# FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

Rosamond's was the stronger spirit then, and she compelled him to sit quietly by and hear her while she planned the future for him. Josephine was to live at Forrest House, and to receive a certain amount of income over and above the support which he would give her. But to this last he stoutly objected. Not one dollar of Rossie's money should ever find its way to her, he said. He could support her with his profession, and if Rossie did not choose to use what was rightly her own, it would simply accumulate on her hands, without doing good to any one.

So Rossie gave that project up, but insisted that she should vacate the house as soon as she was able, and leave Josephine in possession, and Everard was commissioned to tell her so, and to say that she must excuse Miss Hastings from seeing her until she was stronger, and that she must feel perfectly at home, and free to ask for whatever she liked.

At first Josey listened incredulously to Everard; it seemed so improbable that Rossie would deliberately abandon her handsome home and give it up to her. But he succeeded in making her understand it at last, taking great care to let her know that she was to have nothing from the Forrest estate except the rent of the house; that for everything else she was dependent upon him, who could give her a comfortable support, but allow nothing like luxury or extravagance.

To this Josephine assented, and was gracious enough to say that it was very kind and generous in Miss Hastings, and to express a wish that she might see her and thank her in person. But to this Everard gave no encouragement. Miss Hastings was very weak, he said, and had already been too much excited, and needed perfect quiet for the present. Of course, so long as she remained there she would be mistress of the house, and Josephine her guest. For himself, he should return to his old quarters in the town, and only come to the house when it was necessary to do so on business. If Josephine was needing money, he had fifty dollars which he could give her now, and more would be forthcoming when that was gone.

Nothing could have been more formal than this interview between the husband and wife, and after it was over Josephine sat down to write to Mrs. Arnold in Europe, while Everard went boldly out to face the world waiting so eagerly for him.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

MATTERS ARE ADJUSTED.

If Josephine had not known herself to be worse even than Everard had charged her with being, she might not have submitted so quietly to the line of conduct he proposed to pursue toward her, but the consciousness of misdeeds, known only to herself, made her manageable, and willing to accept the conditions offered her. Had Rosamond been allowed to give her a part of her income, she would have taken it as something due to her, but, as that was forbidden, she was well satisfied with the house and its surroundings, and the support her husband could give her. To return to Holburton, after having announced publicly that she was going to her husband, would have been a terrible mortification, and something which she declared to herself she would never have done, and so she resolved to make the most of the situation in Rothsay. To stand well with the people in town was her great object now, and to that end every art and grace of which she was capable was brought into requisition, and so well did she play her part that a few of the shortsighted ones, with Mrs. Dr. Rider at their head, espoused her cause and looked askance at Everard, who kept his own counsel, with the single exception of Lawyer Russell, to whom he told his story, and who assumed such an air of reserve and dignity that not even his most intimate friends dared approach him on the subject which was interesting every one so much.

Everard knew that he was an object of suspicion and gossip, but cared little or nothing for it, so absorbed was he in his own trouble, and in watching the progress of affairs at the Forrest House, where Josephine was to all intents and purposes the mistress, issuing her orders and expressing her opinions and wishes with far more freedom than Rossie had ever done. She, too, was very reticent with regard to her husband, and when Mrs. Dr. Rider asked in a roundabout way what was the matter, she replied, in a trembling voice:

"Oh, I don't know, except he grew tired of me during the years we were separated; but please don't talk to me about it, or let any one else, for I cannot speak of it,—it makes me so sick."

She did act as if she were going to faint, and Mrs. Rider opened the window and let in the cool air, and told Josephine to lean on her till she was better, and then reported the particulars of her interview so graphically and well, that after a day or so everybody had heard that poor Mrs. Forrest, when asked as to the cause of the estrangement between herself and husband, had at once gone into hysterics and fainted dead away. Of course the curious ones were more curious than ever, and tried old Axie next, but she was wholly noncommittal, and bade them mind their business and let their betters alone.

Rosamond was now the last hope, but she had nothing to say whatever, except that, under the circumstances, she felt that Mrs. Forrest at least ought to live at her husband's old home, and that arrangements to that effect had been made. As for herself, it had been her intention to teach for a long time, and as Mrs. Markham declared her competent, she was going to try it, and leave the place to Mrs. Forrest. Nothing could be learned from Rossie, who was too great a favorite with every one to become a subject of gossip; and whatever might be the cause of the trouble between Everard and Josey, her spotless, innocent life was too well known for any censure to fall on her, and Josephine could not have reached her by so much as a breath of calumny, had she chosen to try, which she did not. With her quick intuition she understood at once how immensely popular Rossie was, and resolving to be friends with her, if possible, she waited anxiously for a personal interview, which was accorded her at last, and the two met in Rossie's room, where, in her character as invalid, Rossie sat in her easy-chair, with her beautiful hair brushed back from her pure pale face, and her great, black eyes unusually brilliant with excitement and expectation.

Josephine, too, had been almost as nervous with regard to this interview as Rosamond herself, and had spent an hour over her toilet, which was perfect in all its details, from the arrangement of her hair to her little high-heeled slippers with the fanciful rosettes.

Rosamond was prepared for something very pretty, but not as beautiful as the woman who came half hesitatingly, half eagerly, into the room, and stood before her with such a bright, winning smile upon her lovely face that it was hard to believe there was guile or artfulness there. Rising to her feet, Rossie offered her hand to her visitor, who took it and pressed it to her lips, while she said something about the great happiness it was to see one of whom she had heard so much.

"Why, I used actually to be half jealous of the Rossie Everard was always talking about," she said, referring to the past so easily and naturally as if no cloud had ever darkened her horizon, or come between her and the Everard who had talked so much of Rossie.

When Josephine first entered the room Rossie was very pale, but at this allusion to herself and Everard, there came a flush to her cheeks and a light to her eye which made Josephine change her mind with regard to her personal appearance.

"Nobody can ever call her a beauty," she said to herself at first, but as the interview progressed, and Rossie grew interested and earnest, Josephine looked wonderingly at her glowing face and large black eyes, which flashed and shone like stars, and almost bewildered and confused her with their brightness, and the way they had of looking straight at her, as if to read her inmost thoughts.

It was impossible to suspect Rossie of acting or saying anything she did not mean, for her face was like a clear, faithful mirror, and after a little Josephine began to grow ill at ease in her presence. The bright black eyes troubled her a little when fixed so earnestly upon her, and she found herself wondering if they could penetrate her inmost thoughts, and see just what she was. It was a singular effect which Rossie had upon this woman, whose character was one web of falsehoods and deceit, and who, in the presence of so much purity and innocence, and apparent trust in everybody, was conscious of some new impulse within her prompting her to a better and sincerer life. Wondering how much Rossie knew of her antecedents, she suddenly burst out with:

"Miss Hastings, or Rossie,—I so much wish you'd let me call you by the name I have heard so often. I want to tell you at once how I have hated myself for taking that money, the price of your lovely hair, and letting you believe I was a 'dreadful gambler, seeking Everard's ruin.'"

She laid her hand on the "lovely hair," and was passing her white fingers through it and letting it fall in curling masses about Rossie's neck and shoulders, as she went on:

"It was such a funny mistake you made with regard to me, and it was wrong in me to take the money. I would not do it now; but we were so poor, and I needed it so much, and Everard could not get it. Has he told you all about those times, I wonder, when we were first married, and he did love me a little."

"He has told me a good deal," was Rossie's straightforward answer; and sitting down upon a stool in front of her Josey assumed the attitude and manner of a child as she went on to speak of the past, and to beg Rossie to think as leniently of her as possible.

"Men are not always correct judges of women's actions," she said, "and I do not think Everard understands me at all. Our marriage in that hasty manner was unwise, but if I erred I surely have paid the severest penalty. Such things fall more heavily upon women than upon men, and I dare say you think better of Everard this moment than you do of me."

Rossie could not say she didn't, for there was something in Josephine's manner which she did not like. It seemed to be all acting, and to one who never acted a part, it was very distasteful. But she tried to evade the direct question by answering: "I have known Everard so long that I must of course think better of him than of a stranger. He has been so kind to me;" then, wishing to turn the conversation into a channel where she felt she would be safer, she plunged at once into her plan of leaving the house to Josephine, saying that she had never thought it right for her to have it, and speaking of the judge's last illness, when she was certain he repented of what he had done.

At first Josephine made a very pretty show of protesting against it.

"It is your own home," she said, "and though I appreciate your great kindness, I cannot feel that it is right to take it from you."

"But I thought you understood that it was a settled thing that I am to go away, as I have always intended doing. Everard told you so. Surely he explained it to you," Rossie said, in some surprise.

Josephine did not quite know how to deal with a nature like Rossie's, but she guessed that for once it would be necessary for her to say very nearly what she thought, and so for a few moments the two talked together earnestly and soberly of the future, when Rossie would be gone and Josephine left in charge.

"You will only be taking what is yours a little in advance," Rossie said, "for when I am of age I shall deed it back to Everard; and then, on the principle that what is a man's is also his wife's, it will be yours, and I hope that long before that it will be well with you and Everard: that the misunderstanding between you will be cleared up; that he will do right, and if,—if,—you are conscious of any defect in your character which annoys him, you will overcome it and try to be what he would like his wife to be, for you might be so happy with him, if only you loved each other."

The great black eyes were full of tears, and Rossie's face twitched painfully as she compelled herself to make this effort in Everard's behalf. But it was lost on Josephine, who, thoroughly deceitful and treacherous herself, could not believe that this young girl really meant what she said; it was a piece of acting to cover her real feeling, but she affected to be touched, and wiped her own eyes, and said despondingly that the time was past, she feared, the opportunity lost, for her to regain her husband. He did not care for her any longer; his love was give to another, and she looked straight at Rossie, who neither spoke nor made a sign that she either heard or understood, but she looked so very white and tired that Josephine arose to go, after thanking her again for her kindness and generosity, and assuring her that everything about the house should be kept just as she left it, and that in case she changed her mind after trying the life of a governess, and wished to return, she must do so without any reference to her convenience or pleasure.

And so the interview ended, and Josephine went back to her room and Agnes, to whom she said that she had found Miss Hastings rather pretty, and that she was on the whole a nice little body, and had acted very well about the house, "though," she added:

"I consider it quite as much mine as hers. That old man was crazy, or he would never have left everything to her, and he tried afterward to take it back, it seems, and right the wrong he had done. She told me all about it, and how his eyes followed her, and shut and opened as she talked to him. It made me so nervous to think of those eyes; I believe they will haunt me for ever. And Everard never told me that, but let me believe his father died just as angry with him as ever. I tell you, Agnes, I am beginning to hate that man quite as much as he hates me, and if I were sure of as comfortable a living and as good a position elsewhere as he can give me here, I'd sue for a divorce to-morrow, and get it, too, and then,—'away, away, to my love who is over the sea.'"

She sang the last words in a light, flippant tone, and then sat down to write to Dr. Matthewson, whose last letter, received before she left Europe, was still unanswered.

Three weeks after this interview Rosamond left Rothsay for St. Louis, where she was to be governess to Mrs. Andrews' children on a salary of three hundred dollars a year. Everard and Josephine both went to the depot to see her off, the one driving down in the carriage with her, and making a great show of regret and sorrow, the other walking over from his office, and maintaining the utmost reserve and apparent indifference, as if the parting was nothing to him; but at last, when he stood with Rossie's hand in his, there came a look of anguish into his eyes, and his lips were deathly white as he said good-bye, and knew that all which made life bearable to him was leaving him, for ever.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

'WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.'

It was the first of January when Rossie left Rothsay for St. Louis, and three weeks from that day a wild storm was sweeping over the hills of Vermont, and great clouds of sleet and snow went drifting down into the open grave in Bronson churchyard, toward which a little group of mourners was slowly wending its way. Neither Florida skies nor Florida air had availed to restore life and health to poor, wasted, worn out Mollie Morton, although at first she seemed much better, and Trix and Bunchie, in their childish way, thanked God, who was making their mamma well, while the Rev. Theodore, in Boston, felt something like new hope within him at the cheerful letters Mollie wrote of what Florida was doing for her. But the improvement was only temporary, and neither orange blossoms nor southern sunshine could hold the spirit which longed so to be free, and which welcomed death without a shadow of fear.

"I have had much to make me happy," Mollie said to Beatrice, one day, when that faithful friend sat by her holding the tired head upon her bosom, and gently smoothing the once black hair, which now was more than three-fourths gray, though Mollie was only thirty-one. "Two lovely children, and the kindest, best husband in the world,—the man I loved and wanted so much, and who, I think, likes me, and will miss me some when I am gone for ever."

This she said, looking straight at Beatrice, whose face was very pale as she stooped to kiss the white forehead and answered:—

"I am sure he will miss you, and so shall I, for I have learned to love you so much, and shall be so sorry when you are gone."

"Truly, truly, will you be sorry when I am dead? I hardly thought anybody would be that but father and mother, and the children," Mollie said, while the lips quivered, and the great tears rolled down her cheeks as she continued: "We are alone now for the last time it may be, and I want to say to you what has been in my heart to say, and what I must say before I die. When I was up in that dreary back room in New York, so sick, and forlorn, and poor, and you came to me, bright and gay, and beautiful, I did not like it at all, and for a time I felt hard toward you and angry at Theodore, who, I knew, must see the difference between me,—faded, and plain, and sickly, and old before my time, and you, the woman he loved first,—fresh, and young, and full of life, and health and beauty. How you did seem to fill the dingy room with brightness and beauty, and what a contrast you were to me; and Theodore saw it, too, when he came in and found you there. But if there was a regret in his heart,—a sigh for what ought to have been, he never let it appear, but after you were gone, and only the delicate perfume of your garments lingered in the room, he came and sat by me and held my thin, hard hands, so unlike your soft white ones, and tried by his manner to make me believe he was not sorry, and when I could stand it no longer, and said to him: "I am not much like her, Theo, am I?" he guessed what was in my mind, and answered me so cheerily, "No, Mollie, not a bit like her. And how can you be, when your lives have been so different; hers all sunshine, and yours full of care, and toil, and pain. But you have borne it bravely, Mollie; better, I think, than Bee would have done." He called you Bee to me, for the first time, and there was something in his voice, as he spoke the name, which told me how dear you had been to him once, if, indeed, you were not then. But he was so good and kind, and tender toward me, that I felt the jealousy giving way, though there was a little hardness left toward you, and that night after Theo was sleeping beside me I prayed and prayed that God would take it away, and he did, and I came at last to know you as you are, the dearest, noblest, most unselfish woman the world ever saw."

"No, no, you must not say that. I am not good or unselfish; you don't know me," Bee cried, thinking remorsefully of the times when she had ridiculed the brown alapaca dress and the woman who wore it, and how often she had tired of her society, in which she really found no pleasure, such as she might have found elsewhere.

But she could not wound her by telling her this. She could only protest that she was not all Mrs. Morton believed her to be. But Mollie would not listen.

"You must be good," she said, "or you would never have left your beautiful home and your friends, and attached yourself to me, who am only a drag upon you. But sometime in the future you will be rewarded; and, forgive me, Miss Belknap, if I speak out plain, now, like one who stands close down to the river of death, and, looking back, can see what probably will be. I do not know how you feel towards Theo, but of this I am sure, he has never taken another into the place you once filled, and at a suitable time after I am gone he will repeat the words he said to you years ago, and if he does, don't send him away a second time. He is nearer to your standard now than he was then. He is growing all the time in the estimation of his fellow-men. They are going to make him a D. D., and the parish of which he is pastor is one of the best and most highly cultivated in Boston. And you will go there, I hope, and be a mother to my children, and bring them up like you, for that will please Theo better than my homely ways. Trix is like you now, and Bunchie will learn, though she is slower to imitate. You will be happy with Theo,—and I am glad for him and the children; but you will not let them forget me quite, but will tell them sometimes of their mother, who loved them so much. I hoped to see Theo once more before I died, but something tells me he will not be here in time; that when he comes I shall be dead. So you will ask him to forget the many times I worried and fretted him with my petty cares and troubles. Tell him that Mollie puts her arms around his neck and lays her poor head, which will never ache again, against his good, kind heart, and so bids him good-bye, and goes away alone into the brightness beyond, for it is all bright and peaceful; and just over the river I am crossing I seem to see the distant towers of 'Jerusalem' gleaming in the heavenly sunshine, which lies so warm upon the everlasting hills. And my babies are there waiting and watching for me. Sing, can't you, 'Will some one be at the beautiful gate, waiting and watching for me?'"

There was too heavy a sorrow in Beatrice's heart, and her voice was too full of tears for her to sing to the dying woman, who clung so closely to her. But what she could not do, little Trixey did for her. She had entered the room unobserved, followed by Bunchie, whose hands were full of the sweet wild-flowers they had gathered and brought to their mother, who was past caring for such things now. The yellow jessamine and wild honeysuckle lay unheeded upon her pillow, but at the sound of her children's voices a spasm of intense pain passed for a moment over her face, and was succeeded by a smile of peace as she whispered again: "Somebody sing of the beautiful gate," and instantly Trixey's clear voice rang through the room, mingled with little Bunchie's lisping, broken notes, as she, too, struck in and sang:

"Will any one be at the beautiful gate,
Waiting and watching for me?"

Dear little ones, they did not know their mother was dying; but Beatrice did, and her tears fell like rain upon the pinched, white face pillowed on her arm, as she kissed the quivering lips, which whispered softly:

"Darling Trix and Bunchie,—God bless them!—and tell Theo Mollie will be at the beautiful gate, waiting and watching for him, and for you all,—waiting and watching as they now wait and watch for me over there, the shining ones, crowding on the shore, and some are there to whom I first told the story of Jesus in the far off heathen land. Tell Theo they are there, and many whom he led to the Saviour. It is no delusion, as some have thought. I see them, I see into Heaven, and it is so near; it lies right side by side with this world, only a step between."

Her mind was wandering a little, for her words became indistinct, until her voice ceased altogether, and Beatrice watched her as the last great struggle went on and the soul parted from the body, which was occasionally convulsed with pain, as if it were hard to sever the tie which bound together the mortal and immortal.

At last, just as the beautiful southern sun set flooded the river and the fields beyond with golden and rosy hues, and the fresh evening breeze came strolling into the room, laden with the perfume of the orange and lemon blossoms it had kissed on its way, Mollie Morton passed into the world where she had known so much care to the life immortal, where the shining ones were waiting and watching for her.

And far down the coast, threading in and out among the little islands and streams, came the boat which bore the Rev. Theodore Morton to the wife he hoped to find alive. Bee's summons had found him busy with his people, with whom he was deservedly popular, and who bade him God-speed, and followed him with prayers for his own safety, and, if possible, the recovery of his wife, whom they had never seen. But this last was not to be, and when about noon the boat came up to its accustomed landing place, and Bee stood on the wharf to meet him, he knew by one glance at her face that he had come too late. Everything which love could devise was done for the dead, on whose white face the husband's tears fell fast when he first looked upon it, feeling, it may be, an inner consciousness of remorse as he remembered that all his heart had not been given to her. But he had been kind, and tender, and considerate, and he folded her children in his arms, and felt that in all the world there was nothing so dear to him as his motherless little ones.

The next day they left Florida for the bleak hills of Vermont, where the wintry winds and drifting snow seemed to howl a wild requiem for the dead woman, whose body rested one night in the old home where the white-haired father and mother wept so piteously over it, and even Aunt Nancy forgot to care for the tracks upon her clean kitchen floor, as the villagers came in with words of condolence and sympathy. Beatrice was with the mourners who stood by the grave that wild January day when Mollie Morton was buried, and she gave the message from the dead to the husband, who wept like a child when he saw his wife laid away under the blinding snow, which, ere the close of the day, covered the grave in one great mountain drift.

Both Everard and Rossie had written to Beatrice telling her of Josephine's arrival at the Forrest House, and, with a feeling that she was needed in Rothsay, she started for home the day after Mollie's funeral.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE TIDE EBBED AND FLOWED IN ROTHSAY.

Josephine had resolved to be popular at any cost, and make for herself a party, and so good use had she made of her time and opportunities that when Beatrice arrived the weaker ones, who, with Mrs. Rider at their head, had from the first espoused her cause, were gradually gaining in numbers; while the better class of people, Everard's friends, were beginning to think more kindly of the lady of the Forrest House, where an entire new state of things and code of laws had been inaugurated. Axie had, of course, vacated immediately after Rossie's departure, and Josephine had been wise enough not to ask her to remain. She knew the old negress was strongly prejudiced against her, and was glad when she departed, bag and bundle, for the little house she had purchased in town, where she could be near "her boy," and wash and mend his clothes, and fight for him when necessary, as it sometimes was, for people could not easily understand his indifference to the beautiful creature who was conducting herself so sweetly and modestly, and whom women ran to the windows to see when she drove by in the pretty phæton which, through Rossie's influence, she had managed to get from Everard, or rather, from the Forrest estate. It is true the horse did not suit her. It was too old and slow, and not at all like the spirited animal she used to drive with Captain Sparks at her side in Holburton, but it was an heirloom, as she called it, laughingly, raised from a stock of horses which had been in the family for years, and was so steady that Mr. Forrest was perfectly willing to trust her with it; and each day she drove around the town, showing herself everywhere, bowing to everybody, high and low, and, because she had heard that Miss Belknap used to do so, taking to drive the sick and infirm among the poor and needy, to whom she was all kindness and sympathy. With this class, however, she did not stand as well as with the grade above them. It would almost seem as if they were gifted with a special insight and read her character aright; and though they accepted what she offered them, they did not believe in her, and privately among themselves declared she was not a lady born,—or a fitting wife for Everard.

Agnes never appeared with her in public, and was seldom seen at the house when people called. "She was very shy and timid, and shrank from meeting strangers." Josephine said, to the few who felt that they must ask for her, and who accepted the excuse and left Agnes free to become in Rothsay what she had been in Holburton, a mere household drudge, literally doing all the work for the colored woman whom Josephine employed and called her cook, but who was wholly incompetent as well as indisposed to work. So the whole care devolved on Agnes, who took up her burden without a word of protest, and worked from morning till night, while Josephine lounged in her own room, where she had her meals more than half the time, or drove through the town in her phæton, managing always to pass the office where Everard toiled early and late in order that he might have the means to support her without touching a dollar of Rossie's fortune.

As yet Josephine's demands upon him were not very great. Old Axie had been a provident housekeeper, and Josephine found a profusion of everything necessary for the table. Her wardrobe did not need replenishing, and she could not venture upon inviting company so soon, consequently she was rather moderate in her demands for money; but Everard knew the time would come when all he had would scarcely satisfy her, and for that time he worked, silently, doggedly, rarely speaking to any one outside his business unless they spoke to him, and never offering a word of explanation with regard to the estrangement, which was becoming more and more a matter of wonder and comment,—as people saw only sweetness and graciousness in Josey, and knew nothing of her other side.

Such was the state of affairs when Beatrice came home, very unexpectedly to the Rothsayites, who wondered what she would think of matters at the Forrest House. Josephine had spoken frequently of Miss Belknap, who, she said, was for a few weeks an inmate of her mother's family, and whom she admired greatly. Josey was the first to call upon Beatrice; and throwing herself upon her neck, burst into tears, saying:

"Oh, Miss Belknap, I am so glad you have come to be my friend and sister, and I need one so much. I wish I had told you the truth when you were in Holburton, but Everard was afraid of having it known, and now he is so cold and distant, and I,—am,—so unhappy. You will be my friend and help me. You were always so kind to me, and I liked you so much."

Beatrice shook her off as gently as possible, and answered that she should certainly try to do right, and asked after Agnes, and how her visitor liked Rothsay, and if Rosamond had written to her, and gradually drew the conversation away from dangerous ground, and did it in such a manner that Josephine felt that she had more to fear from Bee Belknap than from all the world besides. And she had, for Bee's opinion was worth more than that of any twenty people in Rothsay; and when it was known that there was little or no intercourse between Elm Park and the Forrest House, that the two ladies were polite to each other and nothing more, that Beatrice never expressed herself with regard to Mrs. Forrest or mentioned her in any way, but was on the same friendly terms with Everard as ever, and when, as a crowning act, she made a little dinner party from which Josephine was omitted, the people who had been loudest in Josey's praises began to whisper together that there must be something wrong, and gradually a cloud not larger than a man's hand began to show itself on the horizon. But small as it was, Josephine discovered its rising, and fought it with all her power, even going so far as to insinuate that jealousy and disappointment were the causes of Miss Belknap's coolness toward her. But this fell powerless and dead, and Josey could no more injure Beatrice than she could turn the channel of the river from its natural course. For a time, however, Josephine held her ground with a few, but when early in June the new hotel on the river road was filled with people from the South, many of them gay, reckless young men, ready for any excitement, she began to show her real nature, and her assumed modesty and reticence slipped from her like a garment unfitted to the wearer. How she managed it no one could guess, but in less than two weeks she knew every young man stopping at the Belknap House, as it was named in honor of Beatrice, and in less than three weeks she had taken them all to drive with her, and Forrest House was no longer lonely for want of company, for the doors stood open till midnight, and young men lounged on the steps and in the parlors, and came to lunch and dinner, and the rooms were filled with cigar smoke, and Bacchanalian songs were sung by the half-tipsy young men, and toasts were drank to their fair hostess, whom they dubbed "Golden Hair," and called an angel to her face, and at her back, among themselves a brick, and even "the old girl," so little did they respect or really care for her.

And Josephine was quite happy again, and content. It suited her better to be fast than to play the part of a quiet, discreet woman, and so long as she did not overstep the bounds of decency, or greatly outrage the rules of propriety, she argued that it was no one's business what she did or how much attention she received. As Axie had predicted, the real color was showing through the whitewash, and people began to understand the reason why Everard was becoming so grave, and reserved, and even old in his appearance, with a look upon his face such as no ordinary trouble could ever have written there.

And so the summer waned, and autumn came and went, and then Josephine, who, while affecting to be so merry and gay, writhed under the slights so often put upon her, discovered that she needed a change of air, and decided that a winter in Florida was necessary to her health and happiness, and applied to Everard for the means with which to carry out her plan. At first Everard objected to the Florida trip as something much more expensive than he felt able to meet, but his consent was finally given, and one morning in December the clerk at the St. James' Hotel, Jacksonville, wrote upon his books, "Mrs. J. E. Forrest and maid, and Miss Agnes Fleming, Rothsay, Ohio." while a week later there was entered upon another page, "Dr. John Matthewson, New York City," and two weeks later still "Mrs. Andrews and family, and Miss Rosamond Hastings, St. Louis, Mo."

## CHAPTER XL.

DR. MATTHEWSON'S GAME.

The St. James' was full that season, and when Mrs. J. E. Forrest arrived she found every room occupied, and was compelled to take lodgings at a house across the Park, where guests from the hotel were sometimes accommodated with rooms, and where, in addition to her own parlor and bedroom, she found a large square chamber, which she asked the mistress of the house to reserve for a few days, as she was expecting an old friend of her husband's, and would like to have him near her, inasmuch as Mr. Forrest was not able to come with her on account of his business. Later in the season he might join her, but now he was too busy. She laid great stress on having a husband, and she was so gracious, and affable, and pretty that her landlady, Mrs. Morris, was charmed at once, and endorsed the beautiful woman who attracted so much attention in the street, and who at the hotel took everything by storm. She had laid aside her mourning, and blossomed out in a most exquisite suit of navy-blue silk and velvet, which, although made in Paris more than a year before, was still a little in advance of the Florida fashions, and was admired by every lady in the hotel, and patterns of the pocket, and cuffs, and overskirt were mentally taken and experimented upon in the ladies' rooms, where the grace, and beauty, and probable antecedents of the stranger were freely discussed.

Nobody had ever heard of Mrs. J. E. Forrest, and few had heard of Rothsay, but there were some people at the St. James' this winter, who remembered Miss Belknap and Mrs. Morton, and when it was known that Mrs. Forrest was their friend, the matter was settled, and Josephine became the belle and beauty of the place. Young men stationed themselves near the door through which she came into the hall to look at her as she passed, but if she was conscious of their homage she made no sign, and never seemed to know how much attention she was attracting. One or two ladies spoke to her at last as she stopped for a while in the parlor, and so her acquaintance began, and Miss Belknap was brought to the surface, and Mr. Forrest was talked about, and a little hacking cough was produced, by way of showing what had sent this dainty, delicate creature away from her husband, with no other guardianship than that of her sister. But Agnes' presence was sufficient to save appearances. She was much older, and so quiet and reserved, and even shy, that the ladies made no advances to her, and after a little scarcely noticed her as she sat apart from them, waiting patiently till her brilliant sister was ready to go home. Josephine was expecting a gentleman friend, whom she had known ever since she was a young girl, she said, the fourth day after her arrival, and the ladies were glad, as it would be so much pleasanter for her in her husband's absence; and so matters were made easy for the coming of Dr. Matthewson, who, since parting from Josephine in Dresden, more than a year before, had visited nearly every city of note in Europe, sometimes meeting with success in his profession as gambler, and sometimes not, sometimes living like a millionaire, and sometimes like a beggar. The millionaire life suited him the best, but how to secure it as a permanency, or even to secure a comfortable living, which required neither exertion or self-denial, was something which puzzled him sorely, until he received a letter from Josephine, which inspired him at once with fresh courage and hope. The letter, which was written from the Forrest House, was a long time in reaching him, and found him at last in Moscow, where his genius of bad luck was in the ascendant, and he had fallen into the toils of a set of sharpers, who were using him for their own base purposes. Handsome in face and form, winning in his manner, and perfectly familiar with nearly every language spoken on the Continent, he was very useful to them by way of bringing under their influence strangers who visited the city, and they kept a hold upon him which he could not well shake off.

When he received Josephine's letter, telling him where she was, and the disposition Judge Forrest had made of his property, and Rosamond's determination not to use more of it than was absolutely necessary, but to restore it to Everard when she came of age, he made up his mind to leave Moscow at all hazards, and, crossing the sea, seek out the sister in whom he suddenly found himself greatly interested. And to this end fortune favored him at last, by sending in his way a German Jew,—Van Schoisner,—between [illegible] and himself there sprang up a friendship which finally resulted in the Jew's loaning him money enough to escape from the city which had been in one sense a prison to him. Van Schoisner was his *compagnon-du-voyage*, and as both were gamblers, they made straight for Vienna, where Matthewson's luck came back to him, and he won so rapidly and largely, that Van Schoisner, who was tinged with German superstition, regarded him as one whom the god of the gaming table especially favored, and clung to him and made much of him, and when a malarial fever attacked him, took him to his brother's, a Dr. Van Schoisner, who kept what he called a private *mai-on-de-sante*, in an obscure Austrian town, half way between Vienna and Lintz.

And here Dr. Matthewson paid the penalty of his dissipated life in a fit of sickness which lasted for months, and left him weak and feeble as a child. During all this time he did not hear from Josephine, whose letters never reached him, and he knew nothing of her until he reached New York, when he wrote to her at once at Rothsay, asking very particularly for Rosamond, and announcing his intention of visiting the Forrest House, if agreeable to the inmates.

To this letter Josephine replied immediately, telling him not on any account to come to Rothsay, but to join her in Florida about the middle of December, when she would tell him everything which had happened to her since their last meeting in Dresden. In a postscript she added:

"Miss Hastings is not here, and has not been since last January. She is somebody's governess, I believe."

And it was this postscript which interested the doctor more than the whole of Josephine's letter. If Rosamond were not in Rothsay, then where was she, and how should he find her? for find her he must, and play the *role* of the loving brother, which *role* would be all the more effective, he thought, because of the air of invalidism there was about him now, and which sat well upon him. He really was weak from his recent illness, but he affected more languor than he felt, and seemed quite tired and exhausted when he reached the house where Josephine was stopping, and where his room was in readiness for him; and Josephine cooed and fluttered about him, and said, was glad to see him, and so anxious that he should have every possible attention.

And Dr. Matthewson enjoyed it all to the full, and was never tired of hearing of the Forrest House, or of asking questions about Rosamond, of whom Josey at last affected to be jealous.

And so the days went on until the first week in January, when one morning, as the doctor and Josephine sat together on the long piazza of the hotel, a carriage from the boat arrived, laden with trunks, and children, and two ladies, one middle-aged and apparently the mother of the children, the other young, graceful and pretty, even in her soiled travelling-dress of dark grey serge. As she threw back her veil and descended from the carriage Josephine started suddenly, and exclaimed:

"Rosamond Hastings, for all the world! What brought her here?"

"Who? Where? Do you mean that girl with the blue veil and grey dress, and—by Jove, those magnificent eyes?" Dr. Matthewson said, as Rosamond turned her face in the direction where he was sitting, and glanced rapidly at the groups of people upon the piazza, without, however, seeing any one distinctly.

"Yes, that's Rosamond," Josey replied, with a feeling of annoyance at the arrival of one who might work her so much harm. "I'll see her at once, and make that matter right," she thought, and trusting to Rossie's good nature and her ingenuity, she resumed her conversation with the doctor, who seemed unusually silent and absent-minded, and after a little excused himself, saying he was not feeling quite well, and believed he'd take a sail on the river, and see if the fresh air would not revive him.

Usually Josephine had been his companion in his sails on the river, but he did not ask her to go with him now. He preferred to be alone, and with a gracious bow he walked away, not so much to try the river air as to think over and perfect his plans for the future.

"By George!" he said to himself, "this is what I call luck. Here I've been wondering how I should find the girl, and, behold, she has dropped suddenly upon me, and if I play my cards well the game is mine, and her money too, or my name is not Matthewson, *nee* Hastings, *nee* villain of the first water."

## CHAPTER XLI.

HOW THE GAME WAS PLAYED.

Rosamond's life as a governess had been a very happy one, but still there was always present with her a consciousness of pain and loss—a keen regret and intense longing for the "might have been," and a great pity for Everard, whose lot she knew was so much harder to bear than her own; for with him the burden was growing heavier, and the chain every lengthening, which bound him to his fate. He had written to her frequently during the past year, friendly, brotherly letters, such as Josephine might have read without just cause of complaint. But he had given way once, and in a moment when his sky was very dark, poured out his soul in passionate, burning words, telling how dreary life was to him without her, and asking if she could not bring herself to think that the divorce he could so easily get was valid, and would free him from the hateful tie which bound him?

And Rosamond had answered him: "Only God can free you from the bond," and had said he must never write like that to her again if he wished her to answer him; and so the last hope was crushed, and Everard took up his load once more and tried to bear it more manfully, and by closer attention to his practice to forget the bliss which might have been his had he not rashly thrown the chance away. Rossie had said to him in her letter, "Pray, Everard as I do; pray often, that you may learn to think of me as only your sister, the little Rossie who amused you and whom you liked to tease."

But Everard did not pray. On the contrary, he was in a most resentful and rebellious frame of mind, and blamed the Providence which had permitted him to go so far astray. It was well enough for women to pray, and to those who had never been tried and tempted as he had been, but for himself, he saw no justice in God's dealings with him, and he could not ask to be content with what he loathed from his very soul, he wrote in reply to Rossie, who, while he grew harder and more reckless, was rapidly developing into a character sweeter and lovelier than anything Everard had known. And the new life and principle within her showed itself upon her face, which was like the face of Murillo's sweetest Madonna, where the earthly love blends so harmoniously with the divine, and gives a glorious and saintly expression to the lovely countenance. But Rossie's health had suffered from this constant sense of pain and loss. The bright color was gone from her cheeks save as it came and went with fatigue or excitement, and there was about her a frail, delicate look, wholly unlike the child Rossie, who used to be so full of life and vigor in the old happy days at the Forrest House. Still, she complained of nothing except that she was always tired, but this was, in Mrs. Andrews' mind, a sufficiently alarming symptom, and it was as much on Rossie's as on her own account that she planned the trip to Florida, where she hoped the warm sunlight would bring strength again to the girl whom she loved almost as a daughter.

And so they were at the St. James', where Mrs. Andrews found several acquaintances, but Rossie saw no one whom she knew; and as she had a severe head-ache she kept her room, and did not appear until the second day, when she dressed herself and went down to join Mrs. Andrews on the piazza, where the guests usually congregated in the morning. There was a crowd of them there now, and Mrs. Andrews, who was very popular and entertaining, was already the centre of a group of friends, with whom she was talking, when Rosamond appeared, and made her way towards her. Everybody turned to look after her, and none more eagerly than Dr. Matthewson, who stood leaning against the railing, and waiting for Josephine to join him. He had watched for Rossie all the preceding day after her arrival, and felt greatly disappointed at her non-appearance, but he knew she was there, his half-sister, and the heiress to hundreds of thousands, and, as he believed, of a nature which he could mould as he would clay, if he could only know just what her tastes were, and adapt himself to them. As yet he had been quite non-committal, only devoting himself to Josephine, and talking very little with any one, so that he could, if necessary, become a saint or a sinner, and not seem inconsistent. Probably he would have to be a saint, he thought, and when at last Rossie appeared, and passed so near to him that he might have touched her, he was quite sure of it. Girls with the expression in their faces which hers wore didn't believe in slang and profanity, and the many vices to which he was addicted, and of which Josephine made so light. Rossie was pure and innocent, and must never suspect the black catalogue of sins at which he sometimes dared not look. How fair and lovely she was, with the sweet modesty of demeanor which never could have been feigned for the occasion; and how eagerly the doctor watched her, as she joined Mrs. Andrews, and was introduced to the ladies around her.

"Good-morning. A penny for your thoughts," was cooed in his ear, and turning, he met Josephine's blue eyes uplifted to him, and Josephine herself stood there in her very prettiest white wrapper, with an oleander blossom in her golden hair.

She, too, had watched anxiously for Rosamond, whom she meant to secure before any mischief could be done, and she saw her now at once in the distance, and saw the doctor was looking in that direction, too, and knew, before she asked him, of what he was thinking. But a slight frown darkened her face at his frank reply:

"I am thinking how very pretty and attractive Miss Hastings is. You must manage to introduce me as soon as possible, or I shall introduce myself."

Just then Rossie turned her face fully toward her, and their eyes met in recognition. There was a violent start on Rossie's part, and the blood flamed into her cheeks for an instant, and then left them ashy pale, as she saw the woman for whom she could not have much respect smiling so brightly upon her, and advancing to meet her as quickly and gladly as if they were the greatest friends.

"Oh, Miss Hastings!" she said, in her most flute-like tones, "this is a surprise. I am so glad to see you. When did you come?"

Rossie explained when she had come and with whom, and after a few brief remarks on the town and the climate, made as if she would return to Mrs. Andrews; but now was Josephine's opportunity or never, and still holding Rossie's hand, which she had not relinquished, she said:

"Come with me a moment, please; there are so many things I want to say. Suppose we take a little turn on the piazza," and leading Rossie around the corner of the hotel to a seat where no one was sitting, she plunged at once into the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Miss Hastings," she said, "you alone of all the people here know just how I am living with Everard, or, rather, not living with him. It was not necessary for me to explain everything, and for aught they know to the contrary, I have the most devoted of husbands, who may join me any day. You, of course, can undeceive them if you like, but——"

"Mrs. Forrest," Rossie exclaimed, "I have no wish to injure you. If I am asked straightforward questions I must tell the truth; otherwise I have nothing to say of your life at home, or of anything in the past pertaining to you and Everard."

"Thank you so much. I knew I could trust you," Josephine said, feeling immensely relieved. "And now come, let me present you to a friend whom I used to know in Holburton, and met after in Dresden. He is here for his health, and is so kind to Aggie and me. You must come to my room and see Agnes. She never stops a moment here after she has had her meals."

She talked rapidly and excitedly, and laid her hand on Rossie's arm, as if to lead her to Dr. Matthewson, who forestalled the intention by suddenly appearing before them. He was more impatient to speak to Rosamond than Josephine was to have him, and joined them for that very purpose. Never in his life had he seemed more at his ease, or appeared to better advantage, and there was something very winning and gracious in his manner as he bowed to Miss Hastings, and hoped she found herself well in the delicious Florida air.

"You do not look very strong," he said, "I hope a few days of this sunshine will do you much good." He was very kind and considerate, and had her be seated again while he talked with her a few moments on indifferent topics. Then, consulting his watch, he said to Josephine: "Mrs. Forrest, don't you think we should have that game of croquet before the day gets hotter? You see they are beginning to occupy the grounds already," and he nodded toward the opposite side of the park, where a group of young ladies and gentlemen were knocking about the balls preparatory to a game. "To-morrow we shall ask you to join us," he said to Rossie, "but as a physician, I advise you to rest to-day after your long journey. Coming suddenly into this climate is apt to debilitate if one is not careful. Good-morning, Miss Hastings," and with a graceful wave of his hand he walked away with Josephine, leaving Rosamond to look after and admire his splendid physique and manly form, and to think what a pleasant, gentlemanly person he was, with such a melodious voice.

Already he was beginning to affect and influence her thoughts, and she sat and watched him as he walked very slowly toward the croquet ground, where, instead of joining in the game, he sat down at some little distance and continued his conversation with Josephine, whose cheeks were flushed, and who seemed unusually excited.

The doctor's first remark to her as they left the hotel had been:

"Well, Joe, did you fix it all right with her?"

"Fix what?" Josephine asked, knowing perfectly well what he meant, but being determined that he should explain.

"Why, have you hired her not to go back on you, and tell that you are a grass widow instead of a loving wife, whose husband is pining in her absence?"

The elegant doctor could be very coarse and unfeeling when he talked with Josephine, whom he understood so well, and who replied:

"If you mean will she hold her tongue about my affairs, she will, and she does not know that you are the "priest all shaven and shorn, who married the youth all tattered and torn to the maiden all forlorn." I did not think it necessary to tell her that. Possibly, though, she may have heard your name from Everard; I do not know how that may be. I only told her that I met you in Holburton, and that I met you again at Dresden."

"Yes;"—the doctor smoothed his moustache thoughtfully a moment, and then added: "I say Joe, don't be in such a hurry to get to the croquet. I want to talk with you. I've turned a new leaf. I've reformed. That time I was so sick in Austria, I repented. I did, upon my soul, and said a bit of a prayer—and I believe I'll join the church again; but first I'll confess to you, who I know will be as lenient toward me as any one. I suppose you think you know just what and who I am, but you are mistaken. I am a hypocrite, a rascal, a gambler, and have broken every Commandment, I do believe, except "thou shalt not kill," and under great provocation I might do that, perhaps; and added to all this, I am Rossie Hastings' half-brother."

"Rossie Hastings' brother; and did you know it when you first came to Holburton, and why isn't your name Hastings, then?" Josephine asked, excitedly, and he replied, in the most quiet and composed manner:

"One question at a time, my dear. I am her brother, and my name was Hastings once,—John Matthewson Hastings. I took the Matthewson and dropped the Hastings to please a relative, who left me a few thousands at her death. I did know Rossie was my sister when I first met Everard Forrest in Holburton, and to that knowledge you owe your present exalted position as his wife."

She turned her eyes inquiringly upon him, and he continued:

"I told you I was going to make a clean breast of my sins, and I am, so far as your business is concerned. I hated Everard and the whole Forrest race, and that was my revenge."

"Hated Everard! For what? Had you seen him before you met him in Holburton?" Josephine said; and he replied:

"Yes, I had seen him, and I carried the marks of our meeting for weeks and weeks on my forehead, and the remembrance of it in my heart always. I had a stepmother,—a weak young thing whom I hated from the first, for no special reason that I now recall, except that she was a stepmother and I thought I must hate her; and I did, and worried her life almost out of her; and when a baby sister was born I hated that because it was hers, and because it would naturally share in my father's property, which was not large. The new mother was luxurious in her tastes, and spent a great deal, and that made trouble between her and my father, who, though a very elegant man in public, was the very Old Nick at home, and led his young wife such a life that even I pitied her sometimes, and did not wonder that she left him at last, and took refuge with her intimate friend, Mrs. Forrest, Everard's mother. Not long after she left home my father died, and I was made very angry because of some money he left to Rossie, which I thought ought to be mine, inasmuch as it came to him from my mother. So I persecuted my mother-in-law, who, I believe, was more afraid of me than of the old Harry himself. I went to the Forrest House and demanded first to see her, and then to see my sister, pretending I was going to take her away. The boy Everard was at home, had just come in from riding, and he ordered me from the house, and when I refused to go, the stripling attacked me with his whip, and laid the blows on well, too, especially the one on my face, the mark of which I carried so long. I swore I'd have revenge on him, and I kept my word, though at one time I gave up the idea entirely. That was at the camp-meeting, where a lot of them converted me, or thought they did, and for a spell I felt differently, and got a license to preach, and tried to be good; but the seed was sown on stony ground, and came to nothing, and I took seven spirits worse than the first, and backslid and quit the ministry, and went to studying physic, and was called doctor, and roamed the world over, sometimes with plenty of money, sometimes with none, and drifted at last to Holburton, where you asked me to be the priest in the play, and marry you to Everard Forrest. You probably do not remember how closely I questioned you about the young man. I wished to be certain with regard to his identity, and I was after talking with him about his home in Rothsay. He told me of Rossie, and boasted of the whipping he had given her brother, whose vengeance he did not fear. He was young. His father was rich, and proud as Lucifer, and would hardly think a princess good enough to marry his only son, much less you, the daughter of his landlady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

### Reminiscences of the Authoress of the Popular Hymn—Sketch of the Late Miss Gill.

(New York Herald.)

A *Herald* reporter called yesterday at the residence in Newark, No. 41 Spruce street, of Rev. James P. Wilson, D. D., pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church and formerly professor in Union Theological Seminary in New York, and gathered some interesting details about the late Miss Sydney Paul Gill, the authoress of the widely known and popular hymn "I Want To Be An Angel." Miss Gill died on Saturday night at the residence of Dr. Wilson, her brother-in-law. She was the daughter of the late Bennington Gill, of Philadelphia. While her father was doing business as a merchant in Birmingham, England, sixty years ago, Miss Gill was born, the youngest of four children. Her childhood was spent in England, but soon the family returned to Philadelphia. There, after her father's death, Miss Gill and her sister conducted a large boarding school for young ladies, and made a handsome fortune. They retired twenty-four years ago, and Miss Gill removed to Newark and took up her residence with Dr. Wilson. About a year ago she began to decline and finally breathed her last quietly and entirely resigned. Her death was unexpected. She had made arrangements to spend the summer at the sea shore. Miss Gill was a fine business woman and was closely identified with Newark Protestant charities, having long been secretary of the Female Charitable Society, and being identified with other institutions. The way she came to write the well known hymn was this:—She was a member of the Clinton street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, of which Rev. Dr. Joel Parker was pastor. One Sunday they had an anniversary celebration, and between the morning and afternoon services Miss Gill wrote the hymn. It was read then for the first time, and afterward published and translated into several foreign languages. Great numbers of letters were received from parents saying that their little ones had died with "I want to be an angel" on their lips. Miss Gill wrote a good many other hymns, but this alone commanded attention because of its simplicity. Except the good it did Miss Gill never realized anything from her composition. She died leaving a good estate. The funeral takes place to-day. Rev. Drs. Stearns and Smith will officiate, and the interment will take place at Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia.

## IN MALE ATTIRE.

A very interesting story is told in the following special dispatch from Toledo, under date of the 15th, to the Cincinnati *Gazette*:

"A strange and yet not altogether uncommon phase of life was revealed to-day at the Union depot. Officer Sullivan had occasion to be at the depot when the morning Lake Shore train arrived, and was informed by Detective Kavanaugh that a woman disguised as a man was in one of the coaches. Proceeding to the car indicated, Sullivan found a figure clothed in a black suit, straw hat and new box-toed shoes, reclining on a seat. It wore a mass of curly hair at the back of the head and a small black moustache. The officer at once recognized in the figure before him a woman, and a very fair-looking one at that. She recognized the officer as quickly as he did her, and when he laid his hand on her shoulder she said she knew what was wanted and would go with him. She was taken to the Central Station, where in answer to inquiries, she told the following story:

"My name is Kate Bench. I live in Grand Island, Nebraska, with my husband, Frederick Bench. We have been married nine years, but he is so close-fisted, stingy and cruel, that I have left him twice in my own clothes, and he has caught me each time. Finally, about four months ago, I went to work for some neighbors, who advised me to buy a man's suit and leave disguised in that way, so I got enough money to buy these clothes, and last Wednesday I left. I changed my clothes at the house of a friend, three miles from home, and did not sleep until I got to Chicago. There I was about to board the train for Toledo, when I thought I saw my husband in the depot, so I walked to Englewood, where I was all night. The way they detected me was between Chicago and here. I went to sleep and my moustache fell off, and when I awoke I found several men looking at me, and then your policemen brought me over here. My mother lives in Whitby, Canada, but I am going to Buffalo to see a sister, for I know my brothers would whip my husband if he comes for me. I met Fred in Ontario. First he claimed a homestead of 160 acres about eight miles from the railroad, in Grand Island, Nebraska. We lived happily the first two or three years. I had two children, but they are both dead. I hope they will let me go east, for I can never live with him again."

"The story was told with frequent bursts of tears, and her face was covered with her hands during its recital. She was detained in the sergeant's room without a charge being preferred, awaiting the captain's pleasure. Capt. Scott says there is nothing to hold the woman for."

—The late Empress of Russia was the mother of seven children—(1) the Grand Duke Nicholas, born 1843, died 1865; (2) the Grand Duke Alexander, heir apparent to the throne of "All the Russias," born in 1845, and married to Princess Maria Dagmar, daughter of King Christian of Denmark, and sister of the Princess of Wales, by whom he has four children; (3) the Grand Duke Vladimir, born in 1847, and married in 1874 to the Princess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, by whom he has three sons; (4) the Grand Duke Alexis, born in 1850; (5) the Grand Duchess Marie, now Duchess of Edinburgh; (6) the Grand Duke Sergius, born in 1857; and (7) the Grand Duke Paul who was born in 1860.


LISTOWEL CARRIAGE WORKS

GODDARD & GREEN

Are now manufacturing

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, FARMERS' DEMOCRATS, LUMBER WAGONS, &c.

From the very best selected material, and which they will sell

AT BOTTOM PRICES!

We would say to those who wish to purchase any of these articles, to call and examine our material before purchasing elsewhere.

No apprentices employed. All work guaranteed.

Repairing, Painting, Trimming, &c.

done with neatness and dispatch.

Also repairs for Thompson & Williams' Agricultural implements kept on hand.

GODDARD & GREEN,
21 Cor. Wallace and Inkerman sts., Listowel.

BANK OF HAMILTON.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, $1,000,000.

DIRECTORS:
DONALD McINNES, Esq., President.
JOHN STUART, Esq., Vice-President.
James Turner, Esq., | Dennis Moore, Esq.,
Edward Gurney, Esq., | John Proctor, Esq.,
George Roach, Esq.

LISTOWEL AGENCY.

Interest allowed on deposit receipts at the rate of

Four Per Cent. per Annum.

Drafts on New York, payable in Gold or Currency, bought and sold.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. On Saturdays, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

J. OLIVER MOWAT.
14 Agent.

MONEY. MONEY.

McDONALD'S BANK.

FARMERS, MERCHANTS AND others, desiring money on short date endorsed notes, or with good collateral security, can obtain it at any time by applying to the undersigned. Also interest allowed at the rate of

SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM

on money received on deposit. Can be drawn at any time with interest to date of withdrawal. Drafts issued to all points in Canada, payable at the Merchants Bank of Canada and its branches. American currency bought and sold.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

A. McDONALD & CO., Bankers,
26 Osborne's Block, Main street, Listowel.

SCOTT'S BANK,

LISTOWEL, ONTARIO.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

Does a General Banking Business.

Special attention given to collections at a moderate charge. Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of

SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM,

can be drawn at any time.

Money advanced in small or large amounts at all times, on good endorsed notes or on collateral security.

J. W. SCOTT,
Manager and Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FENNELL & DINGMAN, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Offices—Over Messrs. Climie, Hay & Co.'s store, Main street, Listowel.
T. G. FENNELL. D. B. DINGMAN.

SMITH & GEARING, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Office—Opposite Grand Central Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
R. SMITH. J. GRAYSON SMITH.
F. W. GEARING. 1-6y

DRS. DILLABOUGH & DINGMAN, Physicians, &c. Offices—Over Livingstone's drug store. Dr. Dillabough's residence, corner Main and Livingstone streets. Dr. Dingman's residence, cor. Dodd and P[illegible]

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., PHYSICIAN Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his drug store, Osborne Block, Main street. Residence, opp. Post Office, Main st.

MARBLE WORKS.

W. MITCHELL,

Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

Granite Monuments, English & American Grave Stones.

Table tops, Mantel pieces, Fire Grates, window and door sills, etc.

STAND—Opposite town hall, Mill street, Listowel.

W. M. BRUCE, SURGEON DENTIST, late of Toronto. Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Bean & Gee's store, Main street, Listowel. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous-oxide gas. 15

PROCTOR & GALL, ARCHITECTS and Superintendents. Plans and elevations of public and private buildings drawn architecturally and practically, with specifications in detail. Offices—Wingham and Listowel, Ont.
J. C. PROCTOR, Wingham.
WM. GALL, Listowel.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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. 7

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

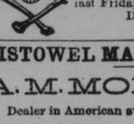
THOS. FULLARTON, NEWRY, Ont. Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Deeds, mortgages, leases and all conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Money to lend.

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. BURGESS
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 Regian 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.