She glanced up into his face as she took it,

ot pleasant."
"But they need not be destroyed."

She shivered instinctively, and then laugh-

you remain in this country long, Mr.

"Thank you," he said.

Ida was vexed with herself for having thus

poken. The sweet words, for which any ther of her guests would have given all he ossessed, had been received by this stranger

ddly—as a matter of course. Ida de-rmined that she would not again give Mr.

either one way or the other, in his stay or

dearest and closest friend I shall ever

He sat down at her feet, on a mossy boul-

llon reason to think she was interested.

'Shall we return to the house?" she asked.

beside a corpse."
He smiled gravely.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE NEW GUEST AT BRECHCLIFF.

It was toward six o'clock in the afterno The was toward six o'clock in the afternoon—the usual dinner hour at Beechcliff—and most of the guesta were in their rooms preparing to dress or dressing for that meal. Mrs. Delamere and Angie were on the lawn, where the white marble nymphs were shining through their sparkling veil of spray, and Captain Gracie sat on the portion steps, just returned from a walk.

curned from a walk.
"I saw the barouche at the station, with erkins on guard, as I came by," he said, arelessly patting the dog's head as it crouch-dalently by his side.

adalently by his side.

"I suppose Giuseppe sent it to meet Mr.
Judley and his friend," said Ida.

"I am quite anxious to see this Chevalier
Sayard of a friend," observed Angie.

"Come, this won't do," said Captain
Fracie, merrily. "We who are garrisoning
Seechcliff at present are not to be shelved in
avour of a red-haired Scotchman who is
axteenth cousin to Admiral Tyndale."

"Red-haired" echoed Angie, in horror.

"Oh, Captain Gracie, Mr. Dudley said it
vas a beautiful silky black."

"Mr. Dudbey has a powerful imagination, and a way of putting things that would have made his fortune if he had been a romance writer by profession." said Captain Gracie, gravely. "All Scotchmen are red aired,

He started to his feet and looked a little He started to his feet and looked a little awkward as the inner door of the vestibule just above him was thrown open and Mr. Dudley emerged on the portion with the identical Scotchman in question by his side. "This way Dorrillon; the ladies are on the lawn, I perceive. Mrs. Delamere, let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Dorrillon—Miss Gresham, Captain Gracie."

Ida saw that the stranger was very tall and handsome, with dark luxurant hair and beard, and a moustache so heavy that it

"You are a very fortunate person, Mrs. Delamere," he said,
"You speak as if your experience had been unfortunate," she hazarded.
"It has," was his low-spoken answer.
"Yet," pursued Ida, fascinated as it were into following up the subject, "it cannot have been very wide—you are still young,"
"I am not old, Mrs. Delamere; that is, if you count life by years."
"How else should I countit?"
"We sometimes number it by events and handsome, with dark luxuriant hair and beard, and a moustache so heavy that it seemed to completely hide his mouth, except when he smiled or spoke sufficently to reveal a set of dazzling white teeth. There was something foreign in his air and manner as he stood there on the lawn—a something which you could not describe, and yet was patent to all beholders.

And Mr. Dorrillon—what did he think of the lovely young widow in the white dress.

the lovely young widow in the white dress, with fresh roses in her hair and at her belt, and rose-coloured ribbons fluttering from her slender waist—the mistress of Beechcliff, slender waist—the mistress of Bescholiff, and the most beautiful woman in the State? Beautiful with the dark, glowing loveliness that belongs not to America nor yet to England, but to the dazzling atmosphere and tropical clime of Italy—with creamy skin, and lips like scarlet velvet, and eyes where the light of Southern skies seemed to burn in deepening languid fire. It would be difficult—nay impossible—to describe all the thoughts and impressions that surged through the mind of Frederic Dorrillon at that instant, as he bowed, scarcely touching Mrs. Delamere's he bowed, scarcely touching Mrs. Delamere's extended hand.

You are welcome to Beechcliff, Mr. Dor-" she said, smiling a cordial confirmation

"I am grateful for your welcome, Mrs. Delamere," he answered in a voice that was low and deep, not without a certain musical accent in its tone.

"Captain Gracie was just giving us a description of Scotchmen," said Angie, mischievouely, "when your sudden appearance on the ecene interrupted it, Mr. Dudley."

"O'Scotchmen?" said Mr. Dorrillon, furning round, with an amused expression of countenance. "I am interested in that Pray go on, Captain Gracie,"

Captain Gracie looked inexpressibly sheepish.

"Oh, it was only a fancy sketch." he said, "Go on, Gracie; don't be bashful," said Mr. Dudley. "Let us have the benefit of

tet us an go mot the nouse, interrupted Ida, as Captain Gracie's eyes appealed mutely to her for assistance. "Giuseppe!" to the man who met them on the threshold. "We shall dine in about half an hour, Mr. Dorrillon," she added, as she slipped her arm through Angie's, and entered the cool, dark-

when they were alone together.
"He is very handsome—don't you think

"Yes, but foreign-looking. He speaks with a slight accent, too. I don't like

with a slight accent, too. I don't like accents."

"I do," said Angie, thoughtfully. "At all events I like Mr. Dorrillon.

"You mustn't fall in love with him, child," said Ida, laughing. "One at a time, Angie."

"I don't know what you mean, Ida," said Miss Gresham, colouring, and looking very much confused.

"I can tell you exactly what I mean," said Mrs. Delamere, "if——" Sheuttered a alight exclamation of surprise. As she turned toward the conservatory door she saw something flash and sparkle in the semidarkness. It was the diamond cross on the bosom of Victoria Lyndhurst.

"Miss Lyndhurst, you here?"

"I was dressed too early for dinner," languidly explained Miss Lyndhurst: "so I laid down on the sofa in this cool place to wast for the gong. I declare I had quite fallen asleep. Did I startle you Mrs. Delamere?"

Ide laughed He sat down at her feet, on a mossy boulder, where an umbrella-like dogwood-tree laid its patch of tremulous shade on the turf. Ida was more annoyed than ever; his words puzzled her. She was accustomed to have her society courted and appreciated at its fullest value. This haughty, dark-faced Scotchman raved about solitude, and did not seem to care whether she stood beside him or not.

not.
"Don't let me keep you here, if you really prefer the gay group yonder," he said suddenly looking up, as she hesitated. It was the one word needed to complete her half-formed

Why, how pale you look, and how your eart beats, little one!"

And no wonder. Angie Gresham was beinning to be actually alraid of Miss-Victoria

"No," she said, quietly, "I will not."
And, turning around, she went up the hillside, her cheek crimson, and her pulses
throbbing a trifle faster than usual,

"I have been very rude," she thought,
penitently, as she paused at the crest of the
elevation, and glancing back, saw him still
sitting motionless, under the shadow of the
dogwood tree; "but I couldn't help it. I
think I dislike that Mr. Dorrillon. No—I do
not, either; but he puzzles me. I ought not
to have left him there, but the impulse of
defying him was too strong within me. If it
were anyone else I should go back and ask
his pardon; but of him—no, never!"

And dismissing the idea from her brain,
Mrs. Delamere went rapidly forward to the
croquet ground. Justile one? the words sound so sweet from your lips?"

"I don't know," said Ida, pondering the subject within herown mind. "You are so widely different? I should never dream of calling you 'little one,' yet the words come naturally to my lips when I speak to Angie."

Victoria Lyndhurst laughed a little, well-pleased laugh. Yes, she was very different from the tall, sandy-haired daughter of the rector of Deepdale. She felt that, as she rose from the sofa and stood in front of the mirror that filled the chimney-piece from Mrs. Delamere went rapidly forward to the croquet ground.

"What have you done with Mr. Dorrillon?" gaily demanded Mr. Dudley, who was sitting on the grass at Mrs. Forsyth's feet lazily enjoying the beauty of the evening.

"I have left him in the woods, rhapsodizing about nature," said Ida, smiling.
"Am I too late for a mallet? Never mind; I will wait until the next game."

And, in watching the progress of the balls, Ida tried to forget Mr. Dorrillon altogether. But she was not altogether successful.

rose from the sofa and stood in front of the mirror that filled the chimney-piece from mantel to cornice, soft y shaking out her draperies of pale blue silk, and arranging the Liama lace shawl gracefully over her shoulders, while the diamond ornaments scintillated vividily in the darkened room. As for poor Angle, her white dress was not a new one, and it had been washed and froned many a time, and there was a mended spot, neatly executed, it is true, but still an undeniable mend, down by the hem; and her ribbons were rather a scant pattern. They were different.

owers at either end of the table, and cereconious courses following one another, acording to Giuseppe's programme. But when
he last perfumed ices were sipped with tiny
blden spoons, and the last glass of chamagne was poured, and cup of black coffee
vallowed, there was a universal adjournent toward the lawn and gardens.
Ida turned to Mr. Dorrillon.

"You are my latest guest," she said, with
child-like frankness of manner, that was
triely devoid of anything like boldness;
and I shall devote the evening to showing

of the drawing-room window curtains, saw him enter, and her quick ears followed the ringing sound of his steps along the marble hall toward the library door. She was emphatically "on guard" that night, and neither sight nor sound escaped her vigilant senses. Rising softly, she stole through the drawing-room, entering asort of boudoir which adjioned the library, and formed a communication between the two apartments. The door—a very unusual circumstance—was ajar. Miss Lyndhurst herself had opened it early in the afternoon, and had, either by accident or design, forgotten to close it again.

lose it again.

There she paused, listening intently.

"It won't do old fellow," she heard forsyth say, resolutely. "The letters will seep, and croquet won't!"

"But you really must excuse me for to-ight," said Waverley Cleve, in a tone of

with a momentary sensation that amounted almost to timidity—an unusual feeling on her part and not a pleasant one.

"You have never visited this country benight," said Waverley Cleve, in a tone of annoyance.

"You'll have to make your excuses to Mrs. Delamere, then, not to me; it is she who has bidden your presence out on the croquet ground."

"Tell her how it is—that I am particularly engaged in writing."

"Not I; you must tell her yourself."

Cleve uttered an exclamation of vexation, but rose nevertheless, pushing his papers under a crystal paper-weight, and Victoria Lyndhurst could hear him striding out of the library after Mr. Forsyth.

This, then, was her opportunity.

He had dropped a pencil he was balancing between his fingers and had to stoop for it.

"How clumsy of me!" he said. "But his pencil has been my companion, through many a lonely hour. As you say, Mrs. Delamere, it is all new to me, Shall we go down by the shore of the river? Rivers are my special admiration."

"And you must tell me all about Scotland," said Ida, as she turned toward the path leading down the slope to where the blue gleams, flashing now and then through the trees, revealed the river's course.

"Have you never been in Scotland? I beg your pardon for the question, but I understood from my friend Mr. Dudley, that you had spent a good deal of time abroad."

"I have, but not in Scotland. I have al-"I have, but not in Scotland. I have always been curious to see that land of old romance and story," she added, lightly. "Ah, you do not know what a fairy-world of beauty I have made it, in my thoughts!"

"Then, perhaps, it is better should you never see it," Mr. Dorrillon answered, gravely. "This destroying of illusions is not pleasant."

Lyndhurst could hear him striding out of the library after Mr. Forsyth.

This, then, was her opportunity.

Waiting cautiously until she was quite sure that the library was vacant, she stole into the room, and, creeping like a cat across the floor, she lifted the crystal paper-weight, and hurriedly turned over the papers.

A low murmur of annoyance escaped from between her compressed lips—they were all blank sheets.

Yet there, upon the pen rack which surrounded the silver standish, lay the pen, still wet with the ink in which it had been recently dipped. There had been no turning of the key in any desk—no slipping sound as of drawers opening or closing. Of that Victoria Lyndhurst was quite sure.

"He cannot have hidden it entirely," she said to herself, again turning over the papers. "I will know what it is!"

As her light, skilful fingers fluttered the papers, one by one, a sheet of closely written note-paper fell from between the pages of a quire of foolscap, bearing the well-known handwriting of Waverley Cleve. Victoria knew it by heart; she had treasured one or two notes he had sent her on trifling occasions too long and tenderly to be mistaken now; and a cold, hard smile of triumph came into her face.

"I thought so?" she muttered. "I thought "They always are."
"Do you mean in Scotland?" asked Ida, "No, not specially. I mean everywhere."
"I have not found it so," said Ida, unwilling to drift into a deeper current of meaning in her conversation with this stranger, yet unable to avoid it.
"You are a very fortunate person, Mrs. Delamere." he said

"I thought so?" she muttered. "I thought Evidently Miss Lyndhurst was not troubled with any over-fastidious scruples on the subject of reading communications not intended for her own eye, for she devoured the first few lines with her eager glance. "How else should I countit?"

"We sometimes number it by events—
epochs—occurrences. But I am talking of
the past, Mrs. Delamere," he added, "not
the present. With me life ended long

"My Dearest Angie" (how her lip curled as she read the words),—"Shall you be surprised that I take this method of communicating to you what I have already endeavoured without success to tell you in words—my sincere and earnest love? But do not imagine that I shall press you with undue solicitations. You shall not sure have the uncertainty. You will make me think I am walking that I shall press you with undue solicitations. You shall not even have the ungracious task of saying 'No!' If, when I meet you at the breakfast table to-morrow morning, you come to me and place your hand in mine, I shall know that your heart goes with it; it is a common greeting at Beeohcliffe, and need excite no comment. But if you regard my devotion as uncalled for—if you wish to convince me as gently as possible that I have mistaken your kindness for something deeper—then, Angie, let the note be destroyed. I shall understand you without the mediation of words. I love you, Angie; I have been learning to love you ever since we first met at Beechcliffe, and your fresh innocence, and pure, unsullied character taught me, in its contrast to the hackneyed affection of others" (here Victoria's lip curled again), "the "That sounds metaphysical and German; yet there is more truth in those German legends than one is apt to give them credit for. Yes, as I told you. Mrs. Delamere, I have ceased actually to live. I am only existing new manufacturing. have ceased actually to live. I am only existing now—waiting for the finis."

Ida stole another timid glance at his face. He was beginning to interest her strangely. "Mr. Dorrillon—pardon me if I seem curious, but it is not that—you speak as if you had met with some great grief."

"I have." He spoke through his set teeth, never looking into her pitying eyes. "A great grief—an overwhelming sorrow—one that I have closed the gates of memory on altogether. Mrs. Delamere"—in quite another tone—"this is the finest view I have ever seen, except one wooded slope on the banks of the Rhine."

"Yes," said Ida, thoughtfully twisting the stem of the wild flower she held in her hand, but not thinking of the view. "Sball you remain in this country long, Mr. contrast to the hackneyed affection of others" (here Victoria's lip curled again), "the beauty of genuine womanhood. And I am vain enough to believe that I can make you happy, my pure little wild flower. I have been all the afternoon writing this letter, and re-writing it, and even now it is far enough from expressing all I would fain say to you, for—

"My plans are not yet fully determined."
"I hope we shall make it pleasant enough

hurrying back along the wide hall.

"So," she thought, "this is the engrossing task which has absorbed all his afternoon! And it has come to this. Really the man is blinder and more rash than I had supposed. Waverley Cleve actually proposing to a staring, pink-cheeked country girl who has never even seen New York! Why, it's a complete infatuation! He will live one day to bless the hand that mercifully saves him from his doom, and that hand shall be mine!" abruptly.

"Are you tired of the moving shadows and the ripple of the water?" demanded Dorrillon.

'No; but they usually play croquet directly after dinner, and we have some excellent players in the house."

'You are fond of croquet?' he asked.

'Not particularly so," she replied.

'Nor I. I should rather remain here in the stillness and the solitude. Nature is the dearest and closest friend I shall ever

hall be mine!"

For Miss Lyndhurst had fully made up he ind, as she crept through the twilight of the parlours.

the parlours.

"I must watch," she thought, "and wait. Patience! My vigils have not been in vain hitherto. I shall win yet. Angie Gresham has no brains and I have, that is the difference between us, and I may safely defy her doll face and simpering smiles."

How little Waverley Cleve imagined, as he sat down at the library desk, and resumed the penning of the epistle upon which so much depended, whose glance had rested, instinct with red-brown light, upon the pages destined for Angie's eyes alone.

instinct with red-brown light, upon the pages destined for Angie's eyes alone.

Victoria Lyndhurst sat long and patiently, almost as motionless as a red Indian waiting in ambush for the rustling leaf or breaking branch that betokens the coming of a foe; nor was she unrewarded.

It was quite dark when she heard the library door close, and Cleve's footstep ringing along the floor of the hall.

The letter then was written—the letter which Victoria Lyndhurst was fully determined Angie Gresham should'never have, and she waited calmly the development of the event.

Mr. Cleve turned at the carved black walnut newel and ascended the broad stair-It was quite dark now, and the halls were not yet lighted. Fortunately Giuseppe was later than usual in this portion of his evening duty, and Victoria was quite certain of being unobserved, as she hurried to the foot of the stairs, and stood still there.

"Maria," she could hear him speak to the chamber-maid who had charge of the rooms in the upper story.

n the upper storey. Maria was distributing clean towels, and and her arm full of scented white linen as she came to his summons.

"Will you do me a favour? Just lay this note on the dressing table in Miss Gresham's com; or, stay—if you will show me which tis, I will put it there myself." "And I too late for a mallet? Never mind; I will wait until the next game."

And, in watching the progress of the balls, Ida tried to forget Mr. Dorrillon altogether. But she was not altogether successful.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

"We are not playing as well as usual," said Mrs. Carisforde, when the game was about half through. "Our best players are gone. Where are Miss Lyndhurst and Mr. Cleve."

"Victoria has a slight headache this evening, and thought she would not come out," apologized her uncle.

"And Cleve—where is he?"

"Writing in the library, I believe."

"Writing in the library, And on such a superb avening, as this:" cried Captain Grazie. "New, I call that downright sacrilege. Let some one go after him at once." Forsyth, you aren't in the game, go tell Cleve we can take in two more balls on our side if he will come. Stay—tell him Mrs. Delamere wants to speak to him."

Ida protested faintly against this lawless use of her name, but Mr. Forsyth was gone before she could check him, springing up the terrace steps three at a time.

Victoria Lyndhurst, sitting in the shadow

There lay the tit there myself."

"Certainly, sir," said Maria, promptly; "the sacred door, while Mr. Cleve, entering the sacred door, where it had one, it is the second door, sir—that one!"

"Entering the sacred door, where it had one, it is the sacred door, where the tought of main entering the sacred door, where it had one, it is the sacred door, where it had one, it is the sacred door, where the door, where it had one, it is the sacred door, where it h

in the gathering dusk, exactly where Waverley Cleve had placed it.

Victoria snatched it from the dressingtable, and tearing it into tiny pieces, thrust it into her pocket.

"I must burn the scraps when I get to my own room," she said to herself. "No word or line must remain to bear witness against me!"

Tive minutes later, with a scented taper, ostensibly used to seal letters, burning in her room, Victoria Lyndhurst held over it the slips of paper, one by one, watching the ashes curl into the little ash shell of the taper stand with a smile ten times more vindictive than any frown, and finally removing her lace-edged pockethandkerchief, she turned the pocket inside out, to make sure that she had destroyed them all.

Yes, all—all but one, which, lying amid the folds of the handkerchief, had escaped her search, and which she now unconsciously returned to her pocket.

It is said that a murderer, seeking to avoid all taint of supposed crime, closes ninetynine doors of suspicion, and leaves the hundredth wide open to convict himself. So it was with Victoria Lyndhurst. She outwitted herself.

When the party of croquet players came in, full of gay talk and laughter Victoria sat at the grand piano in the brilliantly lighted drawing room, striking such chords as she could improvise.

"Your headache is better then, dear," said Mrs. Forsyth, in soft congratulatory tones, as she advanced into the room.

"Oh, much better," said Victoria. "It is so kind of you all to remember my trifling aliments. I have been asleep in my own room since dinner."

Angie Gresham had entered with Captain Gracie, and was sitting near the door. Victoria's eyes rested upon her with a calm, steady light.

"And you, Miss Angie—how have you enjoyed the game? As much as usual?"

toria's eyes rested upon her with a calm, steady light.

"And you, Miss Angie—how have you enjoyed the game? As much as usual?"

"Very much," said Angie, shyly. Somehow she never felt entirely at her ease in Miss Lyndhurst's presence. "Is that nine o'clock?" as a timepiece in some adjoining room tolled the hour with musical click. "I had no idea it was so late. If you will excuse me, Ida, I will go up to my room. I promised papa to keep a diary regularly while I was here, and I have made no entries in two or three days."

"A diary!" repeated Victoria, mockingly, as with a smile and a nod from Ida, that young girl withdrew. "Quite like the good young ladies in the story books, upon my word! I did not know that anybody ever kept diaries nowadays!"

While Waverley Cleve watched her from the room with a deepening colour on his cheek and a heart which throbbed perceptibly faster.

"She will get the letter new." he then the

cheek and a heart which throbbed perceptibly faster.

"She will get the letter now," he thought, "and my fate is coming nearer to me. Heaven grant that the little soft-voiced, blue-orbed dove may be willing to neatle to my breast."

"Mrs. Delamere," called out Mr. Forsyth who had been glancing over some letters brought him by a servant, "I have good news!"

Ida was sitting on a low carden chair on

Ida was sitting on a low garden chair or the portico without, but so close to the window that the folds of her white dress lay window that the folds of her white dress lay partly on the carpet within the room, and her delicate profile was clearly outlined bythe lamplight, while Mr. Dorrillon, leaning against the casing opposite, talked to her in a low voice. Evidently he had forgiven her her offence of a few hours ago.

She glanced up at Mr. Forsyth's voice.

"Good news—what is it?" she asked, with as much apparent interest as if Forsyth had not awkwardly interrupted her companion at a most absorbing point of description.

"Fairfax and his sister are coming to-morrow."

"Fairtax and his sister are coming to-morrow."

Ida's eyes sparkled.
"That is good news—very good news," she said, earnestly.
"Oh, I knew you would say so," said Mr.
Forsyth. "Mrs. Delamere will have no more eyes for us, Mr. Dorrillon, when this good-looking rascal at a Fairtax is once here."

Fairfax came to Beechcliffe or remained in Boston? Why should she care whether Dorrillon thought she was over-glad to welcome the new-comer or not? She was her own mistress, and accountable to none of them for her conduct; yet she was conscious of a very hearty wish that Henry Forsyth had been in Rome or Jericho, or any other place that was sufficiently distant from her drawing-room at that particular moment.

"What has detained them so long?" asked Ids, ignoring Mr. Forsyth's facetious allusions.

have Beechcliffe full at this rate!"

"Yes, won't it be nice?" simpered his blue-eyed wife. "I don't know Miss Fairfax, but I've heard that she's a very sweet.

fax, but I've heard that she's a very sweet girl."

"Are they really such friends of yours?" asked Mr. Dorrillon, with a curiosity he had not yet deigned to display on any subject whatsoever.

"Yes, or else they would not have been invited to Beechcliffe," answered Ids, calmily. "Miss Fairfax is one of the noblest girls I ever met. They were my fellow passengers on the Liverpool steamer last spring, as well as old companions of travel before. You have met no Bostonians as yet, Mr. Dorrillon. I think you will like the Fairfaxes."

And saying these words, Mrs. Delamere

faxes."

And saying these words, Mrs. Delamere rose and joined a group of ladies near the piano, leaving Mr. Dorrillon for the second time that day to take care of himself. CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE. Angie Gresham did not begin to write a

Angie Gresham did not begin to write as soon as she entered her room. She unbound the masses of flaxen hair from their fillet of blue ribbon, and exchanged her dress for a loose wrapper of white muslin and then sat down to think.

The world had grown very different in Angie Gresham's innocent eyes since her last sojourn at Beechcliffe. Somehow it had acquired more of sunshine and brightness. The quiet, every-day enjoyments were heightened into a radiant happiness; and Waverley Cleve was the magician whose presence had done it all. Angie knew it now, and felt it; there was no further disguising the facts.

and felt it; there was no further disguising the facts.

Victoria Lyndhutst's sharp eyes had told her plainly enough what she might have been long enough in finding out for herself—that Waverley Cleve was not indifferent toward her—and that she loved Waverley Cleve.

"I know it's wrong," thought Angie, fluttering, as she sat at the open window, dreamingly watching the glow and quiver of the stars in the deep firmament above; "it must be wrong, for mamma told me I must never think about any gentleman until he had first asked me to be his wife. Mr. Cleve certainly hasn't asked me any such question," and Angie felt herself growing hot, even in the innocent companionship of the stars; "and yet I cannot help thinking a great deal about Mr. Cleve."

and yet I cannot help thinking a great deal about Mr. Cleve."

Her reverie was here interrupted by a knock at the door, that made her start and colour—but it was only Maria.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but I forgot whether I brought the towels to your room, to-night. Bless me, are vou sitting here all alone in the dark!"

"I—I haven'tlighted a candle yet, Maria," faltered Angie, feeling as if Maria must know why she had preferred sitting in the dark. She sprung up, hurrying to strike a match and illuminate the room. "Yes—I believe the towels are all right."

"And," Maria glanced at the dressingtable and lowered her voice to a mysterious whisper, "you got the letter miss, all right?"

"The letter, Maria?"

The letter, Maria ?" "The letter, maria:
"Yes, miss—the letter; it was right on
the table here."
Angie looked at Maria in surprise,
"I haven't seen any letter," she said.
"What letter do you mean, Maria?"
"Well," cried the chamber-maid, "if that

lers," touching the dressing-table with he ingers, "with my own eyes, and he says ays he, as pleasant-like as can be, 'Renember, Maria, that it is for Miss Gresham' own hand,' and there ain't a soul's crosseche threshold since; and what can have come of it?"

of it?"

"Stop, Maria," said Angie, "you confuse me. Who put the letter here?"

"Mr. Cleve, to be sure, miss,"

"Mr. Cleve—and for me?"

"Yes, miss—for you."

"But, Maria," said Angie, after a short silence of wondering surprise, "are you sure you were not mistaken?"

"Mistaken!" echoed Maria; "no more, miss, than I'm mistaken in saying that I'm standing here and talking to you this minute. Mistaken! of course not!"

"Then," said Angie, "what can have become of the letter?"

To be continued.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Dried Lavender. Oh, the sweet dried lavender! Oh, the more than scent in it! The pipe of linnets pent in it!
trick and smoke and mire have fled,
ime and space between drop dead;
Oh, the sweet dried lavender!
I can hear the pigeons whirr,
I can count the quarters chiming,
I can watch the ivy climbing,
Close it clings from eave to basemen
Clasps and shadows all the casement,
thin, against the raftered wall,
c oaken press stands black and tall;
I see its foided inen store
Gleam athwart its open door.
I smell the lavender fresh-dried
Strewing all the shelves.

Nor yet you are in heaven:
You count the sheets aloud, mother,
And smooth and lay them even.
Your jingling keys, with music low,
Measure your steppings to and fro;
And sorting, piling, still you croon
Some soft, half-uttered cradle tone.
Oh, the sweet dried lavender!
I hear the wise old tabby purr
Curled on the window-sill asleep,
Where winter's sunlights start and creep.
I hear, without, familiar babel
Of turkeys and of geese,
I, perched upon the kitchen table,
In a smook above my knees;
My head is all a golden mop:
Upon my cheek the round tears drop;
The frosty morning weather nips
My nose and toes and finger-tips.
Mother, so quick you leave your sheets!
The shelf of sugars and of sweets
So well you rifle for my meal,
Almond and fig and candied peel!
You chafe my little palms, mother,
You kiss away their cold.
You take me in your arms, mother,
And I am five years old.

Fashion Notes. All shades of gray are popular. Shot silks and satins will be worn in

The fashionable shade of pink for evening Bonnets of straw fringe are the present novelty in millinery.

Plaited blouse waists and long apron over-skirts remain in favour. The latest importations of Paris dresses have large tournures and hip draperies. Skirts trimmed with lace, put on in half-moon shapes, are very fashionable.

The hair is worn in a braid twisted low over the neck and secured by a silver arrow, Lace mitts coming far up on the arm, are run through with narrow velvet ribbon. Nuns' grey riding-habits, relieved by a dash of crimson, are very stylish and fashion-

Bows and bouquets are more frequently worn on one side of the throat than directly in Muslin bonnets with cap crowns and plaited lace brims appear among other

The newest Spanish lace is the Escurial, with its figures outlined with heavy cord or White satin vests trimmed with burnis silver buttons are worn with dark colou dresses.

Light mourning muslins have dots of white on black grounds, or black dots on white

The new Suede gloves, with elastic wrists, take the names of "gants Tarmes," the "Bourse," and the "Coppellia" glove. Belts are worn quite narrow. They are fastened with buckles of oxidized silver, cut steel, or stamped leather called "Gauda

cambric or lawn dresses. Those of white em-broidered mull are popular for wearing with The Mother Hubbard slip, without sleeves, and low in the neck, worn over an under waist, or guimpe, remains the popular dress for little girls.

Ribbon ties are popular when worn with puffed vests or where there is an arrangement of crape or illusion used for filling in the V or Pompadour shaped neck.

Flannel for travelling, or for the seaside, appears more frequently in navy blue and gray than in any other colour, and is always made up with close sleeves and close-fitting Jersey bodice.

Black granading a few seasons.

Black grenadines dresses are much worn by young ladies. A low-necked and short-sleeved bodice of black silk or satin is worn under the grenadine, the bare arms and shoulders showing through.

Tiny lace caps are now worn at dinner parties, made perfectly flat. These caps measure but little over five inches across the widest part, and generally consist of lace only laid in creamy folds, but not so full as to conceal the patterns of the lace, which must be handsome, and the lace itself must be very rich. In the centre of the cap is set a tiny bunch of fine French flowers or buds. Wide collars of old lace are worn to match. The effect of these dainty head-dresses is often very charming, it requiring a pretty, young face or a pretty, old face to make them a success.

Female Fancies. A landlady-Mother Earth.

Pooling their issues—Women giving their children a bath.

It is no longer fashionable for a girl to say that she has refused an offer of marriage. It is now in good form to speak of the rejected lover as having been placed on the retired list. "Well," said the lady whose husband had

"Well," said the lady whose husband had ran away with the school ma'am, "there's one consolation: I know the inside facts of this scandal, and that's more than those spiteful old maids across the way do."

Instructor in Latin—Miss B, of what was Ceres the goddess? Miss B—She was the goddess of marriage. Instructor—Oh, no; of agriculture. Miss B (looking perplexed)—Why, I am sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry.

A lady, in communication to a fashion

A lady, in communication to a fashion magazine, wants to know if the husband ought not to be several years older than the wife. Not necessarily, sis. Adam and Eve, the first married couple, were both born the same day.

Jane Grey Swisshelm says: "You cannot lessen the natural size of a woman's waist without stunting her brains." This may be, We have noticed that a girl's brains do not We have noticed that a girl's brains do not seem to be very active when her waist is being compressed by a young man's arm.

Miss Whinnery, a school teacher of Benton, Ind., pointed out to Fred Plengle, one of her pupils, the folly of falling in love with her. "You're a good boy," she said, "and I would like well enough to be your mother, but I couldn't think of becoming your wife." Fred thereupon attempted suicide.

"What are you reading?" asked Mrs. Shoddikins; "something interesting?" "Very," replied Mrs. Brown; "it is "Il fenseroso." "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. S., "what is he ill of?" Mrs. Brown was polite enough to reply that she didn't know;

polite enough to reply that she didn't know; she had only just begun it.

"Why do women so often wander aim-

lessly in the murky solitudes of the dead past, brooding over days forever gone?" asks a correspondent, and we give it up, unless it be that she hopes by ransacking the dead past she may find something suitable to work up into a rag carpet.

An Unsuccessful Fashion Editor.

Somehow a fellow will get himself into trouble when he least expects to. A young lady in the rural districts wrote to us asking advice about how to have a dress made. Now, we didn't know any more about a dress than a single man ought to, and didn't know what to say. But we wanted to accommodate her, so we got a fashion magazine, copied a description of a dress, and sent it to her. Yesterday the queerest creature you ever saw bounced into our office. "Do you see this dress?" she demanded; "I've worn it in here to let you see it. This is the thing you advised me to make; look at it." Then she went on. She had caused the dress to be made up, worn it to the city, expecting it to be right in style, and found it to be a terror. Investigation showed that the magazine was of 1847. We hadn't observed it before. There was only one thing for us to do. We told her we were not the editor who wrote the article, and took her to the office of the literary editor, whom we pointed out as the man. Then we fled the office. We hope we shall not see the literary editor for a few days. He is a man of violent impulse, and somebody might get hurt.

A Romantic Nobleman.

The famous French danseuse, Mile, Rosita Mauri, had occasion a short time ago to dismiss her valet-de-pied on account of numerous embezzlements, and, on looking out for a substitute, was interviewed by a handsome and elegant young man, giving the name of Leon, who possessed the requisite number of inches, and on producing the most undeniable references, was at once accepted. Leon was pronounced on all sides to be a treasure, and everything went well until one morning, when he brought Mile. Mauri's chocolate into her boudoir, he apparently forgot himself, and falling on his knees, made the most violent protestations of his love for her. Highly indignant, the lady rang the bell and ordered him to be turned out of the house, when the pseudo valet disclosed himself, and proved to be the Marquis Gaston de Brincourt, a wealthy nobleman, whose letters Mile. Mauri had always left unanswered, and who had adopted this means of getting near the object of his departice. had always left unanswered, and who had adopted this means of getting near the object of his devotion. He was naturally obliged to give up his place, but as the bouquet and bracelet which he forwarded the same evening were not sent back to him, there is yet a chance that the dancer will consent to become chance that the dancer will consent to become Madame la Marquise, and that the stage will be deprived of one of its brightest ornaments.

Too Late. He plucked some sprays of mignonethem.
One morning, while the dew drops, yet
Bright, glistened on each tiny flower.
He thought the blossoms passing fair,
Because their fragrance filled the air,
Until the sultry nonetide hour.

And then they drooped: his careless hand Failed to supply their life's demand; And yet, man-like, he marvelled, when They fainted, in the sun's bright glare, He was so strong, that their despair Seemed strangely far beyond his ken.

"Thirsting?" he questioned in surprise,
Then gave them drink, with tear-filled eyes.
Each flowret raised its low-bowed head,
Save one, whose fragile stem had broken!
Too late the care! sweet love's fond token,
The fragrant mignonette was dead! Advice to a Bride,

Advice to a Bride.

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in retarn. Promise one another sacredly never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other; never to bandy words, or indulge in the least ill-humour. Never, I say, wrangle in jest; putting on an air of ill-humour merely to tease becomes earnest by practice, Mark that! Next promise each other sincerely, and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has cemmitted a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each ether, so, on the contrary, secret from each ether, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, married state and heart from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That cloud should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the yow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last will become as one. Ah! if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages would be happier than, alas! they are, cret from each ether. riages would be happier than, alas! they are.

—Eschokke.

Male and Female Dress From the sterner sex and from the sterner

members of her own sex, poor defenceless woman has received an enormous amount of reviling for her corsets, her high heels, her bustles, her tight shoes, and the thousand and one other things which she imagines make her more charming. All this she has endured ner more charming. All this she has endured up to the present, and with saintly patience, but, at last, even the worm brought to bay will turn and rend his accusers. And the peculiar thing about it is that she seems to have some reason on her side. She tells her critics to remove first the beam from their own eyes, and then they will be better qualified to judge of the size of the mote which is obscuring their sisters' vision. fied to judge of the size of the mote which is obscuring their sisters' vision. Her first point of attack is the starched shirt front. This we surrender at once. And so on until we are reduced almost to the condition which Eve succeeded in making improper for Adam to appear in on the day when that wretched couple indulged too unrestrainedly in a vegetarian diet. Then it was that woman first provoked the dress discussion, and it has remained with her a fruitful top o ever since. Up to that time there was no question as to what was and what was not "rational" dress. But Eve listened to the Worth of her day, and here we are, after centuries of evodress. But Eve listened to the Worth of her day, and here we are, after centuries of evolution, each sex wearing a fashion of fig leaf which the other knows to be ridiculous, and yet no nearer a solution of the vexed problem than were our unworthy progenitors on that November afternoon when they were evicted from the Garden of Eden. Is there no compromise possible? If we yield points on our side will our daughters, wives, and sisters meet us half-way? Will the abandonment of the high hat purchase abstinence from the flower and feather-trimmed monstrosities which furnish the milliners a luxurious existence? Will the giving up of starched college. which furnish the milliners a luxurious existence? Will the giving up of starched collars, cuffs, and shirt fronts gain the abolition of an equal number of starched skirts and lace-trimmed petticoats? Will our return to sandals mean death to French heels? Will our absolute desertion of barbers secure temperance in the use of rice-powder and arsenical solutions? When these questions are answered in the affirmative we will give in our allegiance to the new order of things, but until they are we shall cling manfully to the right to encase our bodies in stiffened linen, and torture ourselves in any other way we may see fit.

Epps's Cocoa—Grateful and Comforting.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every teadency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame,"—Civil Service Gazette,—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and tins (½ lb. and lb.), by Grocers, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homceopathic Chemists, London, Eng.—Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence. Epps's Cocoa-Grateful and Comforting.



KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY DREAMS-THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any discusse can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that meanly every discusse is caused by deranged kidneys or lives. To restore these therefore is the only way by which healife can be accured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE. CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condribudive discusse and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Primary troubless for the distreming disorders of women; for flutaria, and physical troubless generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostore, imitations and concections and to be just as good.

For Diabetts age for WARNER'S SAFE BIALETES CURE. H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Bechester, N.T., Lendon, En-

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Kidney Complaints

TESTIMONIAL From Squire Robertson, who for many years we Reeve of the Township of Normanby, a high-ly respected resident of that part of On-tario, having lived in that Township for the past 20 years:—

J. N. SUTHERLAND, Niagara Falls, Ont. J. N. SUTHERLAND, Niagara Falls, Oni.,
May 17:

DEAR SIR,--My daughter has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. She has been obliged for years now to carry her arm in a sling, and her hand was beginning to wither. During these years she has tried all the many oures that have been advertised, without any result. Seeing your advertised, without any result. Seeing your advertiser ment in the papers, giving testimonials from trustworthy people, I determined to procure some "Rheumatine" for her, and purchased four bottles of it from Mr. A. Jamison, Druggist. of Hount Forest, which she took strictly according to directions, with this result, that her arm is now completely restored. I cannot praise your medicine too highly, indeed it is worth its weight in gold to all who suffer from Rheumatism, and it is with pleamerethat I come forward to suy so. I sam yours truly.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Various Causes-Advancing years, care, sickness, disap ment, and hereditary predisposition-all operate to turn the hair grey, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or grey, light or red hair, to a rich brown or a deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humours. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and rich-

ness of tone it imparts. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is colourless. either oil nor dye, and will not soil or colour white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous, imparting an agreeable perfume



AGRICULTURAL

We will always be pleased to receive of enquiry from farmers on any mattering agricultural interests, and answerier as soon as practicable.

FRUIT-GROWERS' MEETI The summer meeting of the Fruit-

Association of Ontario will be he Datharines, commencing on the 21st and continuing two days. It is that there will be a fine display fruits, and all members are requeste to the importance of the meeting ! samples with them. Arrangements h made for an excursion to Niagara that members wishing to visit then so at little inconvenience or expense.

The nineteenth session of the A
Pomological Society will be held this
Philadelphia, commencing on Se
12th, and an invitation is extended to ticultural, pomological, agricultur other kindred associations in the States and Canada to send delegal large as they may deem expedient, persons interested in the cultivation are invited to he recent persons interested in the cultivation are invited to be present and take ses convention. It is expected that then a full attendance of delegates from a ters of the United States, and that be the largest and most useful meet held by the society. At the last me the society it was decided in future tage general exhibitions of fruits, as new varieties or novelties. It is a new varieties or novelties. It is a new varieties or novelties. It is rethat no duplicates appear in any countries and that none but choice specimens on exhibition. Six specimens of a will be sufficient except in fruits of interest. Packages of fruit should dressed to Thomas A. Andrews. tural hall, Broad street, Philadelphi American Pomological Society. A of gentlemen well versed in fruit cu entomology will deliver addresses on they are fully conversant with, an will not fail to be of interest to th attend the meetings. PRIZE LISTS ISSUED

The prize list for the Industrial E

to be held in Toronto from Septembe 22nd, is now ready, and intending e can be supplied with copies by addre H. J. Hill, secretary. All entries made on or before the 25th inst, as entrance fees are charged such fees The prize list for the thirty-eight coal Exhibition, to be held in Gu been issued by Mr. Henry Wade, se the Ontario Agricultural and Arts tion, who will forward copies when to do so by intending arthitics. to do so by intending exhibitors. will commence on September 24th tinue until the 29th, entries closin lows:—Horses, cattle, sheep, an Aug. 25th; grain, field roots, and farm before Sept. 1st, and horticultural prior to September 8th. Among the prizes are the following:—\$100 by Wellington, for the best sample of ton grapes on vines purchased ton grapes on vines purchased donors of the prize; \$100 by the l Government for the best essay on practicable means of improving the of butter in Ontario both as regards facture in private dairies and in creations. facture in private dairies and in cr \$50 for the second, donated by the tion; \$30 for the best essay on the tendency of the times for farmers' leave the occupation of their father pursuits, its cause and remedies, \$5

next best.

The Great Central Fair will be Hamilton on October 2nd, concluding 5th, the prize list for which has be by Mr. Jonathan Davis, secretary. the attractions at this fair will be tition, by the consent of the Ministe culture, of choice stock from the Experimental Farm, and a large in of the best breeds of sheep in En being sent to compete for prizes.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIV of Ontario for 1882, containing not proceedings of the annual meeting valuable papers on various subjecterests to fruit-growers. Considerations of the control of the contr is devoted to forestry, the committee ed by the Commissioner of Agria attend the American Forestry Com-senting a very full and interestin Not the least entertaining part of the is that pertaining to entomology, the report of the annual meeting tario Society, and papers by Messrs. London; Dodge, Washington; Bow of which are freely illustrated with.

The eighth report of the Montr cultural Society and Fruit Growers tion of Quebec has been received, testimony of careful proportion. testimony of careful preparation.
paper on "Russian Fruits," by Mr
Gibb, of Abbotsford, contains an his experiences in that country whi information regarding the fruits growhich he describes very minute details of culture, soil, &c. In clapper Mr. Gibb says:—"Our jo Russia has shown how necessar journey was but has set as the same and the same and the set as the same and the journey was. It has set us upon track, and will greatly hasten the fruits-a matter to which all our fruits—a matter to which all our horticulturists were so eagerly look have but broken ground; the worl tinue by importations, by corres and by the interchange of seeds and Professor Budd, of Ames College, tributes two papers of more the interest on "Experimental Hor and "Trees and Shrubs." Other

together with the reports of judges houses, window gardens, &c., co volume, from which extracts may b future occasions.

The report of the Dairymen's a of Western Ontario contains the transfer of of the general convention, addressays on cheese making, dairy butter making, &c. Papers on the cow, description of an Illinois breeds of cattle, the butter quest manent pasture, and dairy imple manent pasture, and dairy imple replete with facts and suggestions t

Scotland's Glory III., Clydesdale has been transferred by McCom Orono, Ont., to Manhard, of Brock At a sale of Short-horns at Parcently, 59 head, from Bedford's disposed of for \$9,785. Forty-t and heifers brought an average \$194.53, and sixteen bulls and b

be known and acted upon by all da

There is no advantage in turning of any kind on a barley stubble to gleanings. The beards on barley kinds of animals, and the loose he ground should be turned under a that may grow before wheat seeding the study of the study of the seeding of the Mr. Ferguson, Kinnochtry, Scot old to Mr. Whitfield, of the G Model Farm, Rougemont, Can., two bull calves of this year, of his own

bull calves of this year, of his own at the price of £60 per head, pot board steamer at Glasgow in the The calves, aged from two to six mor Coupar-Angus, Keillor Favourites, try Princesses, Baronesses and Emfour Prides and Daisys, Glenbarry and Castle Fraser Minas, and are a lot, as might be expected from the Sheep shearing is an art that is learned, and the work cannot well machinery, as there can be no gua the sheep will lie still while the obeing performed. In the far where are kept by the thousand the for shearers is always in excess of The lack of good shearers is loudly ed of this spring in Texas, and as wool is light and prices low it will