QUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

"You've nothing to do but to stay with me. Your business will not suffer?" she asked; and coloring crimson at this allusion to his business, Phil replied that it would not suffer very much from an absence of half a day or so, and that he was at her disposal.

"Then I'll interview Mrs. Jerry at once, and have dinner on the big piazza which overlooks the river and the meadows. That will make it seem some like Chateau des Fleurs, where we ate out doors half the time," she said, as she disappeared from the room in quest of Mrs. Jerry, who heard with astonishment that dinner was to be served upon the north piazza instead of in the dining-room.

But even a few hours experience had taught her that Miss Hetherton's ways were not at all the ways to which she had been accustomed, and so she assented without a word, while Reinette went next to her room and transformed herself from an invalid in a wrapper into a most stylish and elegant young lady.

How lovely she was, in her dress of dark-blue silk, with a Valenciennes sleeveless jacket, such as was then fashionable, her wavy curls, which were fastened at the back of her head with a scarlet ribbon, while a knot of the same ribbon was worn at her throat.

Phil had thought her bewitching even in her wrapper, with the wet napkin on her head, but when she tripped into the room in her new attire he started with surprise at the transformation in her. There was a bright flush on her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars as they flashed smile after smile upon him, until he became so dazed and bewildered that he scarcely knew what he was doing. She had her sun-hat in her hand, and led him out into the grounds where she told him of the improvements she meant to make, and asked what he thought of them.

She should not change the general appearance of the house, she said. She should only add one or two bay-windows and balconies, and enlarge the north piazza, as she wished the rooms to remain as they were when her father lived there, but the park was to undergo a great change, and be modeled, as far as possible, after the park at Chateau des Fleurs. There were to be more winding walks, and terraces, and plateaus of flowers, and fountains, and statuary gleaming among the evergreens, and clumps of cedar trimmed and arranged into a labyrinth of little rooms, with seats and tables in them, and lamps suspended from the branches. But the crowning glory of the whole was to be a rustic summer-house or open chalet, large enough to accommodate three or four sets of dancers, when she gave an outdoor *fete*, and to seat at least forty people at a breakfast or dinner. Her ideas were on a most magnificent scale, and Phil listened to her breathlessly till she had finished, and then asked if she had any idea as to how much this would cost.

"A heap of money, of course," she said, arching her eyebrows and nose a little, as she acented disapprobation; "but what of that? Father had lots of money, I know, and never denied me anything. What is money for, except to spend and let other people have a good time? I mean to fill the house with company, summer and winter, and make life one grand holiday for them, and you must stay here most of the time and help me see to things, or would that interfere too much with your business—your profession?"

This was the second time she had alluded to his business, and Phil's cheeks were scarlet, and he was conscious of a feeling of shame in the presence of this active, energetic girl, who took it for granted that he must have some business—some profession. He could not tell her that he had none, and had she pressed the point, would have fallen back upon that two months trial in Mr. Beresford's law office, when he started to have a profession; but fortunately for him the dinner was announced, and they went together to the north piazza, where Reinette presided at one end of the table, and he at the other.

It was quite like housekeeping, Reinette said, and she made Phil promise to dine with her every day when he was in town.

"Not always here," she said, "but around in different places—under the trees, in my new summer-house, which must be built directly, and everywhere."

She was the fiercest kind of a radical, always seeking something new, and Phil felt intuitively that to follow her would be to lead a busy, fatiguing life, but he was ready for it; ready for anything; ready to jump into Lake Petit, if she said so, he thought a little later, when he saw her in her riding habit, mounted upon the snow-white Margery, who held her neck so high, and stepped along so proudly, as if conscious of the graceful burden she bore. Reinette was a fine horsewoman, and sat the saddle and handled the reins perfectly, and she and Phil made quite a sensation as they galloped into town, with King in close attendance, for Reinette had insisted that he should accompany them, as a kind of body guard.

Their first call was upon Mr. Beresford, who came out and stood by Reinette's horse as he talked to her, marvelling at the change in this sparkling, brilliant creature, so different from the tear-stained, swollen-eyed girl he had seen in the morning. She told him of her plans for improvements, which she meant to begin immediately, and which Phil had said would cost at least fifteen hundred dollars, but that did not matter. When she wanted a thing, she wanted it, and would Mr. Beresford give her the money at once, as she had only two or three hundred dollars in her purse at home. She talked as if gold grew on bushes, and Mr. Beresford listened to her aghast, for unless he advanced it himself, there were not fifteen hundred dollars for her in his possession. The repairs at Hetherton Place had already cost enormously, and there were still debts waiting to be paid. Mr. Hetherton's death would of course retard matters a little, but it was impossible to refuse the eager, winsome girl, whose eyes looked so straight into his own, and he promised to give her what she asked for, and said he had already written to Paris to Messrs. Polignac & Co., who he believed had charge of her father's foreign business, adding that he should like the papers as soon as possible.

Reinette said he should have them the next day, and added:

"I, too, am going to write to Messrs. Polignac, to inquire for my old nurse, Christine Bodine. She knew my mother, and I mean to find her if she is alive."

"Not that it matters so much about finding her, as there is no doubt that my mother was Margaret Ferguson," she said to Phil, as they rode off, "and I am getting quite reconciled to it now that I know you. Would you mind," and she dropped her voice a little, "would you mind showing me the chimneys and cellar walls our grandfather built? and the beer shop where mother sewed the pieces of cloth together, and sewed those shoes and things?"

Phil could not show her the chimneys John Ferguson had built, for though there were those in the town who often pointed them out when Mrs. Rossiter, his daughter, drove by in her handsome carriage, he didn't know where there were, but he could show her the beer shop, as she termed it, though it bore no traces now of what it used to be. It was long and low, like many of the old New England houses, but it looked deliciously cool and pleasant under the tall elms, with its plots of grass, and its sweet, old-fashioned flowers in full bloom. "Grandma Ferguson, too, in her clean calico dress and white apron, with her hair combed smoothly back, made a different picture from what she did in the morning, with her wide ribbons and purple gloves. She was delighted to see them, and took Reinette all over the house, from the parlor where she said Paul Rossiter and Fred Hetherton had courted their wives, to the room where Reinette's mother used to sleep when she was a girl, and where the high-post bed she occupied, and the chair she used to sit in, were still standing.

"Mary—that's Miss Rossiter—wanted me to git some new furniture," she said, as they stood in the quiet room, "and I could afford it as well as not, for your granfather left me pretty well off, with what Mary does for me; but somehow it made Margaret seem nigher to me to have the things she used to handle and so I kep' 'em, and sometimes when I am lonesome like for the days that are gone, and for my girl that is dead, I come up here and sit awhile and think I can see her just as she used to look when I waked her in the mornin', and she lay there on that piller smilin' at me like a fresh young rose, with her hair fallin' over her pretty eyes; and then I cry and wish I had her back, though I know she's so happy now, and some day I shall see her again, if I'm good, and I do try to do the best that I know how. Poor Maggie, dear little Maggie, dead way over the seas."

Grandma was talking more to herself than to Reinette, and the great tears were dropping from her dim old eyes, and her rough, red hands were tenderly patting the pillows, where she had so often seen the dear head of her child "dead way over the seas." But to Reinette there was now no redness, or roughness about the hands, no coarseness about the woman, for all such minor things were forgotten in that moment of perfect accord and sympathy, and Reinette's tears fell like rain as she bent over the hands which had touched her mother.

"Blessed child," grandma said, "I thank my God for sending you to me, and that you are good and true, like Margaret."

This was too much for the conscious-smitten Reinette, who burst out impulsively:

"I'm not good; I'm not true; I'm bad and wicked as I can be, and I am going to confess it all here in mother's room, hoping she can hear me, and know how sorry I am. I was proud and hot, and felt like fighting yesterday when I met you all, because it was so sudden, so different; and this morning I rebelled again, and wanted to scream, but I'll never do so again, and I'm going to make you so happy; and now, please, go away and leave me for a little while."

Grandma Ferguson understood her in part, and went out, leaving the girl alone in the low, humble room, which had been Margaret's. Kneeling by the bed, and burying her face in the pillows, which seemed so scanty and small, Reinette sobbed like a child as she asked forgiveness for all her proud rebellion against the grandmother whom in her heart she knew to be kind and loving.

"Humble me in any way, if that is necessary to make me love her as I ought," she said, and in the after time when the great storm burst upon her she remembered that petition made in the lowly chamber where Margaret Ferguson once had prayed, and felt that it had been most terribly answered.

But there was no shadow over her now; she had confessed to her grandmother; she had confessed to God, and she was going to confess to Phil. There was nothing more she could do, and as hers was an April nature, she was as bright and playful as a kitten when she went down the steep, narrow stairs, and bidding her grandmother good-night, mounted her horse and started with Phil for Mrs. Lydia Ferguson's. They found that lady very hot and nervous over a dress which must be finished that night, and on which Anna was working very unwillingly, with her banged hair hanging over her eyes, and her dress tied back so tight that as she sat the tops of her boots were visible and a portion of her striped stockings. Through an open door Reinette caught a glimpse of a disorderly supper-table, at which a man was sitting in his shirt sleeves, regaling himself with fried cakes and raw onions.

"Come, father," Mrs. Lydia called, in a loud, shrill voice, "hain't you done eatin' yet? Here's Reinette, your neice. Reinette, this is your Uncle Tom, who is said to look enough like your mother to have been her twin."

His face was pleasant, and his manner was kindly, as he shook hands with Reinette, and said he was glad to see her, and told her that she favored the Hethertons more than the Ferguson's but Reinette saw that he belonged to an entirely different world than her own, and after they had left "Uncle Tom's" and were going over the house at the Knoll, she said to Phil that she felt as if she was backsliding awfully.

"Isn't there a couplet," she asked, "which runs thus:

'The de'il when sick a saint would be,
But when he got well, the de'il a saint was he.'

"Now I am just like that. Over at grandmother's I felt real good—as if I could be bad again; and I never will to grandmother. I shall cultivate her, and make her caps, and fix her dresses, and coax her not to wear purple gloves, or call me Rennet. But oh, Phil, shall I be so wicked that I can never go to Heaven if I don't rave over those other people? They are so different from anything I ever saw before. Now, this suits me; this is more like Chateau des Fleur,s" she said, as she followed Phil through the house until they came to his room, where, on the table, he found a telegram from his father, and which was as follows:

"Come to us at once as I must go to Boston on business, and your mother needs you.

"PAUL ROSSITER."

He read it aloud to Reinette, who exclaimed:

"I am so sorry, for now I shall be alone, and I meant to have you with me every day."

Phil was sorry, too, for the dark-eyed French girl had made sad havoc with his heart during the few hours he had known her. But there was no help for it; he must go to his mother, and the next morning, when the Springfield train, bound for Boston, left Merrivale, it carried Phil with it on his way to Martha's Vineyard.

CHAPTER XV.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Mrs. Rossiter occupied the handsomet rooms at the Sea View House, and on the morning of Phil's arrival she lay on her couch by the window, occasionally looking out upon the water, but mostly with her eyes fixed fondly upon her handsome boy, who sat by her side fanning himself with his soft felt hat, and answering the numerous questions of his sisters, Ethel and Grace — questions concerning Reinette, their new cousin, whose existence had taken them so by surprise. How did she look? What was she like? What did she wear? What did she say? and who was to live with her in that great lonely house?

"Don't hurry a chap so," said Phil. "There's a lot to tell, and I'd better begin at the beginning."

So he described for them first the arrival at the station, where grandma and Aunt Lydia were waiting in their weeds, and Anna was gorgeous in her white muslin and long lace scarf, while he flourished with a dirty face and torn, soiled pants.

"Oh, if you could have seen her face when we were presented to her as her 'cousins, and her uncles, and her aunts!' I tell you it was rich, the whole thing. I never saw such eyes in a human being's head as those which flashed first upon one and then on another of her new relations."

"Don you really mean she had never heard of us at all?" both Ethel and Grace asked in the same breath, and Phil replied by telling them everything which had transpired since Reinette's arrival up to the time he had left her at her own door.

All except the quarrel and the kisses with which they had made up. That was something to be kept to himself; but he dwelt much upon her sparkling beauty, which would not perhaps be called beauty in the strict sense of the word. Some might think her too small and too dark to be pretty, while others would object to her forehead as too low, and her nose a little *retrousse*, but to Phil, who had seen the rich warm color come and go on her clear olive cheeks, who had seen her dark eyes flash, and sparkle, and dance until her whole person seemed to shine and glow like some rare diamond, she was supremely beautiful, and he dwelt long upon her loveliness, and piquancy, and freshness, while his mother and sisters listened breathlessly, but not as breathlessly as the girl in the adjoining room, who sat making some changes in a dress Miss Ethel was to wear that night to a hop in the hotel.

The door between the two rooms was only slightly ajar, and Margery La Rue had not heard a word of the conversation between the brother and sisters until her ear caught the name of Reinette, followed so soon by Hetherton and Paris. Then the work dropped from her hands, and a sudden pallor crept into her cheeks, which ordinarily were like the delicate roses of June.

"Reinette; Reinette Hetherton," she whispered. "Is there another name like that in all the world. Is it my Reinette, the dearest, best friend I ever had? Impossible, for what can she be doing here in America, in Merrivale, where I have thought to go!"

There was a death-like faintness in the heart of this girl, whose whispered words were in French, and were scarcely words so softly were they spoken.

"Reinette, Reinette!" she repeated, as with clasped hands, and head bent forward in the attitude of intense listening, she heard the whole story Phil told, and laughed a little to herself at the ludicrous description of the Fergusons, and the impression they made upon the stranger. "I can imagine just how cold, and haughty, and proud she grew, and how those great eyes blazed with scorn and incredulity, if it is my Reinette he means," she thought; "but it cannot be. There is some mistake." Then, as the name Queenie was spoken, she half rose to her feet and laid both hands upon her mouth to force back the glad cry which sprang to her lips. "Queenie! Queenie!" that settled it. There could be no longer a doubt. This foreigner, this girl from France, this cousin of the Rossiters — this near relation of the Fergusons, whoever they might be, was her Queenie, her friend, her darling, whom she loved with such devotion as few women have ever inspired in another. How she longed to rush into the next room and pour out question after question concerning her friend; but this she could not do; she was only a seamstress, come to make some changes in her patrons' dresses. She must remain quiet, for the present at least, for she did not know how the Rossiters would like her to claim acquaintance and friendship with their kinswoman. So she resumed her work while the talk in the next room flowed on, always of Queenie, as they called her because Phil did, and in whom the mother and sisters were so greatly interested.

They had intended stopping at the seaside for the summer, but now they spoke of an earlier return to Merrivale on Queenie's account, a plan of which Phil highly approved, for he would far rather be at home than there where his services were needed for his mother, who, though much better, could only get out in her invalid chair, which Phil could manage so much better than a servant.

"And Anna? How is she?" Ethel asked. "Does she take kindly to our cousin, or is she jealous of her, as of us?"

This mention of Anna reminded Phil of the Miss La Rue, who had written to his aunt, and in whose identity with her friend Queenie had been so much interested.

"By the way," he said, "there's a dressmaker here somewhere, a Margery La Rue, from Paris, whom Queenie thinks she knows, and over whom she goes into rhapsodies. Do you know her, and is she the person who wrote to Aunt Lydia with regard to her business?"

A warning "sh-sh" came from both the young ladies, with a nod toward the slightly open door, indicating that the person inquired for was there. Then the voices were lowered and the door was shut, and the wonder and interest increased as Ethel and Grace heard all which Reinette had said of their dressmaker, whose taste and skill they esteemed so highly that they had suggested her going to Merrivale, or rather they had encouraged it after the mother, Mrs. La Rue, had asked them if it would be a good opening for her daughter. That Margery had written to their aunt they did not know, for the girl was very reticent concerning herself and her business, and only spoke when she was spoken to.

"It is very strange that she should know our cousin so well," Ethel said, "or that they should have been intimate enough for Queenie to rave over her as Phil says she does. I mean to sound her on the subject, and hear what she has to say," and as it was time for Mrs. Rossiter to take her airing, the conference broke up, and on pretext of seeing to her dress Ethel went into the room where Margery now sat sewing as quietly and composedly as if she had never heard of Queenie Hetherton.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARGERY LA RUE.

She was a tall beautiful blonde with reddish golden hair, and lustrous blue eyes shaded with long curling eyelashes and heavy eyebrows, which made them seem darker than they really were. The features were finely cut and perfectly regular, and the whole face and figure were of that refined, delicate type supposed to belong to the upper classes in whose veins the purest of patrician blood is flowing. She said she was twenty one, but she seemed older, on account of the air of independence and self-reliance in her manner, like that of a person accustomed to care and think for herself. She had come to America the April previous and stopped at Martha's Vineyard with her mother, who was as unlike her as it is possible for a mother to be unlike her daughter.

Short, and stout, and dark, Mrs. La Rue was a fair representation of the ordinary French woman, with some signs of culture and education in her manner. In her early girlhood she must have been very pretty and attractive, with her bright complexion and large black eyes, which had not yet lost their brilliancy, though there was in them a sad, brooding expression, as if she were continually haunted with some bitter memory.

It was she who had been most anxious about Merrivale, and Miss Ethel, who was prouder and more reserved than her sister Grace, had thought her very forward and quite too familiar in her questionings of the place and its people. Margery had been introduced to the Misses Rossiter by a friend from Boston who had employed her in Paris, but, occupied as they were with their mother and the gay world around them, they had hardly thought whether she were unusually pretty or not, until Phil electrified them with the news that she was the friend of their cousin, who said she was beautiful.

"I'll look at her now for myself," Ethel thought, as she entered the room where Margery sat sewing, with a deep flush on her cheek and a bright, eager look in the blue eyes lifted respectfully but inquiringly to the face of her employer.

During the last ten minutes Margery's thoughts had been travelling back over the past to the early days of her childhood, when her home was on the upper floor of a dilapidated dwelling in the Rue St. Honore, where her days were passed in loneliness, except for the companionship of a cat and her playthings, of which she had a great abundance. Her parents were poor, and her mother was busy all day at a hair-dresser's, going out early and coming home late, while her father worked she did not know where, and sometimes it entered her little active brain that perhaps he did not work at all, for on the days when she went to walk, as she occasionally did with the woman who had the floor below, and who looked after and was kind to the lonely little girl in the attic, she often saw him lounging and drinking at a third-class cafe which they passed when her friend Lisette Vertueil had clothes to carry to her patrons, for Lisette was a laundress, and washed for many of the upper class. Sometimes, too, Margery heard her mother reproach her father for his indolence and thriftlessness, and then there was always a quarrel, into which her name was dragged, though in what way she could not tell. She only knew that after these quarrels her mother was, if possible, kinder to her than before—petted her more, bought her more playthings, and said her prayers oftener in a little closet off from the living room. Her father, too, was kind to her in his rough off-hand way, but she did not love him as she did her pretty mother, and when at last he died her grief for him, though violent at first, was short-lived and soon forgotten, as the griefs of children are.

Among the patrons of Lisette Vertueil was Mr. Hetherton, the reputed millionaire, whose elegant carriage and horses sometimes stood on the St. Honore while his housekeeper talked to Lisette of the garments she had brought to be washed for her little mistress, Miss Reinette—garments dainty enough for a princess to wear, and which Lisette took great pride in showing to her neighbors, as a kind of advertisement for herself.

One morning when Margery was spending an hour or two with the laundress, helping to fold and lay away the clothes preparatory to being sent home, Lisette had shown her the lovely embroidered dresses, with the tucks and puffs and yards of real lace upon them, and told her of the little black-eyed girl who lived so grandly, and who occasionally came there with her maid, and seemed so much like a playful but spitty kitten, in her quick, varying moods, from mirth to wrath and back again.

"Oh, how I wish I was rich like her, and had such lovely dresses, and how I'd like to see her! Do you think she'd come up to our room sometime, if you asked her?" Margery said, and Lisette replied that she did not know, but said she would try what she could do.

Accordingly, the next time Reinette came to the laundry, in her scarlet hood and cloak, trimmed with white ermine and lined with quilted satin, Lisette told her of the little girl who lived on the floor above, and who was alone all day, with only her doll and cat to talk to, and who would like to see her.

The cat and doll attracted Reinette quite as much as the little girl, and with the permission of her maid, who demurred at first, saying she did not know how her master would like his daughter's going into such places, she was soon climbing the steep, narrow, but perfectly clean stairway which lead to Numero 40. Mr. La Rue had been home to lunch that day, and Margery, though scarcely nine years old, was clearing away the remnants of their plain repast, and brushing up the hearth, when the door was pushed softly open, and a pair of bright, laughing eyes looked at her from under the scarlet and ermine, and a sweet, bird-like voice said:

"Please, Margie, may I come in? I am Reinette Hetherton—Queenie, papa calls me, and I like that best. Lisette said you lived up here all alone with only the cat. Where is she? I don't see her."

Margery was standing before the fire, broom in hand, with a long, sleeved apron on, which came to her feet and concealed her dress entirely, while her hair was hidden in a cap she always wore at her work. At the sound of Reinette's voice she started suddenly, and dropping her broom, gazed open-mouthed at the vision of loveliness addressing her so familiarly. The mention of the cat struck a chord of sympathy, and she replied at once;

"She isn't she; she's he, and his name is Jacque. There he is, under father's chair," and the two girls bumped their heads together as they stooped at the same moment to capture the cat, who was soon purring in Reinette's lap, as she sat before the fire, with Margery on the floor beside her, admiring her bright, sparkling face and beautiful dress.

"I've nothing half so pretty as this," Margery said, despondingly, as she touched the scarlet cloak. "My best coat is plaid, and I only wear it on Sundays."

"Oh, my!" Reinette replied, with a great air of self-importance, and tossing her head a little; "I have three more. One is velvet lined with rose-color, which I wear to church when I go, and when I drive with pa in the *Bois*. Do you ever go there, or on the *Champs d' Elysees*?"

"I walk there sometimes on Sunday with mother, but I was never in a real carriage in my life," was Margery's reply, and Reinette rejoined:

"Then you shall be. I'll make Cline—that's maid—take us this very afternoon. There'll be a crowd, and it will be such fun! But why do you wear that big apron and cap!—they disfigure you so."

Margery blushed scarlet, and explained that she wore them at work to keep her clothes clean; then divesting herself of the obnoxious garments, she shook down her rippling hair, and stood up before Reinette, who exclaimed:

"How sweet you are, with that bright sunny hair and those lovely blue eyes! I wish mine were blue. I hate 'em—the nasty old things, so black and so vixenish, Cline says, when I'm mad, as I am more than half the time. But, tell me, do you really live here alone with the cat?"

"Oh, no." And in a few words Margery explained her mode of life, which to the pampered child of luxury seemed desolate in the extreme.

"Oh, that's dreadful!" she said; "and I'm so sorry for you! You ought to see our apartments at the Hotel Meurice. They are just lovely! and Chateau des Fleurs, our country home, is prettier than the Tuileries—the grounds, I mean, and most as pretty as Versailles."

Margery listened with rapt attention to Reinette's description of her beautiful home, and then, as Reinette said something of her father being an American, she suddenly interrupted her with:

"Can you speak English?"

"Of course I can," said Reinette. "I always speak it with papa, who wishes me to know it as well as French. Mamma was English, and died at Rome when I was born, and I go to an English school on Rue d'Antin, and when papa is away in Switzerland or Russia, as he is a great deal, I board at the school, and have such fun, because they don't dare touch me, papa is so rich."

"Oh, if I could only go to that school! I want to speak English more than anything in the world, and mother wishes me to learn it, too, and says I shall, by and by, when she can afford it. She speaks it a very little," Margery said; and, after a moment, Reinette replied:

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Papa has more money than he knows what to do with, and I mean to tease him and tease him till he gives me some money for you, and you shall go to that school with me; only you must do everything I say. You must be my little-little—'fag' they call them at boys' schools in England. Papa told me about it, and they treat them mean sometimes, but I shall not do that to you."

"Oh, I'll be that—what did you call it? I'll be anything, do anything, if I can only go, and I'll tell mother to-night!" Margery exclaimed, feeling an unbounded faith in Reinette's ability to accomplish anything.

Nor was her faith at all shaken when, a few minutes later, Reinette's smart maid, Celine, came up the stairs after her little mistress, who horrified her with the announcement that she meant to take her new friend for a drive in the Champs d'Elysees.

"I shall; I will," she said, as Celine protested against it. "I like her, and she's never been in a carriage in her life, and she stays here all day with the cat, and washes the dishes, and she's going to ride with me, and I'll spit and bite, if you don't let her."

Celine knew better than to oppose the imperious child when in this mood, and besides there was something very winning and attractive in the bright-haired, blue eyed little girl, whose dress, though plain, was becoming and faultlessly clean. She certainly was no ordinary child, and that beautiful face would not disgrace the carriage. So Celine consented, and with joy beaming in every feature Margery brought out her plaid cloak and hood, which presented so striking a contrast to the rich scarlet one of Reinette that she drew back at once, and with swimming eyes and quivering lip said to Celine:

"You are right, I must not go. I'm so shabby beside her. She would be ashamed, and that I could not bear. Oh, I wish I was her and she me, just for once—wish I I could wear a scarlet cloak, and see how it seemed."

"You shall! you shall!" Reinette cried with great tears in her eyes, too. "You shall know how it seems. We'll make believe you are papa's little girl, and I am Margery," and before Celine could divine her intentions, she was removing her dainty scarlet cloak and hood, and trying them on Margery, who was too much astonished to resist, but stood perfectly still, while Reinette wrapped the ermine, and satin, and merino around her, and put the plaid cloak and hood upon herself. "Oh, how lovely you are," she said, gazing admiringly at the child, "and how ugly I am in this plaid. Nobody will know but what you are really papa's little girl, Queenie Hetherton, and I am Margery," and she dragged the bewildered Margery down the stairs, through the court, where the old concierge stared wonderingly at them, and out into the street, where at a corner the Hetherton carriage was waiting.

Reinette gave Margery the seat of honor, and then sat down beside her, looking somewhat like a dowdy bit of humanity in the plain plaid cloak, with the large hood hiding her face. But she enjoyed it immensely, playing that she was Margery, and bade the coachman drive straight to the Champs d'Elysees, and as far out as the Arch of Triumph.

It was a lovely winter afternoon, and all the American and English, with many of the Parisians, were out, making the Champs d'Elysees and the Bois beyond seem like a brilliant procession of gayly-dressed people and splendid equipages. And among the latter none was handsomer or more noticeable than the finely-stepping bays and elegant carriage of Mr. Hetherton, in which Margery sat making believe that she was Queenie, and enjoying all as much as if she had really been the daughter of the millionaire, instead of humble Margery La Rue, whose mother was a hair-dresser and whose father was a nothing.

How happy she was, and how in after years that winter afternoon when she rode in the Champs d' Elysees in borrowed plumes stood out before her as the bright spot in her life from which dated all the sunshine and all the sorrow too, which ever came to her. Nor was it hard for her in the least to go back to the humble lodgings—to give up the scarlet cloak, and be Margery again, for she had so much now to think of; so much to tell her mother, whom she found waiting at the head of the narrow stairs, with a white, scared look on her face, and an eager, wistful expression in her eyes which seemed to look past Margery, down the dark-stairway, as if in quest of some one else.

"Oh, mother," Margery cried, "you are home early to-night, and I am so happy. Heaven can never be any brighter than this afternoon has been to me, playing that I was Mr. Hetherton's little girl, and wearing her scarlet cloak."

She was in the room by this time, taking off her own plaid coat, which she had put on in the court below, and talking so fast that she did not see the pallor on her mother's face, or how tightly her hands clinched the back of the chair as she stood looking at her.

Mrs. La Rue had been dismissed by her employer earlier than usual, and finding Margery gone, had been to Lisette's room to make inquiries for her.

"Are you sick?" Lisette asked, as Mrs. La Rue dropped suddenly into a chair when she heard where Margery had gone and with whom. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

Making an excuse that she was tired, and not feeling quite as well as usual, Mrs. La Rue soon went back to her own apartment, and kneeling down by the wooden chair before the fire, cried bitterly, as people only cry when some great wrong done in the past, or some terrible memory which they had thought dead and buried forever, rises suddenly from its grave and confronts them with all the olden horror.

"Reinette and Margery together, side by side!" she said. "Oh, if I could see it—see her; but no, I have promised and must keep my vow. I dare not break it. I swore it by Heaven and the cross.

For a long time she lay with her head upon the chair, and then remembering that Margery would soon be coming home and must not find her thus, she arose, and wiping the tear-stains from her face, busied herself with preparations for the evening meal until she heard upon the stairs the bounding step which always sent a thrill of joy to her heart, for whatever Mrs. La Rue might have been in the past, whatever wrong she might have been a party to, and whatever she was now, she was wholly unselfish in her love for Margery, for whom she would at any time have given her own life. And well might she love the beautiful child whose presence brightened their humble home as sunshine brightens the November sky, and who came dancing in with her blue eyes shining like stars and her cheeks glowing with excitement, as she talked of the wonderful things she had seen, and of Queenie, "who," she said, "acted as if I was just as good as she, and her father so rich, too, with such a lovely chateau, and she was just like a picture, as she sat talking to me in this hard old chair," and she indicated the one by which her mother had knelt, and on which the tears were scarcely yet dried

"This one? Did she sit in this one?" Mrs. La Rue asked, eagerly, laying her hand caressingly on the chair where Queenie Hetherton had sat in her scarlet cloak and talked to Margery.

"And what is the very best of all," Margery continued, "she goes to an English school, and when I told her how much I wanted to learn English, she said she'd tease her father for money to pay for me, too; and she knew she'd get it, for he gives her everything she wants. Oh, I do hope he will. I mean to ask God to-night to make him. Lisette says I must ask for what I want, and Jesus will hear and answer. Do you think He will? Does he answer you?"

"Oh, Margery, Margery, I never pray. I am too wicked, too bad. God would not hear me, but he will you; so pray, child, pray," Mrs. La Rue replied, and seizing the little girl, she hugged her passionately, and raining kisses upon her forehead and lips, released her suddenly, and turned quickly away to hide her anguish from her.

Mrs. La Rue was not a religious woman. She did not believe in much of anything except that there was a God, and that a vow must not be broken, but she taught Margery her prayers and to read the Bible, and encouraged her to be much with old Lisette, who had lived a year in London, and become a zealous Methodist. But for herself she never prayed, and still, when later in the evening she saw Margery kneeling by her little bed, and knew that she was asking Him to make Mr. Hetherton give Queenie the money which would send her to school, she whispered to herself:

"Please, God, do it. Please answer her."

CHAPTER XVII.

QUEENIE AND MARGERY.

At the same hour when Margery La Rue was praying by her bedside in the humble apartment in Rue St. Honore, Mr. Hetherton sat in his handsome salon at the Hotel Meurice, smoking his after-dinner cigar, and occasionally reading a page or two in the book on the table beside him. He was a very handsome man in his middle age—handsomer even than he had been in his youth, for there was about him now a style and elegance of manner which attracted attention from every one. And yet he was not popular, and had no intimate friends. He was too reserved and uncommunicative for that, and people called him proud, and haughty, and misanthropical. That he was not happy was evident from the shadow always on his face—the shadow it would seem of remorse, as if some haunting memory were ever present with him, marring every joy. Even Reinette, whom he idolized, had no power to chase away that brooding shadow; on the contrary, a close observer would have said that it was darkest when she caressed him most, and when her manner was most bewitching. Sometimes when she climbed into his lap, and, winding her arms around his neck, laid her soft, warm cheek against his, and told him he was the best and dearest father in the world, and asked him of her mother who died, he would spring up suddenly, and pushing her from him, exclaim, as he walked rapidly up and down the room:

"Child, you don't know what you are saying. I am not good. I am very far from being good, but she was—my Margaret. Oh, Queenie, be like her if you can!"

On these occasions Queenie would steal away into a corner, and with her bright, curious eyes watch him till the mood was over, and then stealing up to him again would nestle closer to him and half-timidly stroke his forehead and hair with her little fat hand and tell him no matter how bad he was she loved him just the same, and should forever and ever. Queenie was the very apple of his eye, the sun of his existence, and he lavished upon her all the love of which a strong nature is capable. Queenie could do anything with him, and approach him in all sorts of times and places, and so as he sat alone with his cigar, as he liked best to be in the evening, he was not greatly surprised when the door opened softly and a pair of roguish black eyes looked in upon him for an instant—then a little white-robed figure in its [illegible] toilet crossed the floor swiftly, and [illegible] into his lap began to pat his face, a[illegible] kiss his lips, and write words upon his forehead for him to guess. This was one of the child's favorite pastimes since she had learned to write, and she had great fun with her father making him guess the words she traced upon his brow. But he could not do it now until she helped him to the first three letters, when he made out the name of Margery, and felt himself grow suddenly faint and cold, for that was the pet name he had sometimes given his wife in the early days of their acquaintance and married life, when he loved her or thought he did. But how did Queenie know it? How came she by that name which burned into his forehead like letters of fire and carried him back to the meadows, and hills and shadowy woods of Merrivale, where a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl had walked with him hand in hand, and whom he had called Margery.

"Guess now what's her name and who she is?" Queenie said, holding his face between her hands, and looking straight into his eyes.

"Margery is the name," he said and his voice trembled a little. "But who is she?"

And then the story came out. Of the little girl who lived alone all day with the cat on the floor of a tenement-house, in Rue St. Honore, and who wanted so badly to go to school, but could not because her mother was poor and had no money to send her.

"But you have," Queenie continued: "you have more than you know what to do with, people say, and I want you to give me some for her, because I like her—I don't know why exactly, only I do, and did the first minute I saw her. I felt as if I wanted to hug her hard—as if she belonged to me; and you'll do it, papa, I know you will! You'll send little Margery La Rue to the same school with me and she's to be my fag, as the boys are at Eton."

This last remark provoked a smile from Mr. Hetherton, who asked numerous questions concerning his daughter's acquaintance with Margery La Rue the child of a hair-dresser, and expressed his displeasure with Celine for having taken her to such places.

"You are never to go there again, under any circumstances," he said, and Reinette replied promptly:

"Yes, I shall. I'll run away every day and go there, and to worse places, too. I'll go the *Jardin Mabille*, if you don't give me the money for Margery, and if you do I'll promise never to go there again—only Celine shall go for her to ride with me. I'm bound to do that!"

And so she gained her point, and the next day Celine was sent to Lisette to make inquiries concerning Mrs. La Rue. As these inquiries proved satisfactory, arrangements were made with the principal of the English school to receive little Margery as a day pupil at half pay, in consideration of her performing some menial service in the school-room, by way of dusting the desks and putting the books in order after school was over. This plan was the result of Mr. Hetherton's great pride, for though willing to pay for Margeay's education to please Reinette, he was not willing to put her on a footing with his daughter, and thought, by making her a kind of servant, to place a gulf between them, for he knew that in some respects Queenie was prouder than himself.

But in this instance his project failed, for from the day when Margery became a pupil in the English school, Reinette was her avowed champion and sworn friend, and though at times she tyrannized over her, and literally made her a fag, she petted and caressed her, and stood by her always, and fought for her sometimes when a few of the French girls sneered at her position as duster of their books.

And Margery in return was quite as devoted to her friend, through whom a new life was opened to her. Naturally quick to learn, and easier to retain than Reinette, she soon outstripped her in their studies, and was of great service to her in helping her to master her lessons, and acquit herself with a tolerable degree of credit.

But for Margery, who would go patiently over the lesson time after time with her indolent friend, Queenie would often have been in disgrace, for she was not particularly fond of books, and lacked the application necessary to a thorough scholar. Once when she had committed a grave misdemeanor which had been strictly forbidden on pain of heavy punishment, Margery was suspected and found guilty, and though she knew Queenie to be the culprit, she did not speak, but stood up bravely to receive the chastisement which was to be administered in the presence of the whole school, and was to be unusually severe as a warning to others. Margery was very pale as she took her place upon the platform, and held out her beautiful white arm and hand to the master, and her blue eyes glanced just once wistfully and pleadingly toward the corner where Queenie sat, her own eyes shut, and her fists clenched tightly together until the first blow fell upon the innocent Margery. Then swift as lightning she went to the rescue, and before the astounded master knew what she was doing she had wrestled the ruler from him, and hurling it across the room, sprang into a chair, and had him by the collar, and even by the hair, while she cried out:

"You vile, nasty man, don't you touch Margery again. If you do I'll pull every hair out of your head. You might have known she didn't do it. It was I, and I am nastier and viler than you, for I kept still just because I was afraid to be hurt, and let her bear it for me. I am the guilty one. I did it, and she knew it, and never told. Beat me to a pumice if you want to. I deserve it;" and jumping from the chair and crossing the floor, Queenie picked up the ruler, and giving it to the master, held out her little fat, dimpled hand for the punishment she merited. But by this time the entire school had become demoralized, as it were, and the pupils thronged around their bewildered teacher, begging him to spare Queenie, who became almost as much a heroine as Margery, because that, notwithstanding her cowardice at the first, she had at the last shown so much genuine moral courage and nobleness.

Queenie wrote the whole transaction to her father, who was in Norway, and asked as a recompense to Margery she be invited to spend the summer vacation at Chateau des Fleurs, where Queenie was going with Celine. To this Mr. Hetherton consented, and all the long, bright days of summer were spent by Margery at Chateau des Fleurs, which seemed to her like the new Jerusalem come down to earth before its time. Nothing could exceed Queenie's devotion to her, and in her manner there was the difference, that where it had before been imperious and commanding, it was now humble in the extreme, for Queenie never forgot the great sacrifice her friend was ready to make for her, or her own cowardice in thinking for a moment to allow it,

From that time onward Margery's good fortune was secured, and when, at eighteen, she left the English school, Queenie stood by her still, and got her a position as governess in an English family, who lived in Geneva, and, then when Margery came home, and said she did not like the life of a governess, as it deprived her of all independence of action, and made her a mere block, subjecting her to insults from the sons of the house and guests of the family, Reinette, who knew her friend's perfect taste in everything pertaining to a lady's toilet, and the skill with which she fitted her own dresses, suggested that she should try dressmaking as an experiment, without the formality of regularly learning the trade, which would take so much valuable time, and in her case seemed unnecessary. So Margery set up as an amateur in the pleasant apartments in Rue de la Paix, where Mrs. La Rue had lived since the death of her husband, which occurred during Margery's second year in school.

It would seem that Mr. La Rue, with his indolent habits, had been a great draft upon his wife's earnings, for, after he died, there was a very perceptible change in her manner of living. Money was more plenty, and everything was on a larger, and freer scale, so that Margery's home was now a very comfortable one, especially after her wonderful skill in fitting, and perfect taste in trimming, and, more than all, the patronage of Miss Hetherton began to attract people to her rooms. Now as in her school days, Reinette was her good angel, and brought her more work, and paid her more money than any four of her other customers.

Once, and only once, did Reinette encounter Mrs. La Rue, who seemed rather to avoid than seek her, and that was on an occasion when she came in from the country, unexpectedly, and found Margery busy with a lady in the fitting room.

"Tell her that it is Miss Hetherton, and that I will wait," Reinette said to the small dark woman whom she found in the reception-room, and whom she mistook for a kind of upper servant.

"Miss Hetherton! Reinette! Margery's Reinette!" the woman exclaimed, turning quickly and coming close to the young lady, whose pride rebelled at once at this familiarity, and who assumed her haughtiest, most freezing manner, as she replied:

"I am Miss Hetherton. Yes; tell your mistress I am here, at once."

All the blood had rushed to Mrs. La Rue's face, which was almost purple, except the lips, and these were ashen white, and her voice shook as she said:

"She is my daughter, and I am Mrs. La Rue. I beg your pardon if I seemed rude, but you have been so kind to Margery, and I have so wished to see you. Don't mind my looking at you this once, for I must, I must."

"Deliver my message first," Reinette said, with the air of a princess, for the woman's manner displeased her, and she could see no reason why she should stand there staring so fixedly at her with that strange look in her glittering eyes as of one insane.

At this command Mrs. La Rue turned to leave the room, but ere she went she laid her hand on Reinette's tenderly, caressingly, as we touch the hands of those we love, and said:

"Excuse me, but I must touch you, must thank you. You need not tell your father, for I hear he is prouder than you, and he might forbid your coming here again." So saying she left the room and did not return, nor did Reinette ever see her again, except on an occasion when she was driving with Margery in the Bois de Boulogne, and passed her, sitting upon a bench beneath a shade tree. The recognition was mutual, but Reinette did not return the slight nod of the woman's head, or pretend to see her, notwithstanding that Margery exclaimed:

"There's mother, way out there. She will have a long walk home!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MURDEROUS FIRE.

Full Account of Its Destructive Ravages.

MONTREAL, Sept. 8.—Most of the inhabitants of Upton and the surrounding districts spent a sleepless night, and at an early hour this morning were afoot, the reddened eyelids bespeaking the effect of smoky air and lack of rest. In some cases men had not closed their eyes from Monday afternoon, and were utterly fatigued.

A VISIT TO THE BURNING DISTRICT.

The wind had fallen and the smoke hung heavily over everything, while the sun seemed without effect upon the air, which was cold and raw. A heavy due feil, and the newspaper men who had ordered their teams for 6 a. m. for an early excursion in the dry and burning district were ill-provided for cold and damp weather. The horses were in readiness and so were the drivers, and there is no better appetizer than a drive before breakfast. We took the direction of the Charlotte road that runs north-westerly out of Upton, and had not gone a half-mile when we came to the black grey fringe of smouldering ashes and embers. For several miles upon either hand as we drove over the road there was nothing but a devastated waste with the fringe of burning woods beyond, smoking and cracking. These sounds were relieved occasionally by the sound of a falling tree. Not a living thing was in sight except a few birds. A couple of sparrows seemed to stick closely to the hedges, and looked as if they had been rolled in soot. They doubtless had been very badly scorched. Further on we arrived at a house, and in it there were a couple of women who could tell us nothing, except that they were very hungry, and that they had been

COMPELLED TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES

and flee for their lives, with only the clothes they stood in. The fire was in the crops, except in one or two places where ditches had been cut. The earth was one fire, the black sods being burned completely, until the surface of the earth seemed to have been sprinkled with yellow sand. For nearly eight miles we continued on this road, and found that half a hundred dwellings had fallen a prey to the flames. At the end of our journey were three or four houses that had been spared by the flames. Each of them had to supply lodging for from sixteen to twenty fugitives. Noticing the absence of the men we asked where they were, and were informed that they had gone to St. Liboire for bread and meat and raiment. We had gone to the end of the passable road, and as we peered forward saw what appeared an impenetrable volume of smoke with the red glare beyond. We had already passed over eight miles of the burning corduroy, and had to go back the same way we came. There was no other alternative, as the intersecting roads through the woods had been destroyed long ere we arrived.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

On the way back we came to a bridge where occurred the most thrilling adventure of the century. It appears that Edward Roi was escaping with his family and two other women. The lad was driving and the flames were close upon them, when all at once the horse gave a sudden jerk and threw the women off, along with Roi and the feather bed upon which they had been reclining. The horse could not be stopped even if the driver had tried to stop him, and death terrible and fearful stared them in the face. But Roi had his wits about him, and they stood him in good stead, for, picking up the feather mattress he called upon the women to follow him, and all three entered at one end of the three feet square tunnel at the end next to the fire and then caged in that small space all three waited further results. The fire came upon them, and set fire to the woodwork of the bridge. Happily for them it burned very slowly, and when the fire eat into their refuge Roi would stuff the opening with some mud. The fire attacked the feather bed, but feathers will singe, and will not burn. Thus they remained, the man fighting the fire and the women praying. They were there for five hours, and stifling and warm the atmosphere became during their enforced stay. At length they heard approaching wheels, and ventured out. They had to walk over burning wood, but they thanked God, and in a few moments rejoined their friends and relatives, who had given them up for lost.

Retracing our steps, we arrived at the hotel between eight and nine o'clock, and after breakfast we started to try and get through the burned district by the north-east road, that of St. Germain. We passed some very rocky country before striking this road, and at length arrived at the woods, or what had been the woods. Here the scenes we had witnessed in Ste. Helene and Ste. Charlotte roads were re-enacted, except that there seemed more difficulty of escape in the face of a high wind than was the case in either of the other places. Wagons, furniture, and occasionally stoves were to be seen as though abandoned to accelerate flight. After travelling for half an hour over the devastated country we came to several houses which were still intact, although the barns and other buildings had been burned. We met a number of inhabitants who had been driven away on Monday, but who had returned and were trying to save something from the wreck. They furnished the list of losers as well as they could, and to all inquiries if any of them were insured answered in the negative. We were congratulating one old patriarch upon having been saved with life at least, when he replied, "We are not saved yet. See that!" (pointing to the woods so dangerously near). From this point, as at the Charlotte road, there was no egress. We drove forward as though to press on, when the old man called after us that if the wind got high we might be in danger. He might have spared his advice. We had no intention of going thither, and after trying vainly to see through the smoke, we turned the horse's head and drove back again. We learned on this journey that the fire had assumed proportions that no one had imagined previously. The sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth ranges of Acton had been burned badly, the two latter losing every house except three.

There was no means of getting at any further particulars of this terrible affair, and taking the 10.30 train the representatives of the press bade good bye to the smoke and flames.

The funeral of the Currier family will take place to-morrow at St. Helene, whither the most of the refugees from the road of that name had fled.

AN ACT OF HEROISM.

The latest news from Upton to-night says that the wind is rising. No news of fresh disasters had been received, except that in the case of a young man named Tessier, who had been so badly burned that fears are entertained that he cannot recover. It appears that he heard that a family named Christie on the St. Germain road had been burned in by the flames, and he gallantly went to the rescue. He had to go through a swamp and make his way almost a mile in the face of the flames. He accomplished the distance only to find that the family was not in any immediate danger. His face and shoulders are badly burned, the skin coming off in rolls. The most lamentable part of the whole affair is that Dr. Gauthier, who attends him, believes that he cannot recover from his injuries.

THE HONEST MAN IN POLITICS.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Six months ago young Cauliflower suddenly conceived the idea that it would be far more profitable to hold a political office than to put in the long hours and take the moderate salary of a bookkeeper, and he spoke to several of his personal friends about it. They were agreed that he would make a good Police Court Clerk.

"You are capable and honest," said one.

"You are respectable and have good standing," said a second.

"The public ought to be glad to get such a man for the place," added a third.

The fourth was an old man. He crooked his finger and drew Cauliflower aside and said:

"It's all right, but you'd better go and see Bones."

"Who's Bones?"

"Why, he's laying pipes to be elected Alderman of the——Ward. You want to fix him in advance. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, but go and see Bones."

Young Cauliflower saw Bones. Bones was a man with a red nose and lots of bad grammar. His coat was out at the elbows and his manners were worse, but he was in with "the boys" and felt sure of a nomination. He listened to what young Cauliflower had to say and then replied:

"All very well to say that you can bring recommends as to your capability and honesty, but can you fix Ginsling? Ginsling is down on me because I didn't help him to get the ward Chairmanship, and he must be fixed or I may lose the nomination. What can you do?"

"But Ginsling is a—a loafer," replied Cauliflower.

"Certainly he is; but how can we get office without the help of loafers? If you will secure his pledge to support me I'll give a pledge to support you. If you want the place don't delay an hour about seeing Ginsling."

Young Cauliflower started out and found Ginsling. His nose was of deeper red than Bones', and he had a black eye to make the contrast more marked.

"Yes, I'm down on old Bones,——him!" he replied. "He's no patriot. He doesn't care a cent for his country. He'd see the glorious constitution torn to flinders and spit on before he'd raise a hand. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I want to be a Justice of the Peace. I don't know any more about law than a chicken does about astronomy, but I know enough to decide in favor of the plaintiff and that's all that is expected of a justice,———me if it isn't!"

"Well?"

"Well, you go to Brandymine, who also wants to be a justice, and get him to pledge that he will withdraw in my favor, and I'll pledge to support Bones."

"But Brandymine is in jail for assaulting a man," protested Cauliflower.

"No, he isn't—he got out this morning. Can't promise you anything until he is out of the way. If I were you I'd see him at once. You'll find him somewhere down on the Potomac."

Young Cauliflower dodged in and out of saloons and dives and dens, and by and by he found Brandymine and stated his case.

"Withdraw in his favor! I'll see him——first!" roared Brandymine in reply. "Ginsling is a loafer, sir and he would disgrace the office! Besides that he once split his ticket, and I can prove that he once sold his vote for three dollars! I'll never compromise with him—never!"

Young Cauliflower had been told what to say to this, and pretty soon Brandymine cooled down and said:

"Perhaps it is my duty as a pure and consistent patriot to withdraw, but if I do so I must have the Eastern hay-scales as a reward. A fellow named Smasher is after the place, but you go and see old Rainbow. Rainbow can sit down on Smasher, and if he will do it I will give his son a place under me. Now, then, old Bones pledges you, Ginsling pledges Bones and I pledge Ginsling, old Rainbow pledges me, and we work the thing harmoniously. Go and see Rainbow."

Young Cauliflower went out to find him. Rainbow was willing to sit down on Smasher, but the son was the trouble.

"He was sent to the Workhouse yesterday in default of $50 fine," he explained, "and you will of course hand over the money to get him out. We can't run this ward without my son, and if this ward isn't pledged you won't be Police Court Clerk!"

Cauliflower went back to his desk, and he won't stand in the way of any one who wants office.

A MUCH MARRIED MAN.

The Christian Island Light-Keeper on the Ragged Edge—Arrested for Bigamy.

Getting married appears to be a simple and harmless amusement, but too much of it is pretty sure to land the enterprising prospector after connubial bliss into a peck of trouble. On Thursday an officer from Barrie went over to the Christain Island to interview John Hoar, the Government light-keeper, for whose arrest he has a warrant. It appears Hoar married a blooming descendant of Eve in Penetanguishene some years ago, but the hearts of the newly married twain did not beat as one, and they soon parted. Subsequently Hoar sent to England for his cousin, and on her arrival he lovingly placed her, by the aid of a parson under his connubial wing, and all was serene joy within his palpitating breast. But wife No. 1 is now kicking up the dust, and the consequence is that a warrant has been issued for the apprehension of Hoar on a charge of bigamy.

—A South End man asked a one-armed organ grinder if he was a survivor of the late war, and the organist replied: "Hang it, do I act as though I was killed in it?"

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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

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