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The Canadian QUEEN



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FASHION

CULTURE

DEVOTED TO

CANADIAN HOMES

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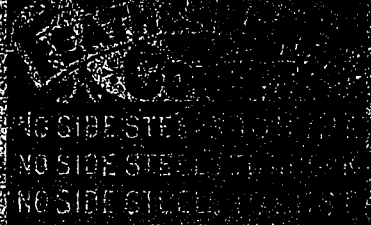
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THE QUEEN'S American History Competition.

BELIEVING that every reader of THE QUEEN residing in Canada will be benefited by reviewing the history of the great Republic lying south of us, and that they will all be interested equally with the readers of THE QUEEN residing in the United States in the history of our great and friendly neighbor, we propose that the next in THE QUEEN'S series of Historical Competitions shall be an American Historical Contest. The Editors of THE QUEEN trust that this Competition will be equally as entertaining to our readers as were our Canadian and English History Competitions given in the past.

FIRST PRIZES.

TO the **First** gentleman sending the correct answers to the following questions in American History the publishers of THE QUEEN will present "**Majestic**," acknowledged the **handsomest and finest Riding Horse in Ontario**. ("Majestic," is sixteen hands high, thoroughbred, seven years old and valued at \$350.00.) To the **First** lady the publishers of THE QUEEN will present an elegant **Jacket of Genuine Alaska Seal**, to be made according to the measurement supplied by the winner. To the **First** boy under sixteen years of age the publishers of THE QUEEN will present a **Giant Safety Bicycle**, valued at \$85.00. To the **First** girl under sixteen years of age the publishers of THE QUEEN will present an elegant **Music Box** playing twenty tunes, finely finished and valued at \$55.00.

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TO the gentleman from whom the **Last** correct answers are received before the close of this Competition the publishers of THE QUEEN will present a **First Cabin Passage to Europe and Return** and **\$200 in Gold** for expenses. This trip can be taken by the winner any time before October 1st, 1892. To the lady from whom the **Last** correct answers are received before the close of this competition the publishers of THE QUEEN will present a **Pony, Cart and Harness**. To the boy under sixteen years of age from whom the **Last** correct answers are received before the close of this Competition the publishers of THE QUEEN will present a **Solid Gold Watch** containing one of the best American movements, and valued at \$75.00. To the girl under sixteen years of age from whom the **Last** correct answers are received before the close of this Competition the publishers of THE QUEEN will present an elegant **Solid Gold Watch** containing one of the best American movements, and valued at \$65.00.

Additional Prizes in order of merit: Silver Tea Services, Ladies' Gold Watches, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantel Clocks, Portiere Curtains, Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets, and many other useful and valuable articles.

QUESTIONS:

- 1.—Give the names of the early navigators who it is claimed by historians first discovered America.
- 2.—From whom has America taken its name?
- 3.—What class and nationality first settled Virginia? New York? Massachusetts? Pennsylvania? Maryland?
- 4.—What action did the Continental Congress of 1774 take and what was the result of that action?
- 5.—What was the first battle fought in the War of the Revolution?
- 6.—What nation rendered the Americans great assistance in the War of the Revolution?
- 7.—Give the names of the committee appointed to draft the famous Declaration of Independence.
- 8.—What was the date of the signing of the United States Constitution?
- 9.—After becoming a nation and before the great Civil War what were the principal conflicts which engaged the Americans?
- 10.—What was the direct cause of the Civil War? What Generals of the Northern Army have occupied executive positions under the Federal Government since the closing of the War? Who was Commander-in-Chief and who were the principal Generals of the Confederate Army during the struggle?
- 11.—How long did this War last and what is the computed loss of life?
- 12.—What can be said to-day of the United States as a nation?

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce THE QUEEN Magazine into *New* homes. This contest is therefore open to *New* subscribers only. Present subscribers can avail themselves of it by enclosing \$1.00 with list and the address of some friend to whom THE QUEEN can be sent for one year, or their own subscription can be extended for one year from the time now paid for. Prizes awarded to subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our U. S. agency Free of Duty. The study of American History should interest every person residing on this Continent. If you are a little rusty, take down your old school history, study up and join THE QUEEN'S Prize History School. The distribution of awards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of answers. Competitors can use their own language in wording their answers. Answers may be mailed on or before November 10th, 1891, and must be accompanied by \$1.00 for one year's subscription to THE CANADIAN QUEEN. As prizes are equitably divided over the entire time Competition is open, persons entering at any time have an equal opportunity with the first received. No corrections will be made after your answers are mailed unless another subscription to THE QUEEN is enclosed with corrections. All communications for this Competition should be addressed to THE CANADIAN QUEEN "AMERICAN HISTORY COMPETITION," 58 BAY ST., TORONTO, CAN. Gentlemen should put the letter "A" in corner of envelope to see that they receive proper credit for gentleman's special prizes. Ladies should put the letter "B" in corner of envelope; boys, letter "C," and girls, letter "D."

Everyone answering all the questions correctly will receive a **GOOD Prize**.

THE QUEEN has become famous by its liberal manner of conducting its Educational and Literary Competitions. Through these Competitions it has rapidly sprung to the front rank, and is to-day the acknowledged Popular Family Magazine of Canada, and is now read in nearly one hundred thousand good homes of this country.

Our Competitions are endorsed by the Clergy, Heads of Educational Institutions and the Press of the Dominion. No fair-minded person can question the fairness displayed after once investigating our manner of conducting them, and the impartial and conscientious awards which are made strictly with regard to merit, without partiality to persons or locality.

Our American History Competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other contest offered by THE QUEEN, and should be addressed **THE CANADIAN QUEEN "American History Competition," 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.**



"LADY BIRD, LADY BIRD."



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

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST, 1891.

No. 2.

Written for THE QUEEN.

HER CHOICE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

By JESSIE K. LAWSON.

PART I.

“**S**PEAK the speech, I pray you, trippingly upon the tongue.’ Now that’s what I mean, the very word, *trippingly*. Oh Hamlet! how we would have understood each other! ‘And be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be tutor, suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance that you o’erstep not the modesty of Nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing.’ I have always felt so, and said so; but this exactly expresses what I want to say. Oh! when I heard that white faced, nervous girl at our school examination, utter that grand death-shout of Marmion ‘Charge, Chester! charge! On Stanley! on!’ in a shrill affected little quaver, it made my blood boil. I just wanted to get up and ring out like a clarion, that last wild cry of the dying warrior. Oh it is glorious! one feels possessed for the moment with all the fire of these immortal creations, by the mere utterance of the words they spoke.”

The speaker was young and very enthusiastic. She was a dreamy-faced and dark-eyed brunette, and at present she was standing by a table with an open volume of Shakespeare before her. The apartment she stood in was richly and aesthetically furnished, indeed the whole house and its appointments denoted a wealthy possessor. The girl herself, though attired quietly, had that air of well-bred ease and self-possession which distinguishes those who have never been compelled to beg for leave to toil. She was tall and straight as a young oak, her eyes were like clear deep pools, reflecting every passing thought. At present they were flashing with enthusiasm, for in reading Hamlet she had come upon that wonderful lesson in elocution which the Prince of Denmark gives the players. Elocution, the power of rendering speech so as to breathe a living soul into words uttered or written by another, was a mania, a passion with her. At all hours, the servants as they tidied about, heard the young musical voice declaiming aloud, now with a deep passion, now with touching entreaty, and now with the most laughter provoking imitations. Her father infinitely amused, let her indulge the craze as he termed it; her mother characterized her enthusiasm as absurd; her friends said she was stage-struck.

“Papa, can’t I do with my pocket money just exactly what I please?”

“Certainly so long as you don’t burn the house down over our heads.”

“Then I shall take lessons in elocution. Oh! I would just *love* to be able to read Shakespeare properly.”

“I see no reason why you shouldn’t—go ahead,” said the practical business like papa, but Mrs. Westerton sharply interfered.

“Really Fred, you ought to know better than to encourage Helen in these silly common place crazes of hers. One would think she had been brought up middle class and looked forward to earning her living on the stage. Good gracious! elocution of all things! why not go declaiming in public at once.”

“Well mamma, why not? I’d as lief as not.”

“Now what’s the use of talking like that? You know it’s not fashionable for young ladies in society even to play on the piano as formerly. What do you take up such vulgar fads for? What more do you want than you already have:—an elegant home, servants to wait on you, your own horses and carriages, and all the dress and money you want. Many a girl who holds her head high in society to-day would be glad to have half the spending money you get.”

Helen shrugged her shoulders, and with an air of dissatisfaction amounting to weariness walked over to the window and looked out. The delicate elegantly dressed mother watched her with some annoyance. Mr. Westerton had subsided into his daily paper as he generally did when his wife spoke more than usual.

“Give up this elocution nonsense Helen,” she continued “if you want more pin money—”

“Money” broke out the young lady, facing round swiftly, “I’m sick of money, money, money! What is money! any imbecile can have money. Certainly it means comfort, ease, plenty to eat and drink and everything else the flesh cries out for. But—”

“Helen!” exclaimed the mother in horror, “I beg you will not use such horrible words as *flesh*. That’s one result of your Shakespeare studies.”

"Well then, the body, mamma—will that do?"

Mrs. Westerton with a wry face made a quick gesture of resignation and her daughter went on.

"But money isn't all. At least it isn't all to me. I get so sick at times of this monotonous road of society calls and five o'clock teas, with the petty small talk; the balls even I tire of, although I do love a good dance occasionally. And it is such a relief for me to come in and shut out all this paltriness and sit down at the feet of these great minds whose words come down through the ages, as beautiful and strengthening to-day as when they were first uttered—Oh the poets fill me with food and drink, with the very master of the gods."

Mrs. Westerton looked at her daughter's flushed face and glowing eyes in wonder and dismay, much indeed as a woodland wren might look at a young cuckoo she had unwittingly hatched out. Papa Westerton also looked at her over the top of his paper, and over his spectacles and at that moment she so resembled his only sister who had died in her youth that he spoke up in her defence.

"Let her alone mamma—let her have her little fling. It can't do her any harm. I remember our Lina used to be crazy after books and poets and all that sort of thing, and yes—come to think of it—I believe she once stood up and spoke a piece at a Sunday school service, just a year or so before—"

An impatient gesture from Mrs. Westerton terminated the tender family reminiscences which were forthcoming, and with which Mrs. Westerton had no patience. She looked upon this tendency to speak of his humble and respectable rural past as her husband's chief weakness, a thing not to be encouraged. The idea of a man in Mr. Westerton's position speaking quite proudly of his sister reciting at a Sunday school service in an insignificant country.

With swift intuition Helen understood, and to her father she appealed with instinctive affection.

"Look here papa," she said suddenly seating herself upon his knee and tossing his paper to one side; "mamma is afraid I am stage struck and will one day elope with a long-haired actor. Now you know I won't. All I want is to take a few lessons in elocution so that I can speak aloud so as to please myself, and perhaps you too, the soul stirring words I read. Is there any harm in that? If I asked you for lessons on the guitar or violin or anything fashionable wouldn't you be delighted? Well, why not learn to speak as well as play or sing properly?"

"It's a fact. There, there, go and coax your mother over. I'm quite willing, on one condition" laughed Mr. Westerton.

"Name it papa."

"That you never declaim in public."

"Never papa?"

"Never, until you have my consent to do so."

Helen bounded off his knee and clapped her hands.

"Now mamma, I you heard that? I promise never to declaim or speak, or recite in public, without papa's consent which you will take care I shall never get. Can't I go now?"

Mrs. Westerton held up two white jewelled hands with a gesture of despair.

"Do as you please. You are beyond my comprehension. But if you must go, see that you get only the best teachers."

In her own room Helen engaged her Shakespeare, her Browning and her other favorites who in gorgeous *editions-de-luxe* lay on her pet book shelf.

"Oh you darlings!" she cried in an extravagance of joy, "won't I work and be worthy of you. I shall no longer be an idle society belle. I shall be and do something."

Some three years after this Mr. Westerton returned from the city most unexpectedly, and right in the middle of the day. Mrs. Westerton had gone out shopping and Helen ran down stairs in no small alarm.

"Papa, oh papa what is the matter? you look so ill," she cried and laying hold of his arm she led him into the drawing room. Staggering like a drunken man he went passively and dropped with a heavy sigh upon one of the luxurious lounges.

"I-thought-it-best-to-come-home," he said speaking with difficulty.

"Yes-papa, oh yes! I am so glad you came home. How do you feel? is it your head? how were you taken sick?" said the anxious girl, with her white finger smoothing back the hair from his cold and clammy forehead.

"It is not sickness my girl, it is something worse. We are ruined."

"Ruined, penniless, oh my God!" and Mr. Westerton leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, the picture of despair.

"But—won't—won't things come round all right again? You have lots of property and stocks and bonds and all these what-you-calls. Can't you convert them into money?"

"They are all gone already, every stiver, swallowed up in speculation. Every cent has gone down in Wall street."

Helen stood looking down upon her father's bowed head. Perhaps it was only fancy, but it seemed to her that it had suddenly become grayer than before; certainly his face had aged all of ten years since the financial panic of last week. The anxiety, the harassing fluctuations of hope and fear, the thought of his entire fortune, the work of years being at stake, had told upon him as no speculation had ever done before. His nights had been sleepless, his days miserable; he inwardly cursed the mad gambling impulse which had led him to risk all in one great throw.

Helen knelt at his feet and threw her arms about his neck.

"Never mind papa, it's only the loss of money after all, we'll make it up somehow. Come, kiss me and look up. Haven't you got *me* papa? wouldn't you have missed me more than anything you have lost?"

Mr. Westerton raised his haggard face and drew her to his heart.

"My poor ignorant Nellie! you don't know what this means. Look at this beautiful home, we must move out of it, you can't go into society any more, the friends you have had will cut you when they know you are in poverty. Poverty! Oh heavens! what have I done! It will kill your mother."

Helen was of a brave and resolute nature but the thought of her mother made her pause. Her mother a leading society woman, brought to poverty, absolute poverty! The thought appalled her, she could not fancy her mother existing without luxury, without carriages, without servants, without all the soft refinements that money can buy.

"Can nothing be done papa?" she asked, "for mother's sake you know."

Mr. Westerton shook his head.

"All is lost—irretrievably lost. I feel so upset, can't get hold of myself somehow, I think I'll go upstairs and lie down awhile."

Alas! he never got hold of himself. The strain had been too great, in another hour he lay a nerveless wreck, a hopeless paralytic, ruined in body, mind and estate by the demon speculation.

It took Helen some time to realize the extent of the calamity. Mrs. Westerton's dismay, her wild grief, her hysterical distress,

opened the girl's eyes cruelly to the bitter fact that they were now entirely without means; houseless and homeless, with nothing but the furniture of the house and a plentiful wardrobe left. Against this dark background one idea stood out clearly before Helen, she must now work for her living.

Thanks to the persistent cultivation of her remarkable talent during the last three years, she was not without a hope. Over and over again she had been offered a tempting consideration to tempt her to appear in public but her constant excuse was her promise to her father.

There was plenty of scope for her elocutionary powers here in New York city, where she had promised to become one of the reigning belles, but the bare mention of such a proposition sent her mother into fresh hysterics. What! her daughter earn her bread in public, earn the support of a helpless father and mother in the face of the very society where she was accustomed to queen it. Never! she could not bring her mind to it, she thought Helen might spare her *that*.

The principles of equality upon which the constitution of the United States is founded, seem in these latter days to be completely lost sight of in the vulgar anxiety to establish a moneyocracy. The daughter of a hundred earls is less haughty and in ordinary daily life betrays less of the exclusive caste feeling than the super-refined roseleaf granddaughter of some corner grocer man, whose one anxiety in life is to prevent her honest hard-working ancestry becoming known. Just such an one was Mrs. Westerton. The loss of the refinements and luxuries she had been accustomed to since her marriage was really of less account to her than loss of caste, and at last, to pacify her, Helen resolved to leave New York and settle in Montreal. The sale of their household furniture brought them enough with what they had in hand, to enable them to do this and accordingly to Montreal they came.

In the short time that elapsed between the grand crash and their departure to Montreal Helen had learned the value of summer-friends. A few indeed had called to sympathize with them in their loss of fortune, but their manner had been so ineffably pitying, that Helen's pride rose in arms. When she had mentioned their projected removal to Montreal, their endorsement of the plan was so warm and so eager as to suggest the idea of it being quite a relief to them.

"It is too bad, too bad Helen;" said Fred Clayton, with



HELEN KNELT AT HIS FEET AND THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK.

whom she had danced a great deal during the last three years and who had certainly shown a marked preference for her society; "I suppose there is nothing for us but to wait till better times come round again."

"I shall not wait, I shall work," was Helen's quiet reply, and Fred, like the young man of Scripture narrative went away sorrowful, like him also having great possessions. Helen turned a shade paler, when she said good-bye, but of inner hurt she made no sign, save that she turned the more resolutely to face the future. On her young and unaccustomed shoulders the whole burden fell. Her father was totally helpless; her mother, worse than helpless, worried her with lamentations over departed glory, but Helen rose to the occasion. It was she who rented and furnished the small house so plainly that Mrs. Westerton held up her hands in futile protest when she entered it. More-

over she screwed her courage to the sticking point and interviewed newspaper men and with the aid of letters of recommendation from New York, got them to advertise her as an elocutionist whose services could be had for fair remuneration—it was she—Helen Westerton, the belle and daintily-reared heiress presumptive, who made the beds and swept the floors and cooked all that was set upon the humble table of that little house in the suburbs.

"Surely Helen," her mother said, "you can at least hire a servant. Your hands are getting positively frightful."

"No mamma dear, we can't. A servant means ten dollars a month and board, and we can't afford it, at least not just yet. I have an idea of getting help by-and-by, but it won't be a girl. All I can afford at present is a charwoman to do the washing and scrubbing. Keep up your heart, by-and-by when I am bringing in money I shall get help. Won't we papa?"

This was the daily answer for weeks to the perpetual grumbling of her mother, and with cheerfulness she was far from feeling she strove to rouse her father from the strange mental lethargy into which he had fallen.

But in spite of her cheerfulness there were times when her own courage failed and she wept bitterly in secret. The entertainment season had not yet set in, there had been no application for her services as yet, and the wolf though not quite, was drawing nearer every day.

At this juncture Helen received the following letter :

"MY DEAR MISS WESTERTON,—I have just been informed by a visitor from New York of your removal to Montreal and of your intention to come out as an elocutionist. My friend tells me that your old master, Professor Seivryht, speaks very highly of your powers and regrets your leaving New York. But I think I understand how you prefer making your debut in Canada. Pray let it be in Toronto, and under my auspices. Make your own charge and the society will pay cheerfully. Of course you will be my honored guest. I have not forgotten the merry pranks we played at Madam Boucicault's seminary, although somehow we seemed to lose sight of each other after leaving school. Trusting you may find it convenient to come. I am, Dear Miss Westerton,

Faithfully yours,
ADA ANDREWS."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When Helen read this letter a flood of school girl memories came over her bringing tears in her eyes. Ada—Mrs. Andrews, who had married a Canadian and settled in Toronto, was a school-fellow of whom as a girl she had been particularly fond, and this allusion to their happy school-days touched Helen. It was the most delicate practical kindness she had received since their fortunes had changed and she was only too glad to accept. She could not leave her mother for more than a few days at a time, and she hired the charwoman to come every morning while she was away.

"Dear, dear Helen! Oh it is so good to see you again, it is like school, is it not?" was the warm greeting poured into her ears, and accentuated with kisses when she alighted at the Union Station.

Mrs. Andrews was a little bright faced woman, credited with no particular talent, but with a happy knack of setting this, that, and 'tother thing straight in this disordered world, doing always the right thing in the right way and just in the nick of time. She was an arch plotter in her way and her scheme for helping her old schoolmate had been the result of her consummate generalship. For the first time Helen knew what a friend she could be.

"How brave you have been my dear, and yet do you know I was not surprised. You were always self-reliant and original, and as for your elocutionary powers, don't you remember that day when you got up on top of the desk and recited the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the "Creeds of the Bells," and Madam came in and pretended to be so shocked, and all the time couldn't keep her face straight. Oh Helen dear! I think this misfortune must have come upon you in order to bring out your genius. No! no protests—I know best."

All this was very sweet and soothing to the almost despairing girl. It inspired her with new hope, her spirits rose—she determined to be worthy of the praise so sincerely bestowed. She had but two days in which to prepare for this her first professional appearance in public, but she studied as one who has all to gain, or all to lose. Success meant comfort and honorable independence; failure meant humiliation, poverty, and dependence.

Written for THE QUEEN.

TO A STAR.

A SENTIMENT FROM THE SPANISH.

BY ISABEL A. SAXON.

Whence art thou? mysterious, pale and tender,
Timid and sad, light mid' a thousand rays;
Does the revealing of thy changeful splendour
Confuse thy fluttering heart, before our gaze?

Perchance in golden dreams, Hope erst caressing,
(In the blest radiance of thine early dawn)
Shed glory, love, joy, peace, and every blessing
With thy first gleam upon creation's morn.

In the rare triumph of Love's bloom primeval
Embalsamed amid Eden's purple prime;
Perchance bright star thy ray from all things evil,
Protected the glad glories of the time.

Then did thy gaze mysteriously glowing,
Dwell on the wealth of bloom on Flora's shrine,
Inspiring human hearts with loftier showing
Of Love perpetual and content divine.

Yet, as all goodness and delight terrestrial
Too swiftly are mid tears and sorrow shrined,
So envious clouds obscure thy light celestial,
Leaving but sweet sad memories behind.



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.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I AND II.—Edleen Vaughan, wife of Harry Vaughan, is mother by a previous marriage of a son, wayward, careless, and extravagant, called Tom. He bothers her for money to maintain his extravagances, and she struggles to maintain him in his spendthrift habits. He visits her surreptitiously on the night of the opening of the story and obtains money from her. In a fit of peevishness he throws into the fire a costly doll belonging to one of his half-sisters. Minnie and Winnie, the little daughters of Vaughan, are sadly shocked at the disappearance of the doll next morning and confide in Kathleen, the governess. Winnie is of opinion that it is all Tom's doings. Angry at Tom's conduct Mr. Vaughan forbids him to sit down with the family at dinner. He leaves the house, and in the secret presence of the governess, Kathleen, whom he professes to love, he declares his passion for another village beauty, Temorah. She tells him that her mother, on her death-bed warned her against him, but ultimately he overcomes all her objections, and she takes him into her house. Kathleen in her anger, cuts deeply the word "Tom" on the wooden cross that is placed on the grave of Temorah's mother.

CHAPTERS III TO VI.—Later, he gambles and drinks and tosses across to the landlady of the village inn a precious stone which, he said, his father won with his sword from an Indian idol. One of his father's workmen present at the time declares it to be his father's property and claiming it, hands it over to Mrs. Vaughan. He implores her to act more wisely with her son, but after he leaves her Tom again exercises his baneful influence over her and obtains more money from her. Tom meets the family carriage returning from a visit to the Vicarage, but Kathleen shows no sign of emotion. A woman's form disappears among the trees, that of Temorah's, but not before a glance of recognition gleams from Kathleen's eyes, which tells Temorah that her pitiful story of love for Tom is known. An old bard, Llewellyn, pays a visit to her cottage, and Temorah fancies that he, too, knows her secret. The reader is introduced to the family of the Vicar, one member of which, Morgan, is madly enamoured of Kathleen, Edleen's governess, who has, however, no eyes for anyone save Tom, who treats her with imperious cruelty.

"DON'T want any money; the poor woman can have it all. But what will papa say if my cross is gone?"

"Tell him you've lost it."

"But that wouldn't be true."

"Say you've given it away."

"Then he'll ask, to whom?"

"Well, say: to poor people, because you've got no pocket money; then he'll give you some directly."

"If I only knew, whether it's quite right to give it. Hadn't I better ask Kathleen?"

"Oh, no; Kathleen is in one of her tempers; she gave Winnie a regular beating just now, and she's vexed with me too, because I saw her."

"She beat Winnie?" Minnie's lips began to tremble, and she put up her little hand to keep them still.

"Why did she beat Winnie?" she asked, while great tears slowly trickled down her cheeks.

"Ugh!" thought Tom, "I've made a blunder." And he added aloud: "Oh, well, you know, Winnie told her directly she'd go to papa, and get her into trouble for it, and then Kathleen held her peace. But I wouldn't ask her all the same."

"If I were only sure! You don't always know exactly what is right," said the child, glancing askance at the chimney, in which the doll had been burnt.

"Everything is right when it's done for the poor, don't you know that yet, child? Don't you know that the Bible says that the right hand must not know what the left hand gives?"

"Is that in the Bible?"

"Yes; ask your father if it isn't; he knows all about the Bible."

"But shall I really forget it afterwards?"

"Of course you will."

Minnie slowly left the room. Tom walked up and down, and stopped from time to time to listen. At last the small step was heard returning, and the child said gravely, opening her hand: "I took it just as Maggie was doing my bed. She didn't see. But it is mine; so I had a right to take it, hadn't I?"

"Of course you had. Come, be quick. I must take it to Cardigan, if not further, and the poor woman can't wait."

He snatched it from her in such a hurry, that the child fixed her big eyes gravely and inquiringly on his face, and he was fain to get away as fast as possible. He did not even thank the little one, but kissed her with a short "Good-bye, pussy," and ran down the terrace steps.

Minnie stood looking after him for a long while, and it occurred to her that she would have liked to give the poor woman the money herself.

"Did Kathleen beat you?" was her first question, when she met her sister.

"Oh, not much," said Winnie, blushing so deeply, however, that her eyes swam.

"Why?"

"Because I played on the harp. Oh, Minnie, you don't know, I've found Llewellyn's song. I know it quite well. I'll sing it you when nobody's by."

Edleen sat over her account books again the whole of the morning, and only closed them and pretended to be writing letters, when she saw her husband and the Vicar walking up and down the terrace past her windows.

"Of course," said Vaughan, standing still; "people again insist on shutting their eyes to what is evident to me. They think me an eccentric visionary when I declare that the Suez Canal must be made. I immediately bought a great number of shares, I, who earned my money by hard work. One must do things in a grand way, say I. People will never see where they ought to invest money. I can show them by calculations a child would understand, that the proceeds will be tenfold, two hundred per cent., and more. And when I have talked myself hoarse and explained everything to them, they shake their heads and say: 'Vaughan is a dreamer.' Should I be wealthy now, if I had been a dreamer? No, I was far-sighted when a boy, and did many a profitable stroke of business for my father, when he was still a poor man. A dreamer, indeed! I cannot stand narrow-minded people. They have commerce with India and Australia as well as I have; they can see the map as well as I can. But they don't look at it—they don't calculate how much money time costs. I've no patience with them!"

"The two gentlemen sauntered down to the garden, and Edleen opened her fatal books once more. She added up a whole page, negligently, with intentional mistakes, jotted down the false sum and hastily wrote: Receipts, so much; and Expenditure, so much—below it—showing a large deficiency.

Then she drew a long breath of relief, and sat gazing at the word which had cost her several sleepless nights before she had soothed her conscience with the consideration that she was free to use her pin-money as she listed, and might cover the household expenses with what she saved from her toilet. Tom had been with her twice on the preceding day, tormenting her beyond endurance, and both times she had given him money. She felt as if her husband's stern eyes must see her heart throb through her dress. And that morning he had asked her: "Was Tom here?" and she had hastily replied in the negative, before he could mention day or hour, so that her lie might seem less glaring. He had compressed his lips and kept silence, for he had

seen Tom go away after cheating Minnie out of her little cross. His heart ached with the fear that his wife had lied to him, and yet he hoped she might really have been ignorant of her son's presence.

Edleen leaned back in her chair, staring at the accounts till her head swam, and she began dimly to wonder how she would appear to her stern, upright husband, with his vast, comprehensive mind, his bold thoughts, and his power over thousands of toiling men. Should she be the worm gnawing at his heart and cankering all his lofty aspirations! Would he ever crush her under his foot? A mist rose before her eyes.

A servant came in, bearing a card, and announcing a gentleman who wished to speak to her.

The man who entered the apartment was well dressed; he had a very sharp, pointed nose, dark eyes, remarkably close together, a high forehead, thin hair and beard, and a small, spare figure.

"I have not the pleasure——" began Mrs. Vaughan, rather stiffly, and in a low voice.

The stranger answered in a still lower key, as he bowed obsequiously.

"I am here on a trifling matter of business, and shall not keep you long. It is only that your son has drawn a few bills on your name, telling me I might get them cashed here at any time."

"Let me have them," said Edleen, with such cold dignity, that the man quite cowered before her. She had turned her back upon him to conceal her sudden pallor, and rested her hand on the desk for a moment to steady herself. Then she took out the money, thanking God that she had a sufficiently large sum in her keeping, and dismissed the stranger without another word.

When he was gone, and she heard her husband and the Vicar's steps still quietly pacing the garden, she sank into a chair, placing both her hands on her heart, and panting, panting till her want of breath brought on a kind of spasm, and she bit and tore her handkerchief in an agony of choking and coughing. By-and-bye she picked up the card she had dropped on the carpet. The man's name was Roberts. That told her nothing. She tremblingly locked away the card, the account books, the empty cash-boxes and purses, and walked up and down the room wringing her hands. Her breast was still oppressed; she lifted her hands to her throbbing temples, and dabbed her dry, burning eyes with the shreds of her handkerchief. What *should* she do? To whom should she turn?

The two gentlemen came in from the terrace, the Vicar making some excuse for not having done so at first, and they sat down before the chimney to converse. Gwynne's quick eye soon discovered that his fair hostess was indisposed, and he rose to take his departure; but Vaughan, who had no wish to remain alone with her, and felt his heart tremble at the impending necessity of disclosures about Tom, detained him and kept him busy talking.

"Are you of opinion that one must save a human being at any cost, even at the risk of endangering others?" asked Vaughan, suddenly.

The Vicar slowly passed his hand across his lips. "There are many ways of saving a human being," he said. "On the whole, I am not very confident in this respect; my experiences have not been favorable. I have made great sacrifices and generally repented of them afterwards."

"But where are the bounds that one's charity should not exceed?"

"Ah, where? The Bible tells us we are to forgive *until seventy times seven*; and forgiving is the Christian's loveliest privilege and the only one which lifts him above the brute creation, who know nothing but revenge."

"Ay, *until seventy times seven!*" exclaimed Edleen, clasping her trembling hands, and the two men felt their hearts melt in profound pity for the unhappy mother. Vaughan vowed to himself that he would keep silence and be patient, and the Vicar thought this woman would not live much longer unless her son reformed. She had grown so transparent, her temples so weary, and the pupils of her eyes so large and feverish.

"And she does not know what tortures are still in store for her!" mused Gwynne, like an experienced physician prognosticating the process of some incurable disease. He saw that he had stayed long enough just then, and promised to call again soon.

"You feel tired and faint, Edleen, come and lie down a little," said Vaughan, gently. He made her comfortable on the sofa and sat down with his newspapers at a distant window, some new enterprises soon absorbing his attention so completely that he forgot the presence of his wife. She lay still, torturing her brain and letting her eyes rove along the ceiling, while the paper rustled in Vaughan's hand.

"Money! Money! Money!" she thought, glancing towards her husband and shuddering at the idea of a confession to him. Anything rather than that. No, she could not bear the shame of calling upon him to pay her son's extravagance. Then she remembered that she had jewelry, the ring with the rare stone on her finger, a diadem, fine pearls. Vaughan liked to deck his beautiful wife with costly ornaments. But how should she manage to prevent his finding out? She would consider that by-and-by. Only for to-day, for to-morrow, money and no scene.

"Didn't I say so?" exclaimed Vaughan, at the window. "Narrow-minded lot! What do a few millions of money signify? But they won't chance it. Can you understand how one can be so stingy, Edleen?"

"No," murmured his wife, turning the ring on her finger. "It is incomprehensible." She had not taken in the meaning of his question.

"The shares are 500 to-day, but they will rise, rise to 5,000, to 50,000, and the fools sit down and put sand in a sieve to see whether there's a grain of gold among it. I detest those shop-keepers."

"But you are generally so careful yourself."

"Careful! Of course I am careful where there's nothing to be got. But talent means the sagacity and boldness which ensure success."

"Suppose I ask him," thought Edleen, studying a crevice in the ceiling.

"I am not a man to throw my money away; I can't stand caprices and foibles; I don't want to pay more for a loaf of sugar than it is worth, but I delight in grand and daring enterprise."

"No doubt," murmured Edleen; and she thought, "No, I cannot ask him!—I cannot!"

"Talking of that, you must dismiss the housekeeper. There have been irregularities with the purchases, which have escaped your notice. I don't stand that kind of thing. She must leave the house by to-morrow."

"But, Harry!" The blood rushed to Edleen's face, and left it very white again. Those irregularities were nobody's fault but her own.

"If you will not tell her, I shall. You need only compare her books to yours to convince yourself that they are incorrect."

Edleen trembled. Did he know the real state of the case, and want to punish her?

"Please understand that I wish to have order in my house."

"But—perhaps one might remonstrate with her this first time."

"Remonstrate!" exclaimed Vaughan, impatiently. "You can't go and say to a person: 'Friend, you're dishonest!' and then continue your intercourse with her as if nothing had happened."

"Well, no; but perhaps one need not use such a strong expression."

"Why not? I call things by their names. Servants who are not fit for their work are dismissed, and there's an end of it. All my people know that. They must act accordingly."

"But you will not tell her she has been dishonest?"

"Why not?"

"Because it would be so cruel and would shut every door against her; and she has been with us so many years."

"Edleen felt as if an inner voice were crying to her: 'Be honest yourself and save the poor woman!' But she could not. Her husband's stern eyes rested on her, immovably, as though their pupils had turned to stone. And she trembled before that look like a birch-leaf in the wind, and grew as cowardly as a dog at sight of the whip. She felt as if all her nerves must be shattered by it. She shared this fear with all who had intercourse with him. His look made people quail, and took their breaths away like a searching east wind.

"Well, I will tell her," murmured Edleen, with dry lips. She wondered what she would do in future, with a stranger before whom she could not conceal or gloss over anything. How had Harry come to notice that there were irregularities? Had he examined the books? Had he spoken with baker and butcher? Or was he punishing her at this moment? Still those immovable eyes were upon her, before which she felt ready to sink into the ground. Thus God's eyes must rest upon the sinners on the day of judgment.

Vaughan thought: "If you are afraid of me, I will avail myself of your fear to save you from shame and misery, my poor wife! Your fear of me shall give you courage against that rascal, just as a boy learning to ride must be more afraid of his master's severity than of his horse's tricks." And Vaughan watched his wife's face with a certain satisfaction. He had no idea how desperate her thoughts were, and how impossible it is to limit or quench a mother's affection, which only grows stronger in distress, and is a more unreasoning and dangerous passion than any other.

"I shall write to Lewes directly," he continued, "He must find us another housekeeper."

"Lewes!" thought Edleen. "True! There's Lewes. Owen frightened me so dreadfully that I saw no way of escape. But Lewes really could help me!"

Vaughan saw his wife's anxious features relax, and turned once more to his paper.

"No," mused Edleen, "I must not cause any more people misery. No one prospers who comes near me. I bring no luck!" Her lips trembled and a tear dropped from her lashes.

Harry has but one thief in this house," she thought, bitterly, "and that thief is his wife."

"I am thirsty," she murmured.

Vaughan immediately jumped up, carefully prepared a glass of wine and water for her, and propped her head on his arm as she drank it. He saw that her temples were moist.

"Poor child, how frightened she has been!" he thought, as he gently kissed her brow and smoothed her hair; but then fearing she might take advantage of this momentary weakness to make a request, he hastily resumed his seat at the window.

Edleen longed to be alone, but the newspaper seemed to be inexhaustible, and she was too confused to find a pretext for leaving the room.

"But one might give the poor soul a month's warning," she began, when the silence had lasted about half-an-hour.

"When I have said, to-morrow, it is to-morrow. Haven't you learnt that yet, Edleen?" he returned in his most cutting tone, impatiently crushed the paper in his hand, making her head and ears ache with its rustling, and strode out of the room—at last.

Mrs. Vaughan sprang to her feet and hurried upstairs. She found Kathleen alone, before her mirror, tying her hair with a red ribbon.

"Kathleen!" she said, "Kathleen dear! You must render me a great service this moment. Here! take this ring, drive to Cardigan and sell it. The stone is worth hundreds of pounds, and I want hundreds, Kathleen, you know for whom, my love! And I know you will help me, and will understand my unpardonable weakness. Buy yourself a new hat, a very showy one, that people may see why you went to Cardigan."

Kathleen stood turning the ring in her fingers. Well, though she hated the faithless Tom, she could not desert Edleen in such anxiety and distress. She would not have done it for Tom's sake; no, not to save him from going to prison. At this idea she softened, and quite forgot Temorah in thinking of Tom's pretty figure and merry voice. In that grave, stern house he was the only thing that brought life and light. And how proud she had been to him this morning! How she had repulsed irresistible Tom! Her satisfaction at her own behaviour put her in quite a generous humor, and she resolved to take care of him in secret, while she pretended to scorn him to his face. This part greatly pleased her childish vanity, and embracing Edleen, she promised to extort heaps of gold from the jeweller.

But she was destined to make the sad experience that gold is rare at all times, but particularly so when one is in want of it. The jeweller laughed outright at her so greatly overrating the stone, and gave her much less than Edleen expected. She had very nearly taken the ring back with her again. But she thought of her cousin's anxious face and probable money-difficulties. So she bought a very modest little hat, by way of not diminishing the sum any further, and came home in extremely low spirits.

Vaughan met her on the stairs, and teased her about her purchase, declaring he would have made a better choice if she had trusted him with the errand.

"Queer that such a beautiful young girl should not have better taste!"

"You don't say so! is this all?" exclaimed Edleen. "It would have been wiser to bring the stone back with you again."

"Shall I drive over and get it?"

"No, no! My God! Certainly not! Ah, money, money! Where am I to take it? I can't suck it out of my fingers!"

Kathleen opened her drawer, and took out all her small savings. "Here, Edleen, I don't want it, you know, if it can be any help to you."

"Your hardly earned money, child! For it is hardly earned! You don't like being with children. And mine are so uninteresting and stupid too. I think Tom got all the talent. There was nothing left for the others. Ah, what a child Tom was!

A genius, I tell you, a little paragon! He spoke quite well at eighteen months old, he learned to read by himself before he was five. And his questions; like a man's. The little ones never ask me anything. Poor Kathleen, how can I take this?"

"It is for Tom," said Kathleen, and a bitter smile played about her pretty mouth.

"You love him, don't you?" asked Edleen, holding the money in her hand.

"Oh, no!" A burning flush told Edleen that she had read her aright.

"But my poor child, that cannot lead to anything."

"It need not. Shan't the children drive out a little now? They make themselves so hot with running."

"How am I to thank you, Kathleen?"

"Not at all, that's the simplest way. Who thinks of money?"

"Ah, unfortunately they think a deal of it in this house. It has never been my way."

Kathleen laughed. "That's why we are such wonderful financiers. Money runs through our fingers, just as hair gets thin under an awkward hand, while a clever one makes it grow thick and glossy. With money it is the same thing. Look at the children; it is almost incredible how far money goes with them, what they can do with the few shillings they get; it must be born with them."

"I don't like it," said Edleen.

"No, of course not, it is not a sympathetic quality, but admirable and very useful all the same."

"Ah, very; Kathleen, who would have thought that we should be worse off with all this wealth around us than we were in our greatest poverty?"

"When one is unlucky, one never prospers in anything; I am very superstitious and I don't believe in the possibility of happiness for myself, Edleen. I believe that I was born unlucky, and turn where I will, ill-luck stares me in the face."

"But, child, you are so beautiful!"

"Of what use is that to me?"

"And so lovable. One cannot help loving you."

"Is that happiness? I don't see the use of it."

"It may lead to your becoming a good man's wife."

"I don't want to. What I see of matrimony does not make me anxious to run its chances."

"But to have children of one's own, Kathleen!"

"I don't like children."

"Kathleen! You used to say just the reverse."

"Did I? Then it wasn't true. I often tell stories."

"But, Kathleen!"

"Well, what's the matter? I lie very often. I say I like a thing when I detest it, and I say I don't care about a thing when I'm dying to have it. I never tell myself the truth, just as I never look in a mirror unless I am quite sure of being very pretty."

"Then you are sure rather often," laughed Edleen.

"I look very rarely in a mirror."

"Only every time you come near one."

"You horror."

"Dear, me, I think that quite natural. There are so few fine pictures here that one must make up for the want by looking-glasses."

"Thank you, Edleen," said the young girl, kissing her as she stood on the threshold. "No, come in again, Edleen; it's unlucky to kiss in a door."

"Foolish child!"

"Yes, I know I am very foolish, more foolish than you can think."

"I prefer you to wise people."

"Very imprudent of you."

"And then I know you are fond of my Tom, and few people like him nowadays."

"You mistake. Everybody likes him."

"Dear child! You said just now that you tell an untruth sometimes out of charity."

"No, I did not say that."

"I understood it so."

"You would be perfect if you were not Tom's mother, Edleen."

"And I was so proud of being that; the only thing I was proud of in all my life."

"How proud I should be if I could tear him out of my heart," thought Kathleen, while her cousin glided downstairs to her desk, and breathed more freely when she had ascertained that the proceeds of her ring and Kathleen's savings would suffice to cover the deficit.

CHAPTER VII.

A dense crowd was gathered about the copper mine. The news of an accident had spread among the villages, and Vaughan was away in London. People kept pouring in from all directions, and the hum of agitated voices was audible at a great distance. All sorts of wild reports had circulated, nobody knowing who had first brought or spread them. The women pressed forward, agony in their eyes and the most terrible of questions on their lips.

At last it was known that there had been a slip in one of the galleries and that two men were buried.

"Who? Who?" was repeated from mouth to mouth. "Who'll go down and rescue them?" was the next question.

A momentary hesitation, ended by Tom's volunteering:

"I'll go, of course! I have neither wife nor child! What matter if I'm killed!"

This fine sentiment was received in silence; the moment was too grave for thinking of anything but the needed assistance.

Tom sprang into the tram and descended the shaft, accompanied by one of the miners. Axe in hand, coat and waistcoat cast aside in the stifling heat of the encumbered gallery, he went to work with stubborn fearlessness.

His example was followed by other volunteers, and whenever he took a moment's rest, he still encouraged them by his confident air and hearty words. They labored day and night, fresh shifts relieving the weary ones; and the work went on with redoubled vigor since faint tappings had been heard from within. Tom only went up for a few minutes at a time to breathe the air, and then again descended before the eyes of the admiring crowd. By-and-by he took Toby's wife and Will's motherless little girl down with him for a moment, to let them speak to their dear ones, and push bread through the holes the rescuers had bored in the fallen earth. Tom seemed to direct everything. He slept only as he stood, leaning against the side of the gallery,

still grasping the axe in his hand. He exhorted the sufferers to keep up their courage, and prayed with them when they felt death draw nigh.

All this was reported to Edleen as well as to Vaughan, whom the news of the disaster had immediately caused to return.

Edleen was radiant. "He is not quite lost, then," she said. "He is a good fellow at bottom, isn't he, Harry! Don't you think he may still grow to be a worthy man?"

Vaughan smiled sadly. He knew that short-lived enthusiasm, consisting chiefly of vanity and vain-glory, of pleasure in novelty and nervous excitement.

One early morning Temorah was also seen near the shaft, where she had stood unnoticed during the night. She was crying. The women nudged each other. "She's thinking of her father, who perished that way!" they whispered.

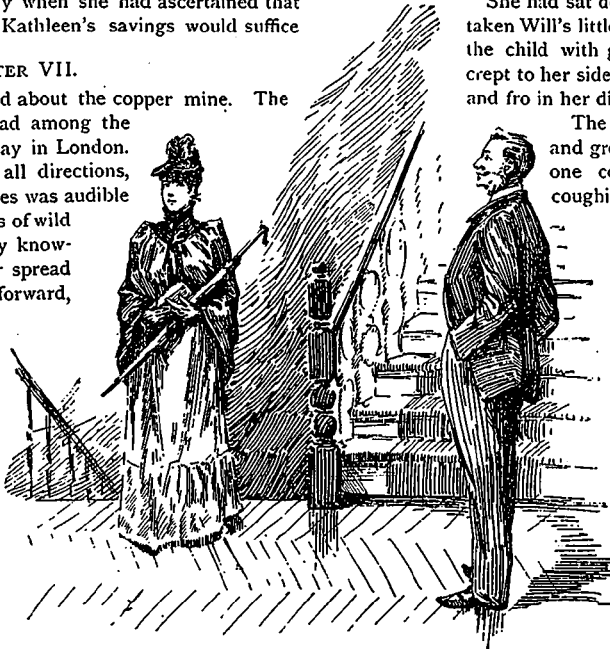
She had sat down on a heap of stones, and taken Will's little girl in her lap. She comforted the child with gentle words; and Toby's wife crept to her side, wailing and rocking herself to and fro in her distress.

The fog lay heavy on land and sea, and grew so dense before sunrise that one could hardly breathe without coughing, and the nearest objects faded out of sight. The bleak, bare landscape was steeped in moisture. There was a sound of dripping and rippling on the air that blent dismally with the noisy echoes from below. As the dawn broke, the day-shift went down the mine and the night-shift came up; Tom was not among them. He had remained below, and food was taken down to him.

"That's my Tom, after all!" thought Temorah.

On the fourth day the voices of the sufferers grew so weak that the rescuers began to fear they would not reach them in time.

The groups around the shaft-head grew more pitiful in the thick fog, which covered them like a heavy shroud, and would not dissolve. People no longer recognized each other; every approaching figure looked gigantic, and the few words that were exchanged set small clouds whirling before the speakers' mouths. Clothes steamed, shoes soaked in the deep mud; faces were white and drawn, eyes haggard, and lips blue. Toby's wife covered close to the shaft-head, whispering endless prayers; she could not even cry any more. Will's little daughter had put her hand in an old miner's, and stood sighing softly and staring at the ground with dilated eyes. Hours rolled by. The dull sound of axes and shovels, the rumbling of falling earth and the hoarse cries of the workmen, rose unintermittingly from the mine. Suddenly the signal to hoist was given. A few more seconds of suspense, and Tom was among them, pale, soiled, with dishevelled hair and torn shirt. "They are saved!" he cried, at the top of his voice. Then Toby's wife fell senseless at his feet. "Who thought of bringing brandy? Brandy!" he cried impatiently, stamping his foot.



VAUGHAN MET HER ON THE STAIRS, AND TEASED HER ABOUT HER PURCHASE.

"Here," said Temorah, taking a pitcher from under her cloak. Tom snatched it from her, and turned to descend once more.

Temorah busied herself with Toby's wife, and presently succeeded in reviving her.

When the rescued were brought out into the open air at last, they could hardly be recognized for Will and Toby, and gave but very faint signs of life; slowly, slowly their blood began to circulate again, and while the usual means of reanimation were being applied to them, Tom was seen gesticulating among the groups, telling how he had worked day and night, how he had sometimes fallen asleep between two strokes, how the fragments of fallen rock which obstructed the narrow gallery had given way, and the two senseless bodies had fallen into his arms amid a shower of loose earth and stones. He had thought them dead at first, and would have been borne to the ground by their weight, if his companions had not rushed to his assistance. Vaughan stood near him unobserved and listened in silence; but old Owen, who had at first been wholly occupied with the sufferers, could not bear to hear him talking in this strain; he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and asked him whether he would not go to wash and dress.

"Oh, yes, certainly," laughed Tom. "I look like a chimney-sweeper, and I'm hungry and thirsty, especially thirsty; I always gave the men my share of the refreshments to keep them in good spirits."

"And how did you keep yourself alive? And where are your clothes?" asked the old man.

"I covered those two with my clothes. They were so cold. I'm quite warm, and I shall run home as soon as I know the poor fellows are really alive. It would be a pity if they were to die after all, in spite of all our trouble."

He stepped to the side of the stretchers on which Toby and Will were being carried away. Toby's wife fell on her knees before him and covered his hands with kisses. Seeing this, Will's child knelt down beside her on the dirty ground. He took the little girl in his arms and kissed her. "You shall not lose your father," he said loudly and emphatically.

"Three cheers for our Tom!" cried one of the miners, and a thousand voices took up the cry; the hurrahs rose tumultuously into the air, and then there was a whisper among the workmen, and before Tom could guess their intention, he was raised on their shoulders and bore along in triumph. A great multitude moved through the fog towards Vaughan's house; children ran on in front, and a chorus was quickly formed, bursting into noisy song. The men took it by turns to carry Tom, lifting him high from time to time, that the people might see him better. He sat with his arms crossed on his breast, as though his dirty shirt were a royal robe. The Vicar's sons came out to meet him, waving their caps. The fog seemed to dissolve before the advancing crowd, so that Edleen could see them from her window. Her mother's heart beat high with exultant pride, especially when Tom made a speech to them, which was continually interrupted by joyful exclamations. Regardless of his deprecations, she folded her son in her trembling arms, and whispered words to him such as only a glad and anxious mother can utter. Her prodigal son was the hero of the day, honored and loved by all, a friend and benefactor of his fellow-men.

Kathleen and the little girls immediately drove over to the cottages of the sufferers with warm clothes, food and wine, and were also cheered by the home-bound workmen. In the evening a fiery serpent was seen winding through the hilly woodland. It was an immense torch-light procession in honor of Tom, and Vaughan's cellar was made to contribute largely to

the general elation. Numberless speeches were made. Tom enjoyed his heroism to the utmost, talking incessantly; and every time he repeated his adventures, the days and nights of suspense grew longer, the air in the gallery more stifling, the recovered bodies more dead and only restored to life by his art and energy; but tell what he might, people believed him implicitly that evening; his version even became the popular one, and the very eye-witnesses declared Tom's reports to be accurate. It was a night of rejoicing, singing, intoxication and merriment.

Edleen looked like a bride, so rosy and radiant as though all care and pain were forgotten and her darling must become a new man from that hour—a good man, whom people would always admire, whom they would extol and raise in their arms on many another occasion, the son of whom she had dreamt when she hushed him on her breast in his baby-days, when she prayed the Almighty to spare his life, and thought she must die if he were snatched from her. "Tom!" she said several times, and Vaughan felt that she had neither look nor feeling for him that evening. She was nothing but Tom's happy mother, and would drain her cup of joy to the very dregs. The fog had cleared away completely; the moonlight glittered on the sea, and made the torches look murky, with their lurid glare and their heavy smoke rolling low in the moist air. Even when the last were thrown on a heap to make a bonfire, around which the revellers danced, the moon maintained her superiority, and shone in calm magnificence. And the sea murmured dreamily, drowning the hoarse voices and Tom's incoherent speeches, which continued to influence the general enthusiasm as much as did the wine, beer and brandy.

Tom was extremely attentive to his mother the whole evening, that he gained the sympathy of all unsophisticated minds. He did not take the slightest notice of Vaughan and Kathleen, and called out imperiously to old Owen, why the beer was so scarce over there, among the elder workmen? Then he summoned a servant and gave him a purse full of money for Toby and Will, thereby evoking a new volley of applause. Kathleen looked after the purse, and thought: "How shall we pay that?" Edleen was too happy for even this consideration to occur to her.

In a small dark room, Temorah sat by Toby's bed and fancied more than once that night, that he would not live to see another day. His wife lay faint and helpless beside him; the terror of the past days had exhausted her strength. Toby repeatedly lifted his bloodless hand to stroke her cheek, and once or twice he whispered words of gratitude to Temorah. Towards morning he sunk into such a deep sleep, that he did not hear a first weak cry quiver through the room, and then lapse into silence for ever. By-and-bye, a tiny coffin was borne from the house, and during several days there seemed little hope of saving the poor mother's life.

While the rescuer was heaped with applause, the rescued fought a terrible fight; it was just as if death would not surrender his prey.

Will was extremely weak; he felt life ebbing from him, and himself sinking down into something unbounded, into unfathomable depths. Then he heard his child's despairing cry, reaching him as from a vast distance: "Father, father! Father dear! Come back, father!" and with an immense effort of will he returned all that long way, opened his eyes and recognized his child. And so he was saved.

Temorah sat at the bed-side, envying Toby's wife for her baby's death, and wondering what would become of herself.

Tom's munificent gift to the sufferers had come. He had never asked how she would manage to live, he never came near her now. Bitter, bitter were Temorah's thoughts, while she watched and recalled to life and happiness what was so serious of living and being happy. She was revered like an angel in the humble home. And yet she felt sure that they would turn from her in scorn, if they knew.

At last she was able to go home and rest. She had scarcely stretched her weary limbs upon her bed, when she heard a tap at her window. She held her breath in terror and did not move. Who knocked? Who wanted to see her.

Then so deep a voice rose outside, that she did not know at first whether it was a man's or a woman's. "Will you not let me in? I mean you no harm, poor maiden."

Who could it be? Temorah approached the window and started back in dismay. It was Ulla the witch, the terror of all the country round; Ulla, the noseless monster, the uncanny simpler and fortune-teller, who had power over fire and tempest, health and sickness, luck and evil fortune.

"Let me in," said the old woman. "Only happy people close their doors against me. The unhappy let me in."

"I am not unhappy, and want nothing," Temorah forced herself to say.

"Since you bar your door, there is no happiness under your roof; you are hiding a wrong, my child."

The moon shone full on Temorah as she stood there with white face and chattering teeth.

"Open, Temorah; I have to tell you something that would wake the flowers from their sleep, that the moon must not hear."

"I will not listen. I want to sleep."

"You cannot sleep for misery," said the witch, bending in at the little window, so that Temorah retreated a step or two.

"Who told you that? You don't know me; you never saw me before."

"I see everybody, also those who do not see me; I see them sleeping and waking, whenever I list; I see them sinning and suffering, in the mirrored wave, in the glowing fire; nothing is hidden from my sight. Let me in. Your door was open to worse than me!"

Temorah put her hand to her heart, and unbarred the door with trembling fingers.

"Have you no cordial for me? I am thirsty," said the terrible woman, beating her staff upon the kitchen flags.

"There's milk," murmured Temorah.

The old woman laid her bony fingers on Temorah's hand to detain her.

"No, no milk; old people need warm drink; you will not repent your hospitality, for I bring you help and comfort?"

"Me!"

"Ah, you; I bring you something, else I had not come."

"No one need bring me anything; I accept no charity."

The old woman laughed.

"I know you do not. That is why I begin with begging something myself."

"But I have no brandy."

"Oh, yes, you have. Go and look! I clearly saw a bottle in your cellar, in the left-hand corner, behind the empty barrel."

Temorah trembled again. She took a light, descended to the cellar, and found the bottle where the old woman had seen it.

"A good drop," said Ulla, smacking her lips. "Fill the glass again, child. It comforts my cold heart. I could almost love a fellow-creature now, and that has not happened to me this long while."

"Have you ever loved anybody?"

The wrinkled eyes flashed a strange look at Temorah.

"I have been beautiful in my day, child; much more beautiful than you are, and have loved even more passionately than you have loved, and have grown as unhappy as you will grow, estranged from mankind and shunned by them. I see you wander among them like one from the grave, Temorah. And therefore I come to help you before it is too late."

"You cannot help me."

"Oh, yes, I can. Old Ulla can do anything." She bent forward and whispered in Temorah's ear.

The girl started to her feet and stood before her, tall and deadly white.

"Never! Never! Go, and never come near me again!"

"No one would know," said Ulla, watching her.

"God would!" whispered Temorah.

"God knows much and suffers it to happen; his forbearance goes a long way, believe me."

"Alas for us, when it is exhausted!"

"You are foolish. Could you not tell yourself sooner: 'God sees me!' instead of now, when it is too late? Foolish girl! Foolish girl!"

"What I thought or did not think is nobody's concern but mine."

"So proud, so very proud."

"What remains to me but my pride?"

"Shame!"

Temorah shivered like a tree in the autumn wind.

"I mean no harm. I would but help you to elude the malice of your fellow-creatures."

"What are they to me?"

"Do without them, my child, as I have done; try to do without them; they will not leave you alone. No forest, no ravine is distant and dark enough; they seek you out and make use of you, and then cast you off in disgust."

"I want no pity."

"And yet you sat here moaning and wailing: 'Can no one help me?' And now I am come, you reject my aid."

"Yes, I do reject such aid."

"Perhaps you fancy he will come and restore your honor?"

The old woman burst into a horrible laugh.

"No, I don't. I want him as little as anybody else," returned Temorah, staring at the ground.

"And you will find yourself food quite alone?"

"Quite alone."

"And clothes?"

"I can spin and weave as well as sew."

"In daytime for others, at night for yourself."

"Well, yes, at night for myself. Many people work at night."

"You will be very miserable, Temorah. Believe me, I see you."

"Maybe you see aright. But I am not afraid."

"And yet you tremble."

"That is only like water when the wind passes over it. Beneath the surface all is calm—as calm as death."

"Foolish girl."

"Ah, yes, I have been very foolish."

"And you are so still. Love is sweet, love is beautiful, but it is no light thing for us women. It weighs us to the ground."

"An unjust order of things," sighed Temorah.

"Ay, ay, a delight to men, and a torture—a torture to us."

"And then it passes."

"Indeed, does it pass?" said Ulla, with a curious glance.

Temorah felt that shiver stealing over her again.

"Well, I mean one cannot go on loving so dearly when—when——"

"You need not excuse your feeling so, not at all. I know all that better than you, for I have known it longer. But let me tell you, love does not pass; it only calls itself by another name, and that name is hate. That is how it calls itself; but it is always the same old, stupid passion, which awakes, and blooms again and again, like the lilies of the valley sprouting from rotten leaves, with all its wild, intoxicating fragrance."

Temorah looked in surprise at the old woman, whose thoughts seemed to roam among distant scenes; but her appearance—the deep pock-marks disfiguring her very lips and eyelids, her destroyed nose, everything renewed the feeling of horror she was accustomed to inspire, and dimmed the effect of her words.

"I shall go now," she began after a while. "I shall go. And by-and-by you will weep and wail and repent of having suffered me to depart, of having been too proud to accept my aid. Why are you so timid, foolish maiden?"

"I can bear my fate," said Temorah biting her lip.

"No, you cannot, and I know that you cannot. Ay, ay, you think yourself as strong, as sturdy as a man. But you are not, Temorah. Your enemies are stronger than you. Beware of a sudden shock, child, beware of a shock!"

The staff sounded on the floor as the old woman departed, and Temorah stood in a kind of trance, listening to the retreating footsteps until they were lost in the distance, and all was still. Then she sank upon the floor and moaned like some dumb creature in pain, and struggled for breath, cursing herself and Tom, and giving way to such despair as only a strong soul can feel, when it falls a prey to stormy passion and misery. She struck her head against the wall, and rolled it to and fro, finding something like rest in the regular motion.

"I am so unhappy," she moaned. "I am so unhappy! Oh, God! I am so unhappy!"

In love, as in happiness, man generally finds but one word, which he repeats in every possible gradation of emphasis.

Thus she sat till day-break, in hot rebellion against the implacability of life, helpless, disconsolate, as neglected as some forgotten grave, as lonely as only the unhappy can be, though they were robed in purple and surrounded by admiring crowds. She felt as if she must conceal herself from the early glimmer of day; so she rose at last, crept into her bed, and shut the door upon herself. And not feeling sufficiently hidden even then, she drew the coverlet over her head, and lay with a beating heart and burning cheeks. She felt so nerveless to-day, so unfit to play her part before others, that she began to consider whether she had not bread enough at home for this one day. No, she had not enough to appease her hunger; but still she would not go out to her work just yet. Not just yet! Oh no! She must have peace for one hour at least! And then weakness and exhaustion merged into slumber, broken by feverish dreams. She dreamt that Tom came towards her with torches in his hands, and she cried: "Take care, Tom, you'll burn my cottage." But Tom laughed, and said: "I am a hero! I'll give you a palace instead of your cottage. But take the child away; I hate children. And wed another man, for I am a hero. Love is nothing to me! You are foolish, Temorah! I told you that I loved you, and you believed me." And as he spoke he cast the torches into the house, and it stood one mass of roaring fire and flame. With a cry upon her lips Temorah awoke. But there was only a sunbeam stealing through the door, and gilding the wainscot above her bed. She often

dreamed of fire and of an unbearable light in her head, and then she used to be so tired afterwards, as if she had watched through several nights. At such times she was also gifted with second sight, and saw what was passing at a great distance. Thus she saw Tom at present, going to Kathleen, putting his arm around her and kissing her. She saw, too, how Kathleen pushed him away, and how he coaxed her and whispered soft words, and finally drew her upon his knee. And Kathleen hung her head and tried to look angry, and laughed in spite of herself; he kissed her again, and then he begged something of her, and she took a pretty cross, with shining, red stones, from her throat—ah! how they sparkled! Their sparkling hurt Temorah so much, quite deep in the back of her head. Tom took the cross, and laughed, and kissed Kathleen once more. Temorah felt as if she must cry out loud; but just then he jumped up and ran away, and Kathleen looked after him from the window.

The unbearable light still shone in Temorah's head. Now she fancied her mother came in and softly opened the doors of her bed, and lifted her finger reproachfully, and looked down upon her with heavenly pity. Temorah trembled at her look, and would have stretched out her arms, but her mother motioned her back, and lifted her hand once more, and disappeared. And Temorah wept bitterly, until her head grew dark and her tongue and lips were parched with heat.

Then she rose, and greedily drank all the milk that was left in the house. When she stood on her feet again, her courage revived. And when the fresh morning air had cooled her eyes and cheeks, no one would have guessed what a terrible night she had just gone through.

CHAPTER VIII.

On a high rock, under rustling, golden-leaved trees sat Llewellyn, and looked far across the sea whose glittering crests were rushing and hurrying landward. The fast-sailing clouds flung their shifting shadows upon it, steeping it in dark green or grey, while the sunbeams shot down behind them, and called forth bright reflections from the waves. And the tide rolled on, restlessly rearing its huge billows as though it must swallow up the land. The swift shadows also flew across the trees, as they stood shivering and struggling against the storm, strewing their charming finery upon the earth, who wrapped herself in its soft folds, and thought dreamily of the spring-tide.

Llewellyn's hand played with his long, white beard, and his eyes saw naught but the ideal world within him. A wonderful change passed over his features, the clouds upon them fading before sudden sunshine, as though the grey years were rolled away by the storm, to make room for radiant juvenility. His cheeks grew flushed, his forehead smooth and rosy; his white locks waved above it in the wind like snowy moss, and his nostrils quivered as with the breathings of youthful passion. His face seemed to grow more delicate and transparent every moment, and an inner light broke from the depths of his eyes. Those stormy autumn days fire the poet's soul with wonderful fancies. There is a rushing and raging in his mind as of some new element springing into existence, a fermenting of unknown powers, a suffering of thoughts, against which he rebels in vain.

"One might as well try to prevent an eruption of the Hecla," murmured Llewellyn, contracting his powerful brows, till they shaded his eyes as copse-wood shades a deep lake. "I will not. I need not. Have I not former songs in plenty? Why will a new one press into my brain?"

Memories crowded upon him like hosts of spectres, and his heart grew so sorrowful that he felt as if he could weep as young

people do. In his hours of creation the poet is but another Jacob, wrestling with an angel. The rushing of his angel's wings was well-known to Llewellyn, but it always seemed to him like a fiend's, immersing him in hellish fire. For angel or fiend told him with mocking laughter, that he was naught, and all he had hitherto composed but so much air, unworthy of being sung. "I know it—I know it," groaned Llewellyn. "I have lived all my life in vain. I have sung trash to the people, and never delighted them—never!" The shadow of a cloud drifted across him, and the storm roared exultingly, as though it were achieving great feats.

"Ah, yes," said Llewellyn, "I see the vision clearly. She has golden hair and a distaff, and spins. Why *does* she spin so long?" The sun shone out again, and the leaves fluttered about in his light, as if they were at play and had no thought of dying.

"This is the spot where we met in days of yore, Ulla and I." At that name a wave of blood swept up to the minstrel's brow. "She was as beautiful as song, with great black eyes, deep as an abyss; oh yes, she was like an abyss, and her hair resembled these leaves, brown and golden and shining, and so sweetly fragrant—fragrant as moss—no, as blooming heather. And it curled about her neck—how it curled! I loved to see those tiny ringlets. And then her nose! Her nose was so beautiful that I could have lain on the ground for hours looking up at her profile. And how it moved when she spoke! And her voice!" The bard started to his feet, and strode to and fro, and dropped wearily down once more upon his rocky seat.

"I shall hear that voice in my very grave! It was like the voice that wanders among the strings of a harp, and that no harper's hand can ever reach or stay—winning and playful, tender and coy, rising high and sinking low,

Like the wailing of breezes and echoing mountains,
Like fluttering leaves on a summer-green tree,
Like the thrilling of chords, and the rippling of fountains,—
As though the bright beams of the sun sang a glee.

'Twas a voice that resembled the bird's in his gladness,
That flashed thro' the air like a glittering blade,
That throbbed in my bosom and banished my sadness:

No, not so, nonsense! And yet it throbs in one's breast, it throbs, and one's eyes grow dim, and one must kiss the lips from which the charming sound has come. I did kiss those lips, ah, how I kissed them! Here, under this tree. Here I knelt in the moss beside her, and she wound her arms around my neck, and said: 'Your eyes are a lake that I will drink with mine, for mine are burning coals, and no lake can quench their fire. Do you feel how hot they are?' Oh, yes, Heaven knows. So hot! I feel them still!"

He rose again, and wandered about, and leaned against the tree, putting his arms around it, and laying his forehead against it, while his temples throbbed visibly.

"The other, the vision, spins; what does she want with me? I will think of Ulla. I came here to think of Ulla. I will not, I will not sing. I will think of Ulla."

"'Is eternity long?' she asked me, in those days.

"Eternity is like a kiss; like this, do you see?"

"'Then it is too short for me and my love.'

"Ah, yes, eternity," Llewellyn groaned aloud. "I am nothing. I am nothing at all; no man of honor, no hero, no sage, no father, and no friend. I am nothing."

The tree tossed its branches and moaned in the roaring storm, and its leaves fluttered down on Llewellyn's hair and cloak.

"She is spinning for somebody out of love. I see her clearly in the moonshine; I see the battlements of her castle. Down below heaves the sea, and she often looks round and bends to listen. I will not. I will not be worth anything after all. I cannot make a real song. Ah, if I were a painter it would be different. Had I been a painter, I should have painted Ulla, before—before—ah well!" His strong frame shook like the tree against which he was leaning. He quitted his hold upon it and sat down again, smiting his knees in the torture of his thoughts. Then he began to sing under his breath. The storm thundered and howled. He did not hear. The sea rose threateningly. He saw it not. He sang in a low, deep voice, and broke off, and sang on again.

"Nor wealth nor splendor would I own,
I care not to be loved or known,
And when I die, I'll die alone,
As dies a forest tree.
My life is like the dissolving foam . . .
No bliss for me as on I roam!
No wife or child or hearth or home!
'Tis all a dream to me . . ."

He rose and looked absently for his harp. He had leaned it against a tree, and it sounded from time to time in the rushing of the wind, as if it were itself in distress, and longing for the rescuing hand which could free its harmonious soul. But Llewellyn had already forgotten that he wanted it.

"My loneliness could touch the very rocks," he murmured. "The very rocks might respond to my woe as they do to the storm. But they would only forget me again, as they forget the tempest. It is the same with everything; the whole world is but an echo. Storm, and it storms; laugh, and it laughs; and forgets you before you have turned your back. The minstrel is but a power of nature and a mirror in its eyes. I will not. Thou shalt not beguile me, spinning maid! For whom *does* she spin? She loves—she loves one down below in the dungeon—and spins and weeps because her store of flax is exhausted, and entreats the moon to give her beams of silver light to spin instead of flax. Was it my fault that I fainted when I saw Ulla again, pockpitted, disfigured, noseless, so horrible—horrible! What had I done? And she, what had she done to deserve that? We had loved, ah me!—what a sin! A sin before men, a great wrong; but a sacred law of nature, my sacred right! She was mine. She would be mine. She would no more possess a soul of her own than the harp which owes its soul to my fingers. And when I sank under that weight of horror, her beautiful hair turned grey in a single night, and she fled away from men; and I, coward that I was, I did not follow her, I did not seek her out. Perhaps she died. I know not. But on stormy days my old love awakes again; it thrills me from head to foot; I see her vividly before me again, with her magnificent beauty, her golden voice." The old man rent his hair, and great drops of agony stood on his brow. "I am cold," he said, suddenly; "I am as cold as if I had long been laid in my grave!" He drew his cloak more tightly about him and again began to sing to himself.

She is so pale as through the night
She swiftly hurries on.
What draws she from her mantle's folds?
Is it some magic web she holds
For the moon to shine upon?

What draws she from her mantle's folds,
Upon the river-side?
What is the treasure that she brings?
What is the gleaming thing she flings
Into the gloomy tide?

Her mantle's folds are empty now ;
 She turns in pain and dread,—
 The river asks : "What gleams so white?
 What bear I through the silent night?
 A thing alive or dead?"

The river rolls like hopeless tears
 That flow at fate's decree ;
 It sadly seeks the distant bay.
 The small white bundle floats away
 In silence to the sea.

"What is it?" asks the ruthless sea ;
 "A web of magic might?"

The river sighs : "She brought it down—
 A noble dame in costly gown—
 'Tis mute and cold and white."

"Full many dames with faces pale,
 And many knights, I trow,"
 Replies the sea, "I bury deep
 Within my caves, and do not weep
 To see them laid so low."

"Alas ! it is a sadder sight
 Than dame or knight can be—
 It is an infant!" moans the stream—
 The moon looks down with trembling beam
 Upon the weeping sea . . .

He stared at the ground as he sang, with the terrible question which he had not dared to ask during all his long life, written on his brow. The lay his lips were breathing was but an echo of that burning question. "If the child were alive I should know it! Impossible! But she was in despair, and her hair was white, and what will a woman not do when she is driven to despair."

Again those heavy drops gathered on the bard's brow, and again he drew his cloak more tightly about him. He did not notice that a form was standing close behind him, looking fixedly at him; a female form, wrapped in a long, black cloak, with her face muffled up in a kerchief. Only the wrinkled eyes that had watched Temorah so curiously seemed to live in all the strange apparition.

"Ulla!" whispered the bard to himself. "Ulla, I have loved thee. Ulla hast thou killed my child? The child of our great love? No, thou hast not, hast thou? But her hair turned grey in a single night. And she never showed herself again. She was in despair. And I left her to despair, wretch that I was! Ulla, art thou dead? Be dead since ever so long, that I may rest at last!"

The black figure glided past him through the storm, and wandered away among the trees, frequently stopping and looking back. He knew not. He had not heard her step, nor felt her presence, but she had stilled her heart and satisfied her eyes. She stopped again and looked back. He was still the wondrously handsome Llewellyn, with his child-like eyes, and his golden mouth, that was fain to sing and tell the truth because it was disclosed to him. He often told it, even before he himself knew what it was that he betrayed. And Ulla fancied she felt the small burden under her mantle still, and saw the little white face in the water, beneath the moonshine.

"Always the same Llewellyn," she murmured, clenching her hand. "I do not grudge him this hour of torment and repentance. May he find it as long as perdition!"

She turned once more and waved her arm at him. Llewellyn gnashed his teeth and smote his breast.

"I suffer?" he thought, and deep lines gathered about his mouth. A leaf floated slowly down before his eyes. He caught and crushed it in his hand. "Such is my life to me. A green leaf, a dry leaf, and dust. Why do I sing to divert the people? Was I born a jester? Am I a river, collecting floods of tears,

and bearing them to the sea? I plough the ocean; my furrows are swept away as I go, and bear no grain, and if they phosphoresce at times, the light is not mine. I shall be as thoroughly forgotten as the wave—the wave is forgotten, though it had borne and shattered a leviathan; for it is not its own doing. It is not my doing that I must bear those songs of mine; and yet I stand apart; I wander past the cheerful hearth; I do but approach men's hearts like the rising wind—when I have passed, I am forgotten. And I plod on through the world, weighed down by my thoughts, dragging with me the fearful question which I have asked of none, and which none can answer. There she is again, the spinning maid. Hence! I will think of Ulla. I did not come hither to find a song, but my love—my great past love. But a minstrel's love is like a ray of light. It wanders, and cannot stay. Beautiful women loved me. I loved them no longer, for I saw the ugly skeletons under their beauty and the erring souls within. I looked under them through and through. I saw them sick and wicked, destroyed and destroying. I thought of the noseless woman whom I had loved because she had been beautiful—and love itself seemed false and untrue. All is worthless when love itself is naught—love, which seems so powerful! There she is again, the spinning maiden, and will not let me rest. What is she spinning in the moonshine? I cannot see it clearly. Nay, but I see! Oh God, how beautiful! A master-thought! I have my song! Hush, hush, do not rustle, wind! I have another rhythm. I have a wondrous lay. Hark! Hush! my song!" A supernatural radiance shone on his face, which had been so gloomy a moment before.

"That is a song worth singing, a song full of the prime power of love. Ah, whence did I take its joy? For I am faint unto death. I never felt such moral agony. And then, I forgot my harp. Where did I leave my harp?"

At that moment a faint sound of vibrating chords floated on the air. In his state of nervous excitement, it acted like a shrill cry on Llewellyn. He started, as if a tree had fallen near him, and then he smiled at himself, when he laid his trembling hand on his harp and saw that it was near and safe and had but answered his call.

"Ah, yes, thou answerest me," he said, taking it tenderly in his arm. "Sweet harp! Thou and I, we two, we will conquer the world! We will soar above it, sweet harp." He caressed it. "Come, be good, be great, and help me to sing—I am so weary." His hand sank down at his side; he bowed his head and leaned his brow against his harp, whose chords continued to vibrate in the wind, close to his ear. Llewellyn suffered the sounds to lull his soul to sleep, after the storm had shaken it. A great stillness came over him; his head grew heavy and his breast so calm as though it had forgotten to breathe. And on this dreamy state he saw the figures of his ballad rise before him in palpable reality. He saw their every movement. He heard the sound of their voices. His own self no longer existed for him. He no longer felt the storm, he saw nothing but his own fancies, and listened half-unconsciously to the murmuring sounds that seemed to encourage him. From time to time the storm abated. Then he felt as if a delicate hand or soft lips touched his brow. But suddenly he started up, his heart bounded and beat high in his breast, his hands grew ice-cold, his cheeks flushed, his eyes flashed and glowed, and the song flowed from his lips and hands, like red-hot metal pouring in liquid splendor from the glowing furnace, exultant, free for a moment, and hissing and struggling impatiently against the new restraint of the waiting mould. It seemed as if the storm paused in its

fury to listen to the song, as if all nature throbbled with the pulsation of the poet who had caught and absorbed wind and sunshine, shade and light. Nature was strong in him at that hour, swaying all with elementary power, bent on creating.

Her garments white like silver shone,
Her hair like liquid gold ;
Around her form its sunny waves
In many a ringlet rolled.

And when the minstrel saw the maid,
She took his heart away.
And when her violet eyes grew dim,
It was his happiest day.

And when the first impassioned kiss
From trembling lips he took,
It thrilled his soul with lightning flash,
And all his being shook.

And when with her caressing voice
She said : " I love thee well !"
The world grew splendid in his sight,
As by a magic spell.

He bowed his face upon her lap,
Half hidden by her hair,
The roses whispering in the grove,
His bliss too great to bear.

A heavy tread—an iron grasp—
A cry the silence rent—
" Ho, warders, seize him ! To the keep !"
" My father, stay ! Relent !

" I will forget him from this hour,
He shall be dead to me ;
But let my love depart unharmed
In peace across the sea !"

" Thy love shall die in dungeon gloom,
Shall die a death of shame,
Shall answer with his caitiff life,
The blot upon thy fame."

" Let me atone instead of him !
Oh pity my despair !
I will endure thy worst decree,
But grant my humble prayer !"

" So be it—while thy fingers spin
The thread by night and day,
Thy lover shall escape his doom
And live as live he may.

" But if thy distaff once be bare,
If once thy hand grow lame ;
Thy comely fere shall meet his fate
And die a death of shame."

She flew to take the distaff straight,
And spun till evening grey,
And spun at night by moonlight pale,
And spun at break of day.

She come and leant above the keep,
And spun her fingers sore.
" Now keep me well awake, my love,
With golden minstrel-lore."

Then rose the captive's voice in song,
A sweet and stirring sound.
The maiden spun with bleeding hands.
Her sire looked on and frowned :

" Eight nights and days thy distaff flew,
I will not have thee die ;
Thou needs must rest, for thou shalt find
No flax now far and nigh."

No flax ! She wept in wild dismay ;
Her store was thinning fast ;
She drew her thread like spider's web,
But yet it would not last.

" Now cease, my love, and sing no more,
My flax is spun to-night ;
And thou must die for loving me,
Before the east is bright."

But when the morning crost the sea,
He saw a pallid child,
Unknown and yet familiar too,
Who wept, and spun, and smiled.

Her little head was closely clipt,
Her violet eyes were bright :
" I cut my locks to spin for thee,
They'll last me many a night."

And when her sire beheld that flax,
With melting heart he spake :
" My warders, loose the captive's chain !
I'll free him for her sake.

" And he shall wed her, if a bride
Thus marred he list to woo ;
And what a foolish maiden wills,
One must submit unto."

The ballad closed triumphantly with a sonorous chord, and Llewellyn sat smiling in the sunshine, happy as a child, repeating some of the strophes and changing word or melody here



HE DID NOT NOTICE THAT A FERN WAS STANDING CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

and there. The storm was over, and the sounds floated slowly through the listening forest, while Llewellyn whispered, " My first good song ! To whom shall I sing it ? I must sing it to someone ; I cannot bear it else !" He did not know that a forlorn woman was hiding near at hand, and weeping behind her cloak, as if her heart would break.

" All spirits hover around him," she sobbed. " And he is young and handsome still, and a great minstrel ! And he knows it ! How radiant his face is ! How his white teeth flash in the sun ! All his torture is over like the storm. Free, and rich, and happy, as though the world were his to give. Ah, he was always a king, and will always be one !"

And the poor woman wept, as if her tears could quench the glowing embers of her soul, which every glance at him fanned

into flame again. She saw him rise, and tenderly cover up his harp, before he bore it away. He might have been wrapping a beloved wife in a soft shawl, so gently did his eyes rest on the harp, so tenderly did he handle it. Then he let his eyes rove around, as if he would take a grateful leave of listening nature to whom he had poured out all the force of his soul, whom he inspired with his fancy. The grass seemed to cling to his feet, the flowers to lift their tiny round faces up to him, the leaves to flutter after him. All around him was living and moved by his breath, and he felt as happy as if he bore a charmed life, immutable youth, inexhaustible power of creation in his breast. He believed in this one new song. He thought it the only one he had ever invented, the first that really made him a poet. His former compositions were indifferent—almost repugnant to him. As he strode away, he repeated part of his new ballad, pleased, smiling. When he was gone, Ulla crept up to the spot he had just left; there she flung herself upon the ground, and kissed the traces of his feet, the rock on which he had rested, the leaves on which his hand had lain. Zealously gathering grass and leaves, she hid them in her bosom, and fled away in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER IX.

"It is stifling here," said Una, pushing up the sash. "I can't think what they mean by making a fire as if we were in winter, just because it is raining a little."

A chill wind blew in, and swept quite a deluge of rain into the room. The wet creepers beat against the panes and the trees tossed like the sea, shaking their burdens of water down into the brown streams on the pathways.

"There! That's something like air," said Una. "No, Missy, don't shut the window, please; I've been choking all the morning, and I feel so dreadfully hot; I've already put on a lighter gown. No, Missy, don't shut it; I shall be wretched if you do."

"Is that my Una, talking like a capricious child? It is very cold to-day, and you coughed yesterday as well as last night, very frequently, too, and you moved restlessly in your sleep. I came to your room and saw you."

"Dear Missy. Must I be watched at all times like a little child?"

What could it mean? Una was irritated and impatient, she knew not why. She went over to the chimney and flung the logs asunder with the poker, the blood surging up to her temples as she did so. Then she looked up at the mantel-piece.

"There now, the clock has stopped again, and it is so tedious to move the hands. No, Missy! Don't Missy! I can't bear the striking."

The beautiful girl intercepted Missy's gentle hand, as the old lady silently turned to wind up the clock. Presently she stepped to the table.

"Gladys has again put up my pencils, in her passion for tidiness. I fancy I see her. But it is really too hot. I can't breathe!" She opened another window, which was a little more sheltered from the wind and rain. "Ah, there's air; don't shake your head, Missy. I can't bear it otherwise! I am so young still, I feel the heat so much." She held her hands out into the rain.

"How pleased Martyn will be if his betrothed catches her death of cold," said Missy, reproachfully.

Una drew back her hands and pressed them against her cheeks.

"Hot! Hot!" she said, pointing to her chest. "And such a queer taste." The next moment a gurgling sound came from her throat; she put her handkerchief to her lips, and then held

it out to Missy, purple, dripping with blood. A mute look of horror accompanied the gesture. Missy's knees shook, and her heart seemed to stop its beating, but she smiled with the dauntless heroism of affection, saying:

"Oh, that's nothing; I had it often when I was young; its the same as if one's nose bleeds, quite a tiny vein bursting in one's throat. I would only not speak in your place and sit down quietly; its better to keep quiet. No, its nothing at all, Una; you see how calm I am! We will only take the handkerchief away; I'll get you a clean one and some salt water; and you'll be all right directly."

As she spoke she let down the window and placed the young girl in a big, soft arm-chair.

"There," she said, "just you look at the pretty rain-drops for three minutes till I'm back again."

Out in the passage Missy leaned a moment against the door-post, trying to steady herself. When she returned, a telegram had been despatched to Martyn, and Mrs. Gwynne had been gently informed of the truth. She came back with the salt water and a clean handkerchief, her finger on her lips, followed by Mrs. Gwynne and Gladys, who had crept in behind them as white as a lily. Una threw herself sobbing into her mother's arms.

"Must I die, mother? Say no, mother! I am so happy! I must not die, must I? Mother, mother, don't let me die!"

"How can you think we should let you die?" said Mrs. Gwynne, suppressing the tremor in her voice, while Missy and Gladys exchanged a mute look which filled their eyes with tears.

"We will send for Martyn, if you like. See, how nice that your betrothed is a physician; now you can give him the pleasure of curing you, my child."

"Is Martyn coming?"

"I have already written," said Missy.

"But not telegraphed?"

"Yes, even telegraphed."

"That I am very sick?" Her tears flowed afresh.

"No, unwell; I said only unwell."

"You are not very sick, you know, my own Una," put in Gladys; "you will soon be well again."

"Does my father know?"

"No," said Missy, "shall I fetch him?"

"Yes, fetch my father, Missy! No, no, not yet. What will you tell him, Missy?"

"The truth, child."

"The truth!" There was something broken in the exclamation, and again the blood gushed from the girl's lips.

"Die! What will he say to his Una's going to die!"

"Martyn will tell him that it is not dangerous," whispered Mrs. Gwynne, kissing her child's moist forehead. Una dropped her head upon her mother's shoulder as the lady knelt beside her. Gladys walked to a remote window, and her tears fell as fast as the rain outside the panes.

"We had better put you to bed," said Missy.

"Oh, already to bed! When shall I rise again? Ah, leave me here for another hour. I'm only so cold. Mother, I'm so cold; can't you make me warm?"

"I'll cover you up warmly; only pray, pray don't speak!"

"But I must ask you, mother, or I shall die with fear."

"Don't you know that we shall do everything, my child—everything in our power."

"And I was so happy! Mother—mother—must I die?"

Gwynne was sitting at work in his library. He had just returned from a visit to a sick parishioner, had changed his wet

clothes and sat down to prepare his next sermon. A trembling finger knocked at the strong oak door.

"Come in!"

Thus does one sometimes call come in, when fate knocks, softly, gently, and brings misery and destruction with it.

Missy had never gone on such a hard errand; she could have wished the house to fall in and bury her before she reached the Vicar's room. She came in quiet and pale, and stood opposite to Gwynne, at his great writing-table.

"It might be well if you would come over a moment."

"I am very busy just now. Can't it wait?"

"Perhaps; but we are a little uneasy."

"Is anybody ill?"

Missy's lips would quiver, but her voice remained low and steady.

"We don't quite know what is the matter with Una; she is not at all well."

"Write for Martyn."

"We have already done so. She is rather frightened herself."

"Frightened! What ails her then?"

"Well, you know she has coughed for some days past, and last night she was feverish, and just now, just now, there came blood."

Gwynne grasped the elbow-rest of his easy-chair, and compressed his lips. At that moment Gladys crept in, but stopped inside the door, leaning against the doorpost, and sobbing as only a very young creature can sob at a first great grief.

"Come here, Gladys, my child!"

Gladys glided through the room and sank down before her father, burying her head in his lap and crying as if her heart would break. He stroked her glossy hair, and his eyes grew dim. When he could trust himself to speak again, he asked:

"Was there much of it, much blood?"

Missy nodded.

"And she was frightened?"

"She is continually asking—whether—whether—she must die," said Gladys hoarsely. "And I cannot—cannot—bear to hear it."

"Your mother bears it."

Gladys raised her head.

"Yes, mother! Mother is heroic!"

"Well, then, we will be like your mother."

"But she must not die, father. God will not do that. He will not take Una from us."

"If it be his will, it is sacred." Gwynne coughed, he felt such a pain in his throat.

Missy had slipped out, had covered Una up, and was sitting on a low stool warming her feet, while Mrs. Gwynne whispered words of comfort to her frightened child.

When the Vicar came in, Una raised her burning eyes to him: "Father," was all she said.

He took her hand in his and did not speak. The fire crackled, the rain splashed, the trees rustled, and those three human beings were as still as only great joy or deep sorrow could be. The sky had grown so dark that the firelight falling on the group was stronger than the daylight. Another fit of coughing came on, and brought a few drops of blood. Gwynne's eyes dilated; for an instant he turned his head towards the window; then he looked at his wife who was smiling encouragingly at her child. She did not dare to look at her husband, lest she should lose her self-command.

"Shall we not put you to bed?" said Gwynne.

"Ah me! I shall not leave it again!"

"That will be for Martyn to decide. Perhaps he'll permit you to get up to-morrow. Come, let your father take you in his arms, as he used to do in the old days, and carry you to your little bed. You don't know how nice and warm it will be, and so white and pretty and fragrant."

Una smiled.

"And then I'll find you something to play with. You need not be alone, you know. We'll be quite merry. One must show sickness a cheerful face; it passes much more quickly so, than when one looks frightened."

Gwynne had always possessed the gift of cheering invalids; the young girl smiled again, and could not find it in her heart to ask the fearful question on account of which she had sent for him, but suffered him without another word to take her in his arms and carry her upstairs. Mrs. Gwynne and Missy quickly undressed her, and she soon lay in her white bed, looking very lovely with her great, brown eyes, and long fair tresses. Her hands had grown white and transparent within the last few hours. Gwynne had gone downstairs to get a picture-book to amuse his sick child with. He felt as if his feet were lead, and as if he could not say, in the first agony of his heart: "Lord, Thy will be done!" It was too hard! He found Gladys before the chimney, her hands clasping on her knees, and her head bowed upon them, letting her tears flow unrestrained. His voice sounded a little severe.

"Gladys!"

She started to her feet.

"Gladys! There is much work in store for us; do you mean to be an idle laborer?"

"Father, I cannot! I cannot, father!"

"What have I done to merit having a cowardly child?"

Gladys cried no more. She clasped her hands and hung her beautiful head.

"A time of heavy sorrow approaches, Gladys, and you want to shake off the yoke on the very first day, instead of bending your young shoulders beneath it and helping to pull and to bear. Is that worthy of a young Christian?"

Gladys went up to him and bent low to kiss his hand. Then she ran upstairs to her mother's room and bathed her face, that Una should not see the traces of tears upon it.

The heavier the sorrow, the fewer the words.

"What's the matter with Una?" asked Morgan, meeting her in the passage.

"Spitting blood," whispered Gladys, and flew past him to join Missy, whom she assisted awhile in her preparations, before she trusted herself to go into the adjacent room and look at Una. Morgan turned to seek his father, when he saw him coming upstairs with a book in his hand.

"How soon can Martyn be here?" asked Gwynne, and two burning red spots appeared on his cheeks.

"To-morrow night," was the laconic answer.

"Shall you drive over to the station for him?"

"Of course I shall, father."

"And what shall you tell him?"

"What I know."

"It will be a great shock to him."

"Why, haven't they telegraphed it to him?"

"Not too clearly."

"Then I will telegraph clearly to him at once, that he can bring the necessary medicaments, and save time."

"Do you think we shall gain much by saving time?"

"Yes, I do father."

"I do not." The Vicar walked along the passage with heavy steps.

His son looked thunder-struck. Just then the youngest boy appeared from the upper storey, sliding down the banisters. Morgan seized him severely by the arm and whispered with contracted brows: "How often have you been forbidden to do that, naughty boy? Next time I see you, I'll whip you to make you remember. To-day you are to be quiet, and tell your sisters not to make a din. Una is ill."

"Una?" The fine blue eyes grew radiant under the golden mane, in the relieved consciousness that it was very nice of Una to be ill just at the right time to spare their owner a whipping.

"Very ill?" asked the boy, with the selfish purpose of softening his stern brother's heart, but looking all the while like a Raphaellesque angel just come from heaven, and ignorant of human mischief.

However, Morgan was not to be softened. On the contrary, he seemed to grow more gloomy every moment.

"Yes, very ill. You'll do well to keep down-stairs, all of you; there must be no pattering of feet over Una's head. One can't send you anywhere in this pouring rain, you little plagues."

"But, we're very good."

"Indeed! Good enough to be whipped. There'll be no joking now. I'll show you the whip."

The little lad smiled as sweetly as though he had been promised a garden full of flowers, and nestled against his brother.

"You couldn't, Morgan, you love your Freddy."

"God loves us too," said Morgan, patting the golden mane, "and yet he chastises us severely, and we don't even know what for."

The little lad stared to see his big brother's eyes suffused with tears. The first doubt had entered his soul, at a flash; and he meant to be a minister. He shuddered to feel his faith shaken, his confidence unsettled. The first "Why?" had passed his lips; the first question had penetrated his soul: "Why must the innocent be unhappy?"

He stood with his hand on the banisters, contemplating the struggle which awaited him. If he could not profess his faith with a happy heart, he dared not become a minister, and then he could not offer a heart and a home to Kathleen. He wished to go on believing as childishly as he had hitherto believed. But every instant swept him farther away from the gates of Paradise, which he had passed with his first "Why?" flinging himself into a sea of questions, a hopeless abyss of doubts.

That night no one slept. Una complained of great pain in her side, and of her chest aching with every breath she drew. A short, dry cough caused her great uneasiness, and every drop of blood that passed her lips terrified her anew. On the following day the house already wore the marks of heavy sickness and anxious, sleepless nights. All looked haggard; everything was hushed. The servants spoke in whispers, the children sat sadly huddled together in the chimney-corner, and one of the brothers tried to occupy them, but ever an anon relapsed into sorrowful thought. Out of doors the rain poured down in torrents. Morgan had driven to the station to fetch Martyn. He had not slept either, and felt quite surprised when his eyes closed from sheer weariness on his sorrowful journey.

The two men greeted each other in silence, but when they sat in the carriage Martyn's questions came fast and his eyes moved restlessly, while he bit his moustache and made no comment on Morgans replies.

"But what is your opinion?" Morgan asked at length.

"I must see her first," was the answer; then both were silent and stared with growing impatience at the endless way.

But the horses went at a quick pace along the heavy roads, sweating and foaming with their exertions, and splashing the carriage with mud.

Una sat propped with pillows, breathing fast and coughing almost at every breath.

"Hark!" she said lifting her white hand, and a bright radiance came into her face.

At the first glance, as he flew into her out-stretched arms, Martyn knew everything: Inflammation of the lungs and pleurisy. He heard it even before she had loosed her embrace, while he whispered "My own. My darling. My angel. My all." And she would not loose her hold of him, but pressed her burning cheek against his.

"I thought I should die before you came. And now I have you, Martyn. You are here, Martyn. You will not let me die, will you?"

The young man needed supernatural strength to retain his self-control, with the agonized eyes of father, mother, brother, sister, fixed upon him, awaiting comfort or misery from his lips. He auscultated a long, long time, repeatedly begging Una's pardon for fatiguing her so much. Her father sat down on the bed and took her into his arms while Martyn bent his ear to her back, and he felt her fever-heat through his clothes. Martyn auscultated until he could control his voice. Then he said quite cheerfully: "Ah well, an inflammation of the lungs, as hundreds have in this horrid weather; it will pass quickly enough, if my sweet betrothed will obey."

Una clung to him. "You must not leave me and speak with the others outside."

"No, I shall stop here," said Martyn, sitting down on the bed and holding her burning hand in his. "Morgan will give me pen and paper. I shall write here, and I may as well jot down all that ought to be done, to ensure accuracy." She would hardly let go of his hand while he wrote. The parents tried to read Martyn's impenetrable face, but they could descry nothing, except that dark shadows were gathering beneath his eyes. He wrote down for them what he had ascertained, and then turned to his betrothed with a smile, changing the pillows that had grown so hot again, and soothing her with numberless small attentions. She smiled happily and contentedly, fancying with the ingratitude of all invalids at the advent of their favorite, that she was really well tended now. Gladys felt a poignant jealousy at this, for which she blamed herself bitterly, however. Missy knew that it must be thus, and was quiet. Mrs. Gwynne tried to take hope, and the Vicar thought to blunt his intolerable anxiety by work.

Martyn no longer allowed all the family to busy themselves about the sick girl at the same time, but insisted on their resting by turns, to keep them strong and in good spirits, he told them.

"And you?" said Mrs. Gwynne.

"Oh, he must go and rest very soon," said Una, tightening her hold on his hand.

"I?" he replied, smiling. "I need little rest. I'm not used to it."

"He never sleeps," murmured Una, as though she would say: You are never tired, are you?

Written for THE QUEEN.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE

MARQUIS OF LORNE, G.C.M.G.,

(EX-GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.)

AUTHOR OF "LOVE AND PERIL, A STORY OF THE FAR NORTH-WEST," &C., &C.

PART III.

HE vessel leaped into the joyous waters, past the fort-guarded bluffs, and Mary, her young brother, and Chisholm found that for a day or more they would practically have the deck entirely to themselves. The future cadet of West Point, young Wincott, found also that the company of the officers of the ship was quite as lively as was that of his sister and her friend, engaged in conversation which was far too learned for any participation. He didn't a bit mind listening for a time, when Chisholm spoke of his travels, and narrated what he had seen in many strange lands, but when he began to talk at length of what all these good folks believed in the way of religion, and when he sat for a long time quite silent and only looking at his sister, who again became, if possible, more contemplative, and when both finally not only silently agreed not to talk, but would not answer him when he began to hold forth on the most interesting subjects; then, indeed, he thought that the sooner the rest recovered from their sea-sickness the more pleasant and sociable it would be for all concerned. To do him justice, he did not interrupt either their silence or their conversation, the only exception taking place on the second day of the voyage, when he rushed aft to tell them of a "splendid sight," namely, a whole army of porpoises which were breaking the water just ahead of them. Mary went to the side of the vessel, and with her two companions gazed in astonishment at the curious spectacle. Almost as far as the eye could reach, along the slowly heaving waters, a long line of porpoises appeared, advancing northward in an orderly array. She had seen single individuals, or groups of a few together follow a ship in the Atlantic, but here the creatures took no heed of the steamer, but in their immense numbers kept an even front for miles along the ocean, plunging forward as they followed some mysterious instinct of migration. The ship soon passed through them and left them far behind, and now the voyagers were close to the entrance of the river, but a strong gale arose, and made the captain shake his head when he looked to windward.

"I'll try it anyhow," he said, "for I have often got over the bar in worse weather."

Then before the evening had made navigation more difficult, the vessel headed in towards the long line of breakers which marked the dreaded bar of the Columbia. To landsmen the passage of this place in stormy weather always appears a miracle. Nothing is visible of the comparatively smooth channel, which if hit off cleverly gives a safe entrance among the white tossing waves, whose angry moan of thunder fills the mind with terror. The ship seems to be going to certain destruction. The land, mountainous as it is, appears far off, because the shore is flat for some distance, and the eye rests only on the white commotion of the surge. The passengers from San Francisco were all on deck, for the moment was too interesting and exciting to allow any to remain below, and from

where they stood the waves rose high above them as they rushed past. The steamer swayed one way and then another, rolled and was carried bodily forward, as the great creamy hillocks dashed under her, and bore her along. They were soon in the very thick of the turmoil, and they gazed at the toppling crests as each hurried on, apparently desirous to choke and fill the watery lane that yawned between it and its immediate predecessor in the awful race for the sand-bar; and they looked amidships where, quietly and calmly the officers and men at the wheel were gathered, watching the conduct of their vessel as they did what they could to guide her. This was most difficult, for the vast hollows made under her stern when a wave had passed, and the next had not yet come, made the propeller revolve with a whirring jar which shook the ship from stem to stern, while the billows that threw her forward with the set of the wind appeared to laugh at the attempts made to direct the toy of wood and iron which they tossed about in derision. There was soon an instant of dreadful suspense, when a heavy shock told them that they had struck the sand, and the momentary pause on the way of the steamer caused a wave to fall in hissing masses over the stern, and to sweep forward in a volume that would have carried all before it if the precaution of having everything well-lashed had not been taken. The passengers were behind deck-houses that broke the force of the water, and saved them from being swept away. The next moment another mountainous breaker roared at them, as though to engulf them, but it lifted the vessel, and she floated free again, swept on with the speed of wave and wind.

"Now we are probably safe," said Chisholm; and so it proved. Each minute made it apparent that the deeper channel they had entered lay behind the ridge of sand which had so nearly wrecked them. The screw revolved more regularly, catching the surface no more with only brief snatches; the billows no longer mounted high alongside and roared themselves hoarse as they raced forward. It was evident that the dire commotion was being left astern, and that the ship was not any longer being overtaken by it. Yes, the bar of Columbia lay behind them. The near peril that had threatened their lives so short a while ago, was over. They hardly realized as yet that they were saved. But as soon as they did so, and smooth water was really reached, an audible, "Thank God!" was breathed from every lip. It was, indeed a signal mercy that had rescued them from the terrible bar, and in spite of some mistakes as to the exact spot of the true channel, had carried them unharmed over a place where many a vessel had been destroyed. The captain had certainly been foolhardy in attempting the passage at all, when he might have proceeded up the coast to the secure entrance to the wide straits of San Juan de Fuca, and he himself was by no means anxious to hide the relief he felt, for now that the tension was over, he became talkative and "smokative," if such an expression may be used.

and consumed about thirty cigars during the next few hours, burning half, and then chewing the remainder of each. The others, in whom we are more immediately interested, were inclined to say very little, but were devoutly thankful that what had seemed imminent death was passed.

Mary and Chisholm went below, for darkness had now come on, and the cheerful lights below were more attractive than the deck, with the monstrous gloom spread around it.

"How strange," said Chisholm, "that in so short a space of time your journey should have brought you into peril by fire and by flood! I fear that you must consider me a man to bring ill luck, for you had no such dangers except when I was present."

"If the luck always turns out fortunately, I don't think I shall mind your presence much," was the answer, with a quick glance of gratitude. "Have you had any such terrible adventure before?"

"In some ways, perhaps, more trying," said Chisholm, "although as far as actual bodily danger is concerned, I do not think that anyone could ever have passed through worse than those of the fire and threatening shipwreck. But I have felt more tried, and have escaped over an even worse bar than that of the Columbia," he added, with emotion. Mary's curiosity was again aroused, and he continued. "Yes, there are trials of the mind and character, which age men more than these things—would it indeed, interest you to know more of me, and I feel that I should like to speak to you as a friend, and know that you have a friendly interest in me. Is it so, and can I hope for some such sentiment?"

Mary knew by instinct, what might be another peril to her self-possession was close at hand but felt too unnerved to encourage at that moment avowals that she desired secretly to hear, and yet feared because she was aware she would be helpless if he demanded a surrender of her independence. She was not quite prepared to go through more experiences of an agitating nature at that hour, and so she postponed the matter, by asking what could be more dreadful than the storm they had escaped, and saying she only knew of one thing that might be so, and that was, perhaps, the breaking of some affection—the estrangement of some dear friend?

"Yes," he said, to her surprise, "the linking of all ties that binds one to those we love, the rejection of all communion, the bitterness of exile from that we have most adored and revered, the finding that false we have believed to be true."

"Had he then loved some woman," she asked herself, "and been rejected. Did he still," she wondered, "cling to the memory of one who spurned him? What could this mean, and if it meant what the words implied, why was he here, giving perhaps too much of his regard, winning much," she almost whispered to herself, "of her affection." She said nothing, unless a scarcely audible "yes," indicated enquiry and regret.

"Yes, I have suffered more than shipwreck in life," he went on, "and the sympathy of a friend is inexpressibly precious to me. I have touched on a bar in the great river of life, which has shut me out from the flow of the mighty river of human kindness."

"Nay," thought Mary, "what an atrocious woman it must have been to have given him so much pain. I should like to see her thrown over-board."

It was quite certain that if Miss Mary had been an autocrat, such as Cleopatra may be supposed to have been, when she navigated the Nile in her ancient "Dia Byah," any lady who had offended Walter Chisholm if he had been on board, would have instantly have found himself exploring the bottom of that

historic river. The idea made her look rather fierce, and intractable. Her admirer, who was himself "getting into deeper water," every moment in speaking to her of his woes, observed the expression, and being of a very sensitive nature, said:—

"But I am a fool to trouble you with my feelings, for what right have I to intrude my insignificant and cheerless talk upon you—especially now when you ought to be having the conversation of some cheerful and amusing companion after the fright you have had to-day."

"No, pray, Mr. Chisholm, do not say so, but I do not see in what I can help you in mending what the—person—who has vexed you, has done. Perhaps you still look to that—person—for restitution of something that has been taken from you. But if you lost your heart," she said, with an attempt at gaiety, "it is a difficult matter, as I am told."

"All lights out please, m'm," at this juncture said one of the boat's officials, as a hint that the retirement of the passengers to their cabins was now expected, and further explanations, and disclosures, confidences, and condolences were somewhat abruptly cut short. The morrow was to witness another complication, for at a place where they left the steamer and took to the train they saw on the platform a gentleman who scrutinized Chisholm with much attention, and was soon occupied in earnest conversation with a companion, who also looked in the same direction when both with a gesture of aversion entered another car. Chisholm had seen these two men also, and turned his back upon them, as he helped Miss Mary and her father into the other car. A reference to his acquaintances on the platform soon came from Miss Mary, who perceived that the gentlemen she had observed looking at them, and speaking eagerly, were known to him.

"O, yes they are known to me, but I do not think they will care to speak to me," he answered somewhat sadly.

"I suppose they are reporters for some of the newspapers," she remarked a little maliciously, "for it is evident that they take much interest in your movements."

"Ah," he said, with a forced smile, "perhaps it was you, Miss Mary, who engaged their attention and any admiration their looks may have conveyed, was, I am certain, not excited by my appearance."

It was evident that he did not care to pursue this subject, and no further allusion was made to it. But their journey was to carry them past the flourishing American cities now rising on the U. S. coast, and they took ship again to cross over to Vancouver Island where they designed to pass a few days at Victoria, there to rest awhile before again undertaking the trans-continental journey. It was while crossing over the straits, and while Wincott was admiring the splendid view of the Olympian Range that walled to the south the calm waters, that he was accosted by one of the men who had watched so closely himself and Chisholm as they took the cars a day or two before. The stranger began by lifting his hat and making some ordinary observations about the scenery and the weather. He was well clad in a dark suit of clothes with a hat having a suggestion in "its language" of clericalism, an idea further strengthened by the cut of his collar which also "spoke" of a subtle eloquence having occasionally been delivered from under its narrow but immaculate and close-fitting edge. His address was good and the accents decidedly British. Mr. Wincott was naturally polite, but unlike some Americans he had almost a British antipathy to being interrupted in his thoughts by any unlooked for intrusion. He therefore answered somewhat briefly and did not

offer to continue the conversation. But the darkly-clad gentleman soon again in the gentlest of voices expressed the pleasure it gave him, (for he was, he said, an Englishman) to find that an eminent citizen of the eastern states intended to visit an English colony such as Vancouver, and said that he had been there long enough to know the value of international good understanding, a result that could best be arrived at by mutual knowledge; and how could such knowledge be better obtained than by the personal visits of influential men on both sides. Mr. Wincott did not care for this style of flattery, and merely bowed. His coldness was remarked by his agreeable besieger, and the attack was changed, and the tone altered to one calculated to awake a more responsive spirit.

"I hope I may be permitted to present to your daughter a brief account of the history of this part of the world. I have seen how she admires the country, and its natural history has only been touched by poor Lord's pen, while there is much that would interest her in its early discovery from the time of the Dutch Vancouver to the days commemorated by Washington Irving in 'Astoria.'"

"I thank you, sir," replied Wincott. "I presume I have the pleasure of addressing a resident of the West Coast."

"No, I have but lately come here, but I have had a good training, that makes me a good hand at learning languages. I have been much among the Indians and have taken a deep interest in them, and my work has lain chiefly among them and the Chinese. I should like to be of service to you, and perhaps you will not take it amiss if I ask one question of you, for you have among your party one I know well. May I enquire if my old acquaintance Chisholm has been long with you?"

"No, sir, but if you know him how is it that you do not put the question to him, instead of to me?"

"It is because I have a special reason for the enquiry, and if he is not a friend of yours, and you have but known him recently, I can do so."

"Sir, he is, I believe, a countryman of your own, but I have not been so curious about him as you appear to be, and I have not questioned him."

"Perhaps it is as well that you did not," was the reply, "for I fear you would not get the truth from him."

Wincott looked at his questioner in great surprise.

"Sir, I do not think we need discuss such matters."

"It is because I wished to give you a solemn warning against him, that I have ventured to say so much," replied the man, with imperturbable suavity, as though he was saying the pleasantest thing in the world. "I have known Walter Chisholm, for such is his name, for some years, and believe me that he is here for no good. He has betrayed those who trusted him in Europe, and he will betray again any man or woman who confides in him."

"Sir, you have said enough," was Wincott's answer, and he bowed to the communicative gentleman a low bow, that clearly indicated an end to the conversation.

Such confidences, however, do not leave an agreeable impression behind them, and Wincott found himself eyeing with increased attention, and with an uneasiness he could not control, the good understanding that had evidently sprung up between Mary and Walter. He went so far as to take occasion to say a word to his daughter, in the nature of a reminder that people were not always to be at once implicitly trusted, however great an obligation might be owing to them, and urged that a long acquaintance should always precede the forming of any irretrievable decisions.

Mary listened patiently, but only said when he concluded :

"Papa, is it not true that these men who came on board with us, have been speaking to you of Mr. Chisholm?"

Wincott had eluded giving any positive reply, which, of course, made Mary certain that the fact was as she and Chisholm had surmised.

"But why then does he not," she thought, as she meditated on this, "why does not Mr. Chisholm challenge these eavesdroppers and slanderers?"

Before long they arrived at Victoria, and pushed their way along the quay, which was crowded with people who had come down to meet the boat. There were many Chinese, indeed most of the men there wore the pig-tail and blue loose tunic of that nationality. But there were many whites, who directed the operations of the yellow men in clearing the boat. There were a few Tartar-faced Indians, "ugly creatures" as Mary thought, with big cheek bones, and eyes set at an angle only a little less than the Chinese. There were also ruddy Englishmen who heartily greeted the passengers they expected to meet. Among these was a man of good countenance, who, as soon as he saw Chisholm shouted out :

"Hullo, Walter, old fellow, what on earth brings you here? By Jove, I am glad to see you. Come to turn over a new leaf altogether in the new world, eh? Are you alone? Come to my house. Goodness gracious, what a surprise to see you, old man, and what a pleasure," and then ran on in the same strain asking so many questions that it was impossible to answer them. Chisholm's face glowed with delight at the meeting with his friend, and Mary shared in his joy, on seeing him so warmly welcomed.

"No, I am not alone, in one sense, for I have been in the company of these friends," said Chisholm. "Let me introduce you to them," and then he made known his name as the Honorable Charles Churston, an old English public schoolmate of his own. Nothing would satisfy Churston, until Chisholm had promised to go to his house instead of going to the Russell House Hotel, where they had all ordered rooms.

"Will you follow on after you have got the luggage," said Churston, "and in the meantime, if Mr Wincott allows me, I will show himself and Miss Wincott the way to the hotel, and see they get all they need." He made them mount a nicely appointed buggy, and as he drove them away, said to Mr. Wincott :

"Well, I consider myself to be in great luck to have met you, especially with such a dear old friend as Chisholm—the best fellow I know."

Wincott told him that he esteemed Mr. Chisholm, and that he had saved them from a great danger at San Francisco.

"Well, I am glad to hear he has fallen in with you, for I am sure he could not be in better hands. I have good reason to respect and love him, and no man in my estimation has shown a finer character than his—and well tried it has been too," he added in a lower tone.

They drove on through the clean and bright streets of the delightful capital of the great Province of British Columbia. There was plenty of life in the highways and by-ways. Cheerful buildings of red brick bespoke a comfort unalloyed by extravagant attempts at display, good shops with ample fronts of glass were sheltered from the sun by the verandahed sidewalks, which the travellers had noticed in use in the big city that they had left a few days before. From many points the joyous waters of the bay and of the calm straits could be seen, the shadowy mountains on the further American continent

shining with the dim snows upon their summits. Hills on the island around them rose green with the forests of the handsome Douglas fir. Over all breathed an air of peaceful prosperity, not achieved without effort, but maintained without the fever manifest in more ambitious places. A perfect climate, a contented people, a free and happy life, occupied but not distracted by its daily business, these seemed the characteristics of a country whose motto might be given in the words "Loyal and Laborious." By loyalty and labor they had won a position to be envied. They had enough for their wants; there were none very rich to make them envious. There were only enough poor to remind them of the virtue of charity. Their land was beautiful and their lives were happy.

CHAPTER VI.

It may readily be imagined that Mary Wincott had by this time made a confidant of the only other lady of her party, and this lady took a most lively interest in all she heard, fully sympathised with Mary in her admiration for Chisholm, and was ready, as most good women are, to clear up any misunderstandings and difficulties which might have prevented a marriage.

"You may think how badly I felt," said Mary, "when my father spoke to me on the subject of Mr. Chisholm's attentions. He seemed to think that those bilious-looking men on the steamer, had truth on their side when they spoke against my friend. I consider them both as frauds, and although they should be intelligent, judging from the number of bumps and lumps on their heads, I think Mr. Chisholm's calm fair brow is decidedly worth a thousand such mean intellects."

This was pretty strongly expressed, but Miss Wincott's mind had been much exercised on the subject; and where the heart feels the mouth speaks. Her anxiety was heightened next morning when her friend did not appear, and when a letter was handed to her father, which she could see bore Mr. Chisholm's handwriting on the cover. We may as well give the contents of this letter. What it conveyed could hardly influence the young lady's mind for or against the writer, because her opinions were already so firmly established that it is safe to say that nothing short of a miracle would have changed them. Her father had been most favorably impressed by all he had heard from Mr. Churston, but he had not cleared up any doubts that might arise in consequence of the peculiarities he had noticed in Chisholm, the dislike of meeting those he might have been supposed to be willing to meet—and the somewhat mysterious references he had let fall as to the vexations of his past life. Mr. Wincott said nothing when he received the letter, but retired to his room. Thither we may follow him, and read the letter over his shoulder.

CHAPTER VII.

"DEAR SIR,—I hope you will not be angry with me if I ask your kind attention to a very long letter. I might, perhaps, not have addressed it to you, had I not heard before we left San Francisco, that family circumstances, which would have deterred me from writing it, had been changed by a judicial decision given on a pending suit in the Scottish Courts. This decision leaves me the master of a fortune that renders me quite independent. Owing to events which I shall take the liberty of explaining to you, this matter rested in doubt for some time.

"I have been assured by your considerate conduct towards me, that events which concern me may not be wholly indifferent to you. If they be of no interest to you, I do not request you to proceed in the perusal of this communication. I feel, however,

that unless I make you the offer of an explanation, I may remain in a false position, and I have had too evil an experience of a false position to allow me not to make the attempt, at all events, to save myself from again becoming the victim of another such misfortune. The death of my father occurred a few months ago, and it has added to the distress I have felt on other accounts that I was not able to receive his blessing on his deathbed, nor to remove from his mind prejudices which he had conceived against me. These prejudices were founded on conduct on my part of which you yourself shall be the judge, if you read this letter to the end. Suffice it to say now, that they were sufficiently strong to prevent his contributing in any form to my support when I had occasion to apply to him.

"He told me when I was still quite young, and had taken the first step that led to his displeasure, that if I persisted in the course I had felt it my duty to take, he could not give me the aid he had given to others of his family. As I was the eldest, and had a natural right to expect favor at his hands, this announcement did not tend to soften my feelings, but rather hardened me to shape an independent course, believing that injustice had followed misrepresentation. That my path was not his, that my opinion led me on a different way, was, I knew, a grief to him, but I did not expect that he would have taken the side of my enemies.

"My persistence soon led to his sending to me an intimation that he had disinherited me. But this also had no effect on me. Indeed, from the manner of life I had chosen to lead when this new measure of his displeasure fell upon me, I had expected little else. I was not surprised, although I was pained by the manner in which the decision was conveyed to me, and by the additional words of reproof with which it was accompanied. I could, however, not have used the property, as I then conceived, for my own good, and regretted its loss only because I fancied that therewith I might have done good to others. Now since his death all is changed. It was found by my legal representatives that the old Scots entail through which, in his phrase, he could 'drive a coach and six,' still held good. The wish of my parent to devise the land otherwise than it has been devised from father to son through a very long array of ancestors is therefore rendered nugatory, and I am in possession of that he owned. Although by no means a rich heritage, it is far more than sufficient. I have been accustomed to live as though I should literally have to take no care for the morrow as to what I should eat or what I should drink. I find myself still wondering whether it is right to spend what is mine, still waking with surprise to find that I am to wear good clothes, still inclined to grudge myself that which all those of my station in life enjoy without thought and use, without examination or gratitude. The old poverty and faith that made me not care for the morrow, is replaced by a consciousness that what has become mine without labor should be shared by those who can hardly attain by any effort the comfort I have. The vow of charity I hold to be a holier vow than that of poverty. The acceptance of the will of Providence in bestowing that which is good is best shown by the filling of the burden of the responsibility of its distribution. We should not, I believe, fly from this penance of life, and leave to others that which we should do ourselves. To hide our individuality for an association of mortals like ourselves, and to vow obedience to one of these in matters in which the giving of that which is ours, not as seems best to the intellect planted in ourselves, but as seems best only to a fellow man chosen as our superior, seems to me a sacrifice to man rather than to God. I have interpreted the phrase used by my former

friends of the abdication of the empire over self-will, and have found it to mean the enthronement of a will more to be trusted than our own.

"Let each man use the intellect given to him; let no man surrender it to others is the lesson I have learned. I have not found peace in the suppression of my own thoughts, nor have I found rest in forsaking the place appointed me by Providence in the line of life's battle. You will wonder at this apparently irrelevant rhapsody, but the explanation is briefly this—my father disapproved of my becoming a Roman Catholic, and of the further steps taken by me in that most holy faith. It was the after consequences of my action that he detested, with the unreasoning dislike of a man who has never had the patience to look into questions, even though he had heard them superficially criticised. It was not so much my reception into that church that he dreaded, but the acceptance by me of priest's orders, which I was privileged to bear some time afterwards. He declared that a priest must give all he had to the church, and that as I could have no family or affection outside of its pale, he must pass me over, and give my inheritance to another. I am no priest now; I have left the communion I embraced. I am a double-dyed traitor in the eyes both of my family and my old brethren of the priesthood. Can you wonder that I feel a terror of meeting those who believe me forsworn? Can you not at this same time understand how it is that I entered that church in my youth for conscience sake, embraced the religion by which I was attracted, and have also done right in returning to that in which I was christened, when the priestly vocation did not satisfy me, and when my conscience no longer allowed me to wear the uniform denoting obedience to its officers, and belief in its trusts? Thus much I say at the outset, that you may not misunderstand me, for I cannot bear that I should long delay in placing before you my reason for the doubt you must have seen in my bearing, and that I should not at once declare that I am not ashamed of what I have done, however much I may shrink from the constant assertion of my integrity before those who would dispute it.

"But I have not told you all. More must yet be said. Let me ask your patience.

"I was an impressionable youth, and had from a very early age liked to pore over books, containing what I may call the heraldry of religion, for the forms of the churches are but the blazon of belief. The pageantry that is always attractive to the wondering child-nature within us, a nature that is impressed by ceremonies and costumes, and scenic effects, especially if they be made to have mysterious meanings; the love of beauty in music, in lights, in colors, which the boy or girl shares in common with the elder child, the savage, or the uneducated—all this had a double fascination for me. But as a youth I was by no means untouched by the simple forms of worship. I used to attend the services of the Orthodox or Greek Church, and loved to listen to the deep-toned chanting of their priests, and delighted in the mysterious secrecy of the painted screen, rich with the hues of all metals and jewellery surrounding the figures of the saints. My curiosity in ecclesiastical matters went so far that I sat observing with the greatest attention not only the services but even the debates in the assemblies of Protestant churches. Perhaps it was the constant strain on the mind, caused by watching how much all these doctors differed in the prescriptions they offered for its weal, that aggravated a temperament which in youth was too sensitive, as is the case with many boys. The delicacy of constitution which marked my early years gave way with manhood, but the doubts and ques-

tionings of heart and soul that a more healthy tone would have preserved me from, left its impress upon me. I became, when still a child, what the French call a *Devot*, I believed that I could assist in the regeneration of mankind. Among my studies had, of course, been the writings of the Fathers of the Catholic Church, and I had taken opportunities of conversing upon these with members of that church. An excellent man, who belonged to that faith, soon saw the aptitude I possessed for instruction and took me in hand with a zeal worthy of a better cause. He was desirous not only to secure me, but the property that he believed would be mine, and, without telling any of my family, I was admitted by him to the church. I do not blame him, for I know that he acted as he thought for my good. It was some time before the truth of my conversion was known to my father, and his anger made me, as I say, a yet firmer adherent of the doctrines I had embraced. I conceived myself to be already in some measure a martyr, and that the punishment I suffered in this world would be more than rewarded in the next. But my health was none the better for the anxiety I endured, and the weaker I became in body, the more was I shut out by my new pastors from any influences but their own. Soon my highest ambition was the priesthood.

"I begged to be allowed to study at Rome. Then from exposure to the sun, and the consequences of a cold caught when sleeping in a little room hidden away from the light, and therefore damp and chilly, I fell very ill. Again, in spite of all the kindness of those who ministered to me, a renewed state of uncertainty as to my future, a dependent frame of mind took possession of me and tortured me with misgivings, and doubts, so that I often even longed for death. The reminiscences of childhood, the desire again to experience the love of my kindred, were mingled with intensely vivid pictures of the place I loved in my youth; the woods, and hills, and glens, and streams, along which my way used to take me.

"In my ravings I panted for the cool rush of the Highland burns, the soothing babble of the quieter reaches in the meadows so full of primroses in the spring, and starred even in the autumn with the ox-eye daisies. I raved against all that had induced me to leave such happiness, the joys shared with parents and brothers and sisters at home. It was raving, I suppose, for I had been told that I had been delirious, and surely such weaknesses were wholly unworthy of one who had put his hand to the plough and durst not turn back?

"Certainly as I grew stronger the fearful home sickness and yearning for the old days and the old ways, left me to a great extent, and I looked forward again to fulfilling my vows as a soldier of Christ. It was when I was recovering that I read the lives of the saints, and the fortune and career of the founder of the Jesuit fraternity, deeply interested me. I could not help in some measure comparing his fate with my own, for he also had been born to competence, and a position honorable in his own country. He had had greater fortune than I, for he had distinguished himself in battle, and when wounded had first turned his thoughts to piety and God. It was a fanciful and conceited thought on my part, to think of my own case in connection with his glorious success and marvellous self-confidence. But I was still weak, and conceit is one of the courtiers of a feeble brain. An ambition was at all events aroused to do what he had done, to make his knightly breeding and bearing the stepping stone to a place wherein to wield authority greater than that even of the most successful warrior. My studies were renewed, and in the intervals of my work I wandered to some massive ruin of Pagan times, in Rome, and felt how great the creed must be

that vanquished the building of these leviathan baths, and theatres, and temples, and palaces, and felt how the spirit of Peter and of Paul had lived again in such men as Layola, although in different guise, and perhaps sullied with more natural aspiration. The soldier and cavalier had not the advantage which the fishermen possessed, of following so close upon the Master. He had not been able to see Him, and hear from His lips the words that made death seem as nothing, and even pain if it must come, welcome as a seal of their covenant with Him, and an ensign for the guidance of all men in the ways they had walked with Him. But although the type of the conquering spirit was wholly different, yet the Spaniard and the Galileans had both fought the good fight, and if mistakes had been committed by the successors of Layola, had not equally grievous mistakes been committed by the successors of St. Peter?

"I used to go, to the churches when worn out with pacing the streets and country, and would sit down or kneel before some altar, heart and limb wearied, and feeling the coolness and the darkness of the place more soothing than I can express. On one of these days I had felt disturbed by some chanting which had broken forth in the chancel, and had wandered forth again, only to enter beneath another great front whose doors were receiving many persons. It was near evening. The church was great and solemn in the gloom, but there was nothing visible in it which especially distinguished it from many another beautiful edifice. The lofty roof, the round arches which divided the chapels in the aisles from the nave, the semi-circular vault above the high altar, were like those of other places of Roman worship. They, too, were built as were the old temples with that perfect curve of round vaulting which was bequeathed to their descendants by the masters of the ancient world. But it was too dark to criticise the architecture, or to be conscious of more than the vastness or solemnity of this Christian temple. Wandering on into the church, with a vague desire to kneel nearer to the great altar, upon which were numerous lights burning like the shore of a harbor of refuge seen across a waste of black waters, I found several worshippers there before me, and turned into the transept and knelt before a marble balustrade which guarded a shrine on which were set no candles. I completed my prayer and rose, and then saw that apparently coming from the steps before me shone a glow of light, which made the inner part of the shrine bright with the sheen of gold. This upward gleaming of light from the steps before me led me to gaze more nearly at it, and I saw on the worked metal the figure of a man who was giving an open volume to others who pressed around him to receive it. The dress of this figure was unmistakable. It was the Jesuit dress, and this was the figure of Layola, and I was standing at his tomb. I was profoundly impressed with the circumstance that had led me to this sepulchre, for I knew not, so short had been my sojourn in Rome while in health, where the church of the Jesu stood. I had entered it unwittingly, I had been conducted, as I thought, by an unseen but directly guiding power to this holy place, the grave of one of whom I had lately read so much, and with whose spirit I had felt a sympathy that had drawn mine to his. And now, on a platform near the pulpit, I saw a Jesuit priest ascend in order to address the crowd who were filling the centre part of the building. He waited until most of them had seated themselves, and I saw his dark robes and dark square cap becoming gradually less and less distinct in the dusk. There was a little lamp hanging from the centre of the arch which vaulted each aisle chapel, and near one of these he stood, and then gazed to

preach in a voice so full of earnestness, so silently, with an intense consciousness of the transcendent importance and the truth of the message he was commissioned to give that I was spell-bound. His white face could be seen moving a little from side to side, his arms as they were raised lifted the long sleeves that rose and fell at his sides like black wings. The people were very silent, and bent forward to hear, as his full voice boldly explained his dogma, and then pleads with them most touchingly to hear and to follow where the saintly founder of their society, the servant of God, had led. He did not plead in vain with me. I became not only a priest but also a Jesuit.

"The severe discipline to which all those who desire to enlist in the Company of Jesus are subjected, fell heavily upon me, and when at last I was admitted to exercise my new functions I was an austere ascetic. Some disappointment and chagrin was, I am ashamed to say, allowed to rankle in my breast, for an eager novice naturally expects to be received with open arms, when once he has given up his whole life, and desires to embrace the new duty. He is apt to believe that the severity of the wrench his own feelings have undergone, should be the measure of the warmth of the greeting accorded to him when he enters the new fold. When on the contrary, except for the congratulations of his own intimates, he finds the order he joins is, at all events as far as regards its official or public conduct towards him, apparently suspicious and distrustful, he resents the coldness of his reception. He thinks he has already in all he has suffered proved his sincerity, and that further tests are unnecessary—a worry—nay, almost an insult. The meekness and obedience he should feel have not yet fully entered into the fibre of his thought, and he is inclined to think that his sacrifice has not been accepted, and that he is worthy of greater trust. He knows that it is useless to ask for responsibility where the authority to which he has yielded, has not decreed that such shall be given to him. He undergoes his discipline, but he often repines. It was so with me, and my tendencies were not yet undiscovered, nor was it thought good that I should be tried beyond what I could bear. It is not the policy of the society to do anything to a man which might lose him to its cause, or even render his enthusiasm less fervent. It was desired that I should be retained among them and employed to win others over. Each of my utterances had been repeated, and although I was not in the habit of saying much, yet all that escaped me together with the evidence of the moods that had possessed me, was sufficient for the superiors of the Order to deem that my health was to be strengthened, my mind braced, and a very generous course of treatment accorded to me, so that I might again take my place among men, and work for the greater glory of God in the world. I was to be an instructor of youths, and boys do not like a severe ascetic as their playmate and companion. My director therefore encouraged me to eat good food, and lead my life as much as possible in the open air, and to live much as I would have lived had I remained in the house of a country gentleman. This ultimately restored to me my former strength, and was perhaps also the cause of my future release from the bonds and meshes they had cast and woven around me. For a long while I worked diligently, I endeavored to the very best of my power to subdue any rebellious thoughts that arose in me. My own inclinations had always pointed to missionary work, and I had conceived a great desire to have China allotted as the field of my labors. But I was told such was not my destination, and that I could be of more use at home. During the time I remained under instruction there was much in the teaching I received that was repulsive to me, and was, I thought, against the

spirit of the Founder of the Order, for whose pure and gallant life I retained the greatest veneration. How could I, for instance, agree that the maxim of one of their most renowned writers was consistent with truth, when he wrote; 'If a man commit a crime, reflecting indeed, but still very imperfectly and superficially upon the wickedness and great willfulness of those crimes, however heinous may be the matter, he still sins but lightly. The reason is that as a knowledge of the wickedness is necessary to constitute the sin, so is a full clear knowledge and reflection necessary to constitute a heinous sin. And thus as Vasquez says, in order that a man may freely sin, it is necessary to deliberate whether he sins or not. But he fails to deliberate upon the moral wickedness of it, if he does not reflect, at least by doubting upon it, during the act. Therefore he does not sin until he reflects upon the wickedness of it. It is certain that a full knowledge is requisite to constitute mortal sin.'

"Was not this maxim, and others like it, which I found still in favor, worthily denounced by that pope who was undoubtedly poisoned by the Jesuits because he suppressed their order in Rome. What said this pope—Ganganelli—as late as the last century: 'Further concerning the use of certain maxims which the Holy See, has with reason prescribed as scandalous and manifestly contrary to good morals.' Yet it was by these lights that I was commanded to walk, for in course of time I became under this recommendation tutor to the heir of another family, situated like my own, that is having a good estate, which was to devolve upon the boy placed under my instruction. I was here gradually pressed more and more by my immediate superior to do things against which my whole soul revolted. I do not blame the general of the order or the higher authorities, for I believe that they were misled by false reports coming from the priest whose orders I was obliged more immediately to obey. But I perceived after a time that this man had persuaded himself that it would be within bounds of possibility for his conscience to prevent the lad from marrying, and knowing that he would have absolute control over the lad and goods, for the boy had been born after the date of the act which forbade the entail of land on children born after its passage through Parliament. He would therefore be free to do what he chose with the property, and if he did not marry, might dispose of it, 'to the greater glory of God.' It may be that I wronged my superior in fancying that to be his object. Whether this be so or not I suspected that it was, and wrote to him a violent letter, for my indignation was aroused by the base suspicion—a suspicion I must own—which was based on very slight grounds. The idea was indignantly disowned and a report sent against me to headquarters.

"My old headstrong impulse had returned to me with my recovery of health, and I swore aloud that I would no longer submit. The very terms to the reply of my letter, the subtle lies as I thought them to be, impressed on each page made my passion greater. I wrote again saying that I should never wear again, 'the livery of my moral disgrace,' as I called my clerical dress. Without a word to the family with whom I was living I left, and changing my name resided for some time in a town where I could not be easily tracked, even if anyone had cared to take the trouble to follow me, which was by no means likely. After I had left, a reaction set in, and I half regretted my passion and the course it had led me to take.

"Loneliness is bad for man, and solitariness in a great city makes loneliness feel doubly miserable. I could not approach my family. They had given me up as a blacksheep long ago, and did not wish to re-arrange the partition they fancied they

could make of our estate. I could not venture near any of the brethren I had left, for I should be received by them either too kindly as willing to return, or not at all, and treated as a renegade and traitor. Shame seemed to darken round me on every side, and yet gradually I knew that I had on the whole been right in what I had done, although I may have done what was right too passionately and too impulsively. A longing came over me to see again the country of my birth and boyhood. I found friends among the tenants of the estate, and lived among them for a month. Then I escaped from my own thoughts, and from the idleness that made them get more bitter, and took passage for America. There, after a year, I had the happiness of meeting you and your daughter, in the Chinese theatre. Should you condemn me, I shall ask you not to let your daughter see this letter. Should you, on the whole, approve of my conduct, I request you to allow her to read it, for her good opinion has become to me that which I most value and regard in life."

Mr. Wincott was not a man to deliberate too long on any question. His opinion was gradually formed and resolutely adhered to, and the opinion he had on the case laid before him in the letter was accurately expressed when he closed its perusal and said:

"Quite right. Better late than never. He might have imagined the set of that current before he embarked on it. I'll give Mary the letter."

The young lady also retired to her room to read it, and her prevalent feeling was expressed when she concluded in the words—"what a horrid shame"—by which she doubtless meant that Chisholm had been all along in the right, and everybody he had disagreed with had been in the wrong. He came to receive his sentence next morning, and was unanimously acquitted by the judge and jury. He certainly would never have feared another earthly tribunal so much as he did that of the Wincott party, and I doubt if even the general of the Jesuits could have infused into him a tittle of the fear that secretly possessed him as he approached the door. To judge from his face, when he left the door, the grand inquisition within had not put him to the torture. He walked quite straight, and was firm on his legs. A smile on his lips and a light in his eyes spoke of what his former friends would have pronounced in their language—"justification and peace." Not many days elapsed before he had declared that he could not face the criticism of the East unless he had Mary to exorcise any evil spirits that might linger around him or meet him in the world he had left, and she had vowed to defend him against devil or saint.

"Who would have thought that I should meet my fate in Frisco," she laughingly said, "and at the hands of a man, too, who had never seen me in polite society, and appeared for the first time like a Chinese dragon to carry me off in the midst of flames and smoke?"

"Ah, but I saw you in polite society long before our Frisco meeting," he said.

"No—how was that? Where?" was the natural enquiry.

"Don't you remember a certain visit paid by you to a smuggler's cave in Scotland?" he asked.

"Why, yes, you don't mean to say that you were the ghost we saw in the cave?"

"Yes, I had been staying in the farm-house, you remember near the cave, and had asked the good people to keep quiet about my return for a time, to my old haunts, and was reading one day in the cavern, which I dearly loved to visit, when you

and your party entered, and I had an opportunity to see you sitting, and eating, and talking, and never forgot you from that moment."

"No, impossible; there was only an old man who disappeared—an old man with a white beard."

He laughed and said;

"What, my poor book, the volume I had with me? There was no white beard, but the book I held near my face may have seemed like one in the dark, and the ledge to which I ascended was hidden from your candles, so that you never saw me, but I saw you well. I was at one moment almost tempted to join you, but my foolish fear of being again seen by people who might talk about me, and tell many who would recognise me, prevented me. Besides I am not sorry, for I was perhaps able to make a better impression at the theatre than I could have

hoped to do even in that romantic place.

"Well, I consider you took a base advantage of us," said Miss Mary, "but you must have been known to that farmer and his neighbors."

"Yes, but they kept my secret in all my trouble. I never disguised myself, nor did I ever change my name.

"Then you have behaved better than I, for I have promised you to change my name," said Mary.

And she has kept her promise, and now speaks with a very British accent, and has a property that she and her husband sometimes call the smuggler's Cave. To this the reader may some day be invited, and if he makes expedition he will see the ghost, and Mary Chisholm, who has never since the day we quoted her as using the expression, ever again said "that she felt badly."

[THE END.]

Written for THE QUEEN.

A MIDSUMMER IDYL.

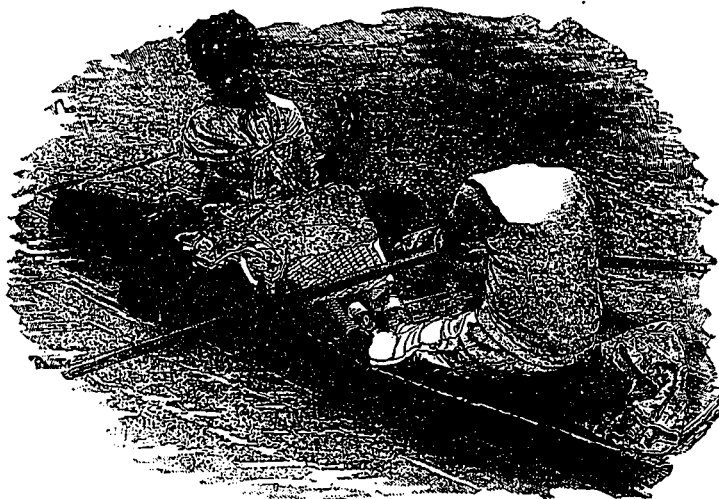
By GRACE E. DENISON.

I.

Lo the lily bells are drooping, 'neath the golden gaze of noon,
And the wild thyme beds are storing wealth of odorous perfume
While my love and I are drifting where the willows bend and bow,
For the world and love are young with us, and we are happy now.

II.

Laughter-lit her dancing eyes are, as she holds in slender hand,
Cord of crimson, and all gently turns our lagging boat to land.
Or with sudden dash of daring, as my hands fall on my knee,
Sends the cockle craft where toss the rapids ever ceaselessly.



III.

Then I bend me to my labor, till the rougher way is passed,
And my lady smiles to hear the ripple as the waves run past;
Till we float into the stillness of some willow-fringed cove,
And the gloaming of the shadows whispers us a song of love

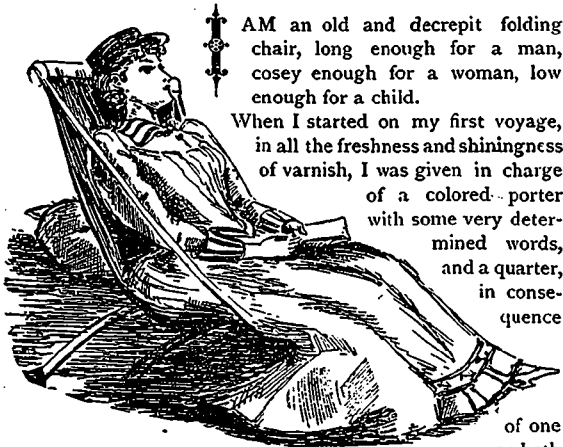
IV.

And methinks that life will meet us, as the golden summer-day,
With its sunshine and its shadow, and its worktime and its play;
But I feel no sin or sorrow can our frail craft overwhelm,
With staunch manhood at the rowlocks and his true love at the helm.

Written for THE QUEEN.

CONFESSIONS OF A DECK CHAIR.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.



AM an old and decrepit folding chair, long enough for a man, cosey enough for a woman, low enough for a child.

When I started on my first voyage, in all the freshness and shiningness of varnish, I was given in charge of a colored porter with some very determined words, and a quarter, in consequence

of one or both

of which, I went from Toronto to New York in all the elegant seclusion of a vestibule car.

I like a sea voyage immensely. It is the only good chance a deck chair has of seeing life, and I always take every advantage of it. I was in great demand on my first voyage, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

The deck stewards, who pitched my companions about in reckless impatience, handled me with great kindness. I heard my mistress reasoning with them the day we sailed, in her persuasive tones, and with her silver arguments, and noticed gratefully the result. After half-past ten every night, instead of being huddled away uncomfortably on the afterdeck, I was dragged in the smoking room by a big German student, who slept all night in me. (There was a mast or something at the end of his berth, and he couldn't stretch out in it.) I didn't mind extra duty as he talked in his sleep and I thus improved my accent. My mistress gave the same reason, I believe, for her daily conversations with him as he told her all his experiences. Once he said lugubriously, "Ach! I have had a bitterness!" She seemed to understand just what he meant, and she and the doctor laughed about it afterwards. I didn't like the doctor no self respecting deck chair would, for he didn't believe in Revelations, and said his ancestors had been monkeys. Perhaps as far as his own immediate family was concerned, he may have been right, but the family to which I belong is one of the first in Toronto, and on their account, I greatly resented these levelling Darwinian ideas.

I and my mistress are very confidential, and I thoroughly understand her likes and dislikes, so finding out that she had conceived a repugnance to one of our passengers who bored her

when she wanted to go to sleep, by long stories of his former tours in Europe, I took the opportunity, (when he was so carried away by his reminiscences as to give me an extra hitch.) Off pinching him in a safe place; my mistress asked him if it was a stitch in his side. The next time he passed me, though I held out my arms in a most friendly manner, he kicked me quite forcibly, and said a bad word; I heard my mistress and another married lady laughing a good deal about it that same evening.

We used to have lovely chats out in the moonlight, I and my mistress and one or two more. I found out a lot about them, and I shall never forget the pathetic little life story of the brown eyed Italian lady or the expectant joyous hopeful outlooking of the young professor whose curls often pressed between my cane lattice work. For my mistress had a fashion of *lending* me that would have been very humiliating and annoying, had she been a lady of less discernment and taste. As it was, for the sake of the good looks or the charming conversation or the funny quips of those who occupied me, I bore being lent about with the greatest amiability. I used to envy a female deck chair, all bolstered with down and silk, and tied with ribbons, that belonged to a young lady, who had a great many flirtations. I tried my best to get on confidential terms with that pretty deck chair but she wouldn't give me a smile. However I sidled up near one night, and overheard enough to satisfy me which of the flirts the young lady preferred and that was some satisfaction.

I never had the fun of a flirtation on my own account for my mistress didn't care for it, and when I was young and brightly varnished I quite resented this want in her. However we managed to put in a very jolly ten days, until I was stored away in a dingy Belgian warehouse, all through the nicest time of the year, I can tell you I was disgusted! And one early morning in the fall, I hardly resented the very hasty and unceremonious way I was hauled down and bundled into a van, because my prophetic instincts told me I was going to sea once more. And when my dear mistress cuddled down in me, and announced her intention not to get up unless she was hungry all the long day, and told pathetically how she had longed for my cosey depths, in every language of Europe, I felt I was not made in vain. I am stretched in her private sanctum now, adorned with a humiliating tidy, (I have nipped the fringe off that tidy, and pinched it and let it slide off on the floor, until I am tired!) and sometimes, when she is very weary or very bored or very cross she throws herself into my arms, and I hold her tenderly, and whisper a dozen little suggestions of salt sea air, and gentle undulating motion, and happy careless idleness until I see the wrinkles smooth from her dear face, and she falls quietly into dreamland.



Written for THE QUEEN.

THE LUCK OF WINDY CAMP.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.

WINDY CAMP, down within one of the most picturesque and ragged gulches of the Rocky Mountains, had suddenly undergone a great change.

Three months of very liberal prosperity for miners, gamblers, and saloons had prevailed; then luck had quickly and capriciously deserted the camp.

Old miners declared, with forcible language, that there was not another shining atom of "yellow dust" to be found anywhere in the gulch.

As soon as this fact had become generally understood, everybody was packing up to go over the mountains to Clear Creek Canon, where a new camp had just been started with very favorable promises.

Saloon-keepers and runners of faro-banks had "folded their tents like the Arabs," and had gone where there was fresh gold to rake in, and new victims to fleece.

The miners had all followed.

All except Patsy McBirney and his wife, and three others,—Morgan, Ben Thomas, and Jack Leslie.

These persons lingered at Windy Camp simply to enjoy the quiet and solitude, which had settled like a sweet benediction, over the gulch, after the rough, wrangling crowd had passed away. Nature did not miss those movers, neither did the few beings who had been left behind.

There were the eternal Rockies yet, with their beautiful slopes enclosing the gulch on either side. The coniferous crownings of the clear, running stream, cutting its way down the rugged gulch, were still there and unchanged by the hardy hands which had found and carried away such stories of hidden treasure.

In McBirney's little shanty, up among the firs, Morgan lay badly injured. His removal was not to be considered for one moment. The McBirneys were too kind-hearted to desert the poor fellow, and it wanted but a short discussion of the matter to decide Ben Thomas and Jack Leslie to stay with them and share the part of Good Samaritan toward the wounded miner.

Alex. Morgan was a man of middle age, and his friends were right in their conjectures that he had known better days than the checkered career which he had been leading at the different mining camps, since their acquaintance with him.

Morgan had not always been a sober man. However, his habits were not entirely bad, and his generosity and honesty were proverbial in all the camps. His commendable qualities had won him good friends wherever he had been, and often drew a veil kindly over his evils. At times Morgan had displayed evidences of no stinted degree of former culture and of having once moved in good society.

Perhaps Jack Leslie more than any other had been the recipient of those proofs; for they had been much together, having discovered some bond of congeniality between themselves.

But Alex. Morgan had grown unusually dissipated since he had come to Windy Camp. Perhaps he had found the temptations there unusually numerous.

Be that as it may, he had drunk a great deal and gambled recklessly. Leslie, who was a sober fellow, had often exerted himself to draw Morgan from those haunts of vice. Sometimes he was successful. But the potent force of sinful associations would prevail over the influence of friendship, and he would return to his old evils.

It was while gambling with Poker Sam from Denver, in one of the saloon tents, that a dispute had arisen. Both men had been drinking. The quarrel waxed furious. Revolvers had been whipped out. Poker Sam had had the advantage and had used it, inflicting on Morgan a fatal wound.

He had been carried up to McBirney's shanty, where Patsy and his sympathetic consort had labored faithfully to save the fellow's life. Jack Leslie was physician enough to tell them that Morgan could not live. His days in Windy Camp would be few.

Ben Thomas was a bankrupt ranchman turned miner. His "pard," Jack Leslie, was a school teacher from the east, in reduced circumstances.

They were both handsome, good-hearted young fellows, and as Morgan had shared their tent, he, too, was considered a "pard," and neither would forsake him for the selfish purpose of trying their fortunes over in Clear Creek Canon.

It was the second day after Windy Camp had been deserted and turned over to their unrestricted occupancy, that Ben and Jack waded away down the gulch, and seated themselves on a flat boulder that lay hard by the lone mountain trail.

"Morg's plumb low, pard," remarked Ben, with a whiff from his pipe.

"He is that," returned Jack, his eyes seeking the lofty cliffs far above the evergreen slopes. "I'm thinking poor Morg is about to cross the divide whence no miner ever comes back."

"Thet poker Sam orter go ter feed ther buzzards," said Ben vengefully.

"He deserves to be forced to wear a tight-fitting hemp collar for about ten minutes," amended Jack warmly.

"But poor Morg was always a sort of unlucky dog, with very few friends compared with Poker Sam, who always has a hundred satellites blazing in his sphere.

"It's his chips as ghus 'em thar tight to 'im," informed Ben, with a little stronger language than need be recorded.

"Has Morg any kin folks where he came from?" inquired Jack, opening a large pocket-knife, which he began to operate in cutting sundry notches in his coarse boot-tops.

"Blast my hide an' taller ef I know! I never heerd Morg tell o' any kin folks," answered Ben.

"Morg was mighty close mouthed about his past," said Jack reflectively. "Yer was kinder int'mate with Morg, pard, a heap mor'n I was, fur yer an' him could talk erbout ficticernal writin's an' sick, which I couldn't. It be er plumb cur'osity ter un as yer neever heerd him mention any kin folks," reminded Ben.

"I never did. I saw he never cared to unvail the past to strangers, and so I never tried to obtain his confidence," returned Jack.

"Waal, ef yer hed may be we'd a knowed somethin' now, which we orter know," remarked Ben succinctly.

"Perhaps so," said Jack, continuing to watch his boot-tops.

"O Patsy!" Ben called in robust tones to McBirney, who was fishing in the stream across from the boulder where they sat.

"What d' yez want?" McBirney's voice came in response.

"Come over hyer."

Patsy fixed his rod between two rocks and crossed over to them.

"Sure an' what-a yez got here to spohil the bite I'm ixpictin' ivery minute?" he asked, a good-natured grin on his round, florid visage, as he came up.

"Say, Pat," asked Ben unheeding the Irishman's question, "did Morg ever tell yer or yer woman whuther he had any friends whar he hailed from?"

"Faith, yis!" answered McBirney, removing his battered hat and stroking back his long uncut, light hair. "He tould Katie that he had lost his wife, an' that he had one girrul livin' wid her mither's sister in Konsus. The poor mon's not much on the gab at all, at all, but he tould so much."

McBirney replaced his hat and returned to his fishing-rod. He was soon busy enough in pulling out some handsome denizens of the mountain stream. Ben and Jack smoked on in silence, each busy with thoughts which McBirney's meagre information was responsible for. At last, having sunned themselves long enough on the boulder, they arose to go up to the shanty to see how Morgan was getting along.

"Who's that coming down the trail?" asked Jack with a start, pointing down the gulch where a dim object was moving into sight.

"Bless my ole socks ef I kin tell yer!" answered Ben, stopping by his companion's side and following his gaze down the trail. "Some feller from ther canon, mor'n likely."

"It's a woman, pard!" cried Jack Leslie, much excited over his strange discovery. "It is sure! A woman picking her way over the rocks down the old trail into Windy Camp."

"Blame my shirt, ef it hain't!" Ben cried, his astonishment no less active than Jack Leslie's. "She's a tenderfoot, pard, yer kin see from ther dainty way she's comin' over ther rough ole trail."

"She's young and pretty, pard Ben!" announced Jack, as the object drew nearer. "Land, man! She's dressed in style, too. She's coming this way. What'll we do?" pulling nervously at his clothes, which showed the wear and tear of mountain life.

"Hedn't we best drap sorter behind this boulder till she passes, pard?" asked Ben hopelessly, trying to adjust one refractory leg of his trousers into his boot-top. "Yer an' me hain't got on just ther right sort o' duds ter be ketched by sich a purty creeter as yon female gal."

"It's no use to hide now, Ben, for she has already spied us. See!" he whispered in a despairing tone, "she's turning from the trail and is coming direct for us."

Jack Leslie's words were true. The fair stranger had left the old trail and had started across the rocks toward them. As she approached the boulder, they could see that she was young, with a graceful, slender form, and a lovely face, lighted up by a pair of matchless blue eyes, while her hair was as golden as the sunbeams kissing the never-melting snows on the distant peaks of the Rockies. She was attired in a dark, becoming costume, which was fashionably but plainly made. In one hand she carried a valise, and on her arm was a light wrap.

The evident bashfulness of those big fellows, whom circumstances and a life in the mining camps had shut out of all genteel society, was ludicrous to behold, as the girl's eyes searched their faces.

"Is this Windy Camp?" she asked, in a sweet, clear voice, halting before them.

Ben managed adroitly to angle himself around behind Jack Leslie, who, blushing, as if he had never seen a pretty girl in all his life before, found himself obliged to face the music of that sweet voice.

By some superhuman effort, Jack gained sufficient control of himself to reply, "Yes, ma'am; this is Windy Camp."

On hearing his old companion's familiar voice, Ben Thomas, who had not seen a pretty girl from the realms of civilization in six years, so far recovered himself as to look timidly over Jack's broad shoulder and put in:

"Yes, miss, wot's left of it—most of it's gone over the mountains to the Canon."

"Do either of you know a man by the name of Alexander Morgan?" she asked.

The men exchanged significant glances, and each mutely beseeched the other to answer. But Ben had retreated again behind his friend, and Jack was compelled to take up the conversation.

"Is—is—he— a relation of yours, miss?" Jack stammered.

"Yes; he is my father," was her distinct reply. "I am Grace Morgan, and since my mother's death, eight years ago, I have lived with my aunt in Kansas. But I grew tired eating the bread of dependence, and have come to seek my father. Several weeks ago I had a letter from him, in which he said he would be at Windy gulch this summer. So I have come to him, not to be a burden, for I can teach school, wash and mend for the miners, or do any respectable work," she explained, that they might not misconstrue the motive of her coming to a wild mountain camp.

"Where is my father?" and she fixed Jack with those wondrous, blue eyes.

Oh, for a snow-slide to bury him from the sight of that awful agony which he knew must creep into those violet depths when she learned the truth!

He turned appealingly to Ben, and murmured hoarsely:

"Tell her!"

But Ben, shaking from head to feet, could not have uttered an intelligible syllable, even to have averted the doom which poor Jack so heartily longed for.

Jack Leslie strove to render his tones calm, as he turned to the girl, saying:

"Miss Morgan, you must not be scared. Your father is here in Windy Camp, but he—"

Jack paused abruptly. How awkwardly he was telling her. But he had said quite enough to alarm her, and her imagination at once jumped to the worst calamity.

Grace Morgan trembled visibly and her face grew very white. "He is dead!" she uttered in a despairing tone.

"Not so bad as that, Miss Morgan," returned poor Jack, making another desperate effort, but not daring to look at the terrible anguish which had crept into that pretty young face.

"He's alive yet, up there at that shanty among the trees," and he pointed out the humble residence of the McBirneys, enmeshed with rocks and evergreens, over on the slope.

"Thank God, he lives!" she cried, and her voice thrilled through her hearers.

She started toward the cabin, but the shock she had received in Jack's words, had been too much for her to bear calmly in her present exhausted condition.

She staggered fearfully, dropped her burden on the rocks, and clutched to the boulder for support.

However, she did not faint, but clung there, like a poor mountain flower rudely crushed by a thunder storm.

Ben was powerless to stir. The sight of the wounded girl had hopelessly unnerved him.

But it was a supreme opportunity for Jack. The emergency of the case had suddenly put his diffidence to flight. His manhood returned.

In a moment he was by Grace Morgan's side.

"If you will take my arm, Miss Morgan," he said kindly, "I'll assist you up to the cabin."

The voice or the presence of that stout, handsome fellow before her, served as a restorative to Grace Morgan, and with a tender look of gratitude from those blue eyes, such as honest Jack Leslie never forgot in all his life, she accepted his offered support and walked slowly away with him up the mountain slope.

Poor Ben would have given the very best part of his life to have been in his partner's boots just then. He stood by the boulder and watched them walking toward the cabin.

With a deep-drawn sigh, he said to himself :

"Them thar blasted nervous paroxysms o' mine was jist wearin off, an' I was jist a-fixin' my mouth ter ax her ef I couldn't have ther blessin' o' carryin' her an' her traps up ter ther shanty, when Jack hed to stick in. Ef it hedn't been Jack, I'd a-flattened him sure ! I don't s'pose Jack knows how spruce I kin be with gals when I've er mind ter be. Sage-bush ! Ain't she handsome? An' ther poor creeper won't hev no daddy soon." "Then," he went on to himself, "somebody's naterally got ter take keer o' her, that's all. She ain't a-goin' ter herd no kids fur a livin', I'll be blessed ! Nur scrub them litle hands o' hers on no blamed ole dirty duds. Naw, siree ! We'll jist 'stablish a Orphan 'Sylum down hyer in Windy gulch and take keer o' her."

Having settled the problem satisfactorily in his own mind at least, Ben started away down the stream to inform Patsy of the sudden arrival of Morgan's daughter from Kansas.

McBirney's fascinating employment had been too engrossing to permit him to observe the arrival of the stranger.

When Ben and McBirney went up to the shanty, they found Katie very busy in the brush-covered shed outside, which served as culinary department for the household.

Jack had gone to the spring for fresh water. In the cabin a girl's low, sweet voice could be heard in response to the feebly uttered words of Alex. Morgan.

As Patsy secured knives to dress his fish, his wife whispered aloud to him and Ben :

"Och ! bliss her dear heart. The darlint was clane intoirely afflicted by the meetin' wid the poor wounded father that is. Jack, the poor b'ye had to go away to hide his falin's, an' me own voice was that sthopped that I could hardly spreak wan worrid."

"Sure, an' how did Morg himself take the surprise?" asked McBirney.

"He was mooch afflicted over the meetin'. But she's a brave wan ! Whin she saw how low the mon was, she simmered down as calm as a summer's night whin not a lafe sthirs. She's talkin' now to him in that gintle, soothin' way she has."

If Mrs. McBirney was easily captivated by the gentle manners and personal charms of Grace Morgan, those honest citizens of Windy Camp, Jack Leslie and Ben Thomas, were fascinated beyond all hope of recovery.

Alex. Morgan lingered only two days longer after his daughter's arrival. Before closing his eyes, he shook hands with Jack and Ben, saying :

"Good-bye, pards. The time has come for me to cross the dark, mysterious divide ; but I leave my little Grace behind. Forget my faults, boys and be to her as brothers, when I'm

gone. I can leave her nothing. But she has an education, and with a little help, will succeed."

"Don't worry, Morg," Jack whispered to the dying man.

"Grace shall receive the tenderest care."

Morgan was comforted. Then his soul took its eternal flight from Windy Camp.

Grace felt as if heart, ambition, and life itself had abandoned her, although she received the thoughtful, tender sympathy of her four staunch friends in the gulch.

McBirney, who could use tools readily, fashioned a coffin out of boards taken from an abandoned shaft. He did his "last work for poor Morg" as well as the rude materials would allow.

Jack and Ben were the grave diggers. They selected a retired spot far up the gulch. They were silent with grave thoughts. Their spades alone broke the stillness. Neither could banish the mental vision of that lovely, sorrow-stricken face up at McBirney's cabin.

"Say, pard ! Hain't thet mighty *yaller* sile we're heavin out?"

"Yellow soil? asked Jack, a little abstractedly. However, he took up a handful of the dirt and examined it closely. Ben noticed the strange expression which swept over his face.

"Pard Ben," he said in an excited voice, "it's *gold!* Pure unadulterated gold. Windy Camp's not played out yet. Poor Morg' has opened a new vein of luck for us."

"Blest ef yer hain't right, pard," cried Ben, having satisfactorily inspected the ore. "Grace Morgan's brought this new luck to Windy Camp."

Jack did not attempt to deny the declaration. Perhaps his partner's superstitious belief that "a tenderfoot" or a stranger generally brings the miner fresh luck, had taken possession of him.

There was a deep degree of rejoicing in their hearts over their unexpected good fortune. But they respectfully subdued it, making a grave on an opposite slope. Here all that was mortal of unlucky Alex Morgan was interred. The pines and cedars on the ridge lisped and moaned a dirge, as Mrs. McBirney supported the weeping girl, while Jack and Ben sang softly,

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The new mine proved a valuable one. Nothing like it had ever been discovered in Windy gulch, even in her most promising days. It was firmly conceded that Grace Morgan had brought the fortune to them.

Grace remained with Mrs. McBirney all summer. She was pale, spiritless. Her characteristic cheerfulness seemed to have forsaken her utterly. Only one person in Windy Camp held the power to recall the vanished roses to the girl's pale cheeks. That was Jack Leslie, one of the share-holders in *Grace Mine*.

Ben was not slow to perceive this, and like the true friend that he was, he offered no obstacle to Jack's wooing.

He did not find it necessary to establish an Orphan Asylum, nor did Grace Morgan ever have to teach the miner's children to support herself.

Ben's good sense is too robust to encourage regrets. He derives real pleasure from the domestic happiness which Jack and Grace have found in their union.

Fashion Notes.

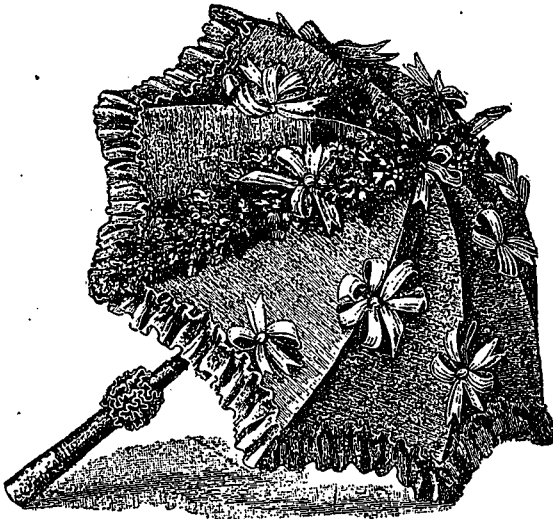
STYLISH EVENING BODICE.

Bodice in pink satin, crossed diagonally front and back with a drapery in brocade, edged with sable, and forming a short puffed sleeve, whilst on the opposite arm two satin ribbons represent a double shoulder strap, and a third ribbon is knotted into a bow, just below a gem bracelet. A comb in blonde tortoise shell in the hair.

ONE OF HER WEAPONS.

The parasol, in the hands of a graceful woman who knows what to do with it, is something like a fan in the way of lending an additional accent to her native charm. For this numerous class of radiant beings the newest sunshades are of changeable silk, in two colors, such as yellow and brown; forming a golden bronze; red and blue, producing purple; red and brown, making copper; red and black, red and green, yellow and pink, etc., through which the sunshine sifts in beautiful lights. These should have thick, short, English sticks. There are also larger parasols, of solid colors, for tennis tournaments, etc., marvels of dainty lace and silk are seen, having a mass of ruffles and puffs heavily trimmed and elaborately painted, which, even if they do resemble lamp-shades, are none the less admired and valued at high rates.

The new parasols are truly wonderful, and show a faith in coming sunshine, which I hope will be justified by experience. One of the newest under the name of Flots de Mer is quite a novel departure, and true



A DAINTY PARASOL.

to its name, the outside surface presents very much the aspect of sea waves. The one rib raised, the alternate rib depressed. The specimens I have seen were made in coffee-colored silk lace, or in black or white lace, or of chiffon. This white silk lace, fringed with grass, is to be a feature in *fête* parasols, and in lieu of ordinary fringe, silk is cut up into strips and introduced as trimming, but I think this is too

suggestive of the old paper mats we used years ago, and it certainly does not look as good as it is. Silk cord is applied to the edge of some of the new parasols, and a tassel encircles the handle, starting from a species of fluffy silk ruche, which looks like feathers. Frills of chiffon, embroidered in colored flowers, cover some of the new kinds, especially the double squares; it remains to be proved if they will find favor. A new silk and ribbon embroidery in relief is also used in the adornment of parasols, and many plain silks show spots of metallic gold as large as a threepenny piece, while some are edged with gold



STYLISH EVENING BODICE.

braided. Some of the sticks imported from Japan are richly carved in many fantastic patterns. The natural wood sticks have artificial poppies, acorns, cornflowers, wild roses, or sweet peas introduced into the cleft of the stick. En-tout-cas are more generally useful than any other kind; the handles are a moderate length; shot silks are used, and a great deal of cornflower blue.

RUSSET shoes and simple black Oxford ties will be the correct thing for country suits or with the early morning costume, while for afternoons the foot may have its choice in the way of *subde* ties and slippers low shoes of red and blue morocco, narrow-pointed slippers with huge rosettes of ribbon, which may be varied at the pleasure of the wearer. Canary-colored, glazed low shoes, which, by the way, suggest the glass slipper that Cinderella lost at the eventful ball, are also seen, but the one objection to these is that they make the foot appear to a disadvantage. The latest evening slipper from Paris is white kid or *subde*, embroidered in gold silk or beads, and having a high heel of gilt.

THE TEA-GOWN.

"This tea-gown craze may be a very good thing in its place, but, for my part, I don't think the general adoption of this style of dress is to be commended. It is too much like a wrapper. And if there is one thing more than another to which a sensible man objects, it is coming home to find his family in wrappers, unless in case of illness. And call it by whatever name you please, a tea-gown is nothing more or less than a wrapper with decorations and furbelows. Of course, it is comfortable, but that isn't all of life, and the formalities must be observed."

This was the remark of a man of sense, and was made with an emphasis which left no doubt of his earnest convictions on the subject.

There is much to be said on both sides of this question. That loose dresses have a tendency to make young women careless.

"But they are so comfortable," is the cry.

To be sure, they are, but not more comfortable than some other style of dress, and certainly, not half so becoming and picturesque as more closely fitting garments. Dresses may be comfortably loose without being on the free-and-easy order which many tea-gowns suggest.

The eternal fitness of things, if carefully observed, would restrict the tea-gown to the family circle or the private sitting room, and provide a more suitable costume for afternoon home wear.

IN THE way of outing-suits there is every opportunity for a handsome woman to make an impression in her simple reefer jacket and straight sheath skirt. But the skirt must hang in graceful folds in the back and be of the proper length and requisite narrowness, and the jacket must have the stylish cut of a stylish tailor, so that the effect is both jaunty and trig without being prim. Primness in dress always spoils the effect of a pretty girl: it is like an unpleasant moral ending a charming story. The outing costume for mountains and seashore is about the same: a dark blue serge skirt and reefer is considered the most correct, and with it may be worn a waistcoat of any dark or light color, and of any material; or a linen shirt, *au masculin*, with a Windsor four-in-hand tie, or a clerical white linen stock-tie, brought twice around the collar, and ending in two small stiff loops and short ends. There are also endless varieties of silk shirts in all hues and designs, to be

worn with such gowns. A wide sash of the same color as the skirt, and of the same material as the shirt, or of some contrasting shade that will accord with both, is wound around the waist. Another outing costume, which is a little more dressy, is of white serge or flannel, made with the plain skirt and jacket, and worn with a white China silk shirt, having a turned-back collar and cuffs, and a broad frill depending from the neck to the waist. A white *sudde* belt gives the final touch to this gown, which may be varied by wearing a red cloth yachting jacket, or an Eton jacket—a little roundabout concoction which is decidedly *chic*, and shows a broad expanse of the white silk shirt. This, with red shoes and a red sailor hat to match, will look exceedingly picturesque on the beach. With two skirts, one of white and one of some dark serge, an ingenious woman with a variety of stylish shirts and two or three reefer yachting jackets, and Eton jackets can have, with little trouble and expense, a number of fetching costumes which will take but little room in her trunk.

UNDER all of these simple costumes should be heard the rustle and *frou-frou* of an elegant silk skirt. The pale shades of fawn, *réséda*, lilac, sage-green, and old rose are preferred, so that, when the wind, which is no respecter of persons, seizes the thin drapery of a summer gown, with the utmost propriety and decorum the small ruffles of what is in reality a rich undress may be seen. For a long mountain tramp a striped underskirt of cotton and silk in two bright colors is serviceable and exceedingly pretty.

FOR afternoon gowns the India silk is the chosen fabric, and a pretty way to add to the effect of the lace, since lace is *dé rigueur*, is to have a frill of plain silk the color of the most prominent figure of the design placed under the lace ruffle, which gives a touch of color to the lace, brings out its woven pattern, and is a trifle out of the ordinary way of trimming.

CORDUROY will be made up in short suits for mountain-climbing, pedestrian excursions of all sorts, and for

morning rambles over country roads and through forest tangles. These gowns will serve an excellent purpose next winter as rain dresses. The fine wools are in excellent variety. Their exquisite texture and coloring will make possible some of the most ravishing costumes noted in many seasons.

GIRDLES have become very popular as well as elegant since they were introduced by the Cleopatra craze. They are of the mediæval type, clasping at the front, encircling at the hips, and hanging far down on the skirt.



LACE CAPE.

SUMMER HATS AND BONNETS.

Hats and bonnets for afternoon drives, and to wear with the dainty silk gowns on dress occasions, are marvels of exquisite combinations in soft colors. The bonnet is made on a tiny net foundation covered with a small roll of *crêpe*, mull, *mousseline de soie*, or *chiffon*, twisted into an airy nothing, with a few choice flowers to produce an effect that the French call *cachet*. The large dress hat is of pale yellow straw, or white leghorn, bent into some picturesque shape to accord with the face of the wearer (which should be young and fresh), and this should be trimmed with a few knots of soft silk, or *crêpe*, of some pale hue, and a large bunch or spray of graceful flowers of delicate plumes.

THE NEWEST outing caps are of silk, with generously puffed crowns, gathered from small buttons on the top, and finished with broad visors. These are made in two shades of wide circular stripes in silk and satin, in such combinations as white and pink, cream and gold, blue and white, white and red, red and black, black and blue, etc., to match the shade of, or to form a contrast to, any possible gown of any possible color. Those of quieter taste may prefer the simple yachting-cap of white or dark blue cloth, with its trig, flat crown, and stiff visor finished with a narrow cord of silk. For others, to whom this head-gear is unbecoming, jaunty little sailor hats are provided in every shade, with both wide and narrow brims. These are made exceedingly effective by

THE rather ancient fashion of wearing a chain of gold dollars at one's wrist is being revived. The reasons for this are easily found. Such bracelets are easy to procure if one has any



PICNIC HAT.

admirers at all, as each can be relied upon to yield up at least one gold dollar with a monogram upon it. The matter of buying a band bracelet from which they are to hang is a question of only a few dollars.

THE accompanying sketch is a very tasteful and becoming hat that is likely to be very popular during the summer. It is made in a mixed fancy straw, in a combination of corn-flower blue and white, which is both novel and effective. The brim is lifted prettily to one side, and the crown is trimmed with long, white ostrich feathers and bows of ribbon, some blue and some white.



SUMMER HAT.

PLAQUE hats of currants finished on the edge with tiny leaves.

CAMEL'S hair suiting having figures of Persian coloring in long, silky hairs.



PICNIC HAT.

adding to the narrow band a fat cockade of ribbon with sparse, spare, and tall aigrettes; or instead of them a few loops of narrow ribbon standing erect and snipped off piquantly by the scissors.



FRENCH COSTUME FOR THE COUNTRY.

Zephyr lawn, striped white and pink, and set off with washing silk of the delicate tint which is used as lapels, neck and wrist bands. It also binds the loose fronts of the jacket with its slashed hasque, together with the skirt opening, which displays a panel in either white lace or embroidered muslin in keeping with the shirt front and the deep cuffs. Draped corselet in the pink silk. These draped corselets and Swiss bands, which are close-fitting, are much worn in Paris with out-door summer toilettes. Leghorn hat with crown covered with wide muslin, piquet of ostrich tips, and pink ribbon bow.



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CONTRIBUTIONS.—All are CORDIALLY INVITED to express their opinions on any subject, give helpful talks to the inexperienced, and ask questions in any Department.

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. It is to avoid confusion, and to ensure that all communications will reach their respective Departments.

The Editor at Leisure.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

§ HE lands on the doorsteps of the fashionable hotel, just as the first dinner bell rings, and preceded by five trunks, two dress baskets, a sheaf of parasols, umbrellas, tennis racquets and alpenstocks, she enters into her kingdom. She is tall and springy, with a little downward curve on her warm red lip, and a little haughty pose to her patrician head, with its rows on rows of shining braids coiled under her *chapeau de voyage*. Her hands are long and slender, in their negligé suede gloves, and the folded open book she carries is a romance by Alphonse Daudet. Her little arched gaitered feet are as pretty in the water, nude and pink, as on the piazza in red morocco slipperlets, or flitting over the emerald courts of the tennis lawn in tan leather, or skimming the polished floor of the dancing hall in the lace beaded slippers of fashion's latest agony. She gets up early to ride, comes home exhilarated and ready for her breakfast, over which she chats in ever brightening wit and merriment. After she has eaten and drank with the omnivorous impartiality of the typical young American, she goes for a stroll and winds up on the piazza in the hammock, with three other girls round her, to whom she recounts the peculiarities of the morning escort, and the adventures of the morning ride. They laugh, but not too loudly, for *mirabile*

dictu, they have mastered the difference between the inane giggle and the discordant shriek. One girl has not, and the maid in the hammock solemnly rebukes her thus: "Mamie Overend don't you know you must not laugh so loud. Don't you dare do that again. It's vulgar!" And Mamie takes her rebuke as meekly and as seriously as she is expected to. Then the summer girl suddenly turns over and goes to sleep, and her three satellites watch about her noiselessly until the lunch bell wakes her. At lunch, she appears with some sort of a lace fichu thrown over her head, and says she took cold in the hammock, but the ravishing effect of the fichu is its own excuse, and she soon forgets the cold. Four young men are hanging about her footsteps to ask her to go for a row on the little artificial lake, as she comes slowly out from her luncheon. She talks to them all impartially and finally makes up a party of eight, no one knows just how, and until she gravely steps into the first boat at hand, no one knows which cavalier she intends to honor. She takes the most desirable one, of course, but those three summer girls say no hard words, knowing that but for her finesse and adroitness they three might have gone without the afternoon row. And she chaperones them, men and maids, in a pretty assumption of seriousness which is very distracting to her cavalier, who would fain fill her ears with soft and suggestive nothings of his own. And when they come back, lily laden, she links her arm in his, confidingly, and leans ever so lightly, and though she heads her little party to the hotel, he is somehow gratified and consoled, and feels he has been awarded some indefinable privilege. At dinner the summer queen appears a little late, in a mazy cloudy gown of black lace, with the dewy lilies nestling on her bosom, and not a ring or a gewgaw about her. And she is very quiet, having learned that loud talk and merry jest are for the breakfast hour, and not *comme il faut* at the table d'hôte. And when she has well dined and heard what is the amusement offered to the guests for the evening, she takes her way out to the beach, with a bewildering fleecy dusky wrap shot with silver streaks over her small high-held head, and she talks socialism with a clever German professor who is rather inclined to despise the frivolity of American maidens, until his pale tinted eyes glow in the twilight with surprise and appreciation, and then she tells a fairy tale, wild and witching, to six little maids and men whose nurses can scarcely decoy them from her side at bed-time, and then she turns to the belles and beaux, who are her slaves, and is a floating vision of stately loveliness as she swings round the brilliant ballroom to the magic music of the Hungarian band. And so her days go by, and she lives on the top of the wave, never courted, for she is too wary, never won, for she is too fond of her freedom, never weary, for she takes her pleasure sensibly, never stupid, for her mother wit is keen, and her mind is well stored and cultured and full of wise thoughts. She bathes, she swims, she plays tennis, on quiet Sunday evenings she evokes from the grand piano rolling chords or pathetic little melodies, she reads, she walks, she studies, and every Monday and Friday she is lost to view for two hours, and comes out a little flushed, a little pensive, and bearing in her hands a bulked sealed letter which I can whisper you in confidence begins with these compromising words "My own dear Jack!"

PICNIC TALK.

Perhaps there is no form of amusement so often a failure as the picnic. Sometimes it is the weather, sometimes the management, sometimes the people and sometimes the place that spoils it. Of course, the first is the worst of the four, because it

is outside the help of any man or woman, and must be accepted without hope of betterment. If a cold bleak day dawns upon our water party, or a sudden downpour of rain obliterates our *al fresco* tea table, one can only sigh or smile, as comes easiest and bear it. But those other three causes are nearly always capable of some betterment, if they should at first look faulty. The management, that is to say, the hour for starting, the mode of transport, and the sort of entertainment for soul and stomach should be the subject of sensible and careful thought. Don't go too early, so as to use up your energies in premature efforts, don't travel uncomfortably, that is, on a crowded excursion train, or a slow unclean steamboat, or a wagon without back rests or springs, don't take sandwiches nor sponge cake nor buns, of all things, *no buns!* Take some gem jars of lemon juice and sugar all ready to pour into the pail of ice cold spring water, take another gem jar of salad dressing and cut your lettuce up fine, drench with cold water and pack in a covered tin pail. It will keep crisp and tempting. Take plenty of disjointed roast chickens and ducks and cold tongue and fresh crusty loaves, and a pot of butter, wrapped in a very wet tablecloth, and take paper plates and tin spoons and new tin cups, and take a good sized kettle and a tea steeper and a portly jug, and a tea strainer, and if you must take milk, wrap the bottles up as you did the butter and take enough knives and forks to go round. If you are making a day of it and intend having dinner and tea, take some ale and ginger ale to make that refreshing drink called shandygaff, and take boxes of strawberries or other fruit in season, and loaves of cake, to cut as you require it, and if you must have pastry, take tidy covered pies and turnovers, and avoid disagreeable mussy lemon pies and the involuntarily disemboweled tart. Lobster goes well with the salad, and cool ripe tomatoes are fine, take a small tin dipper for your lemonade or shandygaff and lots of plain or paper table napkins, a short piece of metal chain to sling your teakettle over the campfire, and if you intend getting fish or frogs' legs a long handled frying pan. And oh my picnic manager, forget not the little salt bottles and the sugar for tea and fruit. The picnic which can't exist on the foregoing viands had better stay at home and lunch at Delmonicoes. Then, it is a fine idea to have some good player take a violin or even the despised concertina, and another who can read well, might delight the after dinner loungers by several short sweet sylvan selections, anything that can be read while he lounges at the feet of his pet demoiselle. A certain man of my acquaintance was successful in a very marked manner, at a small picnic last summer, he lounged in the sunset on the cliff above a noble stretch of blue lake water, we were talking of poetry and the Laureate's name was mentioned, "That is a beautiful thing, that last bit he has written," said my friend seriously. "Listen!" and in his mellow and rather sad-toned voice he gave us those little verses about "The harbor bar." A hush lay upon us all, as his voice gently sank into silence, and I am sure not one of the dozen picnickers who sat in the friendly half circle will ever forget the appropriate recitation. And these remarks naturally make us think of the people, who are to be picnicked. Don't have fussy people, or cranky people, or difficult people to please. Have hearty, healthy, happy souls, be they young or old, in sensible unspoilable clothes, ready to see sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks, and good in everything. Have some irrepressible boys, to gather you firewood, and some careful fellow to sling your kettle, and folks in love, and folks ready for the barbed arrow, and folks who love the green face of nature, and folks who sketch and paint and chatter and I had almost said without thinking, the folks who sing! but the

avenging ghosts of Juanita and the Swanee River arose and struck me dumb. Then, finally, the management must select a good place for a picnic, not too far, if you like a long drive you can go round about, but I think most of us are glad to get home quickly:—not too public or hackneyed, and with some object of interest or beauty to make its charm unique. For years have I gloated over the loveliness of a very fairy ring of velvet turf under the most graceful elm I ever saw. A stroke of lightning had rent it, and on one side the branches swept within a few feet of the ground, the river ran six yards away, past a narrow sandy beach, and many have been the charming teas I have shared with my chosen friends in this ideal picnic place. And may you follow on the lines laid down herein, and enjoy many such pleasant hours.

A NEW ENGLISH GAME.

A NEW out-of-door game, called "The colors," has been invented by Mrs. A Hartshorne, of Bradbourne Hall, near Derby, England. It may be played by four or eight players. For the four players the materials for the game are four sets of five posts, painted red, white, blue and green. Each player has a little rack, on which she or he carries eight rings, two each of the same color, and two small flags bearing the letters "R" and "L," signifying right and left. There are also flags, painted black, to indicate a miss or "fault."

The court should be sixty feet long by thirty-six feet wide. To arrange the ground, the posts are planted in sets of five, each post two feet six inches apart from its neighbor, in a figure which would form a cross, the first or starting set being at one end of the ground, the end or finishing set being at one extreme end of the court, exactly opposite the start, and the side sets in the middle of each side of the court.

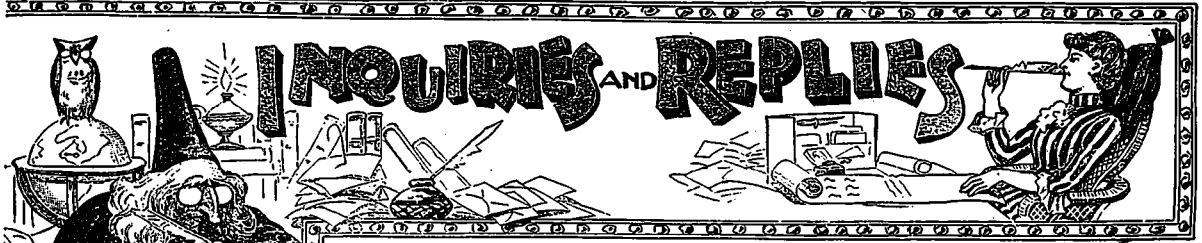
Each player being furnished with his complement of eight rings, which have previously been shaken up in a bag, two partners stand on each side of the starting set of posts facing each other. The whole object of the game is to get rid of the rings in such a manner that they retain their proper sequence on the posts. There is no throwing or running. The players walk leisurely from seat to seat, deposit their rings if they can, and then walk on to the next set of posts. One player may get rid of a ring by placing it on his partner's ring, and any player may play two rings following, if possible.

There is no hurry or scurry, but there is a certain amount of science in the game, and, of course, it may be varied in many ways. It will never in any way interfere with tennis, because it appeals to totally different people from tennis players, but there is plenty of room for it, and it certainly is prettier and more interesting than croquet, though it seems so simple.

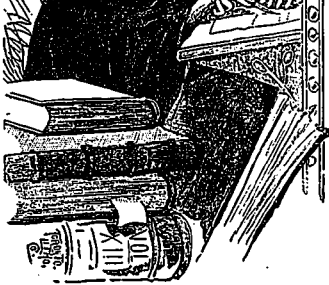
The new game was played the other afternoon in the garden of the Inner Temple by a number of trained players before a party of specially invited guests.

AMONG the queerest of post-mortem gifts were the silver phials which the late Dr. Charles F. Heuser, an eccentric Baltimore physician, arranged to have distributed among his friends after they had been filled with ashes from his cremated body.

DR. MILNE, in his annual report on the health of Accrington during the past year, states that "many lives would be saved if mothers would exercise a little more common sense in dressing their children. Low bodices, short sleeves, and short cotton socks should be absolutely excluded from the toilet of young children except during the height of the summer. Thousands of children are annually 'hardened' into their graves."



This department is open to all Readers in search of information concerning fashions, health, etiquette, and who wish graphological studies. Correspondents must write only on one side of paper. Rules for delineation of character by hand-writing.—1. Write on one side of unruled paper. 2. Quotations, postal cards, nor children's writing not studied. 3. A note of at least six lines required for graphological study.



CORRESPONDENCE.

QUESTIONS.

A Correspondent would be indebted to anyone who will send her the names of the authors of the two following quotations, also in what they occur :

Oh for a pencil dipp'd in living light,
To paint the agonies that Jesus bore ;
Oh ! for the long lost harp of Jesus might,
To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore."
Heaven's gates open to the rich at an easy rate,
As the needle's eye takes a camel in."

ANSWERS.

ORPHEUS.—1. Whisk it lightly through luke-warm water in which you have put half a spoonful of spirits of ammonia. 2. You can procure book on Taxidermy from P. C. Allen, King street West, Toronto. The price is fifty cents. 3. Your writing shows perseverance and tenacity of purpose, caution and some imaginative power. You are rather reserved and probably shy, fond of orderly ways, and like pretty and harmonious surroundings, very truthful and not disposed to overrate yourself or others. You can like warmly and freely, but are not fond of change.

GLADYS ROBINSON.—Puzzles received. You have omitted to send the answer to No. 2, about the parcels.

GYSFVE.—Writing shows sufficient constancy, honor and truth. Some independence of thought and originality, perhaps bordering on self-will, a taste for fiction and an appreciation of art, some love of praise, and aptitude for acquiring difficult knowledge not much sign of hopefulness, but a contented spirit. I think, however, you have your day dreams, Gypsy.

MAUD MULLER.—1. Adaptability, capability, and strong-will. 2. No. 1 shows hopefulness, mirth, generosity, intuition, sufficient perseverance, an evenbalanced temper, and some tendency to superficiality, a dislike to sounding into the depths. No. 2 has the last quality, also amiability, good judgment, some slight indecision, none of the characteristics are so strongly marked as in the first specimen. Some other traits made me think that No. 2 might be a left hand study. It is not equally as strong as No. 1, though a very fair hand, the h, r, and several other letters are identical. It does not show hope nor love of fun.

URSULA.—Writing shows love of the beautiful, lack of self reliance, some perseverance, reverence, a happy and hopeful disposition, some idealism, rather gentle and disposed to give way before opposition, but capable of loyal effort and great generosity.

EUGENIE S.—Writing shows more independence and enterprise than Ursula's, a larger fancy and greater impulse. I don't think you care as much as she for appearance, or what is said and thought of you, her solicitude being a little in excess. Neither are very strong or marked studies.

ELIZA.—1. Writing shows conscientiousness, love of order, some talent, a little tendency to undisciplined effort. I think you are kind, patient, cheerful, anxious for approbation, and mildly ambitious. You like to look on the bright side of things and have some love for your own way. 2. The typewriter has narrowed the chances for which you enquire to a very fine point. I hardly know where to recommend you. I shall be glad to hear from you anytime.

JE SAURAS.—Writing shows speculative thought, love of ease, some energy, not always fruitful, tendency to exaggerate, (not necessarily implying untruthfulness), amiability, love of society and conversation, frankness and hopefulness. It makes no difference what you write, so long as you don't formalize your hand with a studied quotation. The rules of graphology would not vary, though you wrote the veriest nonsense, but judging from your writing, such isn't your style. Your writing lacks decision, but then, so do you!

MOTHER GOOSE.—1. Writing shows good impulse and capability, decision and power, tact combined with truthfulness, love of good things, some sense of humor. You are practical and don't waste time in theorizing. A fine study. 2. How could I possible do so. Appearances are so often misleading.

MINNEHAHA.—1. I think the gown would be very becoming, but am not sure about the green front. 2. Depends upon circumstances, ordinarily the best plan would be to have some one suggest to him his remissness. 3. Depends on size. Three strings of medium sized pearls should cost \$1200.00. 4. Coral pinks, red, mauve and rich green would suit you I think. Do not wear black. 5. Writing shows

great imagination, breadth of sympathy, love of social intercourse, good temper, a little self esteem, an optimistic tone, some idealism and intuition. I should think you would be decidedly ornamental in society and a probable favorite. Perhaps the fault of your writing, if so far a thing has a fault, is a tendency to endure flourishes. Don't you sometimes catch yourself "flourishing," in other ways beside in your writing?

J. S. D. COLLINGWOOD.—I don't give private studies. Your answer must appear in this column, if you send authority I will give it next month. Send also the name you assume.

GARDNER.—Energy, independence, tenacity, originality, a rather practical than dreamy nature, some sense of humor, a wee bit of self-will and some pride and reserve. Thanks for an interesting study. 2. Depends on surroundings. Iris or water lilies, rushes, and marsh-mallows, a bunch of daisies or clover, tied with a ribbon to match surroundings, a pair of storks, with a spray of Japan cherry tree. The cherry blossoms are deep pink. Thanks for puzzle. Hope to hear from you again.

Rita and Golden (see Rules).

SADIE S. C., Iowa.—Private delineations are against the rules of the magazine. Mrs. M. L. G.—1. Writing shows idealism, gentleness, frankness, generosity, some talent and love of beauty. I don't think the writer would be obstinate or apt to think too much of herself, but has a sincere desire for approbation and pleasure in success. The writing shows a little despondency, not the buoyant hopefulness so cheering and attractive. It shows strong likes and dislikes and great conscientiousness. 2. I shall always be glad to hear from you.

PANSY LILL.—Your writing shows originality, amiability, hopefulness, social tendencies, lacks decision, and culture. It needs a good deal of practice and will make a good hand.

CHRISTENHILD.—1. A person of uncertain and unreliable character might possibly write quite naturally several differing hands, though to a graphologist they would present resemblances, perhaps imperceptible to you. 2. Your writing shows thoughtful good judgment, perseverance, and great hope and courage, some intuition and good self reliance and not a bad opinion of yourself. You have doubtless influence over your neighbors in a way perhaps you don't realize and are well liked by a goodly number. 3 I am glad to welcome you among my paper friends and hope you will write often.

"ANNA." Kansas.—1. Am sure from your letter you will not take any trouble to shock your friends, as you threaten. Why bother about what people say of you in the way you mention? Cultivate a bright and pleasant manner by being interested in your friends and their doings, in current literature and questions of the day. 2. Your writing shows perception and tact, good sense and proportion, a sense of humor, some artistic taste, candor and good temper. I am sure you are not stupid Anna.

LUCY.—Your writing shows gentleness, hope, candor, trustfulness, sufficient perseverance, a little self-will, but a grace of manner and expression that make even self-will becoming. You are not self-reliant and prefer to lean on a stronger arm over rough places.

PEGGIE.—"Tidies" are rather behind the age, but pretty drapes are made from a width of art silk fringed at the ends or ornamented with balls and small metal rings, and tied in the middle with a soft bow of contrasting ribbon. Also many different shades of two inch ribbons in str., 5 are alternated with lace insertion in black, white or cream.

J. C. SHIELDS.—The riddle you sent is too easy. Try again.

P. F. H.—Your writing shows tenacity of purpose, great intuition and sympathy tact and good judgment, some impulse, rather an excess of good nature, and a very generous heart. I think you are particular in little things and orderly and methodical in your ways. You have your opinions but don't state them emphatically. You have probably great love of things beautiful and enjoyment of art and music.

LILLIAN.—Your writing shows idealism, rather c. disposition to wasted effort, some mirth, good temper, but you can develop a pretty rage on occasion, I don't think your intuition is strong, and your reasoning isn't always as sage as you think. You have sufficient individuality and energy.


MARGUERITE.—The upended skin, beside the nails known as the "stepmother" is certainly disfiguring and sometimes painful. Don't ever drag it back, cut it as close as you can. Constant care is needed to keep nails in order. Press the skin back gently all around where it touches the nails. Your writing shows decision tempered by good nature, some perseverance, talent and a sense of humor, you are generous, kind though you don't always show what you feel, you are a little hasty in your judgment, but generally strike it about right. A very good hand.

AMAZON.—Writing shows impulse, almost capricious humor, that might be sometimes unbecoming, you can judge well when you like to take the trouble, though you are offhand and careless you are not the less desirous of being kind and considerate, you don't mind criticism and are not always of the same mind.

ANNIE.—1. Cherries are to be stoned; covered with sugar and set by over night, then gently simmer on a fire until the sugar is quite cooked. Taste them, and make sweet enough for your taste some like more sugar, some less, boil about ten minutes then bottle and screw down while hot. Plums are cooked the same way only they need some water put on for syrup. Don't let them boil hard at any time. I never have failed canning fruit.

Household Information.

HOW TO PREPARE SALAD.

 F all the vegetables of which salad can be made, lettuce is undoubtedly the best. So much every one will grant. "The lettuce when it is *panachée*," says the "Almanach des Gourmands"—that is, when it has streaked or variegated leaves, and is not all green like a cabbage—"is truly a salad of distinction"—*une salade de distinction*. Beautifully said—none but a Frenchman could pay such a compliment. The milky juices of the lettuce are similar in their soporific effects, though in a minor degree, to those of the poppy, and, like opium, predispose the mind of him who partakes wisely but not too well to repose of temper and philosophic thought. Not every one, however, knows how to prepare this distinguished salad for the table. In the first place, you must assure yourself that the lettuce-leaves are quite dry. There must be no drops of water left upon the leaves after washing them, to mingle with and weaken the vinegar and refuse to coalesce with the oil. Failure to recognize this great fact has ruined many an otherwise excellent salad. And now to prepare your condiments. Take an egg that has been boiled ten minutes, place it in the bowl, and carefully remove the white. Add a teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of mustard. To be quite sure of the requisite pungency, add a little cayenne pepper and pound the mixture well together at the bottom of the bowl with a silver spoon. Next add a tablespoonful of vinegar, and discard the silver from an ivory or hard-wood spoon. Any vinegar, if pure, will answer the purpose, but the best of all vinegars is that made from red wine—the Italian vinegar which consorts so admirably with the Italian olive-oil. The latter you do not add until you have first stirred the mixture gently for one minute. "Niggard of your vinegar, prodigal of your oil," is an old maxim that every salad-maker should act upon. Make it two tablespoonfuls, not stinted, but brimming over, of the best olive-oil of Lucca. Never use any but the best; tolerable oil is like a tolerable egg, it fatally ruins the dish of which it should be the most powerful agent for good. Stir again for a minute or two, till the ingredients are well mingled. Then as the finishing touch, add half a teaspoonful of brown sugar, and once again ply the spoon for a minute. There should always be a flavor of onions in a salad, if it is to be one of "distinction." Spring onions are the best. Take half a dozen and cut them very fine, add the white of the egg, not cut too small, and then the seasoning is really to receive the lettuce itself, to the beauty of which all the rest are but the adornments. Have a care to remove the hard stock, and use only the tender leaves, with the brittle spinal columns that support them. Do not shake the mixture too violently or too long. It used to be said, *Fatiguez la salade*, but this is an error. It is sufficient that every portion of the vegetable should come in contact with the seasoning, and a very gentle stirring, so as not to break or bruise the lettuce, is all that is required.

WASHING LACE.

THE washing of lace is an art. Large pieces, such as curtains and bedspreads, must be shaken perfectly free from dust, wet in tepid water, and rubbed with mild white soap. Next put them in a clean wooden or earthen vessel, cover with soft water about lukewarm, and set all day in the sunshine. Take them out next day and wash through clean suds. Do not rub or wring them, but lave up and down. Be sure you have plenty of water,

especially for rinsing. If a trace of soap remains it will rot the fabric. After rinsing, hang them smooth on the line to drain. Wringing makes creases, besides injuring the mesh. When three parts dry, fold flat and rub into them with the hand thin starch re-inforced with gum water. Gum arabic is best. Put a quart of boiling water to the ounce, stir till dissolved, let stand till cool, and pour off the clear fluid from the sediment. Mix it with twice its own bulk of starch, in which there is neither sugar, wax, nor spermaceti. After rubbing in, roll up smooth for three hours, then spread a clean sheet on the carpet and pin the lace upon it, taking care to stretch it exactly square, and to put a pin in the point of each scollop.

WHEN the carpet has been soiled with ink, instantly apply blotting-paper, then milk, then blotting-paper, and so on until the spot is out, as it will be. Don't rub.

FLY-SPECKS, etc., may be removed from bronze by means of a mixture of lavender oil, one dram; alcohol, one ounce; water, one and one-half ounces. Use soft sponge and proceed quickly, with as little rubbing as possible.

THE progressive dinner is among the late fads. Instead of having one large table, small ones are used, and at every course the bell rings and the guests move up to another table. The rules are much the same as those governing progressive euchre.

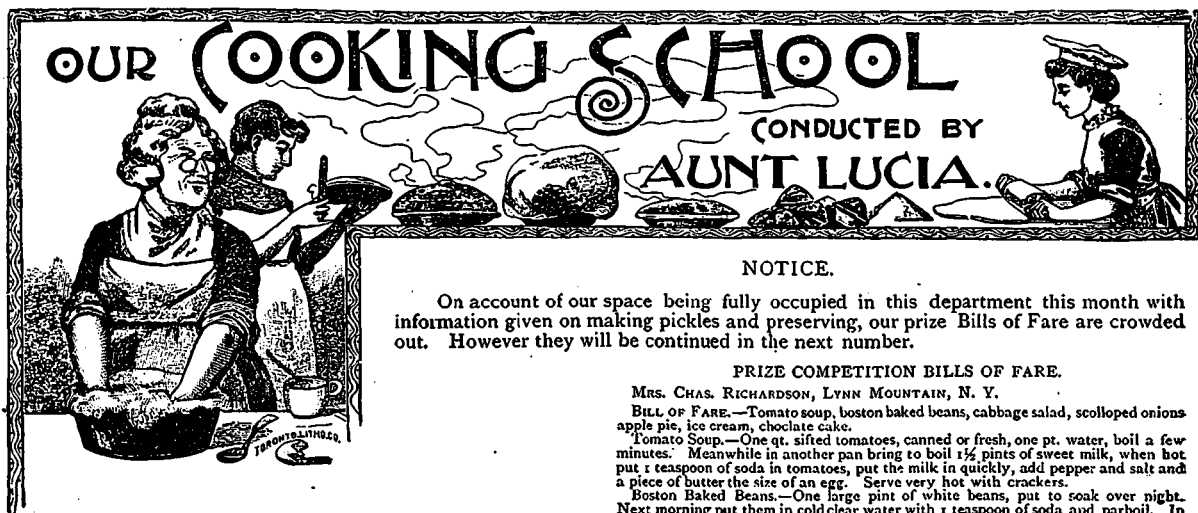
To clean steel ornaments, dip a small brush into some paraffine oil, and then into some emery powder, such as is used in the knife machine, and brush well the ornaments, and all the rust will soon come off; polish with a dry leather and duster.

FOR a good mahogany stain, there is nothing better than a little Vandyke brown, glazed over with Victoria lake. After brushing over the wood with the former, wipe with a damp cloth—this, by removing color from the harder parts where it has less deeply sunk, will cause the grain to come out more distinctly than if by the brush alone.

To imitate rosewood, take half a pound of logwood, boil it in three pints of water until it is of a very dark red, to which add about half an ounce of salts of tartar, and when boiling hot, stain your wood with two or three coats, taking care that it is nearly dry between each; then with a stiff black graining brush make streaks with very deep black stain.

A FLOOR pillow that is not too good to be used on the piazza or hall floor and is easily and inexpensively made, is of blue denim, ample in size, and simply but effectively embroidered with the finest quality of manilla rope, couched down with fine stitches, which are taken through, not over the rope. The effect may be heightened by touching the rope with bits of gilding here and there.

LITTLE egg cosies are made of plain or quilted satin, miniature copies of tea cosies. If plain, they offer a surface for a flower or monogram, embroidered or painted. They should measure about nine inches round the edge or widest part, and are graduated as they ascend. The height should be from four and a half to five inches; this will take in the cup as well as the egg. They should be finished off with a cord ending with a loop at the top. Sets of these little cosies make pretty gifts, especially if they are made of white linen wrought with gold or silver cord, or the gold-colored silk so much in vogue at present. In decorating the outside it must not be forgotten to quilt a warm lining for the inside, or half the value of the cosy will be lost.



NOTICE.

On account of our space being fully occupied in this department this month with information given on making pickles and preserving, our prize Bills of Fare are crowded out. However they will be continued in the next number.

PRIZE COMPETITION BILLS OF FARE.

Mrs. CHAS. RICHARDSON, LYNN MOUNTAIN, N. Y.

BILL OF FARE.—Tomato soup, boston baked beans, cabbage salad, scalloped onions apple pie, ice cream, chocolate cake.

Tomato Soup.—One qt. sifted tomatoes, canned or fresh, one pt. water, boil a few minutes. Meanwhile in another pan bring to boil $\frac{1}{2}$ pints of sweet milk, when hot put 1 teaspoon of soda in tomatoes, put the milk in quickly, add pepper and salt and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Serve very hot with crackers.

Boston Baked Beans.—One large pint of white beans, put to soak over night. Next morning put them in cold clear water with 1 teaspoon of soda and parboil. In another pan carboll $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of salt pork, then skim out and put in an earthen jar, bury the pork in the beans and pour over them four or five tablespoons of molasses and a little salt; nearly cover with the water and bake four or five hours, cover the jar, and care should be taken not to let them become too dry in the oven. Beef steak, 1 pound.

Baked and mashed potatoes.
Cabbage Salad.—1 small head cabbage chopped fine. For dressing, 1 cup of vinegar, 2 cups of butter size of half an egg, 3 tablespoons sweet cream, 2 tablespoons mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon each of pepper and salt, 1 egg. Stir all together on the stove till it thickens. Pour over the cabbage cold.

Scalloped onions.
Dessert.—One apple pie.

Ice Cream.—Dissolve $\frac{1}{4}$ box of Cox's gelatine in one pint of milk with two large cups sugar, and one well beaten egg, set in a pan of boiling water till it just boils up stir all the time, put on ice to cool, when cool add one pint of whipped cream, flavor with lemon or vanilla and freeze.

Chocolate Cake.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cups pulverized sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweet milk, 1 pint flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Dissolve 3 oz. chocolate with 3 tablespoons sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and stir all together into cake.

Cost of Bill of Fare.—Tomato soup, 25 cts; boston baked beans, 14 cts; beef steak and potatoes, 24 cts; cabbage salad, 15 cts; scalloped onions, 15 cts; apple pie, 10 cts; ice cream, 25 cts; chocolate cake, 15 cts; coffee, 7 cts.

Mrs. LOUIS LOGEN, ABERDEEN, S. D.

BILL OF FARE.—Tomato soup, veal with dressing, mashed potatoes, fried parsnip, lettuce salad with hard boiled eggs, brown bread, white bread, coffee, charlotte russe, velvet sponge cake.

Tomato Soup.—One pint canned tomatoes, one pint water, (allow for evaporation) then add one pint of boiling milk, salt, pepper and butter to taste, with a little rolled cracker, boil and serve on new style soup plates which are small without rim. (A little soup does not look lost, and "little" soup is plenty before a dinner.)

Roast Loin of Veal.—Wash and rub with salt and pepper, roll up and let stand two hours. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, salt, pepper and any desired flavor, as sage, thyme, parsley moistened with hot water and butter. Unroll veal, put dressing in well around the kidney fold, secure with plenty of white cotton cord or twine winding on all sides, place thick-side down in dripping pan, in moderate oven, in half an hour add hot water and baste often, "turn" in another half hour, when nearly done, dredge with flour, baste with melted butter, remove twine before serving.

Gravy.—Skim off fat if too much, add flour and stir till it browns, add cold water till it boils.

Mashed Potatoes.—Boil till well done, sprinkle on the salt, and mash and add milk and butter, whip till white and creamy, when taken up, do not press flat, but look nice.

Fried Parsnip.—Scrape and wash well, cut into slices lengthwise, put to boil in a little water, just as they are done, the water should be gone, add butter enough to fry a nice brown on both sides, pepper and salt.

Lettuce.—Wash lettuce and let lie in cold water long enough to make crisp, serve to each person with half a hard boiled egg. Pass pepper, salt, vinegar, sugar and cream to each guest, letting each prepare to suit their taste. It can be served at table or on side dishes before sitting down, as hostess prefers, this latter makes the table look nice, I think.

White Bread.—One loaf will be sufficient for dressing veal, and for dinner.
Brown Bread.—One cup cornmeal, one cup white flour, one half cup molasses, one half teaspoon soda, and salt; add water enough to make quite soft, put into baking powder can and steam two hours.

Charlotte Russe.—One ounce gelatine dissolved in two gills boiling milk, whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and a half cups of powdered sugar, one pint thick cream whipped to a froth, rose water or vanilla for flavoring, mix gelatine, sugar and cream together, add the beaten whites, pour into mould and get on ice till required.

Velvet Sponge Cake.—Two cups sugar, six eggs leaving out whites of three, one cup hot water, boiling, two and a half cups of flour, one tablespoon of baking powder in the flour, beat the yolks a little, add the sugar, beat for fifteen minutes, add the cup of boiling water and just before the flour, flavor with lemon and bake in three layers putting between a frosting made of the whites and six dessert spoons of pulverized sugar to each egg, lemon flavor. Boiled frosting can be made if preferred.

Cost of Bill of Fare.—Veal, 30 cts; vegetables 10 cts; bread, 10 cts; 13 eggs, 11 cts; coffee, 9 cts; gelatine, 10 cts; $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds sugar, 25 cts; 1 qt cream 20 cts; butter, 5 cts.

PICKLE MAKING FOR AUGUST.

This is the month in which the work of pickling is chiefly done in most households, and it being one branch of kitchen work that requires especial attention, all housekeepers desire suggestions upon the subject. A noted writer on the subject says:

"We are inclined to think that too much time and strength are expended in private families in preserving and canning. Since so much of this work is done on a large scale, and so cheaply in many excellent establishments, which have reduced this work to the simplest and easiest forms, it would seem advisable for housekeepers to supply themselves from the manufactories. The idea does not, however, hold good with regard to pickling, where there is so much risk of unsafe adulteration, and the large amount of spices now so much used in preparing many kinds of pickles being injurious to health. A large amount of vinegar used in factories is said to have no apple or grape juice in its composition."

If this be true, it is best to have the work done in our own kitchens, particularly as the expense of making pickles is trifling and the labor light. The following recipes for making wholesome and dainty pickles will be found reliable and useful:

WALNUT PICKLES.—Take tender, young walnuts (the white are the best), rub with a coarse towel, put in a jar, pour over boiling salt water. Let soak ten days, changing the water every third day. Pour off the brine and cover the walnuts with spiced vinegar. Let stand two months before using.

RADISH-POD PICKLES.—Gather tender, young radish-pods, put in brine over night; pour off; boil the brine and pour over. Let soak two or three days. Drain and pour over hot vinegar well spiced.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—Gather full-grown nasturtium berries, put them in a pot, pour over boiling salt water. Let stand three or four days. Strain and cover with cold spiced vinegar.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.—Take good, white heads, break in small pieces and boil for ten minutes in strong salt and water. Skim out the pieces and lay on a sifter to drain. When cold, put in a pickle-jar with a few whole cloves, allspice, cinnamon, mace and a pod of red pepper. Let stand over night, drain off the vinegar and boil. Pour back over the cauliflower and set in a cool, dark place.

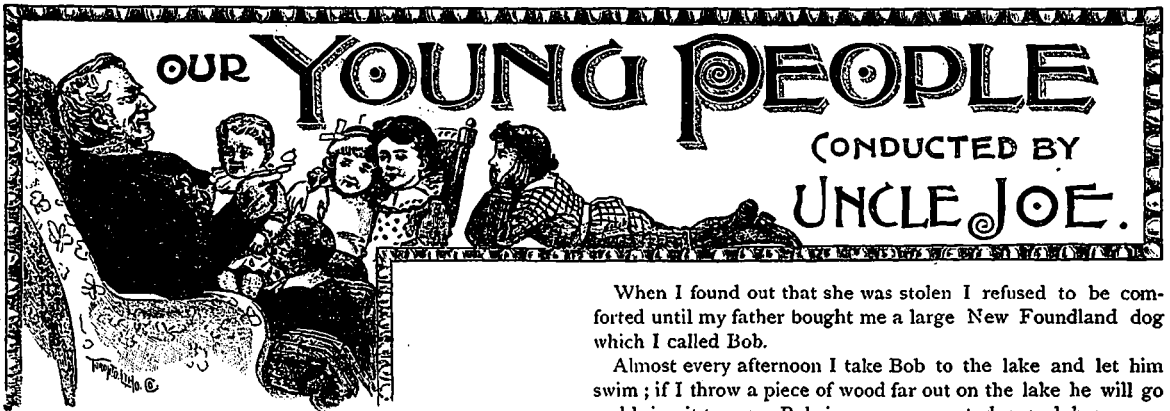
MIXED PICKLES.—Take the medium sized cabbage, a dozen green tomatoes, two large onions, half a dozen cucumbers, one pod of green pepper and one root of horse-radish, chop all together and mix. Put a layer two inches thick in the bottom of a jar, sprinkle with a tablespoonful of salt, then another layer, until the vegetables are all in the jar. Let stand three days, drain well; cover with boiling water, and strain again. Add to half a gallon of vinegar a small pinch of powdered alum and stir until dissolved. Put a layer of the pickles in the bottom of a jar, sprinkle with mustard seed, black pepper and grated horse-radish; then add another layer of the vegetables until all are in the jar. Pour the vinegar over and let stand a week before using.

SMALL CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Wash and wipe one hundred small cucumbers and put in a jar. Cover with boiling brine and let stand twenty-four hours. Take out, wipe, put in clean jars, cover with hot, well-spiced vinegar, and then seal. Ready for use in two weeks.

GREEN PICKLES.—Take from the brine, drain well, scald them for three mornings in strong vinegar and sprinkle with powdered alum. Put in jars and pour over while boiling hot, one gallon of vinegar seasoned with three pounds of brown sugar, one tablespoonful each of allspice, cinnamon, ginger, black pepper and cloves, with one ounce of celery seed, one pod of red pepper and two tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish.

YELLOW PICKLES.—Take two gallons of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of turmeric, three of allspice, one of cloves and one of mace, one pint of mustard seed and two tablespoonfuls of celery seed. Pound all together and stir in hot vinegar. Take three large, firm heads of cabbage, cut and scald in brine; squeeze dry and hang in the sun. When bleached, put in cold vinegar over night, drain, put in a jar and pour over the spiced vinegars until fresh; scald in strong vinegar and put in a stone jar. Take two gallons of vinegar, four ounces of black and white mustard seed, two ounces of ground mustard, four ounces of white ginger, three of pepper and allspice each, one ounce each of mace and cloves, two ounces of turmeric, one handful of garlic and horse-radish, one gill of celery seed, one tablespoonful of salt and three pounds of brown sugar. Pour over the pickles. This vinegar should be prepared a week or two before using, and set in the sun.

CRABAPPLE PICKLES.—Take two dozen large cucumbers, one peck of green tomatoes and one dozen onions. Let the cucumbers and whole tomatoes stand in brine three days. Cut the onions up and sprinkle with salt. Take half a gallon of vinegar, three ounces of white mustard seed, one each of turmeric and celery seed, one box of mustard and two pounds of brown sugar. Let simmer over a slow fire for half an hour and pour over the pickles. Put in jars and seal.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR PETS.



DEAR UNCLE JOE,—Of all the pets I have had the most amusing and dearest to me was my large tortoiseshell cat

About a year ago my uncle brought her to me from Alabama where he had been for a short time.

When I first saw her I thought she was the sweetest cat I had ever seen and I could not decide upon a name nice enough for her.

At last I chose the name Nimrod which I thought very suitable she being a mighty hunter of rats and mice.

I soon discovered that she had some very pretty tricks the cutest of which was: when lunch or any other meal was announced she would come in and hide under the table and when we were seated and had begun eating she would come to me and gently tap me on my arm and mew softly, which was her way of saying she was hungry, if I did not pay any attention she would go to my little brother and repeat till some one gave her dinner. I am sorry to say that Papa did not like this trick and prohibited her from coming in the dining-room. I had a little red bed for her and a mattress, sheets, pillow and cases. Every night she would go to bed and I would cover her up with her little quilt.

One rainy day having nothing else to amuse me I made a little pair of blue pants and a red velvet coat and green cap with a red feather in it. At first she objected to them and tried to tear them to pieces but finally would let me dress her in them and really seemed to like them very much.

When my little friends visited me we would dress her in her "regimentals" as I used to call them and I would whistle Yankee Doodle and she would dance around almost as good as the dancing bears I have seen. One day a little negro boy being fascinated by her dancing, stole her away when we were not at home.

When I found out that she was stolen I refused to be comforted until my father bought me a large New Foundland dog which I called Bob.

Almost every afternoon I take Bob to the lake and let him swim; if I throw a piece of wood far out on the lake he will go and bring it to me. Bob is a very smart dog and has many tricks, but of course he can never take the place of my dear stolen Nimrod in my affections.

I have many other pets but I am afraid I would tire you if I should attempt to mention their many and amusing pranks. Tell all the little cousins to write soon and tell about their pets. I hope they are having as pleasant a vacation as I am,

Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 11th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE JOE,—I am nearly thirteen years old and at present reader of THE QUEEN. In looking over I saw "Uncle Joe's" letter asking the boys and girls to write a story about their pets. Now! am not a boy and girl too, but I am a girl and this is my first attempt at writing a story, but I would like very much to have a pair of pets, so I am going to write about a magpie I used to have. He was given to my papa, who gave him to me. I named him Madge. He was black and white, not a dead black, but a sort of a blue black. His back, the top of his head and breast are black, and a ring around his throat, the tips of his wings and tail were white, and altogether he was a very pretty bird. When we first got him I clipped his wings so he could not fly far. He was very cute. When mamma used to call me, Madge used to mock her, and would sound just like her only a little shriller and he would chatter and it would sound like a lot of ladies all trying to talk at once. Madge was very mischievous and would, I am sorry to say, steal anything he saw. One day he stole mamma's breast-pin and hid it under the carpet, and it made him very angry when mamma took it. He would go in the neighbors' houses and destroy things till it annoyed them so much that they threatened to kill him. At last poor Madge was shot. We didn't find him for a long time. We felt very sorry because he was so cute.

I have had a great many pets, but none I liked so well as Madge. I don't suppose I will get a prize, but I should like to, so if I am so fortunate (you said we might choose) I would like a pair of white rabbits. Wishing yourself and THE QUEEN the best of success.

I remain your well-wisher,

FORSYTHE, MONTANA, July 12th, 1891. MABEL F. BROWN.

DEAR UNCLE JOE,—I have got a dear little kitten; it is such a pretty thing, it is as cute as can be, it catches mice sometimes, then it has great fun with them before it eats them. Cats and kittens love to catch rats and mice for it is their nature, and rats and mice are afraid of cats and kittens. Some day my little kitten

will be a mamma cat and have baby kittens with soft fine fur, their eyes will not be opened before nine days old. Sometimes my little kitten goes and hides in my bed; it crawls under the clothes and goes to sleep.

If you send me a pair of live rabbits I will write a letter about them, I love rabbits.

Yours etc.

HALIFAX, July 13th, 1891.

LYDIA A. FLEMING.

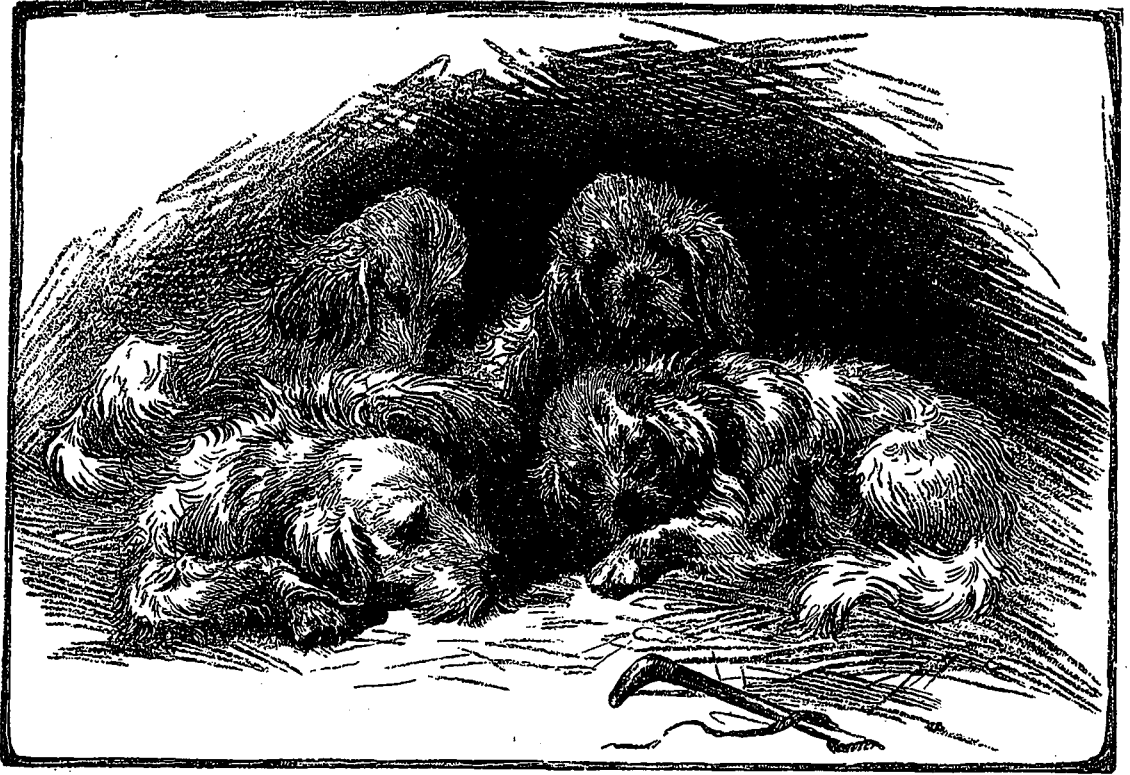
DEAR UNCLE JOE,—We once had a white rabbit, it was a dear little one, my brother found it in a wood-pile on a cold spring day; he brought it home under his coat and warmed it by the stove. We let it come up-stairs whenever it liked. Papa has a habit of walking up and down the room and the rabbit

other round the lawn and play till we took Bunny in and Crusoe went home. In the morning as soon as Bunny was let out of the cellar he would come up-stairs and jump round till we took some notice of him; he was perfectly satisfied to lie in your lap (if you stroked him) till Crusoe came and then nothing would keep him, but we think this fancy of following dogs cost him his life for one night he burrowed his way out of the cellar, and we never saw him again, but there was blood all over the sidewalk and a little heart lying near, so we think some dog must have eaten Bunny; we were all very sorry, we were so fond of him. We never had another rabbit but we had a dog since and I will write and tell you about him some time.

I remain your devoted reader

OTTAWA July 11th, 1891.

JENNIE FARLEY.



ROYAL DOGS AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: THE PRINCE OF WALES' BASSET-HOUNDS.

would lie down in the middle of the room and when papa came along it would jump up, and once he near stepped on it. We made a place for it to sleep in the cellar and we put a cabbage down every night and there was not much of it left in the morning, of course it liked other things in fact, it would eat any thing you gave it. We named it Bunny, and it would come when you called it. It was so tame that it would follow dogs about, which I think was a very bad habit, but a dog that lived across the road often came over and they were great friends, although the dog was very fierce he was very gentle with the rabbit. Crusoe (the dog) would lie down on the lawn and let Bunny get on his back and then he would run round with Bunny perched up there, and when Bunny wanted to get off again Crusoe would lie down and Bunny would roll off, then they would chase each

UNCLE JOE,—I have a little canary bird, he sings very sweetly, when my grandma lets him out of the cage he flies on top of her head and rides around the room with her. His name is Billy. I did have three chipmunks but they got so lively that I could not take care of them so I let them out. I was trying to feed them one day and one ran up my sleeve. I could hardly get it out. I live in a very small town in between some mountains.

A man caught the chipmunks in the woods and gave them to us. I do not expect to gain the prize but if I do I would rather have the rabbits.

Your friend,

KATE NOBLE.

ENGLISH CENTRE, LYCOMING CO., PA., July 15th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:
I thought I would write to you about my pets but I have so many and they do such a lot of funny, clever and intelligent things that it would take up too much room to tell you about them all in one letter.

To begin with I have a pair of grey kittens called Jack and Jill; they are put in the shed every night as Mammy does not like to have them in the house. One night we put them out, but while we were lighting the candles they crawled up a ladder that the workmen had left against the wall of the house, and when we went up-stairs there they were cuddled up together on the bed, and when they saw us they both began to purr just as if they were saying "look how comfortable we are, you have not the heart to disturb us," and we had not, for we let them sleep in the house that night but not again for they kept us awake half the night trying to play with our hair and noses.

Then I have a turtle called Skipp and three frogs called Splash, Crash and Dash. Crash is the cleverest I think for when Skipp chases him around the pool he just jumps on his back while the others run and hide in the mud; but to my thinking Tippo, that is my dog, is the cleverest of all my pets, he once saved my life. This was the way it happened: my brother and myself were playing in a swamp, and our boats floated out to the middle of the stream and I waded out to get them, just as I reached the middle I felt myself sinking, I screamed to Duncan and he called Tippo, who dashed in, caught me by the dress and



"TIPPO, THE CLEVEREST OF ALL MY PETS."

hauled me out. When we reached home the farmer told us that there is a quicksand in the middle of the stream I had just escaped. My letter is getting too long so I will stop here.

I remain your affectionate reader,

VICKY MACCALLUM.

MONTREAL, QUE.

DEAR UNCLE JOE,—As I was reading my sister's CANADIAN QUEEN I saw your kind invitation to the children to write about their pets, so I thought I would write about "my pet Jack." Jack was a crow, and was just as black as a crow could be. My brother found him in a field and brought him home to me. He very soon became quite tame, and would hop all over one looking for something to eat. He would eat anything at all but was very fond of meat and fruit. Jack used to jump around pick up anything he could find and hide it. He could carry off quite a large bone from our dog Captain if he were not watching, and hide it under chips and sticks in the shed.

Jack was always very noisy unless he was in mischief. Although my eldest sister did not like Jack, because he pulled all her pansy buds, and played his meanest tricks off on her, she would have been sorry to lose him. One day she thought he had been stolen, and looked everywhere for him, but on going to her room she found him perched upon her wash-stand vigorously picking the paper from the wall and he had already cleared a great space.

But this was one of the last of poor Jack's pranks. He soon turned sick, he moped around for a few days, then the poor fellow died.

I had to print the funeral card which I have still preserved in remembrance of him, and which reads as follows:—

DIED
IN SEAFORTH,
JACK,
beloved son of

Mr. and Mrs. JIM CROW HARPURHAY.

The funeral will leave his late residence "The Poplars" for Potato Hill Cemetery, Tuesday Sept. 20th, 1890, at 7 p.m.
Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

I nailed a notice to the poplars at the gate. The passers by stopped to read it, but when papa came home he had it taken down for fear the people might think it a notice of fever or other contagious disease.

Quite a procession of us followed Jack to his last resting place. We all sang over his grave, and my brother repeated the burial service. We were all pretending to cry except my brother Jack who had real tears in his eyes and voice too as he pronounced the "amen."

SEAFORTH, June 16th, 1891

NESSIE CRICH.

DEAR UNCLE JOE,—We take THE QUEEN. I like to read your page, and I suppose I am one of your little nieces.

Yesterday was my birthday. I was eleven years old. I am glad to write about my pets, they are Pixey the pony, and Jack the cat. Then there are a great many mocking birds here and I call them my 'pets too, there is a nest in an orange tree close

to the house, and every morning at four o'clock they begin to sing making quite a chatter. My pony is four years old and every one says he is a perfect beauty. He is a dark chestnut brown, and has a long black tail and mane. We drive him in a cart, but we like best to ride him. We live a mile from the school and my mamma took me in every day last winter, and came for me in the evening. One evening she was a little late and I started with a little friend to meet her. When Pixey saw me he came right up on the side-walk and put his head down on my shoulder. Every morning when papa goes in to his stall he lifts up his front foot to say good-morning.

My kitten is a glossy black, with a white shirt front, and white feet, his eyes are like two yellow daisies. When the groceries come, he smells every package hunting for peanuts. If he is out in the yard and hears us crack peanut shells he will come bouncing in and expect his share. My papa has taught him to lie on his back and shut his eyes and then we rattle the peanut shells, but he won't move he knows he dare not, then after we have all eaten some, we allow him to get up and have his taste too. He catches mice every day and brings them to the house for us to watch him kill them. Hoping you can read my writing. I will close with best wishes to you.

Your little friend,

DE LAND, FLA., July 10th, 1891.

LILLIE E. McDONALD.

DEAR UNCLE JOE.—I will write you a true story of a pair of white rats which I once had. I bought them of a little boy. They were as white as snow, and had such pretty pink eyes and a long smooth tail.

I made a cage to keep them in and fed them with crackers, bread, a little meat, and gave them milk. One day I happened to give them milk when it was warm and they liked it so much better than when it was cold, and one of them instead of lapping it up with his tongue, would dip one fore-paw into the milk and then suck his fingers. It was quite amusing to watch them eat, they would sit on their hind feet and hold their food with their fore-feet while they ate it. They were fond of cracker soaked in milk till it was soft. And it was nothing strange for them to steal each others food, and hurry off to one side and eat it, as if it tasted any better. It was comical to see them try to catch the flies that bothered them when eating. But one day I had been very busy and forgot to take their cage in at night, the next morning my rats were no where to be found, and as they could not have got out without help, I concluded somebody's cat got rat hungry, so this ends my story.

Yours truly,

PAXTON, FORD CO., ILL.

GLENN SPRAGUE.



Written for THE QUEEN.

THE ROBIN.

By MAY RINCH.

If you'd learn to be happy
 Just study the robin ;
 He never looks cross
 With his tail hanging down.
 If it rains, he says " Thank you,
 That's just what I wanted,
 The dust is so dreadful
 In this blessed town."

He's a poor, homeless fellow,
 Without place of shelter,
 Excepting the sky
 Or a bare leafless tree ;
 But he puts on his best looks,
 Seeks after a wife,
 And then on house building
 They both will agree.

And then if he's hungry
 He first asks a blessing—
 Or rather gives thanks
 For the good things in life.
 Then he breakfasts on fish worms,
 Which he thinks a great dainty,
 And seems to enjoy
 Without plate, spoon or knife.



But as spring time advances
 His family grows larger,
 And robin is working
 From morning till night,
 Yet he still looks so happy,
 So bright and so jolly,
 One would think that his days
 Were one constant delight.

Now that business is over
 He takes things more easy,
 Leaves house keeping cares
 To his young pretty wife,
 But he often sits by her,
 And sings her a solo,
 Which means (in bird language)
 " You're the joy of my life."

And so my dear children,
 What if you are busy,
 Or have to " mind baby,"
 The whole living day,
 Don't say, " Oh, what a bother,"
 And look cross and snappish,
 But be like the robin,
 Light-hearted and gay.



PRIZE OFFERS.

A choice of either a live pair of Rabbits, a pair of White Mice, or a pair of Fancy Pigeons will be given and delivered free anywhere in Canada or the U. S. to the writer of the best letter on "Our Pets and Their Pranks"—for Uncle Joe's Young People's page. See Uncle Joe's letter last month. Letters must be posted before August 25th to compete for this prize.

Answers to June and July puzzles have been received from Minnie G. Cram, Edith C. Rowe, Jessie Masterman, Minor, Nellie Babcock, Hattie and Alida Wilcox, Winnie Preston, Mary McCully, Olive Begg, Harry Shrapnell, Stella Rear, J. Gilkingham, Miss Biscoe, Laura Thompson, Jennie Coulter, Alexander Brimer, Lily R. Emery, Mary Black, Mrs. Sue Simpson, H. J. O'Higgins, Ethel E. Overend, Gerie Guerin, Lillie S. Throop, Bert Sprole, Amelia Dame, Gladys Robinson, E. M. Rice, M. A. May and Jennie C. Ranck. The first prize of a cloth-bound book will be given to Miss Biscoe, Brantford, Ont., and the second to Harry Shrapnell, Napier, Ont., these two being the only ones who answered the last puzzle. Miss Biscoe's answer to the prize puzzle was faulty, and Harry Shrapnell did not answer it at all.

JULY PRIZE WINNER.

The puzzle prize of a Silver Dessert Service is awarded to MRS. S. K. SALE, 702 Monroe ave., Green Bay, Wisconsin.

PRIZE BIOGRAPHICAL QUOTATION PUZZLE.

Both *Subject* and *Author* of each of the following quotations is a noted writer. A dash occupies the place of the subject's name in several of the quotations. Give author and subject of each. For example:—
"Sweet swan of Avon."

Ben Jonson (author) refers to Shakespeare (subject.)

- 1.—He is the poet of the dawn.
- 2.— is like a book in breeches.
- 3.—I thought of—the marvellous boy.
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
- 4.—Everything about—is wonderful; but nothing is so wonderful as that in an age, so unfavorable to poetry, he should have produced the greatest of modern epic poems.
- 5.—Ah—I—! cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long.
- 6.—He wrote delicate, voluptuous, charming love poems, worthy of the ancient idyllic muse. Above all he was the great, the inexhaustible inventor of masques.
- 7.—, we may fancy, wrote with rapidity; but not till he had thought with intensity.
- 8.—Since Milton, I know of no great poet with so many *unforgettable* lines and stanzas as you.
- 9.—What needs my—for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
- 10.—In poetry—illustrious and consummate;
In friendship—noble and sincere.
- 11.—Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
- 12.—Whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much.

1.—ENIGMA.

My first is in drove, but not in struck,
My second is in room, but not in luck,
My third is in catch, but not in run,
My fourth is in tossed, but not in fun,
My fifth is in brother, but not in strife,
My sixth is in sister, but not in wife,
My whole thrives best on disease.

2.—RIDDLE.

I am eleven inches tall; and greatly loved by all; my outer garment's blue; but I'm black and white all through.

ANNIE T. GRAHAM.

3.—RIDDLES.

1.—My first is a word of two letters,
My second is used by a lady,
My third you must do if you mean to succeed.
My whole marches onward so gaily.

2.—What word in the English language has the most meanings?

3.—O'er all the world I have no settled home,
I never rest, my fate it is to roam
And though no mortal man has seen my face,
Alas! alas! my steps they often trace.

4.—Nothing I am and nothing remain,
But if you can find me, I'm something that's plain.

GERTIE GUERIN, 29 Oxford st., Toronto.

4.—SQUARE WORD IN RHYME.

1.—Neatly packed in a tiny space,
It shakes out gaily from its case.

2.—A lady's name of German race,
In many a home it finds a place.

3.—In time of war a precious aid,
When foreign foes our coasts invade.

4.—Children of dew and moonlight, frail
As flowers, like shadows, and as pale.

GARDENER.

5.—ENIGMA RECEIPT.

Take one-seventh of rubbish, one-sixth of bedlam, two-sevenths of diamond, one-fifth of flint, two-fifths of fleas; two-ninths of porcelain, one-sixth of paddle, one-fourth of echo, two-ninths of fire brand, and two-eighths of galbanum, and make something very nice to eat.

WINIFRED NORRIS.

6.—ENIGMA.

In vase not in urn,
In cream not in churn,
In came not in went,
In straight not in bent,
In two not in one,
In biscuit not in bun,
In out not in in,
In evening not in dim,
My whole is the name of the present time.

BLANCHE BRIGGS, Le Mars, Iowa

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

Jonah in the whale.

1.—Valuable prizes.

- 3.—TISTED
HOARIGHO
EPHRAIM
CURSIN
AVIGNON
NINGHAI
ABRUZZO
DRESDEN
IGNACIO
ALTDORF
NIANTIC
QUEMEDA
USINGEN
ETRURIA
ENGLAND
NIAGARA

2.—The dessert service.

- 4.—Tangled Threads.
5.—Aunt Lucia.
6.—Cooking School.
7.—Blue Cover.
REVOCOVER
EVOCECOVE
VOCEUECOV
OCBUUECO
CEULUECO
OCUELUOCO
VOCEUECOV
EVOCECOVE
REVOCOVER

8.—Orang-outang.

**THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
BEECHAM'S PILLS,
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,
"Worth a Guinea a Box."
FOR SALE BY
ALL DRUGGISTS.**

A HANDSOME PRIZE.

AN EVIDENCE OF WHAT A GENUINE MAGAZINE COMPETITION OFFERS.

On Friday there arrived from Toronto, for Miss M. Horn, a handsome Shetland pony, harness and cart, being the first award in the Royal Quilt Competition of THE CANADIAN QUEEN magazine. It attests the genuine nature of the magazine's contests by its excellent condition and value. THE QUEEN has frequent competitions and has made innumerable awards, displaying a generosity quite surprising to those who have had experience of the limited field for Canadian journalistic enterprise. But THE QUEEN has been a success as a business venture, from the start, and is growing in literary excellence steadily. It covers the field of fashion, as well as light reading; talks to the household, the young and indeed all home classes. The competitions have been used to assist the introduction of the magazine, for where it is introduced it is quite certain to remain a monthly guest. The leading prizes have been made, as instance this latest to Kingston, while many smaller prizes have rewarded the moderately successful among competitors. THE CANADIAN QUEEN is truly royal in its ways.—*The (Kingston, Ont.,) Daily British Whig*, June 27th, 1891.

SANDFORD, July 8th, 1891.

TO THE QUEEN:—I received the prize awarded to me as one of the ten and am greatly pleased with it. I have fulfilled your request of showing it to my friends and they too think it beautiful.

Yours truly,

MRS. J. B. LEMON.

BURLINGTON, July 7th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—The silver plated biscuit jar awarded to me for being first in the daily list in "Historical Competition" has been duly secured. I appreciate your prompt manner of doing business.

MRS. JOHN BILLINGS.

PRINCE ALBERT, July 7th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I was away when your exquisite little tea service reached here, but am now delighted in its possession, and seeing it grace my five o'clock tea-table. It is also the special admiration of all my friends, which circumstance, I fancy will result in something more practically satisfactory to you ere long. Your journal being so much more original than the many other magazines now published, attracts special attention; while to myself, its perusal is ever a source of pleasure, and I am beginning to regard it in the light of an old friend. What do I think of your way of publishing &c.? Well I think that the first is a great cute scheme, and that there are great heads, or a head, on the shoulders of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, also that your manner of dealing with your subscribers is most prompt and business-like.

MRS. A. BOUGARD.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, July 2nd, 1891.

SIR:—I acknowledge the receipt of the daily prize awarded me. I have shown the tea-set to a great many friends, and all admire them greatly. I like your magazine very much and wish it could come weekly instead of monthly. Please accept my thanks. I wish you great success.

Yours truly,

MRS. LOVINA MCGEE.

So. PORTLAND, ME., July 2nd, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor telling me that I had been awarded the special daily prize of a silver cracker jar, was received as I was leaving home for the Springs. And as soon as I get home will send the names of subscribers. Your magazine is a great success.

Yours truly,

S. J. ANDERSON.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., July 10th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I received my silver tea service and was very much pleased with it. Every one thinks it is very nice. I will send the subscribers as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

LYDIA ZENT.

LUNenburg, N.S., July 4th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my thanks for the cracker jar which I received yesterday. I am much pleased with it. The jar is very neat, and the present was wholly unexpected as I did not know that you were giving daily prizes. Wishing you great success.

I am respectfully yours,

EVA C. GILLILAND.



BEFORE

LOVELY WOMAN,

WHY will you tolerate Freckles, Pimples, Black-heads, Yellow or Muddy Skin, Moles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, or any other form of Skin Disease or Facial Disfigurements,

WHEN you can certainly possess a BEAUTIFUL FORM, BRILLIANT EYES, SKIN OF PEARLY WHITENESS, PERFECT HEALTH AND LIFE WELL WORTH the price if you will only use DR. ALBERT'S FRENCH ARSENIC Complexion Wafers? THE WAFERS are for MEN as well as WOMEN.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS, and the only safe French preparation of Arsenic. \$1.00 per box, or 6 boxes for \$5.00. By mail to any address.

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FOR THE SKIN, SCALP AND COMPLEXION. The result of 20 years' experience as a Dermatologist. Unequaled as a remedy for Eczema, Scald Head, Itching of the Scalp, Dandruff, Red, Rough or Oily Skin, Discolorations, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Blackhead, Perspiration Odors, Ugly Complexions, etc. Indispensable as a toilet article, and sure preventive of all skin and scalp diseases.

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The Only Canadian Perfumes on the English Market.

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A Handsome Card and descriptive circulars FREE on application.

Lyman Sons & Co., - Montreal, Can.

WINNIPEG, July 8th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I am sorry I have neglected writing before that I received my special prize in good condition and think it very pretty.

Yours truly,

M. ROWAN.

TAMWORTH, July 7th, 1891.

SIRS:—I have received the Biscuit Jar which you sent, and wish to thank you for same. I am well pleased. Wishing your magazine success.

Very respectfully,

FRANCIS HUNTER.

WATERFORD, July 9th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—Received cracker jar all safe, for which accept my thanks. I am sure I will comply with the conditions of THE QUEEN most cheerfully.

Yours truly,

ALLIE WALKER.

TORONTO, July 8th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—Thanks for the Silver Cracker Jar awarded me as the special daily provincial prize.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE A. HARRAP.

YANKTOWN, SOUTH DAKOTA.

DEAR SIR:—The beautiful prize arrived safely. Accept my thanks. I have shown it to very many persons and all think it very nice. Thanking you for your kindness I close.

MRS. R. T. HOYT.

PLATTSBURGH, July 13th, 1891

GENTS:—Many thanks for the lovely prize which has safely arrived. The magazine fulfills my expectations, and its continued success is doubtless assured.

Yours truly,

M. E. ROWA.

CAMPBELLFORD, 27th June, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the biscuit jar given by you in connection with your August competition. I am much pleased with it and also with your paper.

A. TILDESLEY.

CAMPBELLCROFT, June 29th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the pretty silver jar awarded me in your literary competition, the same being one of your extra daily prizes.

I remain yours truly,

MARIE CAMPBELL.

GLOVERSVILLE, June 29th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I have received the first prize awarded me in the "Easter Competition," a five o'clock tea-set, it is very pretty, and I shall prize it and your magazine greatly. Thanking you again, I remain yours &c.,

MRS. F. B. SIMMONS.

WINNIPEG, MAN., July 13th, 1891.

GENTS:—The special daily prize awarded me in your "Literary Competition" was received safely and in good condition. The receipt of this prize was an agreeable surprise to me, as I had not expected anything of the kind. Please accept my thanks for same and best wishes for your magazine. THE CANADIAN QUEEN I consider an excellent periodical, and worth far more than cost of subscription. It is, in the best sense of the word, a home magazine, its literary matter being clean, bright, interesting and instructive, every number containing good for both old and young. It is improving in excellence every month, and affords a bright contrast to the sensational trashy literature which is so much in vogue these days. Wishing you every success in your efforts to provide good healthy literature for Canadian households, and hoping "THE QUEEN" will become a welcome monthly guest, not only in every home in the "prairie city," but also throughout this grand Dominion of ours.

Yours truly,

E. EDWARDS.

WINDSOR, N. S., July 13th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—The pretty little five o'clock tea service arrived safely, for which please accept my thanks. I like THE CANADIAN QUEEN and think it a useful magazine.

Yours sincerely,

L. A. WILKINS.

HALIFAX, July 14th.

DEAR SIR:—I received your present and was much pleased with it. I have shown it to a great many of my friends who all thought it very nice indeed.

Yours sincerely,

LUCY CADY.

NEWMARKET, July 21st, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you very much for the biscuit jar, which came to hand on the 13th inst. It is very neat and pretty. I prize it greatly and will show to all my friends with great pleasure; and tell them how I obtained it. Wishing you all possible success.

I remain, yours respectfully,

MRS. E. A. ISCORD.

PRINCETON, MINN., July 18th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Received the extra prize awarded me in the Historical Competition. Please accept my thanks for same. Wishing THE QUEEN every success.

Yours truly,

J. C. BORDEN.

CANANDAIGUA, NEW YORK, July 15th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I have received from you the silver cracker jar, awarded me as a special prize in History Competition. Accept thanks for same. Your methods seem fair. I am hoping for fortune to favor me with one of the larger prizes in the final count.

Yours etc.

W. G. LIGHTFOOTE.

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Dining Room Suites,

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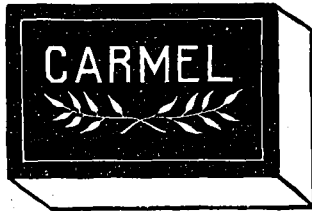
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- It will make your clothes whiter.
- It will not injure the most delicate lace.
- It will not shrink flannels or woollens.
- It will enable you to do the washing easily, without boiling the clothes or using washing powders.
- It will cut down the labor of washing-day tremendously.

Millions of women use the

"Sunlight,"

If you don't, you are missing a wonderful household comfort.

SMITHVILLE, July 15, 1891.

GENTLEMEN,—I acknowledge the receipt of your "Special Daily Prize," an elegant biscuit jar, for which I thank you. I am much pleased with the high, pure tone of THE QUEEN.

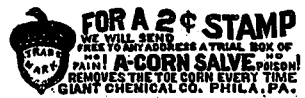
Yours etc.,
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Should always be used for Children while Teething. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea.

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For the largest list in each 2,500 a \$700 Piano.

Largest in each 1,000 sent by a gentleman, Solid Gold Watch, valued at \$150; largest by lady, Solid Gold Watch (Elgin).

Largest gent's list in 500, Filled Gold Watch, \$60; largest lady's list, Solid Gold Watch, \$75.

Two largest lists in each 250, prizes valued at \$25 and \$20.

In each 100, \$10 and \$7.50.

In each 25, \$2.50 and \$1.50.

All lists over 100 words receive a prize. Lists numbered in order of receipt.

The latest edition of Webster's Unabridged will be used as authority. Proper names, prefixes and suffixes do not count. Two words spelled alike count but one. Competition closes September 15th. All lists must be accompanied with \$1.05 for six month's subscription. All mailable prizes sent free.

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FREE. A handsome catalogue of watches, chains and rings if you cut this out and send to W. SIMPSON, 31 College Place, New York.

Announcement to Advertisers.

July 1st, 1891, the advertising rates in THE QUEEN were increased to 40 cents per agate line each insertion. This will be the regular rate for display advertising in this publication in future. 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 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.