FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

He had nothing more to do but to enjoy himself, and let others do so too, for that was part of his creed. Naturally generous and free, he was always ready to share his fortune with others, and he made up his mind at once to be very popular in Rothsay, and to begin by liberal gifts to every public and charitable object, as that was sure to win him favor. Walter Klyne, who served no purpose whatever, was retained, nominally as legal adviser, but really because under his smooth, placid exterior, the doctor carried a coward's heart, and did not like to be alone at the Forrest House, where he soon took up his quarters. There was an odour of aristocracy about the place which he liked, for it reminded him of some of the palaces in Europe which he had coveted, envying the possessor, and fancying how happy he should be were he the lord and owner. He was lord and owner now, with an income of more money than he had ever had at any one time in his life. He had men-servants and maid servants, and fast horses, and carriages, and hunting-dogs, and choice cigars by the hundreds, and rare wines, which he drank as freely as water. He ordered several costly pictures from Munich and Dresden, with statuary from Florence, and filled the halls and grounds with the latter, and fitted up a gallery for the former, and set up to be a connoisseur and critic general of fine art, and gained considerable reputation in that line, and was spoken of as a highly cultivated and generous man, of whom Rothsay would have been glad if his coming there had not been brought about by the death of the sweet young girl, whose memory was so fresh and green in the minds of her friends. He had the most expensive pew in church, and was present every Sunday morning, and joined reverently in the service, though his preference, he frankly said, was for the plain Methodist chapel; and he made no secret that he had once been a Methodist clergyman, and said he should return to that body were it not that Rossie loved the church as a child loves its mother, and for her sake he should be a churchman, and instruct himself in all its usages and doctrines. So the Episcopalians claimed him, and made much of him, and took his gifts thankfully, and rejoiced that at last the Forrest money, which the judge had held so tightly, was being distributed among them in so liberal a manner. Could they have had their choice they would rather have seen Everard in his father's house. Dr. Matthewson was genial and pleasant, and very generous, but in some sense he was an interloper, while Everard was to the manner born; the purple was his by birth; the blue blood of Forrest and Bigelow was in his veins, and the people sympathized with and pitied him more than he ever dreamed.

It was a very lonely life which he led that summer after Rossie's death; and with the exception of Beatrice he seldom talked with any one, except upon business. He could not mingle with his old friends and seem as he used to do, with that sad memory constantly in his heart; that grave always yawning before him, where he had buried his darling. A thought of Rossie was always with him; not as he saw her last, standing on the deck and waving him her farewell, with tears swimming in her eyes, and a look upon her face whose meaning he could readily interpret, but as she was when a little girl sporting on the terrace behind the house, or romping on the grounds, with the white sunbonnet hanging down her back, the strings chewed into a hard knot, her hair blowing about her face, and her starry eyes brightening when he joined her with his raillery and teasing jokes.

Sometimes in the stillness of the night he almost fancied that he heard again the quick tread of the busy feet which had run so willingly for him, and always when his grief was at its hight, and his heart aching the worst, he felt that pale, thin hands were beckoning from out the darkness of the grave—beckoning him to come, as if the spirit could not rest until it was joined by his. Once, when the impression was very strong upon him, and it almost seemed as if the dead hands touched his and were leading him away, he said aloud:

"Rossie, are you here? Is there something you want me to do, and are you trying to tell me? I'd go to the ends of the earth at your slightest bidding."

But to this appeal no answer came from the far-off grave across the sea, though the hands still seemed beckoning with a never-tiring persistence which moved and troubled him greatly. Had he been at all tainted with spiritualism as its exists in modern times, he might perhaps have sought through mediums to know what his love would tell him, but he was free from superstitions of all kinds, except this one, that Rossie was calling to him, and that ere long it would be granted him to join her in the world beyond. And to this end he tried to make himself ready, praying earnestly as he never prayed before that God would lead him to Himself in any path he chose, so that it conducted him at last to heaven, where Rossie was. Well he knew that if he would find that rest, all sinful affections must be overcome, and he be made humble and submissive as a little child. At first, however, it was very hard to be submissive and humble, and harder still not to hate the man who had blasted his whole life, and who seemed to be riding triumphantly in the high and pleasant road of success. But gradually the hardness began to give way as the new life within him became clearer and brighter, and though he could not bring himself to like the doctor or find pleasure in his society, he could endure his presence, and no longer crossed the street to avoid meeting him if he saw him coming in the distance, and that was about all the progress he could make with him. He distrusted and disliked him, and never on any occasion went near the Forrest House, which, as summer advanced, the doctor filled with his friends from New York, men of his own class, who were as unlike Everard as he was unlike his former self when he rebelled hotly against his fate, and blamed the Almighty for having dealt so hardly with him. He did not feel that way now, and every Sunday found him an occupant of his father's old pew, where Rossie used to sit, and where he now knelt and prayed earnestly for grace to bear whatever might be in store for him, feeling, it is true, that nothing worse could happen to him than had already happened,—the loss of Rossie and the loss of his estate.

From Josephine he seldom heard. She was still in Indianapolis with her friends, but she did not write to him often, and never asked for money.

He had sent her a Rothsay paper which had in it a column and a half of matter concerning the disposition of the Forrest property, and the new proprietor, but she had made no comment. That she could not live at the Forrest House he knew, and that she would not return to Rothsay he devoutly hoped, and so he grew more quiet and contented each day, though there was ever within him a sense of bitter pain and a constant thought of the grave across the sea where Rossie was buried.

And so the summer waned, and September came and went, and one morning in October a bombshell was thrown into Rothsay which made Everard stagger for a moment from the suddenness of its coming; then he rallied, and his first sensation was one of intense relief, such as the prisoner feels when told that ere long he will be free again to go and come as he likes.

It came first in the form of an article published in the Rothsay *Star*, and which was as follows:

"DIVORCE IN HIGH LIFE.—We learn from a friend residing in Indianapolis that there is a divorce suit pending between two parties well known in Rothsay. The gentleman, in fact, is still a resident here, but the lady is at present in Indianapolis, where she went last May with the intention of getting the divorce"

Everard read this article twice before fully comprehending its meaning. Then when he knew he was one of the parties meant, that it was the Forrest name which must be mixed with the affair, his first feeling was one of shame and mortification, notwithstanding that he had once contemplated doing just what Josephine was doing for him. But his next feeling was one of intense relief that at last he would be free from the burden which had borne so heavily upon him. He went with the notice to Beatrice, who, although she disapproved of divorces as a rule, looked upon this as an exceptional case, and was glad for him. Of course all Rothsay talked, and gossiped, and wondered, but asked no questions of Everard, who outwardly was just the same, and came and went as if nothing had happened or was likely to happen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LETTERS.

The next day's mail brought four foreign letters to Rothsay,—one for Everard, one for Beatrice, one for Josephine, and one for Lawyer Russell. They were all mailed in Vienna, within two days of each other, and the one addressed to Everard was as follows:—

"VIENNA, April —, ——.

"MR. EVERARD FORREST:—Dear Sir—I hardly know why I write to you first, unless it is because I know that what I have to say will hurt you most; you, who I think loved my darling Rossie. You have perhaps received the *American Register* which I ordered to be sent to you from the office in Paris when I forwarded the notice, and so you know why I write to you now. I have written to you from time to time of Rossie's failing health, but never told you as bad as it was, for I did not wish to alarm you unnecessarily, and kept hoping that change of scene might bring the improvement I so greatly desired. But nothing helped her, though she never complained of anything but fatigue. 'So tired,' was all she ever said of herself, and she seemed like some sweet flower fading gradually.

"At Haelder-Strauchsen, a little town among the Austrian hills, I found that she was not able to go on, as I wished to do, to Vienna, and so we stayed there, where she had the best of care. Neither of us thought the end so near until the last day, when she failed so rapidly, and talked of you and Miss Belknap, and told me to tell you how much she loved you both, and that you were not to be sorry she was dead, for she was only going home, and Heaven was as near Austria as it was to America. She was so beautiful in her coffin, with a smile of peace upon her face, as if she were resting at last. The people literally covered her with flowers, and strangers' tears fell fast over her coffin as we laid her in the grave.

"I shall come to America soon, and will tell you all you wish to know with regard to her sickness and death, and the many things she said of you, and your kindness to her. I have a lock of her hair for you and Miss Belknap, which I will bring with me.

"And now good-bye, and may Heaven pity us both, and make us better men for having had our Rossie even for so short a time.

"Truly, JOHN MATTHEWSON."

His letter to Beatrice was in substance much the same as the one to Everard. There were a few more details of Rossie's illness, and a few words more which she said at the last of her friends in America.

Josephine's letter no one saw, and if they had, few in Rothsay could have made it out, for it was written in German, which Josephine could readily understand. One or two sentences, however, deserve a place in our story, and must accordingly be given. After indulging in a good deal of sentimentalism with regard to Rossie's death, he added:—

"But as every cloud has its silver lining, so has this dark pall which has overshadowed me so heavily. I can now offer you wealth as well as love, and this I dare say you will not object to. So, if you are not already at Indianapolis, go there at once, and perhaps I will join you there after I have paid my respects to Mr. Forrest."

To Lawyer Russell he wrote as follows:

VIENNA, April —, ——.

"MR. THOMAS RUSSELL:—Dear Sir—I have communicated to Mr. Forrest the sad news of my sister's death, and need not enter into the particulars with you, who will hear them from him. I write to you as the family lawyer, on another subject of which I cannot now speak to Mr. Forrest, lest he should misconstrue my motive, and think me anxious and premature in what I am about to say. As a lawyer of large experience you have undoubtedly already thought of the fortune willed to Rossie by Judge Forrest, and of which she died lawfully possessed, and you have probably thought what disposition would now be made of it. You know, of course, that Rossie always protested it was not hers rightfully, and that she should give it back to Everard as soon as she reached her majority. I, however, who am her lawful heir, do not see things as she did, am not disposed to throw away the goods the gods provide. Still I am disposed to be generous, and make over to Everard at once a portion of the property. As you must know more about the estate than any one except Everard himself, I wish you would be hunting up the matter, and getting into shape some statement or estimate of the value of the property, so there may be no unnecessary delay when I come to Rothsay, as I shall do at once. I have in New York a friend, who is a shrewd, honest lawyer, and I may bring him with me, not because I think there will be any trouble or opposition to my claim, but just to expedite matters and get them settled as soon as possible.

"Hoping that you fully understand and appreciate my motives, and that I shall find in you a friend and adviser,

I am, yours truly,
"JOHN MATTHEWSON."

The old lawyer read this twice; then, with his hands under his coat-tails and his glasses on the top of his head, walked up and down his room, muttering to himself:

"Just what I told Ned—the man is a scoundrel, and he will, with all his fine talk of generosity, bring a New York lawyer here to see to it, as if he wouldn't have fair play and get every cent his due, though I'll be blamed if I wouldn't take advantage of any quirk or loop-hole to crawl out of, if there was one, which there isn't. As Rossie's brother he is her heir, of course, and the whole thing goes to him, for I'll bet my head Ned will never take a dollar. Poor boy, as if he hadn't trouble enough with the loss of the girl, without this new thing to bother him."

And if ever a man stood in need of sympathy it was Everard, who seemed completely crushed, and who looked so white and changed that even his best friends forbore speaking to him of Rossie, though they talked much of her among themselves, and many tears were shed for the young girl who had been so great a favorite, and whose grave was so far away. That Everard loved her with more than a brother's love was conceded now by all, and no one thought to blame him for it, but pitied him in his sorrow, which he did not try to conceal. When Lawyer Russell took the doctor's letter to him, and asked what he thought of it, he evinced no surprise or dissatisfaction.

"That's all right," he said, "he is her heir, and he shall have every dollar,—remember, every dollar. I would not take it from her, I will not have it from him; and you must do the business for me. I give it into your hands. I cannot confer with him; I should forget myself sometime, and fly at his throat. I will give you all the papers pertaining to the estate. I have kept the matter perfectly straight, so there will be no trouble in finding just how much he is worth. Now mind, don't you ever dare to think I will have a penny of the money, for I will not, so help me heaven! till Rossie rises from her grave to give it to me. Then you may talk to me, and not till then."

This was Everard's decision, which both Mr. Russell and Beatrice approved, though both mourned bitterly over the fate which gave Judge Forrest's hoarded stores into the hands of one as unprincipled as Dr. Matthewson, whose arrival was anxiously looked for.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE NEW HEIR.

He stepped from the car one June afternoon, elegantly habited in the latest style of Parisian coat, and vest, and hat, with a band of crape around the latter, and a grieved look on his handsome face, as if he were thinking of the dear little girl, dead so far away, and whose fortune he had come to take. With him was a sharp, shrewd-looking man, with round, bright eyes, which saw everything at a glance, and a decidedly foreign accent. To him the doctor always spoke in German, and in this language the two talked together for a few moments after alighting upon the platform in Rothsay. Evidently they were not expected, for no one was there to meet them, but the doctor inquired for the best hotel, and making his way thither registered his own name and that of his friend, "Walter Klyne, Esq., New York City." Then, engaging two of the best rooms in the house, and ordering dinner at seven o'clock, he started out to reconnoitre, going first to Everard's office, and greatly astonishing the young man, who did not know that he had yet landed in New York. It might be thought, perhaps, that the sight of him, with his band of crape around his hat, and the peculiar air of sadness he managed to infuse into his voice and manner, would awaken in Everard a feeling of sympathy and kindness for one in whose sorrow he had so large a part, but it produced just the contrary effect, and though he went forward with offered hand to meet him, there swept over him a sensation of distrust, and aversion, and dread—a feeling of horror for which he could not account, any more than be could explain the sudden chill which crept through his veins, as if Rossie's cold, dead hands were touching his, and Rossie's white, still face pressed against his own.

Dr. Matthewson was very polite and very much afraid of wounding Everard's feelings. He was sorry not to find Mr. Russell there, he said, as he wished to talk a little about business, and would like to go over the Forrest House, which he believed was shut up.

Everard gave him the keys, and added, hurriedly:

"You will have no trouble whatever, as I have no intention to dispute your right to the property. It was lawfully Rossie's, and, therefore, yours now."

It was the first time Rossie had been mentioned, and Everard felt as if his heart were bursting as he pronounced the name, while the doctor's lip quivered, and he shut his eyes tight to keep the tears back.

"Thanks," he said, as he took the offered keys. "We will speak of business by-and-by, and when I can trust myself to tell you more fully what your sister's wishes were. Now, I only wish to see the house where she used to live. I will return the keys on my way back to the hotel. I wish you good evening, sir.'

He lifted his hat courteously, and walked away with his friend, while Everard watched him for a moment with that same icy chill about his heart and the feeling as if from the darkness and silence of her far-off grave Rossie were beckoning to him and trying to warn him of danger.

Meantime the two gentlemen went rapidly along the streets of Rothsay, where, as strangers, they were stared at by the people, who watched them until they turned into the avenue leading to the Forrest House.

"A splendid inheritance! I quite envy you, old boy," Walter Klyne said, as they ascended the broad steps and stood upon the piazza.

"Yes, it will do very well for a country house, but it will take a mint of money to fix it up as I'd like to have it," was the doctor's reply, as he fitted the key to the lock and entered the wide, old-fashioned hall, already beginning to grow dim with the shadows of the late afternoon. "It's deuced cold, and damp, and ghost-like in here; don't you think so?" the doctor said, shivering a little as he hurried on through room after room, hardly seeing them at all, until he came to one, the door of which was open as well as the blind opposite, so that a flood of sunlight streamed through the window and fell across the floor.

"This is a jolly room; let's go in here," Klyne said, entering himself and looking curiously around, while the doctor stood by the threshold, wiping from his face great drops of sweat, and starting at every sound, as if he fancied the place full of something harmful. "Why, Doc, what ails you? You are white as a sheet. What's the matter?" Klyne asked, and the doctor replied:

"Nothing, only this was her room; Rossie's, you know. I am sure of it; she described it to me so often, and I feel as if she was here with us; I do upon my soul. That's her chair, where she used to sit, and these must be her books, and that's her bed where she used to sleep. Let's go away; it's like a graveyard to me."

He seemed so excited that his friend looked at him curiously, wondering if the glass of wine taken just before they left the hotel had affected his brain, or if it really was true that his grief for his sister was augmented by the sight of her old home, and the objects which had once made a part of her life.

"It's not like John Matthewson to love any one like that. There's a kink somewhere," he thought, as he left the room and followed on through one apartment after another, until the whole had been gone through, and they went out into the open air, where the doctor seemed to be more at his ease. Taking off his hat and wiping his forehead, where the perspiration was standing, he said:

"This is a confounded hot night after all, or I am no judge of the weather, and this place in particular seems hotter than Tophet. I say, Walt, do you believe in ghosts, or haunted houses, or any of that sort of nonsense?"

"Of course not. Why do you ask?" Walter Klyne said; and the doctor replied:

"Because I was just nervous enough to fancy that the whole Forrest race, Rossie and all, were after me as I went over the lonesome old hut. Maybe they don't like the idea of my being the heir, and that has brought them from their graves; but I feel better now, and I think we will be going, or the dinner will be cold."

Early next morning the doctor interviewed Lawyer Russell, and at the close of the conference the doctor knew that as Rossie's heir he was entitled to several hundred thousand dollars, some in lands and houses, some in bonds and mortgages, some in railroad shares and some in ready cash. The amount, so far exceeding what he had expected, surprised and delighted him, and inclined him to be very generously disposed toward Everard, with whom he had one long talk He had taken all the necessary steps to prove that Rossie died at Haelder-Strauchsen, Austria, on the evening of April 20th; he had sworn to that effect before the lawful authority; and he was accepted by the public as the heir, though under protest, for there was no one in Rothsay who did not think it was a shame for Everard to be so defrauded of what ought always to have been his. This feeling the doctor perfectly understood, and it strengthened his resolution to be very generous toward the young man, to whom he offered half of the entire estate.

"Perhaps I ought to give you the whole," he said, "but hanged if I can quite bring myself to that. You see, when a poor chap like me gets a little money it is mighty hard to give it up."

"But I thought you had unlimited means in Europe," Everard said; and without the slightest change of countenance the doctor replied:

"I did have something there, though not so much as Rossie supposed. I deceived her purposely, thinking she would feel easier if she believed me very rich. But unluckily the firm failed where most of my money was deposited so that I am much poorer now than when I went from America more than a year ago."

He seemed to be in earnest, and insisted that Everard should take half the property, until the latter stopped him by saying decidedly:

"Your talk is all in vain, for I shall never take a dollar of that money. It would prove a curse to me if I did. I do not want it, I will not have it, and I only ask that I hear no more on the subject." So saying he rose suddenly from his chair and left the room. The interview was ended; the doctor had discharged his duty; and it was not his fault that he was a richer man by more than two hundred thousand dollars than he expected to be. On the whole he felt quite satisfied with matters as they were, and would not quarrel with the good luck which made him so rich that he need never again feel a moment's anxiety.

Dr. Matthewson seemed as much surprised as any one, but offered no opinion whatever on the subject, and after a few days he went to New York with his inseparable friend and adviser, Walter Klyne. Four weeks later a notice was sent to Everard to the effect that a divorce from him had been granted to his former wife, who chose to take her maiden name, and was again Josephine Fleming; also, that he, too, was divorced, with a right to marry again if he chose.

From that time onward Everard was a changed man. It is true that Rossie was always in his mind, and he never for a moment forgot the pain and loss, which it seemed to him grew greater every day, but the consciousness that Josephine had no claim upon him made him in one way very happy, and he felt freer from care and anxiety than he had done since that fatal night when he made the mistake of his life. That Josephine would marry again he was confident, and it did not need Beatrice's hint, cautiously given, to awake in his mind a suspicion as to who the man would be; and still it was a shock when it came to him early in the spring that the Forrest House was to have a mistress, and that its last occupant was coming back with a right to rule and reign and spend his father's money as she chose.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE NEW REIGN AT THE FORREST HOUSE.

Doctor Matthewson had spent most of the winter in New York, but of Josephine's whereabouts little was known. She had been in New York, and Holburton, and Boston, where she was the guest of Mrs. Arnold, with whom she had been abroad, and whose good opinion she had succeeded in retaining by telling her a part only of the truth, and doing it in such a manner that she appeared to be the party to be pitied rather than Everard. Mrs. Arnold was not a person who looked very deeply into matters, she chose rather to take them as they seemed, and Josephine had been very faithful to her and her interest while they were abroad; and though she was shocked and surprised when she first heard the story of the marriage, Josephine told it so well for herself as to make it appear that she had not been greatly in fault, and the lady believed her more sinned against than sinning, and invited her to her home in Boston, where she was stopping somewhere about the middle of March, when word came to the man in charge of the Forrest House that the doctor, who had already been gone two months and more, would remain away still longer, and that when he returned Mrs. Matthewson would accompany him. Who Mrs. Matthewson was the letter did not state, but Beatrice readily guessed, and was not at all surprised when, a week later, she received a letter from Mr. Morton, who was still in Boston, and who wrote that he had been asked to officiate at the marriage of Miss Josephine Fleming with Dr. John Matthewson, said marriage to take place at the house of one of his parishioners, Mrs. Arnold, April 15th, at eleven o'clock a.m.

What Everard thought or felt when he heard the news he kept to himself, but the townspeople unanimously disapproved of the match, and arrayed themselves against the bride elect, and decided that she should be made to feel the weight of their disapprobation, and know that they resented her marriage and coming back there to live as an insult to Everard and affront to themselves. Nor were they at all mollified by the arrival of cards inviting them to the wedding. There were in all a dozen invitations sent to as many families in Rothsay, and Beatrice had a letter from Josephine, in which she tried to make everything seem fair and right with regard to the divorce and marriage, and hoped Miss Belknap would be friendly with her when she came back to Rothsay.

"For myself," she added, "I would rather not go where Everard is, and where his friends can hardly wish to see me. But the doctor is inexorable, and insists upon living at Rothsay a portion of the year at least. He likes the Forrest House, he says, and would not sell it for the world. It suits him for a summer residence, and we shall be there some time in June. He is very kind, and I trust that after the stormy life I have led there is a bright future in store for me, which, I assure you, I shall appreciate, and if I can atone for whatever has been wrong and questionable in the past I certainly shall do so."

And to do Josephine justice, she did mean to retrieve her character, if possible, and be at least a true wife to the man who had chosen her, knowing perfectly well what she was and how little to be trusted. There was about Josephine a most powerful fascination for Dr. Matthewson, who thought her the most beautiful and attractive woman he had ever seen. And the doctor liked beautiful and attractive things; they suited his luxurious tastes, and Josephine was just the one to adorn the kind of home he was now able to have. She would be equal to any emergency, and he would enjoy the attentions she was sure to receive at the different watering places and hotels, where he meant to take her. If any of her admirers should become too demonstrative he could easily rid himself of them and bring his wife under subjection, for he meant to be her master, and to do exactly as he pleased in everything, and he made a beginning by refusing to sell the Forrest House, as she wished him to do. For Josephine was determined not to go back to Rothsay, and at first made it a condition in marrying the doctor that he should dispose of the place, or at least not require her to live there even for a few weeks. She had no wish to meet Everard, or to come in contact with his friends, who were sure to slight her now. But the doctor was resolved upon making the house into a kind of palace, where he could enjoy himself after his own ideas, and as he had not the slightest consideration for the wishes or feelings of others, he laughed at Josephine's scruples, which he called whims, and carried his point with regard to the Forrest House, and the evening of the 15th of April there appeared in the Boston papers the following notice:

"MARRIED, this morning at ten o'clock, by the Rev. Theodore Morton, Dr. John Matthewson to Miss Josephine Fleming."

Washington and New York were the cities where the happy pair spent their honeymoon, and it was not until the middle of June that they took possession of their Rothsay house, which had undergone quite a transformation. All through the months of April and May, carpenters from Cincinnati had been there, following out the plan which the doctor had forwarded to them with the most minute instructions Bay windows were sent out here, and hanging balconies, there, and pretty little sunny nooks for plants were cut through the solid mason work; rooms were thrown together, trees were removed to admit more light and give finer views, until the stately, old-fashioned house assumed the appearance of a modern and rather graceful structure, which the Rothsayites, and even Beatrice herself, thought greatly improved. Every room was refurnished and changed in some way except Rossie's,—which was left untouched. Not an article of furniture was changed or moved from its place Some of Rossie's books were on the shelf where she left them; a work-box was on the table, and in the closet one or two half worn dresses hung, a prey to any moth or insect which chose to fasten upon them. But the rest of the house was beautiful, and fresh, and new, and ready for the bride, who came one afternoon in June, and was met at the station by the coachman, with the new carriage and high-stepping horses, which pawed the ground and arched their glossy necks as the long train swept by.

There was no one there to meet the bride, for the marriage was very unpopular in town, and every door was virtually closed against the lady who, for once in her life, looked pale and tired, as she took her seat in the carriage, and, leaning back wearily, said to the doctor:

"Please take the straightest road home, for I am tired to death."

But if the doctor heard her he did not heed her request. He had no feelings of shame or twinges of conscience He wished the people to see his splendid turn-out, and they drove through Main street, past all the shops and offices, where the men and boys stared at them, and a few made a show of recognizing the courteous lifting of the doctor's hat, and the patronizing wave of his hand.

Josephine was closely veiled, and pretended not to see the ladies who were on the street, and who did not turn their heads as the elegant carriage went by. But Josey knew that they saw her, and felt that her worst fears were to be realized; and when, at a sudden turn in the road, they came upon Beatrice, whose cool little nod seemed more an insult than a recognition, her cup of humiliation was full, and there were tears of mortification and anger in her eyes, and her headache was not feigned when at last they drew up before the house, where a strange woman was waiting to greet them. This was Mrs. Rogers, the housekeeper, imported for that purpose from Cincinnati, as were the other servants. These, however, had all heard the antecedents of their new master and mistress very freely discussed, and the result was that a mutiny was already in progress, for, as the girl who held the post of scullion said, "she had lost one cha-rac-ter by living with folks who wasn't fust cut, and she didn't care to lose another." Still the wages were good, and all decided to stay awhile, and see what the lady who had two husbands living and had once been a servant herself (such was the story as they had it) was like. So they came to meet her and thought her very handsome and stylish, and a fit occupant of the beautiful rooms of which she was mistress, and for which she did not seem to care, for she never stopped to look at them, but went directly to her own apartments, which she did have the grace to say were pretty.

"Yes, it is all very nice," she said to the doctor, "but I am frightfully tired, and nervous, too, I think. This last hot day's ride has just upset me. I believe I'll have a cup of tea brought to my room, and not go down to dinner, if you'll excuse me."

"You won't do any such thing," was the doctor's reply. "You'll put on one of your swell dresses, and go down to dinner with me. I wish the servants to see you at your best, and somebody may call this evening."

"Somebody call?" Josephine retorted, with intense bitterness in her voice. "Don't flatter yourself that any one whom I care for will call to-night, or ever, while I remain in Rothsay."

"Why, what do you mean?" the doctor asked, and she replied:

"I mean that, as Everard Forrest's divorced wife, married to another man, I am to be tabooed in this town. Didn't you notice how the ladies we passed on the street pretended to be looking another way so as not to see me. They did not wish to recognize me even with a nod, and you surely noticed the insulting bow which Miss Belknap gave me. There was not a particle of cordiality in it. I knew it would be so, and that was why I was so opposed to coming here. I wish I had remained firm to my resolution."

She was more than half crying with anger and vexation, but the doctor only laughed at what he termed her groundless fears. Supposing she was a divorced woman, with her first husband living in the same town, what did that matter? He knew of many such instances, and if the people in Rothsay were disposed to slight him at first he should live it down, for money could accomplish everything.

But Josephine was not to be soothed by his words, and bade him mind his business and leave her to herself. It was the first ebullition of temper she had shown toward him; so he received it good-humoredly and touched her playfully under the chin, and had his way in everything, and took down to dinner a most beautiful and elegantly dressed woman, who looked as if made just for the place she was occupying at the head of that handsomely appointed table.

No one called either that evening or the next, or the next, and when Sunday came she was really sick with mortification and disappointment, and the doctor went to church without her, and met only cold words from those to whom he tried to talk after service was over. Nobody mentioned his wife, although he spoke of her himself, and said that she was sick, and asked Mrs. Rider to tell her husband to call in the afternoon and see her. Even that *ruse* failed, for there was no solicitude expressed for the lady's health, no inquiry as to what ailed her, and the doctor drove home in his handsome carriage, feeling that after all Josephine might be right, and that the people were determined to show their disapprobation. But he meant to live it down, and not let the good fortune he had so coveted turn to ashes on his hands. But living it down was not so easy as he supposed, and as day after day went by, and no one came to see his grandeur, or paid the least attention to him, his spirits began to flag, and he half suspected that he had made a mistake in bringing his wife to Rothsay, where the Forrest star was evidently in the ascendant.

Once he decided to fill the house with young men from New York and Cincinnati, but when he thought of Josey he gave that up, for his love, or rather passion, for her was strong enough to make him wish to keep her smiles and blandishments for himself; and so the New York guests were given up, and he spent his time driving his fast horses through the country during the morning, and in the afternoon lounging and smoking, and reading and looking over his handsome house, until his elaborate dinner, which was served at half-past six, and notice of which was given to the portion of the town nearest him by the loud bell which he caused to be rung as a signal to himself and wife that dinner was ready. The doctor was very particular and exacting on every point of table etiquette, and required as much form, and ceremony, and attention as if a multitude of guests sat daily at his board, instead of himself and Josephine, who was always elegantly dressed in silks and laces, and diamonds, and looked a very queen as she took her seat at the head of her table with a langour which was not feigned, for in her heart she was tired and sick to death of the grand, lonely life she had led. Nobody came near her, and when by chance she met any of her old acquaintances, they were too much hurried to do more than bow to her; while even the tradespeople lacked that deference of manner which she felt was her due. The doctor seldom asked her to join him in his drives, and as she did not care to go out alone and face the disapproving public, she spent her time mostly in her room reading French novels and eating candy and bonbons, with which she was always supplied.

Everard she had never met face to face, though she had seen him in the distance from her window, and watched him as he went by with a strange feeling at her heart which wrung a few hot, bitter tears from her, as she remembered the summer years ago when her boy-lover was all the world to her, and the life before her seemed so fair and bright. Not that she really wanted Everard back, but she wanted something; she missed something in her life which she longed for intensely, and at last made up her mind that it was Agnes, the despised sister, who was in Holburton, earning her own living as housekeeper for Captain Sparks.

When they first returned to the Forrest House, Dr. Matthewson had signified to her his wish that Agnes should remain where she was. She would be hardly ornamental in his household, he said. He liked only beautiful objects around him, and Agnes was not beautiful. She would be an ugly blot upon the picture, and he did not want her, though he was willing to supply her with money if necessary. But Agnes did not wish for his money. She could take care of herself, and was happier in Holburton than she could be elsewhere. But as the summer went by, the longing in Josephine's heart for the companionship of some woman grew so strong that she ventured at last to write, begging her sister to come, and telling how lonely she was without her.

"I have been hard and selfish, and wicked, I know," she wrote, "but Aggie, I am far from being happy, and I want you here with me so much that I am sure you will come. I believe I am sick or nervous, or both, and the sight of your dear old face will do me good."

Josephine did not tell her husband of this letter, lest he should forbid her sending it. She was beginning to be a good deal afraid of him, but she thought she knew him well enough to feel sure that if Agnes were once in the house he would make no open opposition to it, and she was willing to bear a good deal in private for the sake of having her sister with her again. So she wrote her letter, and as the day was fine, took it to the post office herself, in order to insure its safety.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LETTER FROM AUSTRIA.

There had been some trouble with the clerks in the post office at Rothsay, and two new ones had just been appointed, and one of these had entered upon his duties only the day before. As he came from Dayton, he was a stranger in town, he knew very few people by sight, and was altogether ignorant of the name and antecedents of the beautiful lady, who, after depositing her letter, asked if there was any mail for the Forrest House. Half bewildered with her beauty and the bright smile she flashed upon him, the clerk started and blushed, and catching only the name Forrest, looked in Everard's box, where lay a letter not yet called for, as Everard had left town early that morning for a drive into the country, where he had some business with a client. It was a soiled-looking letter, with a foreign post-mark upon it, and had either been mislaid a long time after it had been written, or detained upon the road, for it was worn upon the edges, and had evidently been much crumpled with frequent handling. It was directed to J. Everard Forrest, Esq., Rothsay, Ohio, U. S. A., and in a corner the two words, "Please forward" were written as if the writer were in haste and though thus to expedite matters.

Very mechanically, and even indifferently, Josephine took it in her hand, and glancing at the name saw the clerk had made a mistake and given her what belonged to another. But she saw, too, something else, which turned her white as ashes, and riveted her for a moment to the spot with a feeling that she was either dying or mad, or both. Surely, she knew that writing. She had seen it times enough not to be mistaken. And she had thought the hand which penned it dead long ago, and laid away under the grass and flowers of Austria. "Rossie," she tried to say, but her white lips would not move, and there was about them a strange prickling sensation which frightened her more than the numbness of her body.

"I must get into the air where I can breathe," she thought, and with a desperate effort she dragged herself to the street, taking the letter with her, and grasping it with a firm grip as if fearful of losing it, when in fact she had forgotten that she had it at all, until the air blowing on her face revived her somewhat and brought her back to a consciousness of what she was doing.

Then her first impulse was to return the letter to Everard's box, and she turned to go back when she saw her husband entering the office and that decided her. She would not let him see the letter, for if there were a great wrong somewhere, he knew it and had contrived it, and the cold sweat broke out from every pore as she began dimly to conjecture the nature of the wrong, and to shudder at its enormity. She was feeling stronger now, and fearful lest her husband should overtake her she hurried across the common toward home, where she went at once to her room, and, locking the door, sat down to read that letter from the dead. She had made up her mind to do that during her rapid walk. She must know its contents, and so she broke the seal and began to read. And as she read she felt the blood curdle in her veins; there was a humming in her ears; a thick feeling in her tongue, and a kind of consciousness that she was somebody else, whose business for the rest of her life was to keep the letter and its contents a secret from the world. But where could she hide it that no one could ever find it, for nobody must see it? Safety, honor, everything dear to her depended upon that. Not even her husband must look upon it or know that it was written; and where should she put it that he would not find it, for he took the liberty to look through her private drawers and boxes just when it pleased him to do so? She could not put the letter in a box or keep it about her person, and she dared not destroy it, though she made the attempt and lighted the gas in which to burn it to ashes. But as she held it to the blaze something seemed to grasp her hand and draw it back. And when she shook off the sensation of fear which had seized her, and again attempted the destruction of the note, the same effect was produced, and an icy chill crept over her as if it were a dead hand clutching hers and holding it fast.

"I can't destroy it; I dare not!" she whispered; "and what if somebody should find it? What if he should? He told me once that he had been guilty of every sin but murder, and under strong provocation he might be led to do even that;" and a shudder of fear ran through her frame as she cast about in her own mind for a safe hiding place for the letter which affected her so strangely. Suddenly it came to her that she could loosen a few tacks in the carpet, just where the lace curtains covered the floor in a corner of the bay-window, and pushing the letter out of sight, drive the tacks in again, and so the secret would be safe, for a time at least. To do her justice, for once in her life conscience was prompting her to the right course left her to pursue,—give the letter to Everard and abide the consequences. But she could not make up her mind to do this, knowing that utter poverty and disgrace would be the result, and she had learned by this time that poverty with Dr. Matthewson would be a far different thing from poverty with Everard.

To hide the letter under the carpet was the work of a moment, and, unlocking the door, she was going for a hammer, with which to drive the tacks, when she heard her husband's voice in the hall below, and knew that he was coming. He must not know that she held his guilty secret, lest he should murder her, as in her nervousness she felt that he might do, and so she retraced her steps to the couch, where she lay half fainting, and as white as marble, where the doctor entered the room and asked her what was the matter.

She did not know, she said; she had been down to the village and walked rather fast, and was very warm, and had drank freely of ice-water, which made her feel as if her head was bursting. She should probably feel better soon.

But she did not get better, and she lay all that day and the next upon the couch, and seemed so strange and nervous that her husband called in Dr. Rider, who, after a few questions, the drift of which she understood, and to which she gave false replies for the purpose of misleading him, assigned a cause for her ailments and then went away. Thus deceived, and on the whole rather pleased than otherwise, Dr. Matthewson was disposed to be very attentive and indulgent to his wife, with whom he sat a good portion of each day, humoring all her whims and trying to quiet her restless, nervous state of mind.

"You act as if you were afraid of me, Josey," he said once, when he sat down beside her and put his arm around her with something of the old lover-like fondness. "You tremble like a leaf if I touch you, and shrink away from me. What is it? What has come between us? You may as well tell, for I am sure to find it out if there is anything."

She knew that, and it seemed to her as if his eyes were following hers to the bay-window and seeing the letter hidden under the carpet. She must say something by way of an excuse, and with her ready tact she answered him: "I am keeping something from you. I have written Aggie to come to me. I was so lonesome and sick, and wanted her so much. You are not angry, are you?"

Her great blue eyes were swimming with genuine tears, for she was a little afraid of what her husband might say to the liberty she had taken without his permission. Fortunately, he was in one of his most genial moods. Dr. Rider had said to him privately that in her present nervous condition Josephine must not be crossed; and he answered laughingly that he was not angry, but on the contrary, very glad Aggie was coming, as he believed her a capital nurse; and "Josey," he added, "You need building up. You are growing as thin as a shade and white as a sheet, and that I don't like. I thought you would never fade and fall off like Bee Belknap. I met her this morning, and she positively begins to look like an old maid. I hear she is to be married soon," and he shot a clean quick glance at his wife, into whose pale cheeks the hot blood rushed at once, and whose voice was not quite steady as she asked:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

London papers assert that it is in "bad form" to attend the races in the elegant and fancy costumes en vogue, unless in one's own carriage with its coat-of-arms, livered servants and all the appurtenances of wealth and rank. That to be elegantly dressed in a hired vehicle is absurd, coarse and pretentious. However, a lady who has the consciousness of being well dressed, will not stay away from the races because she does not own the carriage she is in, knowing that not one in a dozen can tell the private carriage of to day from the public.

DESIGNED BY A LADY.

A Cincinati lady has designed a toilet cabinet, which is said to be very beautiful. It is of mahogany, framing a mirror of French bevelled plate glass; the cover is in a fern design, and the drawers are carved with blue belle.

A HIGH HONOR.

Mrs. James Brander, an eminent English teacher, has been appointed by the British Government to the high position of Inspector of Schools for Madras. The appointment was wholly unsolicited. A London paper says "it is a curious comment on republican conservatism that women should be advanced to higher posts of educational trust in England than America." It would hardly be in England's power to advance her women more rapidly than America has already done, although so many years older in progress and civilization; this is but an exceptional case in England, and America has long had her women Inspectors of Schools, besides promoting them to higher positions.

The New York Flower and Fruit Mission has opened a coffee house, and sells soup for three cents, beefsteak for ten cents, sandwiches for four cents and other things at similar rates.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Has lately made a rare exception in favor of an American vocalist, invited to sing at the state concert, and has waived a stringent rule. Full dress—meaning of course, low-neck dress and bare arms—is always required by her Majesty, of both guests and singers; but as the vocalist is forbidden by her doctor to ever dress in this manner, she declined the invitation "to sing before the Queen" who then gave her permission to wear her own style of dress. This was a concession, not to her nationality, but to her talents as a vocalist.

FOR THE WORKING GIRLS.

The Girls Friendly Society of London was founded for the benefit of girls of the working classes, and its principal aim is to provide for every working girl in England, whose advice and assistance may tend to help young and unprotected girls in a right path, and so prevent many from falling into the cruel temptations that surround them.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Many of the women who are clamoring for their "rights" might be taught a lesson from these few words, written by the mother of several children, who says: "I devoted myself to the charge of my nursery. I attended to the physical and mental needs of my young children. The work was laborious, but it has repaid me. They are healthy, brave, honest and frank; they are cursed with none of the small vices contracted by intimate intercourse with persons of inferior intelligence, and they are self-sustaining at an early period. Neither pert nor precocious, they ripen early to judgment and common sense, and I believe that the careful tillage of my own little field has produced a harvest worth the labor."

Several benevolent persons are raising funds for the establishment in Washington, D.C, of a home for sick women whose circumstances do not enable them to secure suitable care. Owing to the character of the population of Washington, largely made up of lady clerks of small means, and dependent for support upon the favor of persons in power, an institution such as is proposed will find a useful and needed work. The home will be under the care of Miss Rebecca S. Hart, a graduate of the Bellevue Training School for Nurses, and she will be assisted by some of the female physicians of the capital.

WASHING SAINTS' FEET.

A Peculiar Ceremony Recently Witnessed in a Philadelphia Church.

From the Phila. Times.

The Church of God, a sort of denominational compromise between the Methodists and Baptists, at Berks street and Germantown avenue, was the scene of a peculiar ceremony last night. It had been advertised that the "washing of the saints' feet and the Lord's Supper" would come off at 8 o'clock. At that hour the small edifice was crowded. The Rev. J. M. Corvell, pastor, after a few preliminary remarks, announced that they would now proceed in accordance with the ordinance to wash the saints' feet and requested the audience to sing some familiar hymn while those who were to thus give testimony to their faith came forward.

Twelve or fifteen persons of both sexes rose and went forward, the women taking seats before the altar on one side while the men took seats on the other. Two or three women then with basins in their hands came forward, while a like number of men on the other side did the same thing, and taking off the shoes of those before them, proceeded to gently wash their feet, women doing this service for the women and men for the men. The minister then related the authority from which this ceremony was derived and exhorted the saints to strive to walk in the path of Him who set the example to them. As soon as the washing was completed the feet were dried with ordinary coarse towels, the stockings and shoes replaced and in the midst of another hymn the saints took their seats. Afterward the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

HOW MRS. O'MEARA PLAYED IT ON HER HUSBAND.

(From the Virginia City, Nev., Enterprise.)

"They met by chance, the usual way,' among the daughters of the wife of Adam. Said the one neighbor unto the other:

"Good mornin' till ye, Mrs. O'Meara."

Said the other unto the one: "Thank ye, kindly, good mornin', Mrs. McCracken; yer looking well this mornin'."

"Ach, but its the kind ways ye have, Mrs. O'Meara; ye'd be spakin' the cheerin' word if ye saw a poor body wid a fut in the grave—but I'm far from feelin' well; it's the ould dishtress in my chest, dear. It's airly ye're abroad the day, Mrs. O'Meara; but ye're always so industrious and drivin'."

"Ye flatther me, Mrs. McCracken, but it's only in drivin' that there's ony thrivin' these times—wid God's blessin' av course."

"Thrue for ye, Mrs. O'Meara, an' thruly its snug ye air at home, now—mainin' but the honest words I sphake, an' no flathery."

"Wid the blessin' o' God we'r doin' fairly—fairly, Mrs. McCracken."

"I wush I cud get the saycret Mrs. O'Meara. My Michael works ivery blissed day in the mines, but nothin' stays wid us."

"Do you collect assissments. Mrs. McCracken?"

"Assissments, Mrs. O'Meara, what would I be doin' wid collectin' assissments? Bad cess to it, woman! Bad cess to it, woman; it's the other way wid us, for Michael he do be payin' assissments on this an' on that ivery blessed month, almost."

"An' where does he pay them, dear?"

"To the broker shops; sure, where else would he be payin' thim, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"Why, to yourself, darlin'."

"To me, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"To yourself! Where else should he be payin' thim?"

"What for would he be payin' assissment to me?"

"What for does my Patrick pay assissments to me but because I level 'em on him, dear?"

"On him? An' what is it for, darlin'?"

"It's for the stock he holds in the corporation, dear—the interest he has in the O'Meara Consolidated—do you understand that, now—the O'M-e-ara Con-shol-idated?"

"What would that be, dear?"

"Originally it was the Pathrick O'Meara and Nora McCue, but was incorporated as the O'Meara Consolidated in 1865; first issue of stock in 1866; wid a new issue every two years since. It is what they call a close corporation, I believe, and I am both President and Board of Directhors, hould the conthroling intrust and livil assissments."

"I don't understand it at all, Mrs. O'Meara. An' what is it that ye level the assissments on, dear?"

"On the stock, to be sure, woman—on the live stock, do you see?—six shares, now."

'Do you mane the childer?"

"What else could I mane? I'll tell ye, dear, for I see yer wits are wool gathering. You see, for a long time Pathrick was buyin' this wild cat and that wild cat, an' all the cats wur levelin' assessments, an' he pain' 'em an' keepin' us all at the point of schtarvation. I saw how things were goin', so I just brought out on him the papers of the home incorporation, and I says to him: 'Here, now, sir, is the O'Meara Consolidated, a square location, secured by a patent with but six shares in it, and showin' well as far as developed; now, I level on it my first assissment of twenty dollars a share.' Says he: 'Nora, ye're wus nor the wild cats; ye take me whole month's wages!' 'Thrue,' says I, 'and I'll honestly spind ivery cint in improvements for the benefit of the company.'"

"An' did he schtand the assissment, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"He did, for he thought it a good joke at first, an' for two or three months he paid up like a man."

"Then he quit payin'?"

"He did."

"An' what then, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"I sould him out"! "Sould him out! How could yo sell him out"

"Well, dear, he had due and legal notice. I first of all tould him that such a day it would be delinquent in the board, thin that it was advertised delinquent, an' that such a time would come the day o' sale. He thought it a good joke, but when he kem home that evening he had no supper. I didn't cook him a warm male in a month; I sint a lot of furniture to the auction, and cut him off in ivery way in his home comforts."

"An' what then, dear?"

"He niver since refused to pay his regular assissments."

"Ach!" It's a wise woman ye are, Mrs. O'Meara. Good mornin', till ye, an' wid the help o' God I'll incorporate the McCracken Consolidated this blissid day, an' level my first assissment before I resht my head on me pilly the night."

HUMBUGGED WORKMEN.

Canadian Workmen Bulldozed and Swindled by Yankee Taskmasters.

It will be remembered, says the Cornwall *Reporter*, that some months ago a couple of oily-tongued Yankees came around this vicinity for the purpose of engaging carpenters to go to work at Rockaway Beach. It will also be remembered that quite a number were engaged, and left *via* Ogdensburg. One of them has returned, a sadder and a madder man than when he went away. He is a respectable, sober man, and a good workman, well known to all old residents of Cornwall. We give his story exactly as he gave it to a reporter the other day:—

"I left here in April, hired by Harvey Trowell, to work at $2.50 per day. My railroad fare was to be paid and not charged to me, provided I worked until 1st June. When we got to Rockaway Beach, Trowell handed us over to another man named Thomas Hayes. He drove us like the d——l, that is, those of us who were Canadians. He knew we were bound to stay until 1st June. The grub we had was not fit for dogs, and it was thrown at us as if we were hogs at a trough. The stuff we got instead of butter the Yankees called "Margery." None of us could touch it. The boys used to say it was made at the soap factory near by. Our eating place was between the rotten carrion of this soap factory and a row of latrines, both of which sent out intolerable stenches. Our sleeping place was half a mile away. The accommodation was miserable. We had only one thin blanket to two men, and the nights were very cold. We had to begin work in overcoats, and by nine o'clock we would be roasting. The sand flew so badly that all the men, who could get them, wore goggles. The work was hard, and the lifting very heavy. It was all framing and lifting heavy timbers. On the 15th May, I got my time and money for April, but only $2.25 a day. A gang of us Canadians went together and said if we were not paid as agreed and better fed we would leave. This was to a man named Hilliard. His answer was "Go and better yourselves,——you, you Canada Chinamen." He would have been glad to have us go, for we had fifteen days' work in. I took my time ticket to the office in New York city, and asked a man named Smith to let me have my money and go home. They were going to put me out. Finally I sold my time to another man at a discount of 25 cents on the dollar, and got barely enough to bring me home.

I forgot to say that we were expected to work seven days a week, and when we Canadians, Protestants and Catholics, refused to work on Sunday, the Yankees would poke fun at us and call us names; of course that did not hurt us, but was not pleasant.

I am at home now, and at work at fair wages, and I don't want any more Yankee-rambling for a while, I can tell you."

FOOLED INTO FATNESS.

In Italy wealthy connoisseurs are very fond of fat ortolons, and this is the device by which they obtain them: They shut the birds up in a dark chamber—knowing that in their natural state it is their habit to feed at sunrise. They then arrange artificial lights which can be cast at will into the dark prisons of the birds, on seeing which the ortolons immediately seek the food which is provided for them. The light is withdrawn and they go to sleep; after a few hours it is again introduced, and so the process is repeated five or six times in twenty-four hours, so that the birds are kept constantly feeding or sleeping; the consequence is that in about three days the ortolon becomes a delicious ball of fat, and ready for the table.—*Popular Scientific Monthly*.

—An attentive reader calls our attention to the fact that the expression "it is too thin," usually deemed slang, has the authority of Shakespeare. Witness the following passage:

King Henry—You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I came not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
—*King Henry VIII*, Act v., Scene ii.

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D. D. CAMPBELL, LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Sales of all kinds conducted on reasonable terms. Orders left at STANDARD Office will receive prompt attention. 2-13

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

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

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

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

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

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

MISSES TRIMBLE, DRESS and Mantle Makers. Rooms, over Bean & Gee's store, Main st., Listowel. Latest fashions. Terms reasonable. Ladies attention invited.

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

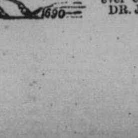
LISTOWEL MARBLE WORKS

A. M. MORROW

Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

Granite Monuments Imported and Finished to Order.

English and American Grave Stones, Mantel Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. SHOP—Opposite the Commercial Hotel, Listowel, Ont
31 A. M. MORROW.



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