CHAPTER XLV. MR UDY'S DANGEROUS SECRET.

There was a momentary pause, in which fartin Bisby quickly made up his mind.
His answer was brief and to the point.
"Go ahead," he said indifferently.
Mr. Udy's uncontrollable agitation had conced him that no treachery was designed against him.

Hastily resuming his seat at the table, he

Hastly resuming his seat at the table, heaught up pen and paper.

As he dipped the former into the inkstand,
Martin Bisby, with a view to personal comort, turned a little and stretched his thin
aga across the top of a waste-basket standing

myeroiently at the end of the table.

the basket upset.

Martin uttered an impatient ejaculation,
d szily stooped and swept up a heap beeen his hands,

A he dropped it into the basket his eye
a ced to fall on the corner of a sheet of roughly crushed together.

y's penmanship," he thought, lext instant he cast a swift, furtive at Udy and slyly transferred the sheet pocket. It contained but a few words—the follow-

"A mistake, I fear, Hold on till I tele

Mr. Udy saw the messenger depart with a deep breath of satisfaction, but Martin Bisby's voice broke in upon his meditations.
"I suppose the door is safely closed," began Bisby, interrogatively. "I have some things to say to you which you'd hardly like averbeard."

verheard."

Tapping the fingers of his right hand imressively on the fingers of his left, he leaned
orward and said, confidentially:

"You see, Mr. Udy, when that forgery and the murder of old Cyrus Radcliffe took place, Dick Blackwood didn't hold the winningeard. In other phrase, Dick Blackwood didn't know what I know—he didn't know that Ash-land Udy was in the United States, and that I, Martin Bisby, was personating the said Ashland Udy in Brazil! If he had known it you see, the said Ashland wouldn't-be here

ng his sentence with those significant words, Martin Bis winked again, leaned estfully back in his chair, drew out a purise gazed at it rusefully a moment, and then awung it persuasively before Mr. Udy's d'all

"Fill this and I'll let you off. Fift en thousand is the ticket that will fill it. You see, if Ralph Urqubart were alive it might not go so easy with you. I'd likely have some conscience about letting an impocent man swing in your place. I'm a born stamp, but, I'm not a villain, you see."

Mr. Udy's hoarse, strained voice by oke in moon life.

"It's a lie! a lie! a lie!" he cried, essaying an air of fierce bravado.

The longer Martin talked the more amiable he grew. Even those unvaraished words

"Ah ! I see how it is !" he nodde d. "You "An! I see how it is!" he nodde d. "You want the story. You shall have it. Listen: First (to begin at the beginning). I always knew you had some villainous purptase in view when you wanted me to personiate you in Brazil. But that was no businest; of mine. What concerned me was to be we'd paid and prepaid. I was both, as you know: and, as you also know. I was faithful to your in terests. "When you arrived in Braz'l as Martin Bisby, we neatly changed character as again by a neat change of residences. Mr. 1044. done. On the contrary, as a fail hful employed ahould, I got myself out of your willy at the first word. But what did you do, yo a pitched are into the Amazon! And why?"

He poused, tapped his fingers a high dozen

back to the United States and fine out that you, and not Ralph Urquhart—" A guttural murmur from Mr. Udy inter

"You don't want to hear it, b ey? "You don't want to hear it, b ey? Well, you needn't. But just let me say, Mr. Udy, that you never made a greater mi stake in you life than when you treat d me to that dangerous bath. I came home determined on three things: First, to find out why I was required to personate Mr. Udy in Braz II; second, to keep myself informed of Mr. Udy's movements; third, to make Mr. U fly pay me a good round sum for the knowl ledge I gained. I'm ready to be paid. "Bomething in his air sudder My aroused Mr. Udy'to a tempest of fury and he cried choking with passion; "I'll never pay you the millionth part of a dollar! Never! But I tell you what I will do—I'll have you are ssted for blackmailing!"

mailting!"
"Don't be in a hurry to go at out the warrant
at least not till you hear Dick Blackwood's opinion-"
"Blackwood!" echoed h fr. Udy, in dying

"Dick Blackwood," pur rsued Bisby, with out taking the sightest riotice of the inter-ruption, "knew a deal ab put the case, and I went not long ago and tal ked the matter over

Mr. Udy's white lips pearted again, but no Mr. Udy's white lips pearted again, but no sound issued across their whitenass.

"You see," coolly protected Bisby, "there were some things I could not unrivel and I thought Blackwood might let something fall that would help me. Hadid. Benides that, he heedless! let a few words slip which are of vital interest to you, Mr. Udy. Those few words were to the effect—no, I'll give you his own words," he suddenly cried. "They were these:

were these:

"'Prove,' he said reflectively—far more to himself than to m's—'Prove that 'Ashland Udy was in the Uwited States at the time of the murder of Ci/rus Radcliffe; and I will prove him the murderer. But he was in Brazil—he was. I know it, for I nostituted the most wind inserted. the most rigid infinities. Yes, he was there, and poor Ralph Urquhart was the murderer." As Bisby paused, Udy seized his arm in an

"And you and you," he gasped hoarsely
"and you and you," he gasped hoarsely
"and you atold him the truth?"
"No," he answered, briefly.
"Thank Heaven!" breathed the wretched map, "Can you make eight thousand do for the present, Martin?" he asked in weak

"Yes," he answered, "but don't forget the balance! As a spur to your memory, let me add that when Dick Blackwood reiterated the assertion that you were in Brazil at the time of the murder, he spoke like—a man convinced against his own interior con-

"I shall not forget."
As Mr. Udy uttered those faltering words he took out his cheque-book.

Aak at payable to cash, if you please, hake it payable to cash, if you please,"
Surfrested Martin Bisby, politely, "and draw
it yourself. It will be safer for you. I don't
viant you to think that I'd let you buy me if
has ph Urguhart were alive and likely to
sawing! No, sir! You'd have to dance your
own air-jig! It's—"
He was silenced by Mr. Udy's shaking
hand anddenly overturning the and how He was silenced by Mr. Udy's shaking hand suddenly overturning the sand-box.

As it rolled on the floor he muttered, shak-

ingly:
"Great heavens! I'm nervous as Something in his voice and face rivetted Martin Bisby's closest attention.

CHAPTER XLVL

AN IMPASSIONED WOOLNG Duly weighted with his eight thousand dol-Duly weighted with his eight thousand dolars, Martin Bisby went straight from Mr. Udy's office he had gone but a few steps, when he came to an abrupt halt, and clapped his hand in his pocket.

"Ly jingo?" he exclaimed, aloud, "I'd forgotten all about the letter, or whatever it But I did not. Otherwise I might have unforced by the letter or whatever it.

oves to be! I'll just take a look at it while He drew out the crumpled roll, and hastily eating himself, smoothed it over his knee. It was badly smeared from a heavy ink Some of the words were easily enough de-phered. The first which caught his eye were, "Rich-

The Brat which cargain has eye were, and Blackwood, Esq."

"Rich—ard Black—wood! What the deuce is he writing to Dick Blackwood about?"

He hurris dly lifted his eyes to the date.

"June 14th!" he muttered, reading the ate.
And this is the 19th! Hum! Something

"And this is the 19th! Hum! Something
must be up, sure enough!"

Again he read aloud.

"'Old C yrus Radcliffe's murderer—' Curse
the blot!" he muttered, running his eye up
and down in breathless interest; "he must
have everturned the inkstand on it!"

With parted lips and quick panting breath,
he miyved a triffe so as to bring the sun's rays
directly agent the libes.

directly upon the lines.

"Vicinity of—Al—Al—' Ah!" he cried,
the next instant. "I see! 'The vicinity of
Alb ambra Court." difter a little he drew a powerful magnify-

If ther a little he drew a powerful magnifyinf glass from his pocket.

The nurderer lives I I have seen—
If e vicinity of Alnamora Court !! d'
Like one in a dream, he slowly holded the
letter, restored it to his pocket, and sat
d own again.

"Yes" he muttered, inaudibly, to himself. m a born scamp, but I'm no villain! I'll ever do that! The wily, wicked wretch! Mr. Udy was not the only one to wh
the 19 th day of June was destined to pr

iventhal.

It chanced, through a combination of circumsta aces need ess to detail, that Chaille, oir rea thing Alhambra Court that evening, had for ind Alba alone in the Court of Delighta.

He had but one thought, but one feeling—the ma d, impetuous desire to woo, win, and claim the lovely girl before him.

At the sound of his footsteps the girl started, loo ted up, and hastily rose to greet him. One instant she stood breathless, the forgotten words he had uttered in the Black Glen reshing upon her with a dreadful sense of oppression and vague dread.

The next she raised the lashes suddenly droppe if upon her burning cheeks and smiled

droppe d upon her burning cheeks and smiled nervou sly, in a vain attempt at lightness and composure.
"The drawing-room is less romantically lighted, Doctor Ronald. We will go there, and you a shall redeem your kind promise to teach me—"

illie forgot his courtly elegance of man h shaking voice he passionately inter can teach you but one thing to-night

Alba! But one thing!—to love me! Oh! my beaut ful, exquisite, peerless darling, suffer me to teach you that!"

She cked, stunned, Alba gazed piteously at him to atter silence. Then she cried falter-"( lh. Doctor Rouald, do not pain-"

Ag an Chaillie broke in upon her.
With eloquent lip, with eloquent eye he pour id out the full story of his love in a head long flow of words that defied interrup-As he finally paused, silenced by his own crow ding emotions, she burst into a passion

oriec L. Ship paused an instant, and brushed away the wift tears. (t is too late, Doctor Ronald. My-my love is given to another. It is right that you shou ld know the whole truth."

"You are engaged?"

at low, and answer filled Romald Chaill-se s pul with delight.

Tree "he oried Of, my dear recommy inatchless darling! You will consent to lear i the sweet lesson I would teach you learn the awest lesson I would teach you! for your own sake, love, if not for mine, you will consent!

"Daring! darling! what care I for the sad.

s, and answered himself;
Because you did not want m s to come securit which almost weighs your adopted mother to ber grave! Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! As heaven is my witness, nothing! To me you are the sweetest! the lovelest! the best! A princess, a queen, you reign in my devoted heart! Oh, my darling! the dan hter of the head forger and murderer is as dear to me as if the proud escutcheon of her name had remained unblemished as the falling anow!

h -"
He pansed. Alba's icy hand had silence im. At last she had arrested the head one torrent of his speech,
With lifted eyes of agonized pleading she spoke, her sweet voice breaking wailingly across the music of the fountains.

"Do not kill me!" she gasped, piteously.
"Tell me—who was my tather? Who was my mother?" y mother? Chaillie caught her hand from his arm in a

"In pity answer me !" she gasped, entreat ngly again.
In pity he spoke:
"Your father was..."
A faint, rustling sound had saddenly caught

is ear.
Scarcely three feet distant, stood— Ma iame Juliette.
With the swiftness of lightning he recove ed himself, with the swiftness of lightning de cided upon his course.

> CHAPTER XLVIL BONALD CHAILLIE'S PLEA

Without an instant's hesitation, Ronald Challie determined to make effective use of the unexpected interruption of Madame Jul-iette's presence—to insure a powerfully dra-matic effect by forcing her to take an active

matic effect by forcing her to take an active part in the scene.

Gentily, tenderly he slipped his arm about her waist and turned her face to face with Madame Juliette.

"My darling" he breathed, "my poor darling, behold your mother. Behold the widow of the hapless Ralph Urquhart, your most miserable and dishonoured lather!"

He paused an instant, passionately regarding the white, still face, and the stony eyes glued to Madame Juliette's ghastly features.

"Is it true? Are you my mother?" asked the girl, sowly, painfully,
"It is false! false!" she cried, "It is FALSE!"

PALSE I"
The very fountains seemed hushed int She repeated the words, her splendid eyer uminously brilliant, her beautiful face al

At that fourth repetition of the astounding word Ronald Chailie's paralyzed faculties began to resert themselves.

His face darkened to the semblance of a demon's. His swift hand flashed whitely from Alba's wast and buried itself in his breast. There it grasped the hills of a long, alender dirk. Before he could do more another proke startling upon the stillness—a voice salm, sweet, and strangely solemn.

"It is TRUE!" said the voice.
The great feathery ferns rustled, and Mrs.
Urquhart stepped forth.
"It is TRUE!" she repeated, with added

emphasis.

Ronald Chaillie's band dropped from his dirk. Madame Juliette's eyes turned from Alba's face and factoned themselves piteously upon Mrs. Urquhart's pale, rebuking coun-

The same has come for the truth, and the whole truth, my poor Juliette," she said. She stopped, and cast a glance of infinite love and compassion upon the wide-eyed, white-faced girl who stood so breathlessly regarding them.

When she resumed her voice was a trifle

Guided by his wonderful acumen, he went straight and incisively to the point.

'Think!" he cried "what were the chances of this darling gul's remaining in ignorance of the sad truth? Think by what strange and incompreheusible events secrets long buried are opened to the day. Think too, that this sad one must inevitably have been opened to Alba, or she must have learned to accuse you in her breaking heart of a silly seprice or a wanton cruelty.

Cou d you bring yourself to give her to a husband's keeping with the story of her parentage untold? If so, might she not some day have accused you with eyes of mute reproach?

in pity for the child you have cherished as your own, let your veice plead with her forme. I know her pitful story. I know it, and offer her all a man can offer—a lore as and offer her all a devotion as unfailing. high as the heavens, a devotion as unfailing as eternity. She shall be to me the apple of my eye. She shall be to me a jewel of priceess worth. She shall be to me—"
To this point the breathle s, headlong pass
on of his words had held each of his hearer

as by a spell.

To Mrs. Urquhart and Alba they were eloquent words of burning, blistering truth.

To Madame Juliette they were words freighted with an awful purpose, Yet she, too, stood spell bound by the secret magnetism of his seething passion. She, too, stood mute and breathless. For the time she was in chains

chains.
But suddenly she shook herself free, moved forward a pace, her eyes glowing, her lips Ronald Chaillie comprehended her slight movement as ful y as if she had already ut-tered the words trembling on her lips. Swiftly extending his arm he placed it upon her arm.

In her quivering flesh he emphasized each smiling word.

"Ah! I see, dear friend," he cried, gently, "you would remind me of my beautiful and gitted little Camille—the one darling my poor Vesta left to my love and care!"

Those few soft and rapid words struck Ma-ame Juliette with the frightful force of a Under that crushing hand she shivered, i chief that crushing hand she shivered, in-chied her grac-ful head in mute acquiescence, and frew back to her former position. Challie turned again to Mrs. Urquhart, at his tirst word he was startlingly interrupted. Madame Juliette had again stepped orward—had turned her white, quivering face to Mrs. Urquhart.

Swift as an arrow his right hand sank itsell in his breast pocket again.

Fiercely he grasped the dirk's slender hilt;
silently he breathed his fierce, deadly pur-

pose.

"By the heavens above us both!" he thought "when she speaks those words she speaks her last!" Even as the thought formed itself, Madame Juliette spoke.

CHAPTER XLVIIL

"As heaven is my witness, I could wish never to have lived to this dreadful hour. As heaven is my witness, I could wish my head laid long, long ago beneath the cool, fragrant sod!"

They were words that did not in any way compromise. Renald Chaidie. Nevertheless he still tept his deadly grasp upon the poulard's hit. Nevertheless he still silently breathed his vengeful purpose. "Who can tell what her next mad words may be?" he thought fiercely, his yealed eyes glowing like burning coals.

With a swift movement she turned to Alba "Oh, poor child," she cried, pressing her gain and again to her heart—"Oh, poor child. I pity you. My heart is broken for She suddenly put her away with a frantic

blazed in turn.
They rested last upon Mrs. Urquhart. "Never, never," she cried, shuddering from head to foot—"never speak to me of this miserable hour again. She is your child. not mine. She was your nursing. You love has fostered her, your love has shield her, your love has shield her, your love has blessed her. Let it ble her still. Let it be her brightest crown. repudiate all claim to her. Heaven h

made her yours, and yours alone!"

She paused, torning with a swift motic and caught Alba's hand within her own. She drew her gently to Mrs. Urquhart, She drew her gently to Mrs. Urquhart,
"She is your mother," she resumed in the
same passionate tone. "Love her as such,
cherish herassuch, obey heras such. Never address me by that holy name. Never think
of me by that holy name. Heaven forbidthat I—I should ever step between you!"

The next moment the great feathery ferns
rustled and parted.

She fled from the scene all uncons that in her secret agony and despair she had played the very part Chaillie would have commanded. As the monster fronds fell quiveringly to-

As the monater fronds fell quiveringly to-gether again, Chailie breathed one maudible, exultant word.

"Conquered!" he said.

With that word his hand dropped from the poniard's hilt, a strange question darting through his mind.
"Twice," he thought. "Will it reach
her heart, the magic third time?"
The thought had scarcely formed itself be-

fore it was gone again. The battle was still unwon. To what ex-The battle was still unwon. To what extent had his impassioned plea affected them? Would Mrs. Urqunart range her influence on his side? Could Alba be frightened into sacrificing herself for her mother's sake? With all his first headlong impetuosity he pressed the vital question upon Mrs. Urquhart.

arm about Aiba a little closer, and hurriedly brushing her handkerchief across her wet cheeks, bent an eager anxious eye upon the

without replying to his question she put a

"My child," she said, a mingled love and eagerness striking through her low tones
—"my child, Dr. Ronald has pleaded his
own cause. In your hearing as well as mine
he has declared not only his boundless love, be has declared not only his connices love, but—" She paused, 'her voice dropping to a lower and more de-ply troubled tone—" but with gentlest tenderness has unveiled the sad, sad truth which, sooner or later, we both must have faced. My child, will you give your troth to this man who loves you so At that atraightforward question Alba

tarted from her mother's arm with a smother-"Oh, mamma, I cannot! I cannot!"
Mrs. Urquhart looked at her with wide, troubled eyes. She put her hand to her

"I must think," she muttered to herself, her pale face growing still paler in her doubt and anxiety. "Heaven direct me aright!"

Ronald Chaillie hastily stepped forward and drew her hand within his arm. "Permit me," he said gently. He led her to a luxurious seat at a little

\* I have thought it over," commenced Mrs. Urquhart, brokenly.

Alba gazed at her pale, earnest face with tender wonder.

"I have thought it all over," repeated
Mra. Urquhart, with increasing emotion, her
eyes fastened on Alba's face.

"My darling, if you can consent to become

"By so doing you will bring a peace into my life to which it must otherwise remain a stranger. Dr. Ronald is the only man you can ever bring yourself to marry. He is your—your own mother's old and valued friend. He has carned your everlasting gratitude by the priceiess service rendered to the only mother you have ever known. He has lavished upon you a love which I believe will bless you immeasurably, and at last make the purest happiness of your life. Oh, my darling, my precious child, you are very young to marry—far too young. But you are so sadly aithated that if I could see you this hour the wife of Dr. Ropald my heart would rejoice exceedingly. Oh, my child, can you not make me happy by setting my mind at rest concerning your future? My life may be very abort. Can—

Aloa lifted her hands imploringly,

"Enough, enough, darling mamma." she

her lovely head, she said with pale lips and strangely quiet voice;
"I am yours, Dr. Ronald. I consent to become your wife."
In a transport of joy Chaillie was about to clasp her to his heart, when she swiftly eluded him.

pleaded misonsly, her white face untouched by the faintest time of colour. "I am your promised wife. But give me a little time— With those words she bent and kissed her

dear," she said."

Mrs. Usquhart had been looking at her wistfully, a doubt of her own wisdom painfully crossing her mind.

"Go, my love," she answered tenderly.
"Dr. Rouald will excuse you."

Alba stooped and pressed a last kiss upon the tremulous mouth.

the tremulous mouth.

She then turned, and with a struggling smile extended her cold hand to Chaillie.

"I do not love you, Dr. Ronaid; but I will strive to be to you a most gentle and devoted wife." oted wife."
Before Chaillie could atter the impassioned Taking a light Shetland wool cloak from the rack in the hall, Alba left the house.

"I want to be alone—alone," ahe thought passionately. "I will go to the Rose Garden. That is mine. No one will intrude upon me there."

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN THE BOSE GARDEN. Alba made an almost imper-eptible pause on the threshold of the Rose Bower.

Then suddenly loosing her grasp upon the cloak shrouding her head and shoulders, she rai ed her hands and clenched them together in a passion of grief and despair,

With that act she uttered a moaning cry which rung weirdly through the perfumed ailence of the Rose Garden.

As the cry left her lips she moved a little toward one of the casements, the cloak slipping half-way from her shoulders and trailing after her in a noiseless length of soft black folds. Then dropping her hands, she lifted her streaming eyes heavenward.

"What a fate. What a fate!" she mosan-

"What a fate. What a fate !" she most what a late. What a fate is the moaned between choking sobs. "What a fate. The wretched child of a more wretched criminal. The mean forger, the inhuman murderer, my my farrisk! Oh, pitiful Heaven, help me to bear my illimitable sorrows! Help me "

"Poor child." Poor child!"
Those pittful words, suddenly interposed between her sole and her reverent entreaty, struck Alba into the dumb stillness of

ing.

The sight of the white, anguished face, faintly visible in the rosy glow of the west,

seemed to inspire the stranger with flerce anger. "It's a lief" he burst out pass "A monstrous, wicked lie, Ralph Urguhart's hand is as stainless as your own.
Neither forger's pen nor murderer's weapon
ever diagraced its God-given cunning. He
was the wretched victim of a satanic scheme.
He was innocent of the remotest thought of

"On a certain evening, coming home at a late hour from bis office, he was not on the doorstep by a messenger with a note from his father's old friend, Cyrus Rado.iffe. "With some surprise he took the note and

"With some surprise he took the note and was about to enter the house, when the messenger, in a mumbling, excited manner, stopped him and insisted on his reading it at once. Still more surprised he did so by the light of the street lamp.

"The contents of the note proved incredible. He was harshly, insultingly accus d of forgery. The note ented with these words: 'As you vaiue your good name, and the happiness of your young and lovely wife, waste no moment in getting to me. That allusion to your meter sealed your father's fate. He obeyed the summons without an instant's delay."

"Arrived at Cyrus Raddliffe's, he was at first rejused admittance, the servant nervously stating that he was obeying orders, and that the old gentleman was in a frightful rage about something.

"In his excitement your father angrily declared that he must and would see him.
"Then you must go by yourself, sir." answered the servant, respectfully but firmly. 'He told me that if I brought any company to the library he'd discharge me to-

ompony to the library he'd discharge me to-The stranger paused and struck his clenched fist against his forehead.

of fist against his forehead.

"Great Heavens," he groaned, "when I think of that irascible act of the poor old man, it almost maddens me. But for that the servant would have preceded me. But for that the frightful chain of evidence would even then have been broken. As it was, he re tred to the basement, and I—I went to the library alone."
Alba advanced a pace with a stifled cry, he

Alba as vanced a pace with a stifled cry, her eyes wide, her hands clasped.

With a heavy sigh, he resumed drearily:

"Your father went into the library, passed round the great green baize sore n, which steed between the door and the library table, and—faced Cyrus Radcliffe weitering

table, and—faced Cyrus Raddiffe weltering in his own go s.

"At that learful sight, Ralph Urquhart uttered ashout; but it was not heard and there was no time for more. The old man's hands were stretched toward him in a pitcons appeal to be raised from the floor.

"Ralph Urquhart lifted him, holding him against his breast till the poor old man drew his last futtering breath. Then he rang for the servants. Need I tell, poor child, of all that followed? You can guess it only toowell. Enough to state that the murderer had fixed his guits inchaceably upon me. Circumstantial and corroborative evidence were all against me. I was doomed

evidence were all against me. I was doomed from the first, from the first. My enemy had made no blunders."

Alba sileasly, breathlessly advanced a step, and leaned toward him through the gathering

"A man who has vowed to be friend your father—your friend always!" quickly replied the stranger.

"You said, 'P. You said 'me', You said 'he is."

said 'he is'."
At those rapid and panting words, the stranger started. A moment's breathless mence.
He extended his arms.
In an instant Aiba was sobbing upon his

he emotions which had overpow-red him.

Hot and fast the tears fell from his eyes—
ears of mingled grief and joy.

Silently and softly Alba wept with him.

Their composure somewhat restored, Albafted her hand and gently stroked his beardd cheak.

"And think of mine!" cried Mr. Urquhart sadly. "I knew you, my child, without daring to claim you. By a fortunate chance I witnessed your arrival at the lake that day—I heard your name—I saw your aweet face. In the hungry desire to look upon you again. I kept a watch upon your movements. The result you know."

Mr. Urquhart paused an instant only to hurry on with increasing emotion.

"My child," he cied, "my anguished craving for the light of your love and presence has been terrible. Since your birth, I have gazed upon your face but once—when you were a tiny infant in your nurse's arms. After my escape from prison, I contrived to learn of

were a tiny infant in your nurse's arms. After my escape from prison, I contrived to learn of your birth and adoption, and the subsequent death of your poor mothers".

Alba started so violently that he paused in alarm. But the inquiry parting her lips remained unspoken.

With a swift, warning motion of the hand he bent his head and listened intently.

"It was nothing," he said, adding hastily:
"But it is unwise for me to linger here in my present guise. Farewell my love, and do present guise. Farewell my love, and do not forget that your father's life is in your keeping. As you value it, guard the secret keeping. As you value it, gnaru tay
you have so unexpectedly surprised. Shar
it with no one—with no one," he reiterated
"But, papa, degrest, I must see you some

"Every day, if I desire."

"Secretly?"
"Yes."
"Then come to the spot where you saw me, and—"
"I'll be there to-morrow moening, papa,

cried the girl eagerly. "I have so much to tell you, so much to ask you,"
Mr. Urquhait bent his head to kiss the lips raised to his.

Before he could do so, a twice-repeated cat call broke shrilly upon their ears at no great distance. The next instant it was echoed,

At the first call. Mr. Urquhart had started from Alba's clinging arms, and sna ched his hat from the floor, crying in a quick, suppressed voice:
"Ga en! Danger!"
At the second and nearer call, he stood still in a perplexity and alarm plainly evident

to Alba.

"Oh, paps, what is it?" she whispered.

Mr. Urquhart answered hurriedly, glancing from the door to the case ment as he spoke.

"I do not know, dear, Galen was to warn me by that call in case of—of danger. But the succeeding call, so close to us, is alarming in that I do not understand its meaning. I have no confident, no friend but Galen. But whatever it means, I must go. Heaven bless you, my child?"

whatever it means, I must go. Heaven bless you, my child!"

He pressed a hasty kiss upon her lips and was turning to the door, when Alba caught him by the arm.

"Not that way, papa," she whispered breathlessly. "The last call came from that direction. Go out by this casement, and you can reach the gate through that long rose arbour there, without the least chance of

arbour there, without the least chance of being seen. And, then, it is quite dark now, papa. I am sure there can be no danger."

With a last whispered word of parting, he stepped over the low all and the next mo-

She had taken but a few stops when she suddenly paused.

'I cannot go back to the house with this awful weight upon my heart," she thought.

"I must see for myself."

With those words she moved rapidly in

ikely to take.

She discovered nothing to occasion her th dightest unea iness. With one last aweeling rance she was about to retrace her steps, when a sight met her eyes which rooted her

anie-striken to the spot.
She sank weakly on her knees.
"Oh, pituli Father!" she moaned. To be continued. THEN AND NOW.

An Ardent Love Letter and How Romance Ended. "My dear," said Mrs. Popperman to her husband last evening, "I was looking over a bundle of old letters to-day, and found this one which you wrote to me before we were married, when you were young and senti-mental."

"What does it say?"
"I'll read it."
"Sweet idol of my lorely heart:—If thou wilt place thy hand in mine, and say, Dear love, I'll be thy bride, we'll fly away to some far realm—we'll fly to sunny Italy, and 'neath soft, cerulean skies we'll bask and sing and dream of naught but love. Rich and costly paintings by old masters shall adorn the wails of the castle I'll give thee. Thy bath shall be of milk. A box at the opera shall be at thy command, and royalty shall be thy daily visitor. Sweet strains of nusic shall luli thee at eventide, and warbling birds shall wake thee from thy morning slumber. Dost thou accept? Say yes, and fly, oh! fly, with me.'

me.'
"And I flew," said Mrs. Popperman.
"But if I had been as fly as I am now, I
wouldn't have flown."
"Why not, dear?"
"Why not? Have you done as you pro-

"Why not? Have you done as you promised in that letter? When we were married, did we 'fly to sunny Italy and bask 'neath soft, cerulean skies,' or did we go to Hotoken and spend two weeks fishing for eels on the edge of the whart?"

"Well, yes."

"And how about the pictures? You know very well that every rich and costly painting in this house is a chromo from the tea-store."

"Well."

"Thy bath shall be of milk! Do I hath

" 'Weil."
" 'Thy bath shall be of milk.' Do I bath pulling teeth every morning to get ten cent out of you to buy milk for the baby ?"

"Royalty shall be thy daily visitor." The only daily visitors I have are book-agents and clam-peddlers."
"Taint my fault." "' Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide.' The only chance I have to listen

eventide.' The only chance I have to listen to sweet strains of music is when you and I go out walking at night and follow a monkey and a hand-organ around the block."

"Oh, I am so sleepy."

"I don't care if you are. Where are the warbling birds you promised me? I hear Mrs. Maginis' crowing roosters next door every morning. Perhaps they are what you meant."

"Well, never mind."

"But I will mind. I was to have a box at the opera, Where is it? The only time I go to an opera is when you get bill-posters' tickets to a dime museum."

"It's too bad."

"It's too bad."

"It's too bad."

"It is really too bad. And then you said we'd talk and dream of naught but love. Since I married you we've talked and dreamt of naught but rent. Good night, sir," and Mrs. Popperman turned out the gas and jumped into bed, leaving Mr. Popperman to bark his shins against the bureau in trying to grope to bed in the dark.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

me out in the garden and walk with me, while the dancers which to that dreamy

You are pale—or is it the moonlight's gleam
That gives to your face that sorrowful look
We must wake at last from our Summer sdrea
We have come to the end of our tender boo
Love, the poet, has written well;
He has won our heurus by his poem sweet;
And now, at the end, we must say fare well—
Ah! but the Summer was fair and fleet.

Do you remember the night we met?
You wore a rose in your yellow hair,
Closing my eyes I can see you yet.
Just as you stood on the upmost stair,
A flutter of white from head to feet,
A cluster of buds on your breast. Ah me!
But the vision was nover half so sweet
As it is to-night in my memory. Hear the viols cry, and the deep bas

Seems sobbing out in its undertone tome sorrowful memory. The tune Is the saddest one I have ever known it is it because we must part to night. That the busic seems sad J. Ah me? to use weeping, Love and pur libs at The ways of life are a mystery.

They are calling you. Must I let you go?
Must I say good-bye, and go my way?
If we must part, it is better so—
Good-bye s such a sorrowful word to say!
Give me, my darling, one last sweet kiss—
So we kiss our dear ones, and see them die,
But death holds no parting so sad as this;
God bless you, and keep you—and so—goo
bye!

A New York florist makes it a specialty of

lowers. A new trimming that brightens up dark velvet bonnets is tapestry embroidery in many colours, done on velvet the colour of

The silk gauzes, brocaded with velvet figures, which proved so satisfactory for summer wear, are again very popular for full-dress

A crown of cloth like that of the dress with a brim of velvet or of fur, is the most po ular acceptation of the coth bonnets introduced The newest silk umbrellas have little

leather purses attached to the handle. It is already difficult enough to keep a silk umbrella without this dece. A fashionable hat is made of fuchsia purple velvet or plush, with shaded orange feathers, curled in circular masses, and surmounted by a tropical bird. Twilled ribbon bows.

Little girls this winter are wearing regular little Red Riding Hoods, their cloaks being fashioned exactly after the model worn by the unfortunate herome of the famous nursery A stylish home dress can be formed of dark red ottoman silk, velvet, and lace. The silk skirt is mounted in alternate wide and narrow plats. The tunic crosses in front, and the

The Mother Hubbard cloak of several years' reign in the variable world of fashion is still in vogue, and the new and elegant models seen in the best shops prove that whatever newer out-door mantles are worn Hubbar cloaks will continue to hold their own. Young ladies' ball gowns are prettily made of clouds of white, cream, or coloured tulle, and are chiefly oroamented with a profusion of single blossoms acattered over the entire skirt, which is arranged "ballet" fashion in the prevailing style, the numberless petticoats being of equal length, and gathered into a pointed band of satin be ow the waist.

of tutte, and total and the story of the sto sable tails), and next in rotation are skunk, Canadian marten, &c. Skirts, without any fulliess, are now made both in seal and in mink. Furriers follow the fashions more closely than in previous years, and sealskin is no longer confined to jackets, which had become a sort of uniform with Englishweinen, but it is made into shoulder dopes, mantelets (short at the back and long in front), visites, dolmans, chasubles, turbans, caps, and muffs. Seal buttons and seal fringes are also to be seen. High-should red effects are given to all the seal garment, and there is a tendency to make the jacket close-fitting about the waist, and fuller below the waist line, as fashion now decrees in other materials.

For and About Women A band girl-Clara Net. Belles of the bawl-girl babies. Women outnumber men ten to one behind etail counters in New York. Mrs. Partington says that her minister preached about "the parody of the probable

Miss Maggie Mitchell will make \$10,000 worth of improvements on her Long Branch people who have done business with her say she is closer than the bark of a tree. Three young ladies attached to the Imperial Court have been arrested at St. Peters

burg for connection with a Nihilist con All the "missing" girls who have been caught deny that they ran away for or with any man. The trouble is a new one, baffling human skill.

Mrs. William Frey, of Philadelphia, sold tripe for a living, and finally died in great poverty. In her trunk was found \$4,561, the savings of a life-time. Emily S. Rice was elected county clerk of Harper county, Kansas, on November 6th, by over 300 majority. Sue is the first woman ever elected to that position. Miss Winnie Hall, of Temple, Texas, ad-

mits that she is the oldest old maid in America, if not in the wide world. She was one hundred years old last Sunday. Already it seems to be understood that no body who is anybody will "receive cails" on New Year's day, which to quote a Murray Hill dame, will be left to "East side fellows who draw salary Saturday night."

Two y ung married French ladies were alking about their husbands. Said one of

talking about their fusionals. Said one of them, "Do you really think your Jules went shooting yesterday?" "Well, I don't think he tries to deceive me yesterday; I am in-clined to think he went." "But he didn't bring back any game?" "That's what makes me feel sure he did go!" was the wife's Miss Josie Mansfield, who is notorious i

Miss Josie Man field, who is notorious in connection with the Fisk-Stokes assassination, is said to be living in France. A correspondent, while walking recently through the pardens of St. Cloud, saw her leaning on the arm of her last husband, a portly min who looked like a Russian. "Josie," as the writer aids, was elegantly and most richly dressed, but in plain black and lace. She had grown thinner, had lost the fiesh that had for a while made her look gross and sensual, and was radiantly beautiful. Her finsband is enormously wealtny, I am told, and is devoted to her.

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numbers at that time which would spoil the
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What Most Impressed a Lady Visitor,
Alady in one of the flourishing towns of
our State—Lot a thousand miles away—had
been to New York, and on her return was
describing to her husband the chief features
of metropolitan life which had impressed
themselves upon her memory. After going

ough a long list of those things likely to through a long list of those things likely to impress country people she suddenly exciaimed: "But there was one thing which did me more good than anything eise, because it showed the remarkable growth of philanthropic charity in our large cities. On nearly all the streets, at very frequent intervals, I saw signs over the doors reading: 'Free lunch—free lunch.' I could not help thinking, as I walked along, what a blessed work the relief societies' in New York are doing!" The good lady in her enthusiasm did not netice that her husband had turned aside to straighten out the lamp mat on his desk, nor does she know to this day the true significance of the metropolitan "free

Ornaments for the Hair, This season presents quite an astonishing variety of ornaments for the hair, side comes, high back combs, and pins bing often seen en suite. Those studded with mock gems are charming for all full dress occasions. Steel, too, is much used for the same purpose, while as to carved ornaments in ivory, tortoise shell, or natural horn, they baffle description. The Langtry knot and the Japanese conture each call for ornaments brilliantly studded with gems of some description. A few daring women affect the Roman style of hair-dressing, and band the nair with strings of pearls or fillets of gold, but upon nine out of ten it is a fai ure. At a performance of "Mignon" the other evening, it was noticed by the writer that hardry a single well-dressed lady in opera toilet wore her hair in the old in opera toilet wore her hair in the old tashion. The two styles alluded to above were paramount, and in nearly every instance jewels took the place of flowers in the orna-menting of the hair.

The Revival of the Low Neck. The low neck may be said to be on the rampage. It is dominant. It is universal in uitra inshionable society, and it is accompanied by the smallest and shortest of sleeves—not straps, but real sleeves, only short and close to the arm, not puffed or set into a band. The Venetian style as brought down to us by artists and writers when Venice was in by artists and writers when Venice was in its glory was very splendid. Sleeves were double, long, close, and flowing; bodices were pointed, richly embroidered with gold or precious stones, and finished at the neck with the fan-shaped collar of stiff embroidered lace. The robes were gorgeous in colour, of the richest velvet and brocade; and the elaborately trimmed hair was often surmounted with small crown-shaped head dresses of velvet encrusted with jewels.
Contrast the picture presented by this magnificence with the dulness and sameness of rows of necks and arms not remarkable for beauty, whitened into lifelessness, and only alternating in the different degrees of plump and soraggy. The astonishing imbeculty of a blind adherence to a fixed style is its frequent and exceeding unbecomingness. The display of bone is as painful as the display of flesh is disgusting. Both require the modifying influences of the soft and gentle fabrics, which trail their length upon the ground, leaving the uncertainty of the contraction. leaving the upper part of the person—alm to the waist—pitifully unprotected.

A Sensible Woman:

A sensible woman never puts herself much en evidence. She follows the fashion in dress just so far as shall screen her from observation, but never far enough to make her ridiculous, to hurt her heaith, or to cause her ridiculous, to hurt her heaith, or to cause her ridiculous, to hurt her heaith, or to cause her ridiculous, to hurt her heaith, or to cause her ridiculous, to hurt her physical conformation. If stout and of a loose fibre she wears a bodice of some kind that helps to support, but that does not confine nor constrain her. If thin she wears nothing more than is wanted for warmth, and her lissom figure, with its easy grace of movement and softly A sensible woman never puts herself much flowing lines, is the admiration of all who see it, and the envy of those foolish ones who try to accomplish the same result by a cuirsse of steel and whalebone shalply braced. She does not tie he seif back so that she can walk only by planting her feet one before the other; nor does she let her skirts fly all over the place without any confining band at all. She does not dip her hem into car-lessly arranged bows of velvet satin-backed ribbons.

Furs are in great demand this winter, and they are much worn both indoors and on walking costumes. The favourite and the most costly is Russian sable, then follow seal-skin, chinchilla, the neck of the black Russian fox (which is even most sable still sable sail.

Plain or solid colours in cashmere, merinos, balbriggans, liste thread, and spun silk prevail it ladies hosiery for general use, and come in all shades to match the dress. The most luxurious are the spun silk. They are most luxurious are the spun silk. They are a mixture of fine camels' hair and silk, with the heels and toes entirely of silk; these are \$2.50 a pair in dull drabs, browns, and blues. The cashmeres are soft and warm, plain and ribbed, and are preferred to merino, as they do not shrink, being made of the pure wool of the cashmere goat. Lisle-thread hose, almost as fine and soft as silk, are appearing in fancy designs. most as fine and soft as silk, are appearing in fancy designs, copied from delicate imported silks. The latest novelty in this class of goods is termed "bettina," the foot being a solid colour topped with an attractive embroidered design, and the limb a striking contrast, a few pretty combinations showing gold and black, pink and orange, blue and wine colour, bronze and green. This patchwork pattern is all, done by hand, and so makes the stocking expensive. The idea is somewhat "fast," and the pattern is not extensively carried in a first-class trade.

IS THE TIME TO CURE NUW SKIN HUMORS.

It is at this season when the pores open freely and the perspiration is abundant that Disfiguring Humours, Humiliating Bruptions, Itchim Tortures, Sait Rheum or Eczena, Psoriusia Tetter, Ringworm, Baby Humours, Scrofula Scrofulous Sores, Abscesses, and Discharging Wounds, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Diseases of the Skin and Scalp are most speedily and economically cured by the Curtoura Remediles.

IT IS A FACT.

Hundreds of letters in our possession (copies of which may be had by return mail) are our uthority for the assortion, that Skin, Scalp, and dicod Hundours, whether Scrowlows, Inherited, Contaxious, may NOW be permanently cured y CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purper, Diurefic and Aperient, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin ures and Beautifiers, exter a ly, in one half the time and at one half the expense of any ther scason.

CREATEST ON EARTH. CUTTOURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the werst case Sait Rheum in this county. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTTOURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast, and head were overed for three years, which acthing relieved or cured until I used the CUTTOURA AESOLVENT atternally, and CUTTOURA and DUTTOURA SOAP externally.

J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

CREAT BLOOD MEDICINES. The half has not been told as to the great curaive powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have said hundreds of dellers for medicines to cure liseases of the blood and skin, and never found mything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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Providence, R.L.

Sold by all druggists. Price-Cuttoura, 50n; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP. 25c. POTTER DRUG AND HEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass., Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTY For Rough, Chapped and mples, Skin Blemishes, and Infantile Hum-irs, use CUTIOURA SOAP, a real Beautifier.

AGRICULTUI

We will always be pleased to of enquiry from farmers on any ing agricultural interests, and given as soon as practicable. TORONTO'S FAT STOC

The first annual Fat Stock Si auspices of the Agricultural an ation of Ontario and the Tor Division Agricultural Society, Friday and Saturday of last we periment the show proved a and similar ones, only on lar take place here yearly. The promoters of the show were feeders and breeders, bring buy together, and place within the butchers prime beef for the Ch When breeders become fully a facts each succeeding show w predecessor, and before long rival Chicago in its exhibition The exhibition was well patroni in the evenings, when the comm in which it was held were lit One of the features of the Saturday was the slaughtering of the purpose of entering their competition in class 9. A ring the main building, where the took place. Some of the c bought by charitably discosed sent to charitable institutions,

mainder were disposed of to b It may prove interesting to the ages and weights of a few of mals. The ages are in days and

H. & J. Groff's Champion. J. & J. Groff's Champion.

Baron.

Young Sherman.

Eimira.

James.

Hopewell.

Aberdeen

J. & R. McQueen's Daisy.

Red Drake.

John Russell's Fuchsia Duchess. Although the exhibition wa free from protests, there was caused a good deal of discussi exhibitors. The notice of ollows :--To the Committee of Mana GENTLEMEN,—I beg to protes award of the judges in Nos. 1, 3, 6 premiums class, and in doing so be attention to clause ten of the gene regulations.

W. Downing's Simon.

(Signed) RICHA Mr. Gibson is the owner of W pure white thoroughbred stee from the Model Farm. This ma mal is only two years and seven yet weighs 2,110 pounds. Mr. jected to H. & I. Groff receiving purise (Mrn.) walls. \$100). prize (acup value, \$100) forthe horn steer or cow of any age; for the best fat beast on the gr age, breed, or sax. As stated the ground on which the protis Clause X. of the "Genera Regulations." The clause refer as follows:—"The judges are it award premiums to and premium to and as follows:

In judges are in award premiums to such anima the greatest weight in the smalle taking into consideration age, the flesh, and its distribution in the ble portions of the carcase." The ter thoroughly discussing the that that portion of Clause X. we to age did not hold good in this. of the conditions under which been presented was that age sh-considered in awarding the pri Groff, therefore, will retain the p Dr. Smith's prize of \$25 for set fat steep est fat steer or cow, of breed, had to be divided b

ing of exactly the same weigh

SALE OF SHORTHOL last week which proved as sucr fat stock show, namely, a sale of under the auspices of the Brit-Shorthorn Association. This ass grown so rapidly in influence the past few years that all breed tance in the country belong to are striving to improve not onl herds, but aiding others to place in the position which their mar title them to occupy. Some o the sacrifices then made are suffition that the object of the assoplace within easy reach of all the animals, so that farmers and readily improve their stock. To place on Friday and Saturday, tended by a goodly number of but them, being March. them being Messrs. Condry,
Thomas Carr, Liverpool, Eng.
tawa; Redmond, Peterboro'; Gr
kip; Pellett, Paris; J. Fotherg
ton, Elsewhere will be found
some of the sales effected.

OUT OF CONDITION Byng. - "I have a colt three w worked her hard all summer. I ago, when ploughing, she commer ing, and seemed very dull and co sionally. She awats ever sine night, and her hind legs swel hearty. Please prescribe."

of quinine, sulphuric acid, 30 water, one pint. Continue the

Place your mare in a comfortal

and give every morning one drack

WEAK LEGS. Douglas, Kansas.—"I have was foated last May; has always the toes of his front feet. I sent ture and did not see him again us five months old. He still walks and the sides of the feet seem to together, or what I suppose you contract d. I cut the hoof close quick, and now he walks a great of Previous to my doing that he was but his feet do not spread out.

ossible and the feet will improve have been better had you applied the fetlock. MISFORMED EYELAS DougLas .- "I have a Merino l

Endeavour to keep the limbs as

eyelash turns into his eye. I have off once with a hot iron, but did kill all the hair. Is there any each till the roots of the bair ?" The eyelid may possibly requir tion, such as cutting out a port skin on the super or part, and br parts toge her with fine stitches.

PILOT MOUND, -"I see in res

PHOT MOUND,—"I see in rea paper that you have a veterinary of I have a valuable mare, II year took sick last spring, and would en She has a bad cough, the glands as and there are discharges from the is very weak, and has lumps in which go nearly all away and the again. Her nose appears to be a lit Her hind legs are awoilen quite hi I exercise her a little twice a day yard and her swelling goes down cised."

POSSIBLY GLANDER

Your mare is evidently suffer outble have ber examined by pary surgeon, but from you