulled out a scented, satin-lined drawer. Dreamily she took from it a glistening silvery robe—a robe of spun glass shimmering, sparkling, palpitating, with a costly frost of tiny diamonds, from the daintily frilled neck to the wide, sweeping hem below.

"How weil! how well!" repeated Madame Juliette, her eyes wandering absently over the glittering folds.

the glittering folds.
"Let mesee myself once more as I saw myself that happy night. Let me dream that the past, the beautiful past, is mine once covered foot—at its pearl-embroidered shoe. She looked up at the shimmering fillet above her head—at the burning pendants in

ner ear.
She looked down at the flaming bands around her arms.

She looked over the glitter and shine of her orgeous dress.

A faint, wan smile began to curve her fault-

ess lips.
"Yes," she breathed. "Yes, directly he will come in. He will kiss me. He will hold me off as he held me that night. He

will smile, he will say again:

"'Cecilia, how beautiful you are, my peerless wife. How good—'"

With a shudder she sank wearily into a "Good! Ah! I was good THEM."

Once more her brooding thoughts slippe across her lips. "Yes, happy," she whispered. "He the andsome, debonair husband. I the proud, beautiful wife. And how rich we were. And beautiful wife. And how rich we were. And how joyous and gay—he and I, and my peer-less sister—my sweet Vesta. But Ronald Chaillie came. He woed and won her, my precious darling. And then poor Hubert lost, lost lost, till we were penniless. And then he died. What woe after such joy!"

She paused. Again she resumed, slowly, pathetically, in deep, hollow tones, and with wide, anguished eyes. "Hubert dead, Vesta the wife of Royald Chaillie, the end came on apace. First, the proud beautiful woman that men unwarily flocked to the drawing-room of Ronald Chaillie's gambling Hades to look upon; then, then—the reckless gambler. Ah, Vesta, I saved you from a hated task, but you could have save have such infoa carebble.

never have sunk into a gambler. And how I gambled—haughtily, madly, brilliantly, till the name of Madame Lascour became a byword. But Ronald Chaillie's name was never heard, nor Ronald Chaillie's fact ever seen. Oh, no. He would not so impart his forms. Oh, no. He would not so imperil his future. Oh, no, else he would not now—" She suddenly paused, with parted lips and ushed breath.

hushed breath.

Presently one word fell in a hushed tone across her parted lips.

"Now!" she breathed. "Now. Why wait till to-morrow? Mrs. Urquhart sleeps—sleeps well—the trump of the dead would hardly awake her. Why then, why put off till to-morrow what can be better done tonight? When day dawns the miserable story will have been told, the deadly plot unfolded, and the poor mother spared the dreadful shock. Yes, to-night. Now. This moment!"

dittering splendour, in all her wonderful beauty; in matchless grace she swept on to Noiselessly as a spirit she stepped within the brilliantly lighted room, the soft tint of rose still on her cheeks, the luminous light rose still on her oncess, still within her eyes.

They were all there—Alba, Mr. Easton, Ronald Chaillie, Ashland Udy.

Swiftly, noiselessly she advanced, All at once the faint rustle of her perfuned gar-nents caught Ronald Chaillie's ear. He turned his head, He bounded to his

CHAPTER LYXIE

PINARD AND BLACKWOOD Never in his life had Ashland Udy leaped t a conclusion with greater accuracy than at hat one to which he came in front of the

Tremont house.

The very thing he predicted was the very thing which happened.

Richard Blackwood lost no time in making Mr. Pinard's acquaintance.

The acquaintance fairly begun, he lost no time in introducing the subject of Ashland Udv. Jdy.

Five minutes later, they were seated confidentially in Mr. Blackwood's room.

Presently Mr. Pinard started excitedly to his feet, rapidly pacing the floor, from wall to

"And he murdered Guy Urquhart—the best, the gentlest, the noblest man that ever lived. Guy Urquhart whose—" Suddenly he checked himself, bursting out

the next moment, with even added vehemence:

"And he wrote the will. By heavens he wrote the will! a trumpery affair that never emanated from Guy Urquhart, but a document that would have stood the test of all the courts in Christendom. Yes, he wrote it. I always had my suspicions in that direction, and now I believe it. And, the scoundrel, he introduced that siren Madame Lascour at Alhambra Court. As sure as you live he did. Madame Lascour—a woman with whose name all Baden-Baden is as familiar as I am with the nose on my face, the most desperate, fascinating, brilliant gambler that ever struck a ball. Her very title is a shame. 'THE Lascour, The Queen of Gamellers! she is styled. The idea of this woman claiming kinship with Mrs. Urquhart. Her mother a Spanish senorita. Her father a French monsieur. Think of that, and then think of Mrs. Urquhart's good old Puritan stock. You have not heard anything of Madame Lascour, you say. Well, I have. By a strange good luck I chanced upon an old acquaintance in Montreal who had spent months in Baden-Baden, and knew all about madame. I crayoned madame's charming head, and got madame's charming story. That attention the story of the story.

I crayoned madame's charming head, and got madame's charming story. That story, sir, brought me to Boston. To-morrow that story takes me to Alhambra Court. And—"

posed.

"To-morrow," he echoed thoughtfully.
Something in the tone startled Mr. Pinard, and brought him quickly to his chair again.

"What do you mean?" he asked uneasily.
Blackwood raised his eyes to Mr. Pinard's.

"This," he answered, "I'm beginning to think I've made a deuced mistake. I should have been at Alhambra Court with my warrant when Mr. Udy returned there this evening. To-morrow he will be missang."

Too much startled to speak, Mr. Pinard remained silent.

Blackwood hurried on.

"I have become suddent impressed with
the momentary expression of his countenance as he caught sight of me in the doorway this evening. In that moment his countenance said plainly: 'I'm a lost man' Mr.
Pinard, a double murderer such as he must
not escape. And then his victim, Ralph
Urquhart."

"Double murder. Ralph Urquhart! What
in heaven's name do you mean?"

Mr. Pinard sprang to his feet in a breathless excitement, horror, and amazement.

Blackwood pushed him back to his chair.

"Sit still and let me tell you," he cried impatiently.

patiently.

And then in a few words he related the story of his suspicions of Udy and Martin Bieby.

"Ah," she presently breathed, her hushed tones as dreamy as her gaze, "how he loved it. Poor Hubert."

She pulled out one of the drawers.

It happened to be the jewellery drawer, left carelessly unlocked, and her hand struck against a costly ebony casket.

With trembling fingers, she touched the secret spring, when the lid flew back, disclosing a broad fillet of gold, thickly stidded with diamends and opals.

Another sobbing breath, and Madame Juliette caught it from its costly bed, each gem flashing a thousand rainbow hues from its tremu ous, thread-like spiral of gold as she moved to and fro.

"Ah! how well I remember the night he gave me this!" she murmured brokenly, as with dreamy fingers she snapped the springs against her perfect head. "How well! how back."

Again Mr. Pinard bounced to his feet, and again Blackwood pushed him impatiently back.

"Galen—that is the negro's name," pursued Blackwood—"Galen told all he knew, and that was a good deal, and tremendously to my purpose. He had learned enough of the Radeliffe murder to lead Udy to immure him in the diamond mines of Brazil. From the mines he made an almost miraculous escape. Almost as miraculously he found his way to Alhambra Court, and his old master, now known as Paul Easton."

"And what—"

"And what-" Blackwood raised an impatient hand and urried rapidly on.

hurried rapidly on.

"Late last night I captured Bisby, and he is keeping company with Galen. I soon brought him to terms by a threat to arrest Ralph Urquhart. At that he made a clean breast of it telling me not only about his connection with Udy at the time of the Radelifte murder, but astounding me, as I have told you, with the information that he saw Udy fire the shot at Guy Urquhart. And now, Mr. Pınard I'm off by the next train for Alhamora Court. The warrant is ready in my pocket, and heaven willing that trebly-dyed villain shall be in gaol before another day dawns. Only by his conviction can Ralph Urquhart be cleared. I shall move heaven and earth to have the wronged righted. And now I must off and make the preparations necessary—"

A sudden continuous rapping on the wall of the adjoining room, and a voice issuing hol-lowly from some mysterious aperture draw an ejaculation from Blackwood's lips.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed.

Without another word he left the room.

In a little while he returned, closely followed by a sleek, slender individual who instantly fixed an eye of secret solicitude upon

"Another sharp one," was the individual's mental comment.

Richard Blackwood broke hurriedly upon his uneasy thoughts.
"Mr. Pinard," he said. "Martin Bisby is

very anxious to accompany us to Alhambra Court. If not disagreeable to you he will go with you to the depot?"

Mr. Pinard nodded assentingly, his eyes measuring Martin from the crown of his sleek head to the sole of his neatly booted foot. The rain was still pouring in torrents when the two joined Richard Blackwood and the officers at the depot, and it was still pouring in torrents when they reached the lodge gates

Into the pale, sickly patch of light cast by the streaming lamps at the gates, a horseman suddenly dashed at reckless, headlong speed. Ghastly as the dead, with bleeding, manacled hands, and the head bared to the chill, beating storm, he slipped from the foaming quivering brute, and rushed to the gates. The next instant he burst into a glad cry.

The next he panted, hoarsely:
"Mr. Pinard! Thank Heaven you are here! I am not too late? The ceremony "Craig Grahame!"
Mr. Pinard answered in those words, and

then stood mute again.

Craig burst out wite added passion

Who don't you tell me! Is she "With?" dazedly asked Mr. Pinard.

"Alba!"
"Married! Why, no—of course not!"
"You don't know what you are talking about!" he cried, in a fierce anguish. Mr. Pinard, who was rapidly recovering his faculties. Fixing a firm grip on the young fellow's shoulder, he added sternly:

llow's shoulder, he added steraly:
"Do you want to kill Mrs. Urquhart? A
cetty fellow you are to rush into a lady's
aning-room. How did you get these hand. In a few passionate words Craig told

one of the officers stepped quietly for d and relieved him of the manacles. Ar. Pinard's hand still upon his shoulder, ig hurried to the conclusion of his narra-

"Two or three hours ago," he went rapidon, "this Chaillie came to the vault and
d me he was to be married this evening,
waited till I heard his carriage leave the
ttage. Then I tore about the vault like
viid beast in its cage. I succeeded in freet my feet, and finally brought the woman
me by my shrieks and howls.
"Fortunately for me she was slightly inticated. A blow quickly settled ber. I
ked her in the vault, made for the stable,
d got—heaven only knows how—a bridle
one of the horses. Now Mr. Pinard.

der. Mr. Pinard, turned to Blackwood.

"I've hit upon a plan," he said, rapidly.
"First," turning again to Craig, 'we'll inquire at the lodge about the wedding."

"Yes! yes!" interposed Craig, breathlessly.
"Next," pursued Mr. Pinard, his eyes going back to Blackwood—"next, we'll make a quiet entrance by way of the kitchen. Grahame, who has been known to the servants from boyhood, shall go in first and prepare them; after which we can follow, and by the light of such information as we may be able to elicit, consider our further course.

With those words Mr. Pinard released Craig, and rang the bell.

CHAPTER LXXIII. BONALD CHAILLIE FOILED-THE END OF THE

The dim-eyed old lodge-keeper answered Mr. Pinard's ring at the lodge gate, and the next moment Craig Grahame drew a deep breath of relief.

breath of relief.

"A weddin', sah?" chuckled the old fellow, in reply to Mr. Pinard's question.

"No weddin' 's up at "Lambra Court on sich a night as dis yar, I reckon, sah."

Oraig's frightful anxieties thus set partially at rest, he suddenly awakened to the fact that some serious design was afoot.

Mr. Pinard answered his hurried inquiry with stars hearing.

with stern brevity.

"It means the arrest of Ashland Udy for the murder of Guy Urquhart and Cyrus Radcliffe, and doubtless it was his name that poor cliffe, and doubtless it was his faltered—Ah— Guy strove to utter when he faltered—Ah-

Mr. Pinard went on with added vehemence "And mark my words, Craig," he cried; "there's some Satanic intrigue to be unfolded by this arrest!"

He made that hasty answer, and crossed

He made that hasty answer, and crossed the porch to the open door.

Aunty Phemie's voice, high in argument with Brutus, came impressively from her sitting-room back of the kitchen, the next minute she appeared, a candle flaming high above her gorgeous head, and her keen eyes fixed inquiringly on the door.

As Craig hastily advanced from the darkness without, Aunty Phemie hastily set her candlestick on the table.

"Gracious me. Did I ebber. De Lor' above bress us, Marse Craig!" she ejaculated in quick succession, her dusky face paling, and her eyes rolling is horror.

"Hush, hush!" cried Craig imperatively; "don't make an uproar."

don't make an uproar."
Mr. Pinard hastily entered and approached

Mr. Pinard hastily entered and approached the group.

"There, there! Aunty Phemie!" he interposed impatiently. "Listen to me. Where is Mrs. Urquhart? Where's Mr. Udy? Where's Miss Alba? Where are they all?" To those rapid questions Aunty Phemie, now thoroughly frightened, answered with commendable directness.

"Mis'ess am soun asleep, Ma'am Jul'ette am sick in her own 'partments, an' Miss Alba, an' all derest am in de middle drawing-room."

"All in the drawing-room?" thoughtfully, anxiously repeated Mr. Pinard.

He went back to she door,

"Come in," he said hastily.

He went back to the door,

"Come in," he said hastily.

As Blackwood and the others entered,
Aunty Phemie aank weakly into a chair.

At the suppressed groan which escaped her,
Mr. Pinard looked sharply round.

"Not a word, not a sound from one of
you," he said sternly, syeing each servant in
turn. "Mind!"

With that he wheeled round to Blackwood
again.

outer doors of the grand hall.

That done, the whole party filed noiselessly in, Aunty Phemie, quakingly bringing up the

The men had just been effectively statione to wait the voluntary appearance of Mr. Udy on his way to bed, when the soft rustle of trailing garments startled all eyes to the stair

The next moment the beautiful vision of Madame Juliette burst upon their astonished sight.

Every eye followed her, and every heart

To each one there her tragic presence car-ried a thrilling sense of some swift approach-ing calamity—some terrible event to come. Forgetful of their errand, they stood breath-

"What can it mean? She looks like an avenging angel!" breathed Mr. Pinard, clutching at Craig's arm. "Ah, see that! See that! Great Godfrey!"

At Ronald Chaillie's startled bound, Alba, with Mr. Urquhart and Ashland Udy, had also aprung to her feet.

also sprung to her feet.

Unmoved, Madame Juliette glided on till she stood close beside the girl.

There she paused, and slightly turning he head, fastened her glowing eyes on Ronald

"Great Godfrey !" panted Mr. Pinard from the doorway a second time.

As that hushed ejaculation passed that Pinard's lips Madame Juliette's exquisit voice broke the silence.

Swiftly encircling the girl's waist with her other arm, she cried with thrilling passion, a gemmed finger still pointing straight at Chaillie: "That man is my brother-in-law, Ronald Chaillie! I am Madame Cecilia Lascour, of Baden-Baden! I am not your mother! I am not Ralph Urquhart's widow! I am-a-a fraud! He is a fraud-a wicked adventurer

who is tampering with your mother's life, and luring you to a marriage which, poor The words were lost in a sharp report, and an agouizing cry.

While all eyes had been fastened upon the rapt face of Madame Juliette, Ronald Chaillie. suddenly roused from his stupor to the wild rage of a fiend, had sent a deadly bullet

rage of a nend, had sent a deadly builet straight and sure to its mark.

A scene of indescribable confusion followed.

As Mr. Urquhartzaught Madame Juliette's reeling form the officers, thus terribly recalled to their duty, dashed upon Mr. Udy, and in a moment he was handcuffed.

As his fascinated gaze returned to Madam Juliette's writhing form, Ronald Chaillie' fierce, bloodshot eyes chanced to fail upon Graig Grahame hurrying into the room with a glass of brandy. The For an instant he stood paralyzed with

amazement. The next, a deep, hissing oath rushed across his lips, and with it another sharp report rang out its murderous threat of vengeance.

But the bullet sped harmlessly over Craig's head.

A howl of rage burst fiercelyfrom Chaillie, but before he could do more then utter it, Craig Grahame burled himself upon him. A terrific struggle ensued, in the midst of which one of the officers rushed forward, and with the very handcuifs of which Craig Graham had been so lately relieved, ended the

contest. Chaillie was hurried from the scene, curs-Chaillie was hurried from the scene, cursing and foaming like a manuac, between the officer and Richard Blackwood.

"We'll get him to the station, and wait there for the train," said the officer. "He's too noisy to be here."

Just at that moment Mr. Ur'quhart, who had been out to dispatch Jerry for Dr. Farnham, rushed across the hall.

Almost in his way, Ashiend Udy, manacled shivering, and closely guarded by the officer

and Bisby, sat with his fascinated gaze still rooted to Madame Juliette's anguished face. The white jewelled arms had fallen from Alba, and Mr. Pinard had just raised her to a sitting posture, her head resting against his shoulder.

shoulder.

Her great, dusky eyes were turned on Alba's tearful face, and the lips, across which the red tide still slowly poured, were parted in the feeble utterance of a last entreaty.

"You have said you forgive me," she gasped, painfully, laboriously. "Crown that forgiveness by a promise."

"Anything. Anything that I can perform I will promise!" faltered Alba, the tears rolling thick and fast over her cheeks as Madame Juliette paused in a paroxysm of pain.

pain.

A faint, grateful smile just touched the blood-stained lips, and the sweet, gasping voice painfully resumed:

"His child—Vesta's child—my pure, lovely little Camille. Will you not bring her here as your sister, to be—"

Mr. Pinard hastily interposed, in broken, husky tones.

Mr. Finard hastily interposed, in broken, husky tones:

"Give her to me," he said. "I'm a lonely old bachelor. I will adopt her as my niece, and make her life, God willing, as sunny and happy as—"

The eyes which Madame Juliette raised to his face suddenly broke his shaking voice to a smothered sob.

"Heaven bless you!" gasped the dying woman faintly.

woman faintly.

In that solemn moment Mr. Pinard leaned over to Alba.

"The child!" he whispered. "Do you know where it is to be found?"

Madame Juliette's fast dimming eyes turned upon him once more. Slowly, feebly she

Suddenly the eyelids fluttered, closed, A sigh, a shiver, and all was over.

While Aunty Phemie, with many sobs and tears, proceeded with her sad task in Madame Juliette's chamber, Craig, Mr. Pinard and Alba joined Mr. Urquhart in the hall below.

Without preface of any kind, Mr. Pinard caught Mr. Urquhart's hand in a warm clasp.

A few hasty words of explanation followed, after which Mr. Urquhart turned to Craig with an apology.

with an apology.

"I can hardly forgive myself for my utter forgetfulness. From the hour that Bisby told me of your capture by Chaillie, I never thought of it again till the villain presented himself here this evening. I was quietly revolving the way of the contract the second of the contract that the contract the c revolving the proper course to pursue, when the tragic appearance of that unhappy woman put it out of my head again. Before Craig could reply, Mr. Pinard has-tily interposed, pointing to the hands of his

"It won't do for you to wait for another train, Craig, drenched as you are," he said, Craig turned to Alba.

"Heaven bless you, my darling," he whis-pered, tenderly. "Our sorrows are at an and." And, in spite of the tragic events of the And, in spite of the tragic events of the evening, the girl retired to her chamber with tears of thankfulness on her pale cheeks.

She had anxiously flown to her mother's bedside for a moment at the time that Madame Juliette's body was carried up stairs, and now her first act was to visit her again.

Mag Uranhart still slant.

Mrs. Urquhart still slept.

"Thank Heaven!" she whispered, as she bent over the placid slumberer.—"Thank Heaven, she has slept peacefully throughout this dreadful evening."

Thanks to the powerful sedative administered by Madame Juliette, Mrs. Urquhart slept not only all night, but till a late hour the fol-

not only all night, but till a late hour the following morning.

When she finally rose, fresh and invigorated, much that would have proved dangerously exciting to her had been quietly accomplished.

The coroner had come and gone, as had also the undertaker, Dr. Farnham following a little later. His astonishment and horror knew no bounds.

"I'll never trust man again!" he burst out impetuously, on hearing Mr. Urquhark's terrible story. "Never, never!"

By the time Mrs. Urquhart descended to breakfast all traces of the tragic scene of the previous night had been removed.

Aunty Phemie carefully cleansed the ensanguined stains on the drawing-room carpet "They are all in the drawing-room—all but Mrs. Urquhart. What is to be done? Shall Udy be invited out to see some one?"

After a hasty consultation Brutus was dispatched to lower the lights and secure the dictors disposition of ruces and furniture. completely concealed the ghastly proofs of the frightful events of the preceding night. With a view to spare Mrs. Urquhart a shock, Mr. Urquhart had appeared in the breakfast-room as Paul Easton, and it was not till the meal was over, that Mrs. Urquhart was tenderly and captionals.

hart was tenderly and cautiously informed of Madame Juliette's dreadful death. Te the astonishment of both Mr. Urquhart and Alba, she bore it with wonderful fortiture and composure. Madame Juliette was quietly and unosten-tatiously buried, and in due time both Ast-and Udy and Ronald Chaillie suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

Two years later, Alba became Craig Gra

Iwo years later, Alba became Craig Gra-hame's wife, and a year subsequent, to the delight of both, their example was followed by Ralph and Mrs. Urqubart. "Sunshine at last!" tearfully whispered Alba to Craig, as the two she so devotedly loved turned away from the altar. "Sun-shine at last!" hine at last !"

shine at last!"

The wild, weird beauty of the Black Glen long ago vanished before the enroaching enterprise of man, and to-day the legend of "The Devil's Hold" is completely forgotten. THE END.

Fashion Notes. Bright gold is now considered the favourite clour for evening wear.

Pinked out bands of cloth form the newestrimming for cloth suits. A pretty watch chain consists apis, separated with pearls.

Feather fans with light tortoise-shell stick are used for theatres and operas. Cloth bonnets and toques are now consider ed more elegant than those of felt Very brilliant is a large green fan covered with the feather of humming birds.

French women are wearing short walking ikirts of sealskin, with sealskin coats. High heels are no longer worn on evening hoes, but are still used upon day boots Chaudron, or reddish-brown copper, is ost popular colour for evening dresses.

Sealskin mantles, long in front and short at the back, are edged with seal pompons. Evening costumes of finest cashmere in pa vening tints are exceedingly fashionable. Frills of lace down the front of the corsage re considered more elegant than butte Evening dresses with pointed waists and necks are as becoming as they are fashion-Short plain skirts of sealskins are wor

with polonaises of rich repped seal-brown Driving mantelets of velvet are ornamen d with gold appliques, gold cord, and gold Embroidered front breadths, robings, or

panels are extremely in vogue in bril

Epps's Cocoa.—Grateful and comforting.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judictous use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendancy to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and Tins († 1b. and 1b.) by Grocers, labelled—"James Errs & Co., Homopathic Chemists, London." EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMFOR

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Both Perfectly Willing. If I should steat is little kins,
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?
I tremble at the thought of bliss—
If I should steat a little kins!
Such pouting lips would never miss
The dainty bit of plunder;
If I should steat a little kins,
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

He longs to steal s kiss of mine—
He may if he'll return it;
If I can read the tender sign,
He longs to steal a kiss of mine;
"In love and war"—you know the line,
Why cannot he discern it?
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may if he'll return it.

A little kiss when no one sees—
Where is the impropriety?
How sweet amid the birds and bees
A little kiss when no one sees;
Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,
If taken with sobriety.
A little kiss when no one sees,
Where is the impropriety?

For and About Women. A dead-lock-A woman's switch. Miss Swoffield, of Goderich, has abin quilt with 10,410 pieces in it. To the ladies: Marriage is ever a myster-yout anything is better than perpetual miss

A beautiful and accomplished heiress does not need to take advantage of leap year. She is already engaged—in rejecting proposals.

A Ridgewood woman who asked a favour and was refused, told the gentleman that when his wife died she would marry him for the meanners.

Mme. Lucca says she has two offers from America for next season, one for 8,000 the other for 10,000 francs per evening, and that Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

Some women can't pass a milliner store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man fever sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man fever sees a baby she will accept one of the two.

A young lady student of the West Los Angeles (Cal.) University, who rides to and from school, has trained her horse to kneel when she vaults into the saddle.

A woman who compels her poor husband to carry up coal three times a day from a dark cellar may be considered smart, but we consider her husband much martyr. No girl ought to think of marriage until

without wanting to run from it.

Women love admiration, approbation, adulation, self-immolation on the part of others, and are often weak, vain, and frivolshe can wash and iron. She can't get along well unless she knows how to smooth her husband's bosom when it becomes ruffled. A woman always carries her purse in her hand, so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket, so that his A religious paper has an article entitle "How to Make a Wife Insane." Easil

A man of issuion nates the rain because it deranges the set of his pautaloons; a woman of fashion hates it because it deranges her complexion.

When a woman wants to repair damages done. Tell her that the woman next door is prettier and a better housekeeper than she That'll do it. I asked a friend the other day the business of a nicely-dressed man who was in his office. "Oh, he's the husband of a woman who keeps a millinery store," replied my friend. That told a long story in a few werds. she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

A woman can sit in a theatre three hours

A female boarding-school in the East is conducted on the principle that fat interferes with mental development, so the young ladies get for breakfast potatoes, pickles, bread, butter, and coffee, with the other meals in

Mrs. Emma S. Phinney, the American sculptor who has just died in Rome, had among her works the busts of President Garfield and Governor Denison, of Ohio, and a recently finished and very clever Cupid sharpning his arrow. A company of twelve Viennese swerds women, who are said to be as remarkable for their beauty as their skill, will soon arrive in

Paris to give a series of entertainments and try their strength with some of the leading rench amateurs. There is a skeleton in every cupboard, and it is a very sad one when a woman with six-button gloves, high-heeled boots, and fur-lined circular takes a gilt-edged hymn book to church and leaves her husband at home dara-

Mrs. Anna Irion, whose home when a girl was in Bucks county, Texas, was the young woman who buckled the sword of Gen. Houston around that veteran just before the battle of San Jacinto. Her death in Bryan, Texas, was an ecustence of a few days ago.

""Ulara playfully tapped Augustus on the head as if knocking at a door.

"Come in," said Augustus facetiously,

"Thanks, dear," said Clara, "I don't like to go into an empty room, it's so cheerless.

to go into an empty room, it's and lonesome like, you know." Mrs. Jones-"Do you know, dear, that you promised to buy me a seal-skin sacque for a Christmas present?" Mr. Jones—"Why. no, dear; I had forgotten that. When was it?" Mrs. Jones—"About three weeks ago," Mr. Jones—"Oh, yes; I remember now; but that was before the gas bill came in."

Influence of Woman's Society.

"It is better for you," says Thackeray, "to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women ere not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious to their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid or have gross tastes, and re-volt against what is pure. Your club swag-gerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid." The Penalty of "Shop" Politon

The Penalty of "Shop" Politeness.

I was in a State street store and overheard this from the pale and tired girl behind the counter: "No, we get no credit for what we do. We are told to smile and be polite. Now, some girls don't know how to smile; all they can do is to giggle. Customers hate a girl who giggles. Then, forcing these smiles and giggles day after day, they get to be second nature. We smile and giggle as we go home, and the mushy-headed creatures who make it a business to waylay us think we smile and giggle for their benefit. They follow us and we are compelled to be bold in order to discard them. This is the penalty of a shop girl's politeness." I think she must have meant it. She fairly threw the merchantable articles into the box before her, and then shoved it back with such vehemence that I would almost bet it broke the plasterthat I would almost bet it broke the plaste ing on the wall.

Great Dish of the Future. The following is worth knowing:—The stew is the great dish of the future. The uncertainty of meal-taking brings with it a craving for stimulants. Steaks should not be cooked too long, as the best particles evaporate. It is impossible to get warm in cold weather with undigested food in your stomach. Fish should never be boiled, but steamed as that no fine properties we discuss the statement of the properties we discuss the statement of the properties we discuss the statement of the properties are discussed. steamed, so that no fine properties are dis solved in the water and so lost. Exclusive solved in the water and so lost. Exclusive diet on peas, beans, and lentils does not develop the brightest and quickest tone of mind in man. Food is only coarse when coarsely cooked, as the plainest materials contain nutritious and dainty elements. It is a great mistake to eat half-raw steak on a cold winter's day. Half-raw meat yields less nutrition than well-cooked meats. If meals are kept irregularly in youth, something creeps up in adult age which shows diminished vitality. The want of a warm meal in the middle of the day is, to people who have had middle of the day is, to people who have had perhaps but a slight breakfast and have been n the cold winter air, the cause of dis and want of vitality.

Few women are beautiful. Some are pretty, many may be handsome; all can be attractive, and there is absolutely no excuse for being unsightly. It costs money to buy dresses, hats, cloaks, shoes, gloves, collars, ribbons, and handkerohiefs; but little more expensive is a neat dress pattern, simply made but well-fitted, than a startling novelty leaded with trimmings and sloventy. made but well-fitted, than a startling novelty loaded with trimmings and slovenly made. A becoming hat costs no more than a loud, gaudily trimmed one, and it is possible to get just as neat a shoe for \$3 as for double the price. It would seem impersinent to have to speak of personal cleanliness, yet so gross is the neglect that a woman with a head of clean, well-kept, well-arranged hair, white teeth, immaculate hands, face, ears, and neck is quite as remarkable in a public place or street-oar as a positive beauty. It is this scrupulous care of the body that adds so much to the reputation of Mrs. Langtry. Her hair is so clean and fragrant of bay rum,

her teeth so white, her lips so red, her ears and finger-tips so pink, and her skin so per-fectly free from imperfections, and there is about her such an air of being well-fed and

The Quilt Craze, The "crazy-quilt" insanity has recently reached the rural districts, and as the supply of young men in those localities is so small the necktie and hat-lining crop is soon harthe necktie and hat-lining crop is soon harvested, and the young women who are suffering from the malady are forced to resort to other means to secure the necessary material for their unfinished blocks. Their latest scheme has just been discovered by the dry goods men of this city, and their supply from this quarter bids fair to be cut off at short notice. A representative of a leading house told a reporter yesterday that it had always been customary for country people to send to city dry goods houses for samples, and hundreds of dollars' worth of goods were cut up by the various houses for this purpose. But now the houses were daily receiving large numbers of requests for samples from the country, in which no price, colour, or style was given. Some of these requests had been heeded, but now it has been discovered that this is the

Some Sex Differences.

Women always show by their actions that

A man of fashion hates the rain because it

erally miss it.

ous. Ditto men.

Judging from symptoms mare suffers from some disease probably navicular disease. the thrush should be kept in floor, furnished amply with ding. All detached or deca the frog should be carefully as not to start blood; then t be trimmed and levelled, and now it has been discovered that this is the work of the crazy-quilt fiends, and the variing but without toe-piece, tacked on. The feet should l ous dealers have resolved that hereafter they will pay no attention to such requests for warm water morning and eve wiping them dry. a portion of finely powdered acetat: of zin troduced into the cleits of the of a small flattened stick of powder retained by inserting oakum; or, pledgets of toy may be inserted dealy and be prices, colours, etc. They say that the crazy quilt swindlers must go. When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit, men reason things out logically and generally hit.

Keep the pigs in a comforta and warm place, and give t food. Give powdered colchi of potash, of each one drach for 10 or 12 days.

without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache, or becoming faint for want of resh air : a man can't. When a woman is asked by a fond lover for heart and hand and says "No," she don't al-ways mean it; when a man is asked by a jovial friend if he will take something and says "No," he don't always mean it, either.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every ferm of Catarrh, from a Simple Hoad Celd or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Ceutch, Bronobitis, and Incipient Con-sumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like the Grateful, fragrant, whalesame. Cure the life it. Grateful, fragrant,

IS THE CRI bined with a Porous Plaster for 25 cents. It annihilates Pain, vitalizes Wesk and Worn Out Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents Disease, and does more in one half the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere.

COMPETITION NO. 2.

Gold Watches, Silver Watches, Jewellery, &c., Given Free to Senders of First Correct Answers to Certain Bible Questions, The Publisher of the LADIES' JOURublished at Toronto, Canada, offers the fol owing valuable prizes :-FIRST PRIZE. -- One Solid Gold Hunting Case Ladies' Watch, cases elegantly engraved, retailed about \$60. SECOND PRIZE .- Ladies' Very Fine Hunting Case Coin Silver Watch, retailed THIRD PRIZE.—Gentlemen's Solid Coin

FOURTH PRIZE Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed about \$16. about \$16.

FIFTH PRIZE.—Gentlemen's Solid Coin
Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed about SIXTH PRIZE, —Gentlemen's Nickel Sil-

Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed about

ver Hunting Case Watch, retailed about \$10.
SEVENTH PRIZE.—Gentlemen's Open
Face Nickel Watch, retailed about \$8.
EIGHTH PRIZE.—A Pair of Beautiful Heavily Platen Gold Bracelets, retail \$7. NINTH PRIZE.—A Solid Gold Gem Ring -a very pretty article.

Each of the following questions must be answered correctly to secure a prize. The prizes will be awarded in the order the correct answers are received. That is, the first one sending the correct answers to each of the Bible questions asked below will receive the first prize, and the second sending correct answers to all the questions will receive the second prize, and so on. Remember all the three questions must be answered correctly, and FIFTY CENTS IN SCRIP OR COIN

must be sent by each competitor, and for this half dollar they will receive the LADIES' JOURNAL FOR ONE YEAR, Remember these prizes are only given you in order to get you to take an interest in the LADIES JOURNAL, and also to get you to study the Bible. You will get extra good value for your half dollar investment even if you don't secure one of these valuable prizes.
The following are the questions, and they are really not so very difficult if you know anything at all about the Bible:

No. 1.—How many letters are there in the

No. 2.—How many words?
No. 3.—What verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet, counting I and

The Old and New Testament are included in the term Bible, but not the Apocrypna.

The LADIES' JOURNAL is the best value The LADIES' JOURNAL is the best value for fifty cents to be found anywhere among ladies' fashion publications. It consists of 20 pages each issue, and contains the sum and substance of all the high-priced American fashion publications, with large full page illustrations of all the latest fashions, with two full pages of the newest music, a short or serial story, household hints and a lot of other very interesting matters for ladies. This competition will remain open only till 20th January next. In the January issue of the LADIES' JOURNAL, just published, will be found the names and addresses of the will be found the names and addresses of the successful prize winners in Competition No. 1, just closed: The annual subscription to the LADIEST FOURNAL is FIFTY CENTS. gle copies, Five Cents,

ddress, EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL,

AGRICULTU

We will always be pleased to of enquiry from farmers on ar-ing agricultural interests, and given as soon as practicable.

IS IT THRUS WEISENBURG. - "Could through the column of your p for thrush; I have a mare th

about a year. If driven fast and then allowed to stand

hardly move her front limbs.

oakum; or, pledgets of toy may be inserted daily, and ke means of flattened pieces of a frog, the ends of which are in the shee and the hoof. Patie verence are required, as it months to cure bad cases of cases are readily overcome by cleft of the frog and usi lotion.

PIGS OUT OF CON

New York State.—"I hashire-pigs which appear to be rheumatism. They walk a and after a while they lose-hind legs. Will you please do anything for them?"

ONTARIO,—"I have a pig old, which, when it puts trough, falls over to the li trembles for a while, then streed seconds, gets up, and appear until given either food or of has acted in that way in has acted in that way six t last three days. I am feedin Please prescribe a remedy." Change the food entire

carrots, oatmeal, and mill of iodide of potassium daily

DISEASED S NORTH GOWER.—"Please through your paper what witching in horses. The skin, the lega—the inside of the hi blody-is the worst.' Try mercurial ointment, every third or fourth day.

HARD DRY C had a hard dry cough for months. Please prescribe a Give tartar emetic, one dra tash, one drachm; powder half drachm; daily, mixed w or bran, and continue for 10 c on good clean hay or oats.

LOOK TO THE T MARCHMOUNT .- " I have for the past two weeks has he forten find her holding he hay, apparently not able to she does chew she holds her she does chew she holds her Her ears are drooping all the Examine the mouth car

If the teeth are affected in an change the food and keep the fortable as possible.

TOO MUCH FI BOTHWELL,-"I have a five and six years old, wo iving on six quarts of oats e day, with some dry bran-they can eat. They do not They scour until noon, after all right. Can you tell me them?"

You are giving your horses tity of food than they can and the result you mention is of affording relief. HAIR FALLI Bothwell -"I have a

old whose hair is all coming What will I do to stop it?" Apply once a week to the aff mercurial ointment.

SCROFULOUS OS

BRAMPTON.—"I have a cone month old had a soft swatifie joints. The colt is no old and the swellings are get side is rather worse that the frequently hear it crack walking. What shall I do Your colt is in all prob from an affection known as s Feed him well and apply stifles made of biniodide drachms and lard one our blister in three or four weeks

ary surgeon is convenient

improvement takes place. LIVE STOC If pigs are kept from the

plenty of straw they will a erious injury results from thing that a hog will not end in cold weather. Yet this is made by farmers, though no now as was the case former! The same farmer who will price for the services of a staraise a good colt is often very garing the calves intended beef or the dairy, and yet stock demands the same matter of improvement as th Enough bedding should sheep kept in warm basemer lying down their wool will n

t with masses of their

Not only does it soil the wo which is thus engendered is pile of manure should be cleating during the winter. When a pig becomes seu that it is not in good health are frequently troubled with loins. A pig in this conditi or thrive, and is quite his would be advisable to give-ounces of linseed-oil and ong tine; also, to wash the skin and soan and rub turpentine about be fed fightly on hois brau in equal quantities unt Calves suffer from diarrho digestion. This is caused at richuess of the milk, and is this season when the cows a food. It would be advisable to the cow rather than the anching as the calf

sucking, as the calf