What matters it ?" again laughed Chaillie

" Camille Chaillie is under the kind care of the nuns of St. Agnes. Transmit your

In a clear, deep voice, he read those words, and then turned his glittering eyes on Madame Juliette.

"Will you baffle me again, my gifted

My eyes are at your service." He took the letter, and fead:

A DESIGNING WOMAN

Plot for Alhambra Court

CHAPTER LXV. DREADFUL TIDINGS.

In one moment Mr. Udy passed from the extreme of spiritless gloom to the raging extreme of spiritless gloom to the raging fury of a tiger.

Without a single word, he suddenly doubled hir free hand, jerked back his arm, and the next inssant dealt Martin a blow that sent him to the ground with the swiftness of a stroke of lightning. But Martin was no sooner down than he was up again. When Mr. Udy saw that, discretion took the part of valour, and he turned and fied.

Martin nursed his injured head and injured feelings for half-an-hour, and slowly started for the Black Glem.

"I must go and look after that poor darkie

I must go and look after that poor darkie now" he muttered.

When the family at Alhambra Court assembled about the breakfast table the following morning, it was observed that Mr. Udy's place remained empty.

After waiting a reasonable time for his appearance, Mrs. Urquhart sent a servant to this agent to make incontress.

pearance, Mrs. Urquiart sent a servant to his room to make inquiries.

He directly returned with the information that Mr. Udy had been suffering severely from sick headache, and did not care for food, but that he would nevertheless be down in time to go to church, and when at the last moment he presented himself in readiness for church, Mrs. Urquhart uttered an instant and shocked protest against his accompanying them.

In appearance the man had aged twenty years during the interval between tea and breakfast. "I might as well be in church as here alone," he thought. "And it looks better to be there"

be there."

Madame Juliette expressed a polite regret in the listless way which had become habitual to her, and apathetically wondered in her own mind what had happened.

While Mr. Urquhart fully comprehended the cause of the wretched man's appearance, Alba's mind was stirring with vague and strangely terrible suspicions—suspicions that made her turn from him in the greatest horror.

Up to the moment of starting for church

she had been unable to secure an instant alone with her father. On their return it was the Immediately after the early Sunday dinner he took his hat, observing in his rough rasping voice, that he should spend the after-

With a cautious regard to the possible sicinity of Richard Blackwood, Mr, Urquhart proceeded through the grounds with the leisurely, observing air of a true pleasure-seeker.

Sometimes he walked negligently along, winging his cane, and apparently absorbed n the one act of feasting his eyes on the eauties surrounding him.
At other times he would seat himself in a

rustic chair, and for an hoar quietly turn the leaves of a book conspicuously with one hand. Though the progress thus made was safe, Though the progress thus made was sale, it was yet necessarily slow and intensely wearing to his anxious mind.

The sun was scarcely two hours high when he sauntered to the edge of the cultivated

he sauntered to the edge of the cultivated grounds, and entered the pretty glen in which Madame Juliette had so narrowly escaped her death at Ronald Chaillie's hands.

He had taken but a few seeps when he came face to face with Martin Bisby.

"Lord, sir, I thought you'd never get here! Twe been watching you with this, (touching the spy-glass he was thrusting into his pocket). I thought you was going to the Black Gien, and waited instead of venturing far in the grounds."

far in the grounds."
"What is it, Markin?" "Galen's gone, sir!"
For a moment Mr. Urquhart stood, in-

He never got back to the Black Glen, last hart hoarsely, "You'are on the wrong track, I think, sir."-Mr. Urouhart lifted his head and looked at

him in mute, surprised inquiry.

Martin answered the look by stepping clos to his side and whispering two words in his

At those words Mr. Urquhart staggered oack, every vestige of colour gone from his freckled face. "Lost!" he said.

Martin's chin sank drearily to his breast Mr. Urquhart reached Alhamora Court a little before the ringing of the tea-bell. He was hurrying up to his dressing-room when he met Alba coming down. Fearful that he might not again find the opportunity to speak privately to her, he paused making a pleasant remark about the delightful The next instant he whispered hastily:

"Galen is lost."

At that moment Alba's eye chanced to fall to the floor beneath the great window looking out from the first landing.

Just under the edge of the sweeping curtains showed the polished tip of a man's boot.

Recovering lorself on the instant, she answeed early.

"I am glad to hear that you have spent a pleasant atternoon. But I am jorry to observe that your hoarseness appears worse. You quite lost your voice just now, I noticed." Mr. Urquhart took the hint, bowed and proceeded to his room.

Alba went on down the stairs.

As sno passed the window the curtains swayed rudely, and Mr. Udy stepped out, his haggard face more haggard than ever. CHAPTER LXVL

At the sound of Mr. Udy's step behind he Alba glanced back over her shoulder and spoke pleusantly. Mr. Udy made no reply, but following her to the foot of the stairs suddenly and roughly caught her by the arm.

"What was that which Easton whispered?" he asked, rapidly and huskily. "I heard him say Galon?"

say Galen?"
"It is singular, Uncle Ashland," she said,
"that you have Galen so deeply fixed in
your rised. What could Mr. haston know
about Galen? And if he knows anything,
would he be likely to rush into sudden and
abrupt speech about him at a chance meeting
with me on the stairs?"

She passed, then quickly added:
"But, Uncle Ashland, what do you know
about Galen? I don't understand your anyinter. It looks—"

Mr. Udy roughly interposed, his increasing pallor showing that her incisive words had accomplished their purpose.

'Pshaw!" he answered, with a poor asaumption of nonchalance. "What should I
know of Galer, more than you and the rest of
the faunly? Don't be an idiot,"

The girl's purpose to move away was de feated by the rustle of garments at the head Beautiful as a houri, stately as a principle rable as a demon, Madame Juliette

off to the library.

"Is your mother down yet?" Madame
Juliette asked, as they crossed the room,
plancing as she spoke toward the Court of

Alba ahawered in the negative.
Alba ahawered in the negative.
But mademe never heard the answer.
As her eye returned from the court it was night by a six-ounce bottle standing on one

of the tables.

Only too quickly she had recognized Ron
ld Chaillie's tasteful fingers in the enfolding ertheless she asked, hastily catching

ed the bottle about. Now she held it, end and end, botween the tips of her slender, white fingers; now she moved it gently to and fro; now she softly turned it round and round; now she raised it up against the light. Half disturbed, Alba took the bottle from the restless hands.

The action aroused Madame Juliette.

"I was thinking—" Suddenly she checked herself, smiling with forced lightness the next moment. "So that medicine is for your mother?"

"It was brought for mamma," she said, deftly removing the wrapper from the bottle as

he was orought for mamma, she said, deftly removing the wrapper from the bottle as
she spoke. "But, of course we shall consider it yours also; for, of course, you will
share it with mamma. I don't know what
Dr. Ronald would say if—"
Madame Juliette started violently.
"Child, child!" she cried huskily, grasping the girls arm, "you have not told Dr.
Ronald that I—
"That you piller mamma's medi."

"That you pilfer mamma's medi-" The laughing reply the girl had interposed died on her lips. Suddenly lifting her eyes to Madame Juliette's face, she stood shocked at Before she could resume Madame Juliett

The girl answered hastily and in theutmos

surprise:

"Why, certainly not, Cousin Juliette,"

"Do not!" cried Madame Juliette with
unchanged vehemence. "Do not, as you."

She suddenly checked herself—suddenly
became conscious of the dangerous imprudence of her headlong words.

She resumed with a laugh and a sigh,
"How silly I am!" she exclaimed, wearily.

"What has come over me? I am not the
least like myself. I am depressed or excited
by the mere blowing of the summer breeze.
You must pardon me, child. Now to return
to Dr. Ronald I know him so well. He would
be really angry if he suspected I was
using your mother's remedies without his adrice."

"And would not Dr. Ronald have cause And would not by North have case, Cousin Juliette? she asked. "Are you not tampering with remedies a little recklessly? I believe," she concluded, with a laugh, "that you have more confidence in the efficacy of mamma's than in those prescribed for you. Witness last night."

Madame Juliette smiled, answering the

next moment:
"And my head got no better till I had used that stolen powder."
"And, consequently, you desire to appropriate a portion of this."

Madame Juliette took the bottle from the girl's hand and gianced at the directions.

"A teaspoonful three times daily," she read. Then looking at Alba with a smile, she handed back the bottle, saying as she did see nanded back the bottle, saying as she due so :—"I will try it one day if you will indulge me. After tea you shall quietly give me just three teaspoonfuls. But," she continued, as Alba musingly set the bottle aside—"but how is it that Doctor Ronald does not take tea with us to-night? He hasn't forgot that it is

"He is entertaining the friend who de "He is entertaining the friend who de-tained him last evening. He excused himself long enough to bring mamma's medicine. I think he does not like her having so much headache, Cousin Juliette."

"Ah!" exclaimed Madama Juliette, in a somewhat startled voice. But the next mo-ment she added, quietly: "If the doctor is playing the host at Arnheim Cottage, I sup-

se we need not expect to see him this ever "Not till to-morrow morning."

Her eyes had dropped again in a fas-inated gaze to the bottle on the table beside

her.
"What is keeping him away?" she asked
herself. "Why does he grow suddenly
anxious over the headaches. Why does he
rush breathlessly here to bring this bottle? It
all means something. What does it mean?
That—the hour has come?"
Madame Juliette was right. It all meant

omething.

Ronald Challife had captured Craig Grang and ignominously locked him in the liver vault at Arnheim Cottage, without the slightest intention of inconven self by personally playing the part of

But into that despised office he had On returning to Arnheim Cottage the pre ious night, he was met by a telegram fro is employé in Canada.

It was addressed to Terry, and ran as fol "The grey horse got the best of the ace. I'm nabbed, and can't mount again. Chaillie read it, and flew into a rage.

"What!" he shouted, with an oath ne mean by that infernal message?" Terry looked grave.
"I'm atraid Mr. Pinard has been too sharp

for him, sir. He's been arrested and has probably bribed somebody to send this mes-

Chaillie satdown, pale and disturbed.

"Of course," pursued Terry, "no provision was made for an event so improbable as Blakes arrest, and he has consequently been left to do the best he can under the circumstaness."

Chaillie had sat with bent head and knit brows. As Terry ceased speaking he bounded impetuously to his feet.
"I think I understand it," he burst out, his eyes flaming with excitement. "Pinard's on his way to Boston. Terry, the men must be instantly stationed as already arranged."
"They have been six."

"They have been, sir."
"You're a trusty fellow, Terry. I would not give you for your worth in gold. And have you thought, too, that I might want you to start for Canada to-night?"

Terry pointed to his satchel, umbrella, and duster in one corner of the hall.

'You see, sir? But, Mr. Chaillie, with Grahame in the vault, there should be some-one there lesides Winter's wife."

"And I must be the someone," growled Chaillie. "The fiends take him and Pinard,

Chaillie, "The fiends take him and Pinard, too. But it's time you were off! Listen!"

He gave a few hasty and conclusive instructions, and in five minutes Terry was Left by himself, Chaillie went to the libra ry and there gave unrestrained voice to his rage and dismay.

An hour later he left it and proceeded to his bedroom, a smile of perfect satisfaction

on his lips.
"To-morrow will be Sunday; next day Monday. Yes, Tuesday, shall be my wedding

cine over and stay long enough to tell Mrs. Urquhart that I'm suddenly called to London, and that my bride must go with me. Finale?

He kepthis promise. Hetook the medicine; he spoke privately with Mrs. Urquhart. He left with Cæsr's proud words upon his Mrs. Urquhart had been won by his match-

ess eloquence.

Madame Juliette was right—it all mean something. CHAPTER LXVIL THE ORANGE SHERBET.

Madame Juliette uttered that one word, and then stood glaring at the slender glass, held aloft in her hand, a white horror and deadly despair imprinted on everp exquisite

"Poison!" she repeated, setting the glass, th shaking hand, upon the buhl cabinet

"Poison—the deadliest, the most destruc "Poison—the deadliest, the most destructive, though slow!"

As she uttered the words she pushed the glass back to its little niche in the cabinet, touched the spring of the right-hand secret drawer, and took out a tiny golden flask similar to the one she had carried to Craig Grahame's room.

She caught a crystal goblet from a consol near her. With breathless, trembling haste she shook into it a minute portion of the contents of the flask.

soon brought stood ready for use.

She snatched it up, untied the label, and a moment had affixed it to the one; til hat instant, hidden within her pocket.
Thrusting Chaillie's into her pocket, she
noved to the bedside, the sherbet in her

While she stood considering, Mrs. Urqu part opened her eyes and Madame Juliette said hastily:

"I trust I have not startled you. I came to bring this glass of sherbet, and could not go away without seeing you drink it."

"How good you are, Juliette," she said, taking the goblet from Madame Juliette's eager hand.

"I wish to heaven I were better!" she said, quickly and huskily.

With those words she gently touched the pale, thin hand on the counterpane and was gone.

Monday morning rose grey with a threater ing storm.

All night long Madame "Juliette had unweariedly paced her sitting-room. All night long she had revolved one dreadful question.

"What shall I do?" was on her lips at midnight. "What shall I do?" was on her

She descended to breakisst the of herself, but still magnificent, incomparately

eautiful.

"I slept none last night," she said, truthully and simply, when questioned. "I feel
eally ill this morning. But I shall recupertie with rest to-day."

As the members of the family scattered
Mrs. Urquhart drew Alba into the library.
Half an hour later the girl came out with
a face like death, and eyes wide and miserable.

a face like death, and eyes wide and miserable.

Mrs. Urquhart had just redeemed her promise of the previous afternoon to Ronald Chaillie. She had eloquently and successfully pleaded his cause.

The following afternoon, at four o'clock, Alba was to be made Mrs. Chaillie.

"I must not fret papa with this," thought the girl, her wide eyes staring straight and unseeingly before her. "He can do nothing. In any event I am bound in honour to marry Dr. Ronald, and I must do it."

She was nearly an hour behind time in

She was nearly an hour behind time in seeking Mr. Urquhart's studio, for her daily lesson. Her first question accounted satisfactorily to Mr. Urquhart for her white face and tremulous water. and tremulous voice.

"No news, my child," he answered, in cautious tones. "But, my love, you look quite ill. You must not let Galen thus weigh upon your mind. Let us trust in God for the

"Uncle Ashland—you don't—"
"No, dear," answered Mr. Urquhart with quick, comprehension of her unspoken fear.
"I think he is as ignorant of his whereabouts

Just at the moment that Mr. Urqubart spoke those words in the distant studio, Ronald Chaillie entered the morning-room. Mrs. Urquhart was there alone. His first question related to Alba.

"She consents," Mrs. Urquhart answered, a little sadly, remembering Alba's white, shocked face. "For my sake she consents. Bet, doctor, she refuses to be married in anything but the deep black she now wears," "She may robe herself in sackcloth and ashes, if she likes!" cried Chaillie, with tender impetuosity, adding hurriedly the next moment: "You agree with me that it is wiser to

defer the announcement of our intentions till to-morrow morning?" "Most decidedly. Alba will thus be spared a great deal of useless excitement. I should, however, like to confide in Madame Juliette; but her commands have been so positive in all that relates to Alba, that I have finally determined to tell her with the others, after breakfast to-morrow morning," As Mrs. Urquhart spoke, she rose, "One moment," interposed Ronald. "It must not be forgotten that you are an invalid."

d."
He had barely placed his white fingers on er wrist, when the door opened and Madame ullette entered. Juliette entered.

"I am not satisfied with the action of the medicine I brought you yesterday," he said, rising as he spoke. "I will ring the bell—be

kind enough to order the bottle brought to Mrs. Urguhart stopped him 'I am going up-stairs; I will send it down

You will explain to Alba that I did not wish to disturb her, and could not possibly Mrs. Urquhart maid the required promise, and Chaillie closed tho door.

Madame Juliette's burning eyes watched

his every motion.

Without a word or glance he walked from the door to a window, and looked thought-fully out upon the drizzling rain just beginning to fall. ing to fall.

Like a statue Madame Juliette sat.

Like a statue Ronald Chaillie stood. Cleo entering with the bottle ended the

opressive stillness. Chaillie wheeled from the window and took Cleo went out.
Then, and not till then, Chaillie fastened his steady, glittering eyes upon Madaine CHAPTER LXVIII

CRUSHED.

The accusation for which she waited came.
"You have," he said, his voice hushed,
and icly composed, "you have tampered
with my medicine. You have pitted yoursail against me."

He removed the glass stopper, took from his pocket a tiny flask, and poured from it a few drops into the bottle.

A na sh, suppressed laugh crossed his lips.
One emphatic word followed.

"Water!"

into his pocket again, and sent the bottle whirling through the open window. With the swiftness of a tiger, he once "You have pitted yourself against me!" he panted in hushed tones, for the second time, "Against me! Against me! For an instant Madame Juliette's emotions

seemed to choke her.

The next she locked her cold hands fiercely The next she leaned forward, breathing with a sudden blaze of her burning eyes.

"You mean to murder her, Monster wretch that you are! You mean to murder

her!"

"And what is that to you?" demanded Chaillie, fiercely. "Must I lay my schemes at your feet, and ask your queenly approval? A fine way, forsooth. Had I done that, I would not be standing here the betrothed husband of the loveliest girl in the United States. Nor would I to-day be the lordly gaolar of that insolent hound, Craig Gra..."

"Grahame!" she gasted her line growing "Grahame!" she gasped, her lips growing whiter and whiter with each word. "Ghame. Man, you have not been so mad?"

"Bah!" laughed Chaillie, contemptuously.

"What insane recklessness!" she whispered drearily to herself.

As those words left her lips she all at once lifted her hands, and pressing them against her throbbing temples, moved slowly and dazedly to the door.

Chaillie's low, icy voice, and Chaillie's white, muscular hand stopped her.

"Let us understand each other. You pit yourself against me? Speak? Yes or no?

The firm hand still upon her shoulder, tightened to an iron grasp. tightened to an iron grasp.

Her breast heaved; her cheeks glowed; her eyes blazed. Slowly she lifted one hand reverently above her head. Slowly she

"As heaven is my witness. Yes! Heaven is my witness, she shall never fall your victim!" your victim!"

Her sweet, clear, beliglike voice ceased; her hand dropped; and she stood silently gazing at him.

Chaillie thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter.

As he did so Madame Juliette's eye chanced to fall muon the post-mark. France. Period. As he did so Madame Juliette's eye chanced to fall upon the post-mark—France—Paris. Chaillie's silent, mocking smile broke into a low, exultant laugh.

"Take it and read it, my fair antagonist," he urged tauntingly, in his blandest voice.

"It is well worth the time you can spare

n baffling me, I most earnestly assur resent had ever seen him.

At the close of the meal he announced his tention of going up to see Madame Juliith a deep breath she took it.

vo minutes, three, four, she stared mutthe open sheet. No change passed ovewhite features; no movement broke the
cot stillness of her superb form. With that decision he went hastily to the por of Madame Juliette's sitting-room.

oor of Madame Juliette's sitting-room. He had scarcely tapped before Marie appeared.

"It's no use," she said, before Mr. Udy
could speak; "madame will not see you tonight."

"Where is she?" he asked, in the same

appressed tones in which Marie had spoken.
"In the music-room, writing."
Mr. Udy cast a rapid glance behind him.

Celie?"

As he spoke the words a shiver ran through Madame Juliette from head to foot.

"Cease your infernal meddling, and I will give her to you. Continue it, and I will make life a Hades to her under your own eyes. Choose!"

Chaillie uttered that final command, and then suddenly opened the door. He saw she could not At the sound of his entrance Madame Juli-ette lifted her superb head, dropped the pen between her fingers upon the golden standish and slowly rose to her feet. As she did so Mr. Udy as slowly staggered back. To be continued.

Chaillie uttered that final command, and then suddenly opened the door. He saw she could not speak. He would not risk the possibility of some one's unexpected entrance by keeping her longer.

"To-morrow, at four o'clock p.m., I marry Alba Urquhart."

He opened the door.

Madame Juliette passed through.
Perceiving that no one was about, he quietly left the house and stepped into his buggy. As he drove off he breathed two exultant words.

s. Conquered again !¹⁰ he smiled. canwhile Madame Juliette, bl Meanwhile Madame Juliette, blindly grop-ing and staggering at each slow step, had reached the foot of the stairs. Blindly she went to her sitting-room. Blindly she locked herself in

herself in.

In the centre of the room she stopped, her vacant gaze fixing itself upon the leaden grey of the distant sky.

"I used to pray," she whispered.
Slowly and shrinkingly her hands rested themselves, palm to palm, on the edge of the little pearl and gold table in front of her.
Slowly and shrinkingly she bent to her knees.

The angels looked down upon a strange sight—Madame Juliette praying. CHAPTER LXIX.

THE CLOSING NET. Despite the rain, despite hunger and weariness, Mr. Udy spent the entire day in prosecuting his search in the Black Gien for Galen. At six o'clock he took the train for Boston, a new man. He had found traces of his victims—traces too alight to have impressed an unsuspicious mind, but traces which were convincing proofs to him of the recent presence of those he sought.

Glowing with satisfaction, he hurried from the depot to his office, looking neither to the right nor the left, and completely lost in his own thoughts. "Ass, idiot! fool that I was not to have remembered the Black Glen before," he muttered inaudibly to himself, as he went heedlessly on. "The precious time I have wasted. But thank heaven it is not too late. The Black Glen will tell no tales. But, by the heavens above us, it shall have a tale

by the heavens above us, it shall have a tale it might tell. Day and night I'll haunt that spot till the life blood of—"

At this point his sanguinary speech was brought to an abrupt close, and his eyes most unexpectedly called from their fixed gaze upon the pavement.

From the open door of a travelling carriage into the common that the common that

From the open door of a travelling carriage just drawn up at the curb an umbrella had hurriedly shot out, opening with violent force against Mr. Udy's, and whirling it from his careless grasp on the instant.

Almost before Mr. Udy could understand what had happeeed to him, a brisk, rapid voice aried apologetically:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I—"

The voice pansed there, and Mr. Udy stood as it turned to stone.

The speaker leafuned, a curious change in the tone of his voice:

"Mr. Udy. This is a coincidence, I declare. I was just at this moment thinking of

clare. I was just at this moment thinking of

you, sir."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Udy, in shaking tones.
"Such a surprise, sir. My umbrella knocked out of my hands, ai'd my eyes transfixed by the sight of a man who is in Canada. Why, Mr. Pinard, I feel as if I'd seen a ghost!" "Your agitation recalls some curious exerciences of mine in Canada, Mr. Udy rangely enough, a man named Blake seemed

Montreal. Indeed, but for this singular fact I should have surprised you a week ago. Finally, becoming a little tried of Blake's attentions, I handed him over to the kindly tentions, I handed him over to the kindly care of a turnkey. At the time that I did so he flew into a foaming rage and made rather a remarkable speech. He swore that I'd find friends on the watch for me in Boston. An odd assurance that, wasn't it, Mr. Udy? Well, as a wise man should always do in doubtful matters. I weighed it carefully. The result you see. I declined to meet my expectant friends. I finished my journey by horse-power. Good evening, Mr. Udy."

With those words Mr. Pinard bowed and turned to his driver. As plainly as man turned to his driver. As plainly as man could say a thing he had said :

could say a thing he had said:

"Mr. Udy, you sent Blake to Montreal."
But Mr. Udy had scarcely heard the words of the abruptly delivered story.

His eye had suddenly caught sight of a man quietly regarding him from the doorstep of the Tremout House.

The man was Richard Blackwood.

"Here yet!" Mr. Udy was saying over and over in his own mind. "Here yet, and Pinard in town! Here in the house with Pinard! Here looking at me talking to Pinard! In less than twenty-four hours they'll

and! In less than twenty-four hours they'll know each other's thoughts!"

In the one headlong desire to get away he dashed off to his office, fastened himself in,

and threw open the window.

Glaring stonily out, he gasped hoarsely:
"Ralph! Bisby! Galen! Pinar Blackwood! The game is up!

Blackwood! The game is up!

Before leaving home in the morning Mr.
Udy had requested that tea might be served
later that evening, stating that he should be
unavoidably detained in Boston.

A few minutes before the hour fixed upon
Mr. Urquhart entered the great hall by the
front door.

He was proceeding leisurely to the stairway, when Alba's pale face and beckning
hand drew him to the library.

As he entered the girl hastily closed the
door, whispering, with wide, anxious eyes:

"Oh, papa! I have been almost wild! You
have been gone the whole day, and you said have been gone the whole day, and you said you would be back to luncheon. And how

pale you look, papa. Mr. Urquhart looked down at her, and placed his hands tenderly on her shoulders.
"Can my brave little daughter bear more ill news?" he asked, somewhat huskilv. "I can bear all that you can, papa," she said, simply, in rather uneven tones.

said, simply, in rather uneven tones.

Mr. Urquhart leaned hastily toward her.

"Martin Bisby did not meet me!" he said rapidly, "I believe him to be in the hands of Richard Blackwood!

Mr. Urquhart hurried on:

I have refrained from troubling you before, my child; but now I must tell you that it was Martin's opinion, from the first, that Galen had fallen into Blackwood's clutches. I agree with him!"

With the ceasing of Mr. Urquhart's voice Alba started into sudden life.

"You must flee!" she cried, her petite form trembling with excitement. "You must flee this hour! You—" form trembling with excitement.
must flee this hour! You—"

I have done all that man could do !" he said.

"Now I sha'l brave the worst! It will probably be several days before Blackwood makes a move, and during those days we will live as peacefully as we can—"

The sound of the sudden opening and closing of the front door startled him into silence.

"Uncle Ashland!" whispered Alba.

The next instant she disappeared in one of the side rooms, and went on to the Court of Delights.

Delights.

Alba was right. It was Mr. Udy that had sontered. But he did not approach the library.

When the tea-bell rang Mr. Udy made his appearance, looking more sallow, more hag-

gard, and more dresdfully ill than any one

No one was about.

The next moment he had twirled Marie out of his way as if she had been a puppet; and, before the indignant Frenchwoman had well ecovered her balance, he was face to face

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Fashion Notes. The Alaska and Shetland seals are now dyed almost or quite black, and can be worn by ladies in mourning.

All gray trimming furs are used to adorn the favoured gray and green velvet or cloth costumes of the coming season.

Short ostrich tips and smooth feathers of every kind are preferred this season to the sweeping plumes so long worn. Partly fitted jackets of Persian lamb and

intrimmed with any other fur bid fair to have considerable popularity. Plain black velvet is still used for dresses, but is no longer employed for large cloaks. In short, plain silk or wool is only used as an

accessory for figured stuffs. The long, tight fitting Jersey cloth sacques will be as fashionable this year as they were last, and are very comfortable and stylish when trimmed with narrow bands of fur. The Medicis laces, which were thought handsome for lingerie when first introduced, are now thought too heavy for that purpose, and are only used for trimming unde Very jaunty and pretty house jackets which fit the figure closely are made of Russian lace, edged with a frill of the same and insertion, through which bright coloured ribbons are

Black lace dresses are much in vogue, with sleeves trimmed a l'Espagnole, with wide black lace, or else chenille fringe and jet placed around the armhole and narrowing under the arm.

Long Newmarket coats or sacques with three plaits in the back and made of thick, warm cloth, with grey felt bats trimmed with blue or red velvet and some stiff wings, are stylish for young girls. Handsome street costumes of cloth have a

cutaway coat or jacket to correspond; these are usually finished off with a velvet vest, cuffs, jacket, and collar, and are fastened with steel or bronze buttons. Velvet ribbons have not reached the height of favour, and will be the principal trimmings of next season's dresses. Braiding will also retain its hold as a popular decoration of cloth

Go 'Way!

"Jump on the scale," the butcher said
Unto a miss one day,
"I'm used to weighing, and," said he
"I'll tell you what you weigh." "Ah, yes," came quick the sweet reply From lips seemed made to kiss; "I'm sure, sir, that it would not be First time you've weighed amiss." The butcher blushed; he hung his head And knew not what to say; He merely wished to weigh the girl—. Himself was given away.

iresses, while velvet ribbon will be used on

For and About Women. Aimée tells a reporter that she wears out \$360 worth of stockings every year. tears cost little, but bring her much !" A dealer in patent collars and baby linen has been sending circulars to doctors in Eng-land, offering a commission of ten per cent.

Miss Alcott says "she has fallen in love with a great many pretty girls in her life, but never once the least bit with a man," Same here, old lady. Shake! Victoria Woodhull, now in England, calls

herself "America's finest female orator and greatest teacher." And yet people wonder why the British hang Ame A Minneapolis caller on New Year's day assaulted a hostess because she hinted that, assaulted a hostess because she hinted that, owing to his condition, coffee was a more suitable beverage for him than wine. Both were members of fashionable society.

A romantic Washington couple were married at twelve o clock on Monday night. A local reporter says:—"When the last stroke of the bell proclaimed the birth of the f it if you can.

new year, the groom pressed a husband's kiss on the lips of his pretty bride." The life-size portrait of Miss Jennie Cham berlain, the American beauty, which was ordered by the Prince of Wales, has been placed at Marlborough house. The Cham-berlain family are about to visit the Duchess

of Edinburgh at Eastwell park. A bookbinder said to his wife at their wedding: "It seems that now we are bound together two volumes in one, with clasps." 'Yes," observed one of the lady guests, "one side highly ornamental Turkey morocco and the other plain calf."

H. T. Raisin arrived in Galveston, Texas, on the 21st ult., and was taken ill in the Gerardin house. He telegraphed to his divorced wife, from whom he had been separated seven years, and she reached his bedside on the 30th, and was remarried to him. Two days later he died.

A New York girl has just enjoyed the triumph of having the biggest wedding given in that city for years. She whispered around that the man she was to marry had a redheaded wife somewhere, who most likely would be on hand to interrupt the ceremony. The church was crowded. Miss Kate Kane, attorney-at-law, has be-

songht the Chicago papers not to permit their court reporters to call her a "female" law-yer. "My mother," she writes, "finished the business at the christening services, when she called me Kate instead of John, and if your reporter had any supplement to add he Henry Ward Beecher says four-fifths of the Henry Ward Beecher says four-fifths of the people in heaven will be women. "That is all right enough," says George Peck. "Nobody ought to kick about that. Four-fifths of the women are better than men, anyway, and they ought to go to heaven. But according to that story, what a stag party there is going to be standing around the fire in the other place."

there is going to be standing around the fire in the other place."

There was a company of gentlemen engaged in a little game of "nap," in a prominent gentleman's partiour one night lately. It grew late, and fears were expressed by the party that they were trespassing upon the kindness of the mistress, who, by the way, was not present. "Not at all, gentlemen—not at all! Play as long as you please. I am Czar here!" said the master of the mansion. "Yes, gentlemen, play as long as you please!" said a silvery voice, and all rose as the mistress of the house stood before them. She continued:—"Play as long as you please, gentlemen! but, as it is nearly one o'clock, the Czar is going to bed." And he went.

Mrs. James Caldwell, of Lexington, Mo, travels on a pass to which she is justly entitled. It is a life pass issued by the Northern Pacific railroad to Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell twenty years ago, and is accepted by railroads throughout the United States. Bushwhackers set fire to the Northern railroad's bridge over Young's creek in January, 1861. Caldwell, who saw the fire, ran and tried to stop the trains to Centralia and gave the alarm, while his wife went to the bridge and tried to ex-

nguisb the flames, and then got a lantern and waited with it in the bitter cold to save passenger train. The company offered the air \$10,000 in money, and when that was reused gave them this famous pass.

A Vermont woman, living in the country, A Vermont woman, living in the country, says of lady help: "In the course of the last two years and a quarter I have only been able to secure a regular servant during forty-one weeks, or something more than one-third of the time. Nor has one person filled the time mentioned, but it has been divided between six or seven persons; ranging in age from a 'little girl' of 13 up to grown women, who were fully competent had they chosen to be steady."

Decorated Milk Pails, Painting on wood is a favourite pastime for dies, and articles that at one time would have been considered only suitable for the dairy or the kitchen are now quite freely decorated and used for parlour receptacies for work, &c. Tuns milk pails are often deco-rated, the inside lined with silk or satin, and rated, the inside lined with silk or sain, and the outside painted. First of all cover with oak stain the whole of the pail, then with oil colours paint sprays of apple blossom, hawthorn or almond blossoms boldly upon it. When that is finished and dry, line the interior, and loop some thick cord through the square handles in either side, bringing in

the square narries in either side, bringing it across the top so as to form a loose handle; finish the same with knotted ends or tassels. An ebonized pail with brilliant Marechal Neil roses is beautiful if artistically painted. Economy in Flopements,
"That's all nonsense!" remarked a wellknown physician to a reporter the other day,
as he threw down a paper containing an account of a runaway in which the daughter of
a local politician figured as heroine,
"What's nonsense, doctor"
"Why, this runaway match which you

have just published. That elopement was all a sham. It's as simple as can be. The girl's father is one of the best known men in this ection of the town and is a politician besides He has, necessarily, a large acquaintance with the element who are always expecting him to stand treat upon the slightest pretext, and, what with this and the wedding feativities, supper, and other etceteras, his daughter's marriage, if solemnized in the ordinary man-ner, would have cost him a great deal of money. An elopement saved all this, so he just opposed his daughter's wishes strongly enough to give a pretext for the two to run out of town a bit, where the expenses of the wedding, all told, didn't amount to more

than five or ten dollars." A Humble Confession. Who is that little woman there, With laughing eyes and dark-brown hair, And phy lognomy so fair? My wife.

Who's not as meek as she appears, And doesn't believe one half she hears, And toward me entertains no fears? My consort,

Who wakes me up on every mornin About the time the day is dawning. My protestations calmly scorning? My spouse. Who marks my clothes with India ink, And darns my stockings quick as a wink, While I sit by and smoke and think? My frau.

Who asks me every day for money, With countenance demure and runny, And calls me "nerty boy" and "honey?" My little woman. Who runs this house both night and day, And over all exerts her sway; Who's boss o' this shanty, anyway? My better haif.

" Do !" Do remember that you are married to a man and not to a god; be prepared for imperfections.

Do anticipate the discovery by your husband that you are "only a woman;" if you were not he would not care about you.

Do, once in a way, let your husband have the last words; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Do let the sun into your home; a man detests dark rooms, and his taste is of more importance than your carpets, curtains, or complexion.

Do refuse to tell your home worries to your closest friend; they are nobody's business but

ngs just as they are. If the tidy is off the

chair back, what does it matter? A newspaper on the floor, even, is no absolute disgrace.

Do let your husbaud smoke if he wants to;
you can easily accustom yourself to the smoke
of his cigar, and it will keep him out of mischief and—quiet; if your curtains smell after it, let the air blow through the room. Do let him read the newspaper at the break-fast table; it is unsociable, but then it is only a trifle after all, and he likes it.

Do let him know more than you do once in a while; it keeps up his self-respect, and you will be none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible. Do pay your servants regularly.

Do keep accounts; do live within your allowance; do, for the sake of everybody, yourself included, know exactly how much

ou have to spend, and save something out

Do date your letters. Do have an open fire if you can manage it, and do have the hearth swept up every time coals are put on.

Do be courageous; do be self-respecting;
do be a sensible woman, and not a mere inane
creature, pretty to look at and of no further

Do wear real jewellery or none at all. Do read something better than novels of cook books.

Do remember that the interest of life is not centred in your home circle; do familiarize yourself with outside events. Do read something in the papers besides fashion notes and society columns; have some knowledge of what is going on in foreign

Do be a companion to your husband, if he is a wise man; and if he is not, try to make Bible? him become your companion; raise his standard; do not let him lower yours.

Do respect your husband's prejudices; do respect his relations, especially his mother; she is not the less his mother because she is your mother-in-law; she loved him before

The ease and negligé of home often induce carelessness as to etiquette, the impression being that politeness and polish are only needed in society, and that carelessness of manner is appropriate to home life. All such views are erroneous. There is positive comfort in politeness, and etiquette is as important at home as abroad. We distinguish etiquette as the outward expression of polite-ness. It has to do with forms and attentions, which are external. A lady in society is treated with a certain deference which manifests itself in delicate attentions. Child-ren in society are treated with considerate

manifests itself in delicate attentions. Children in society are treated with considerate kindness, which is always considerately expressed. There are rules of etiquette which relate to the many little attentions and formulas. These in society are carefully graded, and often rigidly enforced. They may be made onerous, and so oppressive. But etiquette is clearly defined.

We do not advocate an etiquette for the home so rigid as to be burdensome. Yet it may be the means of teaching politeness to children. Those who have an instinctive politeness easily fall in with the rules of etiquette. But all have not this instinct. Some are careless, rude, selfish, inconsiderate. These need discipline. To give this is not to lecture on the rules of good order or politeness. It must be instilled more by example than precept. And where the parents are careful to observe the forms of politeness, its importance is naturally impressed and its rules are speedily learned. Therefore, all deference that would be shown in the public society should mark intercourse at home. And it husband and write are courteous, children imbibe and practise it. Example is the great teacher in this line.

Beyond this, courtesy exerts a very decided influence on character. Trained to the etiquette of politeness gives a balance and evenness to character. Its very inception involves self-control and conscious restraint. It is path most second nature. The forms and rules are acquired and the habits slowly

grafted on. Where this is done so much and habits of mind. Such persons are apt to be self-contained in all emergencies. A gentleman will be such under all provocations and amid all trials and tests. Hence child en thus educated receive something more than polish. It is something to gracefully escort a lady to dinner, or to maintain an agreeable conversation, or to maintain an agreeable conversation, or to show at all times the air of good breeding, but the value of it all is in the traits of mind that have been imparted. A clean person will feel clean, and one accustomed to point ness will naturally realize the elevation of feeling that attends courtesy.



Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, Instantlaliays Itching and inflammation, clears the Ski and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restore

Cutioura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifie and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Bab Humours, Skin Blemistes, Sunburn, and Roug Chapped, or Greasy Skin.

Cuticura Remedies, are absolutely pure, and the only real Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers, free from mercury, arsenic, lead, zinc, or any other mineral or vegetable poison whatsoever. It would require this entire paper to do jus-tice to a description of the curse performed by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTI-CURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

Eczema of the palms of the hands, and of the ends of the fingers very difficult to treat, and usually considered incurable; small patches of teter and salt rheum on the ears, nose, and sides of the face. Scald Heads with loss of hair without number, heads covered with dandruft and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants many of which since birth had been a mass of

Itching, burning and scaly tortures that baffled even relief from ordinary remedies, soothed and healed as by magic.

Psoriasis, leprosy, and other frightful forms of skin diseases, scrofulous ulcers, old sores, and discharging wounds, each and all of which have been speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies failed, as proven by a vast number of sworn testimonials in our possession, which we will cheerfully mail to any address.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 centa. RESOLVENT, \$1. Soad, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Dominio Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases,"

BEAUTY For Rough Chapped, and Pimples and Skin Blemishes useCUTICURA SOAR

COMPETITION NO. 2. Gold Watches, Sliver Watches, Jewellery, &c., Given Free to Senders of First Correct Answers to Certain Bible Questions, The Publisher of the LADIES' JOUR-NAL, a 20-page Monthly Fashion Magazine, published at Toronto, Canada, offers the fol-

owing valuable prizes:—
FIRST PRIZE.—Ore Solid Gold Hunting Case Ladies' Watch, cases elegantly engraved, retailed about \$60.
SECOND PRIZE—Ladies' Very Fine Case Case Case Silvan Watch Hunting Case Coin Silver Watch, retaile your own.

Do, if a friend drops in unexpectedly, leave THIRD PRIZE.—Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch

> FOURTH PRIZE.—Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed FIFTH PRIZE.—Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed about \$14. SIXTH PRIZE.—Gentlemen's Nickel Sil-

ver Hunting Case Watch, retailed about \$10.
SEVENTH PRIZE.—Gentlemen's Open
Face Nickel Watch, retailed about \$8.
EIGHTH PRIZE.—A Pair of Beautiful
Heavily Plates Gold Bracelets, retail \$7.
NINTH PRIZE.—A Solid Gold Gem Ring -a very pretty article.

Each of the following questions must be answered correctly to secure a prize. The prizes will be awarded in the order the correct answers are received. That is, the first one sending the correct answers to each of the Bible questions asked below will receive the first prize, and the second sending correct answers to all the questions will receive the second prize, and so on. Remember all the three questions must be answered correctly, and FIFTY CENTS IN SCRIP OR COIN must be sent by each competitor, and for this half dollar they will receive the LADIES'

JOURNAL FOR ONE YEAR, Remember these prizes are only given you in order to get you to take an interest in the LADIES JOUENAL, and also to get you to study the Bible. You will get extra good value for your half dollar investment even if you don't secure one of these valuable prizes. The following are the questions, and they are really not so very difficult if you know anything at all about the Bible:

No. 1.—How many letters are there in the

No. 3.—What verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet, counting I and J as one? The Old and New Testament are included The Old and New Testament are included in the term Bible, but not the Apocrypha.

The LADIES' JOURNAL is the best value for fifty cents to be found anywhere among ladies' fashion publications. It consists of 20 pages each issue, and contains the sum and substance of all the high-priced American fashion publications, with large full page illustrations of all the latest fashions, with two full pages of the newest music, a short or serial story, household hints and a lot of other very interesting matters for ladies. This competition will remain open only till 20th January next. In the January issue of the LADIES' JOURNAL, just published, will be found the names and addresses of the will be found the names and addresses of the successful prize winners in Competition No. 1, just closed. The annual subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL is FIFTY CENTS.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL,

TORONTO, CANADA.

Single copies, Five Cents,

The celebrated Dr. H. Hollick, of London, has established an agency in Toronto for the sale of his medicines for the sure cure of all nervous diseases arising from whatever cause. This is no new discovery, but has been tested for over twenty years, and has cured thousands. No Cure, Ne Pay. Enclose stamp for pamphlet, which will be sent in sealed envelope to all who address to 463 Yonge Street, Toronto. 11 Pominion

ULMONARY INSTITUTE 357 King St. West, Toronto, J. R. MALCOLM, M.D., . - PROPRI

DEAFNESS CURED

AGRICULTURA

We will always be pleased to a of enquiry from farmers on any ing agricultural interests, and a given as soon as practicable.

TESTING SILOS. An interesting sketch of cently made with silos and e Agricultural College, Guelph, v

preserved fodder have yet to be The article is well worthy of per

on page four, The experiments

that certain fodder may be pr green state, but the results of

TORONTO'S POULTRY Owing to some difficulty suitable accommodation for th the opening was postponed when it is expected that all t be filled. The show is being h Lawrence hall, and will be kep and evening until Friday next The entries are very large, d topping the list. A pair of ra property of Mr. Goulding of this be on exhibition for four days or that gentleman paid \$150. 1 will begin hatching out chicke and continue in operation u Over \$2,000 are offered as prize classes the competition promise

PRIZE ESSAYS

The secretary of the council of Agricultural and Arts Associati a circular calling attention to the essays for which prizes are to year, and also to the farm prizes. were referred to in the columns some time ago, but the full det now been fully arraiged. For prizes of a total value of \$1. The subjects and the prizes for follows :- 1. On the profit of ing, and fattening beef cattle if founded on practical experien \$30; second prize, \$20 (the material to exceed twenty-five pages). best and most speedy method thistles; first prize, \$15; seco 3. For the best and most speed destroying wild mustard; fir second prize, \$10. 4. For the speedy method of destroying w prize, \$15; second prize, \$10. best and most speedy method quack grass; first prize, \$15; \$10. The manuscript on de must not exceed twenty pages, must be sent to the secretary the first of August next.

FAT STOCK SHOW The directors of the recent

Stock Show have sustained the judges in the appeal mad son, of Delaware. The judge special prize of silver plate for to Messrs. H. and I. Groff, of Gibson made his appeal on the as one of the general rules of quired judges to award prem animals as presented the great the smallest superficies, taking tion age, etc., he should receive his annual was much the youn The judges held that special p governed by the general rules, donator of a special prize h name the terms upon which awarded. In the case under nator offered the prize for the horn animal of any age. It is s Mr. Gibson's steer that there is on record in this Continent tha on record in this Continent the a weight at so young an age, old, and weighs 2,110 pound average gain of 2½ pounds e

FARM PRIZES

The prizes offered this yes tario Agricultural and Arts A be awarded for the best ma group No. 5, comprising the f toral District Societies :- Ad tenac, North, East, and W Lennox. East and West N East and West Peterboro'. county, Renfrew, and Nort Victoria. Any farmer desiri shall make his application to the agricultural society of his May 1st. There shall be award managed farm in each elec-bronze medal, where three far peted, and instead thereof to aged farm in the group a gold m second best farm a silver medal. any other point that may be the by the judges the follow taken into consideration ing what is "the best manage 1. The competing farm to be one hundred acres, two-thirds of be under cultivation. 2. The farming, whether mixed, dairy mode, to be the most suitable un affected by local circumstant proper position of the buildings the whole farm. 4. The atterpreservation of timber and shell of trees. 5. The condition of roads, 6. The character, s condition of fences, and the m the farm is subdivided into provements by removal of obs vation, including drainage.
dition of buildings, including and their adaptability to the farm and family. 9. The ma acter, suitability, condition and stock kept. 10. The number, suitability of implements and a State of the garden and orchar agement of farm-yard manure. ivation of crops to embrace n ing, produce per acre, in relat ment and character of soil an General order, economy, and

15. Cost of production and re The judges will not begin the before the 25th of June and LAND SUITABLE FO

RCCHESTER, N. Y.-"Wha

This question is rather vagu

satisfactory answer. As a r

are immensely benefited by

is most suitable for lime ?"

lime, which brings out the st ences of the soil for the benefit Lime is a stimulant, correct quickening the action of vego mal manures, but, like all stin be used only in moderation, as haustion of the soil will sure excess. Heavy clay lands ar fited by the application, as soil more friable and less subgether after rain. Upon sand seldom contains much vegetables a contrary but good en moisture and giving more con sand. If the soil is a mixtu sand, containing animal or ve in a torpid state of decay, in to dung. When new land is application of quicklime wou fertility of the soil, as such l app ication of quicklime would fertility of the soil, as such I ally rich in vegetable matter, slow of action, and acid. Pabenefited by the use o slacked condition, as quickled atroy the grass. The plan by Canadian farmers is to appear the part of the summer fallow before when summer fallow is adopted by with the surface soil of the fallow in the surface soil of the fallow is a such that the surface soil of the fallow is a summer fallow.