NOV., 1891

The Canadian QUEEN

DEVOTED TO CANADIAN HOMES

PUBLISHED BY

THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.

TORONTO, ONT.

$1.00 PER ANNUM

SINGLE COPIES

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Company of New York.

31st YEAR TO 1st JANUARY, 1891.

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Total Payments to Policy-holders,	24,422,490
Assets 30th June, 1891, - -	16,230,904

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THE QUEEN'S

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Grand Holiday Prize Competition

FOR 1891.

At the urgent request of a large number of our subscribers, to offer one more Word Contest, we have decided to give a Grand Holiday Prize Competition to close the year, which has been to THE QUEEN, without doubt, the most successful one ever experienced by any Canadian publication, and in offering this Competition, with its large number of Valuable Prizes, we desire it to be a testimonial of our gratitude and appreciation to the public for their liberal support in the successful establishment of a national family magazine in Canada.

One Thousand Dollars in Cash will be paid to the person sending the Largest List of English words (containing not less than four letters) constructed from letters contained in the three words **"Queen Souvenir Spoon."**

Five Hundred Dollars in Cash will be paid to the person sending the second largest list.

A few of the additional prizes to be awarded in order of merit: China Dinner Sets, Ladies' Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantel Clocks, Portiere Curtains, Elegant Toilet Cases, Card Receivers, Manicure Sets, Imported Fans, Opera Glasses, etc.. etc.

As this list contains over one hundred additional prizes, valued from $10 to $100, no competitor who will take the trouble to prepare an ordinary good list, will fail to receive a valuable prize. This will surpass any other Competition ever given by this publication. **Any one who does not take part will miss a golden opportunity of securing a good prize.**

$1,000
AND
$500.

5. Words will be allowed in singular or plural, but not in both numbers, and in one tense only.

6. Prefixes and suffixes by themselves will not be counted as complete words; but complete words admissible under these rules which contain prefixes and suffixes are not barred.

7. The intention being that purely English words only are to be used, all foreign words are barred.

8. The main part only of the latest edition of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries will be the governing authority.

9. Each list must contain name of person sending same, (signed Mrs. Miss or Mr.) with full Post Office address and number of words contained therein, and be accompanied by $1. for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN.

If two or more tie on the largest list, the list which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes following in order of merit.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into **new** homes, and this contest is therefore open to **new** subscribers only. Present subscribers can avail themselves of it by enclosing One Dollar, with list and the address of some friend to whom THE QUEEN can be sent for one year, or they can renew their own subscription for one year, to commence at the expiration of the time now paid for.

Prizes awarded to subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of duty.

RULES. 1. The lists are to contain English and Anglicized words only.

2. No letter con he used in the construction of any word more times than it appears in the three words, **"Queen Souvenir Spoon."**

3. Words having more than one meaning, but spelled the same, can be used but once.

4. Name of places and persons are barred.

EVERY COMPETITOR ENCLOSING 30 CTS. ADDITIONAL WILL RECEIVE FREE, BY MAIL, POST-PAID, ONE OF **THE QUEEN'S ELEGANT SOUVENIR SPOONS** OF CANADA.

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All Lists for Competition must be **Mailed** on or before Dec. 15th. Prizes will be forwarded to Competitors so that they will reach them in time for Christmas. Address: THE QUEEN'S **"Grand Holiday Competition," 58 Bay Street, Toronto.**

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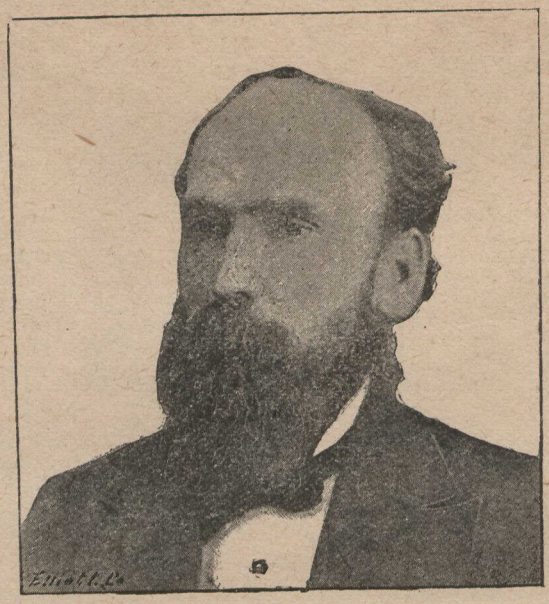

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THE QUEEN'S PRIZE DOLL COMPETITION.

Explanation.

THE QUEEN wishes to procure a large number of dolls dressed for its Poor Children's Christmas Tree for 1891. In order to interest a goodly number of girls and young ladies to assist in carrying out this work, the following prizes are offered to those who are willing to dress a doll for the purpose. This is open to girls residing in Canada or the United States, duplicate prizes being given for each country.

FOR GIRLS IN CANADA.—Cash Prizes of $50, $25 and $15 and many other prizes of value will be given for the best-dressed dolls, according to merit, which are dressed and sent to us by girls under sixteen years of age. Dolls to be returned to us securely boxed, to insure from breakage, postpaid, addressed to THE CANADIAN QUEEN'S Prize Doll Competition, 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

FOR GIRLS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Cash Prizes of $50, $25 and $15 and many other prizes of value will be given for the best-dressed dolls, according to merit, which are dressed and sent to us by girls under sixteen years of age. Dolls to be returned to us securely packed, to insure from breakage, postpaid, addressed to THE CANADIAN QUEEN'S Prize Doll Competition, care of National Express Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

THE QUEEN furnishes each competitor, post free, a doll to be dressed and returned as above stated. The competitors can receive suggestions and aid in cutting of garments, but the making must be their own unaided work. The taste and skill in the making of the garments, in dressing the dolls and the age of the competitors will be taken into consideration rather than the value and quality of the materials used.

The style of dressing illustrated herewith need not necessarily be followed.

Every competitor must have her full name and address on the OUTSIDE of the package containing the doll returned, but under no circumstances must there be any writing within the package. The full postage must be prepaid.

While it is not necessary for the competitor to be an annual subscriber to THE QUEEN in order to enter this competition, it is expected that a subscription will be secured in every home where a prize is awarded. This competition closes on December 20th, 1891, and all dolls must be sent on before that day, as it is intended to give an open public exhibition of these dolls, and their return at as early a date as possible is requested.

TORONTO LITH CO.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN

REGISTERED.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1891, by THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., at the Department of Agriculture.

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Written for THE QUEEN.

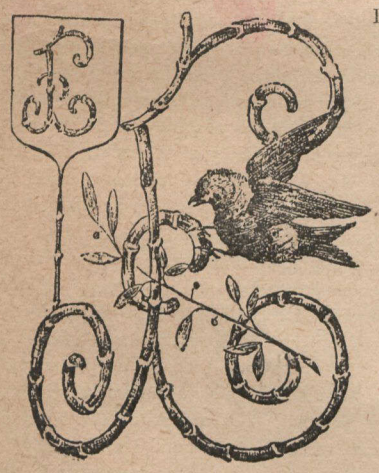
IN LOVE'S DEAR THRALL.

A ROMANCE OF THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

BY G. MERCER ADAMS.

CHAPTER III.

"How does Love speak!
By the uneven heart-throbs, and the freak
Of bounding pulses that stand still and ache,
While new emotions, like strange barges, make
Along vein-channels their disturbing course;
Still as the dawn, and with the dawn's swift force—
Thus doth Love speak."



EIGHTON was early abroad the next morning, not only to renew the camp fire, but to look abroad for the deficiencies of his boat's larder, as material for breakfast. After hooking and preparing for the frying-pan a good-sized trout, he set out in the row-boat to explore the cove in which they had found shelter for the night, and to procure, at a settler's farm he espied near by, fresh milk and rolls for breakfast. Securing these and a few other dainties to tempt the matutinal appetite, he returned to the landing in time to have all prepared ere the ladies were abroad and had completed their camp toilet. When the *al fresco* meal was ready, his interesting charges appeared on the scene, shouting a gay morning accost, and profuse in their assurances that they had enjoyed a most comfortable and undisturbed rest. They commended Leighton for his thoughtfulness in foraging so successfully for their morning meal, and playfully complimented him on his attainments as a maid-in-waiting and cook. Leighton rejoined by telling them that his proficiency in the culinary arts would be best gauged by the extent of the meal the ladies made and their honest enjoyment of it. He had not long to wait for the practical evidences that their appetites were unimpaired and that the breakfast was appreciated.

The day opened auspiciously, though the lake was still rough; and after breakfast they all concluded that they would be in no hurry to return to Maplehurst. The woods were inviting to walk in, and round their side of the cove there was a beautiful shingly beach. Here Leighton took a stroll, first with Lady Mercedes, who was in the gayest of spirits, and later on with the equally bright and vivacious Mrs. Kinglake. The latter spoke gaily of the novel experience they had had over-night, in what she called "the wilds of Canada," and took occasion to say to Leighton how much both she and Lady Mercedes were indebted to him for his more than brotherly solicitude and many acts of kindness. The last night's adventure seemed to create a bond, which had not hitherto existed, between this lady and the artist; and in proof of this she confided to his hungry ear not only some facts about her widowed companion's early life, but gave him some hints in explanation of the Lady Mercedes' ill-disguised interest in himself.

The Lady Mercedes, she told him, was the only daughter of an old and once wealthy member of the British Peerage, who wished to improve his fortunes by his daughter's allying herself in marriage with a wealthy neighbor, who had become possessed of some of the family estates and agreed to surrender them as the price of the Lady Mercedes' hand. The neighboring magnate was an object of loathing to her friend, on account not only of a stain on his moral character, but because he was slightly deformed. Another reason for her antipathy to the proposed suitor lay in the fact that she had already lost her heart to a young Scotch artist named Wilton, whom she had met on the continent, and with whom to escape the hunchback-lover forced upon her by her father, she eloped and married. Unhappily, continued Mrs. Kinglake, her conjugal life, in consequence of a heartrending occurrence, did not extend beyond the brief honeymoon. The loving couple, after the clandestine marriage, had gone from Scotland direct to Switzerland, where they had first met, and where the happy groom wished to make some sketches, to be added to in the Tyrol, and afterwards worked up for the Academy.

The Wiltons soon proceeded to Innsbruck, then, after a brief halt, they set out for a village at the foot of the mountains. Here they wandered over the Alps, sometimes with a guide, and sometimes without, both enjoying the magnificent spectacle daily before their eyes, and the young husband securing a portfolio of sketches

of some of the finest art-bits in the vicinity. One day, in the fourth week of the honeymoon, the two young people, as usual, started off for the artist-husband's sketching-ground, but first turned aside to witness a mountaineer's wedding at a chapel at the foot of an ascent in the Alps which the Wiltons intended making later on in the day. Young Wilton made some studies of the picturesque group round the altar in the chapel, his lovely bride—her husband being himself of the Roman faith—joining devoutly in the service. Before the ceremony was over the artist came and knelt by the side of his wife. Alas! it was the last act of worship the loving and hitherto inseparable couple were together to take part in.

After leaving the chapel the Wiltons proceeded with their design, to ascend to a new region in the mountains, accompanied by the officiating priest of the district, who was going to a monastery beyond the Gleichen Pass, and who undertook to show the Wiltons over part of the road. Hand-in-hand the two young people climbed the steep ascent, the artist-lover turning every now and then to the good father to ask information as to the means of reaching points in the mountains, where, in subsequent excursions, he might set up his easel. At last they came to the Pass which was to detach the priest from the party, and here, on a jutting crag overlooking a deep gorge, through which dashed a raging torrent, the Wiltons determined to rest for a while, and now said farewell to their father-guide. Before the priest had gone half a mile on his way, the artist, seeking a point from which to sketch the defile at his feet, daringly ventured to plant his sketching-stool on an insecure footing in advance of where he had left his wife; and, while the latter was calling to him to retrace his steps, the jutting ledge suddenly gave way and the lover-husband fell with the dislodged mass of rock to the bottom.

The piercing cry of the terror-stricken wife, as she saw what had happened, reached the ear of the priest and hastily recalled him to her side. His first care was for the unhappy wife. She had fallen to the ground in a swoon, and it was some time before the good father could recall her to consciousness. With great nerve she realized that she must brace herself to return to the village, and there get help to undertake the search for her husband. In this she was greatly assisted by the compassionate priest, whose heart was wrung by the agonized look of the poor bereft creature whom he conducted back to the village.

"I can tell you nothing more connectedly," said Leighton's companion, as she walked the beach by his side; "the whole subsequent story," she added, "is so pitiful. Mercedes' husband's remains were never found, and it is supposed that they were swept away by the torrent at the foot of the gorge, into which he was so cruelly precipitated. For weeks the poor desolate wife haunted the place refusing to be removed and piteously refusing to be comforted. I and my husband," said Mrs. Kinglake, "who loved Mercedes almost as much as we loved each other, tardily heard of what had happened, and, hastening from England to the Tyrol, insisted on taking the disconsolate widow from the scene of her brooding trouble. For six months afterwards we travelled about with her to endeavor to divert her mind, but at first we only partly succeeded. We then all returned to England, and Mercedes has since lived with us, with the occasional visit to a rich aunt, as a dearly loved sister. After what I have told you," confidingly remarked Mrs. Kinglake to her sympathetic auditor, "you will understand, I daresay, the interest Mercedes feels in the artistic profession, and how strangely she was affected by the first sight of you in the chapel at Quebec. Mercedes indeed told me that the meeting with you reminded her much of the wedding scene which she and her husband had witnessed at the foot of the Tyrol mountains within a few hours of his dreadful death.

"I spoke just now," resumed Mrs. Kinglake, "of poor Wilton's death; but I must tell you of a rather odd circumstance in the unhappy story, to help to unravel which has partly brought Mercedes out with us to Canada. She has a curious idea that her husband is still alive, but that he received such injuries in his fall from the cliff as prevented him from letting his wife know of his escape from death, and that those injuries so preyed upon his mind, always sensitive to physical deformity, that he imposed silence upon his rescuers rather than be taken back, a bedridden hunchback, to his beautiful and queenly wife. This idea poor Mercedes has entertained for years; and it found a deeper lodgment in her mind, curiously enough," continued Mrs. Kinglake, "after reading an account in an English magazine of a similar incident, happening in Central America, and the details of which, woven into a story, were contributed to the magazine by a lady, resident, I believe, in your Canadian North-West."

"Why," interrupted Leighton, "that story was not by a lady; it was written by me. Was it not in *Belgravia* Lady Mercedes read it, and the signed name of the author was Francis Leighton?"

"What; do you really say so?" interposed Mrs. Kinglake. "But the author's Christian name was a woman's. It was Frances."

"Yes, you are quite right," rejoined Leighton, "but the printer made a mistake of a letter—an 'e' for an 'i,' and I didn't rectify the error, thinking that it would be an advantage to leave the publishers under the impression that their Canadian contributor was a lady."

"Well! well! this is a surprise indeed," said Mrs. Kinglake, "and so *you* are the author of the story. I must run and tell Mercedes."

At this juncture, as Mrs. Kinglake hurried off to find her companion, a boat-full of people from Maplehurst pulled into the bay in search of the storm-bound fugitives. In the boat were the man and the boy who were in charge of the ladies on the previous afternoon, and who, before the storm so suddenly swept down upon the lake, had gone ashore in Morgan's Bay to pick a few wild raspberries, leaving the ladies in the boat, which was lightly tied to a log at the landing. They had been witness to the scene which occurred, of a gust of wind snapping the worn rope which moored the boat, and the speedy drifting out to the lake of the small craft, with its half-frenzied occupants. Their own dismay was allayed, they informed Leighton, when they saw his boat scudding past the entrance to the bay, bearing the artist to the rescue; and they were further relieved in their minds when, after a long tramp through the woods back to the hotel, they heard that the steamer in its up-bound trip had reported the safety of the ladies. Fortunately, as Mr. Lewis and Mr. Kinglake had not come up from Toronto, those gentlemen were ignorant as yet of what had taken place and the ladies were glad to be apprised of the fact.

The expedition in search of the party broke rather rudely in upon Leighton's felicitous sense of possession and wardership of the ladies. He however resigned himself good-humouredly to the interruption; and his content was increased when the Lady Mercedes came up to him and with full heart owned that, having heard that he was the writer of the story in the English periodical which had so interested her, another link had been woven in the bond of attachment which now bound the artist to her and her friends.

The Lady Mercedes' naive confession was made with the modesty, as well as with the impressive sweetness of manner which characterized her every utterance. It struck a new and responsive chord in the Canadian artist's heart. But as he looked into the beautiful face of his love, he saw with misgiving that it invited no confession from him in return. The Lady Mercedes' face wore now a more pensive look, her lustrous eyes became exceedingly wistful, her brow seemed lined with thought, and her whole attitude spoke eloquently of calm resignation. There was no opportunity just then for further talk, which the beautiful widow's avowal, though not her manner, had invited. All that Leighton could say, was to admit that he had been honored by Mrs. Kinglake with the chief facts in the Lady Mercedes' sad personal history. With a compassionate glance at the dear bereaved figure before him, he assured

her of his profound homage and sympathy, and of his readiness at all times to be commanded if he could be of any service to her. For this the Lady Mercedes expressed her grateful acknowledgments. Before moving off she added that she would be glad to have a talk with the young artist about the incidents of the story he had contributed to the English periodical, understanding, as she said, that they were founded on facts which had come under his own knowledge; but that opportunity for this talk was not now. The opportunity however arrived sooner than either expected.

When the party that had come from the hotel in search of Leighton and the ladies was about to return, it was found that their boat, which had that morning been hastily pressed into service, had sprung a leak. For the present it was useless; nor was the small craft which had brought the ladies into such peril on the previous day any more seaworthy. Both would have to be beached and repaired. In the meantime, all would have to return in Leighton s yacht, and as the lake was still rough from yesterday's storm, it was feared that it would be unsafe should they overcrowd her. Leighton himself met the difficulty by offering his yacht to those who had come in search of them, saying that he would return by the road with the ladies in a conveyance he thought he could get at the farm which he had visited that morning before breakfast. As the ladies agreed to this, and particularly as Mercedes wished to avoid the return by water, Leighton set off to make what arrangements he could with the farmer. That was quickly done. He obtained a carriage and team, but it was found that the vehicle would only hold two, and he returned to the the camp to see if the ladies would drive themselves back to Rosseau and leave him to return by the boat; Mrs. Kinglake, he knew, could handle the ribbons. But Mrs. Kinglake would not agree to this; she insisted upon being the one to return by water.

For the moment, the new phase things had taken seemed to upset Leighton's arrangements; but after a momentary conference between Mrs. Kinglake and Mercedes, the latter cut the complications in two by archly saying to Leighton that, as she had entrusted herself to his care through the night-watches, she was not afraid to drive home under the same guardianship in the noonday glare. Thus merrily was the matter settled, and ere long both parties were under way. The farmer, in the meanwhile, was asked to look after the boats, and Leighton arranged with him to send a man back with the team who would be able to do the repairing and bring the craft back to Maplehurst.

Chapter IV.

"O love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Nor no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Before the very naked eye of love."

The drive home to Rosseau consumed, so Mrs. Kinglake afterwards banteringly said, an unconscionable time. To the Lady Mercedes and Leighton the hours passed on the way, when they thought at all of time, seemed to have wings. On one side, however, there was much to say, and on the other, much to hear. Nor must it be supposed that love was at present the theme. Turned by the disclosure of Mrs. Kinglake once more to the subject of her sad bereavement, the heart of the Lady Mercedes was full of the thought that had for some time taken possession of it. This was the conviction that her husband was still living, but that, having received injuries in his fall from the cliff which would make him a helpless cripple, he preferred that his wife should think him dead than wound her sensitive feelings, and be a lifelong burden on her hands, by suffering himself to be restored to her. This, in the main, with every variety of form and presentation in which the idea took shape in her mind, and with innumerable catechizings of Leighton as to the incidents connected with the tragic story he had related in the English magazine, formed the subject of conversation between the two on the homeward drive to Maplehurst. Beyond reciting in detail his own experience and conclusions in regard to what had happened in the case of his friend in British Honduras (which formed the groundwork of the magazine story) he could, of course, contribute no new material to his companion's enlightenment. Both by look and by voice, however, he contributed much to her immediate solacement. And yet, perhaps, he perplexed the poor widow as much as he succeeded in solacing her.

Why, he asked Mercedes, should she think it likely that because there were incidents in his story which led her to believe that she was not in truth husbandless, the sequel would prove her conviction, unsupported by a shred of evidence or even probability, to be right? The answer she made to this, womanlike, was illogical; but not the less was the idea to be eliminated from her mind. She simply entertained the conviction; and continuing to nurse it in her mind, it became the more difficult, if not impossible, as Leighton found, to dislodge it. To this extent, however, the two cases were not parallel, and the discovery appeared to give comfort to Mercedes. In the case of Leighton's friend, the husband had, from mere motives of vanity, concealed his escape from death; for in his fall he had not been killed, though he had permanently injured his spine. In poor Wilton's case, had the accident not been fatal—such at least was Mercedes' argument—his motive, she was sure, was not vanity, but being a man of great refinement of feeling, delicate concern for herself. Only for her elopement with Wilton, Leighton was reminded, she would have had to swallow her loathing and marry, as her father insisted, a gilded hunchback. It was the knowledge of this, as well as of his probably crippled and helpless condition, that made it bitter for her husband to return to her. Rather than disclose the fact that in his disablement and deformity he still lived, he preferred, so Mercedes argued, that she should think him dead.

To all this what could Leighton say, what argument could he possibly use, that would not wound the feelings of the beautiful woman by his side, if he attempted to treat her cherished convictions as illusory? He saw this and compassionately refrained. Yet would he have been willing, if the way had been plain, to have dissuaded Mercedes from her broodings, to urge her to be kind only to herself, and to lure her thoughts to a new lover. With his sympathetic disposition and chivalrous nature he could not bear, however, to turn the loved one at his side from her dear misery, far less obtrude himself and his own happiness upon one whose heart was bound up in being loyal to its first and, perhaps, only love. Yet Mercedes was neither morbid nor callous in her sorrow. Her heart, she herself admitted, was susceptible to new influences; and time was graciously, if slowly, doing its good work. For Leighton she felt, she hardly knew why, a real affection; and, on the drive back to Rosseau, there was a moment when, touched by something he had said, she had almost broken her reserve and thrown herself weeping upon her breast. She had a woman's tenderness of heart, and she had also a woman's weakness for sympathy. Nor, given a worthy subject, such as she had near her, on whom to expend her worship and love, was she to be chidden for showing that she was but a woman. Her life, save for the passing gleam of wedded felicity, had had more than its share of gloom and sorrow. Should we wonder now, when Love came along offering to brighten that life with sunshine, that she should peer behind the veil of her widowhood at Love's fair face?

On the return to Maplehurst, Leighton and the Lady Mercedes found themselves volubly catechized by Mrs. Kinglake as to the cause of their tardy appearance. In this lady's mouth the catechizings, however, were a bit of pleasant banter, not a seriously intended interrogation. They were met by Leighton's jocose answer, that after borrowing a carriage and span it was incumbent upon them to go and return them.

Late in the morning of the same day the steamer arrived from the foot of the lake, bringing Mr. Lewis and his son-in-law. Mr. Kinglake brought news from Toronto, which, while it cast a gloom over the party, and was the cause of much indecision and hesitancy of action, strangely emphasized the afternoon's colloquy between the Lady Mercedes and Leighton. This was nothing less than the confirmation of Mercedes' long-cherished conviction that her husband still lived. Mr. Kinglake, it seems, had found a cablegram at Toronto from his partner in London, saying that among the personal letters that, in his absence, had come to the office for him was one from the continent, marked on the envelope "immediate." This, it was found, was a message dictated by Mr. Wilton, from a monastery in the Austrian Tyrol, informing his correspondent that he was still alive, and that, though his life had been prolonged for four years since his accident and disappearance, he was now dying and wished Mr. Kinglake to bring the Lady Mercedes, if she was still unmarried, to his side. To none of the party did the news come with less surprise than to her who had allowed herself to be persuaded that she was a widow. Mrs. Kinglake, of the two ladies, was indeed the more visibly affected. Overcome with emotion, this loving friend and confidant threw her arms round the Lady Mercedes, bewailed the poor wife's unhappy fate, and pled to be taken home with her on her sad mission. The necessity of instant action, in whatever was to be done, all admitted; though so suddenly had the news come upon them that no one was prepared at first with a suggestion. The first to break silence was the Lady Mercedes. With a kiss, she disengaged herself from Mrs. Kinglake's embrace and said kindly but firmly that she would go at once to England and go alone. She could not think, she said, of interfering at this stage with her friends' arrangements, or of upsetting, even on her most vital affairs, the honest pleasure they all expected from their westward trip. Each one of the party endeavoured to induce her to accept Mrs. Kinglake's company, at least as far as England, but this the Lady Mercedes would not hear of; nor would she even accept a convoy to Quebec. All she would agree to was the return of her friends in the morning to Toronto. From there she would alone proceed to Quebec and take the first steamer to England. As no argument of love or fear would dissuade her from this decision, the whole party found themselves the following morning proceeding down the lakes, and early in the afternoon they took train at Gravenhurst for Toronto.

The young Canadian artist, we need hardly say, was of the party. Leighton's relations, not only with the ladies, but with the two English gentlemen, were by this time of the most cordial, indeed intimate, character. Besides being apprised of Leighton's gallant rescue of, and subsequent kind services to the ladies, Mr. Lewis and his son-in-law had learned much while at Toronto of the artist's social and professional repute, and of his great kindness of heart. Both at Quebec and the Lakes they had also their own experience and had formed their own opinion of Leighton. So highly did they think of him, that between themselves they had begun to talk of him as a probable future husband for Mercedes. Before the telegram had been received from England, the two gentlemen had resolved upon asking Leighton to go with them as their guest to the North-West. Under these circumstances it was natural that the young artist should be of their party in the return to Toronto; and it was even now being debated whether they should not consent to his accompanying the Lady Mercedes to Quebec, as he had generously offered to do, prompted by feelings of the deepest commiseration and respect.

On the way down to Toronto, a passage in the earliest steamer had been secured by telegraph; and a messenger was to meet them at the station to say if it was necessary, to catch the steamer, that the Lady Mercedes should go on to Quebec that night. There was therefore little time for hesitation. Moreover, there was no one of the party but felt that not only would the Lady Mercedes be safe in Leighton's care, but that it would be the greatest kindness to her that one who had so deservedly gained their whole confidence should be permitted, as he wished, in her hour of trial, to serve her. When they arrived in Toronto they found that Mercedes must go on at once. In the now bitter parting and on a journey which would put to the strain every feeling and emotion, no one could gainsay that Leighton should be Mercedes' convoy to Quebec. So wrung with sorrow was the poor lady's heart, that she herself seemed a passive agent in the arrangements that had been kindly made for her. Farewells were hastily said, and with a hurried exchange of addresses, to govern future correspondence on both sides, the east-bound train severed the Lady Mercedes from her friends, and Leighton also took cordial leave of those who were now bound for the west.

Chapter V.

"I wish we had a little world to ourselves,
With none but we two in it.
Festus: And if God
Gave us a star, what could we do with it
But what we could without it? Wish it not!
Clara: I'll not wish then for stars; but I could love
Some peaceful spot where we might dwell unknown,
Where home-born joys might nestle round our hearts
As swallows round our roofs, and blend their sweets
Like dewy-tangled flow'rets in one bed."

Very touching was the wail that broke from the heart of poor Lady Mercedes, as she now experienced what it was to part from friends who had been so kind and dear to her, and began to realize what it meant to commit herself to the mission on which she had *alone* set out. Putting her hand in Leighton's, she acknowledged with a look of infinite sadness that, so far, she was not alone. Presently she added, that she owed more to Leighton's kindness and outflowing sympathy than she had ever hoped to receive, or ever again to accept, from one of his sex. To these heartfelt words the young artist was fain to reply; but his compassionate heart was too full for utterance. He could but look tenderly into the divine face before him; and, ere the fair, soft hand was withdrawn, raise it reverently to his lips.

In the long journey to the old historic seaport there was no attention that Leighton failed to pay his companion; nor was there even an unexpressed wish of her heart he did not endeavor to anticipate. Nor, on the Lady Mercedes' part, was there aught of all his loving-kindness that passed unnoticed by her, or that failed, by look at least, to find acknowledgment. But never for a moment did Leighton forget that the dear traveller by his side was still wife, and not widow. The consciousness of this, novel under the circumstances as it was, and suddenly as the fact had come upon them, was indeed clear in the minds of both. To Leighton, this consciousness carried a pang to his heart, for did it not suggest to him that Wilton might recover, and that in this event he could never be Mercedes' wooer? Whatever might betide, her lover, he felt, he must be; and yet it seemed hard that he must continue to love but never possess. But possession just now was not, and in truth had scarcely ever been, in Leighton's thoughts. It was nearness to, not separation from, his idol that the young artist longed for; and now his fear mocked him with the dread thought that separation might be forever. Some inkling of what was passing through his brain seemed to occur to Mercedes, for, just as they were approaching Quebec, and had the evening before them ere they had to be parted by the morrow's steamer, she asked him if they might not walk out together to the little chapel in the suburbs in which they had first met. To this Leighton readily agreed, and thither, after supper at the St. Louis, they went, spending an hour together in the chapel. A service was being held when they reached the place, in which both joined, Mercedes staying for a brief while thereafter, in silent prayer on her knees at the altar.

Early in the morning Leighton saw the Lady Mercedes transferred to the steamer, his dear charge endeavoring, with but poor success, to keep up the appearance of being stayed by a stout heart.

To her unfeigned delight, Leighton, through the courtesy of the captain, whom he had previously known, brought her the news that he was permitted to accompany her down the St. Lawrence as far as Kamouraska, where they would stop for the mails and land the river pilot. In her loneliness and affliction she felt deeply thankful for what she reverently termed "this new mercy." In the passage down the river, Leighton considerately tried to divert her thoughts from her brooding trouble. Even his own sorrow he put aside by giving Mercedes some practical counsel as to how she was to proceed in the different stages of the long journey before her. What were to be the issues of this journey, neither could foresee, and so neither referred to the future. Of one thing Leighton was not left in doubt, and that came out quite naturally in their talk down the river. The old love, he saw, was not dead in Mercedes' heart, and the message from the far-off monastery, it was clear, had revived in her breast more than the sense of duty.

By this time the evening had come on, and the steamer's pulsing screw was fast bringing separation to both loved and lover. Hurried now were the parting words of the two, though the emotion of both made those words few and fitful. The steamer at first slowed, then stopped, then came the sound of shuffling feet along the deck, and the touch on Leighton's shoulder of the hand of the shore-going pilot. Mercedes rose and held out her hand, with words of broken farewell to the young artist. Leighton, greatly moved, was about to raise the dear hand to his lips, when, with a swooning cry, she withdrew it from his grasp and flung both arms around the neck of her lover. The captain cried to him that in another moment the ship would be off; but Leighton did not need, though he must heed, the warning. Twining his arms round the slight figure that hung on his breast, he bore it to a seat near by, fervently kissing, as he did so, the lips of the woman he loved. Re-committing his charge to the captain's care, he bounded to the open gangway at the steamer's side, caught the rope-ladder, and was gone.

Chapter VI.

"She fell upon me like a snow-wreath thawing;
Never were bliss and beauty, love and woe,
Ravell'd and twined together into such madness,
As in that one wild moment; to which all else,
The past is but a picture—that alone is real."

More than a year has passed since the occurrence of the events we have related, and Leighton still finds himself in the thrall of his consuming love. Within a month after the parting scene on the waters of the Lower St. Lawrence, the queenly Mercedes became in reality a widow. Arriving duly at Liverpool, the latter hastened at once to the continent, and made no halt until she reached the monastery in the Bavarian Alps, on the northern frontier of the Tyrol. When she was admitted to the hospital of the Order, the good priest who took her name said compassionately that her husband still lived, but that in another day it would have been too late. Poor Wilton, she found, was barely conscious; the angel of death was even now hovering over his pallet. The same evening he died, and on the morrow was buried.

Just before the end there was a brief lucid moment, during which the wan face of the dying man was lit by a brief ray of recognition. This, with a feeble pressure of the hand, was all the solace that was vouchsafed to Mercedes. It was too late to receive from Wilton's own lips the story of his escape from death and the motives which led him to hide from his wife what had really occurred, and his place of concealment. The Lady Mercedes had the facts afterwards narrated to her by the Abbot of the Monastery. These, however, we need not recite, as, curiously enough, they closely corresponded with what had long been her own convictions. But it was not, it seems, the injuries her husband met with, in his fall from the cliff, that killed him, though they left him maimed and deformed. More than three years after the occurrence a gloom fell upon the poor man, and at times he was the victim of strange delusions. During one of those periods of mental alienation he made an attempt upon his own life, and it was from the effects of this that he died.

After poor Wilton's death, one of the Friars of the Monastery, who was a special favorite of the deceased artist, put a packet in the Lady Mercedes' hands, which, in view of his death, had been entrusted to his care. The packet contained, beside some pathetic references to the blight that had fallen upon both their lives, a memorandum of moneys due to him, which he bequeathed to his wife, from the sale of pictures from his brush that had been sent from time to time to Munich while he was cloistered in the monastery. These pictures had commanded high figures, though the name of the painter had never been disclosed; and the price Wilton received from them had enabled him not only to become a princely patron of the monastery, but to leave a considerable sum to his widow. The subjects of the paintings were chiefly ecclesiastical; many of them being Madonnas of such rare beauty that they had been sought after as altar ornaments by the great dignitaries of the Church. One of these the artist had set aside in the monastery as a gift to his wife; and the poor friar who informed Mercedes of the fact was rash enough to add that the faces of all the Madonnas were replicas of the face of her with whom he now spoke. For this carnal but natural remark, the poor monk, no doubt, would speedily scourge himself and do humble penance.

For a month or more after the burial of Wilton the Lady Mercedes lingered in the village hard by the monastery, tending the flowers on her husband's grave and trying to read the riddle of life in presence of the Eternal Hills. At the village she was joined by her aunt, to whom the Kinglakes had written, giving her the few facts that were in their possession, and begging her to have a care of Mercedes, as they knew she would, until their return to England.

This lady, who was much attached to her niece, took the poor widow from the Tyrol to her home in Devon, and did much to bring back to her cheek the hue of health and to her mind its wonted tone and vigor. In this she was greatly assisted by the return of the Kinglakes, with whom, after a while, Mercedes went to reside.

In the meantime, the reader will doubtless ask, what of Leighton? He, poor fellow, for a year after he heard of Wilton's death, had his days of uncertainty and nights of tribulation. Mercedes of course corresponded with him, though, at first, at long intervals. His own delicacy of feeling prevented him from obtruding more frequently with his own letters. But he had become a fast friend of the Kinglakes, and both husband and wife were his regular correspondents. It was chiefly through them that he heard of the object of his affections; and in fragments of their epistles and on messages occasionally enclosed in them from Mercedes, he kept his love alive. Of late, however, he had heard more often and directly from the regal widow, and always in terms of unmistakable affection. It was from her he learned that Mr. Lewis's sons were not coming this year to Canada, but that they would sail early in the following spring, accompanied by their sister and her husband, Mr. Kinglake. By the following mail Leighton received a letter from Mr. Lewis himself, confirming the news Mercedes had given him, and extending a cordial invitation to him to visit England as his guest. This Leighton was sorely tempted to do, and indeed before receiving the invitation, he had resolved upon a trip to the Old World on his own account. This he found, however, from the number of commissions that now crowded upon him, as a rising artist, was at present out of the question. Perhaps later on in the year, he wrote, the project might be undertaken.

Since dispatching to Mr. Lewis his apologies for inability to accept his invitation some months have elapsed; and Leighton now finds that he is compelled to abandon his visit to England. The regret which this news occasioned to all has given place to joy in Leighton's mind at the announcement contained in a late letter from Mrs. Kinglake. This letter informed the artist that the writer and her husband were to accompany her brothers (Mr. Lewis's

sons) in the spring to Canada, and that the Lady Mercedes was to be of the party. The following mail brought the artist another letter from the same friendly correspondent, with an explanation of the Lady Mercedes' design in consenting to come to Canada. The explanation was not needed by Leighton, for he had already, and from a more direct source, been apprised of the purport. It is, however, due to the reader that we should divulge this lover's secret. It is that the Lady Mercedes is coming to Canada, not this time as a visitor, but as an immigrant and settler. Leighton, though he could not go to England in person for a wife, found that the woman he loved was gracious enough to consent to be wooed and won by correspondence!

Our story is now told. In the spring the little chapel at Quebec is to be decked with flowers, not for a peasant's, but for an artist's wedding. For the happy event, Leighton has already written a nuptial ode which is at once a Song of Welcome and an Epithalamium. The ode, which is being set to music, is to be sung by some of the best voices drawn from the choirs of the Quebec and Montreal churches. Nor is the event to be commemorated only by human agency. Nature even now, as we write, gives indication that she will awake from the torpor of her winter sleep and break into the glorious rhythmic chant of summer. Not man merely, but the whole world about us, is under the thrall of love. The woods, therefore, are to deck themselves in their brightest attire and every stream under Canadian skies is, at the coming of the Lady Mercedes, to rejoice and be glad.

[THE END.]

A Woman Among Siberia's Lepers.

Miss Kate Marsden, has been telling the British public about her work among the lepers of Siberia. Her undertaking is one of no common interest.

She is a Red Cross Sister, both in England and Russia, and was engaged with some English companions in tending the wounded in the Russo-Turkish war, where her devoted ministrations, and those of her colleagues, endeared them greatly to the objects of their care. One day she and a companion were seeking for any scattered wounded they could find, and strayed into a deserted barn, whose sole inmates were two wretched lepers who had taken shelter there. One of these was so utterly maimed and disfigured as to have lost almost the semblance of a human form. The sight made so strong an impression on her, that she then and there resolved to devote herself to trying to ameliorate the condition of lepers.

After the war she was called to another field of labor in New Zealand, and it was some years before she was free to follow out her own plans. As soon as she could, she began her researches in several countries as to the mode of treatment, etc., followed, her main object being on unfortunate fellow subjects in India. She revisited Russia, and found she could gain much information there. Backed by royal patronage, and accompanied by Miss Field, whose perfect knowledge of Russian enabled her to be a fitting interpreter, she set out, and, before she had reached the last railway terminus, she met with one able, and willing to be her best informant, in an aged missionary bishop of the Russian Church, who had spent forty years among the Siberians of the northeast, beyond Yakutsk, and had translated a great part of the Scriptures into their language. He told her that in that remote part there is a large colony of lepers, outcasts from all their countrymen, living a wandering life among the forests and marshes of that inhospitable climate, and obliged to make their sole food from the fish in the lakes, which have been found to contain germs conveying the taint of leprosy. These poor creatures are very anxious for a hospital, and have been hitherto unable to find any to plead their cause. But they are said to have discovered a remedy, an herb known only to themselves, which, though their wretched mode of life hinders its good effect, is believed to cure the disease when it can be fairly administered under favorable circumstances.

Miss Marsden resolved to go on in search of this remedy. The kindness of the Russian officials, and of many in positions to help her, has been great, and this it was which made the journey possible, for they had always an escort, and every facility afforded them; but the hardships were such as would have been felt severely by the strongest and most active men, and for two young and delicate women they were an ordeal, which nothing but the courage born of devoted benevolence and lively Christian faith, could have enabled them to face.

It was midwinter, the frozen rivers prevented steamers from plying; the only land conveyance was by sledges of the roughest description, with a head covering behind, but no seat; the travelers must lie on their backs on the luggage stowed in the bottom, shaken fearfully by the rough snowy roads. No sleeping places but a kind of "caravanserai" post houses, no beds attainable but the floor on their outer coverings of reindeer skin; none but the coarsest food, supplemented by such tinned provisions as they could bring; and this mode of traveling had to be carried on for weeks, with only rare and occasional intermission, where a more habitable place could be reached, and a little rest taken.

Their chief earthly consolation was the power of visiting the sick and prisoners in the hospitals and prisons they passed, and giving them little comforts, principally squares of "brick" tea and sugar, and kindly words of sympathy and Christian love.

At last it became clear that Miss Field must return to seek further help in England, otherwise means would not be forthcoming. Miss Marsden proceeded alone on her difficult enterprise. The last part of her journey was to be performed on horseback, over the roughest and most primitive bridle paths in the remote country beyond the Yakutsk. There she hopes to discover and test the remedy, to see how the discovery can be applied to the amelioration of the state of the lepers in India, and to plead the cause of a hospital for the poor Siberian lepers, and then return to England. Nothing has been heard from her for some time, but contributions in her behalf are being asked for in England. It is one of the strangest and most self-sacrificing undertakings of the present day.

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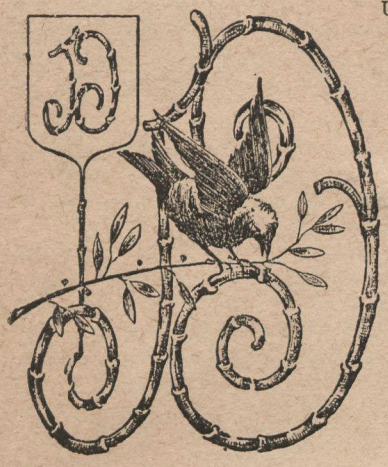

URING the last two years Mr. Kipling has poured forth such torrent of prose and verse that a man has been allowed barely time to explain, "I like this" or "I like that," before each work in turn was swept away and beyond sight, to make way for another. Just now, however, for a moment we have a breathing space. Mr. Kipling has set out for the Cape, and whilst it may be possible for him—though not for others—to write on board ship, and to turn a verse or an epigram betwixt one lurch of the vessel and the next, his dealings with the publishers must perforce be interrupted. Let us, then, try to estimate, albeit in cursory fashion, what he is, and the nature of his contribution to our literature.

Of actual biography, of facts set down plainly in black and white, it is impossible in Mr. Kipling's case to give any. Many statements, it is true, have gone the rounds of the Press respecting Mr. Kipling's parentage, education, experiences, and career hitherto, but inasmuch as the publication of these facts has been directly contrary to the author's wishes, I will neither repeat them nor add to their number. He evidently considers all curiosity about his affairs to be quite beside the mark.

> A much discerning public hold
> The Singer generally sings
> Of personal and private things,
> And prints and sells his past for gold.

It is a thankless task to hold a brief for the public, but in this case I believe they are in the right. Mr. Kipling has told too much of his story for those who have listened to his telling of it, not to wish him to fill in the gaps. Superficially regarded, indeed, the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" might be supposed to envelop himself in the most profound obscurity. He would have us regard him as a mere human phonograph for the transmission of stories from Simla to Piccadilly. But in proportion as the matter if not the manner of those stories is penetrated with passionate human emotion, in proportion as they awaken similar emotion in us who read them, by so much do we instinctively know that what we read is, in the phase of his Indian friends, "true talk." "En litterature on ne fait bien que ce qu'on a vu ou souffert" De Goncourt has well said, and surely Mr. Kipling might be proud to know that he has obeyed a law to which most of the great artists of modern times have submitted. If he is not with the Greek dramatists or with Shakespeare, he finds himself on the side of Goethe, or Rossetti, of Geo. Eliot and Charlotte Bronte—might not that suffice?

There would, in truth, be nothing to remark in the appearance of this new writer if he were—as some superficial people of depreciative tendencies have assumed—merely a retailer of anecdotes such as they could themselves tell you any day if more serious matters did not happen to engross their minds. The stories in their embryonic condition are nothing in particular. They or their like are told on any night of the year in the boudoirs and the barrack-rooms of India, and are forgotten betwixt sleeping and waking, because the narrators have not in the deepest moral sense "seen or suffered" (as the French critic would say) the things of which they speak. It is told of Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie that when asked how she had acquired her minute knowledge of French Protestant character, she could give no better account of the matter than by recalling that in mounting the staircase of a Parisian block of flats one day, she had passed the open door of an *appartement*, where a French Huguenot family were seated at table, and that what she then saw revealed to her all that she had been able to describe. Similarly, the amazing variety of persons whom Rudyard Kipling has seen, of emotions that he has experienced—which are what entitle him to his high place amongst literary artists—can only be explained by his possession of the sense of sight and feeling developed in certain directions to their utmost limits.

He has seen—what has he not seen, this extraordinary young man?—a people in a flash and a class in the winking of an eye. His power is most remarkable when it is exercised upon the native races of India, for he does actually convey to us the glory of the East, and the immutable qualities of its people, and he shows us the impalpable but eternal barrier that prevents intercourse between the Oriental and the Occidental mind. The Hindus, whose possessions, from their religion to their rugs, have been vulgarized in the prosaic atmosphere of British drawing-room meetings, stand before us as the Mahommedan in "Dray Wara Yow Dee," as Ameere, as Lalun, and as Khem Singh in their reality, and as eternal types of the children of Asia. And what of the Anglo-Indians, "Mine own people," as he terms them?

> I have written the tale of our life
> For a sheltered people's mirth
> In jesting, guise but ye are wise,
> And ye know what the jest is worth.

That is his own summing up of the matter; and there is always that tone of pity for his own people, and of half-contempt for the people at home, especially for such of their representatives, whom he loves to term "vestrymen," who go to India to learn what they may in the intervals of parliamentary life. Noble and heroic figures they are, these strenuous duty-doing civilians working consciously in the presence of Death, these officers with their devotion to the regiment, their loyalty to each other; lovable figures (beer drinking and bad language notwithstanding) are the privates. Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris, and the vulgar brave little drummer-boys of the "Fore and Aft."

There is only one set in this Anglo-Indian Society which fails to gain our affections, and that is the Simla set. The effect is intentional; but, what is worse, it does not gain our interest. Mr. Barrie, in discussing Mr. Kipling, finds that he prefers to describe the "dirty corner" of life. The judgment—which is too sweeping to lay down as a general verdict—is undoubtedly supported by the ballads and stories which take the idle Simla set as their theme. Mr. Barrie reminds us that a literary artist is free to take what material he chooses. This is perfectly true. But we, on the other hand, are the judges of the result. If, then, the result fails to touch us, fails to "purge our souls by pity and terror," if it wrings from us only an unwilling admiration for its cleverness and brilliancy, there is something wrong somewhere. Mr. Kipling will, perhaps, reply that the something wrong is in ourselves. But may it not be that there are good materials and bad? May it not be that these second-rate people—people whose lives are artificial, who are faithless, self-seeking, incapable either of loving or hating, or merely doing their duty, people whose characters, in short, are radically unsound—that people such as these are subjects upon which the highest skill that any novelist can expend is simply wasted? I cannot but believe so, and for this reason I, in common with the majority of Mr. Kipling's readers, would exchange all the witticisms of Mrs. Hawksbee and Mrs. Hallowe for one incoherent utterance from Mrs. Gadsby as she lies at the point of death, for one despairing sob from "the red-haired girl" in her lonely studio.

Mr. Kipling is at his very best in his portraits of children; he knows all the queer involutions of childish thoughts, the potential bravery of a "Wee Willie Winkie," the potential affection of "His

Majesty the King." He knows how children should be treated, and he knows—unhappily it would seem too well—how they should not. The story of "Black Sheep" gives words to the silent sufferings of many an imaginative, sensitive child placed utterly at the mercies of narrow-minded people. Experiences such as these have warped the characters of men and women till their dying day, that intense aversion for the Philistine section of the middle classes, which explains the brutal apostrophe to the dwellers in "rabbit hutches," which he puts into the mouth of Dick Heldar. "Presently I will return and trample on you," he exclaims, when wealth begins to give him power. "And why is Master Dick to trample on these people?" Mr. Barrie asks in bewilderment. The

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for, as we read here, "when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge; though it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light, and teach Faith where no Faith was." It is persons of the Aunty Rosa kind, known in their most tyrannical aspect, who have inspired Mr. Kipling with answer is because he has an old score against them which no trampling on his part can ever wholly efface.

The English public, which loves to classify people promptly and finally, decided, after reading "Plain Tales from the Hills," that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was to be called "the inventor of the short story," consequently he could never be anything else. For this

reason, when "The Light that Failed" appeared, it was found that either the judgment must be recast or the long story overlooked. The latter alternative was chosen. "The Light that Failed" deserved a better fate. There is, it must be admitted, a great blemish in the work; this is consequent upon the double ending. To please the readers of "Lippincott," Maisie had to marry Dick; to please the author, she was to break Dick's heart. The latter course is certainly more in keeping with Maisie's character; but even in the amended version there remains a great improbability. Maisie would never have returned from France on learning of Dick's blindness. She was a young woman who knew particularly well what she was about, and she would have recognised that at such a crisis she could only come back to Dick's side in order to be the companion of his solitude. She must have burnt her ships, knowing that she had done so would render her unable to question the rightness of her decision. This is the one flaw in the book; but as an offset to it, there are some superb passages—passages which for insight, power, and tenderness, are beyond anything that the writer has hitherto achieved. The scenes between Dick and Maisie as children; the scenes af life—artistic, journalistic, and military—are all wonderful in their way, whilst the descriptions of the islands "tucked away under the Line," are amongst the most exquisite word pictures in the English language. But, more interesting than any of these for the present purpose, are Mr. Kipling's utterances on the subject of the right arm in art. It follows upon Maisie's question:

"Why am I wrong in trying to get a little success?"

"Just because you try. Don't you understand, darling? Good work has nothing to do with—doesn't belong to—the person who does it. It's put into him or her from outside."

"But how does that affect—"

"Wait a minute. All we can do is to learn how to do our work, to be masters of our materials, instead of servants, and never to be afraid of anything."

"I understand that."

"Everything else comes from outside ourselves. Very good. If we sit down quietly to work out notions that are sent to us, we may or we may not do something that isn't bad. A great deal depends on being master of the bricks and mortar of the trade. But the instant we begin to think about success and the effect of our work, to play with one eye on the gallery, we lose power and touch and everything else. At least that's how I have found it. Instead of being quiet and giving every power you possess to your work, you're fretting over something which you can neither help nor hinder by a minute. See?"

"It's so easy for you to talk in that way. People like what you do. Don't you ever think about the gallery?"

"Much too often; but I'm always punished for it by loss of power. It's as simple as the Rule of Three. If we make light of our work by using it for our own ends, the work will make light of us, and as we're the weaker, we shall suffer."

We find the same ideal expressed in the beautiful verses with which "Life's Handicap" concludes:

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence,
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who has made the Fire
Thou knowest Who has made the Clay.

One stone and more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy Worth,
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take out that vision from my ken;
Oh whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need!

A man who does not flinch before such an ideal as that need place no limit to his possible achievements.

Written for THE QUEEN.

IS IT WORTH KEEPING.

BY LILLIAN CLAXTON.

Poor little letter, how faded the page!
Open it carefully, tender with age.

Shall we still treasure it? nay, let it go,
None but the owner its value can know.

What but a mother's eye could understand
All these queer sentences in baby hand?

Say, has that mother's heart throbbed high with joy
At this quaint letter once sent by her boy?

Say, have her yearning eyes oft times grown dim
O'er the child letter in longing for him?

Nothing we know of him, there is no trace,
Yet can we picture his grave little face.

Bent o'er the paper, with hand moving slow,
Writing to mother, such long years ago.

Still can we picture the smiles and the tears,
Caused by that letter in long ago years—

Smiles at the blunders, the spelling, the stops,
Yet on the faded leaf, now a tear drops.

Dear little writer, as older you grew,
O was the world what it first seemed to you?

And when you mix'd 'mid the toil and the strife,
Did you grow weary of this lower life?

Or were you laid in the quiet to rest—
Hands cross'd in silence upon the child breast;

Gather'd in love from each sorrow, each fear?
(Life is so hard for the child-lambs down here.)

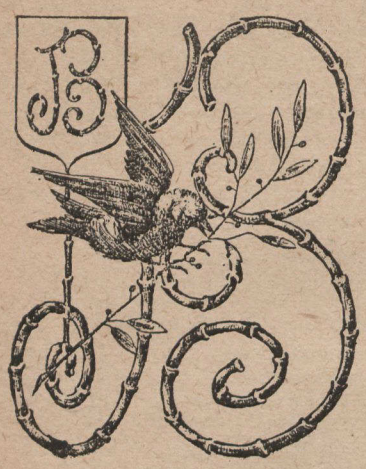
Who was the writer we never can know.
"Charley" is all that is written below.

Treasure it still for the love it has had,
Just for the sake of the poor little lad.

Lovingly written in that bygone day,
Fold it up tenderly, place it away.

THE BROAD STREET TURN.

BY NYM CRINKLE.



URT Cliny Halstead, broker, Broad Street, turned over a new leaf on a New Year. I met him at Dr. Hall's church in the morning. He had a reformed look in the corner of his eyes. "I am through," he said, in a calm, business-like manner.

Everything that Cline did was done in a business-like manner, whether it was purchasing bouquets to send to Belle Urquhart or having his bald head shampooed. I've known him to get off a car and chase a newsboy two blocks to get a cent change, because it was business, and he would not be swindled; and I have known him to write a note to Ned Harrigan to get a free box, and then spend two hundred dollars on flowers and supper before the night was over. With a Broad-street peculiarity he insisted that he was business too.

I believe that anywhere Cline would be called a good fellow. He held strictly to the business principle of skinning his fellow-man alive on Broad street and blowing in a pile when the boys were not on that financial warpath.

One day, Cline, as I said, turned a leaf. He did it methodically, calculatingly and firmly. He was polishing his dome before the glass, and as he laid the brush down he said, "I must get married."

Everything in that bachelor room was astonished. The alabaster bather who had stood bent over in the corner for a year prepared to take a header into the turquoise cuspidor, gave a little start as if her mission were done. The bronze Venus actually turned her bronze head a little, as if looking for a sea to go back to, and a whole row of dead *boutonnieres* fell off the mantle with a perfumed gasp.

All this was with what Cline himself would have called a "dead calculation." He proposed to sail the sea of matrimony. He had been living for fifteen or twenty years what Matthew Arnold would have called a *not* wife life. The other sort of thing would be cheaper.

Besides, when a bachelor can't comb his top hair over any more he begins to think about getting tone. It was business.

Very punctilious and discreet was Cline. He proposed to get married just as he proposed to buy Nashville and Tennessee. It was a good investment.

Then he set about it in the most extraordinary, Broad-street manner.

"I don't want," he said, "any giddy beauties around. They've been around till I'm tired. I want a mature, sensible, sober, economical, tidy, level-headed, modest, healthy, good-tempered, prudent, affectionate, sagacious, lovable, motherly, genteel, sterling woman. Girls be blowed! Girls make me weary, and I'm going to organize the business of getting what I want. I can give an hour a day for the next year to the finding of what I want, and I'm too old a business hand to have what I don't want."

When you get one of these financial Broad-street intellects squarely down to business, he knows what he is about, and he doesn't make any mistakes.

If he is going to get a wife or get a cemetery plot, he is going to get the worth of his money.

So Cline at forty-four organized himself. He set up a matrimonial bureau in that private office with cathedral windows; put his number eleven gaiter on sentiment; chucked the forget-me-nots out of his soul and came down to hard-pan.

He would advertise. Yes, he would. No nonsensical rot about cultured gent desiring to meet cultured lady, but straight business proposition. It would involve immense clerical system—very well, would get typewriter, dictate answers for an hour every morning.

"First thing to do—get typewriter; must be business girl—girl bad—but have to put up with it—no women typewriters in the market, all girls, d——n shame."

II.

One morning there came to Cline's general office in Broad street a girl in a baby waist, with a pearl gray pelisse over her shoulders and a cornelian ring on her finger. One of Cline's young men noticed her first standing by the door. He told me afterward that what he noticed was the absurd chip sailor hat with a blue ribbon and an anchor on it, and he wondered if she hadn't borrowed it from her little brother to come down town in; it set up so perky and saucily on top of her ridiculous wad of brown hair, as if she might be a lieutenant in the Salvation Army.

It's astonishing what things these young idiots notice.

He went round and said, "What can we do for you, madam?"

"Madam" is a kind of official squelcher kept for girls who venture away from their proper salerooms to where young men can get back at them and pay them off in their own coin.

"I am a typewriter," said chip hat, very meekly. "I came to answer an advertisement."

Then they directed her into the little office with cathedral windows, using a sign language of their own and telegraphing to each other by winks, one of them even whistling a few bars, pianissimo, of "When the Robins Nest Again." Then they saw the chip hat go through the fatal glass door, on the other side of which Cline kept his grim official severity.

III.

He was signing checks. It was one of the most serious moments of his life. He looked up and saw the chip hat cocked on top of the brown hair. It aggravated him just a little, as if a deacon should see one of the New York ballet girls in his country church and she should bow to him sweetly. He leaned back in his cathedral chair, stuck his legs out straight and fastened his commercial eye on his check book.

"Well, young woman," (chip hats that are "darlings" in front of the Bijou are always "young women" in Broad street), I want a discreet confidential secretary to answer correspondents. She's got to be here at ten o'clock every morning, attend to business strictly, and she can't get away till two or three. The salary is twelve dollars a week. Do you think you can get down to that kind of drudgery for that pittance and keep the business in this room?"

All that Cline ever heard was a demure little "Yes, sir," that had the same suggestion of tremolo in it that one gets from a fresh raspberry jelly.

"All right. I can't bother with you to-day; come to-morrow." And Cline fell to signing checks, and chip hat went away, and the young man outside poked his nose through the crystal portal of his barrier, puckered his lips and flipped two or three bars of "The Maid with the Milking Pail" after her.

IV.

The little office with the cathedral windows took on a new feature. There was an instrument under the sash, with a black tin roof over it, and a little sailor hat, with a blue ribbon on it, hung on the bronze peg opposite the door.

"Now, then," said Cline, putting on a most forbidding air of strict business. "You understand that the matter for which I have engaged you is entirely aside from the regular business of this office. By the way, what shall I call you? Miss what? Chalcey? Well, never mind the Nelly. I'll call you Miss Chalcey, it's more business-like; and I don't want you to talk outside of this room about any of the business you have to transact here. Do you understand? If you get that straight to begin with there'll be no trouble."

Then she turned her demure face toward him, and said, "Yes, sir," so meekly and patiently and profoundly that he noticed her eyes. They were agates—moss-agates, by Jove. Funny little spots in them that swam and danced round and melted into each other in the most absurdly molten way, as if there might be little cauldrons under them where the light was boiled and softened down into some ridiculous girl nonsense. The worst of it was they always seemed to be just on the point of boiling over, as if light, like music, had some kind of inscrutable pathos in it.

V.

So they got along very nicely without any nonsense. Cline would come in about half-past ten or eleven, look to see if the sailor hat was hanging on the peg, grunt out, "Good morning, Miss Chalcey," and then sit down at his desk to open letters. Sometimes she would sit demurely for half an hour, her head turned, looking out of the one clear little pane in the cathedral window straight at Bob Slocum's gothic office opposite, where there was never anything to see except Bob Slocum's window shades, and that piece of telegraph tape that dangled forever from the wires overhead, in spite of all the sparrows that had tried to pull it off. At other times Cline would dictate, and then the click of the instrument drowned the monotonous chirp of the janitor's bullfinch that was whistling somewhere.

Of course she got to know all about it—what it was he was trying to do—and he grew to consult her on some of the details. Like a good girl she put her whole heart into it, and really tried to help him all she could to find the wife he wanted. How could she help it; and then, too, she couldn't help finding out by degrees that Cline drew some heavy checks and had a swell circle of acquaintances.

And he—well, he, like a good methodical business man, fell into a routine here as elsewhere. His heart was constructed on solid clock-work business principles, and one morning when he came in the sailor hat was not on the peg. It annoyed him at once. It always does annoy a business man to have things irregular. He fidgeted in his chair. It was too bad. Nobody could be depended on, and here were several letters to be answered. He called Swain in. "Where is that young woman?"

Swain started a little, as if he felt guilty of having abducted her, and said, "What do you want, a typewriter? Here's Wallace and Durea and Clapp, any one of 'em can—"

And Cline shouted, "Nonsense! Shut the door!"

Then he noticed the bronze peg. It had an ironical and plucked aspect.

He sat down in the chair by the window and looked at Bob Slocum's shades.

He couldn't help wondering what Miss Chalcey found to think about during all the vacant hours when she looked out there, waitingly.

The next day when she came he reprimanded her fiercely. "It annoyed me very much," he said from his chair, without looking round. "You should have sent me some word. I depended on you. It's very irregular and unbusiness-like."

She turned round and looked at him in her meek way. "My mother is dying," she said. "I have neglected her to-day so as not to disappoint you."

His astonishment twisted him around in his chair, and he came plump up against the agates, swimming in some kind of light he had never seen before.

"Confound it, Miss Chalcey!" he said, jumping up. "What do you mean by having a sick mother and not telling me? What do you mean by coming here to-day? Will you never get any business ideas into your head? I told you that this room was to be confidential. Do you call it confidential to act in this manner? I'm surprised, Miss Chalcey. I'm hurt."

He took down the sailor hat. "You are to go back to your mother—at once."

He opened the door. "Here, Swain, get me a coupe." And Swain saw the sailor hat in his hand.

VI.

It was about a week after this. The room had half a ton of letters in it. Cline used to come in, look at the bronze peg and go away again. Then the sailor hat re-appeared.

Miss Chalcey was there waiting, so was her little lunch that she always ate when Cline and Wallace went down to Delmonico's, and on Cline's desk was a tiny bunch of violets. He shook hands with her, congratulated her on her mother's recovery, and said: "Pshaw! don't mention it, my child. I'm just about as kind as the average business man—no more, no less. We've got a terrible lot of business here."

They both laughed!

Cline was in particular good spirits that morning. It was so comfortable, don't you know, to have the office routine go on in its regular business-like way—to hear the click of the instrument; to get side glimpses of two white rounded wrists dancing a gallopade; to know that the chip hat was covering up that infernal bronze peg, and you couldn't hear the devilish bullfinch. It went on about a week, with a little bunch of violets every morning on his desk, which he always put in his buttonhole when he went uptown. There were two days when he hadn't got a pin, and she had, so she fastened them on for him, and there was one awfully nasty day when he actually helped her to eat her lunch, and enjoyed it.

Then the whole affair came to a sudden stop. These things always do in real life.

It was a Monday morning. She had hung up her hat and dusted off her machine, and looked to see if Bob Slocum's shades were there, when Cline said, with a horribly sad expression of countenance:

"Miss Chalcey, you've been a very faithful and efficient secretary, and I'm sorry I've got to lose you, but the fact is, I've found the woman I want, and, of course, I shall not need you any more."

She was looking at him dreamingly, as if she wondered where the paragon came from that filled his bill.

"Yes," he said, "strange as it may sound, I've actually picked out the woman who is to be my wife, and I shall not want a secretary. We've had a very pleasant time here together, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you remember all the qualities that I was fool enough to expect in one woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've found most of 'em."

"I'm very glad, sir."

"Do you think, Miss Chalcey, from what you know of me, that she will have me if I ask her?"

"Yes, sir."

"You truly think so on business principles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, by Jove, I'll marry her. You can consider yourself discharged, Miss Chalcey—Nelly."

And she was.

The only unbusinesslike thing they did was to both try to look out the ridiculous little pane at the same time—and no two business people could do that simultaneously without looking like Siamese twins.

Written for THE QUEEN.

THE MERRY SPIRIT.

BY JESSIE H. BECKTON.

"YES, I'm a spirit, and that perhaps is the reason, not only of my great power over mankind, but of my being able to watch with my own eyes the carrying out of my work and enjoying it to the full."

Oh! I'm a jolly, merry, reckless, dare-devil spirit. I go where I like, do what I like, am shunned by a few it is true but the greater portion of mankind loves me, welcomes me, seeks me, and even struggles for me. Oh! the fun that I get, the lives I wreck, the hearts I break, the homes I desolate and to my victims, or what they call my victims, I give such jolly, happy times. Are they sick, I cure them! Are they sad, I drown their grief! Are they lonely, I am their companion, and fill their spare hours as none others can! Are they in trouble, or in love I quickly set them free and in my cheerful society they soon learn to laugh at all such nonsensical sentimentality. And how they love me for it, worship me! Why they will leave father, mother, wife and children for my sake, they will lay such offerings at my shrine that home, lands, and even honor go to supply their need, and I! I gather them in, garner them up, and in return, what a harvest I reap for them. Some complain and at the last hour turn round upon me and reproach and revile, accuse me of ruining their lives, their souls, and the happiness of those who, but for me, would have been dearer to them than life itself. But there are many, the greater number who die peacefully in my arms lulled by my charms, dead to all but my influence, loving me and calling on me to the last.

"You are indeed powerful," said a tiny voice at his side, "but is there no reverse side to the picture? You spoke of broken hearts, of desolate homes, are *these* such pleasure-giving things?"

"Oh, yes! the reverse side, as you call it, is not so pretty, but then my disciples don't see it or care if they do, but should it begin to impress itself upon them and wean them from me, I give cowards great stimulus, new pleasures, and bind them the more strongly to me."

"Are there then none more powerful than you?" queried the little voice in an awestruck, timid whisper.

"There are some influences," returned the spirit in an angry tone, "that sometimes defeat me and wrestling with me for my victims, tear them from my grasp and for these—for the remembrance of these defeats the wrecks I work! The lives I desolate! and for every one that is wrested from me I gather hundreds into my net. Ha! Ha! the glorious fun, the jolly life I lead."

"Do you then win them easily?" asked again the voice.

"Oh, yes, there is not much trouble," answered the spirit, "I begin so softly and gently that they don't notice me, I come to them when as boys together, they think themselves manly to join my banner, I go to them in sadness and loveliness and softly dry their tears and drown their sorrows; I go to them in friendly meetings and hold high revel there, until they vote me the jolliest fellow that ever came amongst them. I creep after them, I fawn upon them, flatter, I delude them, I let them think it is *me* they have in their power, it is *me* they can cast aside as they choose and all the while I have them fast within my grasp, and it is a strong man that eludes me and gets free, when once I hold him in my mesh. Would you like to see my work, or a little portion of it? Then come with me."

"Look now on these young men and when I tell you, turn your gaze on that mirror opposite and you shall see there the reverse side you seemed so anxious about just now. First, take that fair-haired boy; he has not long joined me, I have had to work hard for him but I liked him and wished to give him a little more pleasure and enjoyment in life. He is just the sort to win, courageous, high-spirited, hot-tempered, struggling against my influence, battling against my power; but I've got him heart and soul at last. His father and mother do not even know that he knows me, and I took good care of that for they love him dearly and he them, they would have brought that deadly influence to bear I dread so much, and even now I must be careful. Look now into the mirror and see how gently I have dealt with him and them. They still trust and believe in him and would stake their lives upon his honor and uprightness. I never let them see him as he is now, they have never seen the blue eyes they love so well dull, glared and heavy as they are now, they have never heard the voice they listen to so proudly harsh and discordant as it is to-night. Now tell me, what do you find in the glass?"

"I see a lady and gentleman sitting before a cosy fire in a handsome well furnished room, an upright honorable man he looks, a handsome, happy woman. Quietly they talk together of the greatest joy and blessing of their life, their boy, their one and only child, and he is saying:

"'Oh! May, we are indeed blessed in our boy, should anything happen to me to-night, I could go in perfect peace, knowing you would be left in hands I trust as I would my own. He would comfort you and shield you from all wordly ill, and never cause you trouble or anxiety as long as he was by your side.'

"'I know it,' sighs the happy mother, 'my noble, generous son.'"

"Now look," said the spirit, "on that man stretched by his side, he was laughing with the loudest just now, see how deeply he sleeps; what is in the mirror?"

"A girl so young and fair, so pretty still, in spite of her pale face and sad weary eyes. She folds her work as the clock strikes and sighs heavily as she shakes the ends of cotton from her black gown and lights the candle with slow, unwilling fingers."

"'It is no good,' she softly says, 'he will not come to-night,' and then as the tears drop faster and faster upon the little hands, she cries:

"'Oh! my brother, is it my fault that you have lost your love of home, have I made it so dreary for you since our mother went away? Is it I, who would gladly give my life to save you from the ruin I see coming upon you, who have done this? My heart is breaking, but you do not see it, you come and go without noticing me, I have no voice, no influence left to win you back, a stronger power than mine is drawing you farther and farther from me, and I can only wait for the bitter end. They came to me to-day to say you were no longer wanted at the office, your place has been vacant too often of late they said and you are so dull and listless now, they will no longer entrust their work to you.'"

"Oh! spirit," cried the tiny voice, "spare him, for her sake spare him."

"No, no," laughed the jolly spirit, "she cries, it is true, but he laughs and sings, let him enjoy life while he may. Look now

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

at this grey-haired man, I nearly lost him a short while since, he nearly shook me from him at his dead wife's grave, he said I had killed her, Ha, Ha, I indeed, why he did it himself poor fool, he said she died of a broken heart caused by his neglect and harshness, but I knew the way to win him back, only I must be careful, for he is half inclined to turn from me even yet.

What does the mirror show you?

"A dimly lighted room, a tiny bed, a little form asleep, and now it stirs, the eyelids quiver, a stifled sob breaks from the rosy parted lips, and a little voice leaps out:

"'Mother I'm so lonely now, no one comes to kiss your little boy since you went so far away; you said papa would stay with me if I tried ever so hard to make him, and yet to-night as I put my arms round his neck and told him so, he put me so roughly from him and said such words that I ran from him to nurse, and cried until I went to sleep; and yet sometimes he is so kind, father, my own father, won't you come back to your little son?'"

"But what is this" cries the voice, "why do you shake spirit?"

"Don't you hear, don't you see," returns the now furious spirit, "look at him, he hears the child's voice, even here it reaches him, I have lost him, I can see it in his face, I know it by his eyes, he mutters as he rises, 'not quite too late!' and totters blindly to the door, he will never return to me now, that little child with his mother's eyes and his mother's voice has taken him from me for ever. But here is one whom I shall keep, the strongest influence has been brought to bear upon him and yet he is still mine. I trembled this morning I own, for he went, silly fool, to ask a woman to be his wife, he loved her too and would do much for her sake, but he loves me best as he has proved; he knew she loved him but never thought or cared what her father might say and when banished from her as one unworthy of her and unfit to be entrusted with her lifelong happiness he fled straight to me for comfort and soon he will forget the life he might have led in the one he shall lead with me. But it is getting late, look once more into the mirror and tell me what you see."

"I see the kneeling figure of a girl, her face so pure and fair, is raised to heaven, there are no tears in her eyes, there is no room for them now, they are too full of anguish and entreaty as she pleads, not for herself, but for him, 'Save him, O God, save him not for my sake but for his own, deliver him from this *curse* of all mankind and though we may never meet again grant that someday he may turn from it.'"

"The golden head bends and sinks as the heart rent cry ascends, whilst the long low sob is all that tells of the broken faith within."

"Oh! spirit," cries the tiny voice once more. "Are you proud of such work as this, are you not afraid of such prayers, such tears as these?"

The spirit, that laughing, jolly, reckless, spirit answered: "Afraid, not I, prayer avails much I own, but I fear not, I triumph still, so that they pray not for themselves."

KATHERINE'S PRIZE.

A father said to his daughters three,
"Whoever will make and bring to me
An offering that beyond compare
I deem is th most unique and fair,
On her I joyfully will bestow
A prize that she may not blush to show."

The daughters smiled, and went their way,
To ponder many a happy day,
Until, at last, fair Margaret brought
A pair of mittens all gayly wrought,
And said, "These, father, I've made for you,
With thoughts and hopes that are fond and true."

He thanked her, with an indulgent air,
As he drew the mittens on with care.
"To make them beautiful," he declared,
"No effort certainly has been spared.
But do you not think, my dear, in these
My poor old hands would be apt to freeze?"

Then Helen came with a smoking-cap,
And laid it upon her father's lap,
He looked it over, inside and out,
And said, "This would, I have not a doubt,
The praise of all connoisseurs provoke,
But you know, my love, I do not smoke."

Next Katherine, with the tender eyes
And radiant smile, in simple guise,
Approached, and like roses, blushing red,
"Dear father," in modest tones, she said,
"A loaf of bread I have brought to you,
Though more, far more, I would gladly do,"

Proudly and fondly the old man smiled,
"Is not this bread the staff of life, my child?
And surely," he cried, "all will agree
That the promised gift belongs to thee,"
And Katherine, with the tender eyes
And radiant sm le, received the prize.

THANKSGIVING EVE.

Hand in hand through the city streets,
As the chill November twi ight fell,
Two childish figures walk up and down—
The bootblack Teddie and sister Nell.
With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,
Where dazzling lights from the windows shine
On golden products from farm and field,
On luscious fruits from every clime.

"O Teddie," said Nell, "let's play to-night
These things are ours, and let's suppose
We can choose whatever we want to eat.
It might come true, perhaps,—who knows?"
Two pinched little faces press the pane,
And eagerly plan for the morrow's feast
Of dainties their lips will never touch,
Forgetting their hunger awhile at least.

The pavement was cold for shoeless feet,
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered, and said,
"Let's go to a place and choose some clothes."
"Agreed!" said Nell, and away they sped
To a furrier's shop, ablaze with light,
In whose fancied warmth they place their hands,
And play their scanty clothes are changed
For softest fur, from far off lands.

"A grand Thanksgiving we'll have!" cried Nell,
"These make-believe things seem almost true;
I've most forgot how hungry I was,
And Teddie, I'm almost warm, aren't you?"
O happy hearts, that rejoice to-day,
In all the bounty the season brings,
Have pity on those who vainly strive
To be warmed and fed with imaginings!

Written for THE QUEEN.

EDLEEN VAUGHAN,

OR PATHS OF PERIL

By CARMEN SYLVA,

(HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA),

AUTHOR OF "THE WITCH'S CITADEL," "LEGENDS OF THE CARPATHIANS," "THOUGHTS OF A QUEEN," "ROUMANIAN FAIRY TALES," "OUT OF TWO WORLDS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—*Continued*

She told him all and everything, and when she saw at last that he did not spurn her from him in horror, she accepted a morsel of bread from him. The morning was breaking when Kathleen fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Llewellyn sat silently by her, considering where he should take her in her present state.

The nearest human habitation in these parts was Martyn's house. If he could take her so far, she was sure of aid in the case of her probable sickness. He saw the surrounding hills steep themselves in ruddy light, the autumn trees, still rich with golden foliage, take a warmer hue, while the lake and its border below still lay veiled in deep blue shadows. It was so lovely a daybreak that the aged minstrel could not resist its charm. He had never been capable of prolonged sadness, and now he could not help smiling at sight of all the splendour given to his view. For several minutes he did not pereeive that Kathleen's gloomy eyes were fixed upon him with the bitter question in them; "How can he smile whilst I am dying with misery?" Then he became aware of her waking, and asked her kindly whether she felt strong enough to rise. She stood up immediately.

"Oh, yes," she replied, gruffly and shortly. "I can walk now. Good-bye."

"Nay, my child, we shall go together."

"Where?" Her shrinking glance sought the ground.

"I know the right place for sick people. Later on, when we are sure of your health, we will take you home."

"Me? Where will you take me now? Not to the vicarage? I have no businss there."

"No, certainly not to the vicarage. Trust yourself to my guidance, my child. We will first seek a human habitation, where you can change your clothes, and then smooth your way so as to enable you to tread it."

"I know but one person to go to—Ulla, the witch."

"*Who?*"

"Ulla, the witch."

"*Is Ulla still alive?*"

"Oh, yes. And she is just such another outcast as I am. That's the right place for me: the cavern of the witch who poisons and deludes human hearts to revenge herself on mankind. Yes, I will go to her."

"*So she is still alive!*"

"Yes. Why does that surprise you so? Do you know anything about her?"

"Oh, yes, being so old as I am. I have seen much and known many. But you must not go to her; you must return to your duty."

"My duty?"

"What is Edleen to do without you?"

"To die, as she is sure to do anyhow."

"She will not die quickly, nor yet easily."

"And I am to enter that house?"

"I shall prepare it for your reception."

"Sooner than go in there I will go into the wide world."

"Indeed! As what?"

"As nothing at all."

"We shall soon reach a house; let me wrap my cloak more closely around you, so as to hide your feet."

Slowly and painfully the two passed on through the lovely autumn morning. Kathleen's eyes were fixed upon the dust at her feet; her white face seemed hardened with despair. She looked like a Medusa with her tangled, black hair, and never spoke a word. Saving a suicide is always an ungrateful enterprise; for it is a difficult task to reconcile him to life afterwards, while he is sick with shame and vexed at having lost his chance of dying. All this the sage who knew human hearts so well, told himself as he walked on in profound silence. Suddenly, at a turn in the road, a sweet soft singing reached their ears, and they saw the valley with the ruins of Temorah's cottage before them; Temorah herself was pacing the meadow, rocking a white pillow in her arms and singing.

Kathleen stood rooted to the ground.

"Take me away," she whispered, "take me away from here."

"Come, my child, pass on; the poor dead woman over there will not know us."

"I cannot go past that place."

Llewellyn sighed wearily and turned into a rather long byway. He thought Kathleen walked very slowly, and the girl fancied he must be tired, until at last they reached the beautiful valley in which Martyn's dwelling stood.

"You do not mean to take me in here?" said Kathleen knitting her brows.

"Yes, I do my child. Where can you be better than with an excellent friend and a clever physcian? He will help us."

"Help us! That's what people call helping!"

"Ah, yes, human aid is always imperfect and cruel."

Llewellyn knocked. The Doctor's good-natured old cook came to the door and clasped her hands in dismayed surprise at Kathleen's appearance.

"Please, good woman, let us have a warm bed and hot tea without loss of time. We fell from the rocks, into the lake, and it is quite a miracle that we are still alive. And we have not taken any food either since the day before yesterday."

The good woman kept her thoughts to herself and asked no questions (a habit she had acquired from her master) but did as she was bidden. Meanwhile Llewellyn sat down by

Martyn's bed and told him the whole story, asking him what ought to be done.

"I'll think about it," said Martyn, hurriedly dressing himself.

Then he went in to Kathleen, who was lying among the white pillows, in a clean, white night-dress of the old cook's her black lashes and hair contrasting forcibly with her livid pallor, her blue lips and nails showing the beginning effect of the cold water upon her, which would probably bring on a violent fever. When she recognised the Doctor, she turned her face to the wall and lifted her pale hand, as if to motion him from the room; but the poor limp hand fell wearily on the white linen again, and Martyn took it gently in his as he sat down at the bedside and said with a pleasant voice:

"When death has closed his door against one, one must try and make friends again with life."

No answer.

"And when one has done wrong and harbored evil thoughts, one must sometimes travel a long and weary way, before one can obtain pardon from one's self."

"I have more than atoned for all," muttered Kathleen between her teeth.

"Yes, you are very unfortunate; but that is no reason why you should not live. There are many unhappy people who go on living."

"Oh, of course. And I can go begging. One can always do that; for a girl without a character is not likely to get a situation with children or invalids. But then, I can sing a little; I'll turn street-singer: that's also a way of living."

"Do you imagine we should be so careless of you? Don't you think we all feel it our duty to try and make up to you for the wrong you have suffered?"

"Oh?" murmured Kathleen with an expression of such deep disgust, such infinite weariness, such hopeless despair, that it cut Martyn to the soul. He had never liked her, thinking her frivolous, and greatly disapproving of her flirting with Tom and Morgan at the same time, but now he saw her so miserable, he forgot his dislike.

By-and-bye Kathleen's teeth began to chatter with a violent fit of ague, but she did not grow delirious. She lay perfectly silent for fear of betraying herself. Only there was a continual feeling upon her of falling from a rock and of being pulled out by the hair, and then falling back and wading on again. She grew to be especially afraid of being pulled out, for that made her head ache every time, just as if they were pulling out her brain.

It was a trying night, and her friends did not quit her couch, not wishing to trust her with strangers in case she should grow delirious. When morning came, she suddenly sat up in her bed.

"Hark!" she said. "Hark! there he is! there he is! Don't let him in, oh, don't let him in. There he is again. Ah me, ah me, take me away!"

A few moments later they heard a step on the gravel-walk. Martyn looked out: it really was Tom. Martyn went and stood before his door.

"What do you want here?"

"Why, to see you of course."

"I am not at home for you; I shall never be at home for you again, do you hear? All that I have to say to you is, that you had better start for London immediately and not show yourself about this country for some months at the very east."

"Must it be London? I can go and stay with my friend Llewellyn."

Llewellyn's door is shut against you; he would not take you in. Go to London and stay there. We don't want you here."

"But what has occurred to produce this change?"

"Need I tell you what has occurred? Go, we know you no longer. Go where people are ignorant of your character, or where you can associate with scoundrels of your own stamp."

Martyn slammed the door behind him and returned to Kathleen whom Llewellyn had not left. She had listened with dilated eyes. Now she heaved a great sigh, lay back among her pillows, and sank into a deep, peaceful sleep.

"Oh," whispered Martyn. "That is well. She'll be all right to-morrow."

Kathleen passed most of that day in deep, almost torpid slumber; in the following night she grew feverish again, but when day broke once more, her eyes were clear and she could even take a little food.

The old cook told her that Mrs. Vaughan had sent to inquire after her several times, and seemed to want her badly. She was not at all well, and nobody could nurse her or do anything to her taste; she wished to know when the young lady would come.

Kathleen listened in silence. So this was the path marked out for her? This was where her duty lay? The duty of gratitude? Oh, no, no, no! She had richly paid all she had ever been indebted for. But still, there was one being in the world that wanted her. Strange! She lay thinking about it all, and when Martyn come in, she acquainted him with her resolution to get up and return to her cousin's house. He patted her hand as one would a child's, silently encouraging it to do right. They had sent her clothes, he said. Kathleen had but one scruple left, which it was not easy to speak about.

"Must I not—" she asked hesitatingly, "must not the master of the house be told?"

"No there is no need. I have told him that you fell ill with despair, because Temorah's cottage had been burnt through your carelessness."

"He feels convinced that I set it on fire intentionally."

"Not now. Besides, he is in such distress himself that he hardly thinks about others at present and sadly longs for help; he does not know how to treat his wife she cannot bear his presence. She is very sick."

"Will she die soon?"

"Perhaps not if we tend to her like a flower."

In the afternoon Kathleen sat by the chimney, Llewellyn talking indefatigably beside her: sometimes she even listened to him, though it was hardly his purpose that she should do so.

When she rose to withdraw, she said: "It is customary to thank the preserver of one's life, is it not?"

"That is as it may be," replied Llewellyn. "Not always."

"Indeed? Then I need not do so?"

"No, certainly not," said Llewellyn. "But perhaps you will forgive me when I tell you that I really hesitated before I tried to restore you."

"I thank you for that," she returned giving him her hand.

On the following day Llewellyn and Martyn took her home in Vaughan's carriage, after having made sure of Tom's

departure for London. Edleen was greatly changed; she folded Kathleen in her arms with such overflowing tenderness that the poor child could not think herself quite useless, at least. But when she entered her old room, he heart grew so heavy that she begged to have another assigned her, under the pretext of wishing to be near Edleen. The latter evidently had her private misgivings, for she watched Kathleen with anxious eyes, would not let her quit her side for an instant, and showed herself humbly grateful for every little service. Vaughan's brow was furrowed; every new day seemed to mark it with deeper lines. Tom had set the miners against him; several small disturbances had to be put down with some severity, and Edleen lay tied to her couch of pain and could not mitigate the men's harsh proceedings with her feminine gentleness. Owen had come. But she avoided meeting him as much as possible. She was afraid of his eyes, afraid of his recurring to her broken promise. How far she had glided down since then, how near the abyss seemed.

The November fogs brought trying days to Gwynne, causing him to be more frequently seized with asthmatic attacks but he bore them patiently, and as his kindly nature could not endure to see anyone low-spirited near him, he always talked with animation, and took a lively interest in whatever was going on.

And yet, one day Martyn found him depressed in spite of himself.

"What am I to do with Morgan? You have remained a dear son to me, Martyn, so I can confide my troubles to you. He is pining after Kathleen, and she is not what I should wish his wife to be."

"No, certainly not," said Martyn, emphatically.

"I am really of the opinion that one should cure him at a single blow of this folly, which is uselessly poisoning his life."

"At a single blow?"

"I have it in my power to strike that blow, but—I fear the consequences."

"Morgan has a stout heart."

Martyn related Kathleen's story simply and truthfully.

"Ah well," said Gwynne at last, "that is certainly decisive; but it is very, very hard. Poor boy."

"At all events we need not be in too great a hurry."

"I should like to feel a little stronger myself."

While this conversation was held, Gladys was sitting in the fog by Una's grave, on a little bench her brothers had made her. She loved the quiet, seclusive denseness of an autumn fog, and the low, rippling sound among the dry leaves. A few late roses were blooming on Una's grave, and the fog had strewn them with tiny, diamond like drops. Gladys had grown exquisitely beautiful of late. Her quiet sadness, her black dress, the meekness with which she bore her blighted love, and her anxiety for her father, combined to lend her dreamy eyes with the fair crown of golden plaits above them and her tall, graceful figure a peculiar and touching charm. Missy thought constantly of Una's dying words; but she saw no sign of that dear wish being fulfilled. Gladys remained cold and haughty; Martyn was invariably grave and reserved in her presence, and if ever she gave him her hand he dropped it immediately. She could not avoid hearing him praised everywhere, especially with the poor; she often met him, too, when she went on errands of charity to the poorest huts. On such occasions, he would hastily withdraw if he could; but several times they had both been obliged to stay to soothe the last moments of some sufferer, and once, over the deathbed of a young consumptive girl, their eyes had met and filled with tears. And yet, next day, the ice had been frozen harder than ever between them.

Gladys was soon as dewy with the fog as the roses, and sat dreaming in the deep stillness, when she beame aware of someone singing close by.

It was a woman's voice she heard, so soft and deep and touching that the young girl, sitting by her sister's grave, did not attempt to restrain her tears.

"My baby shivers, oh mother,
With the chill and sleety air!
The trees have leaves to clothe them,
But my baby has nothing to wear,
Nothing to shield it mother,
From the chill and sleety air!"

"Where is thy husband, oh daughter,
Thy baby's father, say?
Does he refuse thee shelter,
And leave thee thus to stray?
I am dead and cannot help thee—
Where is thy husband, say?"

"My baby wails, oh mother,
We two are a woful sight,
We're alone in the world and forsaken,
With no bed but thy grave at night,
No bed but thy grave, oh mother,
And we two are a woful sight."

"I'm so poor in my grave, oh daugbter!
I have naught but a winding sheet,
And that I will give thee gladly,
To cover thy baby sweet,
To shield thy baby, daughter,
From chilly air and sleet."

Gladys felt attracted by that plaintive singing; deep mourning always seems to give one a feeling of affinity to the sorrowful, and a right to sympathize with them. Rising softly and guiding herself by the sounds that still floated on the air, she found Temorah at her mother's grave, moving the dead leaves upon it as if she were washing them one by one, and singing as Gladys had heard her, brokenly, incoherently, now one strophe of her lay, and now another. Gladys watched her a long time, with an overflowing heart. She had often tried to speak to Temorah, fancying she must obtain some reasonable word from her lips, but in vain. To-day the poor mad woman nodded pleasantly at her and said:

"It isn't cold, not a bit, for Kathleen has burnt it. She lit the matches, you know, and they flared up and set the bed on fire, and Kathleen ran off saying: 'Tom's child. Fie Tom's child. How like it is to Tom, and it is not mine, but Temorah's. And so she ran off. Fie Tom's child.' She would not have it, would Kathleen. She would not have it, no, she would not. She was not like Temorah, Temorah would have the child, her own baby child, but not Tom; no she would not have Tom. Tom said—what did he say?" She laid her fingers on her lips and smiled archly. "Tom said—'Money! more money! And I shall hide with you!' And there he was eating, eating, eating—taking my bread and milk. I was faint with hunger and weary with work, but he ate, ate, ate. He ate a great deal, and then he said: 'Kathleen is more beautiful than you, after all!' And I was hungry, but he ate what he pleased."

Gladys clung to the nearest cross to save herself from falling, for the ground seemed to shake under her feet.

"To shield thy baby, daughter,
From chilly air and sleet——"

sang Temorah. "They were little flames," she went on; "I saw Kathleen and the little flames, you know; and then there was a blaze—a great big blaze. Kathleen ran away from the flames lest they should seize her. She wanted to see Tom. Ay, ay, Kathleen and Tom. And when she cut his name in the cross—his name, she cut it in here, you know—Why, where's the cross? The cross is gone! My cross is gone! Have you carried it away? Tom's name was carved on it, and now it is gone—

"I gave thee all my having,
A tender winding sheet—

"And now she herself hasn't even got a cross!" Temorah wept. "Don't you know where the cross is? I'm so tired else I would find it; for it wasn't in the blaze. But Kathleen had it—that cross. She cut *Tom* into it. It grieved my poor mother sadly, and she cursed Tom: ay, ay, her curse is on him.

Where is thy husband, oh daughter,
Thy baby's father say?—
In jail with other felons,
Condemned till judgment day!

"And if I don't wash I shall have no money to buy milk with, and my child will be hungry, for Tom has drunk all there was, and Kathleen has burnt my goat, the goat my kind father, the minstrel, gave me, and there's nothing left for the little one. So I must wash.

"Where is thy baby's father?—
He's leading a life of glee,
Laughing, and drinking, and singing,
And making love to others,
As he used to make love to me.

"And the girl who believes him is lost, lost, lost. Where is my cross? I am so tired, for I carried it. Don't you know where it is? Kathleen doesn't know either; Kathleen cut *Tom* in it, and then my mother cursed her. Don't you know where it is!

"Does he refuse thee shelter,
And leave thee thus to stray?
I am dead and cannot help thee,
I have naught but a winding sheet.

"Don't you know where it is? I am so tired. But I want it here. My poor mother has nothing whatever. And if I lie down to sleep here, she says: 'My cross, where is my cross?' And I don't remember where it is, and cannot find it. But you—you will find it? Are you Kathleen? Then you'll find it, for you know where you lay hidden that day."

Tremblingly, speechless with dismay, Gladys suffered Temorah to draw her away with her; but as they reached the hidden spot below the bridge, and the mad woman began to remove the dry leaves, she grew so frightened that she was on the point of flying, when a real cross met her view.

Temorah laughed. "Turn it round, turn it round, Kathleen," she said. "You see the place where you carved his name on it. You cannot have forgotten."

With a great effort she turned the cross and displayed the fatal name. So all this was true, then? Gladys dropped down amongst the leaves for a moment, she felt too giddy to stand. She stared at the name on the cross, and thought of Martyn, and felt as if she must fall on her knees before him. Her fancy pictured him as an angel with fiery sword and wrathful glance, but a good angel! for he had evidently saved her from falling into a horrible abyss.

"Do you want to burn it?" asked Temorah, and her eyes began to sparkle so dangerously, that Gladys started up and ran away as fast as her feet would carry her.

Temorah took up the cross upon her shoulders and carried it back to her mother's grave; where she flung it down without looking round, and walked to a neighbouring brook to wash leaves.

"I am dead, and poor, and buried,
What can I give to thee?"

she still went on murmuring to herself.

Chapter XIX.

"Martyn," said Gwynne one morning, "Martyn, when the Lord bade Abraham offer his son to him, He guided the fatal knife to work the child's salvation and not his death, did not He?"

"He did, indeed," replied the Doctor, glancing at the heavily throbbing veins at Gwynne's throat. "That is what we surgeons must tell ourselves, every hour of our lives. God guides the knife! Else we should never dare to raise it."

Morgan could not see the prayer which trembled on his father's lips when he obeyed a summons to the study, but he had a strange, uneasy presentiment that his fate was about to be decided.

"My son," began the Vicar, "I fear your struggles are leading to no result."

"I am afraid I cannot fulfill your favorite wish, father; I cannot enter the Church."

"It seems to me that your soul is too much taken up with worldly matters to let you rise above your own weakness."

"Perhaps it is, father."

"Have you never considered that this world is probably nothing but empty show, and slips from our hands like sand or dew."

"I live in it and exist of it, father."

"But only temporarily, as you pass on to another world."

"Who can tell?"

"*I* can, as positively as if I saw its gates open and heard its inmates sing. Else I should not have the strength to tell you to-day what you must be told."

"I, father?"

"And if you do not turn your heart to Heaven, you will not be able to bear it."

"What do you mean?"

"Some days ago Kathleen was drawn from the Green Lake where she tried to drown herself."

Morgan grasped the back of a chair; the room whirled before his eyes.

"It was because Tom wanted to avenge Temorah, whose house and child—her and Tom's child—had been burnt through Kathleen's want of precaution. And so he did to Kathleen what sent her into the Green Lake—"

"On that morning when I—" whispered Morgan. Then he reeled like a young pine in a storm, and fell with a dull groan at his full length upon the floor. Gwynne passed his hand across his forehead and knelt down by his son, endeavoring to restore him to consciousness. He had plenty of cordials at hand, and used them unsparingly, but it was long before Morgan opened his eyes. Then the young man hastily raised himself.

"Nay, father. You are not kneeling? it will hurt you. Please sit down in your chair, and forgive me for behaving like a girl. But, father, it will break my heart!"

He flung himself upon the ground once more, bowing his head on his arms and sobbing till he shook like a tree under the strokes of an axe.

Gwynne sighed heavily. He had been fain to sink into his chair, because his heart began to palpitate violently, and he might grow weak at this moment.

At last Morgan started up and paced the room with quick steps, as if trying to subdue some great physical pain.

"I can hear you now, father," he said; "tell me everything."

And Gwynne told, as only *he* could tell such a tale, gently, kindly, leniently, and full of pity, gazing steadfastly the while at his son who was walking to and fro softly and rapidly, like a fully conscious man stoically enduring a lengthy operation. He could not speak, but he bore his pain manfully. Now and again he leaned his arms and brow against the window-panes and gazed out at falling leaves; and then he resumed his restless walk once more.

"I loved her," he said at length.

"Ay, my son, and you must not regret that; love makes one good, and forgiveness still better."

"I cannot forgive her for having deceived me."

"Perhaps she did not know herself what she wanted."

"She knew that I loved her better than my own soul and my salvation."

"That is why she was taken from you."

"But in such a way! How cruel, how cruel!" He again pressed his brow against the window-pane.

Gwynne was silent for some time from sheer exhaustion; he drank a little water and tried to breathe more quietly. It was a hard hour for father and son, both feeling as if they could not survive it. Now and then they spoke to each other, but with ever longer pauses between.

"Oh, father, father," moaned the young man. "Cannot you kill me outright?"

"We must learn to live in spite of mortal heart-wounds."

"Ah me!"

"I should have preferred death, my child, to the necessity of hurting you like this."

Morgan came and flung himself on his knees before his father, grasping his emaciated hands and pressing them over his eyes.

"Father, I suffer!"

"TURN IT ROUND, TURN IT ROUND, KATHLEEN," SHE SAID.

"Ay, my child, I grieve for you. Could I have spared you this by any sufferings of my own, I should have set my fainting strength to endure them."

"But you are strong, father!"

"I am dying, Morgan. They who called Una are calling me, and Una smiles and beckons. I see her smile and beckon by night and by day."

Morgan sprang to his feet and dashed his rising tears away. What had Una's death been in comparison to the tortures of this hour? And yet it was killing his father. And he—he alive; the blow that crushed his heart did not slay him.

"I think I should like to get out into the air, father. I am choking."

"Ay, my son, go. But remember that you cannot destroy Tom without killing his mother. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; and you will be so terribly avenged as time goes on that you will feel sorry yourself."

"No, father, I do not mean to call that scoundrel to account. I only want a breath of fresh air."

"And solitude, my child?"

"Yes, father. I must spend my passion, you see. I shall be calm afterwards."

The young man laid his cheek against his father's brow, and walked quickly away into the pathless depths of the forest, through ravines and across rocks, tossing himself to and fro on the mossy ground like a wounded deer that tries to shake the mortal shaft from its flank and seeks some solitary spot to hide its agony in. He wept, as one weeps in youth, scalding tears that leave lifelong marks behind them. He felt as if he could not survive the torture of his thoughts picturing scene after scene to himself, dissecting his own pain, groaning aloud, and digging his hands into the damp, black forest soil, as if that would cool and assuage his hot distress. Then he fancied he held Tom in his grasp, strangling him, setting his foot upon his face, spitting at him; and again he thanked Heaven that he had but done this in fancy and not in fact, having merely torn up and trampled the moss which smelt sweetly and knew not why he wasted it.

The night had closed in when Morgan returned. He felt

as if he were coming out of a hot furnace, as if he were wholly different from what he had been in the morning, as if people would not know him again. Up to this day he believed his soul to have passed through a sea of troubles, but now he saw that that had only been a preparation for the inhuman misery which was destined to make a man of him. However, he had grown perfectly calm, as he had promised to do. He sat down to the tea-table, with haggard eyes, indeed, but returning his father's anxious look with a smile. His mother softly laid her hand on his shoulder and asked him some trifling question. Ah, how aged and grief-worn she looked! How was it that he not noticed that before? And Gladys! Gladys looked as if she had seen a spectre and were slow in in getting the better of her fright. Gladys was greatly changed, too, and he had not perceived it. Martyn had come, Gwynne having felt very ill towards nightfall; he seemed very grave, and Gladys sat looking at him. Really they were all changed. When had Gladys ever looked at Martyn? Had he, Morgan, been away for twenty years, like Rip Van Winkle? He began to doubt his senses, everything seemed so strange.

Martyn felt like a criminal whenever his look fell upon Morgan's face and weary eyes, and yet, how could he have acted otherwise? This set him thinking of Gladys and his interference with her first innocent romance. He glanced involuntarily across at her, to find her large eyes fixed full and steadily upon himself. As their glances met, she blushed deeply and looked down. Now it was Martyn's turn to wonder. Gladys looking at him; Gladys blushing before him like a rose. How beautiful she was at this moment, and how much Martyn would have given to see her eyes once more! Well, he had the good fortune later in the evening when she thought herself unobserved while Winnie was playing the harp and singing her adopted father to rest. The Vicar delighted to hear the child sing, and he knew she was fond of improvising, though she would not own that she did so. She liked to stand in the farthest, darkest corner of the room, away from the lamp-light, and thence her sweet voice rose on the air like a bird's, full and clear. Morgan had turned his back to the lamp and felt the shade a relief. Little Minnie came and nestled against him; the child always knew by instinct when anyone was sad, and felt her loving little heart ache for the sufferer. Morgan put his arm about her, and touched her soft curls with his lips. At that moment Gladys again raised her eyes to Martyn's face, and this time it was he who reddened.

"If I only dared to beg his pardon," thought Gladys. "I shall do it some day, I know I shall."

"She wants to ask me something," mused Martyn, "but what?"

Winnie's song sounded like a message of peace to all these throbbing, trembling, and doubting hearts.

Two children sit by the river,
And see the water flow;
They know not if their watching,
Will be of use or no.

Their mother, people tell them,
Has sought a brighter clime;
But if they are good and patient,
They'll see her again sometime.

"And so we wait with patience.
We sit here every day,
As the river travels farthest,
Perhaps she will come this way.

The tide reflects a cloudlet:
"Is that her veil?" they cry—
And weep to see it wander
Away into the sky.

They mark a water-rose leaf
Afloat among the foam:
"It left the golden city,
To waft our mother home!"

And when the leaf has vanished,
They see two wings flit by:
"Are those our mother's pinions,
That wing her from the sky?—

"Oh, no, it was but a robin
That fluttered gaily here,
And mirrored its wing in the current;
But not our mother dear."

And now the moon has risen,
And o'er the river stands.
The children greet it gladly,
And clap their little hands.

"Art thou the steed that bears her
All trapped with silver, say?
And do the stars go with thee,
As squires, to show the way?"

The moon rides by in silence.
"She yet will come, we know!"—
Oh, children, you must seek her
Where *other* rivers flow!

Oh, children, you must follow
Those rivers to the *main!*
And when your journey is over,
You'll see her face again.

Winnie's voice died gently away, as if lost in the distance, while she struck a few more chords on the harp. "My harp is out of tune," she said, "and nobody can tune it so well as Llewellyn—and my mother," she added, softly, as though she were afraid of being unjust.

"Where did Winnie get that song?" asked Morgan.

"In here," replied Minnie pointing to her forehead.

"You don't mean to say she has invented it?"

"Yes, I do. She also invents very pretty stories, and relates them to us."

Martyn looked at his watch. "Time for children and invalids to go to bed; I'm very tired."

Gwynne, who had called the little minstrel to his side to kiss her and speak to her about her lay, overheard the last words.

"Yes," he said. "We will go to rest. Let us pray."

His prayer was meant for Morgan that evening. When it was done, the young man approached and grasped his father's hand, bent his brow to receive his mother's kiss, uttered a brief "Good night, all of you," and vanished. When his brothers came upstairs, he had already sunk into a deep sleep, from which he did not awake all night.

On the following morning Gladys and Morgan walked out to the woods together. "I should like to tell you something I cannot tell anybody else, and which I want you to explain to me, Morgan," Gladys had said; and the handsome sister and brother had wandered away together, to hear from each other what was to cure their two young hearts.

On the same morning Lewes was standing in Mrs. Vaughan's drawing-room, waiting for her to come down to him. His face was ashy pale, he saw that in the pier-glass. The door opened and Kathleen came in. Lewes started as he recognized her. She looked as if she had risen from a bed of deadly sickness; her dim eyes had deep black rims

around them ; her face was thin and white ; her lips quivered nervously. She and Lewes looked at each other like two doomed souls meeting in purgatory.

"My cousin feels exceedingly unwell to-day," began Kathleen. Her voice was also changed, sounding hoarse and broken. Lewes looked at her in growing amazement. He saw that her figure was bent, that she moved wearily and without elasticity. Now and then a deep line appeared between her brows, making her look still more like a Medusa, although her hair was smoothly combed back and fastened in a knot at her neck. She seemed to have forgotten his presence, for she stood gazing absently out of the window, bending her heavy, lustreless eyes upon the sea, where the waves were foaming and chasing each other, a mass of cold, white lines, streaking the monotonous greyness of the sky and ocean.

"The weather is very unfavorable too," he said, after so long a pause that Kathleen had already forgotten her own words, and slowly turned her face towards him.

"I beg your pardon ?" she asked huskily.

"The weather is not favorable to invalids," he repeated, scrutinizing the young girl ; for the moment her appearance made him oblivious of his own trouble.

"Do you think it makes a difference? She is not consumptive."

How cold and harsh that sounded. What had become of Kathleen's soft modulation and supple movements ?

"God forbid she should be consumptive !"

"Really ? Consumption would be nothing in comparison to the agony she endures."

"But can't one help her, consult her physicians, procure her change of air and scene ? She ought not to be left in such a state."

Again her eyes drifted towards him and seemed to *look* at him, too, for the first time, noting his appearance.

After a long interval she said, "It would be better to poison her or shoot her dead this moment."

Lewes compressed his lips and quickly raised his hand to his forehead. Kathleen stood before him, with a deep furrow between her black brows, like a murderess disclosing some horrible scheme.

"She would wish to live for—for her son," said Lewes hesitatingly.

"It would have been better for him if he had died long ago." The speaker's face was hard and cold as marble.

"Nay," said Lewes, "but every sinner can turn back."

"No, that he cannot. That he cannot. He who has gone to perdition, can never turn back."

She stared out at the sea, and Lewes again raised his hand to his forehead.

"What a misery !" he said.

"Of course it is a misery. Most things are."

"Nay, I think there is a strange sweetness about some things which prevents one's feelings utterly miserable through them."

"Indeed !"

"Take self-sacrifice, for instance. Self-sacrifice is very nearly akin to happiness."

"I have not found it so."

"Oh, but it is. When one loves, one is happy to sacrifice one's self, even supposing it were pernicious, foolish, or downright sinful to do so."

"And where's the good of it ?"

"The good ! Ah, one does not think about good or bad at all at such a moment."

"And so one does more harm than one knows of."

"Is not the will of greater consequence than the deed ?"

"I don't think so. The mother fancies her son will reform if she bears with his folly, and so makes a criminal of him."

"Is not that too harsh a term ?"

"No harder than truth usually is."

"Truth is cruel at times."

"Truth is like the weather to-day, cold and grey, with the leaves falling down till all is bare and ugly. Truth, truth ! If people would remember that their beloved ones are nothing but skull and skeleton under their outward shape, they'd leave off loving them."

"Do you think they would ?"

"If their imagination were vivid enough to picture the real, grinning, bony, horrible truth, they would."

"I fancy they would kiss the very ashes of those they love."

"Hum," muttered Kathleen between her teeth.

"Why, our love often subsists but on ashes, on a shadow, a mere nothing, and yet we build it altars and sacrifice life and property, honour and conscience, peace and happiness to it, getting nothing in return but a shadow."

"Better a shadow than the disgusting reality."

"The reality one has yearned for *must* be sweet."

"You think so ? It can be so horrible that one would *hang* one's self to shake it off and forget it."

"Ah, yes, if one could forget !"

"If one could forget, there would be little suffering in the world ; for the present suffering is nothing compared to the after-misery it engenders. Memory is the subject of tortures, while actual suffering numbs and blunts the senses, making a mere brute of the sufferer."

"Not always. One can endure a good deal of racking before one grows insensible to pain."

"That depends on the nature of the racking," returned Kathleen with a bitter sigh. Lewes gazed thoughtfully at the ground. They were so engrossed by their own troubles that they hardly followed each other's meaning, but referred every word that was spoken to their own individual experiences.

"Shall I not see our dear mistress to-day ?" asked Lewes, after another long pause.

"I think not. She told me, almost irritably, too, that she was not equal to seeing you."

"Did she ?" murmured Lewes, his face growing still paler and his eyes reddening a little.

"You are sorry ?"

"Yes, rather."

"Why, had you anything unpleasant to say to her ?"

"No, it would be considerered pleasant, I suppose. I brought her a little money."

"Oh," said Kathleen, bitterly, "that certainly is the pleasantest, best, and most welcome thing one can offer any inmate of this house."

Lewes sighed and pulled out his pocket-book. His fingers trembled as he opened it. Kathleen's attention was at last arrested.

"Where did you get that money ? We have neither of us any jewelry left, so far as I know."

"No—but then—well, as I had the honor of remarking to you just now, 'self-sacrifice is sweet.' I should think you must know by experience."

"Not exactly. Our experiences evidently differ."

"Thank God!" whispered Lewes; but Kathleen over heard him.

"Everybody thinks his own experience bitterest," she said watching his trembling fingers as he counted the money out to her.

"And am I to take this?" she asked.

"Of course—take it, take it, take it."

She hesitated. "It would be as useless as the rest!" There was something like pity in her voice.

"Of course it is useless," said Lewes, lightly and cheerfully. We have known all along that there was no use in anything we did. But she is to have peace."

Kathleen fixed a strange look upon him.

"I am sorry that my cousin cannot see you to-day. If you could come again in five or six days, she would be pleased."

"Pleased? No; but she might find my presence supportable—not quite so—so—distasteful as to-day."

"She has times now when she will not see anybody, not even her husband."

Lewes suppressed the words that rose on his lips, and Kathleen saw it.

"There are moments when I feel relieved at her having such litttle caprices; they almost give me hope."

"Ah, she will live! She must live!" exclaimed Lewes, pressing his thin hands to his temples.

"*You* say that, who love her?" asked Kathleen, reproachfully. "*You*, who have but just declared that dust and ashes would suffice you."

"I did not say *suffice*."

"No, true; but you should have said so. It would have been wiser: much wiser."

"Who is really wise?"

"Some animals are, I believe; bees, hamsters, and the like."

"Bees and hamsters? What do we know about their feelings?"

"As much as about our fellow-men's. Don't you shudder when you think what people walk side-by-side, shake each other by the hand, and eat at one table?"

"Ah, me! Poor humanity!" said Lewes.

"Poor, wicked humanity!"

"Well, yes, wicked; but there is something good in our very wickedness, like the honey Samson found in a carcass."

"I could mention things to you in which you would find it difficult to point out the honey."

"Perhaps an unprejudiced eye—a child's—would discover it."

"Oh, children's eyes are even less lenient than ours. Children judge, and hate, and despise, most pitilessly."

"*You* say that?"

"*I* do."

"I am very sorry for you."

"For me? How queer!"

"Why?"

"Because I'm so sorry for you."

"And we hardly know a reason for being so, either of us.'

"Hardly."

"Nor are we in a situation to confide our troubles to each other."

"If it were any good, we might do so; but it would be useless."

"And no great consolation."

"No consolation at all," said Kathleen, energetically.

"I must go," said Lewes, looking at his watch.

Kathleen offered him her hand. "We shall meet again in the nether world," she said.

"Maybe we shall make merry there together and praise the delights of self-sacrifices."

She burst into a wild laugh and vanished, while Lewes took his hat and went his way, with a drooping countenance.

Kathleen threw the bank-notes on Edleen's lap. "There's money for you," she said; "money from him."

"From whom?"

"Your lover."

"Kathleen!"

"If that man has not risked his soul to help you, I've got no eyes in my head."

Chapter XX

Winnie was perched on a table before the chimney with a charming group around her, while the snow fell in thick flakes abroad, and the night was quickly closing in. Minnie and Daisy were huddled together on one low stool, while Lizzie stood at her brother Ned's knee, her golden locks flowing over his breast. Freddy was stretched at full length upon the ground, his chin in his hand, the fire-light at play among his curls, the lively motion of his crossed feet accentuating his interest in what he heard. Missy had laid aside her work and was smoothing Gladys' hair, as that young lady sat on the floor beside her. Morgan leant on the back of his father's chair, discussing a passage in *Ecclesiastes* with him; the lamp-light fell upon the open folio and shed a mild halo about the old and the youthful head bending over it.

Mrs. Gwynne lay back in an arm-chair in the darkest part of the room and tried to read Morgan's face which showed greater resemblance to his father's every day, especially as it had grown thinner and more manly in the course of the last few weeks.

Robert, the sailor, was walking up and down, "on quarter deck," he said, but not losing one word of what was spoken near the hearth. The twins had made themselves comfortable on the Newfoundland dog, who raised his head from time to time to lick one of them, and beat the floor with his tail to express his satisfaction when they pushed their little hands in his mouth or under his shaggy ears; now and then he panted a little by way of hinting that he felt rather warm. Martyn had come in a few minutes before, from the cold and snow, and seated himself by Mrs. Gwynne's side, whence he could see and hear all that was going on.

"Once upon a time," said Winnie, "ever so long ago, there lived a great minstrel."

"With a harp?" asked Daisy.

"And a long beard?" added Lizzie.

"Had he any children?" said Minnie.

"Minstrels have no children," put in Freddy sententiously. "They love other people's children, that's enough for them."

"Of course he had no children," continued Winnie.

"You see," said Freddy, nodding proudly at the company. "But he had a beard and harps, a great many harps, and violins, too, for he could play on anything."

"They always can in fairy tales," remarked Freddy; "things come easy to them."

"He had a splendid house, too, by the sea."

"And a pony?" asked Minnie.

"Oh no, a big horse; he was a grown-up man, you know."

"I suppose he looked somewhat like Llewellyn," said Ned.

"They all do," declared Freddy.

"Nothing of the kind," returned Winnie, opening her eyes very wide. "Haven't you seen those pictures of young minstrels with stockings to their knees, short cloaks, and big feathers fastened to their caps, carrying mandolins in their arms? Did *they* look like Llewellyn?"

"Who knows whether they knew anything worth speaking of?" said Freddy.

"They didn't live so very long ago, either—fifteenth century," said Ned.

"Of course; but I only mean. Mine lived when people didn't yet know how to write music, and never sang more than one note at a time."

"Do they sing two at the same time now?" asked Robert, stopping in his walk.

"*I* couldn't."

"Stupid!" said Winnie, "I'm speaking of choruses. In those days they didn't know that one might sing A, another C sharp, or E, or the upper A."

"Or C, D, and F sharp," continued Winnie.

"But the minstrel looked at his instruments and wondered if it wouldn't be pretty to play something else on each of them."

"If he had tried it," said Ned, dryly, "he *would* have been surprised."

"It would have sounded like the tuning of an orchestra," said Minnie.

"Did you ever hear?" asked Lizzie with secret envy.

"Of course I did; at the concerts in London."

"A concert is lovely, isn't it?"

"It's just as if you were in Heaven."

"In Heaven, Minnie?" put in Ned. "I can't fancy people wearing dress coats and white cravats up there."

They all burst out laughing, so that Gwynne looked up from his folio and smiled.

"Well, the performers would look queer too in white garments and wings," said Lizzie.

They laughed anew.

"And so he walked about on the sea-shore," Winnie went on, "and thought and thought how one could manage to make people sing and play different things and find signs for them to let them know what to play. And he thought and thought and thought."

"I often think about things too; but it's never any use," said Ned.

"Well, but you needn't invent anything," said Freddy. "There are other people to do that."

"Why shouldn't Ned invent something? He's always carving and gluing things, studying chemistry, making powder, and glass, and ships, aren't you Ned? You want to invent things, don't you?" said Lizzie.

"And he walked so long on the shore, looking at the glitterings of the sea, till he fell asleep. And then he had a strange dream."

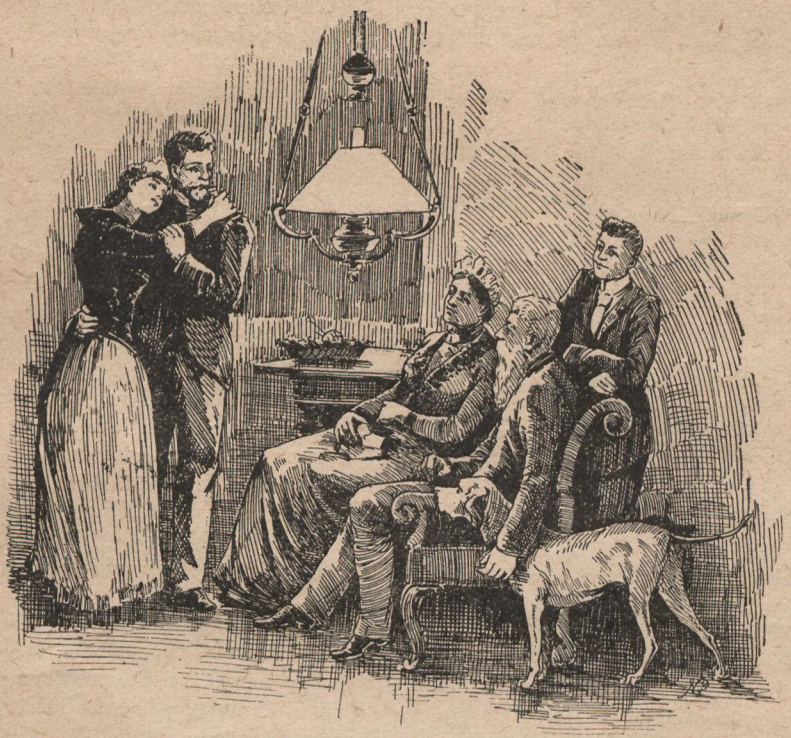
"Oh, if it's only a dream, it isn't a real fairy-tale. Anyone can dream," said Freddy.

"Have patience," said Daisy. "Wait till you hear what the dream was about."

"I can guess."

"Well, then you tell," said Winnie angrily.

Freddy put his right leg over his left, and then his left over his right.



MARTYN PUT HIS ARM ROUND GLADYS AND STEPPED FORWARD WITH HER.

"I haven't come to it yet," he confessed at last.

"That's always your way, Freddy," said Lizzie disapprovingly.

Gladys was silent; she did not seem to be listening as yet.

"Go on, Winnie! Go on, Winnie!" cried the children.

"All at once a sound echoed through the sky as of an immense trombone—a trombone at which earth and Heaven and everything shook. 'Now it begins,' thought the minstrel, fancying that Judgment Day had come. But not at all. Suddenly the whole sky grew alive. The stars were all, all, all, little angels, flying and skipping about, and bringing ladders each of which had five rungs, and shone like everything else."

"And didn't they get burnt?" asked Freddy.

"Do the stars get burnt?" said Winnie; "*they* shine, don't they? Well, so the ladders shone, and they hung them up, always one under the other, quite down to the earth, and then little angels came and sat down on them, each in his place, one with a trumpet, one with a violin, another with a violincello, another with a flute, and so on. Of some of them one saw nothing but the heads; these were semibreves; of some also a leg, and they were the breves; or a leg and a wing, standing for quavers; or two wings standing for semiquavers; and four wings for demisemiquavers, and so on."

"And the crochets?" asked Daisy.

"The crochets had dark faces, and stood on one leg. Some of them lay with their heads downward, and held their violin bows right under their chins; those were the notes on the ledger lines. And the whole sky was covered with them. The singers had extra ladders to themselves."

"A strange child," said Missy to Gladys.

"Yesterday she made me explain scores to her."

"And then," continued Winnie, with radiant eyes, "they began to sing and play till the minstrel stood amazed; he had never heard anything like it. And down below the ocean made, 'Bump, whew, whew, whew! Bump, whew, whew, whew, bump, bump, shoo—oo—oo;' that was the accompaniment of the trombones and double basses, for which there was no room in the sky. And the minstrel was so glad so glad; for he saw how they might all sing and play together if each were put in its proper place. And he drew with his finger what he had saw in the sky, and the sand glittered like the sea, and the music looked just the same in it as it did in the sky. And he was so glad. And next morning he thought it had been nothing but a dream; but then he saw the ladders, with the little heads and wings and legs drawn quite clearly in the sand at his feet; and he was so glad, so glad. There Freddy!" concluded Winnie, jumping lightly from the table.

"Winnie," said Morgan's voice, "what did your minstrel do then in his joy?"

"He offered the gods twenty thousand bulls and a hundred thousand sheep," said Winnie undauntedly.

"Well done," laughed the sailor. "I wish you joy of your pupil, Missy."

"Winnie is growing big and clever," said Martyn softly to Mrs. Gwynne.

"I'll give you a riddle," said Minnie. "There are a great many ladies running after one another, and not able to catch one another. What's that?"

"Ladies?" said Robert.

"Perhaps the clouds?" exclaimed Freddy.

"The stars?" said Lizzie.

"The stars don't run," said Winnie.

"Don't they?" smiled Ned.

"At least, we don't see it," replied Winnie.

"You say they are ladies?" asked Robert.

Minnie nodded:

"They have long trains to their dresses, and white veils, and are always running, and we always see them."

"I know," cried Robert—"the waves!"

The little girl clapped her hands.

"She's always making riddles,' said Winnie pensively.

"Kathleen would never let Winnie tell fairy tales, so she used to relate them to Maggie and me," said her little sister

Morgan started, Gladys rose to her feet, and Mrs. Gwynne came forward, saying it was high time for the children to go to bed. At this, the twins suddenly felt very hungry, whereupon it occurred to the others that they also had grown hungry again, and so milk and bread had to be procured, and the dog had to have a respectable share of it. But at last they gathered all around their father, to let their smile light up their hearts, like a beautiful sunset. And then Mrs Gwynne and Missy took the children away. Robert laid his arm around Morgan's shoulders and walked up and down with him, while the Vicar questioned Ned about the tasks he had to prepare against his return to school. At this moment Gladys went over to Martyn. She had let week after week slip by without carrying out her intention; now she gathered up her courage.

"I have long wished to beg your pardon, Martyn," she whispered.

"My pardon—for what?"

"For my uncivil and unkind behavior."

"Nay, Gladys. It was I who was harsh and unkind, and trampled your flowers almost before they had blown."

"The better for me. They were only thistles and venomous weeds, and I did not know it. Now I know; I have known for some time, but I was ashamed of telling you and of saying, 'Forgive me!'"

When a beautiful girl sues for pardon, the man must be hard-hearted indeed who would not delight in granting it.

"It was as hard for me to do my duty as a difficult operation would have been," he said; "and I should have begged *your* pardon if I had dared; but your displeasure weighed me to the ground."

"Oh, I am so ashamed. I was so foolish."

"No; you were good and innocent, and would not believe what you might not see."

"Temorah opened my eyes."

"Temorah! How is that possible?"

"Why, she is not mute!"

"But did she speak coherently?"

"No, but plainly, and showed me some things. In the end she took me for Kathleen, and turned upon me with flashing eyes, and then I ran away, like the heroic creature I am."

"When and where?"

"At the churchyard."

Martyn looked down and kept silence.

"And then I saw that your interference had been providential for me," Gladys went on; "and that I could never thank you sufficiently, that you saved me from an abyss. And so I reproach myself most bitterly to-day for my blindness and folly."

"Leave off accusing yourself, Gladys, it is enough. We will forget, and begin life anew."

"Oh, I wish I could."

"We might help each other."

"We?"

"Yes, it seems to me—" Martyn hesitated; "it seems to me that our ways in life lie as near together as two rivers on the point of meeting."

Gladys trembled from head to foot.

"Oh, Martyn, Martyn! such a silly little brook as I am!"

"Streams are brightest near their sources, Gladys; and if that little brook will trust itself to my current, let it flow with me!"

And Gladys bent her fair head and sank upon his breast in tears of joy.

The two brothers had joined their father and talked busily to him, without looking round; only Ned and Robert exchanged a furtive smile. It was a beautiful picture—the Vicar with that far-away look of his, which seemed already fixed upon the things beyond this life, and his three sons standing around him as sturdy young trees stand round an ancient weather-beaten oak.

Those two in the dark corner whispered softly to each other, and never emerged into the light until Mrs. Gwynne and Missy came back. Then Martyn put his arm round Gladys and stepped forward with her.

"Father," he said gaily; "dear father, I don't know whether you will think it nice and maidenly, but the fact is, Gladys has just asked me to marry her, or offered to marry me, if that sounds better."

"Horrid! shameful!" cried Gladys, the glittering drops still rolling from her lashes across her glowing laughing

cheeks. "Thus I am sold and betrayed! He has not even waited for my consent; for I haven't said anything, not the least little yes! He doesn't yet know whether I will have him at all."

"No, of course she couldn't say anything when she fell sobbing into my arms directly; she had no time to say yes."

"So you can unsay it still if you are quick," laughed Robert,

Mrs Gwynne folded her child in her arms and did what was certainly most important and mother-like at such a moment—she wept.

The parents both thought of their beautiful child under the turf, and yet they were thankful that another darling of theirs should have the good fortue of becoming the excellent Doctor's wife. Only it all seemed so sudden, so incredibly sudden to these two to whom the previous year had brought nothing but sorrow. They had been accustomed to look upon Morgan and Gladys as the objects of their most anxious care, and now their hearts were suddenly to be set at rest with regard to one of them at least.

Gladys herself could hardly believe in her betrothal after so many months spent in tears and contrition. She was teased without mercy; for her brothers bore witness that she had got up with a resolute air and gone to Martyn, who had blushed like a girl when she spoke to him. She found it impossible to defend herself against the four young men, and finally took refuge upon her father's knee, hiding her face on his breast and imploring his aid and protection; but she jumped up again directly, afraid of tiring hin, and flew to her old governess.

"Missy, they're too bad! You used to defend me against those horrid boys!"

It was a lovely evening, one of those times that pass through life like meteors and leave lasting traces in every heart.

Another joy was in waiting for Gwynne.

"Father," said Morgan, a few days later, coming into the study, which was bright with pleasant winter sunshine; "father I think I dare enter the Church after all now."

Gwynne felt his heart swell alarmingly; but one can bear a great deal of joy without succumbing.

"Indeed, my son? You have conquered?"

"Conquered, father? Ah, I am sadly beaten, my glowing enthusiasm has made way for duty in its plain grey garb. But I will no longer question the ways of Providence. I will be patient and try to grow faithful like you, and pray as the children do: 'Dear Lord, make me good, that I may go to Heaven.' Maybe that will avail me more than all my wild and useless struggles did."

"But not with a weary heart, my son?"

"No, my weariness seems to be passing away with the rest: I long for work."

"And you can put your former self away from you like a faded garment?"

"Yes, father, I think I can."

"God bless you, my child; I thank Heaven that He has let me live to see this hour. Gladys and you! Una was in good keeping already. But I had to pray a great deal for you and Gladys before your dear souls were saved."

"Yes, we were both mistaken; and yet those mistakes were far sweeter than the reality is."

"There will come a time when you will say that no longer."

"I will never say it again father!"

"Ah, I did not mean with your lips."

Chapter XX.

The children received the news of Gladys' betrothal with various feelings. Freddy thought it all right, Daisy was delighted, Lizzie said, "why, Gladys had always detested Martyn;" Minnie remarked, she had thought Gladys would marry Llewellyn, and Winnie was grave and said nothing at all.

One warm morning in February, Morgan entered his mother's room, but did not find her there. In her stead, Winnie was standing at the writing-table, her chin in her hand, her eyes fixed on Una's portrait, her foot softly beating time to a very low melody. Morgan held his breath. By-and-bye the low murmuring merged into words, and Winnie sang:—

"Dear Una, do not feel so sad,
I'll bring you snowdrops bright,
To ring the spring upon your grave,
They are no wedding bells.

"Dear Una, birds are singing loud,
The wood is gay with sound,
They chirp and twitter round the church,
They sing no marriage hymn.

"Dear Una, laurels bloom and sloes,
And almonds, plums and pears;
The smallest shrub is decked with bloom,
But not the myrtle tree.

"Dear Una, and a rime fell down
Till all the ground was white,
It lies so fair on tender grass,
It is no bridal veil.

"Dear Una, I remember you,
I think of you, and sing
Before your image, by your grave,
Oh, do not feel so lonely."

She could hardly finish her song for crying. Suddenly she felt a friendly arm around her; Morgan took her gently on his lap and said in a very low voice:

"Surely the dead never feel sad or lonely any more, and smile at everything that is done on earth. I don't think they know jealousy either, for they must feel so much happier than the happiest betrothed."

"But how can Martyn go to Heaven and stand before Una?"

"I think Una will receive him and all of us with a happy smile, and no longer ask who has been husband and wife, brother and sister."

"But that's so sad!"

"Why should it be sad?"

"When I have missed my parents for ever so long, and then they don't remember that I have been their child, instead of taking me on their lap and saying—'my own little girl!'"

"They can do that all the same, and need not grieve if you have been married and loved your own children in the meantime. Your husband and children will make you forget them as little on earth as they will forget you in heaven."

Morgan was so strongly moved that he needed all his self-control to answer her judiciously. There were all his doubts and questions on innocent and childish lips, and he saw that she was not convinced but went on pondering.

"On her deathbed Una placed Gladys' hand in Martyn's and said repeatedly: 'Gladys and Martyn! Gladys and Martyn!' So you see she felt like a heavenly angel even before she quitted the earth."

"What did she say besides?"

At this question Morgan remembered for the first time what she had said besides; he looked at the child in his lap,

and saw that the child was standing on the verge of maidenhood, while Kathleen—he put his hand to his brow.

"She said," he continued, feeling the necessity of saying something in answer to her searching glance, "she said our father would follow her soon."

"And must he die?"

"I fear so, dear Winnie."

"My best friend," sobbed the child, and there was no consoling her. She cried on Morgan's breast as if her little heart would break. Morgan let her weep; he was so engrossed by his own sorrow at that moment that he had no consolation to offer her. But after a while he said:

"Would my father be satisfied with his little daughter, the darling of his soul as he calls you, if he saw you so inconsolable? My father is fond of courageous Christians."

"But he cannot leave us? God must see that we cannot bear to lose him!"

"Child, child! God knows very well what we can and what we cannot bear."

"No, no, no!" cried the child, frantically. "He did not know that my mother could not bear the life that wicked boy was leading her. He did not know that Kathleen ill-treated us. He did not know—"

"If he did not, why did He bring you here to our peaceful home?"

"But my mother?"

"Perhaps He means to teach her to be strong."

"There now, you see that He doesn't know things."

"Why?"

"She's growing weaker every day."

"Oh, only in body."

"You think so? I'll tell you something, but you won't repeat it to anybody?"

"No."

"Not to Missy?"

"No."

"Not to your mother?"

"No, child."

"Nor to your child?"

"But Winnie! When I promise not to do so."

"Well, you know, he always comes at night, to avoid being seen."

"Who?"

"Why, Tom of course. And she never sends him away, she never says: Go away wicked boy! Never. And the other evening he was here, quite late, and called me into the garden."

"Who, Tom?"

"Yes, Tom. Why do you grow so pale? Is he a robber?" asked the child with dilated eyes.

"Almost," said Morgan between his teeth.

"Well, I was dreadfully afraid of him, too, for he rolled his eyes and said, 'Our mother must die,' and when I cried, he shook me, and said, 'Hush, little ——,' such an ugly word! And then he wanted me to ask your mother for money for myself, and then to give it to him, he threatened to carry me away into the forest and beat me till I would promise to do so, and as he spoke, he wanted to put his handkerchief over my mouth, and I was so frightened that I promised him everything. Since then I cannot sleep for fear at night, and I dare not go into the garden at all. I fancy there's somebody hid behind every bush. *Is* he a robber, Morgan?"

Winnie had certainly intended to rouse her companion's sympathy, but the effect of her account upon him far surpassed her expectations. The veins in his forehead swelled as if they would burst, he ground his teeth, and clenched his fists, and muttered words that were unintelligible to the child.

"I've prayed so much that God would show me what I ought to do, but He was quite silent."

"Was He! Has He not sent me here to-day, to tell you: do not be afraid, a promise exhorted by violence is no promise. Let your conscience be at rest. And as to—that scoundrel, I shall make it my business to prevent his coming here again. So you see God has heard your innocent prayer, my poor child, my poor, poor little sceptic."

Winnie felt elated to see Morgan so strongly moved at the thoughts which had secretly troubled her so much.

"You will not be afraid now, will you, my child?"

"No, I'll try not. But now I've already got into the way of being afraid."

"Oh, no; you must only remember that God is always near and ready to protect you if you call to Him."

"But suppose Tom had carried me off?"

"*Did* he?"

"No, but he made me do a wicked thing. I promised what I did not mean to keep."

"God will forgive you that falsehood, because you were so frightened at the time. For you never told stories before, did you, Winnie?

"No; but Kathleen was always telling stories and getting me into trouble without my fault. And Tom tells stories; no, you can't think how untruthful he is. He'll declare he never dreamt of things which he has been saying two minutes before. We used but just to look at each other, Minnie and I, when he did so; for mamma believed *him*, and not us. As to Kathleen, she didn't really believe him, you know; but she was so crazily in love with him. She gave him everything, even her silk stockings, and took all our little trinkets away; and then they said it was for poor people. Kathleen is a very bad girl. How she used to beat me!—and then she said she hadn't. She was a bad girl. And when Tom kissed her, she would forbid my telling anybody. I asked her why. And she said because he wasn't her brother. Now, *I* kiss whom I please, and always tell; I kiss you, and you're not my brother. But I like you a thousand, a hundred thousand, a million times, better than Tom. But she knew very well that Tom was a wicked boy, and yet she kissed him. Won't he come again? I'm a little afraid still, Morgan; for if I have nothing to give him next time, he'll carry me off into the wood and beat me half-dead? Yes, he will, Morgan?—he really will!" The child shuddered.

"I cannot understand how he dared to come at all."

"Perhaps he had other robbers with him."

Morgan smiled. "No, robbers are not in the habit of roaming about as they do in the fairy tales. But tell me, does Missy permit you to walk in the garden after dark?"

"I hadn't asked her."

"There, you see, that was your punishment. And you think God does not see or guard you. Whenever we do not obey His will, He punishes us."

"Has He ever punished you?" asked Winnie, dropping her voice, as if she were touching upon a profound secret.

"Me? Oh yes, terribly."

The words escaped him almost against his will, and he sat with bowed head, lost in thought. Winnie gazed at him with intense interest.

"Had you not been disobedient?" she asked, after a pause.

He started, and seemed but now to remember with whom he was speaking.

"I? Yes, I was disobedient. I did like you, I doubted His kindness and His power, and then he smote me so, that I could not recover from the blow for a long time afterwards."

"God smote you?"

"Yes."

"And—and—has he forgiven you now?"

Morgan smiled. "I hope so, deary."

"I saw you," she said, very softly.

"Me? Where?"

"In the forest; you were lying on the ground and crying dreadfully. And I was so silly, I got frightened and ran away, and never told anybody. But I had seen you, and kept wondering why you had cried so dreadfully."

Morgan pressed his lips on Winnie's hair to hide their trembling. "And I thought how good you were, and how bad Tom was; for he never cries; and you, you cried and said 'My God!' I was very near crying myself, because I thought your father would die; but he didn't."

"I fear we shall not have him with us much longer, Winnie; but we will bear that as he likes people to bear things, like courageous Christians."

"Shall you be able to preach as beautifully as he does?"

"Ah, if that could be."

"Can't you *will* it?"

"Can you *will* to invent a song?"

Winnie laughed.

"No, but that's different; songs come of themselves. So, you know, from one's chest and a little from one's eyes too. So, you know. The mouth only repeats what the ears hear. Do you think it's the angels that bring the songs one hears in one's sleep?"

"To be sure it is, child."

"Then the angels will also teach you to preach."

"Will you ask them to do so, every evening, Winnie?"

"Oh, willingly, willingly! And then you'll never cry again?"

"Never? Oh, Winnie! Who could promise never to cry again?"

"LEWES," SAID OWEN AGAIN. "OH LEWES! YOU HAVE NOT DONE THAT."

"But if you can preach beautifully."

"Well?"

"Then you needn't ever cry again."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when I'm inclined to cry, I make a song and then I'm all right again."

"I wish I could also make songs."

"But that's so easy."

"Come, dear song, and sally
Forth as swallows wing!
Float o'er hill and valley,
Like a breeze in spring.

"So, you see; not beautifully, you know. I don't mean that it's beautiful; but it's as easy as talking, or thinking, or singing. It comes of itself. Where should the birds get it from if it didn't?"

"To be sure. It comes so to the birds, and to Llewellyn too."

"Yes, and Llewellyn never cries, and always sings. Why don't you try to be like Llewellyn?"

"Perhaps because I have no white beard yet. He didn't always laugh, they say, when he was young."

"Are you very fond of Martyn?"

"Very."

"As if he were your brother?"

"As if he were my dearest brother."

"Why did Gladys dislike him so long?"

"Because God had sent him to interfere when Gladys wanted to make a mistake and like Tom."

"She wanted to like Tom!"

"Yes; and Martyn told her she should not."

"A pity she didn't ask me before she thought about him."

"Perhaps she would not have believed you."

"Well, did she believe Martyn?"

"Not at once, but afterwards."

"Ah! and since then she's fond of him."

"Since then she loves him. She told me Martyn was the angel who had preserved her."

"Indeed!" said Winnie, growing very thoughtful again. "Why doesn't Martyn speak to my mother too?"

"Don't you think that your mother knows Tom's character very well?"

"Not very well, because she doesn't want to."

"Just fancy, Winnie, a mother. When a poor creature is disowned by his mother, he has nobody left in all the world to forgive him."

"Tom shouldn't be forgiven by anybody.

"How can we tell? Don't you know the parable of the prodigal son?"

"Oh yes, very well, it always reminds me of Tom."

"Well?"

"To tell the truth—but you musn't repeat it—I can't help thinking his brother was right."

"But Winnie!"

"Well, you see, it was hard upon the good son; and good people are generally served that way; nobody thinks of them."

Morgan felt greatly inclined to laugh, but he controlled himself and said gravely:

"If he had been a really good brother, he would have rejoiced with his father, when the old man had been so grieved at the prodigal's absence."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Gwynne who looked very tired. Their father had had a very bad attack, she said, but was asleep now; Gladys and Martyn were staying with him, that she might rest a few minutes.

"Will you sit down beside me and give me your hand, till I grow calm, my boy? And Winnie will sing softly. Then perhaps I can sleep a little."

They did as they were bidden. Morgan tenderly smoothed the hair, which was so rapidly turning gray, from his mother's temples, as he placed a little cushion under her head; and then he sat down by her, fondling and kissing her hand with almost feminine gentleness, while Winnie slipped into the remotest corner of the room, and sang as softly as a bird at day-break.

"And when the Angels come, they look
Magnificent and strong.
And when the angels sing, it sounds
Like gentlest ocean song.

"And when the Angels guard thy steps
Discard thou fear and pain
And when the Angels pardon thee
Then grow thou glad again!

"And when thou hear'st the Angels call,
Uplift thy soul on high
Unto thy father's heart, and seek
Thy home beyond the sky."

The soft singing really seemed to lull Mrs. Gwynne into slumber, and Morgan gazed sorrowfully at the lines which grief had drawn in her noble face; they were more conspicuous as she lay there still and pale, than when she moved flushed with the stir of daily life. Morgan and Winnie hardly dared to breathe for fear of rousing her, and when a deep, sobbing sigh rose to her lips, they exchanged a look of intelligence.

And then Winnie's thoughts wandered away into dream-land, and her active little head was busy inventing some new fairy tale. Morgan watched the sleeping mother and the dreaming child, and presently fell into so deep a revery himself, that he seemed also to be following some wonderful road through the vast mystery of life.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lewes had returned to his lonely home with such a dull, heavy sorrow at his heart, that the air seemed to choke him and he opened his window in the vain hope of breathing more freely. Why had she been so afraid of seeing him? He had thought to give her pleasure, and she was still under the delusion that it was the money for those diamonds which he brought her, gradually, by instalments, as she wrote for it. He had done what would make him a criminal in her eyes, as it did in his own; but she could have no suspicion of that yet, least of all a suspicion of his having done it for her sake? Why was she so afraid? Why could she not support his presence? He racked his brain to remember when and where he could have displeased her. In vain.

Since his life had become one of constant anxiety, Lewes had grown unaccustomed to sleep. He acted the fraud he had committed over and over again his mind. He had written to their Smyrna correspondent requesting a trifling payment on account, and submitted the letter to his employer, among the rest of the business correspondence. But the letter Vaughan really signed had been slipped in at the last moment and named a sum of £3,000. Lewes had afterwards intercepted the draft and gone to the bank to cash it himself, as he dared not draw any of the under-clerks into his confidence. It was this money he kept at his lodgings and dealt out to Edleen as sparingly as he could; and yet it was dwindling away with terrible rapidity. And he knew it it could only be a few weeks now before the account-current would arrive from Smyrna and lead to the discovery of his deed. Every breath of spring, every swelling bud, made the blood surge up feverishly to his temples. He grew so thin that old Owen felt greatly alarmed about his young friend, and consulted with his employer as to what ought to be done to restore his health. They knew of what importance his financial talents were to the firm, how much profit his clever combinations and unerring foresight had brought them.

"I have not slept well of late," said Lewes, dropping his eyes before Owen's penetrating glance, when the latter spoke to him on the subject.

"My friend, I really think you are in love."

Lewes' face flushed as hotly as a very pale face can flush.

"I have little time for such trifling, I should think; I'm in love with my figures. You know that they are my sole passion and that I find as much poetry in them as other men do in their loves."

"Yes, yes, I know; but that doesn't make one ill."

"No: but restless at times."

"If we only could do without you, we'd send you to Scotland for a month. But then you don't fish or shoot."

"No; I'm a bookworm! good for no place but the office. If you crushed me under foot, you'd find me dust all through."

Owen shook his head. "Nonsense, my friend! Your quick blood has twice surged to your face and left again since my question. That doesn't look like dust, but like the throbbing of a very warm heart. However, you must not mistake my warm sympathy for indiscretion, whatever you do. We'll say no more about it."

"Won't you spend a few days at my place in Wales?" said Vaughan to him. "You know you are always welcome to my wife, and there's no possibility of her coming to London this spring, she is so ill."

"I'd rather stay here just now."

"As you please. I should only like to see you in good health."

Lewes sometimes really thought of rubbing his cheeks, as sickly girls do when they expect visitors; but it would have been of little use, he would have looked all the whiter afterwards.

Tom had come to him once or twice, and he had given him small sums of money on condition that he would stay in London and not trouble his mother. Tom was beginning to look exceedingly shabby. His dress and appearance showed

unmistakable traces of neglect. Unshaved, unkempt, very nearly unwashed, he wore an expression that made one think involuntarily of crime when one looked at him. His green eyes moved unsteadily, his speech was still insolent and careless, but like a drunkard's or a lunatic's.

"And this is the man for whom I have become a—a thief!" thought Lewes. The terrible word rang and crashed in his brain. And having heard it once, he heard it incessantly, by day and by night, throbbing in his head, hammering at his heart, quivering in every exterior sound; Thief, thief, thief, thief! It was enough to go mad.

And the London parks grew green, and people rode and drove about in them as usual. Lewes had never thought the world so unwarrantably gay as he did this spring. What could life offer these people? It was such a wretched business after all, rotten and insipid from beginning to end. And they had no cause to fear, any of them? He prayed for strength to remain firm, and not to betray the woman of his heart, when the discovery should be made. His thoughts were a torture to him. Sometimes remorse overcame him, hot, piercing, scorching, showing him the uselessness and folly of committing a crime to spare a woman a few tears. Then he felt as if a time must come when he should hate Edleen, when he should feel tempted to grasp her delicate wrists and cry out to her that her maternal love had been a crime. But ere that time arrived, she would have died and taken her sin and her sorrows down to the grave with her, to that everlasting peace where even a mother's anxious heart is set at rest. If she would only die before the discovery of his crime, the motives of which would be clear and manifest to her alone. He would have wished to spare her that. But one cannot spare any human beings, least of all those one loves, what they are destined by fate to undergo.

One fair May morning Vaughan sent for Lewes and Owen to come to his office immediately.

"Here's a strange story," he said. "The balance from Smyrna, with £3,000 paid on account, of which I haven't the slightest recollection. Lewes, will you kindly get the books and let us compare dates?"

Lewes obeyed in silence.

"How strange!" said Owen. "What can it mean?"

They examined the books; but there was no trace anywhere of a payment from Smyrna. They looked and compared a long time, and at last Vaughan wrote a telegram, asking for explanation. The answer was that his own letter should be sent him by way of proof. During the days that passed before its arrival, they exhausted themselves in suppositions. The idea occured to them that some former cashier of the firm's might have forged the letter. They sent to the bank to inquire whether such a sum had been handed over to anyone. Yes, was the answer, under such and such a date.

"I think," said Lewes, very quietly, "you had better place the affair in the hands of the police, instead of making random guesses and perhaps accusing someone who is innocent."

Vaughan sent for a police-officer, showed him the books, and asked him to take the matter in hand.

"Have you no recollection of the letter you are said to have sent to Smyrna?" the officer asked him.

"I fancy I remember signing some unimportant letter which Mr. Lewes placed before me."

"Was it in Mr. Lewes' own hand!"

"I don't remember. Perhaps one of the clerks made a mistake, and the figures escaped our attention, eh Lewes?"

"Yes," said Lewes, "perhaps." His voice sounded calm and monotonous.

"I shall go to the bank and try to find out what kind of a person cashed the money."

No sooner said than done. The police-officer drove to the bank, and asked whether any of the cashiers remembered to whom they had paid out the sum of £3,000 from Smyrna on such and such a day.

Yes, said one of them, he would recognize the gentleman if he saw him.

"Don't you recollect!" cried another, "I said at the time how queer it was at the time that Mr. Lewes should have come for the money himself."

"Was it Mr. Lewes? Can you swear to that?"

"Well, I should like to be quite sure before I swear."

"And you will recognize the gentleman who came for the money."

"Yes, certainly."

Vaughan, Owen and Lewes sat together in silence. They looked as if they had been turned to marble. Presently there was a stir without. The three men were requested to step into the outer office where the clerks were at work; the police-officer came in with two constables and the two cashiers from the bank.

"Will you point out the person in this room, who came for the money from Smyrna," he said to the latter.

A breathless silence followed.

"Mr. Lewes," said the one in a low voice, while the other walked up to him and said decidedly:

"This gentleman cashed the money."

"Lewes!" exclaimed Vaughan and Owen in one breath.

At that moment the post was brought in, and the letter from Smyrna lay in Vaughan's hand. He tore it open and showed the enclosure to Owen and the officer.

"Is that Mr. Lewes' handwriting?" the latter asked.

"It looks like it," replied Owen in a trembling voice, "but it may be forged."

"It is not forged," said Lewes—his lips had turned white, but his voice was calm and clear. "I wrote it and obtained Mr. Vaughan's signature to it."

"Lewes!" cried Owen, and the blood rushed hotly to his face. "Lewes! you are mad! it is not true! Lewes! try to think! You must be delirious—you must be raving! Don't listen to him gentleman, he has been ill for some time past!"

"I must request you to restrain yourself," interrupted the officer; "the less said just now, the better."

Vaughan stood gazing at Lewes in silence.

"Lewes," he said a length. "I have trusted you implicitly, and I feel tempted to ask your pardon for being obliged to doubt your integrity now. I cast about for proof against my own senses."

"You will not find any," whispered Lewes.

"Please prepare to follow me," said the police-officer.

There was a commotion in the room, as if a shell had exploded; some were struck dumb, others talked excitedly Owen wept outright. He had laid his hand on Lewes' shoulders, and was unconscious of the big drops falling from his honest eyes. Lewes stood like a martyr at the stake, looking at Owen as compassionately as if he pitied his old friend for a sorrow in which he had no part himself.

"Lewes," said Owen, again. "Oh, Lewes! you have not done that. I would as soon believe it of myself. It's impossible! It's not true! Lewes, Lewes, do not accuse yourself of what some other may have done. Why, the man looks as innocent as a saint, as calm as only a good conscience can make one! It's not true! it can't be! There's a terrible mistake somewhere!"

"Lewes!" said Vaughan, "why did you not confess the truth to me? I would have not exposed you to this shame and misery. I should have helped you. Oh, Lewes! why did you not speak? Had I deserved such a want of confidence from you?"

A strange, eloquent look from Lewes' clear eyes seemed to answer, "Yes, you had," as he almost imperceptibly bent his head. And then he was gone, and those who remained behind stared at the spot where he had but just been standing deeply impressing them all. They all felt uneasy, as though everyone's integrity must be questioned in future, as though no one could trust his neighbor any more, since Lewes had become a criminal. Some said he had always been strange, others declared they would never believe anybody again, and others muttered there was no such thing as getting rich by honest means. But they only spoke in whispers, glancing shyly at the door through which Vaughan and Owen had disappeared.

Owen was in such a state of excitement that big drops of perspiration stood upon his brow.

"It is unnatural, quite unnatural," he said, repeatedly. "And if Lewes insists on making a martyr of himself, there are people who will get him out of prison by sheer violence!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INSOMNIA.

INABILITY to sleep is about as unnatural a condition as can be imagined, and one that has been engendered by unnatural ways of living. The causes are so various that no special plan of treatment would suit all cases; and permanent relief can only be obtained through the general adjustment of one's habits to the accepted laws of hygiene. In this respect, regularity—in meals, in taking exercise, in rising and retiring—is an important factor To practice going to bed early one night and late the next, sleeping one night eight or ten hours, and another perhaps only three or four, and continuing this for any length of time, is almost sure to produce sleeplessness that will shortly become chronic and very difficult to overcome. Some, indeed, are so sensitive to any irregularity that a single infraction of the regular rule for retiring will prevent sleep, not only on the special night, but sometimes for succeeding nights also. Gentle calisthenic exercise taken just before retiring, or a sponge bath, followed by brisk rubbing with a coarse towel, will usually prevent this restlessness from becoming chronic. One of the chief causes of sleeplessness is a sedentary mode of life. The bodily functions respond to the natural stimula of fresh air, light and exercise, and when these are withheld the result is sleeplessness at night. Nothing conduces so greatly to healthy slumber as abundant exercise in the open air; and this should be the first remedy tried in cases of wakefulness that threaten to become habitual. A good brisk walk taken an hour or two before bedtime, preferably with a pleasant companion, or, if alone, with some object in view besides mere exercise, and always avoiding unpleasant thoughts, will usually furnish the stimulus required. Dancing, cycling or any form of exercise which quickens the sluggish circulation and sends the blood to the surface of the body, thus relieving the brain, is conducive to sleep. If those engaged in business, especially of the class demanding close mental application, could exert the will power necessary to entirely banish all thoughts of their work when it is ended for the day, the insomnia that has almost become a natural malady would speedily decrease. The respite from care, for even a few hours, will invigorate the brain, and work will be taken up with new energy each succeeding day. The more complete the relaxation the more beneficial will be the result. If before restlessness at night becomes habitual wakefulness, the sufferer would realize the danger and discover the cause—whether it be want of exercise or fresh air, improper food, too close application or insufficient recreation—and persevere in some simple remedy, nine times out of ten—unless there is some organic difficulty—the tendency to insomnia might be arrested. Alcoholic liquors and drugs should never be resorted to. They may induce sleep, but the habit once formed it will be found impossible to sleep without their aid, and in increasing doses. If any stimulant be desired, a glass of hot milk is preferable, in every way, to liquors and narcotics. Many persons have found a glass of cold milk and a cracker, taken just before going to bed, very efficacious in promoting sleep. A glass of lemonade, not too strong and not sweet, is another simple soporific. Moderate warmth also produces sleep, especially in winter; sleeplessness is often the penalty paid for getting into bed with cold feet and hands. A warm bath taken just before going to bed is efficacious, even in quite obstinate cases of sleeplessness, and has the advantage of being quite harmless. Always rub briskly with a brush or coarse towel, to bring the blood to the surface, thus relieving the brain. Whenever possible, persons inclined to wakefulness should sleep alone, and from a hygiene point of view, separate beds are always preferable for adults and children. The bed should be moderately hard (never feathers), turned and thoroughly aired every day, the bed clothing light in weight and only sufficient to maintain a natural degree of warmth. Soft wool blankets are best. A good bed in a well-ventilated room, good food of the right sort, in proper quantities and at proper times, good air, regular bathing, sufficient exercise to produce a pleasant weariness, congenial occupation, absolutely regular habits, strict avoidance of stimulants and narcotics, a clear conscience, and the exercise of sufficient will power, will in time overcome the most obstinate case of insomnia.

Fashion Notes.

AFTERNOON RECEPTION GOWN.

Grey cendre de roses (very light pinkish grey) peau de soie, brocaded with Louis XV. flowers, and trimmed with velvet ribbon and cascades of white lace. Chemisette, elbow sleeves, and epaulettes in lace, over bright pink Surah silk. Bows of velvet ribbon form a panel to the skirt, and ornament the sleeves.

AFTERNOON RECEPTION GOWN (Front and Back).

VELVET hats will be made up over skeleton frames, so as to ensure lightness and yet give a sense of richness and elegance.

THE most elegant handkerchiefs now are all white. They are trimmed with white lace and embroidery, with an edge of Valenciennes lace fully a finger wide surrounding the open hem. The old-fashioned style of setting lace and embroidery in the corner of handkerchiefs has come in again.

PEACH and heliotrope are such beautiful tints that it is not surprising they find favor, and a dinner gown of peach crepe de Chine was an admirable example of good coloring. The soft material fell in graceful folds on the skirt, and was plaited under the hem with green velvet. The low bodice was a combination of green and peach, with long sash ends at the sides and a jacket basque at the back.

AT HOME ROBE.

Full bodice, sleeves, and skirt in cream China silk ; vest in heliotrope velvet, and low at the back, with two small basques, and receding in front to display the gathered bodice. It is carried high

AT HOME ROBE (Front and Back).

on the shoulders, bordered with cut jet beads, and embroidered in silver vandykes forming waves, divided by rows of silver beads. Medici collar and girdle to correspond.

CLOAKS, CAPES AND JACKETS.

It is decreed that the jaunty short jacket must go ; even the Louis XV. with its hip seams is voted bad form, and the long three-quarter jacket cut all in one and elaborately trimmed reigns supreme. No matter if a short woman looks as if cut in two when she dons one of the new shapes, fashion has so decreed, and at all hazards it is adopted.

The tall, lithe-limbed woman is at her best in one of these shapes, the long, narrow seams moulding the figure to perfection ; broadcloth, cheviot, serge, vicuna cloth and plush and velvet are employed for the purpose and most of them are fur-trimmed.

CONCERNING THAT NEW GOWN.

Speaking of the Autumn colors, one must give a proper prominence to yellow. A bold pattern of dress has a fine black and white stripe, forming a very decided check. Another has a green ground upon which there are great orange spots at intervals so irregular that no pattern appears to be preserved.

Red and yellow are found commingled in spots upon the dark green groundwork, and, if one is fanciful, one may think of a tropical landscape with the red and yellow rays of the setting sun against the green of the foliage, and the sombre background of the thick brush. The green groundwork it will be remembered is somewhat soft and shaggy, and aids in carrying out the effect just mentioned.

The homespun we have always with us. It comes out this year speckled with slight traces of reddish or coffee brown lines. Other varieties of it are flecked as though seen in a snow storm.

If, having read the Fall styles, you are still in doubt what to buy and fear to invest in anything which may pass out of style, put your fears to the winds and go and boldly expend your funds upon the very best checked cheviot, tweed or homespun you can find. Have it made by a dressmaker who understands how to get up a tailor-made gown, have it bound with braid, the narrowest you can obtain, and then get a hat to match the braid, gloves to match the hat, shoetops to match the gloves, a shopping bag to match the shoes, and a veil to match the shopping bag, and you may be sure that you cannot possibly look out of date.

You have preserved the general harmony of effect which is desired and you are wearing an English checked gown.

PEARL-GRAY gloves with rough edges and wide black or white stitching are considered more elegant for street wear than the pure white.

THE Egyptian brooches brought in by the vogue of Bernhardt's "Cleopatra," and lately imported, show a head with the peculiar head-dress of the women of the country to which the heroine of her widely talked of play belonged.

SHELL jewelry in the shape of brooches, bar pins, drops and scarf pins, is one of the latest novelties. An aluminum ring artistically chased and with a garnet setting was a novelty lately seen in the window exhibit of a well-known New York jeweler.

AMONG the autumn tailor suits is one of rich myrtle green with sheath skirt and Louis coat trimmed with dark green velvet arabesques in cut work. The coat opens over a waistcoat of pale blue cloth braided with silver.

BLACK stockings will continue in vogue the season through ; and the announcement made that their use will be restricted to the street, is absolutely untrue. They may really be worn with slippers and shoes of every color except white ; but, of course, with gray, tan, scarlet, as well as with white slippers, the stocking to match looks better, and suggests greater care as to the perfection of detail in the costume. Fancy stockings—that is, those having printed figures upon them—are not refined, and cannot be advised. If you haven't given the stitch in time, and a long stocking railroads a little below the knee the best way to mend it is to buy a piece of the narrow, flimsy black ribbon used sometimes for covering whalebones ; lay this under the ripped stitches, baste it smoothly, and hem it down on both sides, first where the stocking has ripped *to* the ribbon, and then underneath hem the ribbon edge *to* the stocking. This will be found a much more satisfactory way of mending than is the long and intricate darn, which must, sometimes, extend over nearly half a yard of stocking.

FRENCH AT HOME GOWN.

HIGH bodice, with panier, drapery and skirt in cornflower blue peau de soie, embellished with braces and foot band in silver-grey ostrich feathers. Applique trails of pale pink flowers with green foliage in velvet and silk enhance the front of the skirt. Elongated plastron to correspond. Sapphire buttons on sleeves; grey feather fan, with mother-o'-pearl mount and multicolor chenille tassels.

DOLL'S CAPE.

It takes one-fourth of a yard of seal plush to make this pretty cape. Or it may be made from any material you desire. The collar must be laid on a lengthwise fold of the goods. When all the seams of the cape are basted together nicely, try it on over the dress. The front edges of the cape are to meet when finished. Make the collar, and sew its hollowing edge to the neck. Fasten the cape with a hook and loop. This cape must be lined with a very thin silk, and makes a very pretty and comfortable winter wrap for Miss Dollie.

PARIS will bring in a good many novelties in circulars the coming season. Some designs with short capes of wool-cloth and fur on the Stuart collar and the edges are shown.

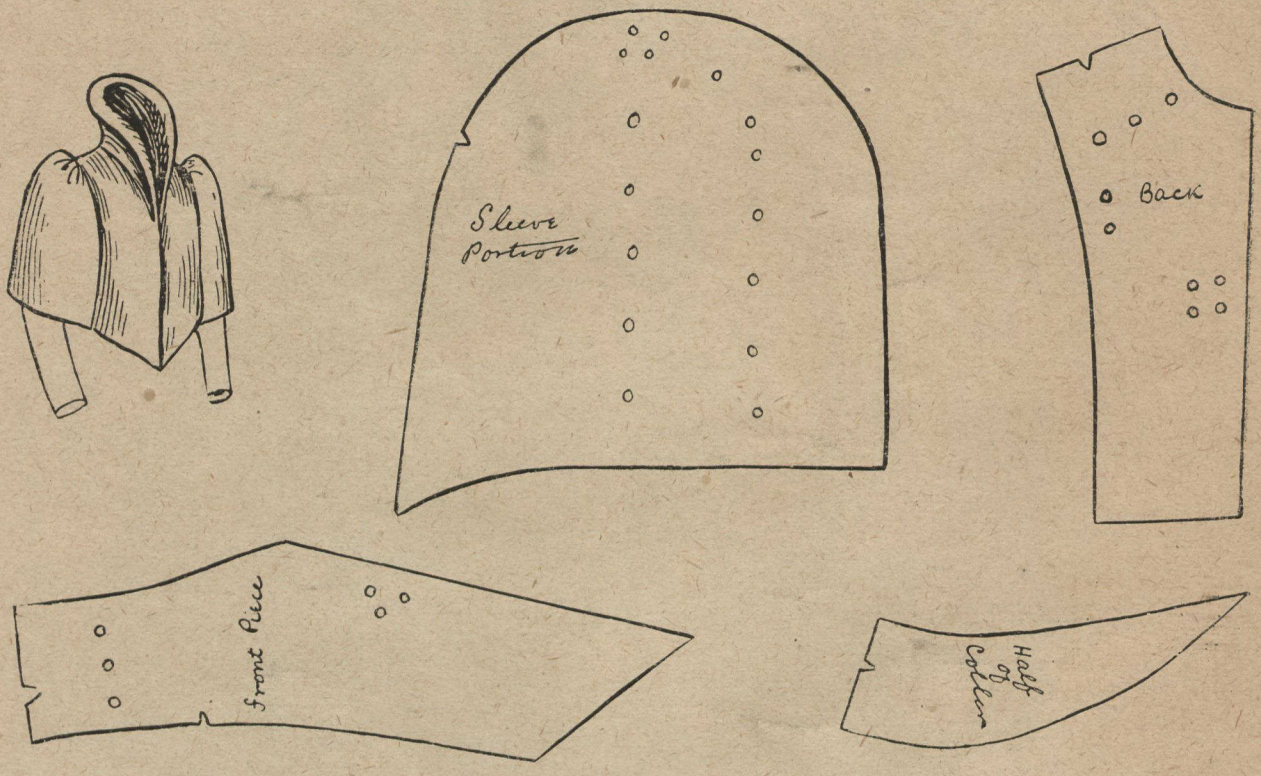
SOME new hat trimmings will be shown this winter. One of them is in the shape of half a plain leaf, completely made of jets, on wire. Special trimmings are made for hat-brims of small jets.

SURAH poplin and wool plaids can be made into such dressy fancies simply by cutting the plaid on the bias and arranging it so that the points form new patterns.

EVERY bureau belonging to a woman should possess a glove stretcher, glove box and a powder box having a perforated top, which is sufficiently small to slip in the fingers, and keep it filled with glove powder.

THE Marie Antoinette fichu is very popular this season, and importers say that Parisians attribute its origin to the actual scarfs, berthas and capes worn by Marie Antoinette as she played at shepherdess in the pleasure-grounds of France, attended by the ladies of the court.

A HIGH novelty is a jacket wrap of beige cloth, a peculiarity being the V dart, which is formed by the underarm seam and one slanting dart, which adjusts it slightly to the form; two wide box pleats come from the back of the neck and continue over the arm in the guise of a cape; the front is faced with beaver.



DOLL'S CAPE.

FASHION has make chiffon an institution. Chiffon, although it costs but little a yard, is expensive because of the frequent renewals it necessitates. Like the bloom on the peach, that a touch will destroy, so chiffon will hardly bear the friction of one week's wear.

MOST of the hats, both large and small, are lifted from too close contact with the head by a band covered with a torsade of velvet or chiffon. In fact, these lace trimmings are found invariably becoming.

THE crowns of some of the new round hats are slightly raised, the bonnets are about large enough for the head of a two-year old, but they make up in style and trimming what they lamentably lack in size.

PLUSH and velvet capes are among the very handsome wraps, and the cost is farther enhanced by the elegance of the silk and jet embroidery with which they are adorned; panels of jet ornament the front and the edges, and perhaps a V-shaped piece is inserted down the back, while a deep border runs around the edge.

WATERPROOF money and jewel belts, for travelling, are made for both ladies and gentlemen, with a series of small pockets, capable of holding a great deal.

THE cheviots are in many different colors, but they are all in neutral tints and many of them self colors, though they are shown also in large plaids, diagonal weaves and different designs in stripes. Some of them are very wiry and harsh, others soft and fine and pleasant to touch. Some are woven in chevron stripe and have plain to match.

HENRI II. CAPE.

It is made in light grey amazon cloth, trimmed with silver braid, beads and fringe. Gimp or applique work further ornaments the Medici collar, shoulders and fronts, which hang loose like the back; a few stitches drape the epaulettes. The sleeves are unlined. Hat in fancy straw veiled with pleated lace, and smartened up with a bunch of dog roses.

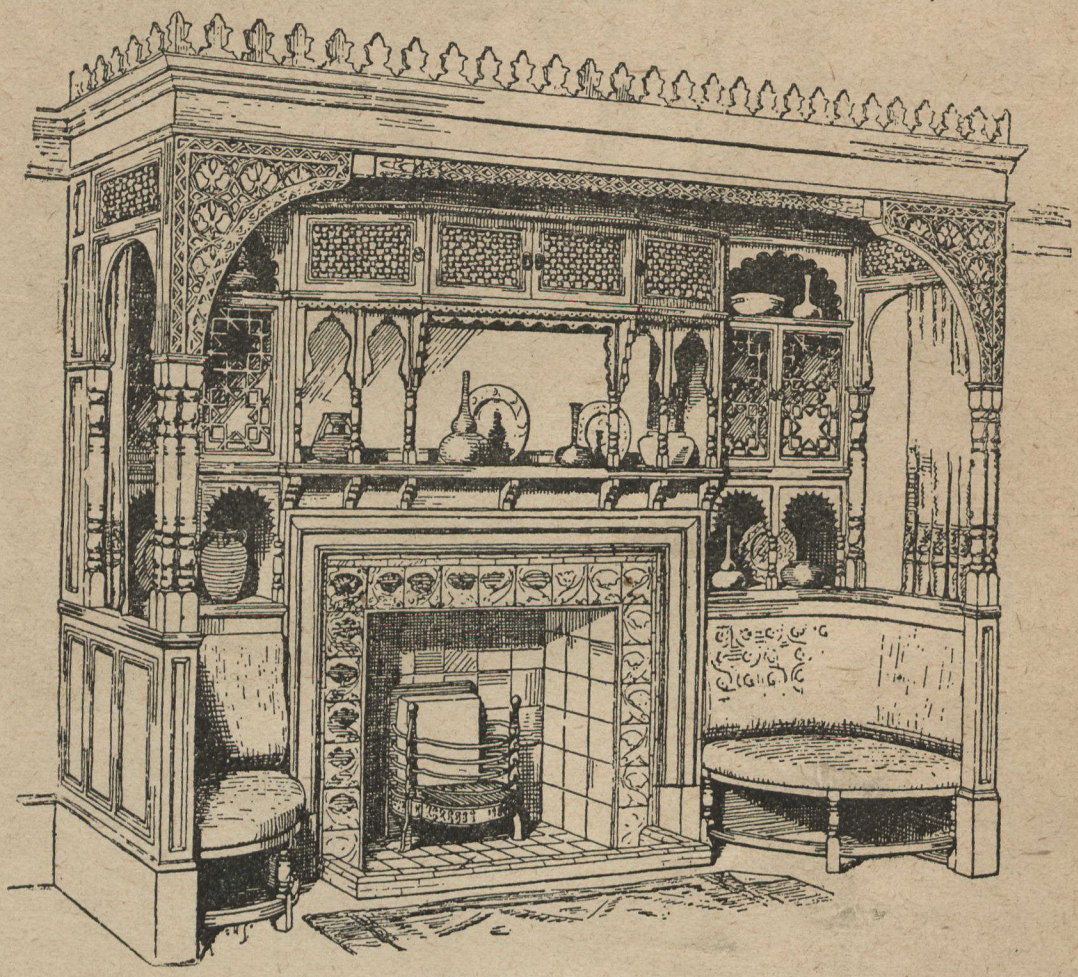
HENRI II. CAPE.

Home Decoration.

COMFORTABLE.

It is a simple matter to make a bed "comfortable" at home. Materials for a bed "comfortable" which will cost three or four dollars in the shops, already made up, may be purchased for one dollar. The patent cotton batting, which comes in even layers, stitched in place by machine, saves all annoyance in arranging the cotton, and may be as easily laid on as cotton cloth. The prettiest material for covering a "comfortable" of cotton is cheesecloth. It requires five yards for each side of a "comfortable," and from three to four rolls of patent cotton batting. This amount of material makes a "comfortable" two and a half yards long by two wide, a size larger than is usually found for sale. A pretty one may be made of pale blue cheesecloth on one side and pale pink on the other, tacked together with pale blue worsted and buttonholed with blue worsted around the edge. Cream white and lavender make another dainty combination. These light, inexpensive bed-coverings are especially useful in cottage homes, where they give in summer all the warmth needed on hot nights. One of the prettiest "comfortables" of this kind may be made of pale yellow cheesecloth tacked with yellow worsted. It looks particularly well at the foot of a white counterpane in a white and yellow room. The process of making is simple. If you do not have a quilting-frame the materials can be spread over a bed. It is not so convenient, however, and if you have a number of "comfortables" to make, it pays to get a quilting-frame. In any case, however, put down one side of the cheesecloth. It should measure two yards by two and a half. Roll out the cotton and lay it evenly on this, tacking the breadths of cotton together, where they lap, with long basting threads. Put the upper side of the cheesecloth over all evenly. Begin nine inches from the edge to put in a row of tacking, making each tack firm with a little knot. Continue the tacking nine inches apart. Make a second row, beginning the tacking nine inches from the first row, but alternating so that they fall between and not opposite the other tackings. Continue till the "comfortable" is finished, rolling it up as it is tacked. When it is all done turn in the edges, stitch them together evenly and cover the edge with coarse buttonhole stitch in worsted.

A PRETTY ornament for almost any room is one of the new flower chandeliers, made of three sections of bamboo joined at the ends in the form of an inverted tripod: a brass chain is attached to each and the chandelier is suspended by these three chains to a long chain ending in a hook for hanging the ornament by. Each hollow piece of bamboo is fitted with a glass tube for holding water for the flowers and grasses.

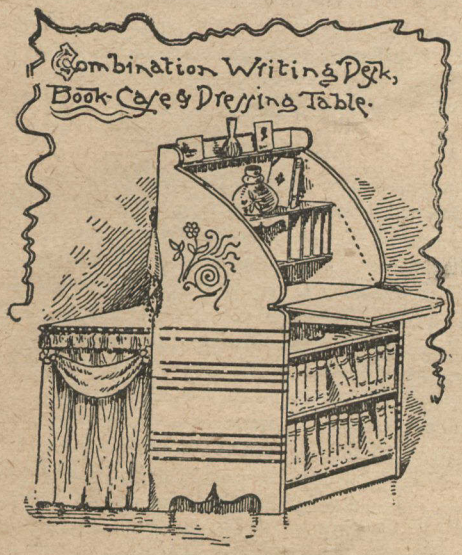


A MODERN MOORISH INGLENOOK.

SOME exquisite pieces of silk embroidery upon patterned damask, both silk and linen, were executed lately, and have a distinct air of novelty. Unbleached linen with a small flowing design of either conventional or naturalistic foliage was chosen. The pattern in colored silks was arranged without any reference to the woven pattern, which served as a background; in other pieces, however, the pattern of the woven fabric of rich design was emphasized and brought out in parts by fully colored embroidery; gold and spangles being used in some cases to enrich the effect.

COMBINED BOOK-CASE, ETC.

A COMBINED bookcase, writing-table and dressing-table is a *multum in parvo* that will be found very useful where space is restricted, as is the case in the ordinary American flat. Such a piece of furniture would be very desirable also in a yacht cabin, and it

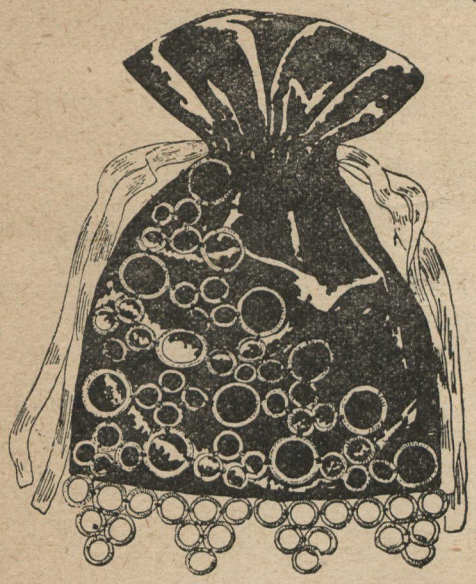


COMBINED BOOK-CASE, ETC.

might be made to serve as a washstand as well. The desk is hinged, so that it can be closed if desired, and the space above the dressing table is filled with a framed mirror.

BAG.

Three-eighths of a yard of black satin, the same of white, eighteen inches in width. Stitch across the top. Then open, and stitch the long sides across the black, leaving an inch or two in the white lining to turn. Run a casing an inch wide three inches from the top. Button-hole the openings at each side in the casing for half



BAG.

inch white satin ribbon, two yards to run through. Do not tie the ends. Run each ribbon through the entire casing, leaving the ends loose.

The trimming is a triangle in crocheted rings, with black knitting silk, one dozen large brass rings, three dozen small rings for the triangle. Below there is a pointed edge of the small ring, twelve in the first row, eight in the second, four in the last, arranged as a pyramid, sewed to the edge.

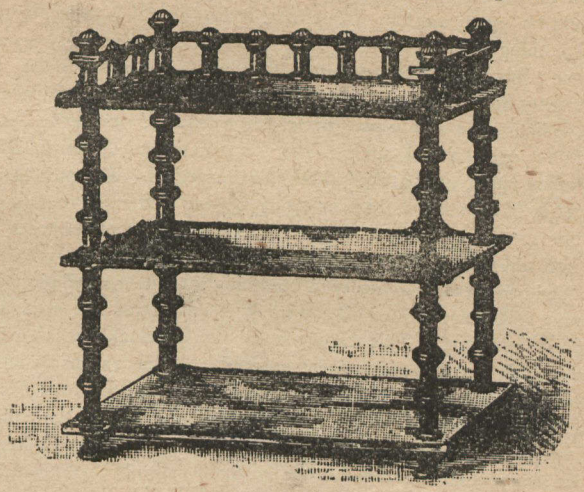
In the triangle there are six long rings on the bias edge, with four small rings between. They can be crocheted in one piece, but it is rather troublesome, and sewing together is quicker and perhaps as durable.

SPOOL CABINET.

The prettily contrived little cabinet seen in this cut illustrates a simple way of making a very pretty piece of furniture in which all the empty spools one can gather will come into play.

The shelves of the original model were made of heavy pasteboard covered with plush. The little spindled columns are made of empty spools painted with jet-black carriage-gloss paint; these are run together on slender sticks, and at the end of each little pillar a half spool is set and secured by an ornamental brass-headed nail, which keeps all the spools firmly together. The spindle railing around the shelves is made of smaller empty spools glued to the shelves and kept together and strengthened by a strip of plush-covered cardboard nailed to the spools by ornamental stud-headed nails.

This idea may be carried out in a dozen different treatments. For instance, it may be carried out in ivory-white and gold, or rose



CABINET WITH SPOOL SPINDLE WORK.

enamel and gold, or pale green and gold. In this case, coat the shelves, the spools and the rods run through the shelves, and the strip of wood topping the spool railing, all with the enamel paint; this paint will make a good ground for the gilded parts, which will thus take less gold-bronze for their gilding. Ebonized, enameled, or simply made as plush cabinets in any of these styles, this idea may be pleasingly carried out.

THE very best lounge one can have, all things considered, is a frame supporting a good spring bed, with a regular hair mattress of suitable size over it, the whole kept in place by an inexpensive Bagdad rug, or an expensive Kelim rug, as you prefer. Repeat half a dozen of the tones of color in the rug in the covering of the down pillows, of which you can hardly have too many. If you cannot afford the expense of eider-down for sofa pillows, use the best of feathers rather than the cheap down generally sold in the stores. Many people like a hair pillow better than any other, and a hammock pillow covered with blue denim will often be a welcome addition to the lounge.

ALL table decorations should be in low effects, the piece most used being the low round silver fern dish. In plated ware this may be bought for six or seven dollars. Small silver pots in the most charming repousse designs are filled with growing maiden hair and placed at the corners of the dinner table. These are not more than seven inches high.

Household Information.

FOR CROUP AND COLDS.

As cool weather approaches a mother begins to dread the colds and croup of childhood as much as she has feared the digestive ailments induced by hot weather.

While a child needs plenty of warm clothing, excessive bundling should be avoided. Nearly all needed advice in this respect is included in the recommendation to clothe the body evenly, yet lightly from throat to toes and wool is always the safest material.

Do not provide several garments with bands and plaited or gathered skirts about the waist and leave the little legs clothed with thin stockings; neither are slippers healthful wear in cool weather. The ankle is sensitive to cold and the body is often uncomfortably cold, although well clothed, because of chilled ankles.

If it is advisable to treat the simplest cold of an adult "with respect" it is doubly important not to neglect the slightest symptoms of cold in a young child. Avoid further exposure and give prompt treatment; if the cold does not yield readily to home remedies send for a physician.

In an attack of croup before a physician can arrive no time should be lost in waiting. An emetic is the first thing to be given, and nothing is better than a teaspoonful of the wine or syrup of ipecac either clear or diluted in a little water. Repeat in fifteen or twenty minutes if necessary. But sometimes there is no ipecac in the house; in such a case give a teaspoonful of powdered alum in honey or syrup. Keep the air in the room moistened continually by steam; the vapor of unslacked lime is excellent. Keep the temperature of the room as high as eighty degrees and avoid draughts.

For an ordinary cold add a teaspoonful of syrup of ipecac to a cup of cold water, then give a teaspoonful every hour.

For hoarseness or difficulty in breathing saturate a small piece of flannel with camphorated oil and apply it hot across the chest or around the throat. This remedy is usually effectual, but after its use a child should be especially guarded against changes in temperature. For a cold in the head a little camphorated oil rubbed over the nose will generally relieve the pressure and quiet the child. If no camphorated oil is at hand, melt a little mutton tallow adding a few drops of camphor or mix the camphor with olive oil.

HOW TO USE SOAP-BARK.

There are very few women who understand how to use soap-bark. It is the very best cleaning material in use. Nothing else cleans a black silk or black woolen dress so satisfactorily. Five cents' worth will clean an entire dress. It may be purchased at any druggist's in the city or country, being commonly used by all tailors in cleaning gentlemen's clothes. It may be used to clean almost any dark cloth, but it possesses color enough in itself to be liable to stain a delicate color. To prepare soap-bark for cleaning, pour about a quart of boiling water over five cents' worth of the bark. Let it boil gently for two hours, and at the end of this time strain it through a piece of cheese cloth. Put the liquor in a clean pail. Have ready a smooth board of suitable size, and have the dress to be cleaned all ready, ripped, shaken and brushed free from dust. Lay each piece of cloth one after another on the board, and sponge it thoroughly on both sides, rubbing carefully any specially soiled spots. After all the cloth is sponged, fill a large tub full of cold water, and rinse each piece of the goods up and down in it, one at a time, so as to remove thoroughly the soap-bark. Wring the pieces through the wringer, lay them in a heavy, clean clothes-basket, and when all are rinsed and wrung out, begin pressing the first that were rolled up. Iron them on the wrong side, if woolen cloth, till they are dry, or nearly so; then hang them on the clothes-horse to air for at least twelve hours. The cloth should hang in a place free from dust, and when it is put away it will look like new. If the dress to be cleansed is silk, after thoroughly sponging it in the soap-bark, lay it on a clean board and sponge it off with clear cold water on both sides. Wipe off all the excess of moisture you can. Pin the smaller pieces of the silk on a sheet and hang the sheet outdoors in a shady place, where no sun can reach it, or throw the sheet over the clothes-horse. Silk prepared in this way looks very nice. It will need a slight pressing on the wrong side when it is made up to make it perfectly smooth.

TAKE AN AIR BATH.

Every woman has evil hours, when she is too restless to keep still and too dull and heavy to do anything. She says she is nervous. Her color loses its freshness, her eyes their brightness, her expression all its delicacy. She looks a coarser and less intelligent individual. Now the latest remedy proposed for this distemper is the air bath. Lock your doors if you would test it the next time the blues declare themselves, and disrobe entirely, taking an air bath, in the sunshine if possible, for five or ten minutes. This will act as a total alterative to the oppressed, restless state of the nervous system. It does better than a warm bath, which, if one has already been taken in the morning, can not be always repeated with perfect safety. After the air bath dress again slowly, donning completely fresh linen and some crisp and rather new gown. The freshness of external attire is infallibly soothing. Another suggestion worth careful noting when you are feeling and looking dull eyed and ugly bears indirectly upon the value of massage. Take your hair down and moisten the scalp thoroughly with good but harmless hair-dressing preparation. Then, with the tips of the fingers, work the moisture well into the scalp, and comb the hair out afterward with slow, soft, regular movements.

FOR GREASE SPOTS.

On using naphtha and benzine to remove grease spots from fabrics, often a circle or outline of the spot is left so clearly defined that the effect is but little better than that of the grease spot itself; it is, in fact, the grease spot itself spread out thinly over a larger surface. To remove the spot entirely the best way is to lay the affected part between brown paper or blotting paper, and to press thoroughly with a warm iron. Then if any grease remains rub the spot gently with a sponge moistened in benzine, rubbing from the edge towards the centre. Lay a piece of blotting paper over the spot once more, to absorb as much of the grease as possible, then wash out the spot in cold water without soap, and press it on the wrong side with a warm iron until it is dry. Ammonia should be used with caution in removing spots, as it sometimes changes the color of fabrics as well. In other cases a very weak solution of household ammonia has been known to restore color perfectly. For this reason it is best to first apply it on an extra piece of the goods, or in some place hidden from sight.

COLD tea is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

NEVER put tea leaves on a light colored carpet; they will surely leave a stain.

Hot solution of salt and vinegar brightens copper and tin-ware, also zinc bath tubs.

IN packing bottles or canned fruit for moving, slip a rubber band over the body of them.

IF sponge cake is mixed with cold water it is yellow, but if the water be boiling hot the cake will be white.

A SPOONFUL of oxgall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it before washing.

NEW tins should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL

CONDUCTED BY

AUNT LUCIA.

FRENCH SOUPS OR POTAGES.

The real mission of soups is completely ignored in England, where soups are identical with heavy, thick, and, to French notions, highly indigestible food. The French consider them only as a forerunner, and preparative to a good dinner. Considered in this light, soups do not require the expensive foundation often demanded by professed cooks in England. English housekeepers are daily gaining knowledge and experience; and, though still too much in the hands of their cooks, since they have studied the art of giving their husbands nice little tempting dinners (as good as they can get on the Continent) without any great outlay, when their cooks tell them boldly, "I must have four or five pounds of beef if I am to make a clear soup," they can as boldly retort that there is no sort of necessity for such extravagance. But when meat is extensively used for properly made soup, why should not the meat itself be afterwards served as an *entree?* Is it simply because it has helped to make a tasty, delicious soup? But do you not eat boiled salt beef, and utilize the liquor to make soup with? Also boiled legs of mutton and pork, and boiled fowls in this country, and throw away the liquor which contains all the nutritious properties of the fowl, leaving you only the indigestible and innutritious fibre for your meal? I grant that French boiled fresh beef is not a great relish, yet when properly cooked even this has its merits, and helps to make a variety. So much for meat soups, but now for vegetable soups. *Potage Printanier a la Bretonne:* Put in a saucepan half a peck of new peas, three or four sprigs of chervil, a quarter of a lettuce cut into four pieces crosswise, two onions, one sprig of parsley, two ounces of butter, half a dozen rinds of slices of bacon, salt and pepper. Add about one and a half pints of water, and let the whole boil gently. When done, pass it through a fine colander to make what is called a clear puree. Then put back into the same saucepan about two-thirds of the quantity with very thin small slices of bread. Let this simmer very gently for half an hour; beat up two eggs, which you mix up with the other third of the puree, and pour the whole gently into the puree with the bread, being careful to stir briskly all the time, so that the eggs shall not curdle. Some people use only the yolks of the eggs, which makes the soup more refined. *Potage aux Haricots Verts et a l'Oseille:* Save the liquor in which one or two pounds of French beans have been boiled. Chop up coarsely a handful of sorrel, from which you have taken away the stalks, also one rather large French lettuce, and four or five sprigs of chervil. Put in the saucepan two ounces of butter, and, when melted, put in all your vegetables with a few rinds of bacon; put on the lid, letting the whole simmer or fry for a quarter of an hour, then pour in slowly the liquor in which your French beans have been cooking; add salt and pepper, and let it boil very gently for three-quarters of an hour, and pour the whole over very thin slices of bread, which you have previously cut into the soup tureen. If you prefer the potage to be "mitonne," then, instead of pouring the soup over the bread, you put the bread into the saucepan and let it boil gently with the lid on for a quarter of an hour. Do not forget to bind the potage, in either case, with two yolks of egg. Be very careful, whenever any of these soups are not passed through a sieve, to remove the rinds of bacon, which ought to be tied together with a piece of cotton. N.B. These rinds of bacon, which are such an improvement to these "soups maigres," *i.e.* soups without meat, ought to be nothing else but the rinds of the slices of rashers of bacon fried for breakfast, which should be saved in a jar every morning. When you add your binding of yolks of eggs you must be very careful to remove the saucepan from the fire, or else the eggs would curdle and spoil the whole appearance of the soup. The safest plan is to mix two or three spoonfuls of the stock in the jar in which the eggs have been beaten up, and pour out the whole gently into the soup. When applied to cooking, mitonne means a thing cooked a long time very slowly, and watched with great care. It is used for other things, but it is generally applied to soups. Anything mitonne always conveys the idea of having been done very slowly with particular care, and the great secret of the excellency of French cooking lies in allowing a great many things to mitonner.

GRAHAM PUFFS.—The recipe may be used as well with white flour as the Graham:

2 cups of milk.
2 cups of Graham flour.
2 eggs.
Salt.

First mix flour and milk smoothly, then add the eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in gem-pans in a quick oven.

CODFISH CROQUETTES.—Pick to pieces a pound and a half of salt codfish, cover it with cold water and soak over night. In the morning drain and press until perfectly dry. Put a half pint of milk or cream in a double boiler. Rub together two ounces of butter and three even tablespoonfuls of flour, stir this into the hot milk and cook until a thick paste is formed, add the codfish and the yolks of two eggs; cook about two minutes, take from the fire, add a little pepper, about a half teaspoonful of onion juice, and a half teaspoonful of salt; turn out to cool. When cool form into croquettes, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat.

BREAD AND PUDDINGS.—The following is the recipe for the only good brown bread I ever ate:

2 cups of meal.
1 cup of flour.
½ cup of molasses.
1 cup of sour milk.
2 teaspoonfuls of soda.
Salt.

Scald meal, molasses and salt. Mix very soft, and steam four hours. Raisins may be added.

To change this into a pudding it is only needful to add cream and eggs.

CRUSADES.—Cut rather stale bread into slices an inch and a half thick, then cut these into round cakes with a cake cutter; select another cutter one-half the size, and stamp or cut it down half way into the round cake. Now scoop out the crumbs, leaving a well in the centre. After you have made the desired number, plunge them into a kettle of smoking-hot fat, and fry until a golden brown; take out and turn quickly upside down to drain. When dry dust thickly with powdered sugar, fill with preserved strawberries and serve.

POTATOES A LA DUCHESSE.—Boil four good-sized potatoes, when done drain every particle of water from them, dust them with salt, and shake them over the fire until they look dry and mealy. Press them through a sieve, then add one tablespoonfnl of butter, one whole egg without beating, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Beat until thoroughly mixed and light, then form the mixture into rather flat cakes. Make designs on the top, brush over with melted butter, and put in a quick oven until a nice brown.

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ALL LETTERS should be addressed

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CORRESPONDENTS are specially requested to write their communications for the different Departments on separate slips of paper, signing name and address to each. This is to avoid confusion, and to ensure that all communications will reach their respective Departments.

The Editor at Leisure.

I HAVE received a letter from a gentleman subscriber, in which he asks me to define a perfect lady. Now, the space here is limited and the subject is a wide one. I have a pleasant conviction that many bright men and women overlook this little corner of THE QUEEN, and sometimes with interested and criticising eyes, and I am about to prove whether my conviction be true or not, by asking them to send me on *one side of half a page of ordinary notepaper* their idea of what a perfect lady should be. Whoever sends the best and most satisfactory answer will receive a special prize from me, which I have selected for a particular reason in reference to this subject, and which I hope will give as much pleasure in the acceptance as in the bestowal. Definitions may be sent to "The Owl," care of this magazine.

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THE little cottage at Edmonton occupied over sixty years ago by Charles Lamb and his sister is still in good repair, and on the outside shows little sign of any change. It is still pointed out to visitors as "Lamb's Cottage."

*** *** ***

KING OSCAR of Sweden, who is well known as an author, has turned his pen from poetical to military themes. He has recently published a minute study of the Swedish army.

RECENTLY in Germany the authorities have interfered to prevent a little girl being named Lassalline Bebeline. It would have been, perhaps, rather more to the purpose if they had rewarded these good people for inventing a new name. It is astonishing to think how all civilized nations have gone on for centuries using the same Christians names over and over again. In these days of invention it is an astonishing thing that people do not hit upon something entirely new. If you could register and copyright fresh names, doubtless people would turn their attention more to the matter. I have often thought that Cyclone and Camphine would be exceedingly pretty names for girls, and, as for boys, you would find endless variety in Spinnaker Smith, Petroleum Parker, Contango Brown Anthracite Jones, or Rodomont Robinson, and such like. This matter would also offer a fresh field for the advertiser. Doubtless many parents would permit their children to assume the title of a popular soap, or a new brace for a consideration.

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THE late Dowager Duchess of Richmond was a daughter of the famous Marquis of Anglesey, who commanded the English cavalry at Waterloo, and there lost a leg. One of her sons was lost in the steamship President on his way from New York to Liverpool, and this gave a shock to his mother from which she did not for years recover. When all hope had fled from others, she still cherished it, and would sit hour after hour at her window waiting for his return.

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THE illustration of the Countess of Onslow, found on the first page of this number of the Weekly, is the portrait of a very charming and pretty woman, who at one time acted as Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. Burke's Peerage tells us that the Countess of Onslow is the daughter of Lord Gardner by his second wife, the elder being Florence, who was in 1875 married to the Earl of Onslow. Both Lord Onslow and the Countess take great interest and have special taste for private theatricals.

*** *** ***

NOTHING is more fickle than public opinion—a man or woman—who is unknown to the successful world to-day, is passed by unnoticed as a nonenity. If from any perchance they become wealthy or famous, the very ones who were suffering from such near-sightedness to-day, will be found waiting an opportunity to pay homage to the new arrival on the stage of success to-morrow. To a person who has had the experience of eating several times of both the fruits, success and adversity, what the world considers popularity must indeed to them be a sham.

*** *** ***

THERE was little need for the godfather of Miss Ruth Cleveland to promise in her behalf that "she shall renounce the devil and all his works, the pomp and vanity of this world and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, that she shall believe in all the articles of the christian faith, and that she shall keep God's Holy Will and Commandments, and walk in the same all the days of her life." Ruth has only to follow in the steps of her exemplary mother and her sponsors will have a sinecure. Richard W. Gilder, the distinguished editor of Century Magazine has the honor of being chosen as godfather for this distinguished young personage.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LITTLE FRIEND.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was one of the few great men whose goodness equalled his greatness; one of the few great men whose "greatness" did not beckon him from out the domesticity of his own home, to find that "congeniality" which by modern tongues and pens is so much prated about. To this hale, strong, good old man, his wife and children, his old dogs Camp and Maida, and his pleasent talks and rambles with them supplied "congeniality."

In his large, green-morocco elbow-chair, in his "den," as he called it, in Edinburgh, he sat, and, in one year, at fifty-two years of age, wrote three novels, besides other things. Sometimes, when the inspiration was lacking, he would start up from his writing-desk, saying: "I can make nothing of all this to-day; come, Maida, you thief;" and would ramble out with his dog to a house, where lived a dear little precious child, by the name of Marjorie Fleming. "White as a frosted plumcake," he exclaimed, as one snowy morning he took his plaid and went to her house, of which, as a privileged friend, he had a door key. Into the house Sir Walter and the hound went, shaking off the snow in the lobby.

"Marjorie! Marjorie!" the old man would shout on such an occasion, "where are ye, my bonnie wee creedle do?" In a moment, a little eager, bright-eyed child of seven would leap into his arms, and, as he kissed the child's face all over, "Come in, Wattie," the mother would say.

"No, no; I am going to take Marjorie home wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Ray's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap."

"Tak' Marjorie and it on-ding-a-snaw."

"Hoot awa'! Look here," Sir Walter would say, as he held up the corner of his plaid, sewed up so as to make a bag.

"Tak' your lamb," the mother would reply, laughing at the ingenious contrivance. And so Marjorie, well wrapped, would be put into the plaid bag, and Scott would stride off through the snow with her, the great dog Maida gamboling after.

When he reached his own "den," he would take out the warm, rosy little creature, and for three hours the two would make the house ring with laughter. Making the fire burn brightly, he would set Marjorie in his big green-morocco chair, and standing sheepishly before her, begin to say his lesson to her, and this was his lesson:

"Won-ery, two-ery tick-ery, seven,
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven,
Pen, pan—musky, dan,
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um, twenty-wan,
Eerie, orie, ourie,
You—are—out!"

He pretended great difficulty in saying it; and little Marjorie would rebuke him with comical gravity, treating him like a little child. Then Sir Walter would read ballads to her, till the two were wild with excitement. Then he would take her on his knee and make her repeat Shakespeare, which she did in a most wonderful manner. Scott used to say that he was amazed himself at her power over him, and that these recitals of hers affected him as nothing else ever did.

One night, in Edinburgh, little Marjorie was invited to a Twelfth-Night supper, at Scott's. All his friends had arrived but this little dearest friend of all; and all were dull because Scott was dull. At last, he exclaimed, impatiently, "Where's that bairn? What can have come over her? I'll go myself and see!" and he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Ray and his henchman Dougal and the sedan-chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and the top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat bright little Marjorie, with her gleaming eyes, dressed in white; and Scott bending over her in ecstasy, cried: "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you!" giving way to his guests. Soon he lifted the child and, perching her on his shoulders, marched with her to his seat and placed her beside him; and then began the night. And such a night! Those who knew Scott best said it was never equaled. Marjorie and he were the stars. She gave them all her little speeches and songs which Sir Walter had taught her—he often making blunders on purpose, while showing her off, for the fun of hearing her grave rebukes.

One year after this when Marjorie was eight years old, she went to bed apparently well, but suddenly awoke her mother with the cry: "My head! My head!" Three days after she died of water on the brain. Scott's grief may be imagined when those deep-set, brooding eyes were closed, and the sweet, mobile mouth, so like his own, had, for the first time, for him no smile of greeting!

It may be that Walter Scott thought remorsefully that the delightful hours which he passed with this gifted child, and which brought such delicious rest and refreshment and vitality to him, were the exciting cause of disease to her little brain. It is nearly three-quarters of a century since she was laid in her grave, but her childish poems, yellow with time, are still preserved, in her cramped hand-writing, by those who hold her memory dear. All who have known such children know how great is the temptation to hasten the blossoming of such buds of promise, instead of waiting for nature's own safe, sweet and gradual unfolding. Many a mother has wept her heart out over a little grave where she has learned this lesson too late.

LETTERS FROM OUR NIECES.

DEAR UNCLE JOE :—There may be many pleasant, and also instructive ways, in which the young people can spend their winter evenings. Let papa, mamma, brothers, and sisters gather around the table. Let us first play some games. I would not keep this up too long, for it will not be interesting another time. First we will play dominoes, for this game will teach us to add rapidly. Now play authors, for they teach us to think; and also make us acquainted with the world of literature. If you ask papa, he will read a story. Listen intently, for he may ask you to tell him about what he has just been reading. Here is a splendid chance for the girls to work on their Christmas gifts. If there is music, it will make the evening exceedingly pleasant. Maybe some will waltz. Some parents prefer their children not to dance. Always be governed by your parents, in questions of this kind. If one of your parents objects, don't dance. But, surely there can not be any harm for a girl to waltz with her brother. Sing some songs, and no doubt it will be then time to retire. And when you are ready to get into your warm beds, and while offering your evening prayer, ask your heavenly Father to guide the many children who have neither a pleasant home, a loving mother, a kind father, nor affectionate brothers and sisters. Also send up a petition for the girl who is unfortunate enough to have neither brothers nor sisters.

ONE OF OUR NIECES.—CARRIE FURMAN.

CARRIE FURMAN.

PLYMOUTH MEETING, PA.,
Oct. 16th, 1891.

IT was a beautiful morning in June, and the flowers were all in blossom.

The fragrant rose, the queen of flowers, looked from her lattice of green leaves, and exclaimed "What a beautiful morning this is! I know I shall enjoy my party. How good is God to send such lovely weather." And Queen Rose smiled and put on her prettiest dress of pink and yellow, and waited for the company to assemble.

She did not have to wait long for the flowers soon came by hundreds, all as happy as flowers could be.

The pale faced Lily, in her gown of pure white, made a stately bow and kissed the hand of her queen.

The modest little violets, two by two, tripped gaily along. Then came the daisies with their happy faces, smiling at every one. And last of all, the proud sunflowers, with their yellow heads thrown back, sailed slowly by.

Queen Rose greeted them all affectionately, and the party was fairly begun.

Some sang pretty songs and others made flowery speeches, while they all danced to the sweet music of the blue-bells.

A delightful supper followed. Little bees hummed as they flew from flower to flower carrying sweets, and fresh dewdrops were passed around in tiny flower cups, by Queen Rose herself.

The fireflies in their diamond jackets illuminated the whole garden, and the sound of merry laughter could be heard by all Fairyland.

RUTH AND "TOOTS."

But it was getting late and the party must come to an end, so the flowers started on their way, kissing their hands to the beautiful queen and singing as they went,—

Good-bye, dear Rose,
Queen of all flowers,
Fairest of all in this fair world of ours,
Happy may you be and long may you live,
Unto thee, dearest queen,
Our best wishes we give.

ONE OF OUR NIECES.—ELLA M. BENTLEY.

LILLIAN M. SHAW.

29 LEFFERTS PLACE, BROOKLYN,
N. Y., Oct 21, 1891.

A DOLL SHOW.

AS a great many of our little nieces are engaged in or contemplate dressing one of the dolls for THE QUEEN'S Poor Children's Christmas Tree, we have published an illustration of a few dolls which were exhibited recently at a large exhibition in Paris. Some idea may be secured from the illustration given in this number. Those entering the competition will also receive a colored lithograph plate, containing illustrations of dolls in colors.

Fig. 1. JAPANESE LADY, in a gown of peacock-blue silk, richly embroidered in gold and silver. She coquettishly moves her eyes, salutes with her right hand, and moves her sunshade with the left.

Fig. 2. BABY, mounted on a pony, in a white Bengaline dress and large hat, both trimmed with guipure, a tasselled gold cord round the waist.

Fig. 1.—Japanese Lady. Fig. 2.—Baby. Fig. 3.—The Latest Fashion. Fig. 4.—Fin de Siecle. Fig. 5.—South Holland Costume. Fig. 6.—Mignonette.

Fig. 3. "The Latest Fashion," another baby in a mille-fleur dress, powdered with rosebuds on a cream foundation. Jacket of light blue silk; large hat of yellow tulle.

Fig. 4. Fin de Siecle Costumes.—"Madame," wearing a three-cornered hat with red cockade, red tie, red silk waistcoat, silk skirt formed of lozenges in blue and red, sleeves striped in the same colours, white sash and stockings. "Monsieur," in black silk coat and pumps.

Fig. 5. South Holland Costume.—The firm of Arbeid Adelt exhibited a series of Dutch national costumes, of which the one worn in South Holland was much admired.

Fig. 6. Mignonette, a baby in white dress, embroidered with forget-me-nots, and large hat with ostrich feathers, fitted with a mechanism to walk about quite naturally.

OUR PRIZE DOLL COMPETITION.

The Queen Furnishes the Dolls.

We intend to give a Christmas tree for poor children this year and desire every girl reader of The Queen to assist us.

Would you like to aid in this benevolent enterprise? There are thousands of poor children in Toronto and other cities whose Christmas Day is one of desolation, want and suffering. Would you like to brighten the day by making glad the heart of some child? If so, here is an opportunity. We want to provide dressed dolls in abundance for the tree; no cheaply gotten up and shabby dolls, but those which are fresh and bright, tastily, yes, beautifully dressed. Not necessarily in silks and satins, or plush and velvet, but any nice, pretty material, tasty and attractive.

To interest every girl reader of The Queen in endeavoring to send the handsomest dressed doll for The Queen's Poor Children's Christmas Tree, we offer the following prizes, which will be given in duplicate to girls entering the Competition from both Canada and the United States:

$50 in cash will be given for the best dressed doll; $25 in cash for the second best dressed doll; $15 in cash for the third best dressed doll; and besides, a large number of other prizes of value and suitable for young ladies to be distributed in order of merit amongst those who enter this Competition and send in prettily dressed dolls.

The taste and workmanship displayed in the dressing and the age of the competitor will be considered rather than the quality of the material used.

If you desire to enter this Competition send 10 Canadian three-cent stamps, or 15 U. S. two-cent stamps, and receive, charges prepaid, one handsome imported, full-bodied doll for dressing, colored plate illustrating ten beautifully dressed dolls, together with instructions and directions, and a free three months' trial subscription to The Queen.

Address, The Queen's Prize Doll Competition, 58 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

THE American Institute Fair in New York city this fall, is one of the finest ever given. The best of everything in this country seems to have been gathered there for the inspection of the visitor; yet among all these carefully arranged displays, the one that particularly receives the admiring attention of all who enter the hall is on the left of the entrance, namely, that of Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate. No more tasteful or artistic display has ever been made. In a booth of white and gold samples of their famous "Breakfast Cocoa" are served free to all by daintily attired young ladies, dressed in the exact costume of Liotard's "La Belle Chocolatiere," which is familiar to every user of cocoa, through its adoption by Walter Baker & Co. as their trade-mark. The pale blue satin gowns, old gold satin basques, lace caps and neat white aprons, harmonize well with the hangings of the booth. On mahogany counters stretching around the booth are displayed the different products of this firm, cocoa, chocolate, broma, etc.; also the cocoa pod as it comes from the tree, and its evolution into the powdered cocoa. There is also a photograph of one of the ponderous machines used by Walter Baker & Co., with a capacity of five tons of pure chocolate daily. Unlike the Dutch process Walter Baker & Co.'s method of manufacture employs no chemicals, no dyes nor alkalies, but all their products are absolutely pure and healthful. No visitor to the Fair can help seeing the exhibit, nor having seen it, can help admiring it.

PRIZE WINNERS FROM AUGUST COMPETITION.

(*Continued from October Number.*)

Mary J. Allen, Essex, Vt.; Mrs. C. E. Mears, Osceola Mills, Wis.; E. E. De Lisle, Lorne House, Halifax, N.S; Mrs. Wilby, 22 Tobin street, Halifax, N.S.; Miss Maggie Mackenzie, Sarnia, Ont.; Fedeli H. Holland, Burlington, Ont.; M. E. Lockhart, 127 Hannah street, Hamilton, Ont.; E. Evans, 190 Gladstone ave., Toronto; John Waddel, 26 Kensington ave.

TORONTO, October, 1891.

DEAR SIRS:—Pardon delay in the acknowledgment of receipt of the prize you sent me. I think it very pretty and am well pleased with it.

Yours truly,
EDITH WEBB.

WALSINGHAM CENTRE, Sept., 1891.

DEAR SIRS:—Received cracker jar all safe, for which accept my thanks.

Yours truly,
T. PHELAN.

FOREST, Sept. 11th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I received the biscuit jar all right a few days ago, and was very much pleased with it. I think THE CANADIAN QUEEN a dear little book.

Yous truly,
MRS. W. H. HOOVER.

GUELPH, Sept., 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the handsome biscuit jar awarded as a special daily prize. Your manner of conducting these competitions seems just as well as liberal. Hoping to be successful in the Literary Competition for which I entered and wishing THE QUEEN increased success.

I remain yours,
A. E. WATERS.

LACHINE LOCHS, QUE., Sept. 27th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I received my prize for which I thank you.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM SMITH.

MONCTON, N.B., Sept. 14th, 1891.

DEAR SIRS:—I have just received the silver cracker jar, awarded me in your English History Competition, for which accept my thanks. I will show it to my friends.

Yours truly,
W. J. CAMPBELL.

FAIR HAVEN, N.B., Oct. 2nd, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the silver dessert fruit service awarded me as a daily prize in your Historical Competition, some time ago. I am greatly pleased with it, and think it fully as good as represented. Thanking you very much and wishing your valuable QUEEN every success.

I remain, yours truly,
ARTHUR E. BARTON.

ST. LAURENCE PARK, BROCKVILLE, Oct., 1891.

DEAR SIRS:—I acknowledge the receipt of your special daily prize, a beautiful biscuit jar, for which accept my thanks. I have shown it to a number of my friends and they all think it verv pretty. I wish THE QUEEN the success it deserves.

Yours truly,
CHARLOTTE HOURIGAN.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 16th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—The biscuit jar received in good shape. Pardon my delay, but we are in the midst of moving.

HARRIET P. GUILD.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 15th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I received your gift of an after dinner cream and sugar set awarded me as one of the "Lucky Ten." Accept my thanks for it, it is very pretty. I like your journal very much and wish it "long life and prosperity."

Yours truly,
FRANCES E. MACNAGHTEN.

VOTE ON THE NAME.

13 IN 1.—UNLUCKY?

13 Magazines and Papers Combined in 1.

THE AMERICAN GARDEN

—AND—

POPULAR GARDENING

and the **11** other Journals which they have absorbed in the past six years are to be combined in one beautiful Magazine with the November issues.

The name which the combination magazine will have, has not yet been decided, but the magazine itself being the combination of all the best and brightest in gardening periodical literature, will be instantly popular in many thousands of homes. Just the journal for women who love flowers. It will treat of Window Gardening, Floral Decoration, Gardening for Women, Economical Gardening, Amateur Gardening, Professional Gardening; Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, Trees and Ornamental Plants in every phase of their culture, and be the Most Beautifully Illustrated Journal in the World devoted to horticulture.

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SPECIAL OFFER. The subscription price will be **$1** a year (reduced from $2); three months on trial **25** cents; to every person voting on the name to be adopted (the choice being limited to these **3** only, the *American Garden, Popular Gardening and Gardening*) and sending 25 cts. for three months' trial subscription, we will send a beautiful souvenir book or card if she or he votes on the name actually selected.

The Rural Publishing Co,

TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK.

WEST SALEM, WISC., Oct. 12th, 1891.

DEAR SIRS:—Have just received the after dinner set. We think it very dainty and pretty. We will value it as highly in the future as you have done in the past. Will get the other subscriber as soon as possible.

Yours very truly,

GEORGIA L. BROWN.

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The purpose of the publishers of this popular magazine is to make it PRACTICAL and HELPFUL, as well as ENTERTAINING and INSTRUCTIVE, and the universal commendation, which GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has always received from the Press and Public, warrants us in saying that these objects have been achieved to the entire satisfaction of our subscribers.

Good Housekeeping for 1892 will be Better than Ever.

There will be a series of papers by Miss Parloa, beginning with the January number, to be called

Many Meals for Many Millions, and a Few for Millionaires.

Those who are familiar with her writings know their very practical nature and their inestimable value to housewives and housekeepers of whatever condition in life. None are so rich, and none so poor, but that they will find help and suggestion in these Papers to make their homes what every good housekeeper desires they should be.

We shall also offer another series of papers on a subject heretofore but little considered in print, to be called

The Expert Waitress.

These papers will have to do with the household Dining Room, and particularly with the arrangement of the Table and Table Service, giving detailed instructions for mistress and maid from the stand-point of a refined home, furnishing Practical and Helpful Lessons, that if well learned, will be a valuable aid to the progressive housekeeper in attaining the end of all good housekeeping. Another series, in another department no less exacting, will have the title of

The Mending Basket,

to be contributed by Mrs. Ada Marie Peck, whose versatility in all housewifely accomplishments is a guarantee that this subject will be treated in a manner both Practical and Helpful in the extreme, to housekeepers to whom this important part of good housekeeping has always been a bugbear.

We have negotiations completed and in progress for papers on **SPECIAL SUBJECTS,** by well-known and competent writers, to be announced later. Other Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Needlework, Fashions and all subjects pertaining to the less serious side of good housekeeping, but of interest and necessity to all women, selected with a view to their practical and helpful nature as well as their entertaining character.

The aim of the publishers is to make GOOD HOUSEKEEPING indispensable to housekeepers by reason of the excellence of the magazine itself and its consequent adaptability to their needs, rather than by tempting offers of outside Premiums or Gifts for subscriptions, the cost of which must necessarily be taken from what would otherwise be used to improve the quality and usefulness of the magazine.

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A five months' subscription sent *now* will include the **THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS NUMBERS,** which will be of special interest. Remittance may be made by check, post office money order or express money order. An express money order is the safest way to send money. Sample copy sent free to any address on application. Address

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And Two Hundred Books, $1 Each	200
Total, 222 Prizes	$700

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☞ *Cut this out. It will not appear again.* ☜

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To the lady standing second in the Examination, will be presented a first-class **Ladies' Gold Watch,** costing $85.00.

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LADIES WISHING TO LEARN something of importance, address with stamp, **Mrs. M. K. Lewis, Durango, Iowa, U. S. A.**

HAMILTON, ONT.

GENTLENEN:—On my return from Europe to-day I found awaiting me the beautiful prize which you had awarded me. I am greatly pleased with it. Thanks! Thanks! also for the silver dessert service previously awarded me.

Sincerely etc.,
G. W. JOHNSON.
Principal, Central School.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 21th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—Am much pleased with the cracker jar awarded me in the Extra Provincial Prize competition. Many thanks, believe me

Yours truly,
MRS. J. B. PICKEN.

LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.

SIRS:—Received the tea set awarded me, and think it very pretty. Thanking you.

I am, yours respectfully,
MAUD SAUNDERS.

HALIFAX, N. S.

GENTLEMEN:—Cracker jar just received, I had just sent a card to you about non receipt. I am very much pleased with prize; wishing your paper every success.

Yours respectfully
A. MCKINSTRY.

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3 Extra Quality CHRISTMAS, New Year, Birthday or Easter Cards and sample copy St. Louis Magazine for **10 cents.** Mention the kind you want. This quality cards sell in all stores at 25cts. for set of three. Address, **St. Louis Magazine, 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.**

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REGULAR MONTHLY

PRIZE COMPETITION

$1,000 in Cash Will Be Paid in Prizes To Successful Competitors Each Month.

Nothing is more interesting and entertaining in the cultivated family circle than a bright Prize Competition, which will bring into active use the abilities of competitors, when it is known that such competition is to be carried out by the originators in a perfectly fair and honorable manner. As a means of advertising and introducing the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY, which is universally acknowledged by those acquainted with it as the *par excellence* of popular Canadian literature, its proprietors will appropriate $12,000 of their capital to be distributed during the coming year to successful competitors in these popular monthly Prize Competitions. **$12,000 in cash:** not in trips to Europe, silverware or jewelry, but in cash prizes. Successful competitors in these monthly competitions will be given an opportunity of investing their own prize money and will not be obliged to accept prizes, which, in many cases, they have no particular use for. Any intelligent person can readily form an opinion as to the *bona fide* of these Monthly Competitions by simply obtaining a copy of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY for inspection. It speaks for itself; in fact, it is the only publication in this country equal in every respect to the high priced English and American illustrated weeklies. Sample copy can be procured through your newsdealer or will be mailed **free** by the proprietors on receipt of your request for it.

Prize Competition for December.

For the largest list of **nouns** made from the letters contained in "LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY," the proprietors will pay $400 in cash; to the person sending the second best list will be paid $250 in cash; to the person sending the third best list will be paid $150 in cash; to the person sending the fourth best list will be paid $50 in cash; the fifteen persons sending the next best lists will be given $10 each, making a total of $1,000 in cash to be given to the successful competitors in this, our December Competition.

RULES:

This month's Competition will be open to persons residing in Canada or the United States. To place all competitors (residing near or at a distance) on an equal footing, no list will be received bearing an earlier postmark than November 20th, and none must bear postmark later than December 20th. Prizes for this Competition will be paid in cash, so that they will reach successful competitors by Christmas. The names of successful competitors, together with the best list received, will be published in the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY. No letter can be used in the construction of any **noun** more times than it is contained in "LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY." No noun is admissible not found in the last edition of Webster's Dictionary. Proper or common nouns can be used in either singular or plural, but not in both numbers. Lists must be written on one side of paper only, and contain the name and post office address of competitor, with the number of nouns contained therein. **All lists will be carefully examined.** The editors of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY cannot undertake to enter into personal correspondence with anyone concerning these competitions, but no list will be thrown out on account of containing a few mistakes.

This Competition is open to **any person,** but as the object in offering these cash prizes is to introduce our large, handsome, illustrated sixteen page Weekly to **ladies,** who are the most apt to become permanent subscribers to it, the name and address of **some lady,** together with $1.00 for six months' trial of the publication to be sent to her address, must be enclosed with list of nouns for this Competition. Prizes will be awarded by disinterested parties whose decision will be final. Send your address on a postal card **at once** for **free** sample copy of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY and commence work on your list **to day.** It should be mailed as early as possible after Competition opens, for in case of a tie the list bearing earliest postmark will take precedence. No additions can be made after it has been mailed. Address, LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Canada.

(If Interested Cut this Announcement Out.)

Announcement to Advertisers.

The advertising rates in THE QUEEN are **40 cents per agate line each insertion.** This is the regular rate for display advertising in this publication. **Twenty-five per cent. discount** will be allowed on yearly contracts or contracts for one thousand lines or over, to be used at the option of advertiser within one year.

No deviation will be made from this rate.

No special position will be given in any advertisement.

Only advertisements of a reliable character will be admitted to the columns of THE QUEEN.

☞ ***The Publishers of THE QUEEN will pay $1,000 in cash to any Charitable Institution in Toronto on production of proof that any publication in Canada has a larger paid circulation.***

THE QUEEN is the only high-class, popular monthly family magazine in Canada, and has a National circulation, being found in almost **every good home** from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. Our subscription list contains the names of nearly

SIXTY THOUSAND REGULAR YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS.