

The Canadian QUEEN

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE

CANADIAN HOMES

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To the person sending us the largest list of English Words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the three words, "DOMINION OF CANADA," will be given their choice by the publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, of either "A FREE EDUCATION," the "ONE YEAR ABROAD," or the "PAIR OF SHETLAND PONIES, CARRIAGE AND HARNESS." The Publishers of THE QUEEN have made a special deposit of \$750.00. in THE DOMINION BANK OF CANADA, to be used for the purpose of carrying out this offer. A Committee consisting of Teachers from each of the Universities and Public Schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the Judges in the final award.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES TO BE AWARDED IN ORDER OF MERIT.—China Dinner Sets, Ladies Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantle Clocks, Portiere Curtains, Elegant Toilet Cases, Manicure Cases, Odor Cases, Ladies' Solid Gold Jewelry, Imported Fans, Elegant Japanese Novelties for Household Decoration and many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—Each week during this contest, a Gentleman's First-class Gold (Filled Case) Watch of handsome design and best American movement (value \$60.00) will be given to the gentleman from whom the largest list is received during that week. A choice of either a Fine Richly Engraved Ladies' Gold Watch, (value \$40.00) or an Elegant Silver Tea Service, (value \$40.00) will be given each week to the lady from whom the largest list is received during that week. A stem winding, stem setting, Coin Silver Watch, (value \$12.00) will be given each week to *both* girl and boy under sixteen years of age from whom the largest list is received during that week. The names of those winning a Special Weekly Prize will be announced in THE QUEEN from month to month during the contest. The winning of a Special Weekly Prize by anyone will not bar them or their list from competing for the First Grand Prizes. Those under sixteen years of age should state so on their list.

The Publishers of THE QUEEN have had manufactured at a large expense, an elegant and useful Souvenir, of this, *their last "Word Contest,"* one of which will be sent free to each person entering the Competition.

RULES.

1. Lists are to contain English and Anglicised words *only*, of not less than four letters each.
2. No letter can be used in the construction of any word more times than it appears in "**Dominion of Canada.**"
3. Words having more than one meaning but spelled the same can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural but not in both numbers and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed by themselves, but can be used in the construction of a complete word.
7. The main part only of Worcester's or Webster's Dictionaries may be used as the governing authority.

Each list must contain Name of person sending same (sign Mrs. Miss or Mr.) with full Post Office Address and number of words contained therein, and be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to "THE QUEEN," together with 12c. in

either Canadian or United States postage (1, 2 or 3c.) in addition to the \$1.00 to cover expense of forwarding of THE QUEEN'S Souvenir. Stamps will be accepted only for the 12 cents.

The subscription price must accompany list of words. *Do not send in separate enclosure.*

If two or more tie on the largest list, the one *which bears the earliest postmark* will take the First Grand Prize.

The *complete list* of words intended for the Competition must be forwarded *at one time*. If any alterations or additions to the list are made after it has been sent, it will be necessary to enclose \$1.00 additional for another year's subscription to THE QUEEN, to be forwarded to any address desired, together with such alterations or additions. On account of the extra work involved in these Competitions, it is impossible for the publishers of THE QUEEN to enter into any personal correspondence concerning the Competition or Rules thereof.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular Magazine into *new* homes. We prefer that only *new* subscribers shall enter the Competition, but as this is the *last* "Word Contest" that we shall ever give, old subscribers will be allowed to avail themselves of it, by enclosing \$1.00 with their list for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN to be sent to the address of some friend.

Prizes awarded to Subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of custom's duties.

THE QUEEN has become famous by its liberal manner of conducting its Educational and Literary Competitions. Through these competitions it has rapidly sprung into prominence, and on account of its many superior qualities as a Magazine, is to-day the acknowledged popular family publication of Canada. Its circulation is growing so rapidly, that the entire attention of its staff of Editors will be required in behalf of the publication itself, and the Publishers take this opportunity of announcing to the public that THIS WILL POSITIVELY BE THEIR LAST "Word Contest."

Their entire efforts in the future will be put forth to making THE QUEEN the handsomest, best and most interesting Magazine on the Continent. In fact this Magazine in the future must stand on its merits, and hold the popular position it has attained without favors or prizes.

The Contest Closes April 10th.

Prizes Awarded April 20th.

ROYAL QUILT COMPETITION.

To make our popular magazine especially interesting to every lady interested in fancy work, the Publishers of *THE QUEEN* will make a **ROYAL QUILT**, to contain forty-eight silk blocks, one foot square, and to the lady sending them the most handsomely worked block for this **ROYAL QUILT** will be given (and delivered free anywhere in Canada or the United States) a Handsome Pony, Cart and Harness, value \$350.00; and to each of the forty-seven ladies sending the next handsomest block, (all of which are to be used in the **ROYAL QUILT**) will be given the choice of a Handsome Solid Gold Watch, or an Elegant Silver Tea Service, value \$40.00.

INSTRUCTIONS.

No more than one block can be entered in this Competition by the same person. The blocks are to be twelve inches square, to be made entirely by handwork of silk, either of one piece or patch work, and can be embroidered or painted according to the taste of the maker, and is to be forwarded to *THE CANADIAN QUEEN'S* "Royal Quilt Competition," 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada, accompanied by the name and address of sender, together with \$1.00 for one year's subscription to *THE QUEEN*, before April 10th, 1891.

THE ROYAL QUILT.

As the blocks are received, the name of sender will be entered in list of competitors and numbered, and the same number will be placed upon a tag which will be affixed to the block, so that the committee selected by the Publishers of *THE QUEEN* will decide according to the merit of each block, (without knowing the names of competitors) and will award the prizes to numbers representing them on the blocks, MAKING THE COMMITTEE ENTIRELY FREE FROM PARTIALITY OR PREJUDICE FROM INDIVIDUAL ACQUAINTANCES. The committee will select from the blocks received, the forty-eight handsomest ones, for which they will award the prizes as above described. These blocks will be quilted at the expense of the Publishers of *THE QUEEN*, and the **ROYAL QUILT** will be sold at public auction, (which will be announced through the daily press) and the proceeds thereof will be given to the Hospital for Sick Children of Toronto. From the remaining blocks will be made different quilts, one of which will be sent to Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Ottawa, London, Victoria and Vancouver. The same will be sold at public sale at each of these places and the proceeds therefrom will be given to some local charitable institution located at such places.

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

THE QUEEN, while containing literary matter interesting to every member of a cultivated family, is specially devoted to every subject of interest to ladies. Besides other features, it contains the latest English fashions, imported designs for fancy work and "Our Cooking School," in which Department prizes are offered each month to those of *THE QUEEN'S* readers who are experienced in culinary matters, for the best hints, suggestions and information, which would be valuable to our younger and more inexperienced lady readers.

If you have never seen a copy of *THE QUEEN*, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing FULL PARTICULARS of ALL *THE QUEEN'S* Competitions, and letters from persons who have received over \$10,000 in prizes during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of \$25,000 during 1891.

Everyone desiring to enter the **ROYAL QUILT COMPETITION** should begin work on their block at once and forward as early as possible. This competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other contest offered by *THE QUEEN*, and all communications concerning it must be addressed to *THE CANADIAN QUEEN* "ROYAL QUILT COMPETITION," 58 BAY ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

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LETTERS OF THANKS.

ST. MARTINS, N.B., DEC. 15th, 1890.

SIR,—The very neat and pretty Tea Set arrived in safety this evening. I am very much pleased with it and think the pieces all very handsome. My hearty thanks and best wishes for your prosperity are hereby sent to you in return.
Yours sincerely,
J. A. McINTYRE.

DUNCAN AVE., ELGIN, ILL., NOV. 11th, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—I received the prize awarded me last evening, and think it is useful and pretty. Please accept my best thanks.

Yours,
JENNIE GILLETTE.

TORONTO, CAN., DEC. 2nd, 1890.

GENTLEMEN,—Many thanks for Tea Set. It really surprised me—far above my expectations. As to *THE QUEEN*, it is full value for the money.

Yours truly,
J. M. CROWLY, Gen. Mgr., Toronto Business College.



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

VOL. III.


TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 2.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE VALENTINE.

BY CASTAR RETT.


 S the tender plant by the wind is loosed,
 And the mould around disturbed,
 So distress is marked in your tembling form,
 And your faith is swayed by the passing storm,
 And your darling home perturbed.

But, my fair young friend, I would braver be
 Than to weep at Folly's shrine ;
 For a single tear, or a painful thought,
 Is a tribute pure, that you give for naught
 To a mocking valentine.

'Twas a cruel joke to betray your trust
 In the "creature" man, my sweet ;
 And it grieves me sore that a youth, unkind,
 Should deceive you thus, and the cynic mind
 Be your foil when next we meet.

While 'twas not I who afflicted thus,
 And you hold me not in blame,
 Yet my portion now is a boding fear
 That we never more may be quite so near,
 Tho' your seeming be the same.

Had it borne the breath of a sweet perfume—
 Were the missive fair of view,
 Had it vowed the love of a sickly swain,
 In the rhyme absurd, and the promise vain—
 It had welcomed been by you.

But the vulgar print of a vulgar face !
 And the dowdy style of gown !
 'Twere enough to palsy a stronger mind,
 And a harder heart—for the words unkind
 Would have served to bring you down.

And the playful jibes of the children by !
 And the wicked postman's smile !
 Oh, my dear, why *did* you betray your heart
 To the thoughtless thus, when your proper part,
 Was to hide it close the while ?

When you draw more near the "uncertain" age,
 And your life in care is led,
 You may spurn the heart, as a useless thing,
 That to-day you hold as the sacred spring
 Of the foolish tears you shed.

I may know somewhat of the grief you feel,
 And I may not love you less,
 But the happy heart, and the reckless way,
 Would become you more than the sighs that play
 From a simple maid's distress.

Yet affection shows through the idle wrong,
 And the tears in tribute fall—
 Tho' a maid is weak in the older eyes,
 And a maiden's love, to the worldly wise,
 Is a foolish fancy all.

But there is no faith like the lovely faith
 Of an unsophistic maid ;
 And there is no sorrow so pure, indeed,
 As the first heart-grief from the maiden freed
 When her idol low is laid.

You are still my friend, and I hope shall be,
 Through our fortunes, ill or good ;
 But to-day one stronger desire mine—
 That you yet may cherish a "valentine,"
 As a wife and loved one should.

Written for THE QUEEN'S Prize Story Competition.



"THE fact of the matter is Lepping, things are deplorably out of joint in this world."

The two men were sitting in a prominent club house in Chicago smoking, or rather one was smoking, and the other chewing savagely at the end of his cigar, without apparent comfort from the weed.

"Why, Leighton, what ails you of late? You're gloomy as the face of nature before a thunderstorm. I haven't heard you express a decided opinion on anything before in a month, and now when you do make a remark, it is nothing but the essence of pessimism. What's gone wrong, old fellow?"

The man addressed as Leighton sat moodily looking at the carpet in front of him as if he had not heard his friend speak. The latter eyed him curiously for a moment, and seeing no suggestion of a reply continued:

"Well! this is interesting. You always were an intense sort of a fellow, but this is a new phase of your intensity. What's the matter? If you weren't a married man I should say that there must be some love affair at the bottom of it. But you know—" wishing to turn the conversation into a humorous vein with the hope of bringing Leighton out of his mood—"they say getting married always cures a man of falling in love."

The remark acted as an electric spark on Leighton. He straightened up and, looking savagely at his friend, burst out more impetuously than before.

"Seems to me you're extremely philosophical all at once. I'd like to ask what you know about—excuse me Lepping, I'm rather irritable to-night. I was merely going to remark that I'd like to know what relation marriage had to—to—" He faltered, leaving the sentence unfinished, and after looking abstractedly out of the window a moment to avoid the scrutinizing gaze of his friend, he suddenly left his seat, with the remark that he thought it must be time to go home.

"Well, I should rather think it was," observed the surprised Lepping to himself, as his friend bolted through the club house door. "When a man begins to talk like that, I don't know of any place he *ought* to go unless it *is* home."

But Leighton did not go home—at least not immediately. He

hailed a hansom cab, and, jumping in, slammed the door without giving the driver any orders. The latter sat perched up behind the vehicle a few moments waiting directions, and not receiving any, finally lifted the little lid at the top, and peering down upon his peculiar passenger, asked him where he should like to go.

"Anywhere you like; drive anywhere—only drive *fast*. Land me at the corner of Monroe and Dearborn streets in an hour."

But the driver in picking his way among hurrying vehicles, in between street cars, and across busy corners, made such slow progress that, before he had gone two blocks, Leighton stopped him and alighted from the cab with the muttered remark, that it was "too slow." He gave the driver a fare and started off at a brisk walk.

Where he went we may not follow—it is not necessary; at last he went home.

CHAPTER II.

Lepping sat in the club-house musing over the strange demeanor of his companion, when a mutual friend of the two entered.

"Did you meet Leighton as you came in?" Lepping asked.

"No, why?"

"Well, that fellow is acting very strangely of late, and I hardly know what to make of him."

"Acting strangely? How?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly; only he seems out of sorts with affairs generally."

"Well, I don't know as that's anything very new with him," said the friend carelessly; and then added with more interest in the case: "But let me give you a little ancient history about Charlie Leighton. I used to know him when he was as bright and cheery as any member of the club. I tell you he isn't a bad sort of fellow when you know him well."

"That may be," said Lepping, "but I'd hate to be as pessimistic as he is."

"Probably you would be, however, if you were in his place," said the other in a meaning tone.

Lepping looked at him inquisitively, and he continued: "I suppose I shouldn't say anything about it, but the fact is, Charlie didn't get the right kind of a wife.

"Didn't, hey?" said Lepping musingly, as he remembered Leighton's half-suppressed remarks.

"No, she's a complaining, irritating, nagging sort of woman; just the kind to sour the temper of a sensitive man like Leighton."

"Well, I'm sorry for him."

"Yes," said the friend, "sorry for both of them, for she seems to feel herself aggrieved that he should all the while be so distant and formal with her, when the fact is that she has driven him to it. It appears to be a misunderstanding all around, but I can't help saying that she is most at fault. I knew them intimately in the early part of their marriage, and no man ever tried harder to be a model husband than he. He studied carefully every whim of hers—and she had a goodly number—but the whole trouble lay in the fact that she wouldn't reciprocate. She didn't study *him*. He isn't by any means perfect, no man is. And let me tell you Lepping, that the happiness of married life, when there is no real viciousness in it, depends more on the tact of the woman than the man. If she studies her husband's moods carefully, if she tries to understand his temperament and governs herself accordingly, she can smooth over many a rough spot; and her native intuition, which is usually greater than man's, will show her a storm is coming long before it reaches a dangerous point. The right kind of a woman could have taken a man like Leighton and made him happy. She could have molded him out of whatever faults he had—she could have made him her slave. It's a terribly sad case, and I pity them."

Lepping, being a bachelor, was naturally—as all bachelors are—very wise about matters matrimonial. He thought he saw a solution of the difficulty, and, after sitting a while and watching the smoke from his cigar float lazily to the ceiling, he turned with a logical air to his friend and said: "It seems to me this matter can be cleared up between them. I'm sorry to see Leighton going to the dogs in this way. He doesn't deserve it. As you say he is a man who is capable of better things; he is singularly free from any of the small follies of the world—doesn't drink, gamble, or carouse in any way. Of course he is high-strung and sensitive, and according to your account, that's where the main difficulty lies. His wife doesn't account for this, and as a result—the mischief is to pay. Now, why can't some one, a mutual friend, go and talk to her—bring it around in some way—tell her that she isn't taking him just right—fix the thing up you know. Or"—struck with a brilliant idea—"why doesn't he talk to her himself?"

His friend looked at him with a smile and answered: "Yes, happy thought! I like your logic, Lepping. Why, my dear fellow, can't you see, that of all persons on earth *he* would be the last that could talk to her like that. How could *he* tell *her* to study *his* moods? She would retort instantly with the argument, that seeing he knew he had moods, he should conquer them himself. She wouldn't stop for a moment to realize that a man, no matter how much he wishes to do right, is often influenced by moods against his will, and that the duration of these moods depends greatly on his treatment at the time. No, *he* couldn't approach the subject. And as for a third party interceding, you ought to know Leighton well enough to be assured that the third party wouldn't be authorized to do anything of the kind. Leighton doesn't burden anyone else with his troubles; in all my acquaintance with him

he has never hinted that his wife wasn't a model. And in any event the efforts of a mutual friend would accomplish no good. I tell you she isn't the right kind of a woman."

Lepping thought he could now understand, in part at least, what had caused Leighton to express himself as he did before leaving the club. But it was only in part. There must be something hidden behind the halting sentences that could not altogether be accounted for on the theory of an uncongenial wife.

And truth to tell, such was the case. There was a new experience coming into Leighton's life that was sadly unsettling to him. Heretofore he had tried to make the best of his lot, had tried to keep from the world—as his friend had said—any evidence of his misfortune. But of late he was losing himself occasionally; his impulses were getting the better of him.

Possibly if Leighton had asked himself the cause of this, he could not have told, but an acute observer might have been able to trace it back to the following events:

One evening at the table his wife said to him: "Charles"—she would not have called him Charlie for the world,—"I received a letter to-day from cousin Maggie in Toronto, and she is coming to make us a visit."

It had been a hard day in the office for Leighton, and his mind at this moment was absorbed, to a greater degree than it should have been, in a business matter that had caused him uneasiness for some time. So, instead of answering his wife as he should, he sat gazing abstractedly at one of the dishes in front of him. His mind evidently was far away from the dinner table, and he merely acknowledged her remark by a nod of the head and a rather careless, "Is she?"

"Well! You don't appear to be very much interested in the matter," she said. "Possibly my relatives are not as welcome here as they might be," assuming an air of injured innocence.

"Nonsense, Ethel," he answered, coming to himself, "you know better than that."

And she did, for Charlie Leighton was as liberal and free from petty faults as any American gentleman could be, and that is saying much. But it pleased her to make the most of any small lapse on his part, and when she saw that he felt slightly ashamed of his inattention, she followed up the advantage with another sally which we may not repeat, but which drove him instantly into a sullen silence.

It was often just such little trivial things as this which started a rupture between them.

In the days that intervened before the cousin's arrival he thought but little about her. He had never seen this Canadian cousin of his wife's, and his prevailing opinion regarding Canadians in general was that they were rather "slow" and uninteresting, so he could not be expected to grow enthusiastic over the prospect of meeting her. But there was a revelation in store for him.

The evening of her arrival he and his wife drove to the station to meet her, and a misunderstanding as to which carriage should be used had caused a perceptible restraint between the two, so that by the time the train arrived they were not in the best possible condition for the reception of guests. Leighton, especially, was in an unfortunate mood to meet a new acquaintance, for it was his characteristic—possibly his fault—that he never could hide his feelings sufficiently to make a show of being affable and happy when in reality he was ill-humored.

Now it so happens that when one is near the end of a long journey to pay a visit among those with whom one is not well acquainted, there is always, especially if the visitor be feminine, a sort of mild fluttering of the heart as the train approaches

its destination. It is quite impossible to avoid anticipating the nature of one's surroundings, and wondering what kind of people one is to meet.

Maggie Britton was acutely curious by the time the train had stopped, though it must be said her curiosity had little relief in the drive from the station to the house. She thought she had never seen so strange a couple. She was almost homesick that first night at the Leighton's, and would have been entirely so had it not been for the cordial greeting she received from the younger Leighton's, Master Rob and tiny Kitty. She was soon on the best of terms with the children, and was heartily glad that they had been allowed to remain up later than usual for the purpose, as Kitty had said, of "dittin' 'cainted wis tuzzin Maggie." Here was only one of the many instances in life when the awkward phases of human experience have been smoothed over by the prattle of a child. Maggie kissed them both "Good night" as fervently as if she had known them always.

As for Leighton he was well-nigh dumb the whole evening. Not because he was resentful, not because he was angry or wished to lack in courtesy to his wife's cousin; but simply because he could not help it. As he said to himself afterward, "I never appeared to worse advantage in my life, and I never tried harder to do myself credit." The fact was Leighton found himself so completely surprised on meeting Maggie, that it was little wonder he failed to do himself "credit." She was such an entirely different girl from what he had expected to meet. In the first place she was fashionably attired. He had not looked for that. Then she was well-favored in appearance. Well favored! That

would have sounded tame to him as describing her looks. He thought her the most perfect woman he had ever met. Not large but vigorous, with such an atmosphere of reserved force about her somehow. And those cheeks! Surely the Canadian climate proved a more appropriate cosmetic than anything art ever invented. He had never seen such a complexion. And to think it was all natural, no drug store deception there. In fact she impressed him as a natural young woman in every way, manner as well as appearance. There was no affectation about her. Her beautiful eyes, large and black, looked straight into yours and went to your heart at once. The flattery and cheap talk of light society would carry no weight with such a girl as this. Some-

how she had a wonderful influence over him from the first.

"Ethel," he said to his wife, as they had bid Maggie 'Good-night' and were in their own room, "why didn't you describe that girl to me before she came? I expected to see a dull, worn-out school-girl after hearing you say she had just graduated at the University and was coming over here for a rest. I had no idea of meeting such a girl as this. She's the most—she's—well the fact is, I've felt at a disadvantage with her the whole evening."

"Well, I'm glad to see you have some slight compunction of conscience for the way you have acted. I hope——"

"Ethel!" he said, turning quickly upon her, his whole attitude changing in an instant, "for heaven's sake don't say anything unkind to me to-night!"

That ended the conversation abruptly, for she felt from his look that it would not be safe to say anything more.

CHAPTER III.

In the morning after her husband had gone out, Mrs. Leighton sought, by way of conversation, adroitly turned, to intimate to Maggie, that if there had been any apparent lack of spontaneous welcome on her arrival, the fault lay by no means on her side of the house. She began by saying:

"Well, Maggie, my dear, tell me all about yourself. Any engagement yet? I suppose there's no doubt of

your following the absurd example of women the world over, and blindly plunging into matrimony."

"Oh no," said Maggie lightly. "I'm not engaged and no prospect of it." And then added, half in jest, half in earnest, "but gracious me, what an intimation you make regarding marriage! You say 'absurd example,' and 'blindly plunging,' as if marriage were something dreadful."

"My dear, it is. I'm sorry to say it, but, Maggie, you can judge so little of the men." This with a worldly-wise air, mingled with a trace of assumed sadness. "Now there's Leighton; people suppose him to be at least as good as the average man, and yet, between you and me, I have—I have a great deal to contend—well I suppose I shouldn't say anything about



the matter. But let me tell you, my life is not a bed of roses."

Maggie was slightly aghast at this implied confession of marital woes. She thought in all conscience that her cousin had said enough, and was scarcely reconciled to the idea of a wife maligning her husband on so short a notice. She was on the point of reprimanding her cousin when the latter continued:

"Now I don't suppose you'd suspect it, but he made a most unpleasant scene over going to the station last night."

Maggie remembered distinctly his perceptible reserve during the evening, and was painfully impressed with the suspicion that possibly she was not a welcome guest to the head of the house. She colored vividly as she thought of it, and turning to her cousin, said:

"Ethel, if you had written me with ever so delicate a hint that there was any doubt of a welcome on his part, I——"

"Oh, no, not that, you super-sensitive girl; I didn't mean it in that way," hurriedly interposed the benign Mrs. Leighton, seeing she had overshot the mark. "Not but what you are perfectly welcome, never fear of that, he's only too glad to have you here. He naturally thinks it will divert my attention, and leave him more freely to his own sweet self. I sometimes think that man was intended for a hermit. He doesn't appear to want anybody's society—especially his wife's—and it seems to me a man ought to appreciate a wife whether he cares for any one else or not." Her eyes were looking far away and her voice had dropped to a tone perilously near to pathos.

Maggie could not help conjecturing that there might, as with all other questions, be two sides to this, but determined, however, that the morose Mr. Leighton should be as free as possible from her company during her visit.

But we are seldom a good prophet regarding our own experience. Leighton saw fit to be found very much in Maggie's society whether she willed it or not. It was not so much that way in the beginning; as we have seen, he had rather been inclined to reserve and formality; but from that first night he had always been studious of her. And Maggie, despite her resolution, found herself imperceptibly growing interested in her cousin's husband. Not that the slightest impropriety entered her mind—she did not think of him in that way—but she could not help noticing how wrongly he was judged by his wife. She sometimes thought that Mrs. Leighton took the one way of all others to irritate him the most, and her heart often longed to have the right word said at the right time, and prevent an awkward misunderstanding.

One day she was so struck with Mrs. Leighton's want of tact, that she could not help saying to her at the first opportunity:

"Ethel, I hope you will forgive me if I appear rude, but it seems to me you don't always display the best judgment in your treatment of Mr. Leighton. You don't take him just right. Men are to a large extent what we make them, and while it is an exceedingly delicate thing for me to say anything to you on the subject, yet I can't help thinking that you might make a better man of him if you would try."

Here was Maggie then unconsciously following out Lepping's idea of a third party using their influence on Mrs. Leighton. We shall see with what result.

"How have I ill-treated him, pray?" asked that lady in the utmost astonishment.

"Not exactly ill-treatment," said Maggie. "I didn't mean ill-treatment so much as unwise treatment. You are often unfortunate in your demeanor toward him. Whenever he expresses an opinion on anything, you always seem to be constructing his remarks into something uncomplimentary

to yourself, when I am sure he never thinks of such a thing."

"Oh, I know what you are alluding to now. Possibly you think that what he said to-day had no reference to me."

"I should be sorry to believe that he had you in mind when he began the conversation. I thought he was speaking on general terms till you drew the issue on yourself by resenting what he said as being too personal."

"Well I should like to know if it wasn't personal for a man to select an article from the *Herald* on 'Is Marriage a Failure?' and read it out to his own family, and then comment on it the way he did?"

Maggie could not help smiling at the absurdity.

"Why," said she, "he didn't select the article at all. I saw the heading and asked him to read it—the subject being so widely discussed at this time—and his sole comment, as I remember it, was that the article was in some measure true and in some measure false."

"Well I know what he *meant*, even if he didn't say it outright, and as for that I'd rather a man would say openly what he thinks instead of insinuating in that way."

Maggie saw it was of no use and gave the matter up.

CHAPTER IV.

The relations between Leighton and Maggie grew more and more intimate. He remained home more of the time than formerly, and Maggie, after the first few endeavors at reserve found herself chatting with him too naturally to think there could be anything harmful in it. It was so much more pleasant to see him happy than gloomy. From very instinct she seemed to know the things to do and say that would warm him into good humor. Often after one of her innocently-pretty speeches his exuberance would give itself sway by a boisterous romp with the children, a procedure which was an entirely new departure to them. Little Kitty would scream with shrill delight when held aloft by his strong arms, and playfully rolled between his hands in mid-air. And then, seeing Maggie, for whom she had taken a fancy as a playmate, she would hold out her little hands and say:

"Papa, let Titty fly to tuzzin Maggie!" and down she would go with a rush into that young lady's arms, and locking her hands about her neck, reward her with "a drate bid tiss."

All this admitted his coming so near to Maggie that under other circumstances it would have been noticeable, and, as he knew, immediately avoided by her.

"How fond you seem to be of children," he said to her one evening, after Robby and Kitty had grown tired, and Mrs. Leighton had gone to put them to bed.

"Yes," she said simply, "I am fond of everyone I believe to be good. Children always seem to me to have good intentions, and I love them for it. They may do wrong very often but it is always unpremeditated; they never persistently pursue a bad course for days and weeks and months, knowing all the while that it is bad. Grown persons do that, and it is the kind of sinning that I never feel like forgiving."

With the utmost unconsciousness to herself, her mind had turned to Mrs. Leighton as she spoke. Leighton, watching her intently, thought she could not possibly be meaning any one but himself.

For he felt at that moment as he looked upon her sitting there so easily by the open grate, and thought of the inherent purity of her nature, that while he had been trying in a listless sort of way to convince himself that it was wrong for him to think of her otherwise than as his wife's cousin and guest, yet

he saw now more clearly than ever before that his heart had all along been going out to her as it had never gone to any other woman. He had been persistently loving her—loving her as if it were his right—his conscience had been held in abeyance by the force of his feelings; and now, when brought face to face with the fact, he felt that he had scarcely the courage to rise superior to the situation. He could not say to himself that he must crush out this warm feeling in his breast. Duty seemed so cruel to him just then, so cold and hard, so bitter and unreasonable. He almost rebelled against it all, and only for the fact that he knew how quickly any impropriety would be resented by Maggie, he might have said something which he ever after would have regretted.

Just as these things were running through his mind Ethel came into the room, and somehow her presence acted strangely on him while in this mood, and he found it impossible to remain in the room. He put on his coat and hat and went to the club, and it was on this evening that he had broken out to Lepping as we have seen.

He was in such a bitter state of mind that evening after leaving the club, that it is doubtful if he would have gone home—remembering what his home life was—had he not known that Maggie was somewhere beneath the roof. The sense that she was near always soothed him, and he needed soothing now. When he reached home he was surprised to find her sitting up though it was quite late.

"Hello!" said he, "up yet? Why I thought you'd all be in bed long ago."

"Well, I suppose we ought," she answered, looking up with a smile, "but I am the only transgressor. Ethel grew weary an hour ago and retired. I've been dissipating with George Eliot to-night. I became interested in 'Silas Marner' and found it difficult to leave off. And then besides," she added with such an unconsciously home-like air about her, "I never like to retire while any member of the household is out. There is a sense of safety when everybody is snugly indoors that makes one sleep soundly."

Leighton retired in better mood than he would have thought possible a few minutes before. The only disturbing reflection was that Ethel had never in all their married life waited up beyond the usual hour to give him a welcome.

CHAPTER V.

In the morning at breakfast, his wife said:

"Charles, why don't you invite your friend Mr. Lepping up to dine with us so that Maggie may meet him? She has remained housed up ever since she came and met no one, and it's scarcely the way to treat her on her first visit."

Maggie was on the point of protesting against any invitation on her account. She had come over for rest and cared little to meet strangers. But with quick intuition she saw that the idea pleased Leighton and checked herself.

"Why, certainly, I'll invite him to dinner to-morrow. I don't know why I didn't think of it before."

The fact was he began to conjecture that his actions the previous evening—now magnified in his own mind—must have seemed peculiar to Lepping, and he was glad of an opportunity to prove that he was quite himself again.

"You will find him very agreeable, Maggie," said Mrs. Leighton. "He's the most attractive gentleman in our set, and the marvel is that he has remained single so long. Remember what I have told you about men, however, and don't fall a victim."

Maggie smiled and said it certainly would be presumptuous in her to dare to fall in love with a man who had been proof against such fascinating girls as there were in Chicago. "You know," she added, "American women have the reputation of being the finest in the world, and I am sure from what I have heard that Chicago has her full share. How should I, an inexperienced little Canadian girl, expect to win favor with a man in the face of such competition? And if there were no prospect of winning how absurd it would be for me to lose my heart. Oh, no, I shall be very particular not to like this friend of yours; I don't care to go back to Toronto broken-hearted."

"Well, you may joke all you wish," said her cousin, "but you will think more seriously about it when you see him. He is fine looking, dresses well, drives a splendid team, lives at the U—club, goes in good society, and is reported immensely wealthy. Now I know you girls well enough to believe that such attractions are irresistible to you. You may think in advance that you won't fall in love with a man, and yet the very first thing you do is to become unreasonably infatuated with him—or at least you think you do which is equally a mischief. And all this, my dear Maggie, irrespective of the probability as to whether your love is to be returned or not. That's the blindness of the sex, and I give you no credit for being superior to your sisters in this respect. So you see I have predicted for you a complete surrender. I shouldn't be surprised to see you madly in love with him in a week."

Mrs. Leighton seldom said anything in her husband's presence that was not discordant with his feelings, but somehow this last remark of her's arched on him more than usual. He was quiet and gloomy during the rest of the meal.

Was it possible that his sensitive nature received some subtle impression as to the events which were to follow?

END OF FIRST PORTION.

THE MESSAGE.

I MADE a little song one day
Not over-sad nor over-gay,
And every word thereof was full
With praise of one most beautiful.

To her I sang it—while o'erhead
The sunset deepened into red.
Behind the hills—word, song and verse,
With utter love made wholly hers.

And so I put it from heart,
I said, "My song, since hers thou art,
Save at her bidding it shall be,
Return thou nevermore to me."

And as I lay to-day quite still,
Beside her grave upon the hill,
The little song comes back so clear,
So sweet, I think she sent it here!

Written for THE QUEEN'S Prize Story Competition.



CHAPTER III.

THREE days after this episode, Hilda Granger was out early in the morning for her usual ride. She had reached the South Parks in company with a light carriage made for the children's use, and filled with a flock of younger Grangers, in charge of a nurse-maid and the colored coachman, William.

They had made the circuit of Washington Park, had crossed over to Jackson Park, when William discovered that the off-horse had lost a shoe. There was a blacksmith's shop close by, and telling the maid to dismount, and to wait in the park with her charges, the colored coachman drove away to have the lost shoe replaced.

Hilda left the nurse with the little group of children and cantered away. It was a glorious morning. The air was so clear and pure, that the sunlight seemed filtered through it like some tangible substance. The trees were in full leaf, the birds singing; everywhere the sweet scent of flowers and growing things. The sky stretched its uninterrupted, cloudless dome from the horizon of the lake to the horizon of the prairie, lying like a shield of burnished blue steel reflecting the deep azure of the sky above. Everywhere, peace, calm, warmth, light; or so it seemed to Hilda, as she cantered along the winding roads; her veins pulsing with health and exercise, her cheek flushing beneath the little jockey-cap that seemed to rest so lightly on the long braids of wavy fair hair, her white teeth just displayed between her parted lips. Although she was not what would be called a pretty girl, yet she made a pleasant picture to look upon as she passed from light to shade, from shade to light, along the well-kept roads.

She had gone once round the park, and returning toward the spot where she had left the children, glanced across the wide meadow where games are played, and noticed that they were no longer there. Riding a short distance farther, she caught sight of them, no longer safely romping on the grass, but scattered along the paved beach which runs from the pretty pavilion at the water's edge south toward the steamboat pier. The children were allowed to play with pebbles and sail their

boats on the sandy beach behind Mr. Granger's residence, therefore, the Irish nurse, rendered less careful than usual, doubtless, by the appearance in the distance of a park policeman, with whom she was meditating a cozy flirtation in the quiet of the early morning, sat very unconcernedly with her back to the water, on a pile of stones at the upper end of the beach.

But Hilda Granger knew that unlike the gently shelving flow of the little cove at home, the artificial surface upon which the children were now playing, was built on the top of huge piles driven into the shore, and that beyond the last row of stones which the quiet ripples were lapping so softly, the water was at least ten feet deep. And at the very moment when she came in sight of the group, Robbie, the household pet, her own very treasure, was scampering down the beach to the water's edge, to launch for a boat an old shingle which he had found among a lot of rubbish washed up on the shore above. Before she could call to the nurse, the boy had caught his foot in the edge of a rough stone, had tripped, and fallen full length upon his face, then rolled over and over the sloping space toward the edge, and disappeared.

A heavy splash, a shriek from the rest of the children, and then all the warmth, and light and color of the summer morning turned to blackness for one horrible moment before Hilda Granger's eyes. Then, recovering herself, she urged her mare at full speed toward the lake, leaped from the saddle, and ran toward the lake. As she ran, she unfastened her heavy riding-skirt, which dropped behind her in her flight, and clad only in her jacket-waist, the loose cloth trousers, now generally in use among lady-equestrians, and her jockey-cap, what seemed to be the figure of a boy dashed by the now thoroughly frightened nurse, and plunged into the lake.

When Hilda Granger rose, gasping, to the surface, she looked around for Robbie. It seemed an age before the little form appeared, but it did appear at last, not a stone's throw away from her. A few strong strokes, and she had reached him and thrown one arm beneath the frightened, struggling child.

"Robbie! Robbie, dear! don't cling so tight. If you will

only lie still, Lil will take care of you! Trust to sister, Robbie."

Often she had soothed him with such words as these, and the mere force of habit, doubtless, asserted its power. When, after his first spasm of terror, he recognized her, with the unquestioning faith of childhood, he obeyed.

When she had him safely in her grasp, she looked around for help. Had she been alone, it would have been easy for her to swim back to the shore in the perfectly calm and waveless water. But the boy was heavy, and though she tried, she was not strong enough to bring the precious burden one solitary foot nearer the stony bank which seemed so slight a distance there beyond her. Indeed, she dimly felt that she was drifting farther away from it; not a man was in sight except the policeman, and he with the true Irish genius for blundering, had turned his back upon her, and was devoting all his energies to the pursuit of the riderless horse, now galloping wildly away in an opposite direction, supposing it to be the cause of all the commotion.

How long Robbie would obey instructions, it was impossible to tell. For the present, at least, he floated perfectly still on his sister's arm, his long, golden curls streaming back on the water, and his great blue eyes fixed solemnly and trustingly upon her face.

The sight of him roused her to action, and yet what might still be to come, she dared not think. The terror at her heart, almost paralysed her, and it seemed but instinct which made her move her limbs, and keep herself and the boy afloat. Landward there seemed to be no help, and she turned her eyes toward the open lake.

Some distance away, but coming nearer every moment, a pleasure yacht, her white sails shining in the sun, bore straight toward the shore like a great white bird. Had the people on board of her seen Robbie fall, or were they merely tacking in shore on account of the wind? If she could only tell! And so the minutes sped on until a numbness closed over her, and she seemed to be floating onward in a dream.

* * * * *

Bert Revere had taken his two friends out on the lake early that morning in the club yacht "Swallow." They had breakfasted on board the yacht, sailed down to the lower end of the lake, and were returning city-ward, where some other engagement claimed the English traveler. The curve of the shore from South Chicago with its shining sandbanks, the luxuriant green of the grass and trees of the park with the picturesque villas to the northward, made a pretty scene in the morning light, as the graceful vessel dipped in the pleasant breeze.

Suddenly the Englishman, who had been sweeping the shore with his field-glass, uttered an exclamation, "By Jove!" he cried to Byrd and Revere who were both on the opposite side of the yacht, "somebody has fallen in, over there!"

The two young men sprang up from their camp-stools and were at his side in an instant, while Harvey Byrd took the glass from his hands. It was just at that moment that Hilda Granger dashed across the beach and plunged into the water.

"A brave boy!" cried Byrd. "Here Revere, let us go to his help. Heavens! it must be a child who fell in. Look at that group of children screaming!"

The young men sprang into the yawl-boat, and sped toward the shore with rapid oars. Hilda saw them coming, as if in a dream, but the revulsion of feeling sent the blood back to her heart and lips. Yet when they lifted the boy out of her arms, and placed him in the yawl, she was past all speech. How she got into it herself she never knew.

When she could collect her thoughts, she found herself sitting in the stern, with Bert Revere in the seat in front of her and Robbie safe in the bottom of the boat, at her feet. Her own teeth began to chatter and she shook as if she were in an ague. Seeing the plight she was in, Revere took off the long ulster which he wore, for the breeze on the water had been fresh, and threw it over to her. "Don't you catch cold, after your bath, my brave boy," he said kindly.

She looked up in his face half dazed, and wholly unable to comprehend his meaning. Then, the warmth of the overcoat sending some life into her veins, she roused herself to think, and realized that she had been mistaken for a boy.

Something familiar in his voice arrested her and now, fully aroused, she glanced at her rescuers and recognised them.

Her natural shyness, together with a certain maidenly shame at being seen in such a plight, made her crouch back on her seat, pull the high collar of the ulster over her braids of sodden hair, and draw the long skirts closer about her shaking limbs. But fortunately, she said to herself, they had taken her for a boy. Evidently in the excitement of saving Robbie, they had given only a second thought to her.

Thankful to have escaped their notice, she pulled her jockey-cap closely down over her eyes, and, fortunately for her, Robbie, not yet having entirely recovered from his fright, sat as still as a mouse in the bottom of the boat. The whole occurrence had really occupied but a few minutes and they quickly reached the shore to the north of the pavilion, where William, the coachman, had already arrived, and into whose arms the young man delivered the rescued child.

Hilda Granger at once made up her mind what to do. She had no wish to create a sensation. In her strange attire, not even William recognized her, so, asking Revere's address, she very gravely thanked him, and promising to return the overcoat the next morning, calmly walked off through the trees toward the spot where she had discarded her riding-skirt. The Park was almost deserted in the morning hours, her horse, she knew, must have been taken to the stables by the policeman, and in the pocket of her skirt she still found her pocket-book, untouched. In a thick clump of evergreens she took off the overcoat and put on her skirt, then walked over to the village, and bought a black jersey waist and some underclothing. To completely change her wet attire for dry clothes in the ladies waiting-room of the railroad station, to fasten up the wet bundle into a comparatively small package and leave it at the express office, and then to walk over to the Park stables and claim her horse was not so very difficult an undertaking, so that, in less than an hour Miss Hilda Granger cantered up to her father's door quite unconcernedly, never having been missed in the general excitement. The children had arrived only a short time before her.

Straight to her mother's room she went, and told her the whole story. "Don't mention it to any one except Papa, please. There is no need to make an excitement. But that careless Bridget must go!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was months after, before Harvey Byrd met the young lady who had helped him to pass so pleasant an evening, that night in her father's garden. He had decided to make Chicago his home. His father, a wealthy New York banker, had determined to open a branch house in the West, and to place his son in charge of it. So it happened that one morning when, though the snow lay thick in the middle of the streets, the warmth of the sun tempered somewhat the severity of the air, Bert Revere had

occasion to visit Mr. Granger's office on a business errand. He hailed Byrd at a street corner, and, with the desire for companionship which characterized this lively young man, linked his arm within that of his friend, and carried him bodily up the wide flight of steps which led into the building.

Mr. Granger's office was on the main floor of one of those magnificent structures which are the wonder of all who remember Chicago in her ruins after the fire of 1871. For ten stories it towered into the air, its halls and corridors were tiled with marble, its superb staircase swept up to heights above, in majestic proportions; everywhere was the glitter of glass, and bronze, and burnished brass. Mr. Granger's private sanctum was approached through several other offices, and the two young men passed through files of desks, all occupied by busy clerks, so many in fact that a ceaseless buzz and hum of work filled the apartments. Upon entering the farthest room they found it unoccupied, except that curled up on the broad window ledge and intently watching the busy scene outside was a young lady whom Harvey Byrd had no difficulty in recognizing as Miss Hilda Granger. He had never seen her in street dress, nevertheless he felt secure in walking over towards her, while Bert Revere, with a few words of apology, passed through another door in search of her father. She wore a brown cloth dress trimmed with bands of dark fur, which brought out to advantage her best points: the fair complexion inherited from her Swedish ancestress, the brown shadows in her gray eyes and the dazzling gleam of her white teeth. For that she recognized him, the gleam of the white teeth confessed, therefore Harvey Byrd, held out his hand in frank and cordial greeting. As frankly and almost as cordially she placed her own within it.

"So you did have your visit to the ranch, at last," said the young man. "I hope realization quite justified the anticipation."

"It did indeed," the girl replied, her face bright with the remembrance. "We had a glorious time. There was such a party of us, Mamma and Marian, and Margaret Waring and brother, and Sir Roderick Coningsby. I wish you could have gone."

"I sincerely wish I could," replied Harvey Byrd. "It was extremely kind in Mr. Granger to include me in the invitation. But it is only such lucky mortals as Coningsby who can start off on a jaunt like that at a moment's notice. I suppose you saw a great deal of Sir Roderick Coningsby?"

"Oh! yes indeed. And he is as jolly and friendly as he can be. Not at all stiff, as one might imagine an English baronet would be. At least, not after one knows him."

"Coningsby is a thoroughly good fellow," Byrd replied. "Too much of real manhood in him to 'put on airs,' to use a not very elegant expression. In fact my experience of the best people everywhere is that they are the most simple and unaffected. It is those who are not quite sure of their position who are airish and pretentious."

He was about to add, "One meets a good many of such *nouveaux riches* in Chicago," but checked himself, thinking he might be treading on dangerous ground.

Hilda's candid eyes, however, betrayed no consciousness that she was aware of any *faux pas* on his part. Her attention indeed, was now concentrated on a group of Italian musicians who had stationed themselves on the edge of the curbstone just in front of the window where she was sitting.

There were four Italians; the father and mother, apparently, who were placing in position a huge specimen of a hand-organ, so large that it necessitated being carried around in a cart to which was attached a forlorn and dilapidated mule, a slim girl

of fourteen or fifteen carried a tambourine, and a tin cup to gather coins, while a small boy of ten or twelve commenced to tune up the strings of an old violin. The elder pair and the boy were in no wise different from other specimens of their class, but the girl, who was very pretty, still retained her picturesque peasant dress, the short-waisted laced bodice, the long gold earrings, the striped crimson skirt and white apron one sees so often in Italian pictures. A crimson handkerchief was tied, shawl fashion, over her head, and served to bring out the rich coloring of her face, the clear, olive skin, scarlet lips and flashing white teeth. Her dark eyes, lifted to the rows of windows in the huge building above, roved from one to the other, in search of a sympathetic or attentive face.

Almost as soon as the hurdy-gurdy ground out the strains of "Santa Lucia" a crowd collected around the wagon. Then the girl began to sing. Clear above the rolling of carts, the clatter of horses hoofs, the tinkle of street car bells, poured out the liquid notes, pure and flexible as any bird's, and then window after window in the huge building began to be lifted, heads peered out into the street below, and pennies rained on the frosty pavement. The girl picked them up, acknowledged them by a wave of her ringing tambourine in the direction of donors and a flash of the white teeth, and then continued her song.

In the midst of the song a small silver coin was thrown from above. It lodged in the mane of the old mule, rested there unobserved for a moment or two and then slipped to the edge of the gutter below. Several minutes elapsed before it was discovered by a small newsboy in the crowd, who stooped, picked it up, and was about to transfer it surreptitiously to his pocket when the girl's bright eyes spied his action and, quick as a flash, she sprang toward him and dealt him a rousing box upon the ear. The crowd clapped and cheered, the small boy slunk away, and the pretty songstress remained undisputed mistress of the field. The tin cup soon filled, the contents being immediately transferred to some secure pocket within the folds of the crimson skirt.

This little scene had afforded much amusement to our two friends at the ground floor window, and just then they were joined by four other spectators. Bert Revere had discovered Mr. and Mrs. Granger, with their elder daughter, in the rotunda outside, as they were about to enter the office by a private door.

"What a pity such a voice as that should be wasted on a street singer," remarked Marian Granger. "If that girl could study four years in Europe, she would make a prima-donna!"

"And with those glorious blue eyes what an artist's model she would make!" exclaimed Harvey Byrd.

"Beg pardon, but I'll wager her eyes are black!" cried Bert Revere, with the speculative instinct of the Board of Trade man.

"Blue, I think," quietly replied his friend "many of these Italians have blue eyes, and so, it is said, have the Spanish gypsies."

"Oh! well, I'll bet you they are blue then! Or black. Or gray, or brown! Anything for a bet. Come, ten dollars they are brown!"

"I never bet," laughingly replied Harvey Byrd. "Nevertheless as these ladies appear to be interested, I will go out and decide the question."

Lifting his hat to the ladies, he passed through the door leading into the rotunda, and a few moments later the party at the window saw him cross the pavement and mingle with the crowd around the wagon.

He soon reappeared, looked up smiling, and then they saw

that the girl was beside him. Up the wide stone steps both of them came and a moment later entered the private office.

"Blue!" cried all three ladies at once, which exclamation, followed by a general laugh, mystified evidently, but in no wise disconcerted the Italian girl.

Bert Revere shrugged his shoulders. "A Board of Trade man has to take chances," was all he said.

Meanwhile the girl stood taking in at a glance all the accessories of the splendid office; the quiet but elegant dresses of the ladies, the rich furs, the dainty laces, the thick pile of the carpet, all the indications of wealth which surrounded her. Evidently she had "struck a bonanza" if she could please these people, who had taken a fancy to hear her sing. Catterina was clever, and Catterina knew very well also that she was pretty. Why else was it that she got all the pennies when she and Silvestro, the little violinist, went out alone to roam the streets together? For she was quite ignorant that she had a phenomenal voice. Every body sang in Italy, and for her it was as natural as to talk. But why did she alone have good shoes, and a crimson petticoat, and a real silk handkerchief to tie over her black braids, and the "madre's" own gold earrings, that had been handed down from mother to child for generations? Catterina's clever little head could tell her that all this indulgence was allowed her in order to attract that public whose favor was at all hazards to be gained, while poor Silvestro went in rags. And Pippo, too! Pippo had often told her she was pretty. But then Pippo had loved her when they were children together. Still, she had her own opinion on the subject, and so she stood in the centre of the group, in her picturesque peasant dress, as unconcerned as if she had been a duchess. The beautiful eyes were certainly blue; "but darkly, deeply blue" like the sea, or like a midnight sky, and they were arched by jet black brows, and shadowed by jet-black lashes. But they were observant eyes as well, and nothing that passed escaped them. So when Mr. Granger, himself put a silver dollar in her hand and told her to sing, first closing the half-open door into the other office, it flashed through her small brain that this was a golden opportunity to be made the most of. So she threw back her head, raised the lovely eyes to the frescoed ceiling, and poured forth such a flood of melody as had never rung through those halls before. Even Marian Granger, (and she had heard much good music) was astounded. "It is wonderful!" she exclaimed.

Meanwhile Hilda, still perched on the high window-sill, listened and said nothing. She was in a brown study, and the remark her sister had made had fallen deep into her imagination and a settled resolve was forming itself in her mind. Why should not the little Italian be a prima-donna? If her voice were really so wonderful, if money were all that was needed, why shouldn't Papa take her in hand, and have her taught?

Hilda Granger had a fine voice herself. Only this year she had begun to take singing lessons with Professor Ghiberti. And she would have this Italian girl's voice tried by the Professor! And—well, she would talk the matter over with Papa, and see what could be done.

The whole party applauded the little singer, who stood in the middle of the room smiling and curtsying, and displaying her white teeth with girlish coquetry. When she had levied tribute on Byrd, Revere, and the two elder ladies, she stopped before the window, where the youngest member of the party still sat perched upon the sill.

"What is your name?" Hilda asked in Italian, thereby adding another to the list of surprises which she had sprung upon the young New Yorker. "And where do you live?"

The girl curtsyed lower and lower. She gave name and address and showed her white teeth more and more when Hilda promised to honor her a with visit. Then, still smiling and curtsying, she waved a farewell to the company with her tinkling tambourine, and departed.

"What a pity a child like that should lead such a life!" remarked Mr. Granger.

"And what an anomaly," added Revere, "for a daughter of sunny Italy to be standing here among our Northern snows, singing her songs of the Southern seas! A poet might turn that into a ballad!"

"Listen!" exclaimed Harvey Byrd. "Is our practical friend here turned poet too, at the sight of that little sprite? Really, Miss Granger, Revere often astonishes me!"

And then amid a general laugh, the gentlemen made their adieux and departed.

CHAPTER V.

"What ridiculous nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Marian Granger.

She was seated on the music stool in front of the piano, having paused in the middle of the difficult Chopin waltz she had been practising, and wheeled round to face her mother, who stood, with rather a perplexed face, in the middle of the room under the light of the great chandelier.

"To bring that little Italian here twice a week, and perhaps introduce all sorts of diseases among the children! Really Mamma, you ought never to allow it, it is simply outrageous!"

"I *have* remonstrated," replied Mrs. Granger, "but Hilda has set her heart on it, and you know what Hilda is capable of when she is in earnest. And your father is as much interested in the scheme as she is. Professor Ghiberti does acknowledge Catterina to be a wonder, Marian!"

"The little wretch!" cried Miss Granger, in her indignation. "She will be making a plan of the house, and we shall have burglars breaking in; or she will steal our jewelry herself. For all her fascinating ways, I have no doubt she is as bad as the rest of them! I do wonder you allow it, Mamma!"

"What can I do!" asked the perplexed mother. "Your father thinks it a noble thing for Hilda to ask the education of this girl, instead of the phaeton and ponies he had promised her at Christmas. He is really pleased about it. And Hilda is a good girl, Marian. She doesn't often take such a stand as this."

"She is good, but absurdly quixotic, and Papa does humor her ridiculously! She didn't care for the phaeton, she would far rather ride Firefly," replied the elder sister. Then seeing Hilda through the open door in the act of crossing the hall, she called out to her, "Hilda are you really going to bring that dirty little Italian here, as Mamma says, to take music lessons?"

"Why not Marian? Why shouldn't I? Indeed she is not at all dirty, her clothes are coarse but they are clean, and she takes pride in being neat and pretty" replied Hilda, stoutly. "And beside" she continued, "I do think it is a duty. Why should we be the favored ones of fortune, and not share our plenty with others? I feel as if it were a providence, her being brought to our notice in this way."

"In what way?" asked Marian. "Don't hundreds of wealthy people hear that girl sing every day in the streets? And did ever any of them take such a quixotic notion as this before? And I have no doubt those Italians are well off! That girl gets quantities of money!"

"Oh! it is not the money, Marian!" replied Hilda, softly. "Don't you remember what Papa said the other day, and Mr. Revere? Think what a life to lead! And I would like to

try to lift her out of it. She loves music so, that I am sure she would try. She is really eager to study!"

"My dear child" replied her sister. "You have the enthusiasms of extreme youth! Earnestness and duty and philanthropy are admirable things in the right place. But charity should begin at home! What if that girl should bring scarlet fever here among the children! To Robbie, for instance!"

Hilda's face paled and her gray eyes dilated in horror. "I didn't think of that" she replied. "Well then, we must bring her here to stay, and not let her go home. I can't give up my *prima-donna*! Say I may keep her, Mamma!"

"You are a very pertinacious child, Hilda," laughingly cried the mother, as the girl threw her arms around her waist, and whirled her round the room in an impromptu waltz. "You generally have your own way. Go and see what Papa has to say."

"Good little mother!" cried Hilda, flushed and happy, as she deposited Mrs. Granger on a sofa, "Never do you mind. I'll make it all right with Papa!"

And she did. Before another week was over, Catterina found herself installed as an inmate of Mr. Granger's mansion, to her own intense astonishment and delight.

Some months after this, the two friends, Byrd and Revere, strolled one day into the Art Institute, and met, just entering the hall, the Misses Granger and their friend Miss Waring, examining the pictures together. Revere paused before a sketch of a flower girl and exclaimed, "By Jove!

I believe this is that little Italian singer, Miss Marian!"

Marian laughed, and glanced at her sister, whose face immediately grew grave. The rest of the party turned to Marian for explanation.

"Poor Hilda has received a dreadful shock," she explained. "You must know that that little Italian was a pet *protégé* of hers. She went so far as to have her in our own house, taking singing lessons of Professor Ghiberti. And her philanthropic efforts were rewarded last week by the girl running away, and taking my ruby bracelet with her."

"It was only her vanity!" exclaimed Hilda appealingly. "She has always been taught to make a show of herself. She thought it a pretty ornament, she had no idea of its value, I am sure!"

"This sister of mine has the most implicit faith in human nature," replied Marian Granger. "Even this specimen of ingratitude has not rendered her less unsophisticated. She would not even have her arrested. She only went to her and made her give it up."

"Well, that shows she is not really bad. She did give it up," answered Hilda.

"And does she still go on with the music lessons?" asked Harvey Byrd.

"By no means. I put a summary stop to that," replied Marian, "since Papa would have nothing to say in the matter. She comes no more, and that is why Hilda looked so melancholy just now. She had imagined she was going to make a *prima-donna* out of her!"

"But, Mr. Byrd, she was learning so fast! Isn't it a shame?" cried indignant Hilda. Professor Ghiberti was as enthusiastic over her as I was. And how could any one blame the poor

child, when she never has been taught any better? If I could only get her entirely away from those people! They are not really her father and mother, she says."

"Hilda is quite capable of asking Papa to take the Italian to Europe with us. We sail next week, you know," said the elder sister.

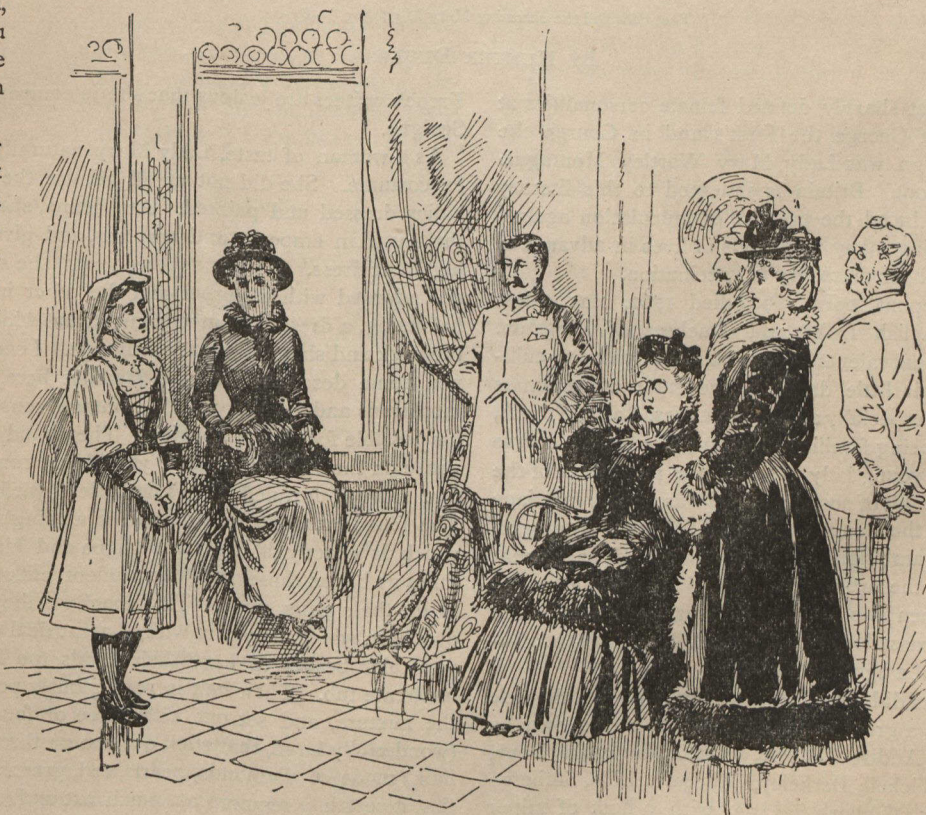
"That is just what I intend to do!" replied Hilda, turning for sympathy to the interested face of the young New Yorker. "I am going to Milan to study with Lamperti while the rest are traveling. And Catterina will be company for me. I shall certainly

make something out of her. You will be ashamed yet of all you have said, Marian! I do intend to have my little *prima-donna*, no matter how much they may laugh at me!" the girl cried lifting her head half defiantly, and very determinedly, as the party turned out of the gallery into the hall, and prepared to separate.

"We must certainly wish you success, Miss Hilda," said both gentlemen at once.

There was a laugh all round, rather incredulous from Marian, Miss Waring, and Bert Revere. But when they parted in the hall, Harvey Byrd remarked to his companion "I should not wonder if she accomplished it, after all. There is a good deal of character in that girl, I imagine."

A week later he had occasion to be in New York, in connection



"POURED FORTH A FLOOD OF MELODY."

with his banking business. Seeing the notice of the sailing of the *Servia* on Saturday, it occurred to him to remain till the next morning and see the party off instead of taking the Friday night express. So that on Saturday morning he stopped at a florists on Broadway, selected some fine roses and two dainty baskets, one of which he ordered to be filled with white ones, and the other with red, and calling a cab went down to the dock to deliver in person these parting expressions of regard.

It was rather late, and there was the usual busy scene consequent upon the sailing of a popular outgoing steamer in the month of June. The deck of the vessel was already full of tourists, with their steamer chairs in position, their rugs, their

novels, and their spy glasses. Near the bow he espied the party he was in search of. And briskly walking back and forth along the rail, with her young patroness, sure enough, was the figure of the little Italian. But no longer in the peasant dress. A snugly fitting ulster had taken the place of the laced bodice and crimson skirt, and the great dark eyes looked beautiful as ever from under the brim of a Tam O'Shanter cap. There was a happy gleam of triumph in Hilda Granger's eyes, as she came toward him and presented her companion.

"I had my way, you see, after all," she said.

"I knew very well you would," the young man replied, with a smile.

END OF SECOND PORTION.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

"That charmed the charming Mary Montague."—Byron.

BY HUNTER DUVAR.

ONE of the most sharply defined female personalities at the close of George the First's and in George the Second's reign was Lady Mary Wortley Montague, *nee* Pierrepont. Britain is indebted to this literary lady for having introduced the practice of inoculation against smallpox, thereby saving many thousands of lives in advance of Dr. Edward Jenner's later discovery of vaccination.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, born 1690, died 1762, was eldest daughter of the English Duke and Duchess of Kingston. Recognising her unusual talents her parents took pains to cultivate them, giving their little daughter the same education as their sons. She was especially apt in languages, Latin, French, Italian and German being familiar to her. This private course of study required the young lady to live in the retirement of the family estate. The result of such seclusion was a hasty marriage with a gentleman of the name of Edward Wortley Montague. Stirred by his wife's ambition her husband entered parliament where the interest of the two families was used for his advancement, and he was taken into the Government. Afterwards, in 1716, he was sent ambassador to Constantinople, and was accompanied by his wife, then aged twenty-six.

In those days ladies did not affect to be literary. On the side of the men there was a great diversity of talent as is shown by the galaxy of names, Addison, Steele, Swift, Bolingbroke, Pope, Prior, Gay, Parnell, Tickell, Berkeley, Congreve, Lillo, Sotheby, Vanburgh, Farquhar, Cibber, Savage, with a host of minor writers. In this plethora of celebrities we find of ladies the name of only one, Mrs. Manly, a dramatist and romancist, described as "about forty, very homely and very fat," besides the personally charming and witty Lady Montague.

The letters addressed to her sister and other ladies, with a few to male friends, that she wrote while accompanying her husband, on his embassy, were intended for publication, although they did not appear until after her death, more than forty years later. With a latitude in thought and speech that would not be considered good form now-a-days, they sparkle with *espieglerie* and may be read with pleasure even at the present day. How many, or rather how few, letters of literary ladies of 1890 will be readable a hundred and seventy-five years hence? Lady Mary's correspondence may be described as easy, familiar yet elegant, showing strong masculine sense with feminine quickness of perception. These qualities have made them an English classic.

French writers are jealous that she is compared to Madame de Sevigne.

As a woman of taste, Lady Mary naturally had a quick eye for costume. She did not at all admire the way the Parisian ladies dressed and painted. At Vienna, she was presented to the Austrian emperor and empress, and gives a description of her court dress. "I was squeezed up," she says, "in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereto belonging, a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four storeys, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *bourlé*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair,) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply in some degree with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world." In another place she says: "I never in my life saw so many fine clothes so ill-fan'ied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs, and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they show in them." At Vienna, too, she met with a state of affairs that we commend to the attention of the Lady Association for the Advancement of Woman, which recently met in Toronto. Ladies of good family (she says) "have neither occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct to

get them husbands. 'Tis true as to money, tis seldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine the fortune required from the woman to 2,000 florins (\$1,000), and whatever they have beside remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus, here are many ladies much richer than their husbands, who are, however, obliged to allow them pin money according to their quality." A happy state of things for the ladies. In passing through Hungary, she describes the Meygar costume, which she admires, and adds that the ladies are much handsomer than the Austrians proper.

At Adrianople, the finest city in the Turkish Empire, she adopted the oriental dress which she thinks "admirably becoming," and gave attention to the Turkish language and literature, in which she soon became proficient. A translation of a love song, addressed by a lover to the daughter of Sultan Achmet, appears in collections, but the following which occurs in her XL. Letter is less known.

"In eastern lands they talk in flowers,"

and other things, and a purse containing the following symbols conveyed by a lover to his fair one, composes, as Mendelsohn did, song without words. The symbols are taken out of the purse one after another, and express the sentiments. Lady Mary puts them in words both Turkish and English :

<i>A pearl.</i>	Fairest of the young.
<i>A clove.</i>	You are as slender as the dove, As an unblown rose, I have long loved you and you have not known it.
<i>A jonquil.</i>	Have pity on my passion !
<i>Paper.</i>	I faint every hour.
<i>A pear.</i>	Give me some hope.
<i>Soap.</i>	I am sick with love.
<i>Coal.</i>	May I die and all my years be yours !
<i>A rose.</i>	May you be pleased and your sorrows mine !
<i>A straw.</i>	Suffer me to be your slave.
<i>Cloth.</i>	Your price is not to be found.
<i>A match.</i>	I burn ! I burn ! my flame consumes me
<i>Gold thread.</i>	Do not turn away your face !
<i>Hair.</i>	Crown of my head !
<i>A grape.</i>	My eyes !
<i>Gold wire.</i>	I die,—come quickly !

And by way of way of postscript,

A peppercorn. Send me an answer.

On her slow progress towards the Turkish capital she gives us many graphic word pictures. Frequently she observed the devastations made by war, and once came upon a battle-field white with bones. She paints with rather a free hand, the baths, both of Hungary and Turkey, where, for hours daily, the first ladies walk or sit chatting, with nothing on. Visiting one bath through curiosity in her walking dress, she says, "The lady that seemed the most considerate among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being, however, all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt and shew them my stays, which satisfied them very well, for I saw they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my power to open it." The versatile Lady

Mary turned her attention to Turkish law and the Mohommedan religion. She approved of both. Her remark is: "I am charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed, and better executed than ours; particularly the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country); they are burned in the forehead with a hot iron when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured?" It is satisfactory to learn from her that Mahommed was wrong, and that advanced Moslem thinkers are disposed to admit that women do have a kind of soul, not elevated enough to admit them into the paradise where celestial beauties wait on men, but an inferior place where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. The Sultan seems to have been an admirer of Lady Mary. Her position as wife of the British ambassador gave her access to the harems. There she visited the Sultan and Visier's wives, and formed an intimate acquaintance with a beautiful being, Fatima, favorite of a high officer of state. The descriptions of the magnificence met with read like pages from the "Arabian Nights."

For a few years after her return to England she lived, a notable intellectual figure, in the coarse and dull German Court of Georges I. and II. of which we get an inkling in Thackeray's lectures on the monarchs of that name. At length her longing for the unconventional returned, and with her husband's assent she took up her residence in Italy. By indefatigable energy she had seen inoculation introduced into England, her own son being the first on whom it was practiced. Another incident may be mentioned of her individuality. The chimney sweeps of London have, or had, an annual festival on May day (sweeps day) when they go about decorated with garlands and soliciting contributions. Lady Mary instituted an annual solid English dinner for sweeps on sweeps' day, each guest being also given a shilling and the platter he had eaten off. This gave rise to an absurd fable that her son, when a child, had been stolen by gypsies and made a chimney sweep. This son, Edward, led a strange life. Running away from school, he hired as cabin boy and afterwards, plunging into many eccentric adventures, settled in the East, and became a Mahommedan. For many years Lady Mary lived in Italy taking pleasure in rural pursuits but keeping correspondence with the intellects of the age. After her husband's death, her own health being broken, she was persuaded to return to England but died within a year.

History is full of the regrets of the great, from King Solomon downwards, through a range of emperors and kings, nobles, rich men and ladies on whom the world smiled, that all is *vanitas vanitatis*, vanity of vanities. There is something touching in this intellectual daughter of a duke, wife of an ambassador, admired by sultan and kings, favorite of her own queen and appreciated by the intellectual minds of her day, writing in the zenith of her success at twenty-eight years of age, "I envy the peace of mind of a ruddy milkmaid."

It is somewhat singular that while the market is being flooded with so many cheap reprints, no recent publisher has re-issued Lady Mary's Letters. Lady Mary Wortley Montague is not to be confounded with Mrs. Montague, literary friend of Pope, in his old age, Johnson, Goldsmith and Burke and who founded the Blue Stocking Club.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT.

BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS," ETC., ETC.

It may be remembered that it was the habit of that gallant "war horse" of the Calaveras democracy, Colonel Starbottle, at the close of a political campaign to return to his original profession of the Law. Perhaps it could not be called a peaceable retirement. The same fiery-tongued eloquence and full-breasted chivalry which had in turns thrilled and overawed freeman at the polls, were no less fervid and embattled before a jury. Yet the Colonel was counsel for two or three pastoral Ditch companies and certain bucolic Corporations, and although he managed to import into the simplest question of contract more or less abuse of opposing counsel, and occasionally mingled precedents of law with antecedents of his adversary, his legal victories were seldom complicated by bloodshed. He was only once shot at by a freehanded judge, and twice assaulted by an over-sensitive litigant. Nevertheless, it was thought merely prudent, while preparing the papers in the well-known case of "The Arcadian Shepherds Association of Tuolemne *versus* the Kedron Vine and Fig Tree Growers of Calaveras," that the Colonel should seek, with a shotgun, the seclusion of his partner's law office in the sylvan outskirts of Rough and Ready, for that complete rest and serious pre-occupation which Maryswell could not afford.

It was an exceptionally hot day. The painted shingles of the plain wooden one-storied building in which the Colonel sat were warped and blistering in the direct rays of the fierce, untempered sun. The tin sign bearing the dazzling legend, "Starbottle and Bungstarter, attorneys and counsellors," glowed with an insufferable light; the two pine trees still left in the clearing around the house, ineffective as shade, seemed only to have absorbed the day-long heat through every scorched and crisp twig and fibre, to radiate it again with the pungent smell of a slowly smouldering fire; the air was motionless yet vibrating in the sunlight; on distant shallows the half-dried river was flashing and intolerable.

Seated in a wooden armchair before a table covered with books and papers, yet with that apparently haughty attitude towards it affected by gentlemen of abdominal fulness, Colonel Starbottle supported himself with one hand grasping the arm of his chair and the other vigorously plying a huge palm leaf fan. He was perspiring freely. He had taken off his characteristic blue frock coat, waistcoat, cravat and collar, and stripped only to his ruffled shirt and white drill trousers, presented the appearance from the opposite side of the table of having hastily risen to work in his night-gown. A glass with a thin sediment of sugar and lemon peel remaining in it stood near his elbow. Suddenly a black shadow fell on the staring, uncarpeted hall. It was that of a stranger who had just entered from the noiseless dust of the deserted road. The Colonel cast a rapid glance at his sword-cane which lay on the table.

But the stranger, although sallow, and morose looking, was evidently of pacific intent. He paused on the threshold in a kind of surly embarrassment.

"I reckon this is Colonel Starbottle," he said at last, glancing gloomily round him as if the interview was not entirely of his own seeking. "Well, I've seen you often enough, though you don't know me. My name's Jo Corbin, I guess," he added still discontentedly, "I have to consult you about something."

"Corbin?" repeated the Colonel in his jauntiest manner. "Ah. Any relation to old Maje Corbin, of Nashville, sir?"

"No," said the stranger briefly. "I'm from Shelbyville."

"The Major," continued the Colonel, half closing his eyes as if to follow the Major into the dreamy past, "the old Major, sir, a matter of five or six years ago, was one of my most intimate political friends—in fact, sir, my most intimate friend. Take a chyar!"

But the stranger had already taken one, and during the Colonel's reminiscence had leaned forward with his eyes on the ground, discontentedly swinging his soft hat between his legs.

"Did you know Tom Frisbee, of Yolo?" he asked abruptly.

"Er—no."

"Nor even heard anything about Frisbee, nor what happened to him," continued the man, with aggrieved melancholy.

In point of fact the Colonel did not think that he had.

"Nor anything about his being killed over at Fresno?" said the stranger, with a desponding implication that the interview after all was a failure.

"If, er—if you could, er—give me a hint or two," suggested the Colonel blandly.

"There wasn't much," said the stranger, "if you don't remember." He paused, then rising, he gloomily dragged his chair slowly beside the table, and taking up a paper-weight examined it with heavy dissatisfaction. "You see," he went on slowly, "I killed him—it was a quo'll. He was my pardner, but I reckon he must have drove me hard. Yes sir," he added, with aggrieved reflection, "I reckon he drove me hard."

The Colonel smiled courteously, slightly expanding his chest under the homicidal relation, as if, having taken it in and made it a part of himself, he was ready if necessary, to become personally responsible for it. Then lifting his empty glass to the light looked at it with half closed eyes, in polite imitation of his companion's examination of the paper-weight and set it down again. A casual spectator from the window might have imagined that the two were engaged in an amicable inventory of the furniture.

"And the-er-actual circumstances," asked the Colonel.

"Oh, it was a fair enough fight. *They'll* tell you that. And so would *he*, I reckon—if he could. He was ugly and bedevlin—but I didn't care to quo'll and give him the go-by all the time. He kept on, followed me out of the shanty, drew and fired twice I—" he stopped and regarded his hat a moment as if it was a corroborating witness. "I—I closed with him—I had to—it was my only chance, and that ended it—and with his own revolver. I never drew mine."

"I see," said the Colonel, nodding, "clearly justifiable and honorable as regards the Code. And you wish me to defend you?"

The stranger's gloomy expression of astonishment now turned to blank hopelessness.

"I knew you didn't understand," he said, despairingly. "Why all *that* was *two years ago*. It's all settled and done and gone. The jury found for me at the inquest. It's something arising out of it."

"Ah," said the Colonel, affably—"a Vendetta perhaps. Some friend or relation of his taken up the quarrel?"

The stranger looked abstractedly at Starbottle. "You think a relation might or would feel in that sort of a way?"

"Why, blank it all, sir," said the Colonel, "nothing is more common. Why, in '52 one of my oldest friends, Doctor Byrne, of St. Jo., the seventh in a line from old General Byrne, of St. Louis, was killed, sir, by Pinkey Riggs, seventh in a line from Senator Riggs, of Kentucky. Original cause, sir, something about a—roasting ear, or a blank persimmon in 1832; forty-seven men wiped out in twenty years. Fact, sir."

"It ain't that," said the stranger, moving hesitatingly in his chair. "If it was anything of that sort I wouldn't mind—it might bring matters to a wind up, and I shouldn't have to come here and have this cursed talk with you."

It was so evident that this frank and unaffected expression of some obscure disgust with his own present position had no other implication, that the Colonel did not except to it. Yet the man did not go on. He stopped and seemed lost in sombre contemplation of his hat.

The Colonel leaned back in his chair, fanned himself elegantly, wiped his forehead with a large pongee handkerchief, and looking at his companion, whose shadowed abstraction seemed to render him impervious to the heat, said;—

"My dear Mr. Corbin, I perfectly understand you. Blank it all, sir, the temperature in this infernal hole is quite enough to render any confidential conversation between gentlemen upon delicate matters utterly impossible. It's almost as near Hades, sir, as they make it—as I trust you and I, Mr. Corbin, will ever experience. I propose," continued the Colonel, with airy geniality, "some light change and refreshment. The bar-keeper of the Magnolia is—er—I may say, sir, *facile princeps* in the concoction of mint-juleps, and there is a back room where I have occasionally conferred with political leaders at election time. It is but a step, sir—in fact, on Main-street—round the corner."

The stranger looked up and then rose mechanically as the Colonel resumed his coat and waistcoat, but not his collar and cravat, which lay limp and dejected among his papers. Then sheltering himself beneath a larged brimmed Panama hat, and hooking his cane on his arm, he led the way, fan in hand, into the road, tip-toeing in his tight polished boots through the red impalpable dust with his usual jaunty manner, yet not without a profane suggestion of burning ploughshares. The stranger strode in silence by his side in the burning sun, impenetrable in his own morose shadow.

But the Magnolia was fragrant with mint and herbal odours, cool with sprinkled floors, and sparkling with broken ice, like dew drops on its white unfolded petals of counters, and slightly somnolent with the subdued murmur of droning loungers, who were heavy with its sweets. The gallant Colonel nodded with confidential affability to the spotless-shirted bar-keeper, and then taking Corbin by the arm fraternally conducted them into a small apartment in the rear of the bar-room. It was evidently used as the office of the proprietor, and contained a plain desk, table and chairs. At the rear window, Nature, not entirely evicted, looked in with a few straggling buck-eyes and a dusty myrtle, over the body of a lately felled pine tree that flaunted from an upflung branch a still green spray like a drooping banner lifted by a dead but rigid arm. From the adjoining room the faint monotonous click of billiard balls, languidly played, came at intervals like the dry notes of cicala in the bushes.

The barkeeper brought two glasses crowned with mint and diademed with broken ice. The Colonel took a long pull at his portion, and leaned back in his chair with a bland gulp of satisfaction and dreamily patient eyes. The stranger mechanically sipped the contents of his glass, and then without having altered his reluctant expression drew from his breast pocket a

number of old letters. Holding them displayed in his hand like a difficult hand of cards, and with something of the air of a dispirited player, he began:

"You see, about six months after this yer trouble I got this letter." He picked out a well-worn, badly-written missive, and put it into Colonel Starbottle's hands, rising at the same time and leaning over him as he read. "You see, she that writ it says as how she hadn't heard from her son for a long time, but owing to his having spoken once about *me*, she was emboldened to write and ask me if I knew what had gone of him." He was pointing his finger at each line of the letter as he read it, or rather seemed to translate it from memory with a sad familiarity. "Now," he continued in parenthesis, "you see this kind o' got me. I knew he had got relatives in Kentucky. I knew that all this trouble had been put in the paper with his name and mine, but this here name of Martha Jeffcourt at the bottom didn't seem to jibe with it. Then I remembered that he had left a whole lot of letters in his trunk in the shanty, and I looked 'em over. And I found that his name *was* Tom Jeffcourt, and that he'd been passin' under the name of Frisbee all this time."

"Perfectly natural and a frequent occurrence, sir," interposed the Colonel, cheerfully. "Only last year I met an old friend whom we'll call Stidger, of New Orleans, at the Union Club, Frisco. 'How are you Stidger?' I said, 'I haven't seen you since we used to meet driving along the Shell Road in '53.' 'Excuse me, sir,' said he 'my name is not Stidger, it's Brown.' I looked him in the eye, sir, and saw him quiver. 'Then I must apologise to Stidger,' I said, 'for supposing him capable of changing his name.' He came to me an hour after, all in a tremble. 'For God's sake, Star,' he said—always called me Star—'don't go back on me, but you know family affairs—another woman, beautiful creature,' etc., etc.—yes sir, perfectly common, but a blank mistake. When a man once funks his own name, he'll turn tail on anything. Sorry for this man, Friezecoat, or Turncoat, or whatever his—name, but it's so."

The suggestion did not, however, seem to raise the stranger's spirits or alter his manner. "His name was Jeffcourt, and this here was his mother," he went on dreamily; "and you see here she says," pointing to the letter again; "she's been expecting money from him, and it don't come, and she's mighty hard up. And that gave me an idea. I don't know," he went on, regarding the Colonel with gloomy doubt, "as you'll think it was much; I don't know as you would call it a—fool idea, but I got it all the same." He stopped, hesitated, and went on. "You see, this man, Frisbee or Jeffcourt was my pardner. We were good friends up to the killing, and then he drove me hard. I think I told you he drove me hard—didn't I? Well, he did. But the idea I got was this. Considerin' I killed him after all, and so to speak disappointed them, I reckoned I'd take upon myself the care of that family and send 'em money every month."

The Colonel slightly straightened his clean-shaven mouth. "A kind of expiation or amercement by fine, known to the Mosaic, Roman, and old English law. Gad, sir; the Jews might have made you *marry* his widow or sister. An old custom, and I think superceded—sir, properly superceded—by the alternative of ordeal by battle in the mediæval times. I don't myself fancy these pecuniary fashions of settling wrongs—but go on."

"I wrote to her," continued Corbin, "that her son was dead, but that he and me had some interests together in a claim and that I was very glad to know where to send her what would be his share every month. I thought it no use to tell her I killed him—maybe she might refuse to take it. I sent her a

hundred dollars every month since. Sometimes it's been pretty hard sleddin' to do it, for I ain't rich; sometimes I've had to borrow the money, but I reckoned that I was only paying for my share in this here business of his bein' dead, and I did it."

"And I understand you that this Jeffcourt really had no interest in your claim?"

Corbin looked at him in dull astonishment. "Not a cent, of course; I thought I told you that. But that weren't his fault, for he never had anything, and owed me money. In fact," he added gloomily, "it was because I hadn't anything more to give him—havin' sold my watch for grub—that he quolled with me that day, and up and called me a 'sneakin' Yankee hound,' I told you he drove me hard."

The Colonel coughed slightly and resumed his jaunty manner. "And the—er—mother was of course grateful and satisfied?"

"Well, no—not exactly." He stopped again and took up his letters once more, sorted and arranged them as if to play out his unfinished but hopeless hand, and drawing out one among them, laid it before the Colonel. "You see this Mrs. Jeffcourt, after a time, reckoned she ought to have more money than I sent her and wrote saying that she had always understood from her son (he that never wrote but once a year, remember) that this claim of ours (that she never knew of, you know) was paying much more than I sent her—and she wanted a return of accounts and papers, or she'd write to some lawyer, mighty quick. Well, I reckoned that all this was naturally in the line of my trouble, and I did manage to scrape together fifty dollars more for two months and sent it. But that didn't seem to satisfy her—as you see." He dealt Colonel Starbottle another letter from his baleful hand with an unchanged face. "When I got that, I just up and told her the whole thing. I sent her the account of the fight from the newspapers, and told her as how her son was the Frisbee that was my pardner, and how he never had a cent in the world—but how I'd got that idea to help her, and was willing to carry it out as long as I could."

"Did you keep a copy of that letter?" asked the Colonel, straightening his masklike mouth.

"No," said Corbin, moodily. "What was the good? I know'd she'd got the letter—and she did—for that is what she wrote back." He laid another letter before the Colonel, who hastily read a few lines and then brought his fat white hand violently on the desk.

"Why, — it all sir, this is *blackmail*. As infamous a case of threatening and *chantage* as I ever heard of."

"Well," said Corbin, dejectedly, "I don't know. You see she allows that I murdered Frisbee to get hold of his claim and that I'm trying to buy her off, and that if I don't come down with twenty thousand dollars on the nail, and notes for the rest, she'll prosecute me. Well, mebbee the thing looks to her like that—mebbee you know I've got to shoulder that too. Perhaps it's all in the same line."

Colonel Starbottle for a moment regarded Corbin critically. In spite of his chivalrous attitude towards the homicidal faculty, the Colonel was not optimistic in regard to the baser pecuniary instincts of his fellow man. It was quite on the cards that his companion had murdered his partner to get possession of the claim. It was true that Corbin had voluntarily assumed an unrecorded and hitherto unknown responsibility that had never been even suspected, and was virtually self-imposed. But that might have been the usual one unerring blunder of criminal sagacity and forethought. It was equally true that he did not look or act like a mean murderer; but that was nothing. However, there was no evidence of these reflections in the

Colonel's face. Rather he suddenly beamed with an excess of politeness. "Would you—er—mind, Mr. Corbin, whilst I am going over those letters again, to—er—step across to my office—and—er—bring me the copy of Wood's Digest that lies on my table? It will save some time."

The stranger rose, as if the service was part of his self-imposed trouble, and as equally hopeless with the rest, and taking his hat, departed to execute the commission. As soon as he had left the building, Colonel Starbottle opened the door and mysteriously beckoned the barkeeper within.

"Do you remember anything of the killing of a man named Frisbee over in Fresno three years ago?"

The bar-keeper whistled meditatively. "Three years ago—Frisbee?—Fresno?—no? Yes—but that was only *one* of his names. He was Jack Walker over here. Yes—and by Jove! that feller that was here with you killed him. Darn my skin, but I thought I recognized him."

"Yes, yes, I know all that," said the Colonel, impatiently. "But did Frisbee have any *property*? Did he have any means of his own?"

"Property?" echoed the barkeeper with scornful incredulity. "Property? Means? The only property and means he ever had was the free lunches or drinks he took in at somebody else's expense. Why, the only chance he ever had of earning a square meal was when that fellow that was with you just now took him up and made him his partner. And the only way *he* could get rid of him was to kill him. Rather a queer kind o' chap—good deal of hayseed about him. Showed up at the inquest so glum and orkerd, that if the boys hadn't made up their minds that this yer Frisbee *orter been* killed—it might have gone hard with him."

"Mr. Corbin," said Colonel Starbottle, with a pained but unmistakeable hauteur and a singular elevation of his shirt frill, as if it had become of its own accord erectile "Mr. Corbin—er, er—is the distant relative of old Major Corbin, of Nashville—er—one of my oldest political friends. When Mr. Corbin—er—returns, you can conduct him to me. And, if you please, replenish the glasses."

When the bar-keeper respectfully showed Mr. Corbin and Wood's Digest into the room again, the Colonel was still beaming and apologetic.

"A thousand thanks, sir, but except to *show* you the law if you require it—hardly necessary. I have—er—glanced over the woman's letters again—it would be better perhaps if you had kept copies of your own—but still *these* tell the story and *your own*. The claim is preposterous! You have simply to drop the whole thing. Drop your remittances, stop your correspondence—pay no more heed to any further letters and wait results. You need fear nothing further, sir, I stake my professional reputation on it."

The gloom of the stranger seemed only to increase as the Colonel reached his triumphant conclusion.

"I reckoned you'd do that," he said slowly, "but it won't do I shall go on paying as far as I can. It's my trouble and I'll see it through."

"But, my dear sir, consider," gasped the Colonel. "You are in the hands of an infamous harpy who is using her son's blood to extract money from you. You have already paid a dozen times more than the life of that—sneak was worth; and more than that—the longer you keep on paying, you are helping to give color to their claim and estopping your own defence. And gad, sir, you're making a precedent for this sort of thing! you are offering a premium to widows and orphans. A gentleman won't be able to exchange shots with another without making

himself liable for damages. I am willing to admit that your feelings—though in my opinion—er—exaggerated—do you credit—but I am satisfied that they are utterly misunderstood—sir.”

“Not by all of them,” said Corbin, darkly.

“Eh?” returned the Colonel, quickly.

“There was another letter here which I didn’t particularly point out to you,” said Corbin, taking up the letters again, “for I reckoned it wasn’t evidence, so to speak, being from *his cousin*—a girl—and calculated you’d read it when I was out.”

The Colonel coughed hastily. “I was in fact—er—just about to glance over it when you came in.”

“It was written,” continued Corbin, selecting a letter more bethumbed than the others, “after the old woman had threatened me. This here young woman allows that she is sorry that her aunt has to take money of me on account of her cousin being killed, and she is still sorrier that she is so bitter against me. She says she hadn’t seen her cousin since he was a boy, and used to play with her, and that she finds it hard to believe that he should ever grow up to change his name and act so as provoke anybody to lift a hand against him. She says she supposed it must be something in that dreadful California that alters people and makes everybody so reckless. I reckon her head’s level there, ain’t it?”

There was such a sudden and unexpected lightening of the man’s face as he said it, such a momentary relief to his persistent gloom, that the Colonel, albeit inwardly dissenting from both letter and comment, smiled condescendingly.

“She’s no slouch of a scribe neither,” continued Corbin, animatedly. “Read that.”

He handed his companion the letter, pointing to a passage with his finger. The Colonel took it with, I fear, a somewhat lowered opinion of his client, and a new theory of the case. It was that this weak submission to the aunt’s conspiracy was only the result of a greater weakness for the niece. Colonel Starbottle had a wholesome distrust of the sex as a business or political factor. He began to look over the letter, but was evidently slurring it with superficial politeness, when Corbin said—

“Read it out loud.”

The Colonel slightly lifted his shoulders, fortified himself with another sip of the julep, and, leaning back, oratorically began to read; the stranger leaning over him, and following line by line with shining eyes.

“When I say I am sorry for you it is because I think it must be dreadful for you to be going around with the blood of a fellow-creature on your hands. It must be awful for you in the stillness of the night season to hear the voice of the Lord saying; ‘Cain, where is thy brother?’ and you saying, ‘Lord, I have slayed him dead.’ It must be awful for you, when the pride of your wrath was surfitted and his dum senseless corps was before you not to know that it is written, ‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.’ . . . It was no use for you to say, ‘I never heard that before,’ remembering your teacher and parents. Yet verily I say unto you, ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be washed whiter than snow,’ saith the Lord.—Isaiah 1., 18; and ‘Heart hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.’—My hymn book, 1st Presbyterian Church, page 79. Mr. Corbin, I pity your feelins at the grave of my pore dear cousin, knowing he is before his Maker and you can’t bring him back.” “Umph!—er—er—very good—very good indeed,” said the Colonel hastily refolding the letter. “Very well meaning and er. . .”

“Go on,” said Corbin over his shoulder, “you haven’t read all.”

“Ah, true. I perceive I overlooked something. Um-um. May God forgive you, Mr. Corbin, as I do, and make aunty

think better of you, for it was good what you tried to do for her and the fammely, and I’ve always said it when she was raging round and wanting money of you. I don’t believe you meant to do it anyway, owin’ to your kindness of heart to the ophanless and the widow since you did it. Anser ths letter, and don’t mind what aunty says. So no more at present from

“Yours very respectfully,

“SALLY DOWS.”

“P.S.—There’s been some trouble in our township, and some fitin’. May the Lord change their hearts and make them as a little child, for if you are still young you may grow up different. I have writ a short prayer for you to say every night. You can copy it out and put it at the head of your bed. It is this: O Lord make me sorry for having killed Sarah Dows cousin. Give me, O Lord, that peace which the world cannot give, and which fadeth not away; for my yoke is heavy, and my burden is harder than I can bear.”

The Colonel’s deliberate voice stopped. There was a silence in the room, and the air seemed stifling. The click of the billiard balls came distinctly through the partition from the other room. Then there was another click, a stamp on the floor, and a voice crying coarsely: “Curse it all—missed again!”

To the stranger’s astonishment the Colonel was on his feet in an instant, gasping with inarticulate rage. Flinging the door open he confronted the startled bar-keeper empurpled and stertorous.

“Blank it all, sir, do you call this a saloon for gentlemen, or a corral for swearing cattle? Or do you mean to say that the conversation of two gentlemen upon delicate professional—and—er—domestic affairs—is to be broken upon by the blank profanity of low bred hounds over their picyuane gambling! Take them my kyard, sir,” choked the Colonel, who was always Southern and dialectic in his excited as in his softest moments, “and tell them that Colonel Starbottle will nevah dyarken these doahs again.”

Before the astonished bar-keeper could reply, the Colonel had dashed back into the room, slapped his hat on his head, and seized his book, letters and cane. “Mr. Corbin,” he said with gasping dignity, “I will take these papers, and consult them again in my own office—where, if you will do me the honor, sir to call at ten o’clock to-morrow, I will give you my opinion.” He strode out of the saloon beside the awe-stricken, half amused, yet all discreetly silent loungers, followed by his wondering but gloomy client. At the door they parted. The Colonel tip-toeing toward his office as if dancing with rage, the stranger darkly plodding the stifling dust in the oppositedirection, with what might have been a faint suggestion to his counsellor, that the paths of the homicide did not lie beside the still cool waters.

CHAPTER II.

The house of Captain Masterton Dows, at Pineville, was a fine specimen of southern classical architecture, being an exact copy of Major Fauquier’s house in Virginia, which was in turn only a slight variation from a well-known statesman’s historical villa at Alabama, that everybody knew was designed from a famous Greek Temple on the Piræus. Not but that it shared this resemblance with the County Court House and the Oddfellow’s Hall, but the addition of training jessamine and Cherokee rose to the columns of the portico, and over the colonnade leading to its offices, showed a certain domestic distinction. And the sky line of its incongruously high roof was pleasantly broken against adjacent green pines, “butternut” and darker cypress.

A nearer approach showed the stuccoed gate posts—whose red brick core was revealed through the drooping

plaster—opening in a wall of half rough stone, half wooden palisade equally covered with shining moss and parasitical vines, which hid a tangled garden left to its own unkempt luxuriance. Yet there was a reminiscence of past formality and even pretentiousness in a wide box bordered terrace and one or two stuccoed vases prematurely worn and time-stained, and several rare exotics, which had, however, thriven so unwisely and well in that stimulating soil as to lose their exclusive refinement and acquire a certain temporary vulgarity. A few, with the not uncommon enthusiasm of aliens, had adopted certain native peculiarities with a zeal that far exceeded any indigenous performance. But dominant through all was the continual suggestion of precocious fruition and speedy decay that lingered like a sad perfume in the garden, and made itself persistent if less poetical in the house.

Here the fluted wooden columns of the portico and colonnade seemed to have taken upon themselves a sodden and unwholesome age unknown to stone and mortar. Moss and creeper clung to paint that time had neither dried nor mellowed, but left still glairy in its white consistency. There were rusty red blotches around inflamed nail holes in the swollen wood as of punctures in living flesh; along the entablature and cornices and in the dank gutters decay had taken the form of a mild deliquescence; and the pillars were spotted as if Nature had dropped over the too early ruin a few unclean tears. The house itself was lifted upon a broad wooden foundation, painted to imitate marble with such hopeless mendacity that the architect at the last moment had added a green border, and the owner permitted a fallen board to remain off so as to allow a few privileged fowls to unblushingly explore the interior. When Miss Sally Dows played the piano in the drawing room she was at times accompanied by the uplifted voice of the sympathetic hounds who sought its quiet retreat in ill-health or low spirits, and from whom she was separated only by an imperfectly carpeted floor of yawning seams. The infant progeny of "Mammy Judy," an old nurse, made this a hiding place from domestic justice, where they were eventually betrayed by subterranean giggling that had once or twice brought bashful confusion to the hearts of Miss Sally's admirers, and mischievous security to that finished coquette herself.

It was a pleasant September afternoon, on possibly one of these occasions, that Miss Sally, sitting before the piano, alternately striking a few notes with three pink fingers and glancing at her reflection in the polished rosewood surface of the lifted keyboard case, was heard to utter this languid protest:

"Quit that kind of talk, Chet, unless you just admire to have every word of it repeated all over the county. Those little niggers of Mammy Judy's are lying round somewhere, and are mighty 'cute, and sassy, I tell you. It's nothin' to me sure, but Miss Hilda mightn't like to hear of it. So soon after your particular attention to her at last night's party, too."

Here a fresh-looking young fellow of six and twenty, leaning uneasily over the piano from the opposite side, was heard to murmur that he didn't care what Miss Hilda heard, nor the world, for the matter of that. "But," he added, with a faint smile, "folks allow that you know how to *play up* sometimes, and put on the loud pedal, when you don't want Mammy's niggers to hear.

"Indeed," said the young lady, demurely. "Like this?"

She put out a distracting little foot, clothed in the white stocking and cool black prunella slippers then *de rigueur* in the State, and pressing it on the pedal, began to drum vigorously on the keys. In vain the amorous Chet protested in

a voice which the instrument drowned. Perceiving which the artful young lady opened her blue eyes mildly and said,

"I reckon it *is* so; It *does* kind of prevent you hearing what you don't want to hear."

"You know well enough what I mean," said the youth gloomily. "And that ain't all that folks say. They allow that you're doin' a heap too much correspondence with that Californian rough that killed Tom Jeffcourt over there."

"Do they?" said the young lady, with a slight curl of her pretty lip. "Then perhaps they allow that if it wasn't for me he wouldn't be sending a hundred dollars a month to Aunt Martha?"

"Yes," said the fatuous youth; but they allow he killed Tom for his money. And they do say its mighty queer doins in yo' writin' religious letters to him, and Tom your own cousin."

O, they tell those lies *here*, do they? But do they say anything about how, when the same lies were told over in California, the lawyer they've got there, called Colonel Starbottle—a Southern man, too—got up and just wrote to Aunt Martha that she'd better quit that afore she got prosecuted? They didn't tell you that, did they, Mister Chester Brooks?

But here the unfortunate Brooks, after the fashion of all jealous lovers, deserted his allies for his fair enemy. "I don't cotton to what *they* say, Sally, but you *do* write to him, and I don't see what you've got to write about—you and him. Jule Jeffcourt says that when you got religion at Atalanta during the revival, you felt you had a call to write and save sinners, and you did that as your trial and probation, but that since you backslided and are worldly again, and go to parties, you just keep it up for foolin and flirtin! *She* ain't goin' to weaken on the man that shot her brother, just because he's got a gold mine and—a moustache!"

"She takes his money all the same," said Miss Sally.

She don't—her mother does. *She* says if she was a man she'd have blood for blood!"

"My!" said Miss Sally, in affected consternation. "It's a wonder she don't apply to you to act for her."

"If it was *my* brother he killed, I'd challenge him quick enough," said Chet, flushing through his thin pink skin and light hair.

"Marry her, then, and that'll make you one of the family. I reckon Miss Hilda can bear it," rejoined the young lady, pertly.

"Look here, Miss Sally," said the young fellow, with a boyish despair that was not without a certain pathos in its implied inferiority. "I aint gifted like you—I aint on yo' level no how; I can't pass yo' on the yoad, and so I reckon I must take yo' dust as yo' make it. But there's one thing Miss Sally, I want to tell you. You know what's going on in this country—you've heard your father say what the opinion of the best men is, and what's likely to happen if those Yanks force that nigger worshipper, Lincoln, on the South. You know that we're drawing the line closer every day, and spottin' the men that aint sound. Take care, Miss Sally, you aint sellin' us cheap to some Northern Abolitionist who'd like to set Marm Judy's little niggers to something worse than eavesdropping down there, and mebbe teach 'em to kindle a fire underneath yo' own flo'."

He had become quite dialectic in his appeal as if youthfully reverting to some accent of the nursery, or as if he were exhorting her in some recognised shibbolith of a section. Miss Sally rose and shut down the piano. Then leaning over it on her elbows, her rounded little chin slightly elevated with languid impertinence, and one saucy foot kicked backwards beyond the hem of her white cotton frock, she said, "And let me tell you, Mister

Chester Brooks, that it's just such God-forsaken, infant phenomenon as you who want to run the whole country that make all this fuss when you aint no more fit to be treated with matches than Judy's children. What do you know of Mr. Jo Corbin, when you don't even know that he's from Shelbyville, and as good a Suth'ner as you, and if he hasn't got niggers its because they don't use them in his parts. Yo'r for all the world like one o' Mrs. Johnston's fancy Bantams that aint quit the shell afore they square off at their own mother. My goodness! Sho! Sho-o-o!" And suiting the action to the word the young lady still indolently, even in her simulation, swirled around, caught her skirts at the side with each hand, and lazily shaking them before her in the accepted feminine method of frightening chickens as she retreated backwards, dropped them suddenly in a profound curtsy and swept out of the parlor.

Nevertheless as she entered the sitting-room she paused to listen, then going to the window peeped through the slits of the Venetian blind and saw her youthful admirer, more dejected in the consciousness of his wasted efforts and useless attire—mount his showy young horse as aimlessly spirited as himself and ride away. Miss Sally did not regret this—neither had she been entirely sincere in her defence of her mysterious correspondent. But like many of her sex she was trying to keep up, by the active stimulus of opposition, an interest that she had begun to think if left to itself might wane. She was conscious that her cousin Julia, although impertinent and illogical, was right in considering her first epistolary advances to Corbin as a youthful convert's religious zeal. But now that her girlish enthusiasm was spent and the Revival itself had proved as fleeting an excitement as the old "Tournament of Love and Beauty," which it had supplanted, she preferred to believe that she enjoyed the fascinating impropriety because it was the actual result of her religious freedom. Perhaps she had a vague idea that Corbin's conversion would expiate her present preferences for dress and dancing. She had certainly never flirted with him they had never exchanged photographs; there was not a passage in his letters that might not have been perused by her parents—which I fear was probably one reason why she had never shown her correspondence—and beyond the fact that this letter writing gave her a certain importance in her own eyes and those of her companions, it might really be stopped. She even thought of writing at once to him that her parents objected to its further continuance, but remembering that his usual monthly letter was now nearly due she concluded to wait until it came.

It is to be feared that Miss Sally had little help in the way of family advice, and that the moral administration of the Dows household was as prematurely developed and as precociously exhausted as the estate and mansion themselves. Captain Dows' marriage with Josephine Jeffcourt, the daughter of a "poor white" had been considered a *mesalliance* by his family, and his own sister, Miranda Dows, had abandoned her brother's roof and refused to associate with the Jeffcourts, only returning to the house and an armed neutrality at the death of Mrs. Dows a few years later. She had taken charge of Miss Sally, sending her to school at Nashville until she was recalled by her father two years ago. It may be imagined that Miss Sally's correspondence with Jeffcourt's murderer had afforded her a mixed satisfaction; it was at first asserted that Miss Sally's forgiveness was really prompted by "Miss Mirandy," as a subtle sarcasm upon the family. When, however, that forgiveness seemed to become a source of revenue to the impoverished Jeffcourts, her Christian interference had declined.

For this reason possibly the young girl did not seek her aunt in the bedroom, the dining-room, or the business-room, where Miss Miranda frequently assisted Capt. Dows in the fatuous and prejudiced mismanagement of the house and property, nor in any of the vacant guest rooms, which, in their early wreck of latter-day mahogany and rosewood, seemed to have been occupied for ages—but went directly to her own room. This was in the "L," a lately added wing that had escaped the gloomy architectural tyranny of the main building, and gave Miss Sally light, ventilation, the freshness and spice of new pine boards and clean paper, and a separate entrance and windows on a cool verandah all to herself. Intended as a concession to the young lady's travelled taste, it was really a reversion to the finer simplicity of the pioneer.

New as the apartment appeared to be, it was old enough to contain the brief little records of her maidenhood, the childish samples and pictures, the sporting epoch with its foxheads, opossum and wild cat skins, riding whip, and the goshawk in a cage, which Miss Sally believed could be trained as a falcon; the religious interval of illustrated texts, "Rock of Ages," cardboard crosses and the certificate of her membership with "The Daughters of Zion" at the head of her little bed, down to the last decadence of frivolity shown in the be-ribboned guitar in the corner, and the dance cards, favors and rosettes, military buttons, dried bouquets and other love gages on the mantel-piece.

The young girl opened a drawer of her table and took out a small packet of letters tied up with green ribbon. As she did so she heard the sound of hoofs in the rear courtyard. This was presently followed by a step on the verandah, and she opened the door to her father with the letters still in her hand. There was neither the least embarrassment nor self-consciousness in her manner.

Captain Dows, superficially remarkable only for a certain odd combination of high military stock and turned over planter's collar, was slightly exalted by systematic mingling of politics and mint julip at Pineville Court House. "I was passing by the Post Office at the Cross Roads last week, dear," he began, cheerfully, "and I thought of you, and reckoned it was about time that my Pussy got one of her letters from her rich Californian friend—and sure enough there was one. I clean forgot to give it to you then, and only remembered it passing there to-day. I didn't get to see if there was any gold dust in it," he continued with great archness, and a fatherly pinch of her cheek; "though I suspect that isn't the kind of currency he sends you."

"It is from Mr. Corbin," said Miss Sally, talking it with a languid kind of doubt; "and only now, Paw, I was just thinking that I'd sort of drop writing any more; it makes a good deal of buzzing amongst the neighbors, and I don't see much honey nor comb in it."

"Eh," said the Captain, apparently more astonished than delighted at his daughter's prudence. "Well, child, suit yourself! It's mighty mean though, for I was just thinking of telling you that Judge Read is an old friend of this Colonel Starbottle, who is your friend's friend and lawyer, and he says that Colonel Starbottle is *with us*, and working for the Cause out there, and has got a list of all the So'thern men in California that are sound and solid for the South. Read says he shouldn't wonder if he'd make California wheel into line too."

"I don't see what that's got to do with Mr. Corbin," said the girl, impatiently, flicking the still unopen letter against the packet in her hand.

"Well," said the Captain with cheerful vagueness, "I thought it might interest you—that's all," and lounged judicially away.

"Paw thinks," said Miss Sally, still standing in the doorway ostentatiously addressing her pet goshawk, but with one eye following her retreating parent, "Paw thinks that everybody is as keen bent on politics as he is. There's where paw slips up, Jim."

Re-entering the room, scratching her little nose thoughtfully with the edge of Mr. Corbin's letter, she went to the mantelpiece and picked up a small ivory-handled dagger, the gift of Joyce Masterton, aged eighteen, presented with certain verses addressed to a "Daughter of the South," and cut open the envelope. The first glance was at her own name, and then at the signature. There was no change in the formality; it was "Dear Miss Sarah," and "Yours respectfully, Jo Corbin," as usual. She was still secure. But her pretty brows contracted slightly as she read as follows:—

"I've always allowed I should feel easier in my mind if I could ever get to see Mrs. Jeffcourt, and that maybe she might feel easier in her's if I stood before her face to face. Even if she didn't forgive me at once, it might do her good to get off what she had on her mind against me. But as there aint any chance of her coming to me, and it was out of the question my coming to see her, and still keeping up enough work in the mines to send her the regular money, it couldn't be done. But at last I've got a partner to run the machine when I'm away. I shall be at Shelbyville by the time this reaches you, where I shall stay a day or two to give you time to break the news to Mrs. Jeffcourt, and then come on. You will do this for me in your Christian kindness, Miss Dows—won't you? and if you could soften her mind so as to make it less hard for me, I shall be grateful."

"P.S.—I forgot to say I have had *him* exhumed—you know who I mean—and am bringing him with me in a patent metallic burial casket—the best that could be got in 'Frisco, and will see that he is properly buried in your own grave yard. It seemed to me that it would be the best thing that I could do, and might work upon her feelings—as it has on mine. Don't you? J.C."

Miss Sally felt the tendrils of her fair hair stir with consternation. The letter had arrived a week ago; perhaps he was in Pineville at that very moment! She must go at once to the Jeffcourts—it was only a mile distant. Perhaps she might be still in time; but even then it was a terribly short notice for such a meeting. Yet she stopped to select her newest hat from the closet, and to tie it with the largest of bows under her pretty chin; and then skipped from the verandah into a green lane that ran beside the garden boundary. There, hidden by a hedge, she dropped into a long swinging trot, that even in her haste still kept the languid deliberation characteristic of her people, until she had reached the road. Two or three hounds in the garden started joyously to follow her, but she drove them back with a portentous frown, an ill-aimed stone, and a suppressed voice. Yet in that backward glance she could see that her little Eumenides—Mammy Judy's children—were peering at her from below the wooden floor of the portico, which they were grasping with outstretched arms and bowed shoulders, as if they were black caryatides supporting—as indeed their race had done for many a year—the predoomed and decaying mansion of their master.

CHAPTER III.

Happily Miss Sally thought more of her present mission than the past errors of her people. The faster she walked the more vividly she pictured the possible complications of this meeting. She knew the dull mean nature of her aunt and the utter hopelessness of all appeal to anything but her selfish cupidity, and

foresaw in this fatuous essay of Corbin only an aggravation of her worst instincts. Even the dead body of her son would not only whet her appetite pecuniary vengeance, but give it plausibility in the eyes of their emotional and ignorant neighbor. She had still less to hope from Julia Jeffcourt's more honest and human indignation but equally bigotted and prejudiced intelligence. It is true they were only women, and she ought to have no fear of that physical revenge which Julia had spoken of, but she reflected that Miss Jeffcourt's unmistakeable beauty and what was believed to be a "truly Southern spirit," had gained her many admirers who might easily take her wrongs upon their shoulders. If her father had only given her that letter before she might have stopped Corbin's coming at all; she might even have met him in time to hurry him and her cousin's provocative remains out of the country. In the midst of these reflections she had to pass the little hill-side cemetery. It was a spot of great natural beauty, cypress shadowed and luxuriant. It was justly celebrated in Pineville, and but for its pretentious tombstones might have been peaceful and suggestive. Here she recognised a figure just turning from its gate. It was Julia Jeffcourt.

Her first instinct—that she was too late and that her cousin had come to the cemetery to make some arrangements for the impending burial—was, however, quickly dissipated by the young girl's manner.

"Well, Sally Dows, *you* here! who'd have thought of seeing you to-day. Why, Chet Brooks allowed that you danced every set last night and didn't get home till daylight. And you—you that are going to show up at another party to-night, too! Well, I reckon I haven't got that much ambition these times. And out with your new bonnet, too."

There was a slight curl of her handsome lip as she looked at her cousin. She was certainly a more beautiful girl than Miss Sally: very tall, dark and luminous of eye, with a brunette pallor of complexion, suggesting, it was said, that remote mixture of blood which was one of the unproven counts of Miss Miranda's indictment against her family. Miss Sally smiled sweetly behind her big bow. "If you reckon to tie to everything that Chet Brooks says, you'll want lots of string, and you won't be safe then. You ought to have heard him run on about this one and that one, and that other one, not an hour ago in our parlor. I had to pack him off, saying he was even making Judy's niggers tired." She stopped and added with polite languor, "I suppose there's no news up at yo' house either? Everything's going on as usual—and—you get your California draft regularly?"

A good deal of the white of Julia's beautiful eyes showed as she turned indignantly on the speaker. "I wish cousin Sally, you'd just let up talking to me about that money. You know as well as I do that I allowed to Maw I wouldn't take a cent of it from the first! I might have had all the gowns and bonnets" (with a look at Miss Sally's bows) "I wanted from her; she even offered to take me to St. Louis for a rig out—if I'd been willing to take blood money. But I'd rather stick to this old sleazy mou'nin' for Tom," (she gave a dramatic pluck at her faded black skirt) "than flaunt round in white muslins and China silks at ten dollars a yard, paid for by his murderer."

"You know black's yo' color always—taking in your height and complexion, Jule," said Miss Sally demurely, yet not without a feminine consciousness that it really did set off her cousin's graceful figure to perfection. "But you can't get up this gait always. You know some day you might come upon this M. Corbin."

"He'd better not cross my path," she said passionately.

"I've heard girls talk like that about a man and then get just green and yellow after him," said Miss Sally critically. "But goodness me! speaking of meeting people reminds me I clean forgot to stop at the Stage office and see about bringing over the new overseer. Lucky I met you, Jule! Good-bye, dear. Come in to-night, and we'll all go to the party together." And with a little nod she ran off before her indignant cousin could frame a suitably crushing reply to her Parthian insinuation.

But at the Stage office Miss Sally only wrote a few lines on a card, put it in an envelope, which she addressed to Mr. Joseph Corbin, and then seating herself with easy carelessness on a long box languidly summoned the proprietor.

"You're always on hand yourself at Kirby station when the kyars come in to bring passengers to Pineville, Mr. Sledge?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Yo' haven't brought any strangers over lately?"

"Well, last week Squire Farnham, of Green Ridge—if he kin be called a stranger—as used to live in the very house yo' father—"

"Yes, I know," said Miss Sally, impatiently, "but if an *entire* stranger comes to take a seat for Pineville, you ask him if that's 'his name,' " handing the letter, "and give it to him if it is. And—Mr. Sledge—it's nobody's business but—yours and mine."

"I understand, Miss Sally," with a slow, paternal, tolerating wink. "He'll get it, and nobody else, sure."

"Thank you; I hope Mrs. Sledge is getting around again."

"Pow'fully, Miss Sally."

Having thus, as she hoped, stopped the arrival of the unhappy Corbin, Miss Sally returned home to consider the best means of finally disposing of him. She had insisted upon his stopping at Kirby and holding no communication with the Jeffcourts until he had heard from her, and had strongly pointed out the hopeless infelicity of his plan. She dare not tell her Aunt Miranda, knowing that she would be too happy to precipitate an interview that would terminate disastrously to both the Jeffcourts and Corbin. She might have to take her father into her confidence—a dreadful contingency.

She was dressed for the evening party, which was provincially early; indeed it was scarcely past nine o'clock when she had finished her toilet, when there came a rap at her door. It was one of Mammy Judy's children.

"Dey is a gemplum, Miss Sally."

"Yes, yes," said Miss Sally, impatiently, thinking only of her escort. "I'll be there in a minute. Run away. He can wait."

"And he said I was to guv yo' dis yer," continued the little negro with protentious gravity, presenting a card.

Miss Sally took it with a smile. It was a plain card on which was written with a pencil in a hand she hurriedly recognised.

"Joseph Corbin."

Miss Sally's smile became hysterically rigid, and pushing the boy aside with a little cry, she darted along the verandah and entered the parlor from a side door and vestibule. To her momentary relief she saw that her friends had not yet arrived: a single figure—a stranger's—rose as she entered.

Even in her consternation she had time to feel the added shock of disappointment. She had always present in her mind an ideal picture of this man whom she had never seen or even heard described. Joseph Corbin had been tall, dark, with flowing hair and long moustache. He had flashing fiery eyes which were capable of being subdued by a single glance of gentleness—her own. He was tempestuous, quick and passionate, but in quarrel would be led by a smile. He was a combination of an Italian brigand and a poker player whom she

had once met on a Mississippi steamboat. He would wear a broad brimmed soft hat, a red shirt, showing his massive throat and neck—and high boots! Alas! the man before her was of medium height, with light, close cut hair, hollow cheeks that seemed to have been lately scraped with a razor, and light grey troubled eyes. A suit of cheap black, ill fitting, hastily acquired and provincial even for Pineville, painfully set off these imperfections, to which a white cravat in a hopelessly tied bow was superadded. A terrible idea that this combination of a country undertaker and an ill-paid circuit preacher on probation, was his best holiday tribute to her, and not a funeral offering to Mr. Jeffcourt, took possession of her. And when, with feminine quickness, she saw his eyes wander over her own fine clothes and festal figure, and sink again upon the floor in a kind of hopeless disappointment equal to her own, she felt ready to cry. But the more terrible sound of laughter approaching the house from the garden recalled her. Her friends were coming.

"For heaven's sake," she broke out desperately, "didn't you get my note at the station telling you not to come?"

His face grew darker, and then took up its look of hopeless resignation, as if this last misfortune was only an accepted part of his greater trouble, as he sat down again, and to Miss Sally's horror, listlessly swung his hat to and fro under his chair.

"No," he said gloomily, "I didn't go to no station. I walked here all the way from Shelbyville. I thought it might seem more like the square thing to her for me to do. I sent *him* by express ahead in a box. It's been at the stage office all day."

With a sickening conviction that she had been sitting on her cousin's body while she wrote that ill-fated card, the woman managed to gasp out impatiently; "But you must go—yes—go now, at once! Don't talk now, but go."

"I didn't come here," he said, rising with a kind of slow dignity, "to interfere with things I didn't kalkilate to see," glancing again at her dress, as the voices came nearer, "and that I ain't in touch with—but to know if you think I'd better bring him—or—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the door had opened suddenly, and a half-dozen laughing girls and their escorts burst into the room. But among them, a little haughty and still irritated from her last interview, was her cousin Julia Jeffcourt, erect and beautiful in a sombre silk.

"Go," repeated Miss Sally, in an agonized whisper. "You must not be known here."

But the attention of Julia had been arrested by her cousin's agitation, and her eye fell on Corbin, where it was fixed with some fatal fascination that seemed in turn to enthrall and possess him also. To Miss Sally's infinite dismay the others fell back and allowed these two black figures to stand out, then to move towards each other with the same terrible magnetism. They were so near she could not repeat her warning to him without the others hearing it. And all hope died when Corbin turning deliberately towards her with a grave gesture in the direction of Julia, said quietly—

"Interduce me."

Miss Sally hesitated, and then gasped hastily, "Miss Jeffcourt."

"Yer don't say *my* name. Tell her I'm Joseph Corbin of 'Frisco, California, who killed her brother." He stopped and turned towards her. "I came here to try and fix things again—and I've brought *him*."

In the wondering silence that ensued the others smiled vacantly, breathlessly and expectantly, until Corbin advanced and held out his hand, when Julia Jeffcourt, drawing her's back

to her bosom with the palms outward, uttered an inarticulate cry and—and spat in his face!

With that act she found tongue—reviling him, the house that harbored him, the insolence that presented him, the insult that had been put upon her! “Are you men!” she added passionately, “who stand here with the man before you that killed my brother and see him offer me his filthy, villianous hand—and dare not strike him down!”

And they dared not. Violently, blindly, stupidly moved through all their instincts, though they gathered hysterically around him, there was something in his dull self-containment that was unassailable and awful. For he wiped his face and breast with his handkerchief without a tremor, and turned to them with even a suggestion of relief.

“She’s right, gentlemen,” he said gravely. “She’s right. It might have been otherwise. I might have allowed that it might be otherwise—but she’s right. I’m a Soth’n man myself, gentlemen and I reckon to understand what she has done. I killed the only man that had a right to stand up for herself. But if she wants—and you see she allows she wants—to pass that on to some of you, or all of you, I’m willing. As many as you like and in what way you like—I waive any chyce of weapon—I’m ready, gentlemen. I came here—with *him* for that purpose.”

Perhaps it may have been his fateful resignation; perhaps it may have been his exceeding readiness—but there was no response. He sat down again, and again swung his hat slowly and gloomily to and fro under his chair.

“I’ve got him in a box at the stage office,” he went on apparently to the carpet. “I had him dug up that I might bring him here, and mebbe bury some of the trouble and difference along with his friends. It might be,” he added, with a slightly glowering upward glance, as to an over-ruling, but occasionally misdirecting Providence. “it might be from the way things are piling up on me that someone might have rung in another corpse instead ‘o *him*, but so far as I can judge, allowin’ for the space of time and natral wear and tear—it’s *him*!”

He rose slowly and moved towards the door in a silence that was as much the result of some conviction that any violent demonstration against him would be as grotesque and monstrous as the situation, as of anything he had said. Even the flashing indignation of Julia Jeffcourt seemed to become suddenly as unnatural and incongruous as her brother’s chief mourner himself, and although she shrank from his passing figure she uttered no word. Chester Brooks’ youthful emotions, following the expression of Miss Selby’s face, lost themselves in a vague hysteric smile, and the other gentlemen looked sheepish. Joseph Corbin halted at the door.

“Whatever,” he said, turning to the company, “ye make up your mind to do about me, I reckon ye’d better do it *after* the funeral. *I’m* always ready. But *he*, what with being in a box and changing climate, had better go *first*.” He paused, and with a suggestion of delicacy in the momentary dropping of his eyelids, added—for *reasons*.”

He passed out through the door, on to the portico and thence into the garden. It was noticed at the time that the half-dozen hounds lingering there rushed after him with their usual noisy demonstrations, but that they as suddenly stopped, retreated violently to the security of the basement, and there gave relief to their feelings in a succession of prolonged howls.

It must not be supposed that Miss Sally did not feel some contrition over the ineffectve part she had played in this last episode. But Joseph Corbin had committed the unpardonable

sin to a woman of destroying her own illogical ideas of him, which was worse than if he had affronted the preconceived ideas of others, in which case she might still defend him. Then, too, she was no longer religious, and had no “call” to act as peace-maker. Nevertheless she resented Julia Jeffcourt’s insinuations bitterly, and the cousins quarrelled—not the first time in their intercourse—and it was reserved for the latter to break the news of Corbin’s arrival with the body to Mrs. Jeffcourt.

How this was done and what occurred at that interview has not been recorded. But it was known the next day that, while Mrs. Jeffcourt accepted the body at Corbin’s hands—and it is presumed the funeral expenses also—he was positively forbidden to appear either at the services at the house or at the church. There had been some wild talk among the younger and many of the lower members of the community, notably the “poor non-slave-holding whites”—of tar and feathering Joseph Corbin; and riding him on a rail out of town on the day of the funeral, as a propitiatory sacrifice to the manes of Thomas Jeffcourt, but it being pointed out by the undertaker that it might involve some uncertainty in the settlement of his bill, together with some reasonable doubt of the thorough resignation of Corbin, whose previous momentary aberration in that respect they were celebrating, the project was postponed until *after the funeral*. And here an unlooked for incident occurred.

CHAPTER IV.

There was to be a political meeting at Kirby on that day, when certain distinguished Southern leaders had gathered from the remoter Southern States. At the instigation of Capt. Dows it was adjourned at the hour of the funeral to enable members to attend, and it was even rumored, to the great delight of Pineville, that a distinguished speaker or two might come over to ‘improve the occasion’ with some slight allusion to the engrossing topic of “Southern Rights.” This combined appeal to the domestic and political emotions of Pineville was irresistible. The Second Baptist Church was crowded. After the religious service there was a pause, and Judge Reed, stepping forward amid a breathless silence, said that they were peculiarly honored by the unexpected presence in their midst “of that famous son of the South, Colonel Starbottle, who had lately returned to his native soil from his adopted home in California.” Every eye was fixed on the distinguished stranger as he rose.

Jaunty and gallant as ever, femininely smooth faced, yet polished and high colored as a youthful mask, pectorally expansive and unfolding the white petals of his waistcoat through the swollen lapels of his coat, like a bursting magnolia bud, Colonel Starbottle began. The present associations were, he might say, singularly hallowed to him; not only was Pineville—a Southern centre—the recognised nursery of Southern chivalry. Southern beauty (a stately inclination to the pew in which Miss Sally and Julia Jeffcourt sat), Southern intelligence, and Southern independence, but it was the home of the late lamented dead who had been, like himself and another he should refer to later, an adopted citizen of the Golden State, a seeker of the Golden Fleece, a companion of Jason. It was the home, fellow citizens and friends, of the sorrowing sister of the deceased, a young lady whom he the speaker, had as yet known only through the chivalrous blazon of her virtues and graces by her attendant knights (a courteous wave towards the gallery where Joyce Masterton, Chester Brooks, Calhoun Bungstarter and the embattled youth generally of Pineville became empurpled and idiotic;) it was the home of the afflicted widowed mother, also personally unknown to him, but with whom he might say he

had had —er—er—professional correspondence. But it was not this alone that hallowed the occasion, it was a sentiment that should speak in trumpet-like tones throughout the South in this uprising of a united section. It was the forgetfulness of petty strife, of family feud, of personal wrongs in the claims of party! It might not be known that he, the speaker, was professionally cognisant of one of these regrettable—should he say accidents—arising from the chivalrous challenge and equally chivalrous response of two fiery Southern spirits, to which we primarily owe our coming here to-day. And he should take it as his duty, his solemn duty, in this sacred edifice to proclaim to the world that in his knowledge, as a professional man—as a man of honor, as a Southerner, as a gentleman that the—er—circumstances which three years ago led to the early demise of our lamented friend and brother, reflected only the highest credit on both of the parties. He said this on his own responsibility—in or out of this sacred edifice—and in or out of that sacred edifice he was personally responsible, and prepared to give the fullest satisfaction for it. He was also aware that it might not be known—or understood—that since that boyish episode the survivor had taken the place of the departed in the bereaved family and ministered to their needs with counsel and—er—er—pecuniary aid, and had followed the body afoot across the continent that it might rest with its kindred dust. He was aware that an unchristian, he would say but for that sacred edifice, a *dastardly* attempt had been made to impugn the survivor's motives, to suggest an unseemly discord between him and the family, but he, the speaker, would never forget the letter, breathing with Christian forgiveness and replete with angelic simplicity, sent by a member of that family to his client, which came under his professional eye (here the professional eye for a moment lingered on the hysteric face of Miss Sally); he did not envy the head or heart of a man who could peruse these lines, of which the mere recollection—er—er—choked the utterance of even a professional man like—er—himself, without emotion. “And what, my friends and fellow citizens,” suddenly continued the Colonel, replacing his white handkerchief in his coat tail, “was the reason why *my* client, Mr Joseph Corbin, whose delicacy keeps him from appearing among these mourners—comes here to bury all differences, all animosities, all petty passions? Because he is a son of the South; because as a son of the South, as the representative, and a distant connection, I believe, of my old political friend, Major Corbin, of Nashville, he wishes here and everywhere, at this momentous crisis, to sink everything in the one all prevailing, all absorbing, one and indivisible *unity* of the South in its resistance to the Northern Usurper! That, my friends, is the great, the solemn, the Christian lesson of this most remarkable occasion in my professional, political and social experience!”

Whatever might have been the calmer opinion, there was no doubt that the gallant Colonel had changed the prevailing illogical emotion of Pineville by the substitution of another equally illogical, and Miss Sally was not surprised when her father, touched by the Colonel's allusion to his daughter's epistolary powers, insisted upon bringing Joseph Corbin home with him, and offering him the hospitality of the Dows mansion. Although the stranger seemed to yield rather from the fact that the Dows were relations of the Jeffcourts than from any personal preference, when he was fairly installed in one of the appropriately gloomy guest chambers, Miss Sally set about the delayed work of reconciliation—theoretically accepted by her father, and cynically tolerated by her Aunt Miranda. But here a difficulty arose which she had not foreseen. Although Corbin had

evidently forgiven her defection on that memorable evening, he had not apparently got over the revelation of her giddy worldliness, and was resignedly apathetic and distrustful of her endeavors. She was at first amused, and then angry. And her patience was exhausted when she discovered that he actually seemed more anxious to conciliate Julia Jeffcourt than her mother

“But she spat in your face,” she said, indignantly.

“That's so,” he replied gloomily: “but I reckoned you said something in one of your letters about turning the other cheek when you were smitten. Of course, as you don't believe it now,” he added with his upward glance, “I suppose *that's* been played on me, too.”

But here Miss Sally's spirit lazily rebelled.

“Look here, Mr. Joseph *Jeremiah* Corbin,” she returned with languid impertinence, “if instead of cavortin' around on yo' knees trying to conciliate an old woman, who never had a stroke of luck till you killed her son, and a young girl who won't be above letting on, afore you think it, that your conciliatin' her means *sparkin'* her—if instead of that foolishness you'd turn your hand to trying to conciliate the folks here and keep 'em from going into that fool's act of breaking up these United States; if instead of digging up second-hand corpses that's already been put out of sight once you'd set to work to try and prevent the folks about here from digging up their old cranks and their old whims, and their old women fancies, you'd be doin' something like a Christian and a man! What's yo' blood guiltiness I'd like to know! alongside of the blood-guiltiness of those fools who are just wild to rush into it, led by such turkey cocks as yo' friend Colonel Starbottle! And you've been five years in California—a free state—and that's all yo've toted out of it—a dead body! There now, don't sit there and swing yo' hat under that chyar, but rouse up and come along with me to the pawty if you can shake a foot, and show Miss Pinkney and the gyrls yo' fit for something mo' than to skirmish round as a black japed spittoon for Julia Jeffcourt!” It is not recorded that Corbin accepted this cheerful invitation, but for a few days afterwards he was more darkly observant of, and respectful to, Miss Sally. Strange, indeed, if he had not noticed—although always in his resigned fashion—the dull green stagnation of the life around him, or when not accepting it as a part of his trouble he had not chafed at the arrested youth and senile childishness of the people. Stranger still if he had not at times been startled to hear the out-grown superstitions and follies of his youth voiced again by grown up-men, and, perhaps, strangest of all, if he had not vaguely accepted it all as the hereditary curse of that barbarism under which he himself had survived and suffered.

The reconciliation between himself and Mrs. Jeffcourt was superficially effected, so far as a daily visit by him to the house indicated it to the community, but it was also known that Julia was invariably absent on these occasions. What happened at those interviews did not transpire, but it may be surmised that Mrs. Jeffcourt, perhaps recognising the fact that Corbin was really giving her all that he had to give, or, possibly, having some lurking fear of Colonel Starbottle, was so far placated as to exhibit only the average ingratitude of her species towards a regular benefactor. She consented to the erection of a small obelisk over her son's grave, and permitted Corbin to plant a few flowering shrubs, which he daily visited and took care of. It is said that on one of these pilgrimages he encountered Miss Julia—apparently on the same errand—who haughtily retired. It was further alleged, on the authority of one of Mammy Judy's little niggers, that those two black mourning figures had been

seen at nightfall sitting opposite to each other at the head and foot of the grave, and "glowering" at one another "like two hants." But when it was asserted on the same authority that their voices had been later overheard uplifted in some vehement discussion over the grave of the impassive dead, great curiosity was aroused. Being pressed by the eager Miss Sally to repeat some words or any words he had heard them say, the little witness glibly replied, "Marse Linkum" (Lincoln) and "The Souf," and so, for the time, shipwrecked his testimony. But it was recalled six months afterwards. It was then that a pleasant spring day brought madness and enthusiasm to a majority of Pineville, and bated breath and awe to a few, and it was known with the tidings that the South had appealed to arms, that among those who had first responded to the call was Joseph Corbin, an alleged "Union man," who had, however, volunteered to take that place in her ranks which might *have been filled by the man he had killed*. And then people forgot all about him.

* * * * *
 A year passed. It was the same place; the old familiar outlines of home and garden and landscape. But, seen now, in the choking breathlessness of haste, in the fitful changing flashes of life and motion around it, in intervals of sharp suspense or dazed bewilderment, it seemed to be recognised no longer. Men who had known it all their lives, hurrying to the front in compact masses, scurrying to the rear in straggling line, or opening their ranks to let artillery gallop by, stared at it vaguely, and clattered or scrambled on again. The smoke of a masked battery in the woods struggled and writhed to free itself from the clinging tree tops behind it, and sank back into a grey encompassing cloud. The dust thrown up by a column of passing horse, poured over the wall in one long wave, and whitened the garden with its ashes. Throughout the dim empty house one no longer heard the sound of cannon, only a dull intermittent concussion was felt, silently bringing flakes of plaster from the walls, or sliding fragments of glass from the shattered windows. A shell, lifted from the ominous distance, hangs uncertain in the air and then descends swiftly through the roof; the whole house dilates with flame for an instant, smoke rolls slowly from the windows, and even the desolate chimneys start into a hideous mockery of life, and then all is still again. At such awful intervals the sun shines out brightly, touches the green of the still sleeping woods and the red and white of a flower in the garden, and something in a grey uniform writhes out of the dust of the road, staggers to the wall and dies.

A mile down this road, growing more and more obscure with those rising and falling apparitions or the shapeless and rugged heaps terrible in their helpless inertia by hedge and fence, arose the cemetery hill. Taken and retaken thrice that afternoon, the dead above it far outnumbered the dead below; and when at last the tide of battle swept around its base into the dull, reverberating woods, and it emerged from the smoke, silenced and abandoned, only a few stragglers remained. One of them, leaning on his musket, was still gloomily facing the woods.

"Joseph Corbin," said a low, hurried voice.

He started and glanced quickly at the tombs around him. Perhaps it was because he had been thinking of the dead—but the voice sounded like *his*. Yet it was only the *sister*, who had glided, pale and haggard from the thicket.

"Their coming through the woods," she said quickly. "Run or you'll be taken. Why do you linger?"

"You know why," he said gloomily.

"Yes, but you have done your duty. You have done his work. The task is finished now, and yo' free."

He did not reply, but remained gazing at the woods.

"Joseph," she said more gently, laying her trembling hand on his arm. "Joseph, fly—and—take me with you. For I was wrong, and want you to forgive me. I knew your heart was not in this, and I ought not to have asked you. Joseph—listen! I never wanted to avenge myself nor *him* when I spat on your face. I wanted to avenge myself on *her*. I hated her, because I thought she wanted to work upon you and use you for herself."

"Your mother?" he said, looking at her.

"No," she said, with widely-opened eyes; "you know who I mean—Miss Sally."

He looked at her wonderingly for a moment, but quickly bent his head again in the direction of the road. "They are coming," he said, starting. "You must go. This is no place for you. Stop! it's too late; you cannot go now until they have passed. Come here—crouch down here—over this grave—so."

He almost forced her—kneeling down—upon the mound below the level of the shrubs, and then ran quickly himself a few paces lower down the hill to a more exposed position. She understood it. He wished to attract attention to himself. He was successful—a few hurried shots followed from the road but struck above him.

He clambered back quickly to where she was still crouching.

"They were the vedettes," he said, "but they have fallen back on the main skirmish line and will be here in force in a moment. Go—while you can." She had not moved. He tried to raise her—her hat fell off—he saw blood oozing from where the vedette's bullet that had missed him had pierced her brain.

And yet he saw in that pale dead face only the other face which he remembered now had been turned like this towards his own. It was very strange. And this was the end, and this was his expiation! He raised his own face humbly, blindly, despairingly to the inscrutable sky; it looked back upon him from above as coldly as the dead face had from below.

Yet out of this he struck a faint idea that he had voiced aloud in nearly the same words which he had used to Colonel Starbottle, only three years ago. "It was with his own pistol, too," he said, and took up his musket.

He walked deliberately down the hill, occasionally trying the stock of his musket in the loose earth and at last suddenly remaining motionless, in the attitude of leaning over it. At the same moment there was a distant shout; two thin parallel streams of blue and steel came issuing through the woods like a river, appeared to join tumultuously in the open before the hill, and out of the tumult a mounted officer called upon him to surrender.

He did not reply.

"Come down from there Johnny Reb, I want to speak to you," called a young corporal.

He did not move.

"It's time to go home, Johnny."

No response.

The officer who had been holding down his men with an unsworded but masterful hand, raised it suddenly. A dozen shots followed. The men leaped forward, and dashing Corbin contemptuously streamed up the hill past him.

But he neither heard nor cared. For they found he had already deliberately transfixed himself through the heart on his own bryonet.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

A STRANGE REDEMPTION OR BERWICK DAUNT.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

AUTHOR OF "A MIST OF ERROR," "MARGERY," "A SOCIAL SUCCESS," ETC., ETC.

AN hour after midnight, and a moonless night.

Darkness ; that all-shrouding darkness belonging only to the dead of night, seemed to have dominated all life and light, for, ever to brood over the world in heavy impenetrable solemnity. There was no faintest whisper on the air, and in the wonderful and most mysterious silence which seemed inseparable from it, the darkness seemed to thrill and palpitate as though within its awful depths it held the secret of all life and sound.

On the top of a hill, standing aloof from the town lying at the foot, a large square building, distinguished only by the blacker depths of darkness made against the dark night sky by its still darker presence, stood up lonely and grim. There were no trees about it ; nothing to soften its stern outline ; and over it the darkness and the silence alike seemed to fall with a yet heavier weight.

A quarter past one.

The musical chimes from the town below floated softly on the stillness up the hill, and they died away even as the silence had been touched, not broken by a tiny streak of light. It darted suddenly from one of the upper windows of the lonely building to disappear again as suddenly, and it revealed, momentary flash as it was, that the window was heavily barred. No other sound succeeded the distant chimes, but the flash of light was followed by another. A long sinuous tongue of flame this time gliding up and licking at the window-frame, licking at those iron bars, reaching eagerly towards the sky. The darkness around seemed yet denser for that vivid patch of light, and the silence that succeeded was intensified by a sudden wild laugh which rung out on the night as a white face, weirdly set in the now blazing window-frame, peered for a moment into the darkness. Another moment's silence ; another moment in which that brilliant light shown out, the only life and light, apparently, in a still, black world ; and then a sudden cry, succeeded by another and another, lights moving, voices calling, ordering, shrieking, and up to heaven from that dark building, freed now and unconquerable, streamed lurid banners of flame.

In such a clamor and confusion as rendered its own awful roar a mere accompaniment, a clamor across which wild laughs and hideous cries struck horribly, the fire gained, and gained, flinging its terrible light far and wide ; leaping, wreathing, devouring, and being in its turn devoured by dense masses of rolling smoke. Round the burning building men and women with horrified, anxious eyes, in every variety of hastily thrown-on attire, but all, even at that awful moment, curiously alike in a certain, self-controlled and quiet manner which seemed to separate them from those about them, moved hastily to and fro encouraging, commanding, restraining groups of other men and women, some of whom were in the wildest extremity of terror, some curiously apathetic, some—and these added immeasurably to the horror of the scene—laughing and leaping with childish excitement and satisfaction.

By the time the firemen arrived the noise and confusion was indescribable. There was no hope of saving any portion of the building. Crash after crash told of falling floors, rafters, walls. One wing alone was still untouched and stood out massive and dark in the glare. Now towards that wing, stern and unassailable as it looked, the flames were reaching eagerly forth. There

was a hurried colloquy between three men—the head fireman, a gray-haired gentleman, and a thick-set, strong-limbed man—and then the latter turned and went quickly away. A moment's pause in which even the fire seemed to participate, and then, out of that dark wing, fighting, singing, shrieking, there leapt a dozen figures in strange indescribable garments, with glaring eyes and horrible white faces fearfully lit up by the awful light of the fire. Insane, hopelessly incurably insane. That isolated building, now wrapt from end to end in flame, had been a lunatic asylum. In the rush and clamor and redoubled confusion which followed their appearance, nobody noticed a man who followed them out, a man dressed as other men, if somewhat hastily, with a young face deadly white and set, but with nothing wild or excited about him, except his great blue eyes, which shone with an unutterable horror and fear, not of the raging flames behind him, but of the raving men before. He stood unheeded in the midst of all that turmoil, gazing about him with always that unspeakable horror in his eyes ; then, suddenly, he turned, forced his way through the crowd, and ran and ran, on and on, away into the darkness and silence of the night.

It was a warm evening, late in March, 1878, and in the garden of a house in one of the Western counties of Ireland, a man and a woman were sauntering in a secluded avenue. The moon was full, and in her lovely light all untidiness in the garden was subdued into picturesqueness. The landscape, all of it visible through the opening ending the avenue, with its sweep of hill-flanked valley, its upland moor and lowland meadow, under her magic touch witnessed no longer in its eloquent silence to the poverty and ignorance which is man's, but to the beauty and peace which is God's. A soft night wind stirred in the trees, fluttering the hair round the face of the woman under the white shawl she had thrown over her head.

They were not speaking much. Her arm was drawn through his and their hands held one another with a clasp which was very quiet. They had walked up and down in absolute silence for some time when the man, unconsciously as it seemed, stopped and with his eyes fixed away over the country, sighed heavily. The girl looked into his face and laid her other hand gently on his.

"What is it, dear,?" she said. In her low-pitched, musical voice, there was the faintest and prettiest touch of Irish brogue. He did not move his eyes, but his hand closed on hers.

"The old story, Nora!" he answered.

She rested her cheek against his shoulder with a tender, sympathetic movement and said softly.

"It's little more than a year yet, John. The time will come, indeed. It is only to wait."

"To wait!" he repeated, not irritably or impatiently, but with something in his voice which gave the words an intensity of meaning. "To wait!" To live on here day after day and see the people ruining themselves! To know that I could help them if only they would let me! To do nothing where there is so much to be done! Nora, it is paralysis!"

Nora lifted her head.

"Is it nothing you've done, John?" she said. "Is it nothing that there's quiet over the estate and you an English landlord?"

Is it nothing that not one of the people^h is a bad word for you, you who were a stranger to them a year ago, who bought the land, bought it and stand in the place of the master they loved! Nothing! It's what one man in a thousand couldn't have done!"

Her eyes, lovely, dark-gray, Irish eyes, were shining, her cheeks were flushed and as she finished he drew her close and kissed her.

"I owe all that to you, my darling," he murmured.

The voice of the man told its own story as surely as the girl's had done. John Allender, was an Englishman, an Englishman born and bred, for whom the problem presented by the state of Ireland had for years had a fascination. He had studied the subject deeply and sympathetically, and being a man with somewhat unusual ideas on life and individual responsibility, and possessing, moreover, a large fortune and no ties, he had determined to do what one man might towards the improvement of matters in the sister island. Accordingly he had devoted himself to the study of farming and the duties of a landlord, quietly regardless of the derision of his friends; and finally he petrified them by buying an estate in Cork, Ballynalea, and departing forthwith to live on it, or, as he was assured on all hands, to be shot on it.

These cheerful predictions had not yet been fulfilled, and though he had found his position difficult in the extreme, for this he had been prepared. But he had not been prepared for the dead weight of inertia with which his proposals were met by the tenants. All his practical plans and excellent theories were frustrated by the deep-rooted Irish suspicion of him as an Englishman.

The people never for a moment entertained the—to them—preposterous notion that the object of the "new masther" was their good; they would look upon his schemes as a device for raising the rent, and met them accordingly with a serene disregard before which energy was paralysed. At every turn, too, he "new masther" was hampered with reminiscences of the "ould masther." Kevan Daunt, by whose executors the estate had been sold had been the idol of his people, and it was a foregone conclusion that his successor—one man alone excepted—should suffer by comparison. But there was one to whom all their loyalty to Kevan Daunt would have been readily transferred, whose memory was ever green in their hearts, and in this memory John Allender found his largest stumbling-block in his own road thither. The "ould masther" was dead—that loss was natural and inevitable, to be loudly lamented but ultimately accepted. But his son, the "young masther" of whom the people never tired of talking, he who should have reigned in his father's stead, was not dead, but kept from them by something more terrible in its mystery than death itself. Berwick Daunt was in an English lunatic asylum—hopelessly insane.

It was a tragic story, and when he heard it first Allender could not wonder that it's unhappy hero should be surrounded in the minds of the people with such a halo of love and pity. Berwick Daunt had been a handsome, high-spirited boy, with a kind word word and a cheery smile for each and all, immensely and deservedly popular. All his boyhood had been bright and full of promise, and the future before him looked brighter still. At twenty-one he became engaged to his cousin, Nora Mulgrave. They had grown together, for her mother and Kevan Daunt were brother and sister; and ever since her father's death, in her babyhood, Ballynalea had been her home. Six months of radiant happiness followed their engagement, and then it was all over. A young horse, a rash rider, a fearful fall, weeks of unconsciousness, and Berwick Daunt's body alone recovered.

When Allender came to Ballynalea six years later, Mrs. Mulgrave and her daughter, left alone together by Kevan Daunt's death and clinging to their old home, were settled in a small house on the estate rented from the owner. Mrs. Mulgrave had received him very kindly, and both she and Nora had done much to smooth his relations with the tenants. Nora Mulgrave was five-and-twenty when Allender saw her first, and the years which separated her from the tragedy of her girlhood had made her very much a woman. She had a sweet, rather gravé face, and as a rule, a gentle, serious manner, which contrasted delightfully with occasional flashes of thorough Irish vehemence and fun, characteristic of the original girlish nature which early womanhood and the troubles of life had tempered and subdued. John Allender had not known her long before he knew also that he loved her.

He had heard the story of her brief engagement even before he saw her and told himself bitterly that in her heart, as in the hearts of his tenants, Berwick Daunt stood in his way. He told himself that he would be second to no man, that he would crush his love out. But John Allender, was five-and-thirty; he had never cared for any woman before, and the love that came so late came as a master. It was when, almost in spite of himself, he asked her to be his wife, that he heard the truth of her engagement to her cousin. Berwick Daunt had loved her with a man's passionate intensity, and had pleaded his cause with a boy's uncontrolled vehemence. She had been very fond of him and swept away by the force of his emotion she had mistaken her girlish affection for love. It was only after the terrible blow had fallen, making a woman of her at once, that, gradually and with unspeakable self-reproach, she realised the truth. She mourned for her cousin with no sense of irretrievable desolation in her life; her tenderest pity and a sister's love would be his always, but her woman's heart was her own until she gave it to John Allender.

Their engagement was three months old, now, but nobody beside themselves and Mrs. Mulgrave knew of it. They were not to be married for at least a year, and in John Allender's mind was a sensitive recoil from the bare idea of trading on his love by taking advantage of the position his engagement would give him with the tenants, who had transferred much of their devotion to the Daunt family to Nora Mulgrave.

Nora let her cheek rest on his shoulder as he raised his head, still holding her in his arms, and for a minute or two they stood motionless, looking into one another's eyes as if the world held nothing for either beside what each saw shining there. Then the stillness was broken by a soft boy's voice and the sound of footsteps, and as they moved quickly apart a small boy appeared.

"Av yer please, sorr," he said "it's Biddy Doolin's in the kitchen, av she moight spake a worrd wid yer." John Allender turned to Nora.

"I must go in," he said. "Will you come?"

"The mistress is thinkin' it's gettin' late, Miss Nora," interjected the boy. He was Mrs. Mulgrave's male retainer, and was waiting for his mistresses, who were dining with John Allender. He had run out with the message with that delight in work not his own so characteristic of a native of Ireland.

"Directly," said Nora. "Run in, Tim, and say so." Then as the boy disappeared, "Directly," she repeated to John Allender, with an indescribable intonation in which love, tenderness, and womanly reserve were blended. "Go in." He did not kiss her again—the boy might come back—but he took her hand for a moment in both his own and then he left

her. She watched him out of sight, and then turned and walked slowly down the avenue to a low briar hedge from which a steep bank sloped down to the road. She was looking upward to the clear sky, and she did not notice a man's figure coming down the road, walking very rapidly and wearily. She had not moved, and was standing holding the white shawl at her throat, when she heard, breathed so softly that it seemed to be in the very air, one word.

"Alannah!"

She started violently and looked round. That word had been Berwick Daunt's name for her; he had rarely called her by any other. Nora was not superstitious, but she was worked up, and the sound sent a strange thrill through her.

"Alannah!"

She did not cry out; she made no effort to escape; only her white face and dilated eyes spoke for her, and he answered them at once with a boyish impetuosity.

"I've frightened you," he said. "Don't look at me like that, Nora Macree! It's all right! Oh! don't be afraid of me, Alannah! There was passionate and most pathetic appeal in his last words and in the clasp in which he held her.

"Berwick!"

"Yes, Berwick! Your own boy! Look at me! Look at me, Alannah! Don't you see! Don't you understand! I'm cured!" He drew back that she might see him better, still holding her hands, and then suddenly he fell on his knees and covered her hands with kisses.

"If you knew, if you knew!" he repeated. "Sane, Nora! Like other men! With a heart and a mind and love. Free! With my life before me again—my life to be lived to the end, Alannah, for you, for you! The place was on fire when I first—remember. I knew where I was; I knew by—the others—what I must have been. Alannah, the fire was gaining fast, and I prayed that it might bring me death rather than that I should live to be like that again. Shall I ever forget those minutes! They let us out. I didn't stop to think; I couldn't think. I only felt that I must get away—away from the unutterable horror of it all. Nobody noticed or tried to stop me, and I remember running until I found myself lying in a field with the sun shining down upon me, sane and free."

He had poured out his story eagerly, passionately, but perfectly coherently. Excited as he was, there was about him that which placed his present sanity beyond question. The terror died from Nora's eyes; she made a movement to raise him, and her lips moved as if she meant to speak and could not. Before any sound came, he sprang to his feet, holding her at arm's length and looking at her with unutterable love illuminating his face.

"My first thought, my first longing was for you," he said. "I could not wait. I must have taken one of the attendant's coats in the confusion. There was money in the pocket, and here I am. Oh, Alannah, my own Alannah! It was starving I was for the sight of you!"

And with a light laugh of love and joy which she remembered well, he took her in his arms once more and kissed her again and again, holding her passive and resistless until a hoarse exclamation made him start round to face John Allender.

Neither man spoke. Berwick Daunt was waiting, still with his arm round Nora, for some explanation of the other's presence. Allender was speechless. It was left to Nora to say hurriedly and unevenly,

"Berwick, it is Mr. Allender, who has bought Ballynalea. This is my cousin, Mr. Berwick Daunt."

CHAPTER II.

Incredible as it seemed, Berwick Daunt's mind was undoubtedly perfectly restored. He wrote himself to the doctor under whose care he had been, explaining frankly his hasty flight, and proposing to return for inspection. The doctor sent him instead to a colleague in Dublin, with whom he corresponded at great length about him, and the Dublin man's report left no doubt as to his complete recovery—recovery brought about apparently by the shock of the fire which had destroyed the asylum.

He had come back in years a man of eight-and-twenty, but to all intents and purposes the past seven years had dropped out of his life, and he was the impetuous boy he had been at twenty-one. His energy, spirits, and enthusiasm were the energy, spirits and enthusiasm of boyhood; his overflowing happiness was boyish; his cordial advances to Allender, for whom he had taken an impulsive liking, were boyish. In one case, only, did that genial young demonstrativeness cover a man's passion, and that was in his love for his cousin. It never seemed to occur to him that the years which were as nothing to him might have brought change to her. Sometimes during the first days after his return he would watch her curiously, as though there were something strange to him in her face and manner, as though he were looking for the young girl he had left; once he took her in his arms and told her that she was sweeter than ever. But of any alteration in her feeling for himself he never dreamt.

Day after day Nora told herself that she must tell him; day after day passed and she had not dared to do it. The fact of his sanity was so incredible, the risk of exciting and distressing him so fearful. And then the time came when she knew that she could never tell him. To the doctor's favorable verdict for the present was added a terrible rider for the future.

It was to John Allender that this opinion was delivered. Almost intolerably painful as was his position, difficult as it was to him to touch the other's hand, to speak to him, to look at him, he had found himself unable to resist Berwick's entreaty that he would go with him to Dublin, backed as it was by the unexpressed anxiety of Nora and her mother. It was to Allender that the doctor, questioned as to the future, replied that though in such a case certainty was impossible, the probabilities were, the insanity being the result of an accident and not hereditary, that no relapse need be feared except under one condition. Any painful mental shock would be likely to render the patient hopelessly insane. And it was from Allender that Nora heard this.

More than a month had passed since then. The little room, Mrs. Mulgrave's drawing-room, was very still. By the table, her face hidden, sat Nora. Allender was standing at the window, his face towards her, looking out with unseeing eyes and drawn white face.

He had watched her face when he repeated the doctor's verdict to her and her mother, watched and understood it. But he had forced himself to speak as though they contained only the detail in the future treatment of her cousin which appeared on the surface. He was bracing every faculty for the struggle which he knew must come. To recognize its existence before she spoke would be to give form and substance to the chill shadow that had fallen on Nora's heart, and with all his soul he vowed that even the shadow should pass away. He would not see her sacrificed. He would not give her up. But a man's passion is as nothing before a woman's sense of right. Nora had told him that same evening, with tears and tenderness

inexpressible, that she held herself bound by her girlish promise, that her honor held her fast, and she could never be his wife; and she had never wavered. Again and again Allender pleaded, his passion growing with every failure: and now as he stood there at the window, his very stillness was the stillness of agonizing sensation. It was not his own desolation that tortured him: it was not alone the knowledge that she was sacrificing her own heart's love as well as his. It was the awful uncertainty as to the future, his horrible distrust of Berwick Daunt, that drove him nearly to despair. No doctor in the world could give him faith in the permanency of so sudden a recovery.

He turned at last and looked for a moment at her bowed head with a strange twitching at the corners of his mouth. Then he crossed the room and standing by her side, he said in a strained hoarse voice.

"I will never release you, Nora, and I will not go away. I will save you against your will. You have given me your word, and I will never give it you again."

There was no answer. As Nora raised her tear-stained face the door opened and Berwick Daunt burst into the room followed by an Irish setter.

"Were you expecting me, Alannah?" he cried, kissing her, regardless of Allender's presence, so eagerly, that her expression passed unnoticed by him.

"Oh, don't go, old fellow!" he added boyishly, as Allender turned sharply away; "I've news! First-rate news! I've done the trick at last. The meeting is fixed for Thursday, and every man-jack of them has sworn to come. There's only one fellow I can't get, and he doesn't count—Thady Maloney, the drunken brute. Hurroo!"

He was sitting on the table, by this time, one arm round Nora, his gun, which he always carried on the chance of meeting anything shootable, steadied, as its butt rested on the floor, by his other hand. He turned his head over his shoulder as he spoke, and Allender turning at the same moment they faced each other.

Berwick Daunt was very handsome. His sunburnt features were regular and curiously unworn, and his square chin and laughing mouth gave him the appearance of a strong-natured, good-tempered boy. His blue eyes were full of fun and fire, and he had a way of throwing back his curly head which gave him a wonderfully spirited air of alertness. Tall and well-made, his careless attitude showed him to the best advantage. No sharper contrast could have been found in pose, expression, or features than the man who stood there with his hand on the lock, such rigid strain upon the muscles of the outstretched arm that all his iron self-control seemed to find expression there and in the muscles of his set lips. Physically speaking, John Allender had few good points; an air of thought and refinement, a strong mouth, and excellent hands constituted his only claims to a second glance. But about him now, as he stood there looking into the handsome, boyish face, born of his desperate pain and unconquerable resolution, was a nobility before which physical beauty sank into insignificance—the nobility of indomitable endurance.

He came slowly back into the room.

"That is excellent!" he said. "I congratulate you."

"The 'young masher' had been rapturously received by the tenantry. On the news of his arrival they had crowded to welcome him, testifying their delight with the uncontrolled demonstrativeness of an emotional people. He went among them incessantly during his first weeks 'at home,' as he still

called Ballynafea with laughing, protesting apologies to Allender; and the squalor and poverty he saw—squalor and poverty which had increased considerably since his boyhood—struck him painfully. By degrees, partly from the tenants themselves, and partly from Nora, he heard of Allender's fettered scheme of improvement, and his impulsive imagination caught fire instantly. In spite of his passive resistance, his unspeakable distaste at the idea of any association with Berwick Daunt, Allender found himself swept away on a tide of vigorous young enthusiasm impossible to stem. Berwick Daunt caught at the meaning and ultimate end of his plans almost before they were explained to him. His brain was as active and powerful as his physical frame, and he was on fire to set to work.

His first move had been the convening of a tenant's meeting at which Allender's proposals should be explained to them by Allender himself. Ready as Irishmen usually are for meetings and speeches, their invincible repugnance to an English landlord had rendered this particular meeting almost impossible of attainment. The people had no grudge against the "new masher" personally; but they did not trust him, and their instincts were strongly against intercourse with him. To Berwick they would listen whenever and wherever he might choose to speak; but Berwick had set his heart on their hearing Allender, and he explained, persuaded, harangued incessantly until he gained his end. The elation with which he had announced that the day for the meeting was actually agreed upon was the elation of hard-won success.

And once won over, the people, with the excitability and variableness of their race, became enthusiastic. The Thursday afternoon agreed upon saw the large hall at Ballynafea thronged from end to end. Every grade of farmer was represented, from the tenant holding forty or fifty acres to the tenant holding only two; and all the laborers were there also. There were women, too, in every stage of squalid and picturesque untidiness—Berwick Daunt knew the people too well to underrate the value of the women's influence—and there was a plentiful sprinkling of bare-footed, shock-headed gossoons and colleens.

Berwick himself seemed to be in all parts of the hall at once, and wherever he went he was followed by dozens of pairs of Irish eyes and showers of Irish benedictions. For every one he had a cheery word, his laugh rang out incessantly, and even Nora, who was there with her mother at his entreaty, was for once more popular as "masher Berry's swateheart" than on her own merits. He kept carefully away from the upper end of the room where John Allender was. He had vehemently disclaimed any intention of taking the place that belonged to the master, and he had absolutely declined to make a speech. He would represent Mrs. Mulgrave, he said. In that capacity he was one of the tenants, and among the tenants he would be.

But it was of no avail. There was no man, woman, or child there who did not consciously or unconsciously look to Berwick Daunt as the "master." His was the will and enthusiasm that had brought them together, and his was the pervading spirit whether he would or no.

A hush fell on the hall at last, and Allender rose slowly. As he stood there, facing his people in silence for a moment, he knew that no words of his could touch the men before him. Nominally their attention was his; actually it was concentrated on that handsome, strong young man sitting in their midst with two small children perched upon his knee. To Allender the true aspect of the scene was absolutely patent, and its

mockery of the similar scene to which he had once looked forward was almost unendurable. And as he began to speak—in a dry, constrained manner which did not alter or improve as he went on—not all his efforts could keep his eyes from straying to that boyish face and figure. Even when with fierce resolution he forced himself to look away, he saw it still—saw it and nothing else. It came between him and his subject, it barred his passage to the hearts of his audience, it cut him off from every soul in the room and forced him to stand before them utterly alone.

He finished, and there was a minute or two of respectful silence. Then, here and there about the hall rose faint indefinite murmurs, "Masther Berry!" "Masther Berry!" Isolated murmurs they were at first, and then, as if gaining confidence from one another, they spread and strengthened, until, as Berwick laughingly shook his head and kept his seat, they swelled into an irrepressible clamor. Again and again Berwick shook his head, and then quite suddenly, the popular cry seemed to touch him. He sprang to his feet, and standing where John Allender had stood he hushed the tumult with one movement of his out-stretched hand and spoke. He put the case before them in a few direct forcible words and then enlarged upon it with a glowing picturesqueness and dramatic intensity which caught the imagination of his audience and held them breathless and spell-bound. As he went on, catching again the excitement he had created, he grew more fervid and more passionate, and when he ended with a burning appeal to them as a brother to his brothers a great shout of enthusiasm rose throughout the hall, not only for the speaker, but for the cause for which he had spoken. If the people for which he pleaded could have attained by an instantaneous act of self-sacrifice on the part of each individual present, one alone excepted, Ballynalea would have been transformed upon the instant.

They were gone at last. It seemed to Allender that they would never have finished cheering, laughing, promising and shaking Berwick Daunt by the hand. But it came to an end at last, and Berwick turned to him with a boyish, excited laugh.

"If you weren't the best fellow in the world, Allender," he said impetuously, "you'd feel inclined to kick me out! What do you say, Alannah?"

They were standing together, Mrs. Mulgrave, Nora, Allender and Berwick, with that air about them of being somewhat at a loss and thrown together which always pervades two or three people in a room out of which a crowd has lately passed. But between two of them only was there any mutual understanding, and the boy's elation seemed to separate him strangely from that pale, quiet man and woman, as Nora stood looking out of the window, conscious to her finger tips that Allender was close to her.

She turned as Berwick laid his hand on her shoulder and raised her eyes steadily, though her lips were white. She answered his words with only a faint smile.

"You spoke admirably Berwick," she said. "Don't you think so mother?"

Mrs. Mulgrave was sitting near her, a little, gentle-looking, grey-haired woman, and as Berwick turned to her with his most irresistible smile, she laid a small, worn hand affectionately on his arm.

"It was beautiful dear," she said. "Beautiful! But Berwick did you notice Father Halloran? Mr. Allender, did you? He really has a most ungracious face!"

Berwick laughed. Father Halloran was the one man he had failed to move, and he knew it.

"Poor Father Halloran!" he said. "Protestant influence isn't much in his way. He and Maloney must foregather together. Did you hear old Murphy. Alannah? Wasn't he fine?"

He was standing between Nora and her mother, turning eagerly from one to the other, and Allender turned sharply away. He would not watch the boy! In the ceaseless torment of his life it counted by no means least that he should catch himself doing so incessantly, that he could not keep himself from constant, horrible expectation of some sign of returning insanity in the bright face and manner.

He moved away and went out of the house across the hills alone. And only Nora knew that he was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ETIQUETTE AMONG THE ROSES.

The Blush-rose invited her cousins,
Who lived on the dew-sprinkled lea,
To put on their gossamer laces
And come to her palace to tea.

The White-rose, in love with a zephyr,
Really could not take time to go:
So she sent her regrets by a blue-bird
On paper of apple-flower snow.

The Red-rose was playing lawn-tennis
With a bumble-bee powdered with gold,
And completely forgot her politeness
Till the summons was ninety days old,

The Moss-rose was taking her noon nap,
In a hammock of silver and green,
Hung up by a spectaclad spider,
And fit for the couch of a queen.

"I really can't go to that supper,
I've invited the Crown Prince to tea."
So she turned her pink cheek to the sunshine
And ne'er thought of the matter again.

The Yellow-rose, out in the garden,
All lazy, and languid, and limp,
Shook out the fine gold of her tresses
And rolled up *her* note for a crimp.

And so when the whimsical banquet
Of honey-drops, dew-cakes and tea
Was spread in the Blush-rose's palace
Not one of her kin did she see.

And only one card of regrets, dear,
On a service of snow-silver glow,
And that one was brought by the blue-bird
On paper of apple-flower snow.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

BY JAMES DEANS.



MID the ruins of a garden wild,
Where rank luxuriance reigned;
A rosebush, like an orphan child,
In solitude remained.

It struggled hard 'mid sturdy growth,
To keep its vital power;
And noisome weeds seemed even loath,
That it should live an hour.

But nature still sustained the bush,
Tho' hard beset by many foes—
The sunbeam kind, with crimson flush,
Caused it to bear a rose.

The blush which beautified the flower,
Was by the hand of nature given;
The gentle touch, the unseen power,
Had less of earth than heaven.

A sunbeam gemmed the silent dew,
And sparkling rays shone all around;
The rose received a brighter hue—
Its fragrance cheered the ground.

Like faithful Pastor, 'mid a barbarous flock,
This rose just ushered into life appeared—
No kindred flower bloomed near the spot,
And worth was not revered.

The noisome shade was all too rude,
Yet lived the rose and, with exalted bloom,
Repaid the sunbeam; and with gratitude
Dispersed its sweet perfume.

Time moved apace, and early frost came on;
The noxious plants with *overbearing* mien,
The *fatal chill* was first to fall upon—
While bloomed the *sheltered* rose serene.

A reflex this of human life;
A lesson with instruction fraught,—
Portraying that unworthy strife
Its own destruction wrought.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE OLD PIANO.



HE faithful servant who had lived so many years alone
in the gray cottage was dead. This afternoon, even,
she had been carried out to sleep in the same ground
as her old master and mistress; not beside them but
at a distance, in a place she had herself provided. In the room
that her careful hands had kept the same as it used to be long
ago, her master's four children were sitting.

"Martha has finished her last service," said Richard, the
lawyer, using unconsciously the faint, pathetic tremor, effective
with juries.

"One can't get servants like her now," sighed Mary, thinking
of the housemaid she must soon discharge.

"True, Mary," said John, the merchant, "everyone is afraid
of work now-a-days."

"Martha used to give me cakes," said Margaret the youngest.
As she spoke she smiled, glancing down at her dress. The
chair in which she sat was a large one, covered with black
horsehair. Margaret thought of the white muslin and lace fall-
ing gracefully, of the bright hair and of the face like a flower.

"I wish someone could see me now," she thought as she smiled.
She slipped out her foot beneath the white lace and drew it in

again, pulled off her gloves and threw one round white arm
over her head. John, the merchant, sitting near her lifted a
fold of lace.

"A good bargain sister?"

"I suppose so, it suited me so I bought it," she replied with
a quick run of laughter.

"That's not the way to do business," said John, frowning.

"Margaret's business is to be beautiful," answered Richard,
with a glance of admiration. The rings on Margaret's fingers
glittered as she played with the carved top of the old chair.

"Brothers," said Mary, looking at her watch, "I promised to
meet Robert at the House this afternoon."

"Thank you, Mary, for reminding us. Mary is always to be
depended on, Richard."

"You need not address me, John, the two older members of
the family are always to be depended on. One knows for certain
where to find them, especially on pay-day, other people's pay-
day, eh, Margaret?"

Richard and Margaret, like one another, laughed in their
fair handsome way; John and Mary, also like one another,
frowned and set their lips in their dark, handsome way. After
an interval of silence, the merchant shook off his vexation,
beneath a man of business on business, and began to speak with
dignity as the eldest of the family.

"Sisters and brothers," he said, "by our parents, will we have
met to-day to conclude our business and wind up the estate.
For the last time I recite to you their commands:"

"All the property to be shared at once and alike except the
house in which we have lived, and where our children have
grown up together. The cottage is to be kept the same as the
day on which we leave it until Margaret the youngest is twenty-
five years of age. The cottage is to be left in the care of Martha
Green until that time. You may then do with it as you think best."

John stopped, having reached the end of the will. Richard, in
a deep voice, unable to resist this opportunity of producing a
sensation in court, said,

"Martha Green, my lord, faithful in her life, continued faith-
ful in death. On the day that Margaret, the youngest of her
master's children reached twenty-five years of age, the old servant
having fulfilled her master's last command, delivered over her
trust and"—he paused and looked impressively round the
room—"died."

Mary said bitterly, "These rounded periods may win applause
in a court room, Richard, they are thrown away here."

She looked at Margaret, who nodded slightly. "You are
right, sister."

"Brother," John said, slowly, "your eloquence does justice to
your high reputation, women can't understand these things."

"Thank you, John," said Richard, while Margaret interchanged
a smile with Mary.

"We have now to consider what we will do with the cottage. I
have here an inventory of the furniture." Mary and Richard
drew nearer to John, Margaret listened idly as she played with
her rings, smiling to herself and now and then lightly humming
an air. Presently she rose and as the articles in the room were
mentioned, examined them, breaking in carelessly on the mono-
tonous list with comments of her own.

"The old jugs," she said, "dear me, the old blue jugs here
still, how old did you say John? More than one hundred years.
Is it possible? Dear old blue jugs."

On the mantel were three large jugs covered with impossible
flowers and fruit and wonderful flying lizards; at different times
they had been cracked, broken and mended again. She lifted one.

"Mary," she cried, "look ! it is almost full of rose-leaves : she thrust one hand deep into the jar, and lifting it let the pale withered leaves fall through her fingers like drops of water. They fell without a sound, silent as ghosts. John stopped reading and taking off his glasses looked at Margaret standing by the dark old fire place, running the faded rose-leaves through her slender fingers.

"All dry and withered," she cried, "lover's roses poor things, Mary's lovers whom she jilted when Robert came."

Mary's dark cheek flushed. Margaret, throwing a handful of rose-leaves into the air let them fall in a shower on her head.

"Keep your pretty airs and graces for your lovers, madame, we know you too well," said John. The merchant, the lawyer and the matron regarded with cold disapproval the gay beauty who looked back with smiling disdainful defiance. Trilling a song, she caught up the train of her white dress and swept over to the old piano. She seated herself and, as if without a thought yet knowing the effect of every movement, struck firmly the long silent keys. As she played the three across the room still looked at her heavily.

A level ray of afternoon sunshine, struggling through the thick foliage in front of the cottage, touched the yellow keys

and played with unearthly splendor where it struck the precious stones. Margaret's head, held high at first, began to sink lower, the gay, rapid airs changed to slow, sweet melodies. The echoes of the old house which, at first, rang startled from out the stillness, now replied every one with quick recognition of the old times. Every change which passed over the form and features of the player was repeated in the three silent listeners. Slow and rapid, sad and gay, the notes thronged the deserted rooms like ghosts of the past. The ray of sunshine lingered persistently on the sparkling jewels. Margaret, swaying slightly in time with the music, saw them glitter and remembered that long ago she wore no rings. With a stifled cry she stopped playing and tearing off the rings, threw them on the floor. And now she played the hymns they had sung together long ago. Like a passing cloud, age and passion, care and hardness disappeared from their faces. Richard beat time with trembling hand. Year by year each grew younger till once more they sat like the children long ago on Sunday night. The music ceased for a moment, then Margaret played a few notes of prelude and began to sing. At once the three across the room rose and, hand in hand, stood behind her singing together with the sunlight falling on them as it used to years ago.

THE END.

AT THIRTY FIVE.

THE fruitful years have come and gone,
The seasons paid their toll
To time, and each has given me
Its good to help the whole ;
And I stand here at thirty-five,
To sum up all the years,
To count the worth of what they brought—
Joy, sorrow, smiles and tears.

My childhood hours are with me still,
In memory's golden cup ;
And girlhood's jewels glisten too,
And womanhood's shine up
Into my eager searching eyes,
Which see these gems of mine,
In spite of flaws, in spite of wrong,
Or careless cutting, still do shine.

What if I stand midway in life
With youth beyond recall ?
It has been mine, and from my soul
Its good can no more fall
Then can the growth of yesterday
From yonder glowing tree,
That used the transient, let it go
And kept its good, you see.

The coming years are no "decline,"
Else I am much to blame :
If I look down instead of up,
If eagerness grows tame,
If aspiration lower aims
Because I have grown "wise,"
If sunshine seems a thing less glad,
If I reach not the skies.

Because, indeed, they have not dropped
The star I reached to grasp,
If I am heedless of the gems
Within my hand's loose clasp,
Then, I am much to blame, I say,
For all the years were mine
To have, to hold, to use, to give,
To make my future shine.

The best of life has not gone by,
It still is mine, I hold ;
To-day, to-morrow, coming days,
Most surely they enfold
The treasures I have grown unto.
So, midway, here I stand
And say : Life still is very good,
With heights on every hand !

ASSOCIATION.

I SEARCHED in memory to find
A simple song of early years,
But time had stol'n it from my mind,
And filled the vacuum with cares :
Yet, ere the day was done, I heard,
On zephyrs borne me from afar,
The feeble medley of a bird,
And lo ! my song, in every bar.

I longed, through mem'ry's aid, to see
A stricken comrade's face again ;
To hear him speak one word to me
Of love—alas ! I longed in vain ;
Yet, ere the night, I stood beside
The sea, where waves with rocks contend,
And in the morning, misty tide,
I heard his voice, and saw my friend.

The Latest Fashions.

FASHION HINTS.

THE rules which govern the dress to be worn on different occasions are very arbitrary, and especially so as regards that which is suitable for the street. There is but little drapery on the skirts of such costumes and this is just as plain as possible. A few long, pointed, or diagonal folds, a side or box plait, either plain or finished with buttons, or a fold with braiding or garniture of some sort extending from waist line to hem. These are some of the departures from the severely plain styles that

are commended by the most correct taste. Cloth or camel's-hair dresses may have bands of astrakhan around the skirt at the hem, or elaborate braiding or embroidery in a plain band or in vandykes, with the points extending some distance up the skirt.

Just at what degree the expansion of the shoulders of dresses and wraps will stop, it seems impossible to predict. Cloaks cut in plain circular fashion, have full shoulders made with puffs, and most elaborately trimmed with gimp fringe and cord ornaments. The remainder of the garment may be plain, or trimmed with flat garniture of braid, passementerie, or bands of fur or feathers. Other cloaks have sleeves with shoulder puffs and



DRESS IN BLACK

velours du Nord, spotted with white; polonaise over skirt of steel and silk embroidered white cloth, edged with skunk. Long sleeves, open at wrist.



TEA GOWN

in lavender Bengaline, over pale pink Surah. High sleeves with frilled cuffs. Demi corselet at the waist, and a jabot at the throat.

long extensions, in some cases reaching the hem of the garment. Additional breadth is given to the shoulders of some wraps by sharp-pointed revers, which overlap the sleeves, extending almost to a line with the outer sides of the arms.

IT is said that the Spanish mantilla is to be worn at the theater, instead of a bonnet.

A HANDSOME pair of stockings are Nile-green silk, richly embroidered with pink roses.

A PRETTY engagement ring is two rubies set heart-shape, and surrounded by Oriental pearls.

A RICH-LOOKING bonnet is made of red velvet, and is entirely covered with a network of black jet. Another, intended for theater wear, is blue velvet, covered with a network of pearls. Ostrich tips complete the trimming.



CAN. PHOTO-ENG. BU

TOILETTE

in striped green and black brocade, shot with shades of heliotrope. Black satin petticoat, trimmed and draped with black mousseline chiffon.



CAN. PHOTO-ENG. BU

A YELLOW BROCADE EVENING GOWN.

The skirt is bordered with a thick ruche of feather trimming and silver passementerie. The bodice is of figured gauze, arranged in folds, ornamented with silver passementerie and an epaulette sleeve.

Household Information.

SWEETHEART.



Y sweetheart is the daintiest thing alive ;
So fair is she it makes me half afraid
Lest, all unwitting, some harsh touch of mine
May mar her fragile form—my winsome maid !

I live in fear lest some rude, wand'ring wind
Her floating ringlets may too roughly part ;
I tremble lest the sun too warmly kiss
The cheek of her, my dove, my dearest heart !

Within her eyes there dwells a mystery,
A depth unfathomed as I gaze and gaze,
That draweth forth my very soul from me,
Leaving me lost in wondering amaze.

I marvel much from what still, secret source
Those fountains feed, that look so darkly deep,
Yet limpid as a mountain-stream at dawn,
Where unborn thunders lie and lightnings sleep.

At touch of her soft hand my heart leaps forth
As it would burst its narrow prison bars ;
I did not dream such wealth of tenderness,
Could dwell in hearts this side the twinkling stars.

For my sweetheart is new ; my love is new,
This love of all my life the dearest part :
Scarce has she tried to fashion words, but she
Learned first to say, " I'm mamma's own sweetheart."

O winds, blow softly that you chill her not !
O sunbeams, touch with care that perfect face !
O flowers and birds, come hither, one and all,
If you would learn some new, more witching grace

Ah, can you wonder that I live in fear
Lest, seeing her, the envious heavens part
And take her in her loveliness from me,
My rarest, fairest blossom, Sweet my Heart ?

CARE OF THE HANDS.

A SOLUTION of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands but it must not touch an abraded surface. Borax water is good for washing the hands. Coarsely ground oatmeal is a fair substitute for soap in washing the hands. White unscented soaps are the best, as the highly scented soaps are usually made of rancid fats. After washing and drying the hands thoroughly, glycerine and spirits of camphor in equal parts mixed together is good to rub over them. Coconut oil is a pleasant application. Wearing kid gloves two sizes too large is helpful in preserving the hands. One should have an old pair of gloves to take up ashes in, to sweep in and to wear in all dirty work that permits the wearing of gloves. If gloves are dipped in not very hot linseed oil they become waterproof and may be worn while washing. Frequent vigorous rubbing of the hands will promote circulation and keep the skin in good condition.

Biting the nails has spoiled the shape of many beautiful hands. Parents should use every means to break this habit in their children. Never scrape or cut the nails with a knife. Place the tips of the fingers in a bowl of warm water for a few moments, and then push down all the skin that hides the half-moon at the base of the nail. Trim the ragged edges of the skin with a pair of sharp, curving scissors, and then touch these places with a small paint brush that has been dipped into a weak solution of oxalic acid. The first time, this will no doubt cause some pain, and a little cold cream or vaseline should be rubbed on to sooth them. Next the nails should be nicely shaped with a file and all particles of dust removed from underneath by means of a little wooden stick. After this the nails

are thoroughly polished with a chamois rubber ; then the hands are washed in hot water and toilet soap, after which the nails are again polished—this time with the hand of the operator. Once a week is often enough to manicure the hands so thoroughly, but every day they should be cleaned and polished.

HARDWORK vs. SYSTEM.

THE persons who accomplish the most in this world are not the drudges, but those who have such command over their powers that they can concentrate themselves upon their work. It is the first duty of every woman to learn to do her work in the best and most rapid manner with the least strain on her own strength.

In order to do this women must be liberal enough to adopt new methods, when those methods are manifestly superior to their own. This does not mean adopting makeshifts, for nothing is so laborious in the end as such work. The worker who is a wise economist, not only of her money, but also of her strength, who does not fritter away her abilities in useless ways, is usually successful. For some reason while the spendthrift of money receives very little compassion, the individual who wastes time and strength in hard continuous labor that profits him very little receives sympathy when he should be condemned. The man who spends his money foolishly at least gains some passing pleasure, the other by misdirected though well-meaning effort, has managed to work very hard and gains nothing practically. The problem which presents itself to all who must earn their living is to find something they can do which is in demand ; that will fill a certain need. No person can do this for another ; each must exert himself or herself to find out what he or she can do best. Individual effort accomplishes wonders. One woman may succeed as market gardener where another would fail, but might find preserving, canning of fruits or baking to her taste and profit. There is scarcely a farmhouse in the length and breadth of the land where there could not be raised produce that could be sold with profit at the nearest market, if only the farmer would be wise enough to find out what he needed and deliver his goods as systematically as the butcher and grocer does in cities. There is an abundance of people who are willing to drudge with unremitting patience. But there is no demand for drudgery, while there is demand for rapid, intelligent workers everywhere, especially for those who can adapt their work to the continual changing condition of things.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

NOTHING is more desirable or beautiful than a head of beautiful hair. If the hair is harsh, dull-looking and thin, one of the elements of true beauty is lacking, no matter how perfect the complexion and eyes may be. In order to have heavy, handsome hair the scalp must be healthy and clean. It must be brushed thoroughly if one wishes a glossy look that reminds one of satin smoothness. In combing the hair, great pains should be taken not to snarl or pull it.

I have seen women lose their patience in combing long, beautiful heads of hair and jerk it out by the handful. Those who read human nature well say that the hair shows plainly whether a person is sensitive, refined and cultured or the exact opposite. Fine-haired people are said to love the beautiful in art, pictures, music, etc. Red hair usually indicates a quick temper.

If you would have handsome, luxuriant hair, avoid the use of hair oils, dyes, and washes. Bleaching the hair soon takes the

life out of it, and it is likely to fall out afterwards and become stiff and dull. Sage tea is excellent to wash the hair and head in when the hair comes out badly. Walnut-water is often used for toning down the hair or darkening it when red. Beware of allowing the hair to grow too long without clipping the ends, as it is apt to split and weaken.

Children and young girls should wear their hair short until they are grown up, if they desire to have it heavy and handsome. It is well to wash the hair in borax water or warm water that has a beaten egg in it, occasionally, for the head, like everything needs cleaning. The woman who has beautiful hair should prize it very highly and give it her very best care.

TO MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

WE give a description of a reception room that is furnished with such exquisite taste that we are sure all our readers will be pleased to know about it. An ingrain paper of terra cotta color covers the wall, and a body Brussels carpet of soft, delicate hues that harmonize perfectly with the paper is upon the floor. There are also here and there beautiful rugs of rare design. The woodwork of the room matches the carpet and paper.

Antique easels hold works of art, and upon the walls are hung oil and water-color paintings and other India-ink work. The furniture consists of a handsome parlor suit of cherry. Every piece is different and upholstered with the most delicate hues of plush which harmonize beautifully with the shades used throughout the room.

In wall paper some of the most beautiful designs are seen in the cheaper qualities. The sixteenth century finish for furniture, while very handsome and stylish, is said by the manufacturers and furniture dealers to be merely a fad which will not last long.

White mahogany which has a soft enamel is very expensive and rare, but is used in the delicate framework of upholstered furniture and for the borders of tables.

The drawing-room of to-day is furnished so that it will be as light and delicate as possible. Soft, yellowish browns, old ivory color with a little gold and all the light, delicate tints, are used for the woodwork. Upholstered furniture is not used as much, while wood in the natural color or painted is in high favor. Cushions of gold, blue, dull red and terra cotta plush are used. Yellow predominates in the furnishings and especially for hangings.

THE CARE OF CHINAWARE.

ALL china that has any gilding upon it may on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed first in hot then in cold water, and then left to drain till dry. If the gilding is very dirty and requires polishing, it may now and then be rubbed with a soft piece of wash leather and a little dry whiting, but this operation may not be repeated more than once a year, otherwise the gold will most certainly be rubbed off and the china spoiled.

To season glass and chinaware to sudden changes of temperature, so that it will remain sound after exposure to sudden heat and cold, is best done by placing the articles in cold water, which must be gradually brought to the boiling point and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking several hours to do it. The commoner the material the more care in this respect is required. The very best glass and chinaware is always well seasoned or annealed before it is sold.

If the wares are properly seasoned in this way they may be

washed in boiling water without fear of fracture except in frosty weather, when even with the best annealed wares, care must be taken not to place them suddenly in too hot water.

All china that has any gilding upon it may on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed, first in hot and afterwards in cold water, and then left to drain till dry.

In a common dinner service it is wrong to make the plates too hot, as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself.

The fact is, when the glaze is injured, every time the "things" are washed the water gets to the interior, swells the porous clay and makes the whole fabric rotten. In this condition they will also absorb grease, and when exposed to further heat the grease makes the dishes brown and discolored. If an old ill-used dish be made very hot indeed, fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface. The latter remarks apply more particularly to common wares.

When the plates, etc., are put away in the china closet, pieces of paper should be placed between them to prevent scratches on the glaze or painting, as the bottom of all ware has little particles of sand adhering to it, picked up from the oven wherein it was glazed.

The china closets should be in a dry situation, as a damp closet will soon tarnish the gilding of the best crockery.

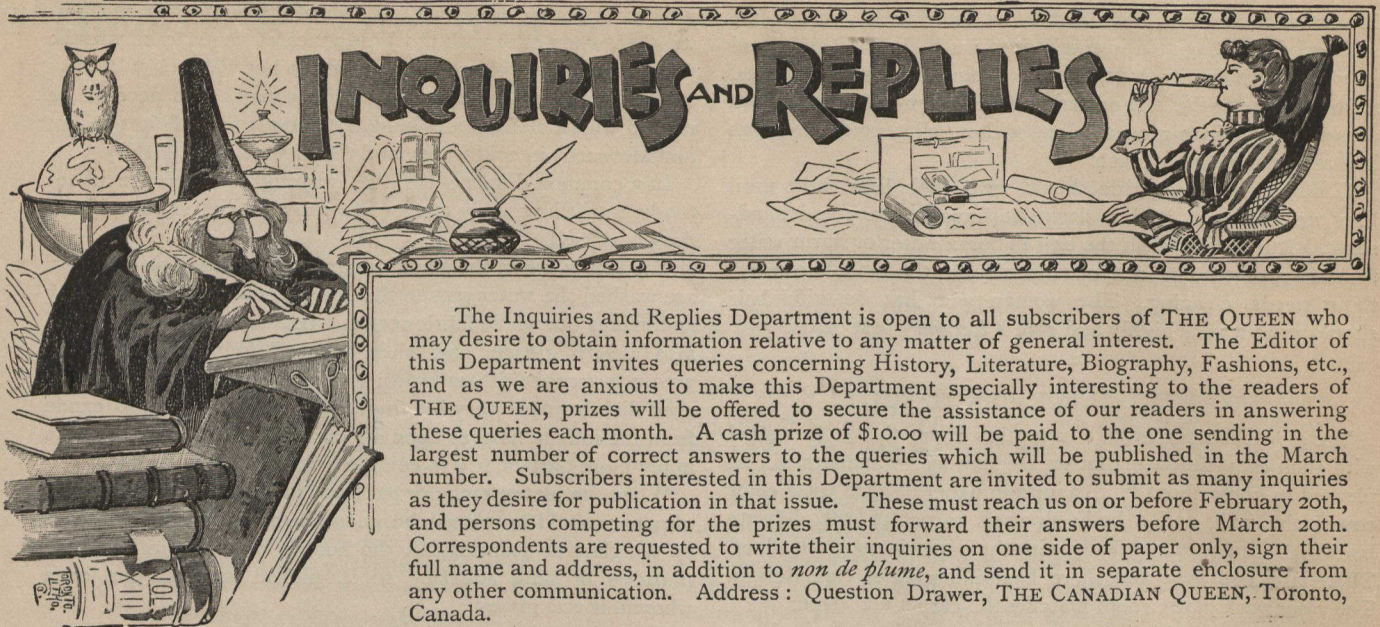
HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.

FOR a good-sized family washing of flannels, a bar of soap is shaved up and melted in about a pint and a half of water, the process being quickened by placing the dish containing the soap and water over the fire. Take two tubs and place in them cold water to the depth of two inches or perhaps a little more. Then put half of the melted soap and water in each, and stir them up till the whole is suds, and if it is too thick add a little more water, but be careful that there is no water not combined with the soap.

Take your articles one at a time and wash them separately. Be careful to wet the garment all over in the suds at once, and rub it clean, wring it out, then rinse it in the other tub of suds, and after wringing it well, shake it thoroughly to remove the suds, and hang it up, being careful in the case of underwear to stretch it well lengthwise. I have flannels, together with the family, of red, white and black, that have been washed every week during the winter season, and in not one instance have they shrunk or lost one bit of their brightness or softness.

This is a splendid method for washing woolen dress goods of any color which must be ironed while still damp.

WHEN sweeping, wear old kid or woolen gloves to protect the hands. When gloves are worn at night have them large enough not to bind in the slightest. To whiten the hands quickly, rub them with almond oil at night and then cover with precipitated chalk. Moist hands are relieved by bathing them in lukewarm water, with a teaspoonful of borax or ammonia, and then powdering them. A poultice of bread and milk, washed off in the morning with lemon juice, is said to whiten the hands. Silver or sea sand is very cleansing, if used in place of soap. A raw potato, split, or lemon juice, will remove fruit stains from the fingers. Dipping the hands from cold to hot water, and *vice versa*, roughens them. In using glycerine on the hands dilute it with rose-water, as it is too strong for some skins. Linseed oil is excellent for chapped hands, removes tan and makes them soft.



The Inquiries and Replies Department is open to all subscribers of THE QUEEN who may desire to obtain information relative to any matter of general interest. The Editor of this Department invites queries concerning History, Literature, Biography, Fashions, etc., and as we are anxious to make this Department specially interesting to the readers of THE QUEEN, prizes will be offered to secure the assistance of our readers in answering these queries each month. A cash prize of \$10.00 will be paid to the one sending in the largest number of correct answers to the queries which will be published in the March number. Subscribers interested in this Department are invited to submit as many inquiries as they desire for publication in that issue. These must reach us on or before February 20th, and persons competing for the prizes must forward their answers before March 20th. Correspondents are requested to write their inquiries on one side of paper only, sign their full name and address, in addition to *non de plume*, and send it in separate enclosure from any other communication. Address: Question Drawer, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

INQUIRER.—1. The lady who writes under the name of "Carmen Sylva" is Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania. 2. As you do not care to purchase an expensive curtain, get what is known as Spanish lace. It is soft and pretty and drapes well. 3. The name Marjoribanks, is pronounced Marchbanks, Brougham, Broom.

J. C. M.—A silver wedding is conducted in the same way as tin, or gold wedding. The invitations are printed on thick white paper and may read as follows:

MR. AND MRS. THEODORE SMITH
At Home, Tuesday, January 20th, 1891.
30 ALBERT STREET,
at eight o'clock.

SILVER WEDDING.

C. B.—You will get all information you desire from any reliable jeweler. As you perhaps know, the price of a gold watch may vary from sixty dollars up to any price you wish to pay almost. However we advise you to get this information direct from a jeweler. It will be much more satisfactory.

F. G. H.—1. Ostrich tips, wings, and birds are equally fashionable for garniture for hats and bonnets. Velvet, felt and cloth bonnets are all worn. 2. To renovate black lace, dip it into a little very weak gum-water, then take a piece of black muslin and place it under and over the lace and iron.

BESSIE.—1. Yes, ornamental pins are quite fashionable for the hair; the designs are varied, many of them being very beautiful, and set with precious stones. 2. You could remodel your black silk by adding a velvet corselet, and replacing the worn sleeves with velvet ones. 3. Medici collars should always be wired. 4. A tea-jacket would be more suitable for you than a tea-gown, the former being more youthful.

GYPSIE.—Will you kindly give me through your column of "Inquiries and Replies" directions for the work known as Vesuvian Work. **ANS.**—We do not know of any work called by that name. Write and give us some idea as to what it is and we will obtain directions for you. But you can obtain any information relative to fancy work at any store that deals in such goods. However, if you are unable to get the directions regarding this work you mention, write us again; we will help you all we can.

MRS. R. G. C.—Can you inform me of anything that will make the complexion clear and white, without injuring the skin. **ANS.**—Proper attention to diet and bathing will go far to improve the complexion. You might try the application of the lotion recommended in our January issue. Any druggist will prepare it for you at little cost. Keep it in a safe place, as it is a violent poison if swallowed. The following which we clip from an exchange may help you: To clear the face, and soften it, at night, and when lying down for the afternoon nap, apply a layer of lint or absorbent cotton, purchasable at the drug store, wet in a lotion of distilled, or boiled and filtered water eight ounces, of salicylic acid halfounce. Bind this on cheeks, throat and chin with strips of linen or tape, and keep it on fifteen minutes. Always before using any cosmetic or lotion wash the face clean, and dry thoroughly. Salicylic acid has a peculiar property of softening the tissues of the skin. It is antiseptic, and the safest application known, in proper dilution.

MRS. A. A. Z.—Will you be kind enough to inform me, through these columns of a good remedy to remove wrinkles that form under the eyes. **ANS.**—Try the following which we published in last issue under "Toilet Hints." Boil the whites of four eggs in rose water to which is added half an ounce each of alum and as much oil of sweet almonds. Beat this well. It should form a paste which must be applied before retiring. The massage treatment also is said to be very beneficial. Perhaps some

of our readers who have been successful in removing wrinkles will send us their remedy.

NOVICE.—I would advise you to get a pattern for your dress skirt. Although skirts are made so plain, yet after all it is quite difficult to have them hang well. The foundation skirt must first be made to fit perfectly, and the rest will be comparatively easy.

LUCY.—1. Calla lilies require a great deal of water. 2. To make your wax plant bloom, place it in a pot large enough to hold it, when three years old, and do not disturb it for that length of time except to keep the earth loosened. 3. A pretty and inexpensive scarf for a sewing-table may be made of white drilling, with a deep border of Venetian embroidery, or cut work. Very pretty designs for this have appeared recently in THE QUEEN.

MRS. M. J. K.—To cover bottles with painted silk or satin, first wrap the silk round the bottle and baste it on as if the seam was to be on the outside. Fit the silk neatly, but when it comes to the top widen slightly instead of rounding. Overcast the seam, which should not be very deep, then take the silk off the bottle, turn it inside out, and put it on again, placing the bottom of the bottle in the wide end of the slip and pulling the silk up, fold the silk in at the bottom to look like a single hem and tuck it under with a penknife. Gather the silk in tightly at the neck with a drawing string and tie a ribbon round it. Finish the frill by fringing the silk, or with an edge of lace.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE STORIES.

The plan of the Prize Story Competition is to publish three stories, (commencing a new one each month) selected by the Editor of THE QUEEN from those forwarded for the competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid to the author of the one which the readers of THE QUEEN pronounce as the best; sixty dollars in cash for second best; forty dollars for the third. We specially request that our readers will read each, with a view of acting as one of the judges as to its merit. A blank form of ballot will be supplied after the three stories have been completed. "Miss Granger of Chicago" began with the January number, "The Little Canuck" commences in this issue, and "A Canadian Romance" will start in THE QUEEN for March.

The aloe hears for years the Autumn's dirges,
Before it shows its blossoms to the skies;
The coral reef that breaks the ocean's surges
Through centuries of growth alone can rise.

Thus, through her works, Dame Nature offers ever,
For our acceptance, one persistent thought,
'Tis but by patient, sturdy, brave endeavor,
The greatest, best, and grandest things are wrought.



OUR EASTER COMPETITION.

THE Ten Thousand Dollar a year chef at Delmonico's makes the statement that there are one hundred and twenty-five different ways of cooking eggs. As the egg is universally eaten on Easter, we have decided to publish as many recipes of different modes of cooking them as possible in our March number. To the lady reader of THE QUEEN sending us the largest number of tested recipes for different ways of preparing eggs for the table, we will give an elegant Five O'clock Tea Service valued at \$30.00, and for the second largest list of tried recipes for cooking eggs, we will give a handsome Silver Dessert Set, valued at \$12.00. These recipes must all be plainly written on one side of paper only, with the statement attached thereto that the sender is personally acquainted with each way of cooking eggs as given by her, and that they are all palatable; must also contain the name and address of sender; must be enclosed in an envelope with no other communication, and addressed to Aunt Lucia's Cooking School, care THE CANADIAN QUEEN, 58 Bay St., Toronto Canada, and must reach us before Feb. 20th.

AUNT LUCIA'S REPLIES.

MARY F.—To make gelatine pudding, dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a pint of hot water. Let cool, add the whites of three eggs, the juice of two lemons, and a teaspoonful of sugar, pour in a mould. Make a rich custard, flavor with vanilla and pour over the gelatine. Eat with lemon and sugar.

M. C. K.—For Iceland pudding dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a little more than a pint of milk, add two ounces of lump sugar; when it is dissolved and cool mix with it the whites of two eggs, beaten to a froth, and a wineglass of sherry, whisk the whole till perfectly stiff, and put it all into a mould; serve with whipped cream or custard.

B. H. F.—For soda scones mix together in a basin one pound flour, not quite a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, and the same of salt. Make it to a soft dough with buttermilk, turn it out on a well-floured board, roll it out to a half an inch thick, cut into rounds with a saucepan lid or a large plain cutter; cut these again into four, and bake on a floured griddle, or the hot plate. In this latter case see that the plate is not too hot. Bake each side of the scone for five minutes.

NELLIE.—For almond cake beat sixteen eggs very light, whites and yolks separate. Cream one pound of butter, and beat into one pound of soft white sugar. Have ready one pound of flour sifted and warmed. Stir the egg yolks into the sugar and butter, then add the egg white and flour alternately, and one level tablespoonful of finely pounded mace. Have two pounds of almonds blanched and pounded in a mortar with rose-water, two pounds of citron cut into small pieces. Mix well into the cake and bake slowly.

INQUIRER.—To make apple snow put a few sponge cakes into a glass dish, pour over them first a glass of sherry and then a cup of good cream or custard. Peel slice and core six good apples, simmer them in a stew pan, with a little water, grated lemon peel and juice, and some soft sugar till they are all pulp, press this through a sieve, and beat it well with the whites of six eggs till quite white and frothy; lay it over the cakes as unevenly and lightly as it will go without falling and serve at once. This will take at least an hour to beat.

Mrs. J. F.—The following makes a delicious rice pudding: Boil two cupfuls of rice in a quart of milk; when tender pour in a pint of cold milk, add two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a pound of seeded raisins, a teaspoonful of grated cocoanut, half a pound of sliced citron, and the same of blanched almonds pounded. Beat ten eggs (leave out whites of six) and mix in. Add juice of a lemon, and a wine glass of grape jelly. Put in a pan and bake two hours. Make meringue of the six whites of eggs and put over the top. Serve without sauce.

F. M.—To make boiled icing for cake take one pound of white sugar and add one gill and a half of water. Boil it gently until it will fall in strings from the spoon. Beat the whites of three eggs very stiff. When done pour the syrup into a large bowl and beat it hard until it has a milky appearance. Then, by degrees, add the egg white. Continue to beat it until very thick and light, but not too thick to spread smoothly. Flavor with essence of lemon, and ice the cake at once. When smoothly iced set it in a warm oven for a few minutes to dry. Do not let it remain in the oven long or the icing will be discolored.

RECIPES.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cup white sugar, small half cup butter, two cups flour, half cup cold water, five eggs, whites of four only, two teaspoons baking powder, juice and rind of one orange. Bake in layers. Make frosting of remaining white.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—One cup sweet milk, one cup of brown sugar, half cup of molasses, half cup butter, three cups flour, half pound raisins, one cup currants, pinch of salt, one tablespoon each of cloves and cinnamon, one nutmeg, two eggs two teaspoons of baking powder.

A PLAIN ENGLISH PUDDING.—One pound raisins, one pound currants, one pound suet, one pound flour, half pound citron, one nutmeg, one tablespoon of allspice, six eggs, one pound brown sugar, one wineglass brandy, boil six hours.

BISCUIT.—One quart flour, two teaspoons cream tartar, one of soda, lump butter size of egg, mix soft with milk, taking care not to mix much, roll out and cut with a cake cutter, bake in a quick oven. Very good, if good flour is used and mixed soft.

ICE CREAM.—Two quarts cream, three tablespoons of arrowroot, the whites of eight eggs well beaten, one pound powdered sugar, boil the milk or cream, thicken with the arrowroot and the sugar, a pinch of salt, pour the egg, upon flavor and freeze.

TOMATO PIE.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel and slice, sprinkle over a little salt and tana a few minutes, pour off the juice and add sugar, half cup of cream, one egg nutmeg, cover with a rich paste and bake in a moderate oven over half an hour. This is a much approved pie.

EGG LLAN.—Chop fine some nice white cabbage; to three pints, take two table-spoons sugar, one teaspoon salt, one of prepared French mustard, butter size of an egg melted, 2 eggs cooked hard, beaten smooth, one teacup of vinegar, mix all well together, pour over cabbage and serve. It is very nice.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.—Peel and core eight apples, put in a baking dish, fill the cavity with brown sugar and a bit of butter, cover and bake. Beat the yolks of four eggs light, add two teacups of flour, with three even teaspoons of baking powder, sift well, add one pint milk, and a teaspoon of salt, then the whites well beaten, pour over the apples and bake. Make a good sauce and serve with it.

PUFF PASTE.—One pound of flour and one pound of fresh butter washed, and all of the water pressed out. Mix half of the butter and half of the flour into a moderately stiff dough with cold water. Roll out quite thin and cut up over it one-fourth of the remaining butter. Put it about over the dough in little bits, and sprinkle over it a fourth of the flour; fold over and roll again. Do this until all of the butter and flour is used up. Line the pudding-pans with this pastry.

STEWED TURNIPS.—Carefully peel the turnips and cut them up into small pieces, of which you should have one gallon. Put them to cook in boiling water, salted to taste. When tender put in a sieve, press out all the water and mash the turnips through it. Return to the saucepan with one gill of cream, a quarter pound of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Set the saucepan back on the stove where the turnips will stew slowly until a great deal of the moisture has evaporated. Stir occasionally to prevent scorching.

CABINET PUDDING.—Beat four eggs until light, add three coffee-cupfuls of milk, and half a teacup of sugar. Grease a pudding mould, sprinkle the bottom with stoned raisins, chopped citron, and blanched almonds, then put in thin slices of stale cake, cover with another layer of the fruit, put on more cake and fruit, until the mould is filled. Flavor the custard with vanilla, and pour in the mould. Cover and let stand twenty minutes, then set in a steamer and steam one hour. Remove very carefully when done, and serve with lemon sauce.

WINTER SQUASH.—Peel and cut into pieces a large squash that will, when cooked fill a half gallon. Put it on to cook in as little water as possible. Keep it closely covered and stir frequently. When perfectly soft and done drain and press out all of the water, rub the squash through a sieve and return it to the saucepan. Add to it a quarter of a pound of nice butter, one gill of sweet cream and salt and pepper to taste. Stew slowly, stirring frequently, until it is as dry as possible. In cold weather serve all vegetables on warmed dishes.

LAMB OR VEAL BADGERS.—Chop lamb or veal very fine, and mix with it chopped parsley, a little onion, pepper and salt. Make a batter with one egg, half a cup of milk, salt and flour enough to make a very thick batter. Into a pan of boiling lard, drop an iron spoonful of the batter, and in the centre of that place a smaller spoonful of the minced meat. When the batter begins to brown or curl at the edges, turn them up over the meat, and roll the badger over, long shape. When brown all over, take out and keep warm.

Our Work Table.

PANSY SACHET.

AN exquisite sachet may be made by taking as a foundation, a box two and a-half inches square, or you can make a square frame of card-board, the width of the ribbon used. Five-eighths of a yard of gold-colored satin ribbon, two and a-half inches wide, and one-half yard of bright purple, same width. Cut the yellow ribbon to the same length as the purple, and lay the two in the form of a cross. In the centre put the box, in which is placed cotton-wood with perfume powder; bring the ribbons up around the box, and tie all together at the top. Oversew the edges and cover the seams with tinsel. Then trim off the four ends of the ribbon and catch them into the shape of the four upper petals of a pansy; then two purple petals at the top. Shape the extra bit of yellow ribbon and fasten on for the lower petal.

Touch up the edges and the centre of the yellow petals, with a little sepia (water color), and add a little Chinese white in the middle. If the long rubber stem of an artificial flower is added, it is an improvement.

CASE FOR UNANSWERED LETTERS.—To make a pretty case for holding unanswered letters, take pieces of paste-board six and three-quarters of an inch long, four and three-quarters of an inch wide. Cover one piece with white kid, three pieces with white moiré paper. A strip of light-blue surah silk twenty-nine inches long, three inches wide. Turn down one inch at the ends, and gather the two sides of the strip. Paste on side of the gathers round three sides of the paste-board covered with kid (on wrong side), and the other gathered side of strip, to the wrong side of one of the moiré pieces. Crochet over four small brass rings with white silk, run a small piece of narrow white ribbon through each ring, and paste the ends on the top of the paste-board, about an inch from the ends. Take the two remaining pieces of moiré-covered paste-board, and paste them on to cover the edges of silk puffing. Take two yards of three-quarter inch wide gros-grain ribbon with satin edge; put one yard through two opposite rings on both ends of case, tie in one bow to suspend by. Paint a delicate spray of blue-bells and fine grass on to a piece of bolting-cloth four and a-half inches by six and a-half inches, with "Unanswered Letters" painted in brown. Pin this piece on to the kid with a black-headed, small pin in the four corners.

SHOE-BUTTON CHATELAIN.—Make a little bag of sage-green silk two inches and a half long, with a pocket on one side for the thimble; fill the bag nearly full of shoe buttons; then make a

small needle-book of the same silk with leaves of flannel for holding the large strong needles; next take a half a yard length of many strands of heavy, stout, black linen thread, and after folding in the centre, braid the thread loosely in one piece. Now make a flat bow of sage-green ribbon and fasten a large safety-pin on the under side by sewing it to the bow. This bow is intended to be pinned at the waist. Suspend the thread, button-bag, needle-book, a pair of scissors and a piece of beeswax with narrow sage-green ribbons sewed on the under side of the bow and varying in length, but averaging half a yard.

ORNAMENTAL TOWEL-HOLDER.—For this is needed three large rings of wood, bone or brass, one yard of plush or other material as best suits the maker's taste, and ribbon for three pretty bows. If plush is used, take the yard and sew together lengthwise and gather the ends very closely and attach to two of the rings. The joining is covered by a pretty bow of ribbon, the same, or contrasting shade. The plush is passed through the other ring and fastened in the centre under another bow of the ribbon. Hang up by the middle ring and pass towels through the two that hang down. The plush may be ornamented in any way desirable. A pretty design is daisies worked in ribbon-work for one side, and golden-rod in chenille for the other side.

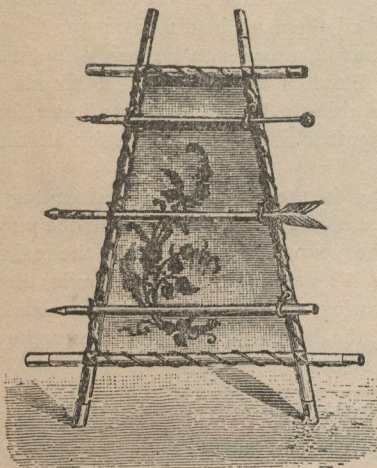
THERMOMETER CASE.—Take a piece of paste-board eight and a-half inches long, five and three-quarter inches wide. Cover the paste-board with one layer of sheet wadding. Bind the two sides with plush two and a-half inches deep on the back. Paste the edges down. Between the two pieces of plush place a strip of cream-white satin ribbon, five inches wide, overlapping the edges of plush. Paste the two ends of ribbon over on to the back. Fasten a thermometer three and a-half inches in length, on the left-hand side of the ribbon about half way. Print the following lines on the ribbon:



No. 1. SOFA CUSHION (GOBELIN PAINTING).

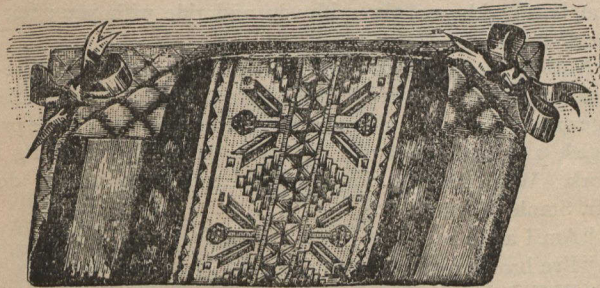
A silver pulse in a crystal vase,
As it gently ebbs and flows,
It tells the way the North wind blows,
And times the bloom of the

At the bottom of the lines paint a rose with leaves and a few fine grasses. Cover the back of case with white moiré paper. Paste it round the edges. Suspend by a six-inch gilt rod with a chain.



No. 2. PEN RACK.

linen, first binding them with light blue ribbon fastened at the edges with feather stitching in light blue silk; edge the under cover with cord and border the upper cover with a pleated ribbon, placing bows of the same ribbon at the corners. Tie the covers together with ribbon strings at the middle of the four sides. Pretty cases can be made by using pieces of figured brocade for the outer cover, outlining the figures with gold thread or using plain silk, decorating it with some of the delicate decalcomania pictures which are so much used for fancy work.



No. 3. SACHET FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES, ETC.

DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

No. 1. SOFA CUSHION (GOBELIN PAINTING).—The design, which runs across the cushion, is painted with gobelin colors on white satin of the best quality, after having been carefully traced on the material. A mixture of Prussian blue and ivory black is used for the parts which are shaded dark in the wood-cut, while the remainder of the design is painted in two shades of rich red. The outlines are then worked in stemstich with orange cordonnet silk. The cushion is made up by inserting the embroidered part in blue plush, which material also forms the back, two sides being edged with a thick silk cord, which is formed into bows in the four corners with ball tassels attached. The design can also be carried in appliqué embroidery.

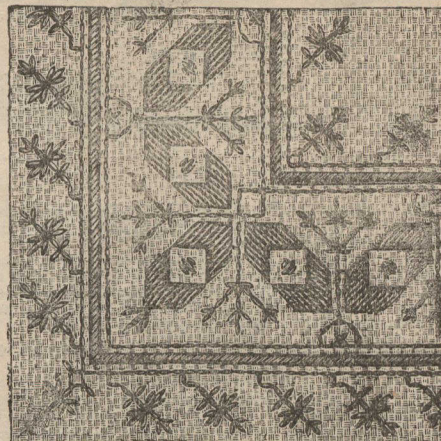
No. 2. PEN RACK.—The frame is made of bamboo, tipped with metal, and wound round with a thin twisted cord of olive

HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

A square of pale blue satin with a water color painting forms the decoration of a beautiful case; the grasses and dandelion seeds being worked in with etching silk. The case is about eight inches square but they may be made of any size desired. The under cover should be faced on both sides with fine grey linen, and the upper cover lined with the same. To the sides of the under attach four three cornered flaps of the

silk and gold thread. Penholders and pencils rest on hooks, and the back of olive plush is embroidered with some suitable design.

No. 3. SACHET.—The front part has an embroidered band of congress canvas in the centre, with three stripes of copper-colored, pale yellow, and olive silk on each side. The quilted



No. 4. DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERED CORNER

inside is made of bronze-colored satin, and the back is lined with copper-colored satin. The embroidery has to be carried out in satin stitch with silks of corresponding colors, enlivened by the introduction of two shades of green for the leaf-like devices.

No. 4. DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERED CORNER.—This design can be adapted for many articles and various materials. It looks well on linen if carried out with bright red or blue silk or cotton.

No. 5. WORK POCKET.—The material for this pretty bag is plush with a band of embroidery, which is seven inches wide by five and a half deep when finished. The pattern for the embroidery is simple, being on a canvas band about fourteen inches long and of the width of the pocket. The material used



No. 5. WORK POCKET.

is split flossette silk, old rose and green for the leaves, plum color for the berries, olive for the stems and dark green for the band at the sides. Along both sides of the embroidery set a plush band, with gold cord at the inner edge. Line the entire piece with old rose satin putting in a canvas interlining. Turn up the lower end for the pocket and slope the upper one for the flap. Set on the inside of the end turned up for a pocket a satin pocket drawn on an elastic band with a heading which projects above the edge. Finish the edge with a silk cord terminated by pompons, and on the centre of the front place a loop and button for fastening. A more simple pocket may be made by using a cross-stitch design on the canvas instead of embroidery.



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TERMS.

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NAME.—Always send the full name and address to the Editor, even if not intended for publication. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

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

PUBLISHERS OF THE CANADIAN QUEEN,
58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

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

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

SAINT VALENTINE was a priest, famed for his love and charity to all mankind, and during the Claudian persecution he met a martyr's death, a very terrible one, being first beaten with clubs and then beheaded. In view of this it is rather strange that we should celebrate his day in the way we do. To bear this good man in mind, it is said that on the 14th of February, the day he suffered martyrdom, the young people choose their loves for the ensuing year. Again others say the custom arose from a practice, common in ancient Rome, which was that at the feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, the names of ladies were put into a box from which the gentlemen drew them. The pastors of the early Christian church did not view with favor this ceremony, but finding it impossible to extirpate it they changed its form, and on February 14th, both ladies and gentlemen placed their names on pieces of paper, which were deposited in an urn and each drew a name. The person whose name was thus drawn was the Valentine for the ensuing year. Another and more common reason given for the custom was that on the 14th of February the birds choose their mates. At all events, whatever the origin of the day, the observance of it is general, and there is no saint more popular than Valentine. Love was supposed to be connected in some way with this day, and it was believed that the first person met on the 14th of February was the destined husband or wife.

In a publication of 1754, a young lady gives her experience

in this matter as follows: "Last Friday was Valentine's Day; and the night before, I got five bay-leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth in the middle, and then if I dreamed of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make more sure, I boiled an egg hard, took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

In England and Scotland, in the early part of last century, the young people assembled on St. Valentine's Eve for the purpose of drawing names, the young bachelor calling the maid, whose name he had drawn, his Valentine, and she terming him her Fortune. After this drawing, a succession of parties ensued, given by the young people, the ladies wearing the names they had drawn pinned to their sleeves.

HOW IT WAS WRITTEN.

WHEN Mr. Stanley invited his publisher to travel from London to Cairo, in order to assist in the preparation of his manuscript, "In Darkest Africa," he may be said to have done an almost unique thing, even in these days of fast travelling over long distances. Mr. Marston, the publisher, on arriving, found the great explorer absorbed in his work. He had taken a room removed from the bustle and noise outside the hotel, and rarely left it, even for a stroll about the garden.

"I have so many pages to write," he said. "I know that if I do not complete this work by a certain time, when other and imperative duties are imposed upon me I shall never complete it at all. When my work is accomplished, then I will talk with you, laugh with you, play with you, and ride with you; but let me alone now."

Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing; he sometimes even glared upon his guest like a tiger ready to spring, although the intruder was of course privileged, and came always with the purpose of forwarding the work. When the courier knocked, trembling, at the door, Mr. Stanley would cry:

"Am I a prisoner in my own house?"

"I've brought you this telegram, sir."

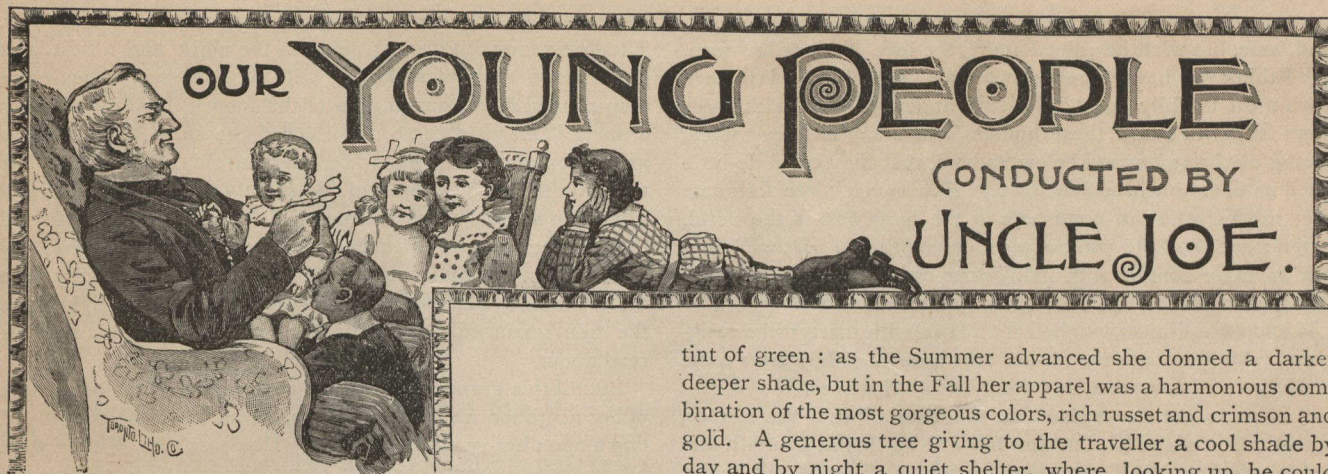
"Well, I detest telegrams! Why do you persist in bringing them?"

Sali, the black boy who travelled with him on his expedition, is a youth of sufficient resource to escape the penalties of such intrusion. Until his master engaged on this terrible book, he had free access to him at all hours; now he never approached the den without expecting the inkstand to be hurled at his head.

At length he hit upon a device for saving his threatened skull. Having a telegram to deliver one day, he fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, poked it into the room through a crack of the door, and bolted.

One day Mr. Marston succeeded in drawing him out for an hour, to get a glimpse of the Nile and enjoy the cooling air. After looking at the river a few seconds, Stanley remarked:

"Six months ago I drank its waters at the eastern source, which I discovered years ago. On my recent expedition, I discovered its western source. Now that you have discovered its mouth, let us go back to work."



IN SORROW'S HOUR.

THE brambles blow without you—at the door
They make late April—and the brier too
Buds its first rose for other folk than you;
In the deep grass the elder bush once more
Heaps its sweet snow; and the marsh marigold
With its small fire sets all the sedge aflame
Like flakes of flame blown down the gray, still air.

The cardinal-flower is out in thickets old,
Oh, love! oh, love! what road is yours to-day?
For I would follow after, see your face,
Put my hand in your hand, feel the dear grace
Of hair, mouth, eyes, hear the brave words you say
The dark is void, and all the daylight vain.
Oh, that you were but here with me again!

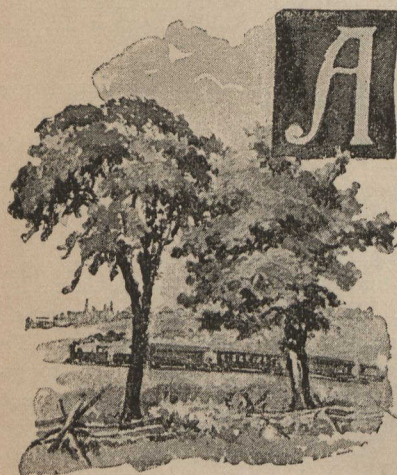
FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE TALE OF A TREE.

OR

THE EVOLUTION OF A CITY ARAB.

BY MRS. J. K. LAWSON.



WAY out in the country, on the edge of a field near a farmhouse lived two stately trees, a witch Elm and a Maple.

The Elm was a gentle graceful tree which had a fashion of drooping its arms and lapsing into long fits of musing during the drowsy Summer afternoons, while, like thoughts, innumerable gossamer-winged insects

kept up a dreamy hum as they glanced hither and thither among the leaves. And whether she thus stood still, or, blown by the wind, bent over, she always appeared in the most charming attitudes.

The Maple was a handsome well proportioned tree, which stretched out wide motherly arms and welcomed to her ample bosom all the birds of the air. She was always beautifully dressed. In Spring she wore a silken suit of the most delicate

tint of green: as the Summer advanced she donned a darker deeper shade, but in the Fall her apparel was a harmonious combination of the most gorgeous colors, rich russet and crimson and gold. A generous tree giving to the traveller a cool shade by day and by night a quiet shelter, where, looking up, he could see the stars like diamonds quivering among the leafy spaces.

These two were the oldest inhabitants of that region, and of an evening when the breeze went wandering by they had a habit of leaning over and whispering to each other of the good old days when they were surrounded by hundreds of stalwart neighbors, all of whom had since been cut down and carried off into the city, which could be seen away in the distance.

Of late a railway track had been laid along the line of the fields on which the trees stood, and when the cars came rumbling past with the human faces smiling out of the windows, the trees would wave their hands and bow their stately heads to them by way of friendly salute.

But as the years passed on, the Maple began to get restive, and one day it murmured in the hearing of the Elm,

"Oh, how delightful it must be to fly hither and thither across the country like these human beings, instead of standing rooted here for ever and ever."

But the Elm only inclined her head gracefully towards her neighbor and sighed contentedly.

"Ah! but it is so pleasant here when the sun shines, and the birds sing, and the bees hum drowsily, and the scent of the clover comes sweet over the fields."

"But think of the long dreary winters, during which we stand here bare and shivering, while these happy human beings go whither they will," said the Maple. And then they lapsed into silence for a time. But when the Summer was past, and the grain garnered, and the last of the apples were gathered in from the orchard, and the pensive haze of the Indian Summer lingered no more in the woods, under the clear and chilly starlight the Maple again began to complain.

"Ah, how wearisome it is to stand here year in and year out, a useless tree, while there is so much to be done in the busy bustling city yonder. Dear! dear, but I would like to make myself of some use."

The Elm did not reply for some minutes. She was thinking of all the birds the Maple had sheltered in her ample bosom; of the merry gambols of the squirrels; of the happy days when the picnic parties, escaping from the dust and heat of the city, had reclined gratefully in her cool shade; of the many human eyes which had restfully lingered on her noble beauty and been the better therefor. She was thinking also of the young poet who, one Summer afternoon, had lain on the sward with his hands clasped under the back of his head, and, looking up through the green interlacing arches to the blue glimpses above, had called it the Cathedral of God, and had under the inspira-

tion of its beauty written what had brought him not only name and fame, but what he valued more, the love of his fellow-men.

"I think you have done a great deal. I think your days have been most usefully spent," she said at length, "and alas! how often have we heard these human beings say as they talked, sitting on the soft sward below us here, that they could do little good without much self-sacrifice. How much more fortunate then are we, who can contribute to the happiness of the world, without sacrifice and without personal suffering! Dear Neighbor try to be content with living your own beautiful life and in doing what you are specially fitted and endowed for."

"I suppose I must" sighed the Maple with martyr-like resignation; but just then the farmer on whose land they grew came walking up with his son, and stood before the trees.

"I hate to cut down that fine old Maple," said the farmer, "it's the last of the lot, but that bill will be due in a month and I don't see how else I can raise the money. There will be five cords of good maple-wood in that tree, and that will bring me some twenty-five or thirty dollars. It's to bad, but my good name is of more consequence than the tree, although I'll miss it sadly." The open face of his son became troubled.

"I think father, when Robert and John ran you so short gettin' through college, they ought to turn round and help you, now that they're in good situations."

"Ay, that's so, but they says they can't; just now at least. It's a queer thing, the more money a man has in the city the more he gets to do with it. Somehow I'm beginning to think life's a disappointing business any way you like to take it. I worked hard to get these boys on a bit in the world, and now I don't know but what I'd have got more thanks to have let them scramble for themselves as I had to do." And the old man sighed heavily as he looked up at the Maple.

"Ay" he continued "and there was my poor little Lilly; I know now when it's too late that for the sake of them boys she was overworked, and had no pleasure in her youth, and went to the city and married that worthless fellow only to escape the drudgery of the farm, and for the sakes of the natural love and liking we were too busy to spare time for. Ah, well! well! Many's the time we rested under that Maple. Her mother and she would be just worn out, but they would say cheerily. 'Never mind Father, when Robert and John get through, they'll hire help for you and you won't need to work so hard.' But och! och! the busy mother has rested in her grave this many a year. Tilly is lost in the slums of the city—and now I must cut down the dear old Maple to pay my lawful debts."

The young man by his side looked sad and thoughtful. Presently he said,

"Well father, I'm sorry, but I suppose there's no help for it this time. However, it will be the last tree you'll ever cut down for such a purpose. If I work till I drop, every cent we owe will be paid before another year is at an end, so don't fret dad; we'll lift our heads yet, and you'll rest in your old age, too, if I live."

The farmer looked at his son, the son he had kept home to work on the farm, the son he had done the least for; and his heart filled, and he began to think that life had its compensations after all, though they came not in the way he had planned or expected.

On the day following, the Maple was cut down, and chopped and piled, cord by cord, into wood racks, and carted off, all but one load, into the city, and sold to the proprietor of a woodyard, and the beautiful Maple was seen on the landscape no more.

It was touching to see the Elm standing there alone, with its

leafless twigs outlined pathetically against the evening sky. The first snows fell upon it softly in the night, and all the next day it stood motionless in the still air, with every bough and twig clothed in the dazzling fur of the snow. Towards evening a warm West wind came and thawed the snow till it hung in great drops from the twigs, and later on old Father Frost, like a thief in the night, came stalking silently through the land, and it became as iron under his feet, and his chill presence turned the pools to ice, and when the dawn broke, blue and cloudless, lo! the Elm was hung with pearls and diamonds: in every drop a tiny rainbow, gleaming and shimmering in the sunlight, until the tree reminded one of the beautiful fairy palaces that we read about.

But all this grandeur could not console the Elm for the loss of her neighbor, and she wept warm tears when the sun smiled down upon her wonderful beauty. However, the Winter wore away, and once more the long frozen torrents, like children let loose from school, leaped laughing over the cliffs. Ships like sea-birds skimmed across the blue lake, the brown earth grew soft and green again, dandelions were golden in the meadows and the Elm so thrilled with the new life of the Spring that she burst out into buds all over and in a few days was attired in a lovely dress of amber and green. And the robin came and built her nest in a snug fork near the top, and while she sat in it her mate fed her, and, on the topmost bough, sang to her by the hour. And the red squirrels, the madcaps, played hide and seek up and down and along her pendant branches, or cleverly dodged each other by vaulting from bough to bough.

But still, at intervals, the lonely Elm would droop her head and arms and brood over the loss of the Maple. At length one Summer evening, when the air was dewy and sweet with the scent of red clover, when butter-cups slept on the sward, and the marguerites were all nodding in the long grass, a dim whitey-grey fragment of cloud came floating up from the city in the starlight, and it stopped not nor stayed anywhere until it sailed straight into the bosom of the Elm and nestled there.

It was the ghost of the Maple, which had risen in smoke from a chimney in the city and floated hither on the night air, and over it the Elm fondly bent her head and enfolded it in soft sombre gloom.

"Welcome! oh welcome!" she sighed with a faint rustle of her dewy leaves.

"Ah my dear old neighbor! how often have I wished for this happy moment when I could return and breathe into your sympathetic bosom all that I have seen of these human beings since the day when you and I parted company."

"Ah, woe the day!" sighed the Elm.

"Be thankful, oh, be thankful, my friend, that you are a tree and not a human being. If you only knew the sorrows, the pangs, the incredible woes they inflict upon one another. For a long time I could not understand why men hurt and wronged one another so, but at last by dint of observation, I discovered that they did things all for the sake of a few coins, for when one acquires a great many, even though he wrong others in the getting of them, men look up to him and speak of him as if he were a superior being belonging to a higher sphere."

"Dear me! said the Elm, "what do they do that for?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, it seems so absurd. Do you know that in order to get these coins men will lie, cheat and defraud each other, aye and for the love of them will not hesitate to bring others to misery and death."

"Can such things be!" softly sighed the Elm.

"Ah! I could not begin to tell you all that has come under

my observation, for my trunk has been sent far and wide in the city, and seen much, but I must tell you one of my experiences, because being connected with the good farmer and his family I know it will interest you.

"As you know the farmer received money for five of the cords of wood which I yielded, to relieve his need at the time; and so the sixth and last lay on the field all Winter until the following Summer, when his son hitched up the horses, and loading the wood wagon drove the last of me into the city. There he had unloaded all but my last stick, when a little city arab of about nine years of age, having only a shirt, vest and knickerbockers on, stepped up to the proprietor of the woodyard, and standing up sturdily with a few papers under his arm said in a shrill voice:

'Say Boss, I wanter know how much is your No. 1 wood a cord?'

'Seven dollars and a half' replied the man briskly evidently expecting an order.

'Gimme five cents worth' replied the boy, producing half a dime from his pocket.

'The astonished man stared at the imp before him, and then glancing at Jim burst out into a hearty guffaw.

'Well, I swan!' said he, taking the five cent piece from the small hand, and striding to a wood pile, he took therefrom a small pine cordwood stick and laid it upon the boy's shoulder.

'Jim, who had the last piece of me in his hands in order to throw it beside the rest, now quietly turned and laid it down in

the bottom of the wagon, and having received his money from the wood-man turned and drove out of the yard, calling out to the boy who had trotted off with his papers under his arm and his stick upon his shoulder.

'Hold on there, Bub!'

'What yer want?' demanded the boy, sharply, turning as Jim came up with him 'Maybe ye think I hooked this stick, but I didn't. I paid all o' five cents for it. Honest Injun.'

'Who's sayin' you stole it? Didn't I see you buy and pay for it like a man? Jump in here and I'll drive you as far as you're going my way.'

'Whoop-la! Bully boy! you just bet I will,' exclaimed the Arab joyously, and in another minute he, his papers and his stick, were in the wagon and the horses started off at a brisk trot.

'Whereabouts do you live, Bub,' asked Jim.

'With mother, down Grab's alley. She's sick an' we hain't got no firin'; that's why I was hustlin' with the stick.'

'But good lands! how long will a stick like that last you?' enquired Jim, looking with contempt at the pine stick.

'Well, you know, 'taint cold just now, but it'll have to do till to-morrow anyway, for I hain't got another red cent to spare. To-morrow's rent day.'

'You don't mean to say you pay the rent,' cried Jim, looking at the little fellow from head to foot.

'Course I do. Who else is going to do it when mother's down sick?'

'Have you no father?'

TO BE CONTINUED.

SMOKING HAMS IN THE OLD WAY.

BESS and Prue were shelling corn—after grandpa had "speared" the ears with a wheel spindle to make the kernels come off easy—for grandma said the bacon must be made right off. The hams had been in pickle since Christmas, and now it was the middle of February. So Prue and Bess had got a whole half-bushel of cobs ready, for grandpa could not think of "baconing" without cobs, and there was another half-bushel to shell. Prue rubbed her red hands and sighed, and Bess echoed it so fervently that grand ma left off spinning and sat down to help the little girls.

"Don't see why your grandpa *will* smoke in a barrel!"

Grandma did not like that way. She was afraid of setting the house on fire.

"Why, isn't that the way, grandma?" queried Prue.

"It's *one* way, dear," said grandma, making the corn rattle briskly in the tin pan. "But a risky one. We burned the barrel up, hams and all one year. But 'twas setting out on the ledge back o' the pig-house, so it didn't do any damage.

"When I was a little girl my folks used to tie tow ropes round the hams and let them down the top of the great stone chimney running sticks through loops in the ends of the ropes and hanging the sticks across the top of the chimney; and there they would hang till they were brown and smoked clean through.

"But I can't say as that was a very good way, either, for once I remember, on a very cold night, when we children were all huddling around the huge fire in the wide fireplace, telling stories and roasting apples suspended by strings before it, that the chimney took fire. The tow ropes were burned off in a twinkling and down came those hams—there were four of them—bumity—bump! and fell with a great splutter and hissing right into the fire.

"Didn't we jump! The live coals and great firebrands flew

all over us and out into the kitchen, scorching our frocks and setting sister Polly's woolly head on fire. She had a master head of curly hair and 'twas always in a snarl. We children brushed and blew with all our might, but father grabbed her right up and ducked her head in a bucket of water.

"But her hair was singed wofully and her face and neck were blistered in spots. We were so busy putting Polly out and soothing her fright and the smart, that nobody thought of the bacon, and when we did it was pretty well cooked, I tell you. But mother said it would be handy to have.

"After that mother smoked the hams in the great oven. She had a stout 'sled' with wide slats to lay them on, then a cob-fire was built in the mouth of the oven. That is a safe and good way, I think.

"But that sled was an 'eyesore' to us children. We were not so well provided with sleds then as the girls and boys are now. Father thought that sliding wore our shoes out, and shoes were precious articles of clothing. But I'm sorry to say we used to get it out when father and mother were gone.

"There was a long, steep, stumpy slope above the house in the pasture, and one day we took the sled and went up there. Polly and I and Jared and Jerry all got on and started down the hill. It was icy as could be. Away we went—fast—and faster—the stumps fairly *flew* past us and we bumped over the cradle-knolls in a fearful way. We gripped the sides of the sled and shut our eyes, for we felt that something awful would happen.

"And it did. We hadn't got half-way down the slope before we struck a stump.

"The sled stopped right there, a wreck, but we went tumbling and rolling down the hill, tearing our frocks, scratching our faces and spraining our thumbs terribly.

"Father thought it served us right, and I don't know but it did."



DECEMBER PRIZES.

The prize, an elegant Silver Watch, for the Best Puzzle is awarded to H. J. Franklin, 250 Barnard Street, Vancouver, B.C. The Puzzle is given below.
The following receive a handsome Cloth-bound Book for correct answers; Maggie Wilson, Walkerton, Ont.; Maud McAuley, 299 Church St., Toronto.; Georgina Brown, Monte Bello, Que.; Harry Sharpnell, Napier, Ont.; Rena Thomson, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A jewel. 3. To let down. 4. First January 1891. 5. A traveller. 6. Pertaining to the science of minerals. 7. A follower of the god Saturn. 8. An apartment for children. 9. To command. 10. A grain. 11. A consonant.
The centrals down form a well known holiday.

Ans.—

N
G E M
L O W E R
N E W Y E A R
P A S S E N G E R
M I N E R A L O G I C
S A T U R N I A N
N U R S E R Y
O R D E R
O A T
Y

PRIZE OFFERS.

To the Girl or Boy sending in the best DOUBLE ACROSTIC this month we will give a beautiful Silver Dessert Service, (Cream and Sugar) and to the first five sending in the largest list of correct answers to puzzles, we will send a handsome cloth-bound book.

JANUARY PRIZE WINNERS.

The names of Prize Winners for January will be published in March number.

RULES.

Competitors must be under sixteen years of age and must state that their Puzzles are *Original* and that the answers are their own unaided work.
Address "Uncle Joe," Puzzle Department, THE QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

1.—ENIGMA.

My first is an article of importance great,
The value of which we can scarce estimate.
My second an adjective growing in fame,
An interest in which we are proud to claim.
My third, regal in name, more regal by nature,
Its lofty productions a prominent feature.
The three, to judge rightly their matchless merit,
Just take at once, you will never regret it.
Carry me further, I'm progressing anew.
To whom I'm not known—I hope they are few.
My whole is a firm, enterprising, and true,
Like the name of their work, they're the royal blue.
To spread wide their fame from land to land,
With one accord, let us all join hands.

HAROLD D. THOMAS.

2.—PYRAMID.

Across.—1. A letter. 2. A kind of meat. 3. Furnished with oars. 4. A certain kind of meal. 5. A holiday.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. An exclamation. 3. To row. 4. An island. 5. Injuries. 6. To join. 7. An obstruction in a waterway. 8. A syllable applied to one of the tones. 9. A letter.

BERNARD NICHOLS.

3.—DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A hurt. 3. To hasten. 4. To attempt. 5. A consonant.

4.—HALF SQUARE.

A rascal. Horn of the new moon. A reptile. Abbreviation of an English title.
A letter. SUSIE WAGNER.

5.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters. My 7, 2, 5, is a number. My 3, 4, 1, 8, is a ball of thread. My 6, 1, 2, 5, is a month of the year. My 4, 8, 7, 2, 5, is a girl's name. My whole is something very important to the competitors in the puzzle department.
PERCY INGLIS.

6.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

My first is a sacred river in the East on whose waters maidens float their signal lamps and to whose banks the sick are brought to die.
My second is an Island whose bars were too weak to keep a mighty spirit imprisoned.
My third is a river in the West, renowned for the musical boatmen floating down it.
My fourth is a town with a fine lake of its own much beloved by the straitlaced people for its narrow principles and musical boxes.
My fifth is the glory of the ancient world now fallen from her high estate.
My sixth is said to be the largest river in the world and is haunted by plenty of crocodiles.
My seventh is a mountain that many find very hard to climb, few reaching to its summit.
My eighth the mountain whose cool breezes bring fresh health and vigor to languid and enervated Europeans in the East.
My ninth and last a quaint little old town in Flanders owning a good collegiate school and which is not pronounced quite as written.
The initials of all these will give the name of the science which describes them all.
WM. H. GAGNE.

7.—REBUS.



Something that is very much enjoyed.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY ISSUE.

1. The letter "C."

2.

A ren A
M ara H
E a A
R om P
R as P
Y earl Y
X alo N
M ac E
A arro W
S e Y
A rgu E
N ath A
D ebto R

A Merry Xmas
and
A Happy New Year.

3. In London there lived a gentleman called Mr. White who had a son called Tom. Amongst other pets he had a fine Cat. One day the Cat jumped over the wall, so he called his sister Charlotte to run a race. By the time they caught the Cat it was time to go home to tea.

4. Tangled threads.
5. May, Pearl, Mabel, Florence, Tom, Madeline.
6. Wheat, Heat, Eat, At, A.
7. The Word Contest.

UNCLE JOE again calls the attention of his nephews and nieces to the RULES. No prize will be given unless these are complied with. Very many good puzzles were received notably from Mamie Baker, besides a great many others, who neglected to state that the work was *Original*. The Prize is awarded to the one complying with rules. Lilly Wallen will note regarding her Geographical Enigma, that if the *whole* is composed of 13 letters it is impossible to say my 32, 24, 26 etc.



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 The neatest, most pleasant
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Quadruple

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 premiums we have ever offered. We
 have now succeeded in making an ar-
 rangement with a leading importing
 house in New York which enables us to
 offer this Fine Watch upon conditions
 that bring it within the easy reach of all
 who read this notice. This is a correct
 picture of the watch we offer. It is a
 good timekeeper, warranted 1st class
 in every respect. Fine nickel-
 plated cases, the face protected
 by a heavy bevel glass crystal.
 The works are Swiss make and
 finely jeweled. It has an en-
 tirely new patent winding ar-
 rangement found in no other
 watch. No key required. This
 watch is thoroughly reliable,
 and keeps just as good time as
 many of the watches costing
 \$25 and \$60 each. It is not a toy
 or a Waterbury. **OUR OFFER**
 We will send 1,000 of these Watches
 free every month to 1,000 persons an-
 swering this advertisement who will help us to extend the cir-
 culation of our MAGAZINE. If you want a watch send us the
 names of twenty readers, only one of a family, and 25 cents to
 pay for the Magazine one year on trial. Do not delay. Address
 National Illustrated Magazine, Washington, D. C.

REPLIES TO INQUIRIES.

While the announcement of the Royal
 Quilt Competition states that the block
 must be made of silk, we have decided to
 allow satin or silk plush to be used in-
 stead of silk, where ladies prefer.

In future, no charge will be made for
 boxing and packing of prizes, excepting
 where they are valued at over \$10, and
 then sufficient charge will be made to
 cover the expense and trouble.

In the present Word Contest being
 offered by THE QUEEN, everyone will not
 secure a prize, and no prizes will be
 awarded of less than \$5 valuation. Every-
 one entering the Competition, who
 encloses 12 cts. additional in postage, will
 be presented with a souvenir of this, the
 last Word Contest ever to be offered by
 the publishers of THE QUEEN. This
 Souvenir will not be forwarded until
 Competition closes.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

TORONTO, JAN. 13th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—My wife takes great pleasure in thanking
 you for the beautiful prize (silver cream jug and sugar-
 bowl) which she won in your "British North America"
 Word Contest, and which arrived at 99 McGill Street,
 this afternoon. While thanking you for the prize, allow
 me to congratulate you on the general excellence of
 your Magazine, which is assuredly well worth the
 subscription price.
 Yours faithfully,
 JOHN A. COPLAND.

KINCARDINE, JAN. 26th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Prize received, and is very satisfactory.
 I consider your Magazine well worth the subscription
 independent of valuable prizes. I send you one sub-
 scriber. Several others making their lists ready.
 Truly yours,
 A. M. WILLIAMSON.

26 BALDWIN ST., TORONTO, JAN. 26th, 1891.

DEAR SIS,—I received last evening the chaste little
 prize awarded me in your last "Word Contest," for
 which accept thanks and good wishes for THE QUEEN'S
 future prosperity.
 Yours truly,
 HARRIETT LEMMON.

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The Queen's NATIONAL HISTORY COMPETITION.

To encourage a taste for the study of Canadian History, and to interest every intelligent girl and boy in the "Young Peoples" Department of our popular family magazine, the Publishers of THE QUEEN, offer valuable rewards to those making the best average each quarter in THE QUEEN'S National History School.

THE REWARDS.

The one making the best average in answering the following questions in Canadian History will be given one of THE QUEEN'S handsome ponies, (Sir John) value \$125.00. The one making the second best average will be rewarded with a first-class Safety Bicycle or Tricycle, value \$75.00. The one making the third best average, will be rewarded with their choice of either a fine Breech-loading English Shot Gun, or Elegant Silk Dress Pattern, value \$40.00. The one making the fourth best average, will be rewarded with a first-class Kodak, Photographic Camera, value \$30.00. Each of the next five making the best averages, will be rewarded with a Coin Silver watch of elegant design, and first-class time-keeper, value \$10.00. Each of the next fifty making the best averages, will be rewarded with either a girls' or boys' A. Z. Pocket Knife, containing four blades of the best Sheffield steel, value \$1.50 each. If more than one correct answer is received, the one bearing the earliest postmark will be awarded the leading prize, the others following in order of merit.

THE QUESTIONS.

The beautiful month of September. A deep, wide, rapid flowing river, whose bank on the North is high, steep, and rocky. Perched upon a point of this high bank, is a city surrounded by walls, and defended by a brave army under a brave general. Fleets of war-ships have for months held the river below and vainly sought to force the surrender of the city. One dark night soldiers from the ships scramble up the steep bank, and with their General, gain the plain above. The morning light reveals to the garrison of the city, its enemy ready for attack. A fierce battle ensues. The generals of both armies die from wounds received. The city is captured. 1. Give the names of the river, city and generals. 2. What nations were represented by the two armies? 3. Which army formed the garrison of the city? 4. By what name is the fierce battle known? 5. In what year did these things happen? 6. What was the result of the capture of the city?

The answers to the above questions must be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN. The Young People's Department of THE QUEEN, is devoted solely to entertaining and instructing the youth of Canada. The popularity of "Uncle Joe," who has charge of this Department is demonstrated by the fact that he receives daily, from sixty to one hundred letters and puzzles for publication from young people residing in all parts of the globe.

SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE.

Each day during this Competition, either a First-class Stem Winding Nickel Watch, a good time keeper, or an Elegant Silver Desert Set, (Cream and Sugar) value \$8.00, will be awarded to the person from whom the first correct answers to above questions are received at THE QUEEN office, and opened, for that day.

The history of our Country should interest every loyal Canadian. If you are a little rusty on this subject, take down your old school history, study up and join THE QUEEN'S "National History School."

The distribution of rewards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of the answers. Competitors can use their own language in wording their answers.

Answers may be sent in any time before April 10th, but as postmarks may count in awarding the leading prizes, it is better to send as early as possible. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed.

Every one answering the entire six question correctly, will receive a present.

If you have never seen a copy of THE QUEEN, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing full particulars of all THE QUEEN'S Competitions, and letters from persons who have received over \$10,000 in prizes during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of \$25,000 during 1891.

Our National History Competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other Contest offered by THE QUEEN, and all communications concerning it, must be addressed

THE CANADIAN QUEEN,
"Historical Competition,"
58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR SIR,—I take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of Silver Tea Service, which was awarded to me in your "Word Contest." It is very satisfactory and every one who sees it admires it very much.

Yours truly, MRS. A. GILLESPIE.

DEAR SIR,—I received Silver Tea Service, awarded me as a daily prize in your "Word Contest." They were greatly admired. Please accept my thanks.

Yours very truly, ANNIE E. HOOD.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the Silver Tea Service, awarded to me. With many thanks for your promptness in forwarding it.

Yours truly, M. C. KNIGHT.

VICTORIA, B.C., JAN. 17th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you for the handsome present, a handsome Silver Tea Service, which has reached me to-day. I am exceedingly pleased with it and will take a great pleasure in showing it to my friends, as a souvenir of your very attractive paper. I am, dear sir, yours gratefully
MRS. JAMES R. ANDERSON.

MONTREAL, JAN. 7th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Hutton Balfour, begs to acknowledge receipt of prize, and to tender her thanks therefor.

SYRACUSE, N.Y., JAN. 7th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—The Silver Tea Service, awarded me in the recent "Word Contest," reached me in good condition yesterday. I am well pleased with it, and you will please accept my thanks.

Yours very truly, THEO. G. ROBINSON.

1426 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL, JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Your reward of merit, kindly forwarded, I received a few days since. Please accept my thanks.
Respectfully, M. L. TUCKER.

MONTREAL, JAN. 8th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I beg herewith to acknowledge the receipt of premium watch which came duly to hand on the 29th, with which I am exceedingly well pleased, and for which please accept best thanks. I would further acknowledge the receipt of the Butter Knife as a prize in your "Word Competition" just closed and feel well satisfied at the result of my transaction with your company.

Yours truly, ROBERT W. DICKSON.

COATICOOK, JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Thanks for my prize, received to-day.
Yours truly, KATIE YOURKINS.

AMHERST, N.S., JAN. 8th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the handsome present you so promptly sent me, and believe me.

Yours truly, ANNIE M. HICKMAN.

CHATHAM, ONT. JAN. 10th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I received my prize, with thanks.

Yours respectfully, MISS MINNIE BEST.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT., JAN. 7th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I received the prize you sent me yesterday, for which I thank you, hoping to receive the Magazine monthly.

Yours truly, JENNY JOHNSON.

OTTAWA, JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the very pretty Picnic which I received last week.

Yours truly, CONSTANCE

CORNWALL, N.Y., JAN. 10th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—To-day I received the Silver prize awarded me in your second "Word Contest." It is very beautiful, and I feel that I ought to make an able effort in behalf of your Magazine.

Respectfully, CHARLES

DEAR SIR,—I received your present very well pleased with it. I did not expect it.

Yours truly, GALT

ST. THOMAS, ONT., JAN. 10th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Your prize received with thanks.

Yours truly, H. ROBINSON.

DOLLAR, ONT. JAN. 8th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I received your lovely present yesterday, and accept my thanks for it.

Yours truly, MRS. G. COWIE.

ST. JOHN N.B., JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Received my prize this morning, for which please accept my thanks.

Yours truly, GILBERT C. JORDAN.

TORONTO, JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Excuse the delay in acknowledging the receipt of my nice prize.

Respectfully, MRS. BACHE.

CHATHAM, N.B., JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I write to acknowledge receipt of your beautiful present. I am much pleased with it.

I am yours, FRED G. LOGGIE.

28 HURON ST., TORONTO, JAN. 2nd, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my present which duly came to my hands on the 1st. instant for which please accept my very best thanks.

Yours respectfully, GEO. H. WATSON.

CHERAW, S.C., DEC. 22nd, 1890.
DEAR SIR,—I received the prize that you sent. I am very much pleased with it, accept my thanks for same. I am very much pleased with the Magazine it is first-class, and well worth the money.

Respectfully yours, JNO. W. QUICK.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., DEC. 19th, 1890.
DEAR SIR,—Have received the Silver Tea Service, which was awarded me for largest list of words received on the 24th, of November last, and glad to tell you that I am highly pleased, also well pleased with your paper. I tender my thanks for same.

Yours truly, MICHAEL CONNOLLY

LILY FARM, SOLSGIRTH, MANITOBA, JAN. 19th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure I pen the few lines to you, in acknowledgement of the elegant prize you forwarded me. It will always serve as a memento of THE CANADIAN QUEEN. Your paper I think is the best Magazine I have seen published in Canada, and should be taken by every home. Wishing you all success in future years. I have the honor to remain.

Yours faithfully, ROBERT H. PERCIVAL.

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