

like the wild glare of madness in that last backward look.

"Heaven keep her safe and sane!" he cried again and again, with a sort of reverential passion, as he leant his aching head against the carriage window, and looked out with sad unseeing eyes on the soft beauty of the starlit summer night.

And, while the fervent prayer still echoed in his heart, Nora de Gretton knelt by her dead husband's side, with blood on her little white hands and on her pretty velvet dress, blood that ran in a long cruel stream along the white rug on which he had fallen—that followed a knife-thrust through his heart, and with which his life had ebbed away.

CHAPTER IX.

"How late the governor is this morning!" Cristino Singleton cried, looking up with a prolonged yawn from the lotter she had been indifferently scanning as her mother came into the room. "Is he down-stairs yet?"

"What a question!" Mrs. Bruce answered, with a laugh, as she took her place at the well-spread breakfast table, and eagerly turned the envelopes on her plate, only to put them aside with a disappointed—

"No letter from Vance again! What can the boy be doing?"

"Getting into mischief, of course!" Cristino said sharply. "But never mind Vance, mother; I asked you whether the governor had come down."

"Of course he has—at least three hours ago; and glad enough I was to get rid of him, I assure you. I never saw a man in such a state of nervous excitement in my life. Really I think the wedding has turned his brain—he has done nothing but walk about the corridors declaring that something terrible had happened to Nora."

"To Nora!" Cristino echoed, with a nervous attempt at a contemptuous laugh.

Had Mrs. Bruce chanced to glance at her daughter, she might have seen that the pale face grew suddenly pinched-looking and pale, and the light eyes had a frightened and guilty glitter. Cristino Singleton, who was endowed with a singularly small amount of faith in Divine justice and mercy, was, on the other hand, most horribly superstitious, and placed an abject trust in signs, portents, and warnings.

"Did—the governor see anything?" she asked uncomfortably; and Mrs. Bruce looked up with an astonished stare from the housewifely task of measuring the orange pekoe into a silver teapot.

"Bless me, child, what should he see? You are as great a goose as he is. I declare you will ruin my nerves among you!" she cried, with a pettish laugh, but a consoling consciousness that her nerves were made of no such penetrable stuff, but were equal to any amount of friction. "He did see at last that it was hardly fair to spoil my sleep, worn out as I was with a fatiguing day, because he could get none himself, and went down-stairs, where I have no doubt he found refuge in his precious books."

Cristino made no further comment; after all, it made little difference to her whether her step-father made his appearance or not. She had plenty to occupy her thoughts, but unfortunately the food she herself had given them was less entirely sweet now than she had imagined it last night.

Then she had been entirely absorbed in the thought of the ample revenge she had taken upon the girl who had outshone her in every way. With something like an intoxication of delight, she had pictured Nora opening her present and reading the news it contained, pictured the utter horror of the bride of a day when her old lover rose before her triumphantly confident in her truth, and when she had to tell him that with her own hands she had raised up a barrier between them.

The little drama played out on the

stage of Cristino's fancy had seemed entirely satisfactory and entertaining last night; amid thunders of applause the curtain had fallen upon a picturesque tableau of her triumph and Nora's crushing defeat—the denouement had been pleasantly complete.

But somehow the brilliant picture faded a little in the colder morning light—disagreeable after-thoughts began to intrude on the girl's mind and fill her with selfish terrors. Now that the intense and irritating jealousy that urged her on to any lengths and blinded her to all but the immediate consequences of her acts had passed into the background, she began to see with alarming sharpness some serious self-made difficulties in her path.

For what happened to Lady de Gretton she cared not one straw. She knew how sure and cruel was the blow she had dealt; the victim might recover from it or die of it, if she chose. But she did care very much what happened to herself; and a spectral army of ugly possibilities paraded menacingly before her till she began to wish, not exactly that the blow had not been struck, but that she herself had figured somewhat less prominently as the avenging angel.

"What a fool I was to write that letter!" she thought, knitting her fair brows and tapping her smart French slipper impatiently on the floor. "She would have known without a word that I had planned it all, and I should not be in her power, as I am now. Of course she will show it to Arthur in self-defence, and then he will never speak to me again; or she may send it to the governor, and then, quiet as he is, this house will hardly hold us both. Oh, dear, I have made a horrible mess of it, look which way I will!"

"Do come to breakfast, child; you look quite pinched and wan with hunger," Mrs. Bruce broke in with a brisk cheerfulness that seemed horribly incongruous to Cristino; and as the girl mechanically obeyed her summons and drew a chair to the table, she turned to the servant, who still lingered at the sideboard, with the careless question—

"Where is your master, Finnis? Does he know we are at breakfast?"

"He is in the library, ma'am, and I rang the bell twenty minutes ago."

"Perhaps he has gone out," Mrs. Bruce suggested, looking across at her daughter, with the slight contemptuous smile she was wont to bestow upon her husband's unpunctual habits.

But the man negatived this idea decisively.

"Oh, no, ma'am! I took him in a telegram a little while back, and he has not left the room since then, I know."

"A telegram!" Cristino repeated, pushing back her chair, and turning a ghastly hue, horrible to look upon. "Mother, their must be something wrong."

Mrs. Bruce felt by no means comfortable herself; some of the superstitious dread that oppressed her daughter seemed suddenly to pass to her, driving the healthy color from her face and making her clear voice husky and unsteady; but she felt, if only to impress the listening servant, that a sharp rebuke was necessary, and administered it with sufficient dignity and promptitude.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Suffer not your thoughts to dwell on the injury you have received or the provoking words that have been spoken to you. Not only learn the art of neglecting them at the time you receive them, but let them grow less and less every moment, until they die out of your mind.

Mark Twain has hit upon a feasible way to protect his works in England. More just than the United States, England extends copyright to foreigners, and with the sole proviso that the work shall be first published in her country. Mark Twain, therefore, publishes his books in London one day before they are issued at home, and so protects himself in both markets.

HOME HINTS.

EYE WATER.—Three level table-spoonsful of white copperas, three level table-spoonsful of salt, one and one half pints of water. Boil this for a few moments and put a drop in the eye night and morning. Be careful in the use of it, as it is poisonous. This is known to be an unfailing remedy for weak and inflamed eyes. It should be diluted if used with babies.

TO SWEETEN RANCID BUTTER.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* states that she has rendered butter that was too rancid, even for cooking, perfectly sweet by cutting it into pieces of about a pound each, wrapping the pieces in clean, white cloths, and burying them a foot or more deep in the ground, allowing them to lie a week or two, then washing and resalting. A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* advises the boiling of the butter, with the addition of a handful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda, to two or three pounds of butter, then pouring it into a crock to cool.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—Take oyster shells and clean them with warm water. Put them in the fire for half an hour, and take them out, cool them, pound them fine, and remove the worthless gray parts. Put the powder into a crucible, with alternate layers of sulphur. Close the lid and seal it up with sand made into a stiff paste with beer. After the crucible has been over the fire for an hour, and afterwards cooled, the contents will be found to be white. Sift the powder carefully, and mix it with gum water. This gives a paint which remains luminous for a long time after dark, if it is first exposed to daylight.

GILDING LEATHER.—We find in the *Lapere* the following method described for gilding leather. It is first moistened with a sponge, then stretched and tacked to a board. When dry it receives a coat of thick isinglass solution, then one of white of egg that has been

beaten and allowed to settle. Upon this is laid lightly with a brush sheets of silver foil, which are then pressed down with a wad of cotton wool. When this is dry it is painted over with yellow leather varnish, which gives it a beautiful golden appearance. A varnish for bronze boots and slippers is made by dissolving aniline red in shellac or other varnish.

CEMENT FOR TIN AND GLASS.—The following, which has been recommended for joining the metallic to the glass parts of kerosene lamps, is impermeable to all oils. Caustic soda, one ounce; water five ounces; rosin, three ounces; plaster of Paris sufficient. Make a solution of the soda in the water, and boil with the rosin until this is dissolved. To the liquid add half its weight of plaster, and apply immediately. It sets firmly in half to three quarters of an hour.

REMOVING STAINS.—A mixture which is excellent for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether. Cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary-sized pail of water. Mix thoroughly, and wash soiled garments in it. For removing spots, use a sponge or clean flannel cloth, and with a dry cloth rub as dry as possible. Woolen goods may be made to look bright and fresh by being sponged with this.

Prince George of Wales, says the *London World*, is proving himself a real "salt." He is the pet of officers and crew of H. M. S. *Canada*, and though not backward in his studies or other then conscientious in his duties, he is healthy, hardy, and just a little mischievous. He takes the rough with the smooth without losing his head or temper, and his ruddy, free, and well-set limbs are to be seen first in every kind of sport.

ALL THROUGH JANUARY!

—:) CONTINUATION OF (:)—

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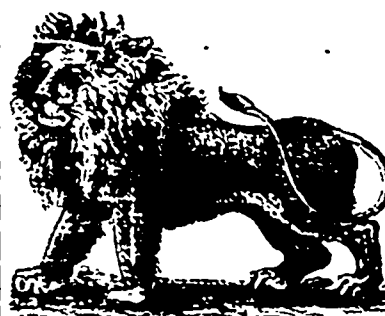
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