FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

There was no hope; it was merely a matter of a few days at most, the doctor said; and he asked where Everard was, saying he ought to be sent for. This was to Beatrice and Rossie both, after the former had arrived and before she had seen the judge. The two girls exchanged glances, and Beatrice was the first to speak.

"Everard left home for Cincinnati early yesterday morning," she said, "But I know his address, and will telegraph at once."

"Very well," the doctor said, looking curiously at her, for he had heard a flying rumor of something wrong at the Forrest House, which had driven the heir away.

Accordingly, a telegram was sent to the Spencer House, Cincinnati, to the effect that judge Forrest was dangerously ill, and Everard must come immediately.

"Not here, and has not been here" was the answer telegraphed back; and then a message went to the Galt House, in Louisville, where Everard always stopped, but that too elicited the answer "Not here."

Where was he, then,—the outcast son,—when his father lay dying, with that white, scared, troubled look upon his face, and that vain effort to speak and let his wishes be known. Dead his body was already, so far as power to move was concerned, but the mind was apparently unimpaired, and expressed itself in the agonized expression of his face, and the entreating, beseeching, pleading look of the dim eyes which followed Rosamond so constantly and seemed trying to communicate with her.

"There is something he wants," Rossie said to Beatrice, who shared her vigils, "and if I could only guess what it was;" then, suddenly starting up, she hurried to his side, and taking the poor, palsied hand in hers rubbed and caressed it pityingly, and smoothing his thin hair said to him, "Judge Forrest, you want something, and I can't guess what it is, unless,—unless—;" she hesitated a moment, for as yet Everard's name had not been mentioned in his hearing, and she did not know what the effect might be; but the eyes, fastened so eagerly upon her, seemed challenging her to go on, and at last she said,—"unless it is Mr. Everard. Has it anything to do with him?"

Oh, how hard the lips tried to articulate, but they only quivered convulsively and gave forth a little moaning sound, but in the lighting up of the eager eyes, which grew larger and brighter, Rossie thought she read the answer, and emboldened by it went on to say that they had telegraphed to Cincinnati and Louisville both, and had that morning dispatched a message to Memphis and New Orleans.

"We shall surely find him somewhere," she continued, "and he will come at once. I do not think he was angry with you when he went away, he spoke so kindly of you."

Again the lips tried to speak, but could not; only the eyes fastened themselves wistfully upon Rosamond, following her wherever she went, and as if by some subtle magnetism bringing her back to the bedside, where she stayed almost constantly. How those wide open, never sleeping eyes haunted and troubled her, and made her at last almost afraid to stay alone with them, and meet their constant gaze! Beatrice had been taken sick, and was unable to come to the Forrest House, and the judge seemed so much more quiet when Rossie was sitting where he could look her straight in the face, that the man hired to nurse him staid mostly in the adjoining room, and Rossie kept her vigils alone, wearying herself with the constantly recurring question as to what it was the sick man wished to tell her. Something, sure, and something important, too—for as the days went on, and there came no tidings of his son, the eyes grew larger, and seemed at times about to leap from their sockets, to escape the horror and remorse so plainly written in them. What was it he wished to say? What was it troubling the old man so, and forcing out the great drops of sweat about his lips and forehead, and making his face a wonder to look upon? Rosamond felt sometimes as if she should go mad herself sitting by him, with those wild eyes watching her so intently that if she moved away for a moment they called her back by their strange power, and compelled her not only to sit down again by them, but to look straight into their depths, where the unspeakable trouble lay struggling to free itself.

"Judge Forrest," Rossie said to him the fifth day after his attack, "you wish to tell me something and you cannot, but perhaps I can guess by mentioning ever so many things I'll try, and if you mean no look straight at me as you are looking now; if you mean yes, turn your eyes to the window, or shut them, as you choose. Do you understand me?"

There was the shadow of a smile on the wan face, and the heavy eyelids closed, in token that he did comprehend. Rossie knew the Judge was dying, that at the most only a few days more were his, and ought not some one to tell him? Was it right to let that fierce, turbulent spirit launch out upon the great sea of eternity unwarned?

"Oh, if I was only good, I might help him, perhaps," she thought; "at any rate he ought to know, and maybe it would make him kinder toward Everard, for it was of him she meant to speak, through this novel channel of communication between herself and the sick man.

She must have the father's forgiveness with which to comfort the son, and with death staring him in the face he would not withhold it: so she said to him:

"You are very sick, Judge Forrest; you know that, don't you?"

The eyes went slowly to the window and back again, while she continued in her plain, outspoken way:

"Do you think I ought to tell you if you are going to die?"

There was a momentary spasm of terror on the face, a look such as a child has when shrinking from the rod, and then the eyes went to the window and back to Rossie, who said:

"We hope for the best, but the case is very bad, and if you do not see Mr. Everard again shall I tell him you forgive him, and were sorry?"

Quick as lightning the affirmative answer agreed upon between them was given, and in great delight Rossie exclaimed, "I am so glad, for that is what you tried so hard to tell me. You wish me to say this to Mr. Everard, and I will. Is that all?"

This time the eyes did not move, but looked into hers with such an earnest, beseeching expression, that she knew there was more to come. Question after question followed, but the eyes never left her face, and she could see the pupils dilate and the color deepen in them, as they seemed burning themselves into hers.

"What is it? What can it be?" she asked, despairingly, "Does it concern Mr. Everard in any way?"

"Yes," was the eye answer quickly given, and then Rosamond guessed everything she could think of, the possible and impossible, but the bright eyes kept their steady gaze upon her until, thinking of Joe Fleming, she asked, "Is somebody else concerned in it?"

"Yes," was the response, and not willing introduce Joe too soon, Rossie said: "Is the servants?"

"No."

"Is it Beatrice?"

"No."

"Is it I?"

She had no doubt it was, and was astonished when the eyes went over to the window in token that it was.

"Is it something that I can do?" she asked, and the eyes seemed to leap from her face to the window.

"And shall I sometime know what it is?"

Again the emphatic "yes," while the sweat ran like rain down his face.

"Then, Judge Forrest," and Rossie put on her wisest, oldest air, "you may be certain I'll do it, for I promise you solemnly that if anything comes to light which you left undone, and which I can do, I'll do it, sure"

The eyes fairly danced now, and there was no mistaking the joy shining in them, while the lips moved as if in blessing upon the girl, who took the helpless hand and found there was a slight pressure of the limp, lifeless fingers which clung to hers.

"Is that all? have you made me understand?" she asked, and he answered yes, and this time his eyes did not come back to her face, but closed wearily, and in a few moments he was sleeping quietly, as he had not done before since his illness.

The sleep did him good, and he was far less restless after he awoke, and there was a more natural look in his face, but nothing could prolong his life, which hung upon a thread, and might go out at any time. There was no more following Rossie with his eyes, though he wanted her with him constantly, and seemed happier when she was sitting by him and ministering to his comfort. Sometimes he seemed to be in deep reverie, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and the great sweat-drops standing thickly on his face from the intensity of his thought. Of what was he thinking as he lay there so helpless? of the wasted years which he could not now reclaim? of sins committed and unforgiven in the days which lay behind him? of the wife who had died in that room and on that very bed? of the son to whom he had been so harsh and unforgiving, and who was not there now to cheer the dreary sick-room? And did the unknown future loom up darkly before him and fill his soul with horror and dread of the world so near to him that he could almost see the boundary line which divides it from us?

Once, when Rossie said to him, "Shall I read you something from the Bible?" he answered her with the affirmative sign, and taking her own little Bible, which her mother once used, she opened it at the first chapter of Isaiah, and her eyes chanced to fall upon the 18th verse, she commenced reading in a clear, sweet voice, which seemed to linger over the words, "Come now and let us reason together," saith the Lord; "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." There were spasms of pain distorting the pinched features on the pillow, as the judge listened to those blessed words of promise and hope for even the worst of sinners. Scarlet sins and crimson sins all to be forgiven, and what were his but these?

"I do believe he's concerned in his mind," Rossie thought, as she looked at him; and bending close to him she whispered, amid her own tears, "Shall I say the Lord's Prayer now?"

She knew he meant yes, and kneeling by his bedside, with her face on his hands, she said the prayer he could not join in audibly, though she was sure he prayed in his heart; and she wished so much for some one older and wiser, and better than herself, to see and talk to him.

"Shall I send for the minister or Mrs. Baker?" she asked, feeling in that hour that there was something in the Nazarite woman, fanatical though she might be, which would answer to the sore need.

But the judge wished neither the clergyman nor Mrs. Baker, then; he would rather that pure young girl should read to and pray with him, and he made her understand it, and every day from that time on until the end came, she sat by him and read, and said the simple prayers of her childhood, and his as well,—prayers which took him back to his boyhood and his mother's knee, and made him sob sometimes like a little child, as he tried so often to repeat the one word "forgive." Gradually there came a more peaceful expression upon his face; his eyes lost that look of terror and dread, and the muscles about his mouth ceased to twitch so painfully, but of the change within,—if real change there had been,—he could not speak; that power was gone for ever, and he lay, dead in limb as a stone, waiting for the end.

Once Rossie said to him, "Do you feel better, Judge Forrest, about dying. I mean are you afraid now?"

He looked her steadily in the face and she was sure his quivering lips said no to her last question. That was the day he died, and the day when news was received from Everard. He had returned to Louisville from a journey to Alabama, had found the telegrams, and was hastening home as fast as possible. Beatrice was better, and able to be again at the Forrest House, but it was Rossie who took to the dying man the message from his son. He was lying perfectly quiet, every limb and muscle composed, and a look of calm restfulness on his face, which lighted suddenly when Rossie said to him, "We have heard from Mr. Everard; he is on his way home; he will be here to-night. You are very glad," she continued, as she saw the unmistakable joy in his face. "Maybe you will be able to make him understand what it was you wished to have done, but if you cannot, and I ever find it out, depend upon it I will do it sure. You can trust me."

She looked like one to be trusted, the brave, unselfish little girl, on whom the dying eyes were fixed, so that Rossie's was the last face they ever saw, before they closed forever on the things of this world, and entered upon the realities of the next. Everard was not there, for the train was behind time, and when at last the Forrest House carriage came rapidly up the avenue, bringing the son who ten days ago had been cast out from his home and bidden never to enter it again, there were knots of crape upon the bell-knobs, and in the chamber above a sheeted figure lay, scarcely more quiet and still than when bound in the relentless bands of paralysis, but with death upon the white face, which in its last sleep looked so calm and peaceful.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JUDGE'S WILL.

It was Rosamond who met Everard as he came into the house, and taking his hands in hers, held them in token of sympathy, but said no word by way of condolence, or of the dead father either. She merely asked him of his journey and the delay of the train, and if he was not cold and hungry, and saw that his supper was served him by a bright, cheerful fire, and made him in all respects as comfortable as she could, while the servants vied with each other in their attentions to him, for was he not now their master, the rightful heir of all the Forrest property. Whether Everard experienced any sense of freedom or heirship, or not, I cannot tell, or what he felt when at last he stood by his dead father, and looked upon the face which, when he saw it last, had been distorted with passion and hatred of himself. How placid and even sweet it was in its expression now,—so sweet that Everard stooped down, kissing the cold forehead, and whispered softly: "I am so sorry, father, that I ever made you angry with me;" then he replaced the covering and went out from the silent room. In the hall he met Rossie, who seeing the trace of weeping on his face, thought to comfort him by repeating the message left him his father.

"Would you mind my telling you all about his sickness; can you bear to hear it?" she asked, and he replied:

"Yes, tell me all about it—from the very first."

So they sat down together, and in her quaint, straightforward way, Rossie told the story of the last ten days, softening as much as possible the judge's anger when he found his son had taken him at his word and gone, and dwelling the most upon the change which came over him while lying so helpless and weak. She told of the method of communication she managed to establish, and which had been suggested to her by reading Monte Cristo, and then continued:

"He seemed so glad when I told him we had sent for you, and so sorry that we could not find you, and his eyes kept following me all the time, as if there was something he wanted to say and couldn't, and at last I found out what it was. If he never saw you again, he wished me to tell you that he forgave you everything; that was it, I know, and he was so happy and quiet after it, though he wanted you to come so much."

Here Rossie paused, and thought of that mysterious thing which had seemed to trouble him the most, and which she was pledged to do when she found out what it was.

"I wonder if I ought to tell him that now," she thought, and finally concluded that she would not until something definite came to her knowledge of which she could speak.

The next morning Beatrice came over, with a great pity in her heart for Everard, and a great fear as well, when she remembered the angry man who had asked her to witness his will. Had he carried out his purpose and left behind him a paper which would work mischief to his son, or had he thought better of it, and destroyed it, perhaps, or left it unwitnessed? She could not guess. She could only hope for the best, so far as the will was concerned; but there was a heavier trouble in store for the young man than loss of property,—the acknowledging his marriage and bringing home his wife, for he would do that now, of course. There was no other way, and Beatrice at once resolved to stand bravely by Mrs. J. E. Forrest when she should arrive.

Then came the funeral,—a grand affair, with a score of carriages, a multitude of friends, and crowds of people, who came to go over the house and through the grounds more than for any respect they had for the man who lay in the costly coffin, unmindful of the curious ones who looked at him, and speculated upon the nature of the trouble which had driven his only son from home. Everybody knew there had been trouble, and each one put his or her construction on it, and all exonerated Everard from more blame than naturally would attach to the acts of a young man like him, as opposed to the ideas of a man like his father.

Beatrice went with Everard and Rossie to the grave, and then back to the house, which in their absence had been cleansed from the atmosphere of death. The windows and doors had been opened to admit the fresh, pure air blowing up from the river; then they were closed again and wood fires kindled on the hearth, and the table arranged in the dining-room, and one of Aunt Axie's best dinners was waiting for such of the friends as chose to stay.

Between Beatrice and Lawyer Russell there had been a private talk concerning the will which so much troubled Bee, and the lawyer had inclined to the belief that there was none of recent date, or he should have known it. He would look, however, he said, as he had a key to the judge's private desk in the office. He had looked, and to his surprise had found a will, which must have been made the day before the judge's sickness, and during his absence from the office. This he communicated to Beatrice, and with her remained at the Forrest House to dinner for the purpose of making the fact known to Everard as soon as possible. As for Everard, he had not thought of a will, or indeed of anything, except in a confused, general kind of way, that he was, of course, his father's natural heir, and that now Josephine must come there as his wife, and from that he shrank with a feeling amounting to actual pain; and he was not a little surprised when, after dinner was over, and they had returned to the long parlor, Lawyer Russell, as the old and particular friend of the family, said to him, "I found in looking over your father's papers a will, and as it was inclosed in an envelope directed to me, I took charge of it, and have it with me now. Shall I read it aloud, or give it to you?"

"A will!" Everard said, and a deep flush spread itself over his face as if he dimly felt the coming blow which was to strike him with such force. "Did father leave a will? I never supposed he made one. Read it aloud, of course. These are all my friends," and he glanced at the clergyman and his wife, and Beatrice and Rossie, the only people present.

The two girls were sitting side by side on a low sofa, and opposite them was Everard, looking very pale and nervous as he bent forward a little to listen to the will. It was made up the day before the judge's illness, and was duly drawn up and witnessed by Parker and Merritt, the two students in the office, and after mentioning a few thousands which were to be given to different individuals and charities, the judge went on: "the remainder of my estate both real and personal, I give, bequeath, and devise to the girl Rosamond Hastings, and ——"

Lawyer Russell got no further, for there was a low cry from Rossie as she sprang to her feet, and crossed swiftly to Everard's side. He, too, had risen, and with clasped hands was gazing fixedly at the lawyer, like one listening to his death warrant.

"What did he say, Mr. Everard, about me? What does it mean?" Rossie asked, laying both hands on Everard's arm, and drawing his attention to herself.

"It means that my father disinherited me, and made you his heir," Everard answered her, a little bitterly, while she continued:

"It is not so. It does not read that way. There is some mistake;" and before the lawyer was aware of her intention, she snatched the paper from him, and ran her eye with lightning rapidity over what was written on it, comprehending as she read that what she had heard was true.

Everard was disinherited, and she was the heiress of all the Forrest estate. Her first impulse was to tear the paper in pieces, but Everard caught her hands as she was in the act of rending it asunder, and said:

"Rossie, you must not do that. The will will stand just as my father meant it should."

Rossie's face was a study as she lifted it toward Everard pale as death, with a firm set look about the mouth, and an expression in her large black eyes such as the Cenci's might have worn when upon the rack.

"Oh, Mr. Everard," she said, "you must always hate me, though I'll never let it stand. I did not know it. I never dreamed of such a thing. I shall never touch it, never. Don't hate me, Mr. Everard. Oh, Beatrice, help me—somebody help me. I believe I am going to die."

But she was only fainting, and Everard took her in his arms and carried her to an open window in an adjoining room, and giving her to the care of Beatrice, waited to see the color come back to her face and motion to her eyelids; then he returned to the parlor, where Lawyer Russell was examining the document which had done so much harm and made the memory of the dead man odious.

"Everard, this is a very strange affair; a most inexplicable thing," the lawyer said. "I cannot understand it, or believe he really meant it. I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but as an old friend of the family, may I ask if you know of any reason, however slight, why he should do this?"

"Yes," Everard answered promptly, "there is a reason; a good one, many would say; and that I was rightly punished. The will is just; I have no fault to find with it. I shall not try to dispute it. The will must stand."

He spoke proudly and decidedly, with the air of one whose mind was made up, and who did not wish to continue the conversation, and who would not be made an object of pity or sympathy by any one. But when Lawyer Russell was gone, and Beatrice came to him as he sat alone by the dying fire, and putting her hand on his bowed head, said to him:

"I am sorry, and wish I could help you some way," he broke down a little, and his voice shook as he replied:

"Thank you, Bee. I know you do, and your friendship and sympathy are very dear to me now, for you knew everything, and I can talk to you as to no one else. Father must have been very angry, and his anger reaches up out of his grave and holds me with a savage grip, but I do not blame him much, and, Bee, don't think there is no sweet with the bitter, for that is not so. It is true I like money as well as any one, and I do not say that I had not to some degree anticipated what it would bring me, but, Bee, with that feeling was another, a shrinking from what would be my plain duty, if I were master here. You know what I mean."

"You would bring your wife home," Bee answered, and he continued:

"Yes, that would have to be done, and—Heaven forgive me if I am wrong—but I almost believe I would rather be poor and work for her—she is living in Holburton—than be rich and live with her. And then, if I must be supplanted, I am glad it is by Rossie. She takes it hard, poor child; how was she when you left her?"

"Over the faint, but crying bitterly, and she bade me tell you come to her." Beatrice replied, and Everard went to Rossie's room, where she was lying on the couch, her eyes swollen with weeping, and her face very pale.

She was taking it hard—her sudden accession to riches, and when she saw Everard she began sobbing afresh as if her heart would break.

"Please go away," she said to Beatrice, "I want to see him alone."

Beatrice complied, and the moment she was gone Rosamond began to tell Everard how impossible it was that she should ever touch the money left her in a fit of anger.

"It is not mine," she said. "I have no shadow of right to it, and you must take it just the same as if that will had never been. Say you will, or I believe I shall go mad."

But Everard was immovable as a rock, and answered her:

"Do you for a moment think my pride, if nothing else, would allow me to touch what was willed away from me? Never, Rossie. I would rather starve; but I shall not do that. I am young and strong, and the world is before me, and I am willing to work at whatever I find to do, and shall do so, too, and make far more of a man, I dare say, than if I had all this money. I am naturally indolent and extravagant, and very likely should fall into my old expensive habits, and I don't want to do that. I am so glad you are the heiress; so glad to have you mistress here in the old home. You will make a dear little lady of Forrest House."

He spoke almost playfully, hoping thus to soothe and quiet her, for she was violently agitated, and shook like a leaf; but nothing he said had any effect upon her. Only one thing could help her now. She felt that she had unwittingly been the means of wronging Everard, and she never could rest until the wrong was righted, and his own given back to him.

"I'll never be the lady of Forrest House," she said, energetically. "I shall give it back to you, whether you will take it or not. It is not mine."

"Yes, Rossie, it is yours. He knew what he was doing; he meant you to have it," Everard said; and starting suddenly, as the remembrance of something flashed upon her Rossie shed back her hair from her spotted, tear stained face, and exclaimed, with a ring of joy in her voice:

"He might have meant it at first, when he was very angry, but he repented of it, and tried to make amends. I see it now. I know what he meant,—the something which concerned you, and which I was to do. I promised solemnly I would,—it will be a dreadful lie if I don't; but you will let me when you hear,—when you know how he took it back."

She was very much excited, and her eyes shone like stars as she stood before Everard, who looked at her curiously, with a thought that her mind might really be unsettled.

"Sit down, Rossie, and compose yourself," he said, trying to draw her back to the couch; but she would not sit down, and she went on rapidly:

"I told you how I managed to talk with your father, and to find out that he wanted to forgive you, but I did not tell you the rest. I thought I'd wait till it came to me what I was to do, and it has come. I know now just what he meant. He was not quiet after the forgiveness, as I thought he'd be, but his eyes followed me everywhere, and said as plain as eyes could say, 'There is something more;' so I began to question him again, and found that it was about you and another person. That person was myself, and I was to do something when I found out what it was. I said, 'Is it something I am to do for Mr. Everard?' and his eyes went to the window; then I asked, 'shall I some day know what it is?' and he answered 'Yes.' Then I said, 'I'll surely, surely do it,' and the poor, helpless face laughed up at me, he was so pleased and happy. After that he was very quiet. So you know he meant me to give the money back, and you will not refuse me now?"

For a moment Everard could not speak. As Rossie talked, the great tears had gathered slowly and dropped upon his face. He could see so vividly the scene which she described,—the dim, eager eyes of his dead father trying to communicate with the anxious, excited little girl, who had, perhaps, interpreted their meaning aright. There could be but little doubt that his father, when his passion cooled down, was sorry for the rash act, and Everard was deeply moved by it, and for a little space of time felt uncertain how to act, but when he remembered who must share his fortune with him, and all his father had said of her, he grew hard and decided again, and said to Rosamond:

"I am glad you told me this, Rossie. It makes it easier to bear, feeling that possibly father was sorry, and wished to make reparation, but that does not change the facts, nor the will. He gave everything to you, and you cannot give it to me now, if you would. You are not of age, you see."

"Do you mean," Rosamond asked, "that even if you would take the money, I cannot give it back till I am twenty-one?"

"Not lawfully, no," Everard replied; and Rossie exclaimed, almost angrily:

"I can; I will. I know there is some way, and I'll find it out. I will not have it so and I think you are mean to be so proud and stiff."

She was losing all patience with Everard for what she deemed his obduracy; her head was aching dreadfully, and after this outburst she sank down again upon the couch, and burying her face in the pillow told him to go away and not come again till he could do as she wished him to do. It was not often that Rosamond was thus moved, and Everard smiled in spite of himself at her wrath, but went out and left her alone as she desired.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HEIRESS.

She looked like anything but an heiress the next morning when she came down to breakfast, with her swollen face and red eyes, which had scarcely been for a moment closed in sleep. Everard was brighter and fresher. He had accepted the situation, and was resolved to make the best of it, and though the memory of his father's bitter anger rested heavily on his heart, it was softened materially by what Rosamond had told him, and, contrary to his expectations, he had slept soundly and quietly, and though very pale and worn, seemed much like himself when he met Rossie in the breakfast-room. Not a word was said on the subject uppermost in both their minds; he carved, sitting in his father's old place, and she poured the coffee with a shaking hand, and Bee did most of the talking, and was so bright and merry that when at last she said good-bye, and went to her own home, Rossie's face was not half so sorry-looking, or her heart so heavy and sad, though she was just as decided with regard to the money.

She had not yet talked with Lawyer Russell, in whom she had the utmost confidence. He surely would know some way out of the trouble—some way by which she could give Everard his own; and she sent for him to come to the house, as she would not for the world appear in the streets with this disgrace upon her—for Rossie felt it a disgrace—of having supplanted Everard; and she told the lawyer so when he came, and assuring him of her unalterable determination never to touch a dollar of the Forrest money, asked if there was not some way by which she could rid herself of the burden and give it back to Everard. She told him what had occurred between herself and the Judge, and asked if he did not think it had reference to the will. The lawyer was certain it had, and asked if Everard knew this fact. Yes, Rossie had told him, and though he seemed glad in one way to know his father had any regrets for the rash act, he still adhered to his resolve to abide by the will.

"But he cannot; he shall not; he must take the money. I give it to him; it is not mine, and I will not have it," she said, impetuously, demanding that he should fix it some way.

Mr. Russell had seen Everard for a few moments that morning, and heard from him of his firm resolve not to enter into any arrangement whereby he could be benefited by his father's fortune.

"Father cast me off," he said, "and no arguments can shake my purpose. Rossie is the heiress; and she must take what is thrust upon her; but make it as easy as you can for the child; let her choose her own guardian, and I trust she will choose you. I know you will be trustworthy."

All this the lawyer repeated to Rossie, and then, as she still persisted in giving back, as she expressed it, he explained to her how impossible it was for her to do it until she reached her majority, even if Everard would take it.

"You are a minor yet," he said; "are what we call an infant. You must have a guardian, and I propose that you take Everard, and he may also be appointed administrator to the estate; he will then be entitled to a certain amount of money as his legitimate fees, and so get some of it."

Exactly what the office of guardian and administrator was, Rosamond did not know, but she grasped one idea and said:

"You mean that whoever is administrator will be paid, and if Mr. Everard is that he will get some money which belongs to him already; that is it, is it not? Now, I want him to have it all; if I cannot give it to him till I am twenty one, I shall do it then, so sure as I live to see that day, and, meanwhile, you must contrive some way for him to use it just the same. You can. I am quite resolved."

She had risen as she talked and stood before him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes unnaturally bright, and her head thrown back, so that she seemed taller than she really was. Lawyer Russell had always liked Rossie very much, and since that little business matter touching the receipt, he had felt increased respect and admiration for her, for he was certain she had helped Everard out of some one of the many scrapes he used in those days to be in. Looking at her now, he thought what a fine-looking girl she was growing to be, and started suddenly as he saw a way out of the difficulty, but such a way that he hesitated a moment before suggesting it. Taking off his glasses, and wiping them with his handkerchief, he coughed two or three times and then said:

"How old are you, Rossie?"

"Fifteen last June," was her reply, and he continued:

"Then you are almost fifteen and a-half, and pretty well grown. Yes, it might do; there have been queerer things than that."

"Queerer things than what?" Rossie asked, and he replied:

"Than what I am going to suggest. There is a way by which Everard can use that money if he will."

"What is it? Tell me," she exclaimed, her face all a-glow with excitement.

"He could marry you, and then what was yours might be his."

The lawyer had thrown the bombshell and waited for the explosion, but there was none. Rossie's face was just as bright and eager, and showed not the slightest consciousness or shrinking back from a proposition which would have covered some girls with blushes and confusion. But Rossie was a simple-hearted girl, who, never having associated with companions of her own age, had never had her mind filled with lovers and matrimony, and when the lawyer proposed her marrying Everard she looked upon it purely as a business transaction,—a means of giving him his own; love had nothing to do with it, nor did it for a moment occur to her that there would be anything out of the way in such an act. She should not live with him, of course; that would be impossible. She should simply marry him, and then leave him to the enjoyment of her fortune, and her first question to the lawyer was:

"Do you think he would have me?"

The old man took his glasses off again and looked at her, wondering much what stuff she was made of. Whatever it was he was sure she was as modest, and pure, and innocent as a new-born child, and he answered her:

"I've no doubt of it. I would if I were in his place."

"And if he does, he can live right along here as if there had been no will?" was her next question; and the lawyer replied:

"Yes, just as if there had been no will;" then, remembering he had an engagement with a client and that it was already past the hour, he arose to go, and Rosamond was left alone.

It was not her nature to put off anything she had to do, and feeling that she inquired at once where Everard was, and finding that he was in his father's room, started thither immediately. He was sitting in his father's chair by the table, arranging and sorting some papers and letters, but he arose when she came in and asked what he could do for her.

"I have been talking with Lawyer Russell," she said, "trying to fix it some way, and he says I cannot give it to you till I am twenty-one; then I can do as I please, but it is so long to wait,—five years and a half. I am most fifteen and a-half now. (This in parenthesis, as if to convince him of her mature age, preparatory to what was to follow). I want you to have the money so much, for it is yours, no matter what the law may say. I do not like the law, and there is but one way out of it,—the trouble, I mean. Lawyer Russell says if you marry me, you can use the money just the same. Will you, Mr. Everard? I am fifteen and a-half."

This she reiterated to strengthen her cause, looking him straight in the face all the time, without the slightest change of color or sign of self-consciousness.

Had she proposed in serious earnestness to murder him, Everard could not have been more startled, or stare at her more fixedly than he did, as if to see what manner of girl this was, asking him to marry her as coolly and in as matter of fact a way as she would have asked the most ordinary favor. Was she crazy? Had the trouble about the will actually affected her brain? He thought so, and said to her very gently, as he would have spoken to a child or a lunatic:

"You are talking wildly, Rossie. You do not understand what you are saying. You are tired and excited. You must rest, and never on any account let any one know what you have said to me."

"I do know what I am saying, and I am neither tired nor excited," Rossie answered. "Lawyer Russell said that was the only way you could use the money before I was twenty-one."

"And did he send you here to say that to me?" Everard asked, and she replied:

"No, he only suggested it as a means, because I would have him think of something. I came myself."

He saw she was in earnest; saw, too, that she did not at all comprehend what she was doing, or the position in which she was placing herself if it should be known. In her utter simplicity and lack of worldly wisdom, she might talk of this doing to others and put herself in a wrong light before the world, and, however painful the task, he must enlighten her.

"Rossie," he began, "you do not know what you have done, or how the act might be construed, by women, especially if they knew it. Girls do not usually ask men to marry them; they wait to be asked."

Slowly, as the shadow of some gigantic mountain creeps across the valley, there was dawning on Rossie's mind a perception of the construction which might be put upon her words, and the blood-red flame suffused her face and neck, and spread to her finger-tips, as she said, vehemently: "You mistake me, Mr. Everard, I did not mean it as you might marry Miss Beatrice or somebody you loved. I did not mean anything except a way out. I was not going to live here at all; only marry you so you could have the money, and then I go away and do for myself. That's what I meant. You know I do not love you in a marrying way, and that I'm not the brazen faced thing to tell you so if I did. If I thought you could believe that of me, I should drop dead at your feet, and I almost wish that I could now, for very shame of what I have done."

As she talked there had come to Rossie more and more the great impropriety and seeming immodesty of what, in all innocence of purpose, she had done, and the knowledge almost crushed her to the earth, making her cover her burning face with her hands, and transforming her at once from a child into a woman, with all a sensitive woman's power to feel and suffer. She did not wait for him to speak, but went on rapidly:

"You cannot despise me more than I despise myself, for I see it now just as you do, and I must have been an idiot, or crazy. You will loathe me always, of course, and I cannot blame you; but remember, I did not mean it for love or think to stay with you. I do not love you that way; such a thing would be impossible, and I would not marry you now for a thousand times the money."

She had used her last and heaviest weapon, and without a glance at him turned to go from the room, but he would not suffer her to leave him thus. Over him, too, as she talked, a curious change had come, for he saw the transformation taking place, and knew he was losing the sweet, old-fashioned, guileless child, who had been so dear to him. She was leaving him, forever, and in her place there stood a full fledged woman, rife with a woman's instincts, quivering with passion, and burning with resentment and anger, that he had not at once understood her meaning just as she understood it. How her words,—"I do not love you that way; such a thing is impossible; and I would not marry you now for a thousand times the money," rang through his ears, and burning themselves into his memory to be recalled afterward, with such bitter pain as he had never known. He did not quite like this impetuous assertion of the impossibility of loving him. It grated upon him with a sense of something lost. He must stand well with Rossie, though her love that way, as she expressed it, was something he had never dreamed of as possible.

"Rossie," he said, putting out his arm to detain her, "you must not go from me feeling as you do now. You have done nothing for which you need to blush, because you had no bad intent, and the motive is what exalts or condemns the act. Sit here by me. I wish to talk with you."

He made her sit down beside him upon the sofa, and tried to take her hand, but she drew it swiftly away, with a quick, imperative gesture. He would never hold her hand again, just as he held the little brown, sunburned hands so many times. She was a woman now, with all her woman's armor bristling about her, and as such he must treat with her. It was a novel situation in which he found himself, trying to choose words with which to address little Rossie Hastings, and for a moment he hesitated how to begin. Of her strange offer to himself he did not mean to speak, for there had been enough said on that subject. It is true he had neither accepted nor refused, but that was not necessary, for she had withdrawn her proposition with such fiery energy as would have made an allusion to it impossible, if he had been free and not averse to the plan. He was not free, and as for the plan it struck him as both laughable and ridiculous, but he would not for the world wound the sensitive girl beside him more than she had wounded herself, and so when at last he began to talk with her it was simply to go again over the whole ground, and show her how impossible it was for him to take the money or for her to give it to him. He appreciated her kind intentions; they were just like her, and he held her the dearest sister a brother ever had; but she must keep what was her own, and he should make his fortune as many a man had done before him, and probably rise higher eventually than if he had money to help him rise. He had not yet quite decided what he should do, but that he should leave Rothsay was probable. He should, however, stay long enough to see that her affairs were in a way to be smoothly managed, and to see her fairly installed in the Forrest House with some respectable elderly lady as her companion and protector. Lawyer Russell would, of course, be her guardian, and the administrator of the estate. She could not be in better hands; and however far away he might be, he should never lose his interest in her or cease to be her friend.

"Meanwhile," he said, with an effort to smile, "I shall be glad if you will allow me to make your house my home until my arrangements are completed. I am not so proud that I will not accept that hospitality at your hands."

I do not think that Rosamond quite comprehended his last words. She only knew that he would not hurry away from the Forrest House, and she looked up eagerly, and said:

"I am so glad, and I hope you will not hate me, or even believe I meant the foolish thing I said—in that way."

"No, Rossie," he answered her, I am far from hating you. "And how can I think you meant that way when you have repeatedly declared that you would not marry me for a thousand times the money?"

No, now nor ever!" Rosamond exclaimed, energetically; and he replied:

"Yes, I know; men generally understand when a girl tells them she has no love or liking for them."

There was something peculiar in his voice, as if what she said hurt him a little, and Rossie detected it, and, in eagerness to set him right, involuntarily laid her hand on his arm, and flashing upon him her brilliant, beautiful eyes, in which the tears were shining, said to him:

"Oh, Mr. Everard, you must not mistake what I mean. I do like you, and shall for ever and ever; but not in a marrying way, and I am so sorry I have come between you and your inheritance. You have made me see that I cannot now help myself, but when I am twenty-one, if I live so long, so help me Heaven, I'll give you back every dollar. You will remember that, and knowing it, may help you to bear the years of poverty which must intervene."

Again the long, silken lashes were lifted, and the dark, bright eyes looked into his with a look which sent a strange, sweet thrill through every nerve of the young man's body. Rosamond had come up before him in an entirely new character, and he was vaguely conscious of a different interest in her now from what he had felt before. It was not love; it was not a desire of possession. He did not know what it was; he only knew that his future life suddenly looked drearier than ever to him if it must be lived away from her and her influence. She had risen to her feet as she was speaking, and he rose also, and went with her to the door, and let her out, and watched her as she disappeared down the stairs, and then went back to his task of sorting papers, with the germ of a new feeling stirring ever so lightly in his heart,—a sense of something which might have made life very sweet, and a sense as well of bitter loss.

Full of shame and mortification at what she had done, Rossie resolved to go at once to Elm Park and confess the whole to Beatrice, whom she found at home. She was thinking of the Forrest House and the confusion caused by the foolish will of an angry old man, when Rossie was announced, and sitting down at her feet, plunged into the very midst of her trouble by saying:

"Oh, Miss Beatrice, I have come to tell you something which makes me wish I was dead. What do you suppose I have done?"

"I am sure I cannot guess," Beatrice replied, and Rossie continued, "I asked Mr. Everard to marry me,—actually to marry me!"

"Wha-at!" and Beatrice was more astonished than she had ever been in her life. "Asked Everard Forrest to marry you! Are you crazy, or a————"

She did not finish the sentence, for Rossie did it for her, and said:

"Yes, both crazy and a fool, I verily believe!"

"But how did it happen? What put such an idea into your head?"

Briefly and rapidly Rosamond repeated what had passed between herself and Lawyer Russell, who had asked how old she was, and on learning her age had suggested her marrying the young man and thus giving him back the inheritance.

"And you went and did it, you little goose," Beatrice said, laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks; but, when she saw how distressed Rosamond was, she controlled her merriment, and listened while Rossie went on:

"Yes, I was a simpleton not to know any better, but I never meant him to marry me as he would marry you or some one he loved; that had nothing to do with it at all. And I was going right away from Forrest House to take care of myself. I knew I could find something to do as a nurse, or waitress, or ladies' maid, if nothing more; and I meant to go just as soon as the ceremony was over, and leave him all the money, and never, never come back to be in the way."

"And you told him this, and what did he say?" Beatrice asked, her mirth all swept away before the great unselfishness of this simple-hearted girl, who went on:

"I did not tell him all that at first. I asked him to marry me, just as I would have asked him to give me a glass of water, and with as little thought of shame; but the shame came afterward when I saw what I had done. I can't explain how it came,—the new sense of things,—I think he looked it into me, and I felt in an instant as if I had been blind and was suddenly restored to sight. It was as if I had been walking unclothed in my sleep, fearlessly, shamelessly, because asleep, and had suddenly been roused to consciousness and saw a crowd of people staring and jeering at me. Oh, it was so awful! and I felt like tearing my hair and shrieking aloud, and I said so many things to make him believe I did not mean it for love, or to live with him."

"And what did he say to the offer? Did he accept or refuse?" Beatrice asked, and Rosamond replied:

"I do not think he did either. I was so ashamed when it came to me, and talked so fast to make him know that I would not marry him for a thousand times the money, and did not love him and never could."

"I'll venture to say he was not especially delighted with such assertions; men are not generally," Beatrice said, laughingly, but Rosamond did not comprehend her meaning, or if she did, she did not pay any heed to it, but went rapidly on with her story, growing more and more excited as she talked, and finishing with a passionate burst of tears, which awakened all Bee's sympathy, and made her try to comfort the sobbing girl, who seemed so bowed down with shame and remorse.

Her head was aching dreadfully, and there began to steal over her such a faint, sick feeling, that she offered no remonstrance when Bee proposed that she should spend the night at Elm Park, and sent word to that effect to Forrest House.

The message brought Everard at once, anxious about Rosamond, whom he wished to see. But she declined; her head was aching too hard to see any one she said, especially Everard, who must despise her always. Everard had certainly lost the child Rossie; and the world had never seemed so dreary to him as that night in Bee's boudoir, when he fairly and squarely faced the future and decided what to do, or rather, Bee decided for him; and with a feeling of death in his heart he concurred in her opinion, and said he would go at once to Josephine, and telling her of his father's death and will, ask her to help him build up a home where they might be happy. He was not to show her how he shrank back and shivered even while taking her for his wife. He was to put the most hopeful construction on everything, and see how much good there was in Josie.

"And I am sure she will not disappoint you," Beatrice said, infusing some of her own bright hopefulness into Everard's mind so that he did not feel quite so discouraged when he said good-night to her, telling her that he should start on the next morning's train for Holburton, but asking her not to tell Rossie of Josephine until she heard from him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRUTAL CONDUCT.

A Man Horsewhips his Daughter for Receiving Attentions from a Young Man—And Similarly Treats her Mother and Sister.

PITTSBURG, May 10.—The horsewhipping of three ladies of good position in Steubenville, Ohio, has created a great sensation there. A young girl about sixteen years of age resides there with her parents, and being handsome and gay she has many admirers among the young men. Her father did not allow her to receive gentlemen callers, but she did so on the sly nevertheless. Just before the whipping took place her parents and married sister went down street, leaving her at home. Shortly after their departure a young man called at the house to see the girl, but had only been there a few minutes when the father returned. On finding the two in the parlor together the father flew into a passion, threatened to make short work of the young man if he did not make himself scarce, and the caller went at once in double quick time. The father then went to his stable and, procuring a heavy horsewhip, returned to the house for the purpose of whipping the girl; but in the meantime the mother and married sister had come home, and when he commenced to lash the girl the former interfered. He then turned his attention to her and cut her in a very brutal manner over the back, face and hands, each stroke making a large welt and drawing blood. Next the married daughter attempted to shield her mother, and she also received a severe flagellation, the father following her out into the street, where she ran to escape him, and whipping her there in the presence of a number of spectators. He is likely to suffer for his action, for his wife and daughter, by the death of a relative, inherited some $18,000 or $20,000 a short time since, and he has been having a good time spending it ever since; but the wife now declares she will live with him no longer, and in a few days intends going to Wheeling to live with her married daughter, who resides there and was only in Steubenville on a visit.

SUN SPOTS.

Another group of sun spots have made their appearance. It will be interesting to note whether any great storms or other aerial phenomena disturb the earth's atmosphere during their continuance. A series of careful observations ought to serve to either prove or disprove the theory of those who think that the sun has a direct influence upon our atmosphere other than its light and heat giving powers. That solar forces are powerfully felt in the electrical conditions of the earth seems to be an established fact. A few years ago a sudden outbreak of light spots on the sun was accompanied by great electrical disturbances in various parts of the earth. During the sun spot cycles the Northern Lights are most frequently seen. When the tremendous power and activity of the solar forces are considered in connection with the fact that the sun's distance from the earth is only a little over 100 times its diameter, it seems not unreasonable to conclude that the effects of those forces, when excited to unusual activity, may be felt even at the distance of ninety-odd millions of miles.

THE COOK'S COLUMN.

MAITRE D, HOTEL SAUCE.—Three tablespoonfuls melted butter, 1 lemon (juice); add parsley, chopped fine; set on ice in a cup wet with cold water, and pour on fish when served. It is delicious on any broiled fish."

ENGLISH SAUCE FOR HOT OR COLD ROAST BEEF.—One tablespoonful scraped horse-radish, 1 teaspoonful made mustard, 4 tablespoonfuls vinegar, 1 teaspoonful vinegar, 1 teaspoonful powdered sugar; blend all ingredients together add serve in gravy-dish.

TRIESTE SAUCE A LA TARTARE (FOR FISH).—Two yokes of eggs, very thoroughly beaten; half a bottle of salad-oil, added very thoroughly and slowly; juice of half a lemon, added drop by drop; half a dozen gherkins and one dozen capers, chopped very fine and put through a sieve; put on ice until served with fish.

MOTHER'S COOKIES.—Take 1 cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tarter, (or 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder), a table spoonful of caraway seed rolled, just flour enough to enable you to roll them out rather thin, sift sugar over them before they go into the oven.

SOFT GINGER BREAD.—1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup of shorting, (half butter and half lard), 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 tablespoonful cloves 1-2 cup of boiling water poured on a teaspoonful of soda, pour this over the butter, sugar, and molasses. Add the spices and one egg, and 3 heaping cups of flour.

PICKLED SALT COD-FISH WITH EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.—Pick fine some salt fish, and freshen with cold water once or twice; then put it in a spider and add two tablespoonfuls of hot water and a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a little pepper; then take about a dint of milk and two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch (already braided smooth in half a teaspoonful of milk), and stir constantly until the butter melts and the corn-starch is well braided in; break in two eggs and stir until cooked; serve very hot.

ITALIAN CHARLOTTE DE RUSSE.—Eighteen sponge-cake, vanilla flavor, 4 tablespoonfuls sherry wine, ¾ of a pint of cream, 1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar, half an ounce isinglass or gelatine; brush edges of the cakes with white of an egg; line bottom of your mould, and stand up on end at sides connect the edges with white of an egg, and place in oven about five minutes, just to dry the egg; whisk cream to a stiff froth with sugar and flavoring and melted isinglass; fill the mould with it, and cover with a slice of sponge cake cut in the shape of mould and place on ice.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take 2 large wooden spoonfuls molasses, 1 large wooden spoonful sugar, 2 large wooden spoonfuls shortening, 1 large spoonful white flour; pour over these a 1 2 pint of boiling water; then add another pint of water, blood warm. When cool, put in 1-2 cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little water, or 1-2 cup of soft yeast; stir in graham flour to make a stiff batter. Next morning put in a small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in water, also adding sufficient flour to make it rather difficult to stir with a spoon; pour it into the tins, let it rise again and bake. This amount makes two medium sized loaves.

HOP YEAST.—Take 5 potatoes, wash them clean and cut them in slices, a small handful of hops; put 2 quarts water on the hops, which should be tied up in a piece of lace. When the water boils put in the potatoes, when they are soft mash them thoroughly and strain the boiling hop-water over them; stir in ½ pint of sifted flour, ½ cup brown sugar; stir all thoroughly, adding 1 tablespoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful ginger; when about as warm as new milk add ½ cup of old yeast. It can be used in a few hours, but is better the next day. Scald a jar well, put in the yeast, and put a cloth over before putting on the cover. If the jar is kept in an ice-box the yeast will keep sweet for two weeks.

MILTON CUSK A LA CREME.—Rub any fish you may have with salt, then put in kettle; with boiling water enough to cover it; as soon as it boils put it on one side to simmer; let it stand one hour; take up and draw out the bones. One ounce of flour, put in a saucepan, and add by degrees 1 quart of cream or milk; mix very smooth, add the juice of 1 lemon, 1 onion chopped fine, 1 small bunch of parsley, a little nutmeg, salt and pepper. Put this on the fire, stirring until it forms a thick sauce. One pound of butter is now to be stirred in; strain all through a sieve; put a little on a hot dish, lay on your fish, and turn sauce over it; beat whites of 6 eggs to a nice froth, spread over the whole, and bake half an hour in oven. Be careful to have it only a light-brown. It is nice without eggs, but makes a much handsomer dish for company to have them.

TWO FAVORS OF FORTUNE.

[From the New York Times.]

ROCHESTER, May 5.—A very curious but undoubtedly true story is reported from Linden, Wyoming county, on the Buffalo division of the Erie Railway. Three or four years ago an old farmer named Michael Hyde, living near that place, died, leaving a farm, incumbered with a mortgage of $600, to his widow and son. His widow was then over 75 years of age, and his son was 50, and totally blind. He had been blind since he was 10 years of age, having had the sight of the right eye destroyed by running a stick in it, and the other being blinded by a cataract. Old Mr. Hyde had been a soldier in the Mexican war, and a son had been killed in the war of the rebellion. A year ago, old Mrs. Hyde and her blind son, being in very destitute circumstances, as they were unable to work the farm profitably, friends interested themselves in trying to obtain her a pension from the Government. The mortgage on the farm was to fall due this spring, and no return from the pension matter having been received, Mrs. Hyde and her son had given up all hope of saving their home, and recently began to prepare for spending the remainder of their days in the poorhouse. Michael Hyde could get about sufficiently to chop wood and do little chores about the house. A few days ago he was cutting wood on the woodpile, when a chip flew up and struck him on the ball of the left eye. He covered his eye quickly with his hand to ease the pain. When he removed his hand he was astonished to find that he could distinguish objects in front of him, and before he reached the house he could see quite plainly. At present his sight seems to be entirely restored to the left eye. Only the day after this singular change in the condition of Michael, a lawyer who had conducted the pension business for Mrs. Hyde, called at the farm and paid her $1,200 pension money.

—The Boston *Post* is a little tardy with its remark, "We don't see what good it will do Gilbert and Sullivan to copyright their 'Penzance' piece, as it is no good until it is pirated."

ELECTRICITY as a curative is admitted by the medical profession. It is no longer a doubt after the numerous cures that have been effected by the use of Edison's Electric Belts.

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.

$65 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

$1,500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON and Co., Portland, Maine.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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.

DRS. DILLABOUGH & [illegible]MAN, Physicians, &c. Office [illegible] Livingstone's drug store. Dr. Dillabough's residence, corner Main and Livingstone [illegible]; Dr. [illegible]an's residence, cor. Dodd and Penelope sts.

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

JOHN A. BURGESS, M. D. C. M., Graduate of McGill University, Montreal, member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office and residence—First door east of Hess Bros' show rooms, Main st., Listowel. 10

W. [illegible], 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.

T. W. MORAN, ARTIST, LATE of Toronto, begs to inform the people of Listowel and vicinity that he has opened a studio in the Campbell Block, Main street, and is prepared to execute portraits in oil, water colors and crayon, at prices to suit the times. Instructions in any of the above branches will be given at moderate rates. Please call at his studio—first floor, west room, front, in the above block. 19

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. 245

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

R. L. ALEXANDER, NEWRY, Ont. Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Conveyancer, &c. Mortgages, deeds, &c., drawn up at lowest rates. Money to loan on farm property at lowest rates. Complete arrangements for sales can be made either at Newry or at the STANDARD Office, Listowel. 49

THOS. FULLARTON, NEWRY, Ont., Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Dee s, 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 [illegible] 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 Reglan street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.
DR. J. A. BURGESS,
Master.