all nonsense to make my eyes red about so

insignificant a thing as a diamond. I think I looked nice—at least Rex said I did; but I

slieve he would say so if I were to dress in

bed-ticking, tied around the waist with red

and I never once remembered that he was a

ribbon across his breast, and a silver star-

the cross of the Legion of Honour, Rex told

me afterward. Oh, he was such a nice old

gentleman; and the Princess Adele Moncou-

tour was there-and the loveliest creature ]

ever saw, the Countess Avioli, the widow o

an Italian nobleman, who is staying in Paris

satin dress I am having made, with a long

train of white velvet-the dress to be em

proidered in set figures of small diamonds se

that whenever I turn there will be such a

sparkling that I expect to dazzle myself

But revenous a nos moutons, I must tell you about a famous English duchess whom I rout-

been all the rage here, and I, Ida Delamere

youth, and that, Angie, is nine points of the question. So, when we were introduced to-

night, she stared at me with her hard glitter-

ing eyes, and said something so rude that it

on the most impertinent look you can imagine, and said something just twice as insolent.

glad of it. She never looked at me again-

collar when I come home. I sent a box, by

express, yesterday, to Deepdale, with a set o

decorated china for your mother, and a package of books which Rex picked out, expressly

for Papa Gresham. And there is a big doll for

you, with a little trunk and trousseau, all

just the colour of her eyes, and a revolver fo

but they are tied with white satin ribbon.

and look very elegant. When the box was all packed, and Rex was closing it up—I

know you won't laugh at me—but I sat down on the floor and cried, with my cheek lying

" 'REVEREND MILO GRESHAM,

for I felt such a thrill of homesickness, and

as if I must creep into the box myself and be

o dear old 'Deepdale. Sometimes I fancy

carried with the doll and the bonbons back

that Paris and the new chocolate-coloure

carriage and Rex are only one of my day

dreams that Papa Gresham used to shake his

bead at so solemnly, and that I shall rouse up

window-sill, with my sewing in my lap, and

me. I am very happy here; there is nothing

and it seems as if I had Aladin's lamp to

supply every wish and anticipate every

thought; but sometimes-(I wonder if it is

wrong. Angie)-I feel as if I should like to be

away, and come back to the chimney

rowing. I wonder if all wives feel so?

self; but you know we were always allies

standall this, it is a relief to me to sit down

everybody; and be sure that there is nobody

n the world who loves you half so well, dear larling little Angie, as Your own, own IDA."

This was the letter written to her little

luxurious fauteuil, in the superb rooms of he

Parisian abiding place; and there were the

races of tears upon the last sheet. Poor Ida

CHAPTER XV.

Wearied out by the excitement of the ball

the Faubourg Saint Honore, and the vigil

f letter-writing which succeeded it, Ida slept

ate the next morning, and it was nearly

The curtains were closely drown, and Ma-

ilde was sitting before the fire, waiting un-

il it should be her mistress' pleasure to rise.

That was like Rex, so thoughtful and

considerate always," thought Ida, as she lay vatching the blaze and crackle of the fire.

"I would not have awakened madame to tell

a person here to see her. He waits now, in

"He would not give his name, madame;

I wonder what it can be?" pondered Ida.

e said his business was pressing, and con-

However, you may bring my things, Ma-hilde. I may as well dress at once."

The toilet of the capricious little lady was

t a matter of very great rapidity, and her

"Perhaps it is the diamond setter," thought

But while her mind was yet busy in wear

The words broke almost involuntarily from

da's lips as she tat gazing on this unexpected

"I am glad the signora remembers me,"

"But I don't remember you pleasantly at all," said Ida, with more truth than conventiouality. "What have you come to

that I did not want to see you."
"I did not know that I had been so un-

You might have been quite sure

apparition-an unwelcome link between her

rder about my flowers, or-"

"Giuseppe Antonardi!"

e in the past and present.

he said.

He bowed low and obsequiously

plack and a neatly tied white cravat.

noon when at length she opened her eyes.

'It is a quarter of tweive, madame,

desired me not to disturb madame.

e portière down stairs."
"A man, Mathilde? Who is he?"

rned vou alone."

'Is it late, Mathilde?'

GIUSEPPE.

iend, by the child-wife, sitting in her

", Deepdale Rectory, Deepdale, Conn.,

emplete, and a blue silk dress for Eleanor,

Wasn't it splendid?

orated china for

on the direction-

You should have seen her colour up, and

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DUCHESS OF BERNMOUTH'S DEFEAT. The residence of Mme. la Comtesse d'An cour, in the Faubourg Saint Honore, was ablaze with lights on the night of the birth-day fête, while the broad balustrades were wreathed with tropic vines, and the windows seemed framed in banks of camellias, jasmine, and tea-roses, so deliciously sweet, that the very air one breathed was a luxury. The musicians, secluded from view in an inner

alcove, were discoursing the sweetest of strains

and the salons were already quite full when

Mr. and Mrs. Delamere entered.

Ida had carried out the picturesque caprice of appearing in the gold-coloured glace, with earted buttercups in curls, and her ivory shoulders half veiled beneath a Chantilly lace scarf, whose price have paid all the family expenses at Deepdale Rectory for a year, while a lace fan, mounted on sticks of carved gold, hung from the amber bracelet at her wrist, and a bouquet of yellow acacias corresponded with

There was a universal murmur of admiration as her young husband led this dark-browed beauty in, like some fairy queen, robed in dew and sunshine. La belle Americaine had become the topic of conversation i the circles of Paris society, and people crowded eagerly around the flower-festor

"Ah, ma belle, how good of you, how sweet!" cried Mme. la Comtesse, hurrying to meet her, in a pale-blue velvet dress, made very low in the corsage, and blue turquoise ornaments that gave her sallow skin a cada is effect. "But you are an angel of laisance. Ma foi! I have here of verous effect. English and of Americans many, so you will not be alone, save in your beauty." And Ida was at once surrounded, and, as it were, taken posession of, by jewelled ladies and courtly, high-bred gentlemen, with stars and orders glistening on their breasts, while the hours of the evening seemed to slip by

as if they were minutes. But the person she liked best of all her new acquaintances was a lady of perhaps thirty-five, whose fringed draperies in the crowd of the supper room caught in Ida's gold bouquet-holder. She turned to apole gize in words whose accents were like music, so low, so soft, and so exquisitely modulated. "Oh, never mind !" ' cried Ida, and then remembering herself, she laughed, coloured, and

went on in French, assuring the other that no harm was done. "You need not speak in French," said the lady, smiling. "I am English born, if not English bred, and the sound of the Saxon anguage is very sweet to me.'

'I am so glad," said Ida, impulsively. "I speak French very well, they tell me, yet English is the language most natural to me. turning to the gentleman who was with Ida, spoke a word or two in a low voice, and he immediately begged the pleasure of introducing to Mrs. Delamere Mme. Avioli. She was a personage of about ave-and-thirty, as we have before said, but looking at least ten years younger, with a complexion of dazz-ling fairness, hair obbright, luxuriant auburn, and deep-blue eves.

Her dress was of lilac satin, full of amethystine lustre and changing lights, and her jewels were diamonds of great size and "I fell in love with her the moment I saw

her," was Ida's after account of the intro-

reliest person I ever saw in my life. I wished for the first time in my existence, after I saw her, that nature had created me a blonde instead of a brunette. But Ida did not dream how deep the destinies, of Mme. Avioli were to be interwoven

ing with all a child's innocent admiration into the violet, soft eyes, and listening, as if in a sort of spell, to the words that flowed like liquid silver from the lovely lips of her new The Duchess of Bernmouth came in rather

later than Mrs. Delamere-a wax-skinned, voluptuons blonde, after the style depicted by Peter Paul Rubens' glowing pencil, ue, sleepy orbs, and a profusion of lightflaxen ringlets; a lady whose white satin draperies flowed around her in surging billows, and whose necklace, of pink Neapolitan coral, was said to be the finest article of the kind in all Lady Bernmouth, although she was over

thirty, had been the reigning queen of fashion for some time, and when people spoke of the dangerous charms of the American stranger. the Duchess smiled scorn ully, and shrugged the beautiful white shoulders, where dimples came and went every time she moved. An American," said Lady Bernmouth. "I should as soon think of furling my colours

before a Chinese belle, or a young lady from the Court of Japan."
As this was the first field on which the rival beauties had met, there were a great many pairs of eyes upon them, and many ant whispers and secretly exchange glances, when Mme. d'Ancour, taking it for granted, in her warm superabundance of hos itality, that the English and American ladies would be charmed to know each other, check ed the Duckess of Bernmouth in her triumphal progress through the rooms, directly in front f the group of which Mrs. Delamere formed

· Madame la Duchess," she cried, eagerly, " pray let me do myself the pleasure to iutroduce you to Mrs. Delamere, the charmin American lady who has this evening delighted us with her society.

Lady Bernmouth put up her eyeglass : and then, with the slightest possible inclination of her golden-tressed head, dropped it

"Oh, an American!" she said, with a soft, easy insolence of tone and manner; adding, oute audibly enough to be heard: "Noboly knows who these rich parvenus of Americans

Ida lifted her brilliant, languid eyes, while a deep crimson came to her cheek, and answered, in a voice as soft and low as the Duchess' own: "But we all know who Madame the Duch-

ess of Bernmouth is, and we have known

She turned to the Italian nobleman with whom she was conversing, and the Duchess, whose sore point was her thirty-four years and her somewhat passé style, coloured so red that her pink Neapolitan necklace seemed to be overflowed and submerged in the scariet tide of blushes. Nobody laughed, but there was a murmur, almost inaudible, going oreakfast of chocolate and dainty French rolls ollowed it, so that it was nearly one o'clock round the room, and a general attempt to conceal a smile, that made the Duchess painbefore she entered her boudoir, and sent fully aware that the story would be all over Mathilde to usher her anonymous visitor into Paris by the next morning. There had been ner presence. a passage of arms between Mrs. Delamere and the Duchess of Bernmouth, and Mrs. Ida, "or the man who wants to take the Delamere had conquered. The fat Duchess with the golden hair and the shoulders like drifts of snow had met with her Waterloo. ing vague conjectures, the door was thrown open, and Mathilde retired, after showing in a Ida sat up in her white cashmere wrapper that night to write to Angie, and a brief exall, soitly stepping man, in a suit of seedy

tract from her letter may perhaps give a better representation of her ideas of Parisian life than any other more laboured de-"I have only just retured from a ball in

the Faubourg Saint Honore," she wrote, after various allusions to Deepdale matters, and many questions on similar topics. "I wish you could have seen me, in my yellow s, and a wreath of buttercups, which unald had had set with diamonds to se me. You would fancy there was a ring dewdrop in every cup; the ds came from a pair of bracelets that out, and cried about it; but Rex said it was fortunate as to offend the signora," resurned

Siuseppe, with drooping head and an osten Guseppe, with drooping head and an ostentatious humility of tone.

"You were always offending me—you and Mr. Pierre," said Ida, brusquely.

"I suppose you have come to beg, but I shall not make myself your almoner. Take yourself off, Giuseppe—you shall not make anything out of me." Madame, you are mistaken; I do not come to beg—"
"Then what do you come for?" demanded

Ida, coolly.

'Madame, I am very poor," said Giuseppe,
slowly. "The world has not treated me well. I am in debt; I must have money,"

"Giuseppe," said Ida, "I would give s
five franc-piece to any beggar in the street, but
the street and the street of the

one thing, extortion another. If you have othing more to say, I will ring the bell for Achille to show you to the door. "But I have something more to say, madame have a great deal to say."
"Say it then, and quickly."

flannel. On, Angie, it was so nice! Fancy little me, flirting with counts and marquises "Say it then, and quickly."
"I do not speak unrewarded. My speech and viscounts; and there was one prince there, the Prince de Molignac, cousin or like marketable wares—it will bring its grandfather, or something else, to Louis Philippe, and he talked to me ever so long, worth in solid gold pieces.' "It will bring you to the street outside in harge of a gendarme, if you are not careful, prince, for he talked just like any other man, cried Ida, growing fairly exasperated. "What and wore a plain black dress, with a red you take me for, Giuseppe, to listen to

such insolence?" Her eyes sparkled; round spots of crimson glowed like roses on either cheek. Giuseppe watched her with ill-disguised admiration. She looked lovely thus, and Giuseppe, albeit he had no heart to speak of, had t sufficient artistic appreciation to admire

just now. She has promised to come and see me, and I have fallen in love with her at first "What do I take you for, madame?" h sight. She is an English lady, I believe, or at least she has been educated in England, epeated, slowly. "I will tell you by-and-ye; but first, I have some trifling details of and they say she is a great friend of the Empress. That reminds me, I am to be prenily history to communicate to you. "Of your family history ?" sented at Court next week. And such a white

"No, madame : of your own." Ida looked at him in aston Of my family history, Giuseppe? You ust be dreaming. "I am not dreaming, madame. You int tmated, I believe, that you were not fond of my master—Monsieur Pierre L'Echelle." I detested him," answered Ida, with

ed with great slaughter. You must know she and I are rivals—that is to say, she has That was unfortunate," said Giuseppe with a shrug of his shoulders, "for he resolved to dethroneher. Saucy of me, wasn't it? But, you see, I am only sixteen, and she 'My uncle! Monsieur Pierre my uncle!

"Your uncle, madame."
"It is false!" cried Ida, colouring, and then growing pale. 'I have letters and papers which would prove it in any court of law in Europe, ma-

made my blood boil in my veins. So I put "Well, and what then?" said Ida, after a moment or two of silence, during which she was revolving in her mind the strange tidings she had just heard. "Monsieur Pierre is Madame d'Ancour told me afterward she was dead; he can no longer rise up to claim a re-lationship which, during his lifetime, he

the fat Duchess, I mean—the whole evening. "But you forgot to tell me about the lame Yes, madame; he is dead, and that brings me back to the question you asked me, as to whom you were." puppy in your letter. Does he limp as much as he did? I shall bring him a beautiful new

I asked you no such question, Giuseppe.

"No matter, madame; it amounted to the same thing. You, Madame Ida Chaloner are "He daughter of a murderess!"
"Guseppe!" gasped the girl, rising to her eet, as pale as ashes, "what do you mean?" "I mean that your mother's was the hand that stabbed Monsieur Pierre L'Echelle to Monty, and a box of carved chessmen for James. Oh, and a casket of bonbons! I don't the heart the night that he died the death of a dog. The jewelled dagger that lay bloody on the floor was hers. I saw her think they are really so nice as the striped Jackson balls we used to buy at the store, throw it from her when the deed was done. I saw her steal from the room, noiselessly and stealthily, at the dead of night!"

Giuseppe, you are speaking falsely!"
Madame, I swear it before high Heaven. If ever fate confronts me with that guilty woman, she will confess the deed; she dare ot deny it."

"Then, Giuseppe," slowly articulated Ida. you hed foully in the evidence you bore at ne coroner's inquest." He shrugged his shoulders again, that little oreign movement that Ida so abhorred.

What could I do? I was a poor man

and friendless; the L'Echelles were rich and powerful; moreover, they belong to a family that never forgive. 'Vengeance to the death' is their motto. The deed was done; all my find myself sitting on the is their motto evidence could not bring the poor victim Marguerite propped up in the corner beside back to life again. . Moreover, madame. there was you-could I have the heart to ruin you, but pleasure and amusement from one day to an innocent, harmless child, with the name of another. And Rex loves me so dearly, that a murderer's offspring? I may be a villain, everything I do or say is right in his eyes; but I am not so bad as that!'

"Giuseppe," said Ida, coldly, "this mock sentiment is wasted on me. reasons for keeping this awful crime a secret, but it was not through any mercy toward like Cinderella, to throw the glass slipper

"Let it be as madame pleases," said Giu seppe, quietly; "but here is what I have to tell you. You are the daughter of one who is I get almost tired of Rex and his devotion once in awhile. I wish he wouldn't follow me so, and keep asking me whether I liable, at any moment, when I choose to break the silence of years, to a death upon the gal am too warm or too cold. I am downright cross with him sometimes, and then I get by lows. You are rich, courted, and gay; you have a husband, I am told, who adores you, myself and cry, to think how wisked I am your carriage rolls by on the boulevards, "Angie, don't let anyone see this letter. while I drudge on foot, humble, despised, but could not have written so to your mother to-day I am the wealthier of the two, for Eleanor, or anyone in the world but yourown a secret which has power to turn your nusband's love into horror, and brand and even though I know you cannot underwith the awful shadow of a crime which no one can ever hear named without a shudder and write it to you.
"Give ten thousand kisses to them all at Ida grew pale as he spoke, but rallied herelf with an effort. Deepdale, not forgetting Marguerite, and Jane Anne (the French doll's name is Celes-

"If it is true, Giuseppe," she said, "and mind you, I am myself convinced that it is a monstrous fabrication—" tine), and the lame puppy, and Jowler, and "You will discover, madame, that it is too

"Supposing it, then, for argument's sake, to be true, why have you kept silence all these years? Why have you not spoken out your ecious piece of information long ago? What good would it have done me, madame? For I freely confess that if I could have found your guilty mother—and it is not rom any lack of search that I have not long ago hunted her down," he added, with an evi glitter in his eyes-"I would have taxed he ong ago with the crime. I would have comelled her to pay with a gold piece for every oment of my forbearing silence. But, up to his time, she has continued to elude me with a cunning that was always her inheritance for the L'Echelles are secret as the grave, and slyer than the serpents; but never fear but I shall find her yet. Giuseppe Antonardi was once in the secret police force of Austria, and that is a training that a man never for gets. I shall find her yet! But, in the mean-time, a man must live, and I am poor! It is for money I have come to you, and

"Has my husband breakfasted?"
Long ago, madame; he was obliged to go
the American Minister's on business, and 'And I am to be your victim?" Ida demanded, bitterly. You are to be the generous recognizer of er of it," went on Matuilde, "but there is my forbearing silence, madame," said Giu-

seppe, smoothly."
"Giuseppe," began Ida, "it seems to me that this is a mere fabrication, from beginning to end, trumped up for the purpose of an un-blushing extortion."

"As madame pleases; but if you refuse to elp a poor man in his need, I shail imediately seek an interview with your husband, whose more logical pature will at once ecognize the correctness and justice of my claims. He may, perchance, be surprised to arn that he has married the daughter of a nurderess-"He will not believe you."

"Does madame think so? At all events, am ready to risk my chances for it.' He was turning away, when Ida spoke

Giuseppe, who-where is my mother You ought at least to tell me that ! "As to whom she is, madame, I deem it roper to preserve my secret yet a little while onger. What good would it do you to know? And where she is—if I knew myself, lo you suppose I should be here, begging a mere gratiuty, just to keep soul and body together? Shadow of Crossus! I should be rich man, madame !" Ida's trembling hand sought her purse,

"Madame has decided to take the part of risdom," he said, insinuatingly. "Madame knows that a poor fellow cannot starve," 'I do not believe your story, Giuseppe, she said; "yet it is perhaps better that

yield for once to your extortion."- Here Giu-

seppe elevated his eyebrows remonstratingly.

But remember that it is for the last time,

See, here is money; do not forget that it purchases your silence." Giuseppe's eyes glistened as Ida poured the old pieces into his outstretched palm.

"Madame is generous as becomes one of the race of L'Echelle," he muttered, greedily. "Yes," said Mme. Avioli, a little bitterly "that is the way of men. But it will not be so with your husband, the beautiful boy, with the dark-blue eyes. It is plain to see

but a boy? My husband, when he died—the

he proved a noble and generous husband, an I was a faithful wife all the years of ou

union-as faithful, Ida, as if I had loved him

body who runs away, and is married among

So began Mrs. Delamere's first friendship in Paris.

When the day for her much anticipate

resentation at Court arrived. Ida looked like

fairy in the midst of a snow-wreath, in the

dress Mile. Micharde had sent home in a box

large enough for a trunk. It was, as she had

embroidered with floss-silk butterflies, each

crested with the glitter of tiny diamonds

fastened by some mysterious triumph of the

jeweller's art, into the satin, and along train

diamond brooch on the top. She wore no

thing in her curls but a natural white rose

with its accompanying spray of green leaves and the magnificent solitaire diamonds, which had been her bridal gift from her husband

shone like spots of quivering fire on her breas

running gleefully into her husband's dressing-room. "Oh, how funny you look in you

"How do you like me. Rex?" she cried

'Aren't we going together?" demande

"Going together, indeed. That's a man's ea!" laughed Ida. "Why, there isn't a

"Does that Court costume of yours tak

"To be sure it does. Come, make haste

The presentation room at the palace wa

bing, perhaps, a degree or two more rapidly than usual, yet quite self-possessed, and even

The Empress stood at the end of the room

and dressed in a lilac velvet robe trimme

still marvellously delicate in outline and

complexion, was relieved by the golden hair

which, brushed back from the brows, fell in

a cascade of shining curls at the back of her

Ida bowed low over the delicate cloved

hand of the first lady in France, as the

courteous representative of the transatlantic

after a sweet and graciously spoken word of

two from the Empress, which she hardly

heard in the excitement of the moment

moved on, to make room for a fat lady fro

When at length the presentations

Minister stood respectfully awaiting

Majesty's permission to introduce the ladies

'So that is la belle Americaine, of whom

once the tongue of rumour has not been false

You may tell your fair country woman, mon-

loveliest that has lighted up St. Cloud this

season. Ceil! but it must be sweet to be so

And with a sigh, perhaps given to the

iness. Eugènie turned toward Lord Eden

A Bible With a Bloody Footprint.

T. V. Harrison, of Clarke county, has a

Bible with a history. It was printed in 1700, and in 1723 belonged to Joshua Swank, an ancestor of Mr. Harrison, who was then

living in Eastern Kentucky. In that year a

party of Indians, led by Simon Girty, were

prowling near, and one transfixed Mr. Swank's body with his spear, who fell to the

point of the spear cutting from the ninth

chanter of Esther to the seventeenth chapter

Bible to pull out his spear, and thirty years

seen. Now it is a dull rusty stain. Thus it

Fpps's Cocoa-Grateful and Comforting.

aws which govern the operations of digestion

and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa

Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast table

may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

with a delicately flavoured beverage which

that a constitution may be gradually built up

until strong enough to resist every tendency

to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies ar

floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many

a fatal shait by keeping ourselves well forti-fied with pure blood and a properly nourished

Packets and tins (\frac{1}{2} lb. and lb.), by Grocers, labelled—"James Epps & Co, Homeopathic

Chemists, London, Eug.-Also makers of

A short time ago a young tramp was pu

off a train on the Philadelphia and Reading

railway, on which he was stealing a ride. He

ing his opportunity, he placed an obstruction

killed one of the employes. The ruffian fled

to the mountains; but was at last captured

and lodged in gaol, and then, instead of having

falling into the hands of the lynchers, who

shrift, the sapieht Dogberry who heard the case let the murderous rascal out on bail in a small sum, throwing him loose on society to

swift justice meted out to him, and instead

would have given him a long rope and a sho

carry out his wicked practices.

the rails, which wrecked the train and

vowed that he would have vengeance.

frame."—Civil Service Gazette.-with boiling water or milk.

Epps's Chocolate Essence.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural

made priceless by the sacrifice of

Samuel. The Indian set his foot on the

bloody foot could b

Sold only i

ground with the open Bible beneath him, the

emory of her own departed youth and love-

arne, and a second series of presentations

sieur, that Eugenie thinks her

pronounced her name, and then,

Delamere, in some bewilderment.

Your carriage is here; mine

pure white velvet, while a point lace scar

Angie Gresham, of white satin,

omantic, but que voulez voi

young wife in her own.

and in either ear.

it is getting late !"

a little defiant.

Republic

followed.

ancestor.

half way up the palm.

Henceforward, my tongue and my memory ecome your faithful slaves. No one shall how devoted he is to you know, from this time, that such a one as He crept away with the soft, leopard-like tread that Ida had remembered from a child, Ida drew herself up slightly. "He is not a boy, madame Mme. Avioli laughed musically.
"Don't be offended, Ida, but what is that

and the next instant she was alone—alone with the awful shadow which his disclosure and past. Do not look so shocked, my child. It is true I did not marry him for love—but we manage these things differently on the ad cast over her life. She sat down again, pressing both hands over her eyes, trying to summon every fa-culty of her mind to the aid of the beleaguered citadel of sense and reason.

'It cannot be true," she murmured ; "it i And yet, why should it not be true? It was not in the least unlikely that Mr. Fierre had been as Giuseppe asserted—her uncle-else why had he taken the general charge of her, paying her bills and superintending, after his vague and unequal fashion, her childish education? But why, then, had he entert ined such an inveterate dislike to her Why did he separate her from her mother, who, according to Giuseppe's account, was iving all the while. Or, was it possible and Ida acknowledged the probability of the idea with a sick feeling of despair—that her mother had, herself, discarded and thrown off the holy tie of maternal tenderness? There were unfortunate children, and Ida, little as she knew of the world's vice and wickedn was beginning to learn this, whom father and nother alike blush to recognize—children who are nameless and unacknowledged. Oh, merciful Heaven! could she be one of these? And what was the deadly feud between

a midnight murder?

She was roused from these wretched meditations by the sound of her husband's foot steps in the corridor without. She started up, looking wildly round, as if she fain would ave fled or concealed herself from his eyes Notwithstanding her assertion that she did not believe Giuseppe Antonardi's tale, she ould not for the world have had Reginald Delamere listen to its blighting words. t was a secret which, at all hazards, must be

brother and sister which had culminated

"Ida, my darling," Mr. Delamere ex claimed, in a voice of concern, as his eyes rested upon her pale face and swollen eyelids, was fastened picturesquely over one shoulde and under the other, and clasped with what is the matter? What has happened to disturb you ?"

Nothing-that is-I don't know, Regin-Additional and the sound of the Too much gaiety has wearied you out; we must be more careful in future. Have you ocen alone all the morning?"

Court suit ! She spoke the falsehood with compresse loesn't came until afterward. ips, and eyes never once lifted to his face. 'Has no one been here? Not the man about the diamonds, nor Dumarte with the imperial photographs?"

"No, Rex; no one."

"Very well. Then get ready for a drive. carriage in all Paris large enough to hold u

You need a little fresh air, and a good long rest afterward. Shall I call Mathilde?" up so much room?" demanded the young "If you please, Rex." husband, somewhat amused. Mathilde was not in madame's bedroom and Delamere opened the door of the dressing room beyond, where the trim-looking Frenc voman was at work.

already full when Mr. and Mrs. Delamere "Go to your mistress, Mathilde," he said. arrived; and Ida, leaning on her husband's The girl rose, shaking her work from her arm, and courteously conveyed by the American Minister, passed through the glittering ap.
"Has the visitor, then, gone who was with aisle of beauty and fashion, her heart throb

madame?" "What visitor, Mathilde?" "The man." "Your mistress has had no visitor thi

norning, Mathilde. The woman looked puzzled. She herself a little on one side, surrounded by a small but brilliant circle of ladies and gentlemen, had shown the tall, softly stepping foreigner into Mrs. Delamere's boudoir; but she was with Chantilly lace, and a shawl of the same too Parisian to insist on what her mistress costly material, sweeping down from her shoulders, while her fair, high-bred face, not, perhaps so youthful-looking as it was when she was the boast of all Europe, but evidently had chosen to conceal. "I beg monster's pardon," she said; "I have been mistaken. Of course madame has had no visitor.

And she tripped away to obey her mistress summons; while Reginald, after a momen tary marvel at the girl's misapprehension, took up Galignani's Messenger, just brought in by Achille, and began to read.

CHAPTER XVI. PRESENTED AT COURT.

Mme. Avioli was sitting in Mrs. Delamere' eception-room, when the young wile return ed from her drive. Although her dress lacked the brilliant accessories of the night before, she was as lovely as ever, in a black-velve arriage dress, with deep blue plumes in her velvet hat, and her, India cashmere shawl. elasped with a cameo of dark, translucent stone, edged all round with tiny sea pearls. Ida thought she looked like a picture, as she sat leaning back in the deep hollow of the ofa with a book in her hand. She rose, as da ran up to her, both hands stretched out. n the bright gladness of her welcome.

from his own aristocratic isle, the Empres Ah, mia carissima," she said, smiling, turned smilingly to Mr. -, the American I have waited long for you. What! you Minister. vill give me a kiss will give me a kiss!"

"Ah, yes," pleaded Ida, holding up her lips like two cherries. "I always want to kiss people that I love."

"And you love me already, mia, is that I have heard so much?" she said, with gracious glance toward Mrs. Delamere, who was standing at some little distance.

"Indeed, I do. Sit down again and talk to me. The Countess obeyed, and looked keenly into Ida's face.

young and so beautiful!" "You are pale little one, your eyes are heavy. Ah, this is a world of compensation and you are paying for the triumphs of last evening."
"No," said Ida, throwing aside the bonnet, whose strings she had untied: "it is not

that, Madame—"
"Call me Lucille, carissima—that is the name I should best like to hear from your Well, then, if I may be Ida, too.

"Ida!" the soft syllable rippled like music
"Ida!" the soft syllable rippled like music rom Mme. Avioli's mouth name, and I like it-Ida. But what were you about to :ell me-of those weary eyes and

olourless cheeks?" "Nothing, except that we cannot always e happy. "Ah, mia poverina, you have found that ut already !

"I suppose so," said Ida, slowly. "You are right, Ida. Life is not all sun-shine and roses," said Mme. Avioli, stroking the small hand which she held in hers. There are troubles, however, which grow ess when confided to some faithful bosom "Mine is not one of that kind," said Ida, recoiling at the very idea of revealing to any living soul the awful secret which she had that morning learned. "Not," she added quickly remembering herself, "that I have

any serious trouble—only—only, you know, one is naturally capricious and changeable at 'True," assented the Countess. "But to leave these shadows, which are as vague as they are indescribable, you promised to tell me all about vourself and vour American home. I like to hear of lives so from my own. Speak to me, my heart, as if you were speaking to you self."

And Ida, coming close to the Countess' knee and nestling down on a low velvet divan, so that she could hold her visitor's hand, told Deepdale Rectory and the sunny years of her childhood, growing interested and eager Had it been the day before, Ida would have spoken of her previous life. of M. Pierre and the strange, roving character of her earlier years; but now she could scarcely tell herself why she carefully avoi any word or allusion which should lead to

hose times.

Mme. Avioli listened with interest almost s absorbed as that of the fair young speaker. "The good priest!" she cried, when Ida humorously described the peculiarities of the Reverend Milo Gresham. "How Ishould have liked to know him !" 'Not priest, madame; he was a clergy-

"It is all the same. And the demoisell with the blue eyes and the gentle voice, whose fiance proved recreant, and fell in love "They will soon be engaged, and soon forget me, as if I had never JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

"We Runned Away." I'wo little rascally darlings, they stood Hand clasped in hand and eyes full of glee, Stock still in the midst of the crowded street, Naughty as ever children could be. Horses to right of them, horses to left, Men hurrying breathless to and fro, Nobody stotping to wonder at them. Nobody there with a right to know.

Oh, what a chance for a full truant joy! Earth holds no other equal delight, Hark! it is over—a shriek fills the air, A woman's face flashes pallid white

'Oh, babies! whose are you? How cam The busy street halts aghast, at bay; Serene smiles the infants, as heavenly cl They both speak together: "We away!"

lineage to support, and people said, not with-out beauty. What would my life have been alone? The Count Avioli was good to me; The crowd and bustle swayed on again,
The babies were safe and had lost their fun;
And we who saw felt a secret pain,
Half envy, of what the babes had done; And said in our hearts, alack! if we tell with boy-and-girl enthusiasm. And when he died, he left me wealth and independence, and We never get now so good a time
As we used to have when we "runned away." the name of madame, which secures me the freedom I so pined for as a girl. It was no

BARBARA'S PINK HAT.

the roses at sixteen, like you!"

Mme. Avioli's visit was prolonged far be The children of Brooklyn look forward to yond the period prescribed by fashion, and when she went away Ida begged her soon to the day of the grand annual Sunday school parade with delight and excitement. It is a sight well worth seeing; bright faced boys "I don't know what makes me love you so much," she said wistfully; "but I feel as if and girls in their prettiest clothes marching merrily along to the music of the bands. you were my sister."

Mme. Avioli pressed the soft hand of the gorgeous silken flags and banners flying, riboons fluttering, and wafted over all the per-"Sister," she repeated, gently: "that is happy thought of yours, Ida. We will b

fume of thousands of flowers.
Ethel Green and her friend Barbara North elonged to the same Sunday school, and had been selected to carry the cords of their class banner as a reward for their punctual at-tendance and good behaviour during the year. It was considered a post of honour, and naturally the children were delighted to dress alike, and Barbara was very doubtful whether she could match Ethel in any one garment, for her grandmother, with whom she lived, had but a small income, and, be sides, held what are called old-fashioned

ideas about little girl's dress.

Ethel had never thought of this. So Barbara had answered that it would be impossible for her to join the procession, she was both astonished and dismayed. When they were alone Ethel asked so many questione, and seemed so hurt and disapp at her friend's refusal, that at last Barbara

Well. Ethel, if you must know, I cannot dress as your mother will dress you, so there's no use thinking any more about it."
"Is that all?" cried Ethel, very much relieved. "I thought it was something a great deal worse. Just tell me what you can wear, and I will ask mamma to dress me the same. "I can have a white dress," answere Barbara, "for grandmother said that she would make over for me this summer a India muslin skirt that she used to wear when she was a girl. But the worst of all is this brown hat. It is new, and quite good enough for me, I suppose: but it certainly will not look well among all the pretty light hats of the other girls. And grandma said when she bought it, 'Take good care of this hat, Barbara; it is fine straw, and must last all summer.

"Oh, well!" cried Ethel, "that's all right. I have a white dress, I know, and I think I have a brown hat." That will never do," said Barbara, de-"Let it stand this way-if grand cidedly. namma can give me a light hat, I will go. If not, you must find another companion.
"No," answered Ethel, decidedly; have made up my mind to stay at hor you do. But when will you know?

nember this is Monday, and the parade is on Wednesday." "I shall know to-morrow morning," wered Barbara, as she turned away.
On the following afternoon the girls met in he street near Barbara's house.
"Can you go?" asked Ethel, anxiously.
"Yes," cried Barbara, with sparkling eyes.

Les night I told grandmamma about the nat, and, do you know, she said you were a nat, and, do you know, she said you were a good, self-sacrificing little girl to be willing to give up wearing your handsome clothes for me, and that she would not try your friendarbara drew from her pocket a crisp new five-dollar bill. "I am to buy a hat with it—choose it for myself, for grandmamma is busy finishing my white dress. 'Yes," cried Ethel, eagerly.

if I can take Ida along. Mother and Aunt Nelly have gone out, and Ida would cry Chicago, whose face was the colour of her dreadfully if I should leave her.' crimson satin dress, and whose gloves, from undue pressure and nervousness, was split 'Let her come, of course," answered Barbara. "Now, here is the milliner's card, This is where grandmamma always buys her onnets-Madame Fanchon. It's in Fulton treet, near the ferry.' Yankee land were over and while the English

A short walk brought them to Fulton treet, where they saw Madame Fanchon's great gold lettered sign directly before them. bara and Ethel were soon busy examinng the wonderful array of beautiful goods. After peeping into nearly every box and drawer in the store, madame brought out a at which Ethel declared was exact y similar o hers. Cream white straw, line w th pale ink silk, and trimmed with apple blossoms. Oh," said Barbara, in a subdued tone of delight and admiration, "I never saw anything quite so beautiful."

The hat was soon deposited in a bandbox nd delivered to Barbara. Then they turned look for Ida, whom they had left to amuse was gone.

nerself at the window. To their dismay she e two girls hastened into the street and The two girls hastened into the street and cooked about them. Presently they caught a glimpse of Ida trotting briskly along toward the ferry.

"There she is," cried Ethel. "I do hope she will not try to cross the street." There is always a great crowd in Fulton st eet about six o'clock; so the girls had a ifficult time of it, dodging between the eople, to keep the little figure flitting before them in sight. Suddenly Barbara, who was little the taller, gave a sharp cry, and darted forward. Then Ethel knew at once that some accident must have happened to her little sister, and grew dizzy and faint, But recovering hers-lt almost immediately, she in on quickly in the direction which Barbara had taken, and soon found herself near a group of people collected on the curbstone

"Is she hurt?" cried Ethel, trying fruntially to force her way through the crowd. But all were too busy talk ng to notice he "Did you ever see such presence of mind? "Wonderful! wonderful!" answered his

ompanion. 'A brave, bright girl !" said another. Please, please, move and let me go to er," pleaded Ethel, tugging at the speaker's "Well. little girl," said the gentleman,

what do you want?' ""I want to see her," answered Ethel, lift-ing a pair of wet eyes and a very frighten-d face up to his, "She is my sister." "Your sister!" exclaimed he. "Here, take my hand, and we will find her in a The man forced his way through the crowd nd Ethel found herself face to face with Barbara, who looked troubled and embarrass-

At the same moment a large, good-natured. ooking woman came forward with Ida in her arms. "Now, children," she said, "the little lass is all right. There's nothing in life the matter with her barring a big scare. So keep hold

of her hand tight, and run home.' "Thank you," answered Ethel, gratefully, as she flung her arms around Ida's neck, and issed her tear-stained cheek.
"Please come, Ethel," whispered Barbara As Ethel turned to comply she noticed that her friend was empty-handed inquired

"There," answered Barbara, pointing to the centre of the street. And there it certainly was, but its beauty

had departed forever. The delicate straw was broken, and the silk and flowers crushed

into a soiled heap. More than twenty vehicles had passed over it since it had passed over it since it was flung

there by the girl's own hand.

When Barbara started forward with a cry she had seen little Ida step off the sidewalk, and try to cross the street. When she reached the spot she found that the child had fallen lirectly before a large dray, and was com pletely surrounded by waggons. To save her Barbara was obliged to pass under the poles of several carts and carriages, which she did without hesitation. Then lifting Ida to her feet, she turned to retrace her steps, but found that the way had become blocked, and just behind her a pair of horses had grown so restive as to be almost beyond their driver's control. The man shouted to her to get out of the way, and just as she began to that they would certainly be run over, the driver of one of the waggons stooped from his high seat, and cried :

"Hand me the young one, step on the hul Be spry, now. Barbara could not lift Ida encumbered a she was with the bandbox; so without hesi tation she flung it down, and quickly followed the man's directions. she gave one lingering glance at the once pretty piece of finery. A horse's hoof had crushed the box and bonnet into an almost narecognizable mass,
Barbara and Ida were passed on from one

vehicle to another, until they were safely de posited upon the sidewalk. "You dear, good girl!" said Ethel, as they slowly made their way toward home. "How

can I thank you enough! You should have was praising your heard how everyone was presence of mind and bravery. "Please don't say any more about it," re-plied Barbara, "I only did just what any one would have done." "But I am so sorry about your beautiful new hat!" continued Ethel.

your grandmother say? And to think it was all my fault for not watching Ida better. As they turned toward home the three faces were all very sad, and no one would hav known them for the happy party that met on the corner only a few short hours before mamma or Aunt Nelly at will tell once," thought Ethel, as she entered the house. "Perhaps there is yet time to buy

another bonnet for Barbara. Just as she opened the door, Hannah, her other's servant, came hurrying toward he with a telegram.

I'm thinking you had better open it; for Mis Nelly stepped in a short time ago and said she was going to a concert this evening. she would not be back till late, and the nessage may be particular. "Then I suppose I ought to open it," said Ethel, doubtfully "Yes, miss, I think you should."

Ethel opened the telegram, and read aloud "' Nelly,-Take charge of the children. shall be detained very late. C. GREEN. This was a dreadful delay, but nothing was to be done but wait patiently.

The evening passed slowly. Bed-time came and Hannahinsisted that beth hildren should

go to bed. So Ethel undressed and lay wide awake, thinking, until a distant church clock struck eleven; then, after a while, she heard a car-

riage drive up and Aunt Nelly go to her own Ethel could lie still no longer, so she ran up after Aunt Nelly, and peeped into the oor. "Who's that?" said Aunt Nelly.

"It is only I," answered Ethel. "I know you could not be sleepy yet, and I want to you something."
Very well; I am ready to listen. Come n. dear

It was so pleasant to have some one to confide her troubles to; Ethel told her story When she had finished, Aunt Nelly said: "What a dear, good, brave girl Barbara North is! I don't wonder you love her. She

pertainly must not be disappointed. I will make her another hat. "But the parade begins to form at half-past seven," said Ethel.

"Yes, I know," answered her aunt. "Now go to bed and try to sleep. I promise Bar-bara's hat shall be finished in time." She spoke so decidedly that Ethel ran back to her own room, and was soon slee so peacefully that she did not awake u

"What's the matter?" asked Ida, as sprang suddenly out of bed. 'I told Aunt Nelly about Barbara's hat last night, and she promied to make her another one this morning, so I am going to call her.

"And I'll come too." said little Ida. They dressed hurr edly, and scampered off to Aunt Nelly's room. But, early as it was, they found her putting the last stitches to a beautiful cream-coloured etraw hat, lined with pink, and trimmed with apple blossoms. "It is the very same," cried both children

"No," said Aunt Nelly; "this is my last summer's hat made over. These flowers I wore in my dress last night, and this pink silk is one of my sashes. But don't speak antil it is finished.' So the children kept very still, Ethel leanng on the back of a chair that stood before

Aunt Nelly, and Ida, with her elbows on the seat, watching Aunt Nelly's nimble fingers with delighted and astonished eyes. At last the wonderful bonnet was finished. Ethel gave her aunt a kiss, called her the dearest little auntie that ever lived," and nastened with it to Barbara. The day was lovely, the parade a success

nd of all the happy faces Barbara's and Ether's were the happiest. After this the two girls became even firm-er friends than ever. And although Barbara as had many new bonnets since then, she still keeps a little faded pink hat among her other treasures.

## HUMOROUS.

An old lady in Kalamazoo, Mich., objected to the setting of a telegraph pole on her premises, saying that she was not going to have that thing there to telegraph everything she said all over town. "Don't you think I have a good face for the stage?" asked a lady with histrionic as-

"I don't know about the stage," replied her gallant companion, "but you have a lovely face for a buss." "For heaven's sake," said the actress who

was really robbed of her diamonds, "don't let this be known. I never could endure the nevitable suspicion of resorting to that ob solete mode of advertising.' "It is not what we take up but what we

give up that makes us rich."—Henry Ward Beecher. Thanks! We shall repeat that remark to our preacher the next time he wants to "take up" a collection. "Sanded strawberries" is a new game which is played at the table when the strawberries have been properly prepared for the palate. The game is to guess whether the

sand came with the berries or the sugar. At one point in Illinois the cyclone of last week killed one hundred sheep. not have been the kind of sheep that some butchers make lamb chops of. It would take a steam triphammer to knock that kind out of time,

Mrs. Brownloe; "I'd give her a piece of my mind." "Quite generous of you," remarked her friend; "but pernaps she would never find any more use for it than you have, Mrs. Brownloe." School committeeman, examining scholar Where is the north pole?" "I don't know, ir." "Don't know! Are you not ashamed

"I should like to see Mrs. Smith," said

that you don't know where the north pole is? "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin, and Dr. Kane and Capt. DeLong couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"—Boston Post. Robert Burns' shoes, worn by him when a boy, are on exhibition in Portland, Me. The shoes are about six inches in length, and have wooden soles, shod with iron The uppers

are tacked on to the soles. The American shoemaker who will kindly shoes made in that way will not only gain a fortune, but most likely be elected to the presidency.—Philadelphia News.

## AGRICULTURAL.

will always be pleased to receive given as soon as practicable.

BLACK-LEG.

Anthrax fever, or black-leg, is a fatal among calves and young cattle, and u nately is of frequent occurrence. Sevour United States exchanges are dis the disease and its treatment. Amon a western one, who, on the authority experienced cattle raiser," says " black diphtheria may be cured by opening the leg between the knee and the hoof and out a lump or sac filled with a whi stance, which is to be squeezed out a opening filled with salt and pepper and with a rag." The journal alluded to a endorses the so-called remedy for the diphtheria, which is certainly a stran as diphtheria is an affection of the while black-leg is a blood disease that in the swollen limbs and gangre A correspondent of the Breede says some of his cattle were affect black-leg, but he makes no mention of limbs, and as his remedy was what is "movement cure," it is quite evid must have had a fair use of their legs to some affection of the throat, and gether probable that even cattle-raise thoroughly posted on the symptoms leg and confound it with diphtin relates his experience as follows :-"The first calf that took sick

very loud, and seemed to have a so len throat, and would go down to and lay its head and ground, as if to cool it, week or so another only got lame and died. sued to increase, til out four; and then we some of the bulls and next morning we started six calves that were sick bad they would not dr v more than one-half-mile from home, before night. I don't believe either but we drove them all day with was very warm, and most lolled their tongues out in the day, and we got them about twel in home at night. were able to stand the driv always believed that warm what cured them. In speaking o have only heard of one man or a cure, and have forgotten hi feel convinced it is a good remedy any black-leg before, and little since. half we had in a month or two.

## THE FRUIT CROP. Prospects of this Season's Yie

Jno. R. Wilkie, of Blenheim, count Ont., says strawberry plants are in g dition, but the prospects for fruit medium. Raspberries are not grow extent in his locality. Blackberries well, and there is every indication crop. Grapes have not been affecte frosts, and the variety generally Concord; there will be a reasona crop; vineyards in that section no ing much. Neither plums nor cherr affected by the severe winter of 1881 former few are grown, but plenty of ter, the variety mostly cultivated beinary Kentish, which was not injure frosts of last winter : the few plum frosts of last winter; the few plum so badly injured by the curculio the will be no crop. Peaches look healt not injured by the frost, but a sma anticipated, as the blossoms are not. Apples and pears were not injured or mice; the crop of apples will be so or mice; the crop of apples will be pears will be good. The soil is go and about five per cent. of th planted with apple trees. quinces strawh rants, and blackcaps are generally that locality, and as a rule they have affected by the past winter.

Mr. A. M. Smith, of St. Catha

ports as follows:—Strawberries badl killed, the prospects poor, but the look healthy where the plants we jured. The past winter did not n injure raspherries, and a good crop ed; the varieties grown in that di Highland, Hardy, Clark, Phila Cuthbert, Turner, and Niagara, in Gregg and Mammoth Cluster the most popular being Cuthberts in Greggs in black. In blackberries and Dorchesters have stood the win Kittatinnys being nearly all kills presents very poor. Nearly all l prospects very poor. Nearly all I planting of grapevines was killed rost, and the prospects for this crop are unfavourable. are unfavourable. Vineyar largely increased in that Neither plums nor cherries were jured by the frost. A number of p have been planted this year, but will not be large, as it was heavy la The curculio will sadly inter:ere crops unless growers shake them of Cherries are largely grown, the varieties being Tattarian. Peaci affected by the frost in exposed s but the crop will be medium. A but the crop will be medium. A pears were not injured by frost, but the trees that were not kept clean girdled by mice; every appearance crop, all varieties looking well. T mostly sandy loam, and the amount in the immediate vicinity devote culture is about 1.000 acres. winter has on the whole been favo fruit-growers, strawberries and gra

## the only exceptions.

LIVE STOCK. Herkness & Co. sold 138 Jerseys delphia recently for \$56,025, an a \$406 per head. A purchase of a number of super

Aberdeen-Augus cattle has been Scotland for Geary Bros., London, O A sale of 150 superior Shortho Kentucky herds, will take place park, Chicago, on June 27th, 28th, At a sale of Shorthorns at Wes Iowa, 57 cows were disposed of, the price per head being \$102. Forty-s were sold for \$4,415, or an avera

The North British Agriculturist s. siderable number of polled Aberd has been purchased for exportation ada, but omits to announce for w were bought. Among the purch: several well-bred bulls. Changing a Cow's Quarter

It is not a good plan to change the place of cows just as they are about their calves. Going into a strange their labour pains come on creates of anxiety and solicitude which has taking tendency. If a change is to for each an occasion, it is better to for such an occasion, it is better to while the animals are well, and lon, in advance to have them get accusto before parturition occurs. It this done it is better to let cows remain ded in the stanchions till the event i stanchions were what they were ac to. Keeping cows in stanchions voccasions looks like rather rough to but there are hundreds of dairymes ways do so, and have their cows favourably, both during labour a wards, but a roomy box stall with a well-bedded floor, occupied long advance to have the animals feel at it, is to be preferred. -National

Points of Galloway Cattl At a recent meeting of the Courselloway Cattle Society, the folio

Journal, Chicago.