

OCT. 1891

The Canadian QUEEN



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PUBLISHED BY

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Grand Holiday Prize Competition

FOR 1891.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

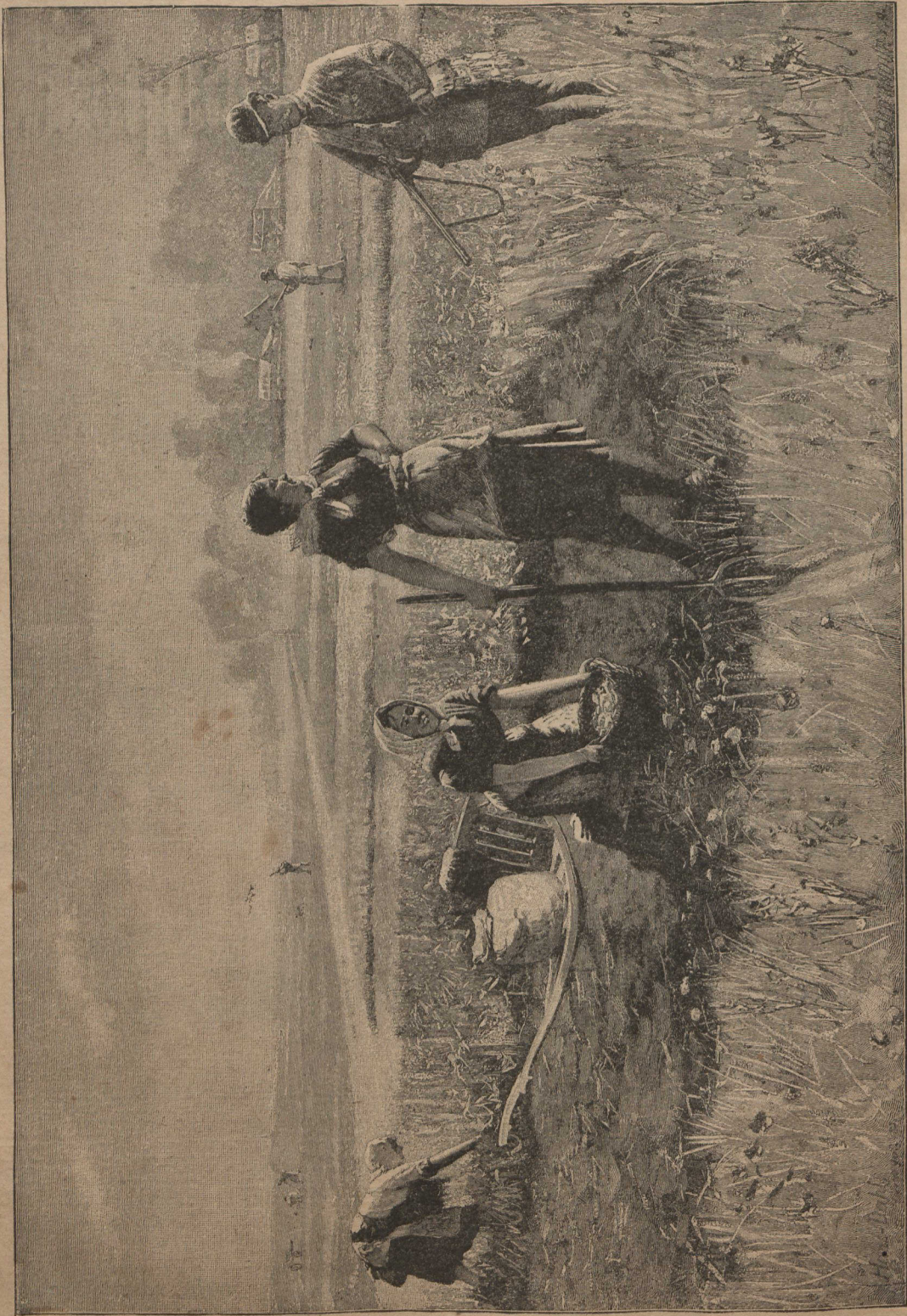
4. Name of places and person sare barred.

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

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

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OCTOBER SPORTSMEN.



REGISTERED.

THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.

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VOL. IV.

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 4.

Written for THE QUEEN.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY RIDLEY.

"MAY! May! where are you?" and Jack Clifford's voice broke the spell that seemed to hang over the old-fashioned garden of the Prestons. A veritable, old-fashioned garden it was, with its laburnum trees, sweet-brier, daisies, dahlias, daffodils and stocks, and a pleasant place to loiter in on a warm summer day.

"Where can she be! they told me she was in the garden, but she is certainly not here," and Jack Clifford sat down on one of the rustic seats, after vainly searching and calling for May.

"Just as likely as not, she is up on the hills, I never saw such a girl for wandering off by herself, and keeping one at a distance" he murmured disconsolately as he took off his straw hat and fanned himself vigorously.

Little he knew that May herself was at that very moment calmly regarding him from her seat in the old apple-tree, where she was snugly coiled up in a very comfortable place made by broad, spreading branches.

"Now, what does he want," she soliloquized, as she watched his face, "I told him yesterday, not to come before Wednesday, and just as I had settled myself for a nice, long read. Well, he can just go away again, I am not going to be bothered—Oh, dear! what does he mean by sighing like that, and looking so lonely there? And I suppose I shall have to make myself known after all."

"Jack."

He had been in a brown study for some moments, but at the sound of his name, he immediately started up and called out in a glad tone;

"Yes, here I am!" and he walked quickly round the group of laburnum trees expecting to see May, but as he passed the apple-tree May's laughing voice called to him again, and pausing in amazement, he glanced up and met her laughing eyes.

"Well what next!" he said, as he gazed back at her, his brown eyes shining with their tell-tale love. "Come jump, and I will catch you," he said, holding out his arms.

"I will do nothing of the sort," she answered somewhat petulantly, as she turned away from his earnest look, "bring me the step-ladder."

"And so you were up there all the time I was looking for you," he said reproachfully, as she came down.

"Yes, and I had a great mind to let you depart without making my presence known, I told you on Sunday that you were not to come before Wednesday."

"Did you? well it has seemed long enough since then, to be Wednesday, leaving me as you did without once saying good-night."

"And whose fault, sir, was that?"

"Mine I suppose, but really May, you carry things too far, you are not a bit like other girls—"

"Like other girls!" she broke in scornfully, "if by that you mean I don't allow every man that comes along to flirt with me and amuse himself by paying foolish compliments, then you are right, I am not like other girls."

"You have a very high opinion of me I must say," and Jack Clifford flushed warmly, as he looked at the girl standing before him.

"I had at one time a very high opinion of you," she answered keeping her gaze fixed steadily before her, as though not wishing to meet his.

"And may I ask why you have not now?"

"Because," here May hesitated and added somewhat confusedly, "lately you have grown foolish. When I first knew you I liked you, you seemed so different from the rest, so manly and courteous to all, and—and" becoming more confused as she encountered his earnest gaze.

"And now you would say, that you no longer like me, because I am not as heartless as yourself," and with that he turned and left her, and a moment later she heard the garden gate close with a bang.

"Oh, how tiresome!" sighed pretty May Preston, as she picked up her book and made her way to the house. I wish Jack would go back to our former ways, such pleasant, merry, old times we used to have," and again she sighed, as she stood on the veranda, and looked at his house, which she could just see peeping out from the thick grove of trees which surrounded it.

Brought up very quietly, and spending much of her time alone, May Preston, had early developed a great love of reading and a passionate fondness for out-door life. It was one of her great delights to take one of Walter Scott's romances and wander off to some lonely, sequestered spot, and then, amidst the

solitude of Nature, forgot the matter-of-fact world of to-day, and imagined herself living in the scenes depicted to her.

When tired of reading she would cast her book aside, and wander through the hills for miles, drinking deep draughts from Nature's overflowing cup of loveliness. In many of these rambles she was accompanied by Jack Clifford, whom she had known from a child, and who was second cousin to her most intimate friend, Julia Wells.

Six years older than herself, he was just the one to please her fancy, and a very strong friendship sprung up between the two. And many a long summer day had they spent together, wandering whithersoever the fancy of the moment led them. Sometimes in the shade, following a winding wooded path, or out in the great glow of sun, after some particular flower, which she prized, or sitting by the side of a rock-fretted stream, he would tell her of some of those lovely ivy-grown ruins which was now all that was left of those once stately piles spoken of by Mr. Scott.

And so it had gone on for some years this fine happy life. But the friendship on Jack Clifford's part had ripened into deep, true love, of which, at first, May was entirely unconscious, for he strove to hide, feeling sure, that to make an avowal of it so soon, would be to lose her altogether. His love however, would at times master him, and he could not keep it from shining in his eyes, and several times had May encountered a look which her own frank gaze could not sustain, and more than once he had retained her hand with a lingering pressure.

Till one day she had snatched her hand away with an exclamation of anger, and in answer to his grieved look said: "You know I have not a bit of sentiment about me, if you want to flirt, go and flirt with Julia."

"I am not flirting," he exclaimed as decidedly as she had spoken, "And if you had any heart or feeling you would not treat me as you do."

"Come Jack," May had answered, "you know I do value our friendship, and I want it to be a true and noble one, such as has existed in all ages between man and woman." And he had been obliged to submit, comforting himself with the hope that she would one day reward his silent deep love, though at times he forgot his promise to her, and showed that his friendship was but an excuse for his love, and then there would take place such a passage of arms between the two, as had just happened in the garden.

May saw no more of Jack Clifford the rest of the week, she knew from Julia that he had a friend staying with him. "Such a handsome young man," Julia had said. "And Jack was going to give a garden party, and a dance afterwards, and had not told her! how strange, for most of the invitations were out. And, oh, May! Jack is as jealous of me as can be, because his friend, Mr. Clark, is paying me such attentions, but mamma says it serves him right, for he takes our engagement too much for granted."

"Then you are engaged to Jack?"

"Well, you know,—really May, I thought you knew."

"I only know," said May getting out of patience with her simperings and blushes, "what Mrs. Wells has hinted at, and what you yourself have told me."

After Julia had left, May put on her hat and hurried off for one of her long rambles, and it was not till she felt too tired to go any farther, that she threw herself down beneath the shade of some trees, and turned to analyze the feelings that were surging within her. Hot resentment, indignation, wounded pride and sorrow were each striving for mastery. Then he was

engaged to Julia after all, and he had dared to make love at the same time, to her, to think he should treat her like that after all their years of friendship, to hold her so lightly in esteem. And now because she hadn't yielded to him, and allowed him to flirt with her, he was showing his resentment, by not inviting her to his garden party, and as this thought passed through her mind, the warm color rushed to her face, and hot tears of shame came to her eyes, as she remembered, one afternoon, but a week back, when he had suddenly turned to her, and told her he thought he ought to entertain his friend in some way, and what did she think would be the best way, and she had proposed the very thing he had issued his invitations for, and how they had planned everything, and he had laughingly declared he would make her come over and look after the refreshments for the cook would be sure to lose her head with so many guests.

"Oh, Jack! Jack! how could you treat me so?" sobbing bitterly, May buried her face in her hands, for she had a very tender, little heart, and she was hurt, deeply hurt, by her old friend.

"Remarkably fine view from here."

"Yes, this is one of our finest views, and yet I doubt if it is ever visited by more than a dozen people in a year, and they are generally friends of mine, whom I bring. It took one of the bravest and most sensible little—"

"By Jove! Clifford," interrupted the first speaker, "here's an adventure, look at that dainty little form lying under those trees, I am going to have a peep at the sleeping beauty."

It needed but a look to show who the sleeping beauty was to Jack Clifford, and with an exclamation of "Confound the fellow!" he hastened after him, just as May startled by the approaching footsteps, sat up, and looked quickly around. In another moment she had sprung to her feet, and like a startled deer, not knowing which way to flee, stood facing them. But it was but for a moment, for ere a word could be said, she had turned and run swiftly down the hill, on she ran, never stopping, till she felt she was safe from their presence, and then flushed and heated, she entered the house and quickly sought her room.

Going to the mirror, she gave one glance at herself, and then with a heart-broken sob, threw herself on the bed.

"Oh, May! May Preston! you have been humbled if ever a woman was, to think that he should see me up there alone, crying like a child, and his friend too, perhaps he would tell him, and they would have a good laugh over—oh, it is too dreadful to think about it, how I wish I hadn't looked as if I had been crying, the shame! the shame of it!"

The glorious summer day drew to a close, and the shadows began to lengthen, and presently, in the deep blue sky appeared the evening star, and the crescent of the new moon, and it calmed that troubled little heart, as she rose at last and going to the window, looked up at the serene beauty of the heavens. Just then came a knock at the door, and a maid entered to say that Mr. Clifford was below, would she go down, no, her head ached too badly to see visitors, she must excuse her to him.

"He saw I had been crying, and felt sorry I suppose," said May to herself, as she heard the front door close.

Suddenly she drew back from the window, but not before Jack had seen her as he turned the corner of the path, and came swiftly up the path to her window.

"May, May come down! I must see you!" She trembled and turned pale as she heard his passionate call, and then a great wave of intense joy swept over her, and her whole being responded to the love which seemed to owe its birth, its swift development at the unexpected summons of that masterful voice

and she knew now that she loved him. For a moment she stood with lips slightly parted, head raised, and eyes filled with a dewy light of wondrous love, and then as the summons again came, this time quicker and more passionate, she left the room, and went forth to meet him. And so she came to him with that look upon her face, and he seeing it, sprung towards her, caught her hands in his, gave one deep searching look, and then drew her to his breast with a passionate cry of "My love! my love!"

It was not till she felt his burning kisses upon her brow that she realized what she had done. Hurriedly escaping from his embrace, she flew from him back to the house.

CHAPTER II.

Left alone, Jack Clifford paced restlessly up and down, vainly hoping that May would come back, but as she did not, he was fain to go without seeing her again.

The next day was Sunday, and May in her agony of shame, would have staid away from church, "but if I do," she murmured to herself as she stood hesitating, "it will show that I am afraid to trust myself, no! no! I will go and face him, look at him unflinchingly, and make him believe that he was mistaken, and that I do not love him. My pride will come to my rescue and help me to hide it. Oh, the shame of it! to think I should care for one who belongs to another, and yet, how would he whom I used to think was so brave, so noble, stoop to deceive me, did I not see the love shining in his eyes many a time as they looked into mine, I cannot believe that he was merely flirting, and yet, has not Mrs. Wells and Julia told me—there! I will think no more of him."

All through the service May kept her gaze straight before him and a very sweet, serious, little face it was that looked forth from beneath the broad brimmed hat.

"By Jove! Clifford, there's that pretty little girl we came across yesterday. The brief glimpse I got of her face, though it was all smeared with crying, I knew she was pretty, but she is positively a beauty now I look more closely," whispered Tom Clark to Jack, as May had entered and taken her seat, on a line with them.

Jack made no answer, he did not even trust himself to look. Ever since yesterday eve he had been away up in the clouds, and if Tom's nature had been a very exacting one he would have had occasion to have found fault pretty often with Jack's neglect of himself and his pre-occupied air.

By-and-bye Jack stole a look at the face that was dearer to him than aught else, and his blood leaped madly in his veins and flowed swiftly to his face at the thought that she loved him, he did not dare to trust himself to look again for the longing that he felt to take her once more in his arms, to see those glorious eyes look into his with their wealth of love.

The service was over and the people were leaving the church, and yet May still lingered behind, for now that it had come to the point she felt her courage leave her, felt she could not, dare not, look into those brown eyes. In vain did she summon her pride to her rescue, think of Julia, think of the slight offered to her in receiving no invitation, it was of no use. She felt she could not meet him, her very limbs were trembling and her heart beating a wild tattoo. And so she lingered till the last one had left the church, then avoiding the street she took her way by a short cut to her home.

It was a pleasant, narrow, wooded path, which was but seldom used and as she entered it May slackened her pace and walked slowly along. But scarcely had she entered the path, when she saw before her a tall well-known figure leaning against a tree.

With a quick start she stopped, hesitated for a moment, and then turned and walked quickly back the way she had come.

"Didst thou think to escape me! Nay, nay, my love, thou canst not do that any more, and thou art cruel, cruel my darling to try it," and in another moment Jack had her in his arms.

"Release me, how dare you!" cried May endeavoring to free herself.

"May, what do you mean, why do you try me so," said Jack reproachfully as he loosened his hold upon her struggling form, and May answered never a word, but stood before him with her gaze fixed upon the ground, and her cheeks flushing painfully.

"May" he went on in a tone that brought the tears to her eyes, "you surely can have no idea what I have suffered this week, by the way you have treated me, or you would have mercy and my darling, why thus cold to me now? when you gave me such a taste of happiness last evening, all my past sufferings were forgotten when you came to me as you did in the garden with answering love shining in your eyes, oh, my darling! my darling! he said in tones which trembled with passionate feeling, you know love you me, you dare not now deny it, look up at me and let me read it once more in those sweet eyes, I have waited long, but I knew in the end you must be mine, you cannot help yourself, yield May, by reason of my own great love."

While he was speaking he had come nearer to her and taken her hand in his, and she had been compelled to glance up at him and meet that glowing love which he bent upon her.

With an effort that made her turn faint and white, she drew her hand away and lifting her eyes again to his, looked at him for a moment with a proud, scornful glance, as she said, "You are mistaken Mr. Clifford if you think that I love you, your eyes must have played you false last evening, but let me congratulate you on the high esteem you have of your own power."

As these cruel, bitter words fell upon his ear, Jack Clifford recoiled as though he had received a blow and then with a stern set face he passed her without another word.

* * * * *

A year has rolled by since then, and once more has the garden of the Prestons donned its full summer dress, everything seems the same around the old place, the flowers are just as gay, and the songs of the birds just as merry, and the warm sunshine floods the place as of yore. But sitting on the seat that faces the old apple tree is one who has changed in the short year, so that we have to look again to see that it is really May Preston, the happy laughing look is no longer there, the rounded cheek has lost its graceful outline, while the eyes that used to sparkle with so much spirit and fun, have a sad, far-away look in them, oh, winsome pretty May Preston, thou hast been through the fire and it has scorched thee deeply little one, taken from thee much of thy wayward ways, and left thee with a heart full of sadness.

For nearly a year has Jack Clifford, Mrs. Wells and Julia been travelling on the continent. Occasionally May gets a letter from Julia full of glowing accounts of their travels and how kind and good Jack is to them.

"I wonder when they will be married," May would say to herself when letter after letter would come and no reference would be made to it, but the year passed and still no news came to say they were married.

As she was sitting there lost in thought one of the maids came to her with a letter in her hand saying that she had found it in the library behind some books.

Mechanically taking it from her, May opened it, it was a note from Jack Clifford dated a year ago asking her to come over

that afternoon so they could talk over and make arrangements together for his garden party, and he had invited her after all and the note had got mislaid and had never received it till to-day.

"Oh Jack, what if you really did love me after all, and I have been misled," cried May aloud as she dropt the letter to the ground and started up in keen remorse.

"How could you doubt me?" said a reproachful voice and the next instant Jack appeared from behind the group of labouring trees, and caught May to his breast as with a glad cry she ran to meet him.

And at last after a long wearisome waiting Jack had his reward as this time he heard how he was beloved and read in those sweet eyes now upturned, so trusting to him, the wealth of love that they cared not now to hide.

"And so you thought while I was making love to you I was doing the same to Julia, foolish child! how could you think I would look at her after knowing you, my own quaint little charmer."

"But I do not wonder my darling, if things were so represented

to you, that you thought I was playing a double part. When I left you that Sunday morning I determined to leave home at once and see if I could not forget you for I thought you were bitterly heathen and despised me for my love to you. But forget you I could not, and a few weeks after when I got a letter from my aunt proposing that Julia and she should come and join me in my wanderings I acquiesced for I knew Julia would write to you and that I might hear of you in that way, but I never thought for a moment that they imagined I had intentions of marrying Julia and have never given them occasion to think so, indeed, they could see for themselves as every one else did, that there was no one so fair and winsome in my eyes as May Preston, whose hard, stony, little heart I thought despairingly at times I could never reach—"

"Oh, stop Jack! I cannot bear to think how I treated you," sobbed May as she threw her arms around his neck.

"Never mind my darling I am too happy to have you now to murmur about the past and all I ask is that our marriage may be soon."

Written for THE QUEEN.

CLEMENCY.

By J. E. POLLOCK, B.A.

"O clementiam admirabilem, atque omni laude, predicatione, litteris monumentisque decorandum!"—CICERO.

Dearest boon to mortals given!
Celestial daughter of the skies!
Coming from the highest heaven,
Immortal hope within thee lies.

Mortals are but imperfection;
To err is human not divine;
Tho' we know the right direction,
To the wrong our souls incline.

Heaven's wisdom knows our weakness;
God knows how much within us lives;
Love subdues the heart to meekness,
But mercy pities and forgives.

Lover of our soul's submission,
Thou record of repentant woe,
All thou askest is contrition
Thy gifts on mortals to bestow.

Worthy of all praise and glory,
And worthy of all songs divine;
Worthy monumental story,
And worthy the immortal line.

Worthy the renown of heaven—
All praise that angels can bestow,
Sweetest boon to mortals given,
Oh, consecrate our lives below!

Written for THE QUEEN.

THE RAINDROP'S SONG.

By MAY RINCH.

Have you ever heard the rain-drops,
When they come to us in May,
Singing in their sweet, low voices,
"Children, we have come to stay."

For we heard the vio'ets calling
From their home beneath the trees,
Rain-drops, please come down and help us,
So we told the first kind breeze,

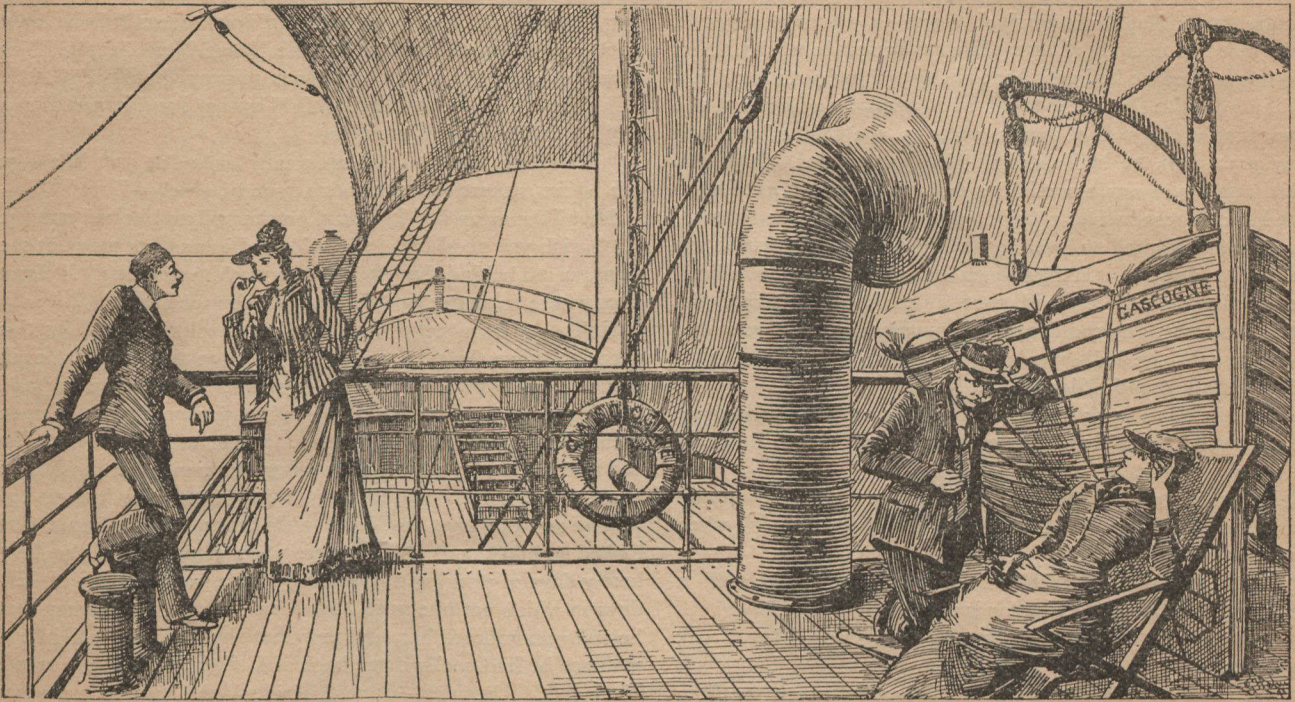
That we wished to visit earth-land,
That the violets were just us,
And they hadn't got acquainted
With the stately butter-cup.

And we are so very happy,
We've been singing all the way,
For we're going to see the violets
And to stay with them and play.

So we wished to introduce them
And perhaps to stay a while,
For they were so very lonely—
Then the breeze began to smile.

Smiled, but shook his mantle o'er us,
Thought to frighten us no doubt,
Then he rocked our big cloud cradle,
Rocked so hard we all fell out.

But he caught us as we tumbled,
Held us in his arms so strong,
Brought us down, down to earth-land,
Tho' the way is very long.



Written for THE QUEEN.

HER CHOICE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

By JESSIE K. LAWSON.

PART III.

CHAPTER IV.

"I CANNOT understand Helen, why you treat Mr. Clayton so coolly," said Mrs. Westerton to her daughter some weeks after these events. "I am sure he has been most gentlemanly. He is never in Montreal but he calls, and I think you ought to give him some encouragement."

"If I were a flirt, I might do that sort of thing, mamma," said Helen quietly. She had become very quiet of late.

"But it is not a flirtation, Helen, at least it would not be so in your case. You are not so young now that you can afford to treat such an eligible *parti* as Mr. Clayton with indifference."

"No I am *not* so young as I have been, that is very true," assented Helen dryly.

"I feel sure he intends to propose soon. In fact from what he let fall in the course of conversation last time he was here, I feel certain of it. He was feeling his way, I could see that; and you may be sure I said nothing that would lead him to think otherwise than that he would be a welcome son-in-law."

"Mamma!" cried Helen starting up in angry alarm, "Do you mean to say—you surely did not *dare* to forget yourself so far as to lead him to think that I—I—oh! good gracious!"

To prevent herself saying, in her hot mortification, what she might afterward repent, Helen dashed out of the room, and ran upstairs to her own apartment and locked herself in.

Oh the humiliation of it! to think her mother could do such a thing, to make Fred. Clayton think for a moment that she would marry him. Oh! if they knew, if they only knew! Fred. Clayton! Marry Fred. Clayton? not if he were the last man

upon the earth. If *he* had forgotten that cool good-bye, when, friendless and beggared, she had, with an invalid father and helpless mother, set out to earn her bread, she had not. She had not forgotten the pang with which hope died that day, the hope his whispered words some weeks before had raised. She was thankful now for the rude awakening from the dream which had but begun, she felt a sense of triumph when he had admitted that he had come back, after such a long interval to see her; but she had tolerated his visits since, only because it pleased her father and mother to see one of the old society friends from New York. It was impossible he could think she still thought of him in any other light than as an old acquaintance, her mother's wish had been father to the thought, she must have been misled in some way; how *could* she so forget herself and degrade her daughter by giving him to understand he was welcome. She stamped her foot fiercely at the thought of it, the humiliation was more than she could endure.

Mrs. Westerton in her anxiety to secure Mr. Clayton for her daughter had laid herself open to misconception. It is true she spoke plainly to Helen, but when Mr. Clayton had spoken to her of his wish to take her back to New York, she had by no means encouraged him to do so. On the contrary, she upheld her dignity in a way that not Helen herself could have found fault with; leaving the matter entirely to Helen's own decision. It was only her anxiety for his acceptance, which caused her to give such an exaggerated version of the conversation.

But Mrs. Westerton was quite correct in her supposition. Fred. Clayton did mean to propose, in fact he was so much in

Montreal now that his father had begun to grumble about it, and Fred. had decided at last. He was more in love with Helen Westerton than he had ever been with anything outside of himself, and despite the fact that she could bring no addition to the finance in the shape of a dowry, such as she might have had some years ago, he had determined to marry her. That she would reject him was a possibility that never once dawned upon him, her coolness he had considered only a piece of coquetry; and then she worked so hard he verily believed she must be too tired to be pleasant. He had been glad when that olive faced dark-eyed *protégé* of hers had gone away, he instinctively disliked him, why, he could not tell, unless indeed it was that he had caught the lad's sombre eyes gloomily watching himself as he talked with Miss Westerton.

When the day's work was over and the last of her pupils gone, Helen dressed herself with her usual taste and came down to the drawing-room.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Clayton," she said with calm politeness, "but I had just dismissed a pupil when you sent up your card."

"That is all right, Miss Westerton," returned Fred. with a beaming smile, "what I came for is worth waiting for."

"I hope so Mr. Clayton, I trust so, I'm sure. May I ask what it is?"

"Yes, you may," he answered, still beaming upon her from where he sat with one leg crossed over the other and one elbow resting on the chair arm. "Well—ahem—in fact—I guess you must know by this time what I want, don't you?"

Helen felt inclined to laugh, but she preserved a profound gravity.

"Why Mr. Clayton, how should I know?" she asked, looking into his face with assumed surprise. Her elocutionary lessons had developed her histrionic faculty, and it pleased her to exert it now.

"Well then I must tell you," he said, rising and coming over to a chair close by her, "I want yourself Helen, nothing less, I want you to marry me and go back to New York."

"Oh!" cried Helen with a light laugh, "is that all? I thought it was something serious."

"It's serious enough to me, Helen. Father wants me back to be in the office all the time. When can you come?"

"Come? come where?" she cried in astonishment.

"To New York of course. I have a splendid new brown front all ready as soon as I give the word, we can be married here and go off and—"

"Hold, stop!" said Helen, "whatever made you think I would marry *you*, Mr Clayton?"

The suitor was startled out of his self-complacency for once.

"Why—you don't mean to say you—" he paused and looked at her, but she would not help him, she only kept looking at him with well-bred surprise.

"For God's sake! don't say you refuse me—don't say you don't love me as I love you Helen;" he broke out in pitiful earnest.

"Love you! *you*, Mr. Clayton. You must be mad. Did you really for one moment suppose I would marry *you*?"

"Why not? I am not such a bad sort Helen, you know we were lovers long ago—when—when you—and when I came back you seemed quite pleased—do you mean to say that you won't marry me at all? Oh Helen!"

There was no doubt of the man's distress and disappointment and firm as she could be Helen was touched. But that reference to old times turned her to steel again.

"I think," she said rising with frigid politeness, "I think the sooner this interview is ended the better Mr. Clayton. You have been laboring under a grievous misapprehension."

"Helen!" he began, but she held up her hand in protest.

"Miss Westerton if you please."

"Well then, Miss Westerton, or anything else you like, you are not in earnest, this is not final, surely, surely—"

Miss Westerton laid her hand on the bell and bowed gravely.

"I wish you good-bye," she said, and in another moment she disappeared behind the *portiere*, leaving him to walk to the front door where Jeanette stood holding it open for him.

Helen had been very hard and had steeled herself for this occasion, nevertheless, when he had gone there was a swift reaction, not of pity for the rejected suitor, but for that young and trusting girl who some years ago when prosperity shone upon them had believed in him so utterly. She leant her head upon the bed and burst into a flood of weeping, she remembered when he came to bid her good-bye that sad day; how she had waited for one word of love and hope and cheer for the future that looked so black, and none came. She remembered the long lonely days of working and waiting before success came at last, days in which not one word had been sent to remind her that he still remembered her, and now that she had achieved independence he had coolly come back and taken it all for granted. No indeed! Besides—ah yes! besides—she had made up her mind to wait—to wait—for another face and a dearer to come back some day.

"You were right mamma, Mr. Clayton did propose," she said to her mother next morning.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerton with a glad flash of her eyes, "and of course—"

"I rejected him, promptly too."

"Oh Helen! I am *so* disappointed."

"Very sorry mamma, if you have been building castles, but if you knew all you wouldn't blame me."

Mrs. Westerton looked out of the window with a sigh. She was deeply, bitterly disappointed.

"You will never get such a chance again Helen, never never!"

CHAPTER V.

On the fine deck of *La Gascogne* from Havre, bound for New York, were gathered a group of passengers admiring the scenery along the wild Jersey coast. The ladies were seated on camp chairs with rugs about their knees; the gentlemen with their coat collars turned up and their hands thrust easily into their trouser pockets, stood by the bulwarks; some talking in French, some in English. The majority were Americans returning from a continental holiday tour, and among these were Mr. and Mrs. Andrews of Toronto, and Miss Westerton of Montreal.

Some three months ago Mrs. Andrews had visited Helen, and seeing her looking out of sorts had insisted upon her accompanying them to Paris, whither her husband had to go on business connected with his firm.

"Now," said the little woman with her usual charming imperiousness, "You are not to have any choice in the matter. Jeanette and her husband will take the best of care of Mr. and Mrs. Westerton, all the more if a *douceur* is promised them. Why Helen, you look wretched; you are working too hard."

"Perhaps, but the holidays will be here next week."

"Yes—exactly—and then you will come with me to *la belle France*. You must, I really can't go alone, and I should hate to stay in doors while my husband attends to his business affairs. He

wanted me to take cousin Jennie with me, but she has been there so often, and then, you know, she is to be married soon. Do come, as a favor to me you know," she added coaxingly.

There was no refusing her, and in truth Helen was glad enough of the chance, for of late Loth courage and health had begun to fail. No word of any kind had come from Manuel, although two long years had elapsed since he had left so suddenly that summer morning. She had advertised in the Madrid papers for several months, but no answer had come to her appeal, and now she had unconsciously fallen into a listless habit of hoping against hope. At times she thought he must be dead. If he loved her, he surely could not have kept silence so long. Life began to look grey in spite of all her success; her work tired her, night and day Jean Ingelow's tender song of vain regret haunted her.

Yes, she would be glad of the change, as Ada said the trip would restore her health and spirits, amid new interests and new scenes she would have no time for regret. Accordingly, the friends had gone off together and now, after a most delightful sojourn in France, they were on their way home to the new world.

"And it was there, over there that Victor Hugo wrote his 'Toilers of the Sea,'" said Helen, gazing with interest at the long stretch of rugged coast past which they were now sailing.

"*Oui Mademoiselle,*" said a Frenchman who was one of the party, "Victor Hugo."

"Many a long look he must have cast from there over to his beloved France," Helen rejoined.

The Frenchman's pardonable pride went off in a long eulogy of his great countryman, but Helen, though she understood French well, heard not a word of it. She had suddenly grown silent, and pale as death was watching a distinguished looking man who had stepped out of the saloon, and a little further down the deck, was a row, like themselves, enjoying the view of the Jersey coast.

"Ada," she whispered, laying her hand on the arm of Mrs. Andrews who sat by her, "look yonder; who is that gentleman? Have you ever seen him before?" Mrs. Andrews looked critically at the dark profile which showed toward them, and shook her head. "I do not think so, it seems to me I have though. Of course, we haven't seen all the passengers yet, being so sea-sick yesterday. Look here James," she continued, turning to her husband who stood by, "Do you know who that

gentleman is? He doesn't look like an American."

"Well no; that is a young Spaniard. Foscaro is his name. He is going to Montreal I believe."

"Ah! he is very handsome, is he not? Helen here thinks she has seen him before."

"That is hardly likely seeing he is direct from Spain," said James Andrews, "but here he comes."

The individual they had been discussing had wheeled around and was now coming towards them. To Mrs. Andrews' surprise Helen, suddenly threw the wrap from off her knees and went forward to meet him with extended hands.

"Manuel!"

"Miss Westerton, is it possible?" In the surprise of the moment that was all they could utter, but each, oblivious of the observation of the passengers, stood gazing into each other's faces questioningly.

"How strange that we should meet here of all places," Helen said, recovering herself first, and uttering a little hysterical laugh, "you are bound for America too?"

"For Montreal," he said significantly, while a cloud shadowed his face, "I thought I would like to see Mr. and Mrs. Westerton again."

"Oh! then we can all travel together."

"Are you going there too?" he asked with some reserve.

"Why, where else should I go, Mr. Foscaro? Montreal is still my home," said Helen, feeling his reserve.

Foscaro's dark eyes flashed with a sudden light, he looked down at her dubiously for a moment, and then he asked in a low tone.

"Then you did not go back to New York?"

"No," answered Helen quietly. There was a pause of a few seconds, then he said, politely:

"Do you mind having a turn down the deck here?" She took his offered arm silently, and to Mrs. Andrews'

great surprise walked down towards the stern of the vessel. "May I ask how it is why you are still in Montreal, Miss—I beg your pardon—am I to say Miss, or Mrs.?"

"Not Mrs., I am not married, Manuel."

Another silence fell for a few minutes. Foscaro stood watching the foam curling in the wake of the stately vessel as she cut through the green waters. Helen followed with her eyes the black tipped wings of the white seagull carving and wheeling above the stern. But neither saw what they were looking at; the long desired meeting had come at last, but it had arrived so unexpectedly, and it was all so different from what either had dreamed it would be that both were at a loss what to think.

Foscaro had trained himself so long to think of her as the wife of "the man from New York," that he could not at once grasp the fact that she was still unmarried, still Helen Westerton



"I REJECTED HIM—PROMPTLY, TOO."

as when he had fled from her in his headlong boyish passion of hopeless love. On her part she was bewildered by his distinguished and highbred manner, he was and he was not Manuel, whom she had been so brotherly with, whom she had waited for, so confident of his return to her. Did he love her still? That was the one question she wanted an answer to, his worldly prospects or belongings did not count at all until this one vital query was answered.

"Why did you not write as you promised?" she asked glancing at his grave, fascinating dark face and noting how very handsome he had grown.

"I did write, twice or thrice, but tore the letters up again. I could not say to Mrs. Clayton what of my affairs I wished to tell Miss Westerton, my friend and benefactress."

"Well, but you see, I was not, am not, nor ever shall be Mrs. Clayton," retorted Helen brightly. The avowed jealousy in his tone pleased her. Without love there could be no jealousy.

"Then I have been mistaken and misled. Mrs. Westerton led me to suppose it would end that way very soon."

Helen laughed, the old sweet laugh he knew and remembered.

"Oh, poor Mamma! it was a terrible disappointment, but I really couldn't; not even to please her. She was awfully annoyed, said I should never have such a chance again."

Mr. Foscaro's white teeth gleamed pleasantly under his dark moustache, he seemed amused at some passing thought of his own.

"Mrs. Westerton is hardly to be blamed," he said, "Clayton & Son are a rich firm no doubt. I met some friends of his in Madrid who spoke of his bringing a wife from Montreal. I thought it was you.

"Oh no, no. It was one of my pupils, as handsome and rich almost as himself. But now tell me, Manuel, I speak as an old friend of course, have you succeeded in finding your friends? You look in easy circumstances."

"Yes I found them, and I am in easy circumstances, at least moderately comfortable circumstances. Thanks to the education you enabled me to get, I have been able to get a good situation under the Spanish government. I am on their business now."

A shadow fell on Helen's face, and she bit her lip suddenly.

"Then you weren't coming on purpose to see—papa and mamma at Montreal."

"No I am going to Washington, but I intended to go to Montreal first."

There was another pause and then Helen turned and looked up to where Ada sat commenting to her husband on this strange proceeding on the part of her friend.

"Come," said Helen, "let me introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Andrews. Do you know it was Mrs. Andrews who first—" Helen suddenly stopped short, feeling how malapropos was any reference to the past, in the presence of the present.

"I will be delighted Miss Westerton, if you will wait a little. Ah, did you get a letter which I left on the table for you when I left?"

"Yes, I did Manuel," answered Helen looking over the bulwark at the green waves curling into foam.

"And you read it?"

"Yes, I read it."

"Were you very much offended?"

"Yes I was, I saw no reason for your decamping in such an unceremonious fashion. I had to invent all sort of excuses to papa and mamma, and in my anger I sent poor Clayton to the right about—"

"Miss Westerton?" interrupted Foscaro with a subtle thrill in his voice.

"Yes, Manuel."

"Look at me will you—look up once."

She lifted her eyes to his and he turned pale as death and laid hold of the small ungloved hand that lay on the bulwark

"Is it possible? Helen!"

"Yes, Manuel—you said you would come back and I have waited for you," said Helen simply.

"Oh my love! Oh my love! the joy is too much—too much!" murmured Foscaro, and for a moment he leant his elbows upon the rail and hid his face in his hands. It was no place for such a scene but fate had precipitated the event and there was no choice of situation. The conventionalities had to be remembered; he longed to clasp her in his arms there and then, nor was she at all unwilling to be so claimed as his, but as it was they restrained themselves, content for the present to know that each had found the other at last.

"Don't go yet Helen," he entreated, as she made a motion to turn towards her friends. "Don't go. My joy is so great. I have been so suddenly transferred from despair to hope and joy—you must make me assured it is not all a dream. Tell me—will you marry me? As soon as we land? I am no longer a poor boy, we will have enough comfort at least. Will you give up your work and come to me at once, to New York first and thence to Spain?"

"I will Manuel, but mamma, what will she say? I dread to tell her, she is so ambitious."

"Let me tell her."

"Oh, that would be worse, she would not listen to me, she will think of you as you were, not as you are. She will never consent. I'm afraid I shall have to play the role of disobedient daughter over again."

"But consent or no, will you still be my wife?"

"That is my own affair, I am old enough, I should fancy, to choose my own lot in life. I did it when I was younger and have not regretted."

Then leave Mrs. Westerton to me. I do not think she will regret Mr. Clayton when she knows you have wedded Don Manuel de Foscaro of Castille. Yes Helen, forgive my natural pride of ancestry. After considerable trouble, with the aid of letters and some unmistakable marks about my person, I have succeeded in establishing my claim to my father's estates. My parents were wrecked in the English Channel on their way to London; how the nurse escaped with myself and the papers which have been so valuable to me is not known, probably my mother had given them to her; however, she was picked up and taken to London, where she died soon after landing. I was placed in one of these orphan homes, and the letters being undecipherable by the officials were given to me when I was first sent out to Canada to earn my own living. My name they got from my linen which was marked in full. But for you Helen, and the impetus you gave me by sending me to college, I might never have read those letters, never have been able to claim my own, nor to be what I am, an *Attache* of the Spanish diplomatic corps, entrusted with an important message to the President of the United States."

"Manuel! you take my breath away," cried Helen, "is all this really true? Oh, I have been too hasty. I should not have said what I have, till I had known, well you know, you will want some great Spanish lady now for a wife; not a poor elocutionist earning her own bread."

He looked into her eyes and smiled.

"Come, Helen, my wife, introduce me to your friends."

* * * * *
And now Mrs. Westerton and Papa Westerton wonders how they ever lived through those cold Canadian winters in Mon-

[THE END.]

THE WOMAN'S ROSE.

HAVE an old brown carved box ; the lid is broken and tied with a string. In it I keep little squares of paper, with hair inside, and a little picture which hung over my brother's bed when we were children, and other things as small. I have in it a rose.

Other women also have such boxes where they keep such trifles, but no one has my rose. When my eye is dim, and my heart grows faint, and my faith in woman flickers, and her present is an agony to me, and her future a despair, the scent of that dead rose, withered for twelve years, comes back to me. I know there will be spring as surely as the birds know it when they see above the snow two tiny, quivering green leaves. Spring cannot fail us.

There were other flowers in the box once, a bunch of white acacia flowers, gathered by the strong hand of a man as we passed down a village street on a sultry afternoon, when it had rained and the drops fell on us from the leaves of the acacia trees. The flowers were damp ; they made mildew marks on the paper I folded them in. After many years I threw them away. There is nothing of them left in the box now but a faint smell of dried acacia, that recalls that sultry summer afternoon ; but the rose is in the box still.

It is many years ago now ; I was a girl of fifteen, and I went to visit in a small up-country town. It was young in those days, and two days journey from the nearest village ; the population consisted mainly of men. A few were married and had their wives and children, but most were single. There was only one young girl there when I came. She was about seventeen, fair, and rather fully-fleshed ; she had large dreamy blue eyes and wavy light hair ; full, rather heavy lips, until she smiled, and then her face broke into dimples, and all her white teeth shone. The hotel-keeper may have had a daughter, and the farmer in the outskirts had two, but we never saw them. She reigned alone. All the men worshiped her. She was the only woman they had to think of. They talked of her on the "stoop," at the market, at the hotel ; they watched for her at street corners ; they hated the man she bowed to or walked with down the street. They brought flowers to the front door ; they offered her their horses ; they begged her to marry them when they dared. Partly, there was something noble and heroic in this devotion of men to the best woman they knew ; partly, there was something natural in it, that these men, shut off from the world, should pour at the feet of one woman the worship that would otherwise have been given to twenty ; and partly, there was something mean in their envy of one another. If she had raised her little finger, I suppose, she might have married any one out of twenty of them.

Then I came. I do not think I was prettier ; I do not think I was so pretty as she was. I was certainly not so handsome. But I was vital, and I was new, and she was old—they all forsook her and followed me. They worshiped me. It was to my door that the flowers came ; it was I had twenty horses offered me when I could ride only one ; it was for me they waited at street corners ; it was what I said and did that they talked of. Partly I liked it. I had lived alone all my life ; no one ever told me that I was beautiful and a woman. I believed them ; I did not know it was simply a fashion which one man had set and the rest followed unreasoningly. I liked them to ask me to marry them, and to say no. I despised them. The mother heart had not swelled in me yet ; I did not know all men were my children, as the large woman knows when her heart is grown. I was too small to be tender. I liked my power. I was like a child with a new whip,

which it goes about cracking everywhere, not caring against what. I could not wind it up and put it away. Men were curious creatures, who liked me, I never could tell why.

Only one thing took from my pleasure ; I could not bear that they had deserted her for me. I liked her great, dreamy blue eyes, I liked her slow walk and drawl. When I saw her sitting among men she seemed to me much too good to be among them. I would have given all their compliments if she would once have smiled at me as she smiled at them, with all her face breaking into radiance, with her dimples and flashing teeth. But I knew it never could be ; I felt sure she hated me ; that she wished I was dead ; that she wished I had never come to the village. She did not know, when we went out riding, and a man who had always ridden beside her came to ride beside me, that I sent him away ; that once, when a man thought to win my favor by ridiculing her slow drawl before me, I turned on him so fiercely that he never dared to come before me again. I knew she knew that at the hotel men had made a bet as to which was the prettier, she or I, and had asked each man who came in, and the one who staked on me won. I hated them for it, but I would not let her see that I cared about what she felt toward me.

She and I never spoke to each other. If we met in the village street we bowed and passed on ; when we shook hands we did so silently, and did not look at each other. But I thought she felt my presence in a room just as I felt hers.

At last the time for my going came. I was to leave the next day. Some one I knew gave a party in my honor, to which all the village was invited.

Now it was midwinter ; there was nothing in the garden but a few dahlias and chrysanthemums, and I suppose that for two hundred miles round there was not a rose to be bought for love or money. Only in the garden of a friend of mine, in a sunny corner between the oven and the brick wall, there was a rose tree growing which had on it one bud. It was white. It had been promised to the girl to wear at the party.

The evening came ; when I arrived and went to the waiting-room to take off my mantle, I found the girl already there. She was dressed in a pure white dress, with her great white arms and shoulders showing, her bright hair glittering in the candle light, and the white rose fastened at her breast. She looked like a queen. I said "Good-evening," and turned quickly away to the glass to arrange my old black scarf across my old black dress.

Then I felt a hand touch my hair.

"Stand still," she said.

I looked in the glass. She had taken the white rose from her breast, and was fastening it in my hair.

"How nice dark hair is ; it sets off flowers so." She stepped back and looked at it. "It looks much better there !"

I turned round and looked at her.

"You are so beautiful to me," I said.

"Y-e-s," she said, slowly ; "I'm glad."

We stood looking at each other. Then they came in and swept us away. All the evening we did not come near to each other. Only once, as she passed, she smiled at me.

The next morning I left town.

I never saw her again.

Years after I heard she had married and gone to the United States ; it may or may not be so, but the rose is in the box still.

Written for THE QUEEN.

IN LOVE'S DEAR THRALL.

A ROMANCE OF THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

By G. MERCER ADAMS.

DEDICATION: To Mrs. Henry P. Helm, of Montreal, this little story written to relieve the tedium of a fortnight's enforced idleness, is affectionately dedicated, as a slight tribute to her worth, and in grateful acknowledgment of all she has been to me as a daughter.—THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

"As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the birdie as she sat upon the bough;
A lovely mayde came bye,
And a gentill youthe was nighe,
And he breathed manie a sighe,
And a vowe,
As I lay a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome nowe."

"WHO are they? I wonder. They are English, evidently. What a saintly face the tall one has!"

"Hasn't she? Yet what a queenly air! Poor thing! She is young to be a widow. I wonder who they can be? Oh, here comes Mrs. M——; she'll be sure to know."

"True. Good morning, Mrs. M——, who are our new-comers?"

"Oh, I heard all about them last night," said the lady addressed, with a nod, in the way of morning salutation, to each of her friends. "Frank Leighton knows them; he met them at the wharf as they got off the steamer, and he has just gone in with them to breakfast. Hasn't the young widow a divine face? She's a titled lady—what's this is her name? Mr. Leighton told me. Oh, yes, the Lady Mercedes Wilton."

"And who is her companion?—not a sister, evidently."

"Oh, no! she is no relation: they are merely travelling together, though they are old friends. She's the wife of the young fellow with the handsome beard, who is, I am told, an English barrister; and the old gentleman is her father. He is the Hon. Mr. Lewis, a gentleman of property in the north of Scotland, and Leighton says that he has come out to Canada to buy land in the North-West for his sons. His son-in-law is a Mr. Kinglake, who has also come out to make investments in Canada. Mr. Leighton met the whole party a few weeks ago at Quebec. I can't learn much about the Lady Mercedes; but don't you recognize in her the kneeling figure in Leighton's picture of the interior of the French-Canadian chapel? I saw the likeness at once; Frank told me that he painted the face from memory, with the aid of a sketch he made at the *habitant's* wedding. Leighton will make a hit with that painting; the face of the kneeling figure of the widow reminds me of one of the most beautiful of the Madonnas."

"The Lady Mercedes, eh!"—observed one of the group Mrs. M——addressed. "What a pretty name and what a lovely face! No wonder your artist-friend is smitten by her. Someone told me that Mr. Leighton seems bewitched since he began his new picture, and he has manifestly thrown all his art into the face of his kneeling Madonna."

"Yes, has he not?" was the rejoinder. "I should like to know her history. When Leighton gets to know them better, I'll no doubt find out."

"Oh, don't be too sure of that! Mr. Leighton won't tell you much if, as I suspect, he's in love with her. In that event, Mrs. M——, he'll give you little of his confidence."

"We shall see, dear," said the latter lady, who prided herself on possessing the artist's friendship as she moved off to another knot of hotel guests on the now crowded verandah.

Such was the conversation that took place one bright July morning some two summers ago, among three of a group of Toronto ladies assembled after breakfast on the promenade galleries of "Maplehurst." That attractive Muskoka hotel, perched on the fir-clad heights overlooking the gleaming lake and distant village of Rosseau, seldom had gathered a larger or more fashionable crowd than was to

be seen on the morning in question. The throng of visitors consisted of the fair sex, the goodly matrons and muslined femininity of Hamilton, Toronto, and the cities of the South, with a bevy of children, and a more than usually large proportion of budding womanhood and young girls just entering their teens. The morning was bright and warm, giving promise of a typical Canadian day; and the human interest in the scene was increased by the animation and high spirits which were depicted on every face, and were emphasized by a buzz of small talk and, ever and anon, by peals of light laughter.

Frank Leighton, who was in part the theme of the above conversation, was a well-known figure in Muskoka watering-places, and his talents, both as an artist and a *litterateur*, had of recent years brought him prominently before the intellectual portion, at least, of the Canadian public. The young artist moved in good social circles, and he was a general favorite with both sexes. He was a Canadian only by adoption, though adoption with him—so much of a patriot was he!—meant a good deal more than birth with the mass of his undemonstrative fellow-countrymen. He belonged to a good old family in Westmoreland, and was born and brought up in the vicinity of the English lakes. At an early age he had the misfortune to lose his mother, and in his seventeenth year, his father marrying again, he and his brother left home and set out for British Honduras, where the two young men had relatives. There Frank, the younger of the two, spent but one year, when he parted with his brother and came north to seek his fortune in Canada. He had had a good education, and nature had endowed him with a decided taste, if not genius, for art. For a while, like most new comers, he roughed it on a farm; but in his twentieth year he gravitated to the city, where he cultivated his talent for painting, eking out the slender allowance he had from his father, by giving drawing lessons and occasionally contributing to the English periodical press.

When, at Maplehurst, we make acquaintance with the young artist ten Canadian summers had flown over his head. In the interval, his industry, as well as his genius, had won for him a high place in native art circles, his special faculty showing itself in the delineation of historic scenes from Canadian annals, some of his large canvases finding their way to the London Academy and the *Salon* at Paris. Not a little of his popularity, however, was due to his admirable social qualities, added to his good looks and cultivated manners. He had a fine mind, and a disposition so generous and genial that he made himself friends wherever he went. He had a charming way with women, whom he treated with pleasing deference, scrupulous honour, and chivalrous courtesy. Nor was there a trace of self-consciousness or affectation in anything he said or did. He was not only kind and tender-hearted, but he was always disinterested and unselfish; and in manners no one could be more frank and ingenuous. Deep in his nature was implanted the love of woman; though women he admired with the intellect, not with the passions. Yet in this respect he was neither a pedant nor an anchorite. He had an abiding faith in the essential goodness of his fellow men, and used to say that in the long run the nobler, and not the baser, characteristics of humanity would prevail.

Nothing, however, so touched Leighton's heart and soul as contact with a good and beautiful woman. Almost indescribable were his emotions when he caught the first glimpse of the Lady Mercedes Wilton. Hers was the face of his ideal of female beauty. It had pathos

as well as loveliness. Round the mouth played the smiles of a sweet, sunny nature; and the large lustrous eyes were lit at once by the flashing steel of the intellect and emitted sparks from the smouldering fires of love. In appearance, the Lady Mercedes was a little above the medium height, though she was splendidly proportioned, carried herself majestically, and yet had a step as light and graceful as a fawn. By the most indifferent connoisseur of beauty, neither her face nor her figure could be passed unobserved; while her whole person bore the unmistakable marks of distinction.

When Frank Leighton first saw this vision of female loveliness, she had come, with her party, into the little French chapel in the suburbs of Quebec where a peasant's wedding was being celebrated. With what seemed to be more than a conventional respect for the place and the ceremony, the Lady Mercedes advanced to the group round the chancel-rail and knelt throughout the performance of the sacred rite. When the ceremony was over, she rose quickly from her knees, and retracing her steps, joined her friends at the entrance of the chapel. As she passed out, she noticed Leighton, who had entered silently at a side door, and now stood, sketch book in hand, half concealed behind a pillar. She gave a quick, convulsive start as her eyes met those of the artist, blushed deeply, and let fall her crape veil to hide evident emotion. What there was so visibly to disturb her, Leighton could not divine. So far as he knew, they had never previously met; and Leighton was not vain enough to suppose that there was about his person or appearance anything specially to attract a stranger. Her agitation, he concluded, was due to some painful memory. His impressions were deepened later on in the day when, all having returned to the hotel at which they were staying, he found himself more than once the object of the beautiful stranger's furtive but wistful gaze and indifferently-hidden interest.

Before nightfall the Fates seemingly decreed that the two people who had conceived so sudden an interest in each other should come together. After dinner the young artist excused himself in withdrawing from a conversation into which he had been drawn at the hotel porch, lit a cigar, and strolled over to take his evening walk on Dufferin Terrace. Here he was shortly afterwards joined by the English tourists who had arrived that morning by the Liverpool steamer. Passing the group, who were evidently enjoying the superb view from the ramparts, the elderly gentleman accosted Leighton with some enquiry about Port Levis, on the opposite shore. Leighton courteously satisfied the old gentleman and was about to pass on when further questions were simultaneously addressed to him, this time by the two ladies. These referred to other objects seen from the Terrace, and, answering the questions, the young artist was drawn into an animated conversation with the whole party, who manifested great interest in Leighton's rapid recital of the historical events connected with Quebec, the citadel and the regime of French dominion in the New world.

Leighton was well-read in Canadian history, knew its every legend and tradition, and had the gift of a minstrel-scholar in telling a story. In the walk back to the hotel he had in the Lady Mercedes an intelligent and interested auditor; and at her request he had to recount to the rest of the party several of the old Breton and Norman legends which had most interested her in the return to their night's quarters. It was far on in the evening when the party broke up, and day had nearly dawned before Leighton could get the lovely Mercedes out of his head, to enable him to snatch an hour or two's rest before breakfast.

The new day brought Leighton again into close contact with his English friends, all of whom seemed to wish to put themselves under his guidance during their brief stay at Quebec. The Lady Mercedes, though still cordial in her manner to the young artist, obviously desired to impose some restraint upon the suddenly sprung-up friendship, and left conversation with him pretty much to the other members of the party. Leighton understood and accepted the somewhat changed relations; and while he regretted that he could not presume

to ask that there should be a return of the cordiality that marked the previous evening's intercourse, he was consoled by the conviction that he had not lost favour in the Lady Mercedes' eyes. She still regarded him with marked interest, and much as she desired to do so, could not altogether conceal the fact. Only once during the day did he find himself for a few minutes alone with her, during which she talked of Leighton's profession, and her interest in it, and let fall the remark that her husband, too, had been an artist. Leighton was too well-bred to do more, at this stage of their acquaintance, than signify that he had heard the casually-dropped bit of personal history. He went on to speak of the attractive field there was in the Old World for the artist, and of the better rewards that there wait upon art-talent and industry; while she, on her part, spoke enthusiastically of the scope and variety which the New World opened to the genius and trained skill of American and Canadian painters.

Unluckily, the conversation was here interrupted by the return of the Lady Mercedes' travelling companions, who informed Leighton that they had decided to go on to Montreal by the evening boat and were sorry to have to take sudden leave of the young artist. They added, however, that they hoped to renew acquaintance with him at Toronto, where they expected to be in about three weeks, after a brief tour in the States. When they reached Toronto, they told Leighton that they would most likely take advantage of his suggestion to spend a week in the Muskoka Lakes, where, he had previously informed them, he usually spent a part of the summer. From Muskoka, whither Leighton was himself shortly about to proceed, he was apprised that the party would set out for the North-West, and, after a run through to the Pacific Coast, would then retrace their steps and go back to England. With this indication of the movements of the tourists, and an exchange of cards between the gentlemen, and with profuse thanks for the young Canadian's civilities from all of the travellers, the artist took leave of the group, after expressing the pleasure it would give him to meet them again, either at Toronto or at Maplehurst, on Lake Rosseau.

CHAPTER II.

"He is in love with an ideal,
A creature of his own imagination,
A child of air, and echo of his heart;
And like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts."

The reader already knows that all have again met by the waters of Muskoka, though he may not fully know in what turmoil of heart poor Leighton has been since he bid adieu at Quebec to the Lady Mercedes, and let his ardent glance modestly fall before the *spirituelle* face and tear-moistened eyes of the beautiful English widow. Leighton tried hard to disguise from himself that he was in love. It was true that, thanks to his own industry and to the professional reputation he had earned, he was now in a position to marry; but what did he know of her to whom his heart was now captive, save her surface beauty; and even if she were all he sought in a wife, why, he sternly asked himself, should *he* be the favoured of all suitors? Moreover, the fair Mercedes could not have been long a widow, and might not her heart be still in the grave? Such were some of the thoughts that perplexed the mind of Frank Leighton, as he walked with heightened colour by the side of the beautiful English gentlewoman, among the hotel guests at Maplehurst, on the morrow after her arrival with her friends.

To a few of his intimate acquaintances the young artist introduced the English travellers, and together for a week or more the newcomers enjoyed themselves hugely. The weather was glorious and each day there was sufficient wind for a sail. Every morning some little party was made up, and in consort the group of sail-boats explored the picturesque inlets and gleaming stretch of waters that gem the prettily-wooded basin of the Lakes of Muskoka. In Leighton's yacht were always to be found the Lady Mercedes with Mrs. Kinglake, her bosom friend and travelling companion. In a stroll in the odorous pine woods, or in a pull up the Nereid-haunted Shadow

River, you would be sure to find the same happy company. Yet, in this idle dalliance daily with the woman he greatly loved, no word escaped Leighton indicative of his feelings. He saw that he was trusted by both women, who honoured him with their company, and he would not betray the trust; nor was it in his nature to be likely to do so. Soon, however, was there to occur an incident which brought the two chief figures in the drama of love more closely together.

Leighton had arranged with his English friends an excursion by water down the lake to Port Sandfield, with a break at "Cox's," thence up Lake Joseph to Port Cockburn, and over the Parry Sound road to the island-gemmed shores of the Georgian Bay. A week was to be consumed in the trip. Before starting out on it, the two gentlemen of the English party wished to run down to Toronto to complete their arrangements for proceeding to the West. This they presently did, leaving the ladies to Leighton's care. The day before Mr. Lewis and Mr. Kinglake, were expected to return, Leighton crossed over to Rosseau village to buy an extra trolling line for the ladies who were to join the expedition, and to fit up his boat's larder with such modest luxuries for the trip as the village afforded. He left Mrs. Kinglake and the Lady Mercedes cruising about, with a young lad staying at the hotel and a boatman from the village, in a small craft at the head of the lake. On his return to the Maplehurst wharf, Leighton received a message left for him by the ladies, to the effect that they had set off for Morgan's Bay, a large inlet a little way down the lake; but that they would return shortly. As he crossed over from the village, he noticed that a storm was blowing up, and he became a little anxious for the safety of his charge. His fears increased as the sky darkened and the wind rose.

Casting off from the wharf, Leighton hurried away in search of his friends. He hadn't been gone many minutes, when, to his horror, he observed the boat with the ladies alone in it, scudding out from the inlet under a flying gib, and with the rudder apparently fouled by a submerged sail. As the wind was now blowing a gale from the north, the little boat, with its panic-stricken inmates, when it emerged from the inlet darted down the lake with the speed of the Furies. Leighton hoisted every inch of canvas his yacht could safely carry, and bore hotly in pursuit. As he gained upon the fugitives, he shouted some words of encouragement, which they sadly needed, for, to add to their fright, night came on and the rain began to pour.

By the time Leighton overtook the ladies, their boat had been driven miles down the lake; and the rescuer saw that, as they had passed the up-going steamer, which he had vainly tried to intercept, the only thing now to be done was to seek shelter, as well as safety, in some accessible cove. Drawing alongside, he transferred the ladies to his own boat, took theirs in tow, and steered for what seemed a safe place to land. As the storm increased there was no time to look for house or hut, in which, could they find such, they might take shelter; and of course it was out of the question to beat up to Maplehurst in the face of the wind. Whatever anxiety might be felt at the hotel about the fugitives, the report of those on the steamer, who saw the rescue, Leighton concluded, would allay fears. It was thus, at any rate, that the young artist reasoned. Though the ladies were not only fearful of spending a night by the now gloomy shore, but were apprehensive of the effects of the drenching which all had received, they gratefully, however, put themselves under the charge of their gallant and considerate rescuer.

Ere long Leighton was lucky in striking a suitable inlet. Coasting along its wind-sheltered shore, he was fortunate to find an old camping ground, with a shelving rock approach from the water, and a rudely extemporized wharf. He quickly steered alongside, tied up his boat, got the ladies out, and, with a rather dim lantern light groped his way to a comparatively commodious shanty which he had

descried from the landing. Though deserted, the shanty was fairly clean, and fortunately the roof was waterproof.

After housing the ladies and securing the place as much as possible from the violence of the storm, Leighton returned to the boat to get from its locker a bundle of shawls and rugs, which, in view of the morrow's expedition, had been stowed there that afternoon. The locker also contained the afternoon's purchases at the village—a supply of coffee, biscuits and canned provisions. Returning with these to the shanty, and being a man of resource, he set about making a fire, which was now possible, as the wind had fallen and the dark rain-clouds had blown over the lake. He had lights and a hatchet, and going a little way into the dense woods he got sufficient dry twigs to start a fire, and there was plenty of drift timber on the beach to keep it going. Putting a kettle of water on the blazing logs he made another excursion into the woods for dry branches, as a night's bedding for the ladies, and cut material for a rudely constructed couch.

In the meanwhile the ladies had divested each other of their wet outer-garments and were now warming themselves by the camp-fire, wrapped in the dry shawls which Leighton's happy forethought had provided. Both ladies had by this time recovered from their fright, and with more complacency than could have been imagined they resigned themselves to a night's lodging in the woods. If they had the least fear, Leighton assured them, he would act as sentinel by their hut, and he playfully added, that if they had any appetite they wouldn't go supperless to bed. To their credit be it said, they were less anxious about their supper than concerned as to how Leighton was to spend the night. Of this, the young artist's disinterestedness, not to speak of his gallantry, gave him no concern. At any personal sacrifice he was only too happy in serving the now idol of his heart.

What thoughts of Leighton the while were coursing through the brain of the idol herself, we can but dimly conjecture. Naturally enough, on her lips she had nothing but thankfulness for her own and her companion's deliverer. In her heart was there any feeling for him deeper than gratitude? Time, aided by a chance discovery on the morrow, was ere long to disclose.

In the meantime supper had been partaken; they had got themselves cheerily warmed by the fire, the storm had blown past, and the scene was brightened by the advent of a full moon. Long the three sat by the blazing logs, Leighton enlivening the evening by telling them, by request, the story of his life, and recounting a number of adventures he at various times had met with in the woods. In the recital of the events in his own history, both ladies, and, need we say it? the Lady Mercedes especially, manifested a lively interest. That Leighton had in the beautiful widow a rapt listener, the sweet pensive face beside him, on which the moon and the blazing pile shone, and the occasional interruptions of her sympathetic voice, were gratifying proof. Like Othello, when relating to Desdemona the chapter of his woes, he had the felicity of receiving Lady Mercedes' compassionate interest.

The night was far advanced ere the little group by the camp-fire broke up, and Leighton at last urged the ladies to seek rest. Up to the present he had not been in a hurry to see them retire for the night, for with the passing of the storm and the advent of the clear, full moon, he had not abandoned the hope of getting back to the hotel with his charge. To this project the rough water in the lake was the only obstacle, and the timidity of the ladies to undertake what to their mind was a hazardous trip. The idea was therefore abandoned, and with a cordial good-night to the artist, which expressed no little gratitude for their preservation and comparative comfort, the ladies retired to their cabin. Their protector renewed the logs on the camp-fire, donned a big tarpaulin over his great-coat, and set his companions the example of composedly wooing, on a bed of pine twigs, sweet repose for the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for THE QUEEN.

KINGS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

PART II.

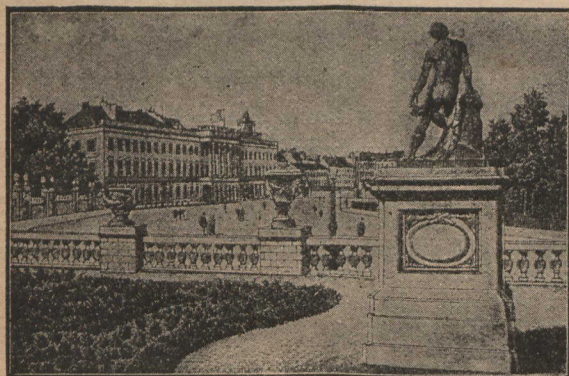
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

BELGIUM is one of the young kingdoms of Europe, and has only had two kings, Leopold I, and the present ruler, his son, Leopold II, the subject of this article.

Leopold-Louis-Phillippe-Marie-Victor was born in Brussels, on the ninth day of April, 1835, was married in his nineteenth year to the Archduchess Marie of Austria, and was crowned King of Belgium on the tenth day of December 1865. For twenty six years he has reigned over his little kingdom in peace and quietness, and if his will rules, peace and quietness will continue. Everyone remembers, or has read of the really difficult dilemma, in which he was placed, between the conquering Teutons and the irrepressible French, and everyone admired the calm, strong coolness with which he possessed his people and himself in neutrality.

Leopold II is a large, athletic, imposing looking man, with courtly manners, and good conversational ability, he is of the phlegmatic Belgian temperament, of abstemious habits, fond of outdoor exercise, and a deep reader and thinker. But once in



KING'S PALACE.

the course of his reign has he displayed the least enthusiasm, and that was called forth by the visits of Gordon and Stanley, who met with a warm reception from him. The reason of this interest was, that the King had long been nursing and fostering trade with Africa, and his favorite hobby was helped and benefited by those two intrepid explorers. He talked charmingly, and listened fascinated, to the stories of the dark continent, and the quiet home life at Brussels and Laeken was broken up by dinners, balls, and other festivities in honor of the guests.

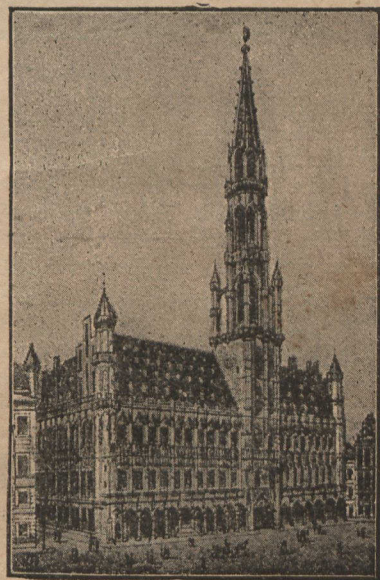
A greater contrast than is afforded by the King of the Belgians and the German Emperor, of whom I wrote last month, could scarcely be imagined or observed.

The Belgian Court life, especially since the early death of the heir to the Crown, is simple and unostentatious, in fact *bourgeois* to a degree. The stalwart king, from childhood taught to treat his lowest subject with civility and consideration, even to the extent, as the story goes, of lifting his little cap to his father's gardener, has a great dislike to the pomp and circumstance, which are delightful to his young neighbor, and goes quietly about in Brussels, every nook and corner of which he knows as well as any burgher, in and out of picture galleries, where he gladdens many a young artist by encouraging and appreciative

comments, greeting here and there a friend or a humble subject by name, for he never forgets name, face or circumstance, riding through the woods and parks, or taking long and wearing country walks, though he suffers from a very perceptible limp, always courteous, always amiable, is it a wonder that he just misses being idolized, because he lacks the warmth, the magnetism, the indefinable charm that changes respect into worship of the public man who possesses it?

The accomplished and estimable Queen, his wife, is very unlike her husband in her tastes and pursuits. She loves the opera, and attends night after night, he never enters the Opera House, though he grudges no money for its support and encouragement. She reads greedily, all the lighter literature, principally fiction; he calmly wades to his neck in "ics and isms" and is happy. She plays charmingly on the piano and harp, he

has no idea of tune or time. Since the cloud of sorrow, which her son's death brought over the Royal parent, her home life has been quieter and more unostentatious than ever, she dresses plainly, and the Royal table is supplied with only the simplest fare. The palace is a homely building, facing on the Parc Royal and attractive neither within nor without. The king rarely touches wine, and prefers water to any other beverage, his primitive campbed and plain bare looking bedroom are lessons

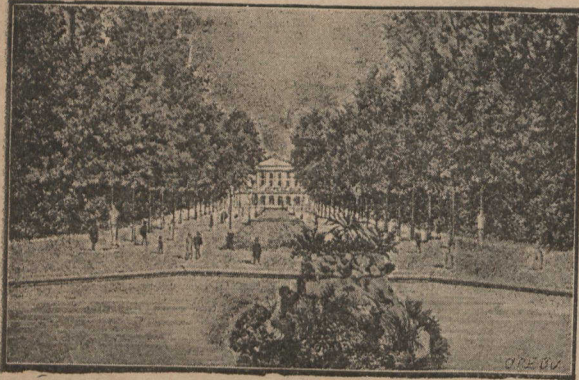


HOTEL DE VILLE.

in large type, to extravagance and luxury in high places. One article which he perforce enjoys, is his canopied, velvet-curtained throne seat in the cathedral of Ste. Gudule, where he attends service every Sunday, generally at two in the afternoon. The throne looks very grand, with the enormous golden crown on top, and King Leopold becomes it well, as he sits, dignified but reverent, through the fine service.

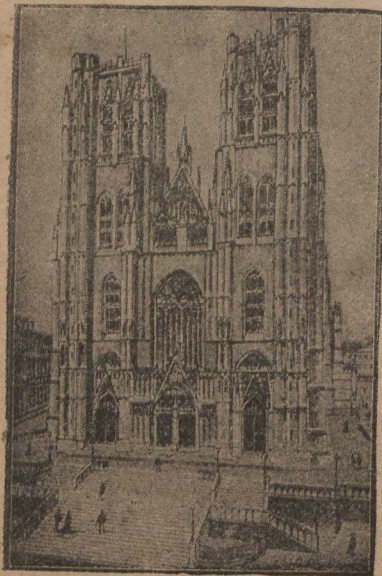
The summer residence of the Royal family in the suburbs of Brussels, called Laeken, was burned down two years ago, and the governess of the king's youngest daughter, Princess Clementine, perished in the flames. The Laeken palace was a pleasant home, and was situated in the Park, a fine stretch of woodland through which the humblest Belge or utterest stranger has right of way. I remember so well the warm summer day, on which I saw it first, and the chance meeting with the King, as he drove home to luncheon, from a military review, and my awe-struck courtesy, to the first monarch I had ever gazed upon, and the King's polite and pointed acknowledgment of it. I conceived

a decided admiration for him, which longer study of his self contained and reliable character has greatly increased. He has a decided *penchant* for England, and the English, which is not strange as he nearly escaped being a first cousin to our Queen, his father's first wife having been the beloved Princess Charlotte whose early and most touching decease made all England weep. Leopold speaks English beautifully, and has made numerous visits, *incog.*, to the British Isles. His children, beside the Crown Prince who died 1869, at the age of ten years, are three daughters. One, the wife of Prince Philip of Cobourg, another



PARC ROYAL.

the widow of ill-fated Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, and the third an interesting young girl, whom I could scarcely believe a Princess so retiring and so severely plain were her manner and dress, is the Princess Clementine, who still remains with her Royal parents. In Belgium, a woman may not reign, therefore these three daughters give place to their Uncle, the Comte de Flandres, and he in turn has passed the succession on to his



CATHEDRAL STE. GUDULE.

second son, his eldest having died quite recently. Various sorrows have come upon this good and amiable family circle. One is the sad plight of poor Empress Carlotta of Mexico, sister of the King and Comte de Flandres, who as all the world knows, lost her reason on her husband's death, and who now lives close to Brussels, a touching and mournful wreck. In the village of Laeken is the old parish church where the first King Leopold his wife and children lie peacefully in their red velvet covered coffins, and where,

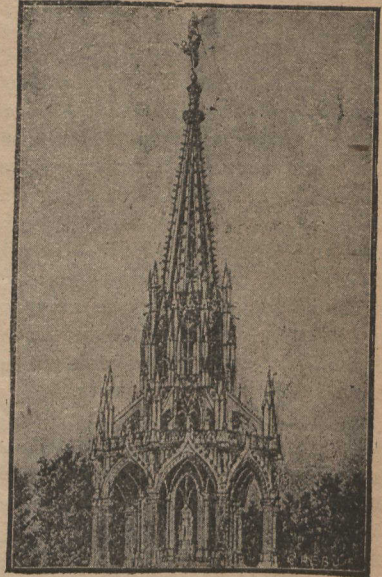
sooner or later, Leopold the Second and Queen Marie will be laid away to rest. The church is a rough queer looking edifice, built with great massive unhewn stone, and plain and undecorated interior. One can descend to the vault, and after lifting heavy velvet hangings, peep through a fret-work of iron doors, and see the Royal coffins.

By the way, there is in the Park a very grand and striking monument in commemoration of the consolidation of the Kingdom of Belgium. It has nine sides, one for each of the nine

provinces of Belgium, and King Leopold I. stands under the canopied marble. On the very tip-top is a flying figure of victory, which one can see from all over Brussels, as it springs above its setting of magnificent forest trees.

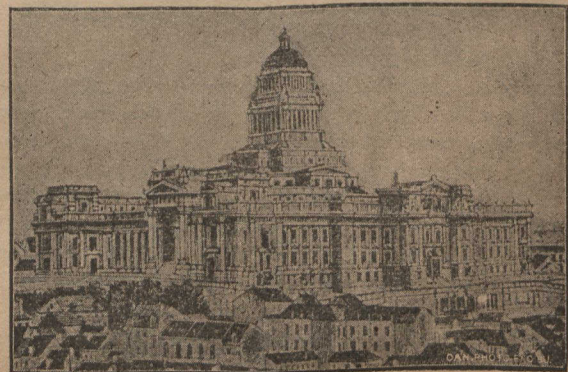
In a lately received Belgian correspondent's bright periods occurs the following mention of the Royal couple, and, as she says, is the latest and most reliable news of them:

"To-day as we walked down a shaded by-way, a tall man strode up to meet us. His fine long legs carried him over the ground at a rapid rate, in spite of the warm weather; his identity dawned upon us, when he was not ten yards away, and we hopped briskly out of his path, and bowed like Turks; up went the ungloved hand (the King never wears gloves) and with a courteous salute, the big man marched past us, fluttered, salaaming American women; 'Hasn't he pretty hands,' was my remark. 'He got them from Orleans,' said Madge



MONUMENT AT LAEKEN.

concisely, as if she were talking of the measles. 'Is that why he likes to show them?' I inquired. 'He doesn't believe in show at all,' said Madge decidedly, and neither he does. He and Queen Marie go their several ways, (they're a very independent couple.) She drives, and goes to everything that is worth going to, and I have been told that she is so fond of her horses, that she sometimes grooms one herself. King Leopold would never do for an American wife; he is too indifferent and rarely pays his Queen the slightest attention. There is an *ondit* that she would



PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

have it otherwise, but that the King is too matter of fact to be gallant, and too absorbed in his studies and thoughts to find time for chat on light and frivolous subjects. Queen Marie looks bored and unhappy sometimes, and has never gotten over her son's death. She is very kind and sympathetic to anyone in trouble, and is very attentive to her sister-in-law, the Empress Carlotta of Mexico, who is still, poor woman, as crazy as can be, once in a while."

With this happy sketch of the stalwart King and his amiable consort, I shall leave them to your consideration.

Written for THE QUEEN.

EDLEEN VAUGHAN,

OR PATHS OF PERIL.

By CARMEN SYLVA,

(HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA),

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

CHAPTER XIV.

"UNA is better!" shouted the vicarage children. "Una! Una!" cried the twins, scampering about on very straight, stout little legs, and evidently proud of being able to jump so high. "God make Una well!" cried the one. "Una all right!" chirped the other. And then they danced about again, while the three elder children ran off to decorate the drawing-room and the breakfast-table with catkins and violets. For Una was coming downstairs in her white flannel dressing-gown with the plaited cambric collar and pale pink ribbons, her cheeks faintly tinted, her beautiful eyes radiant with happiness, passing her long, glossy plaits, also tied with pink ribbons, through her slender fingers. Leaning on Martyn's arm, she walked to the head of the stairs, where he took her somewhat arbitrarily in his arms and carried her down, placing her in the big arm-chair before the chimney, and tenderly spreading a soft woollen shawl over her knees.

"You are not faint, my love?" he asked, when she leaned back smiling, and looked out into the young verdure with half closed eyes. The children pressed around her and filled her lap with violets.

"Oh, how beautiful, how very beautiful, Martyn! I have never seen such a lovely spring!"

"Ay, my love! Fields and woods grow green a month earlier than usual for your sake, to make you well again."

"My preserver!" whispered the young girl, drawing Martyn's hand to her lips. He bent rapidly down to her, just as Mrs. Gwynne came in with a large bunch of green twigs which her younger sons had given her. How the last few months had aged the stately woman; even her present joy seemed faint and tremulous and uncertain, like the light of an altar-lamp. Her heart was slow of belief, for she had schooled it night after night and day after day to submit to the impending loss. Her eyes wore the agonizing look of a drowning man's when he perceives the approaching lifeboat, but calculates the distance and his own failing strength. Gwynne looked much more hopeful when he came in; his gait was elastic again and his figure erect.

"Let us give thanks to the Lord!" he said, with radiant eyes. They all knelt down, and he breathed a short, fervent prayer, while the birds sang and the sunlight glittered out of doors. His three sons had come in softly with Missy, who brought some cordial for her darling to drink. The three younger children knelt by their father, and even the twins had dropped on their knees beside Gladys and clasped their chubby little hands. The servants, who had just come in to announce breakfast, knelt down near the door, and thus the whole household celebrated Una's recovery with grateful hearts. The only one who did not look glad was Martyn. In spite of all his exertions—his really ingenious treatment of Una—he was not confident

of her recovery, and watched her movements with much anxiety as though he saw no particular reason for rejoicing.

Morgan's face had grown handsome and manly. No trace of boyishness was left in it. His grave eyes, strongly resembling his father's, betrayed the struggles of that long winter, and there was no sign of the coming spring in them yet. He joined but sparingly in the general gladness, and often glanced across the room at Martyn to gather confidence from his looks. The father and son had had many a long talk in the study, but they had always parted troubled and dissatisfied, and Gwynne had told himself with a sigh that a stronger hand than his was needed to lead his son out of struggle and doubt.

Gladys had acquired that beauty which very young creatures owe to early grief, when their buoyant spirits have been slightly subdued and great bodily fatigue has lent a touching expression to their eyes,—eyes that rest in loving anxiety and self-forgetfulness on what they hold most dear on earth. There are female faces that smile and gaze devotedly at others all their lives and thus come to look like pictures of saints to which one is inclined to pray. Gladys had learned to bear many an unjust and hasty word that was spoken to her in the general agitation, with patience; she had learned to endure without venting every sorrow in floods of secret tears. No, she could go on quietly with her occupations now and say nothing of the grief that wrung her heart. Una herself was often fain to ask her pardon when the irritability of sickness was upon her and poor Gladys could not do anything to her liking, though she tried unwearyingly and with touching patience to assuage her sick sister's struggle between life and death.

When love dwells with a family, their characters are polished more beautifully than by other agents. Instead of saying: "It's my way; and the rest are no better than I am!" everyone says: "My God! would that I were at last what I ought to be!"

The weather grew more pleasant every day. Una felt better and better, as she glided lightly through the house. Her features were very delicate, her skin very transparent, her splendid eyes had never been so eloquent, for love and agony had dwelt in them. Martyn felt his heart throb when he saw her move among the bright young verdure which a first thunder shower and warm air so quickly lure forth. Sometimes it rained over night, and then the tender leaflets glittered in the morning sun and shone like newly-washed baby-faces. The twittering of the birds, too, grew louder and louder every day, as though they had endless stories to tell of their long migrations. Una mostly sat in an arm chair by the open door, watching the children at play and listening to Martyn as he talked or sometimes read to her, not much, lest he should fatigue her. And he would not let her ask for any needle-work, affirming that her

hands were his, and meant for the sole purpose of lying clasped in his own.

At such times Gladys would discreetly withdraw, and stroll through the park by herself, picking flowers and dreaming, as young girls will dream in spring-time when the sap rises and the air is fragrant. She mostly left her hat to dangle from her arm and the quick round spots of sunlight flitted across her hair and her white gown as she bent down for violets and anemones, or stretched her tall form to reach some blossom blowing on a tree. One day she felt herself watched while thus occupied, and when she looked up Tom stood before her. He had never seemed so handsome to her as he did that morning. She had certainly heard of his being rather wild, but her delicate ears had been guarded against the grosser truth; and so she looked attentively at handsome Tom, and wondered whether he could really be so very bad.

Tom saluted the Vicar's daughter, admiration in his look and gesture, and said he had merely come to ask for news, having been away so long.

"Why, where have you been?"

"Guess!"

"Impossible to guess that. In Ireland? In London? Where?"

"At the bard's. I passed several weeks with Llewellyn. It was a wonderful time; I learnt a good deal and forgot so much that I come back a new man with a new will."

Gladys looked into his face with warm interest.

She noticed an expression she had never seen there before, something like good-nature and gentleness. He seemed more modest, too. How was it that he had grown so different, or seemed so different to her on that fine spring-morning?

What Tom thought was plainly legible on his face.

"She's the handsomest girl between Carnarvon and Llanely, and I wasn't aware of it before to-day! Where can I have had my eyes? Why, she's downright stunning! Suppose I won her and turned steady? What a thing that would be for my mother!"

"I've found my mother very poorly," he began, his quick instinct telling him that a time of suffering makes young hearts very accessible to other people's sorrows. And indeed, the beautiful eyes before him immediately betokened warm sympathy, which he cleverly enhanced and directed towards himself by saying that he would have no home left if his mother died, and would not know where to go; perhaps to Australia. He accused himself of not having learned anything serious, because his father had grudged him all proper instruction. Everything had been considered too expensive for him, and his talents had passed unheeded, because he had been awkward in money-matters. But now Llewellyn had discovered a talent for writing in him, and so he meant to turn journalist, and would secretly try to develop into a poet and novel writer.

"I've roamed about the country and seen a good deal, you know. Maybe it was a foreboding of my being destined to write, which caused me to study the people and their ways. I have lived many a week among the workmen. I know them well, and could, no doubt, write something pretty about them."

Thus he chatted on, and then he made her tell him all the history of Una's sickness, displaying the warmest sympathy for them all. More than once his eyes even filled with tears, and he could not speak for emotion. Gladys did not weep, a sudden feeling of happiness stealing into her heart. Why, Una was quite well again now, and the spring was lovely, and Tom a poet, a genius misjudged, who had studied while they thought

him idle, and who loved his mother so very dearly! She hardly knew how long she had stood talking to him, and how slowly she returned to the house, and why she said nothing about that meeting. She only felt as though her flower-garden would be trampled down if she exposed it to view. And so she never told anyone that she saw him again next day, and the day after that, and on every following day, until at last he confessed his great, overpowering love for her, and she suffered him with a beating heart to steal a first kiss from her lips.

"Gladys," Martyn's voice sounded almost at the same instant. "Gladys. Why are you not with Una? I had been summoned to Toby's, and thought you would stay with Una." His tone was harsh and stern. Gladys shook with terror.

"Bother!" thought Tom, as he saluted the young girl and disappeared.

"What were you about here with that man?" asked Martyn.

"I?" Gladys was as red as a poppy—so red that the tears started to her eyes.

"He is not a man with whom a young girl ought even to talk."

"Why?"

"Because he is a bad man."

"He has been slandered!" gasped Gladys, feeling as though the veins at her throat must burst.

"Slandered!" cried Martyn. "He is so depraved that no decent man salutes him, and the workmen shrug their shoulders about him. What have you to do with such a man?"

He who thinks to wrench love from a young girl's heart by abusing the object of that love is sadly mistaken. You know the story of the young girl whom they told that she could not marry a certain suitor because he was a drunkard. "But if he can't help being so thirsty!" she replied.

Gladys thought something similar, when Martyn said, suddenly, "If your father knew of this, it would grieve him more bitterly than Una's sickness did at its worst."

"But my father is so charitable and forgives every sinner!"

Martyn could not help smiling, but he quickly recovered his gravity. "There is a long way between forgiving a sinner and suffering him to approach the most sacred treasure one possesses," he returned.

Gladys felt her heart grow heavy; the burning flush on her cheeks had given way to sudden pallor. She saw herself involved in a heavy, endless struggle, perhaps with all the family. She would have begged Martyn not to betray her, but she was too proud to stoop to such a request.

Thus they went in to Una, whose face brightened at Martyn's approach, but who cast an uneasy look at his clouded brow. Missy rose to leave them.

"Please, Missy, I want to speak to you. Toby is not very well," he added, turning to his betrothed and not looking at Gladys, who felt her lips throb. For a long, long while Missy and Martyn paced the big avenue, stopping repeatedly and then walking on again. Missy resolved to speak to Mrs. Gwynne, but not to the Vicar, if that could be avoided. Meanwhile Una tried to draw Gladys into conversation, but failed in consequence of the girl's abstraction, and finally sank back silent and weary into her armchair. She felt unequal even to the fatigue of waiting so long.

At last Martyn came back alone. Gladys ran out to look for Missy. She did not find her old governess in the garden, but she met her little sisters with two poor women and was detained a long while. Then she told herself that the information must have reached her mother by this time, and she hated Martyn.

"Gladys," said Mrs. Gwynne that evening, after the young girl had vainly studied every face during the day, "Gladys, my child, come to my room with me; I must speak to you."

Gladys followed her with heavy feet and a quivering heart.

"My child! You shall never become Tom's wife while I live. Do you hear, my child? You dare not love that man! Some day you will feel bitterly ashamed of having suffered your pure heart to stray towards him. I shall never speak of this again, as it has ever been our custom when I have laid a command upon any of you. You know from experience that nothing ever shakes my will. Your walks in the park will cease for the present, until I feel that I may trust my daughter again, and need not fear her meeting a lover behind my back like a servant-maid. You have placed no confidence in me, and now, I am sorry to say, I can no longer place any in you."

Gladys lay upon her knees and cried as if her heart would break. Everything seemed shattered; her love, her happiness, her intercourse with her mother, which had really been ideal. She felt miserable, despised, and cast off, and shed burning tears through all that night.

Mrs. Gwynne was in earnest. She had held the reins of her household with a firm hand and did not mean to slacken them. She looked upon her daughter's suffering as a beneficent spring-storm which would leave her the fairer and more blooming.

Next morning Gladys came downstairs with pale cheeks and sunken eyes, and slipped into the breakfast-room so quietly that her parents, who were pacing the terrace, did not perceive their child, and never guessed that she heard their conversation word for word.

"Ay," said Gwynne, "we must accept it as a humiliation from God, that our child has gone thus astray. Tom is a notorious scoundrel, and my only hope is that he will deliver Morgan from Kathleen and cure him of his infatuation for her by betraying his own relations to the unfortunate girl."

Gladys' heart stood still.

"Morgan will not listen to me," Gwynne continued. "But God will open his eyes one day, and that, I hope, before it is too late. He must not hear aught of this, however, or he will be tempted to lay violent hands on Tom, which would not occasion any loss to society, but would certainly kill poor Edleen. You will watch over Gladys, I suppose?"

"Of course I shall."

The family assembled round the breakfast table. Gladys was busy with some flowers and had no hand free for Martyn, nor did she hear when he spoke to her, but answered Freddy who required some important information. Martyn turned away, resolved to wait patiently till he should be taken into favor again. He saw regretfully how haggard Gladys looked, and he longed to comfort her. But there was no help for it, just as there was none for the clouds either that suddenly gathered in the sky and proved the harbingers of a three days' pouring rain. It was hard to be tied to the house and yet to conceal from Una that they were not on speaking terms.

At the end of the third day, Una complained of a headache. The parents were surprised at Martyn's look of alarm; they thought it quite natural that the unpleasant weather should make Una's head ache. During the night the pain abated a little; but on the following morning, when a cold storm shook the blossoming trees, she thought she had never suffered such tortures. She could not lie or sit still, but walked to and fro, wringing her cold hands and moaning. At last she flung herself on the ground before her father and pressed her face against his knees.

"My head feels as if it were locked in a vice! I suffer horribly!"

She rose to her feet, and staggered. Martyn and Gladys sprang towards her to prevent her from falling. But she drew herself away from them almost impatiently.

"Let me go! let me go! I must move about! I can't keep still!"

Morgan laid his hand on Martyn's shoulder and looked up at him interrogatively. Martyn shook his head, and two great tears fell from his eyes. He compressed his lips and bent his head. The next instant he drew Una's hand through his arm with a reassuring smile, and walked up and down with her, past the lamp and firelight, and back into the light again. At times Una laid her head upon his shoulder and moaned aloud, but she still walked to and fro until the night was far advanced. Her parents and Missy, Gladys and Morgan, sat about the room in silence, their heavy hearts foreboding the approach of danger. When Gladys happened to push a little book off a table, Una all but screamed:

"What a noise! Like the report of a gun!"

She pressed her hands against her temples. A moment later she complained of the storm howling so dreadfully; she could not bear the din any longer; she must go mad if it would last till daybreak.

"If Ulla the witch were here, she would lay it with her spells," she said, smiling, but the smile brought on poignant pain, and forced a groan from her lips.

At last she threw herself on the carpet and writhed with agony. Martyn and Morgan exchanged glances. They quickly lifted the half-unconscious girl in their arms and bore her upstairs to her bed. There she lay with closed eyes and scarlet cheeks, and talked and moaned incessantly. No one moved, as the slightest sound made her scream with pain. Morgan signed to the others to pull off their shoes, and fetched his mother the soft slippers she had not worn since Una's recovery. As to Missy, she was never heard; the children had always affirmed that she had felt soles to her shoes.

By-and-bye the pain passed away, and Una lay wrapt in pleasant fancies night and day. But her face grew hourly more emaciated, her eyes more hollow, and her lips so thin that they no longer covered her teeth. Mrs. Gwynne, Missy, and Gladys only lay down on a sofa in the adjoining room, to rest for a quarter-of-an-hour at a time, or went to bathe their hands and faces. Martyn sometimes slumbered in his chair when Una was quiet, but he never stirred from her bedside.

She lay thus for three weeks, a happy smile on her face, fancying herself among beautiful meadows, with heavenly angels around her. Then she took a tender leave of all, that happy smile still lingering on her face.

She repeatedly took Martyn's and Gladys' hands and joined them together. "Martyn and Gladys!" she whispered, contentedly. The two had fixed their eyes on Una, and did not look at each other. Martyn had not again spoken to Gladys, except to give her medical directions, when she would bend her head, with its crown of plaits, like a sad and offended queen whose dignity forbids her looking sad and offended. Gladys had indulged in floods of tears during those last days and nights before Una's new attack; she had cried till she could cry no more for headache, and till her eyes were too sore to move in their sockets.

"So easy, so easy!" whispered Una. "Dying is as easy as playing with children. For, you see, they all beckon to me from their gardens, and cry, 'Fly! fly! Your wings are grow-

ing! Fly like a morning cloud! Don't you see how they beckon? Oh, pray, don't hold me back! Gladys darling! Come here into my arms! Be a comfort to our father and mother and Martyn! Be their comfort, their light, their sun! They beckon, they beckon! It is so bright over there, so lovely! Don't you see how the great light beams down upon us? Don't you see the blissful faces? They smile and smile. I must go to them. I cannot stay. It is too dark for me down here. I shall stand up there among them. Father, you will be the first to follow me, long before all the others. Martyn and Gladys must wander about in the dark still, and love each other very, very dearly. But I shall wait. I shall wait for you all. Missy will come next. Morgan, my darling brother, be strong, be good, and leave the bad girl to her bad friend. She is no wife for you. Leave her to Tom and take Winnie, little Winnie. Morgan, I love her. Send for her, when I am gone; she is to look upon me once more. But not Kathleen, not Kathleen; she is a bad girl; leave her to Tom, who is even worse than she. Morgan, my darling brother, you will grow to be such a good man. When our father has come after me, you will preach from his pulpit, and Winnie will be your wife. I see it all. You will take Winnie to live here, will you not? Kathleen ill-treats her and spoils her beautiful character. She is to have no teacher but Missy, Morgan, and my friend Llewellyn. Give Llewellyn my love. Tell him he must make a beautiful song in my memory and teach Winnie to sing it with her bird-like voice. Mind you bring Winnie to look at me when I am gone; and give her my legacy, the Bible Morgan gave me. Tell her I understand her and know what she suffers. Will you tell her, Missy? Nay, let me go, let me go; they beckon, and you hold me back with your love!"

She run on in this strain, almost without interruption. She never once recovered her consciousness, never once recognized those who surrounded her couch, although she talked to them incessantly. If the person she addressed approached her, she did not look up, and spoke to someone else. What work this term of suffering wrought in everyone of them, later events will show. But it bore fruit to them all, for to those who love God even sorrow is blest.

The very children, who were permitted to come in at times, looked grave and paced the garden like old people, exchanging their ideas about death and eternity, until a butterfly or a squirrel transported them with delight, and their joy at the good things of this earth burst forth involuntarily.

It was at sunrise, after a night of feverish struggle, that Una bowed her head and closed her beautiful eyes for ever. As they knelt around her, weeping low and quietly, Gwynne's deep firm voice rose above them:

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

But that evening he had an asthmatic attack which alarmed the family so greatly, that they had no time to think of their own exhaustion in the presence of this new, afflicting care.

Next morning Missy led Winnie into the death-chamber. Gladys had just strewn the whole bed with flowers, and Una lay under them like a fair white bride, smiling. A roseate hue almost stole into the pale, cold cheeks, as the sun shone through the closed blinds. Missy took the child on her lap, and the little thing stared with big eyes at Una's lashes that threw such black shadows on her cheeks, at the white lips with their immovable smile, and the emaciated hands that could not hold a flower now.

"But she is with the dear Lord, isn't she? How can she be here as well?" whispered Winnie.

"She left her body here, like a garment she needs no longer; for she will have a much fairer one, with wings to it, in Heaven. And she bade us tell you that you must be good and very patient, and pardon those who hate you, because they are unhappy themselves; and then, one day, she will call you. She will call us all—all, and then we shall leave our earthly garb behind and fly into her arms."

They sat there a long while. Gladys stood at the foot-end of the bed, no longer weeping, almost reflecting her sister's peaceful smile in her own pale face.

Morgan came in and looked into Winnie's sweet eyes and serious little countenance. His gaze was a very earnest one. Did he think of Una's bequest while he held Winnie's little hand in his?

At that instant Kathleen slipped into the room and began to weep aloud.

"Let us go," Winnie entreated; and Missy took the child away, feeling that so noisy a manifestation of grief would destroy the peaceful impression she had received.

Then Kathleen stood between the brother and sister, who fixed their tearless eyes upon her, the hearts of both throbbing with the same unspoken question: "And Tom?"

Kathleen knelt down by the death-bed and wept and prayed, but yet put her hand up to her hair, which fell in thick curls upon her neck and was tied with a black ribbon. Had she been able to read the brother's and sister's thoughts at that moment, she would have been less careful of her gown lying in pretty folds about her kneeling figure. When she rose, she embraced Gladys, and blushing offered Morgan her hand; she even stood a long while after that, lost in contemplation of the dead girl, because she fancied the brother's and sister's admiring glances fixed upon herself.

The bells tolled, and tolled, and tolled.

Slowly and solemnly the long funeral-train passed away.

The people had come from all the country round; none who could possibly go was missing. Gwynne walked between Martyn and Morgan. The younger brothers helped to carry the coffin. Freddy clung to Morgan's hand, whilst the weeping women sat silently together behind the closely drawn curtains and listened to the heartrending chant that rose from numberless throats and floated—swelled with the pealing of the church-bells—out into the pleasant spring-day. Another minister made the funeral-speech and consecrated the coffin. But though Gwynne's hand shook when they handed him the first spadeful of earth, he repeated with a loud voice:

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

CHAPTER XV.

The music of the bells floated across Una's open grave, and past the disfigured mound where gentle Nature had covered the pitiless hole left by the missing cross with fairest spring flowers, and far away to the lonely forest home, where Temorah lay deadly sick and faint beside her babe.

How sweet those spring days were, when every leaflet seemed bent on displaying its delight in life! The beech leaves still retained rims of the silvery down in which their buds had been wrapt, while the unfurling oak leaves nestled blood-red against the brown boughs. The ground was strewn with blossoms peeping curiously from their light green cups. The woodruff stood in bloom, and the moss held up its flourishing little shafts and sent its peculiar, invigorating fragrance abroad. It was enough to make one drop upon the ground among the sweet exhalations of the forest and forget every earthly woe!

But poor Temorah knew naught of fragrance and nodding flowers, of snowy blossoms and awakening life. Her agony had been so great, her misery and loneliness so cruel, that she even repented at last of having kept her secret so closely, and would have given it to the winds to obtain but a moment's human sympathy and aid.

And yet there was someone in the wide world who thought of poor Temorah. Llewellyn had not forgotten her. Her beautiful boy was barely three days old when the minstrel knocked at her door.

"Let me in, my child! You have nothing to fear and nothing to hide from me. I know all, and am mute as the grave."

She trembled so violently that it was some time before she could unbar her door, and on the threshold she fell into his arms and wept aloud, like a child on its mother's breast.

"Ah, a human being! a living soul! a voice! a comfort!" she sobbed. "I was near to die, and I feel so weak, so weak, and so thirsty?"

Llewellyn saw that she was in a high fever, and compelled her to go to bed. During several days he nursed her like a tender mother, seeing to all that was needful and taking care of the child. Amid her feverish dreams she heard him sing her little one to sleep, as he rocked it on his knees. One of his songs impressed itself faintly upon her memory. It ran thus:

"Now don a garb of purest snow,
My fairy of the dell!
And by thy heart as pure as snow,
Then will I love thee well."

"My gown is wrought of blossoms white,
From blowing haw and tree,
My heart is pure and sad, my love,
And ever yearns for thee."

"I'll see thee clad in virgin white,
In which the angels shine;
I'll know thee fit to wear that garb,
Or never call thee mine."

"I made a robe of down as white
As ever angel wore,
Of doves in all the country round,
And sea-gulls on the shore."

"The snow from Heaven is pure and cold,
And brooks no sinful glow;
And I will test thy bosom's truth,
By decking it with snow."

"I wove a robe of spider-web,
That caught the moonbeam's sheen,
Of maidenhair, and mist and rime,
And drops of dew between."

"And though thy garb reflect the moon,
And shine with rime and dew,
With mist and pallid maidenhair,
It cannot vouch thee true!"

"Then past she over hill and dale
To Snowden's icy crest,
And strove to lay its snow in folds
Upon her gentle breast."

"Alas, my love, my toil is vain!
Those folds will never stay!
They melt upon my burning heart,
And roll in tears away."

"Thy heart is hot with fickle fire,
And many an idle vow!
I will not plight my love and troth
To one so light as thou."

"Then will I seek beneath the turf
A cold and lowly bed:
The snow will stay upon my grave,
When once my heart is dead."

Temorah heard, but hardly comprehended. The song did not seem at all sad to her, because it was about snow, about

something cool in the midst of her burning fever and parching thirst.

"Snow," she murmured, "snow, white, cool snow."

Then Llewellyn gave her to drink, and hushed her child to sleep again. It was touching to see the old man's care and kindness.

"Why should I live, unless it be to help!" He walked to the village, bought food and drink, and was gone again before they could trace his steps. But as he was known to change his places of abode very often, people did not question or spy upon the strange old man.

One evening a band of young folks flocked around him requesting a song. They were miners with their sweethearts and he gazed approvingly at their comely faces all aglow with the light of the setting sun. As he had not taken his harp with him, instruments were produced from all sides.

"Thou land of minstrels!" he exclaimed joyfully. "My beautiful, song-loving Wales, where fair girls bloom in every homestead, and melody dwells in every ruddy lip, how I love thee! Ah, children, I will sing, and you shall join in the chorus. Attend then—

Banners wave, and blazing hamlets
Tell a tale of deadly fray;
Those who cannot fly will slumber
On the plain till judgment-day.

There's a knight on foaming stallion
Rides in silence through the land,
Blood upon his mail and visor,
Blood upon his mighty brand.
No one ever saw his features,
No one knows his kin or name,
Or the board at which he feasted,
Or the home from which he came,
But they know his noble bearing,
Know the swiftness of his horse,
And his arm's victorious power,
And the thunder of his course.

Banners wave—the fray is ended,
Land and stream are red with gore;
Flames expire, and weary warriors
Seek some hospitable door.

Hark! a voice before the gateway,
Deep of sound, but sweet and free—
"Fairest maid, a thirsty soldier
Craves a draught of wine from thee!"
She descends and bids him welcome,
And her eyes with gladness shine;
"Noble knight, why turn'st thou from me
While quaff'st the sparkling wine?"
"Maid, my glance engenders horror,
Hate and fear my loathsome mien!
None ere now have heard my accents,
None my baleful face have seen."

Banners wave—the host he routed
Have dispersed with groan and cry;
They no longer strive to rally,
They no longer shame to fly.

"Though thy face turned men to marble,
And thy glances burned like flame;
As thou art our greatest hero,
I would love thee all the same!"
"If my features do not daunt thee,
Take me for thy chosen knight!"
Then his lifted visor shows him
Fair and comely, young and bright.
"Twas my dream to win affection
By my warlike deeds alone;
Valiant maid, those deeds have won thee,
And I claim thee for my own!"

Banners wave—the victors triumph,
Broad swords clash and trumpets bray.
Wooded in mail at close of battle,
Silent on his breast she lay.

CHAPTER XV.

When Temorah reappeared in the house where she was wont to work, she explained that she had been summoned to a distant village to nurse a sick relative of hers, who had died in her arms, and whose new-born baby she had brought home with her.

"Why, how would she bring it up?"

"Llewellyn has given me a goat."

This was true. When she had to go away for hours she would lay a bottle of goat's milk beside the child to keep it from starving, and then would try to make up to the little one at night for the day's privations. Sometimes she was obliged to pass to and from her cottage twice a day to look after her child. But Llewellyn had interested Edleen in her, and thus she was relieved in many ways, provided with food and drink, with linen and clothing. Mrs. Gwynne, too, sent Missy with presents and orders for work to assist Temorah in her charitable enterprise. At the vicarage sorrow had not dried the warm springs of neighbourly love, and Edleen was brimming with joy and gratitude because Llewellyn had sent Tom back to her a better man, full of good aspirations. In her happiness she had forgot that she had sold her finest diamonds to clear him, that she had made an anxious and miserable man of the contented Lewes. Kathleen heard of Temorah's pretended nephew, and her hatred increased as she saw Tom depressed and sad. He passed a good deal of his time at home now, wasted an immense quantity of ink and paper, indited numberless verses and letters to Gladys, only to burn them afterwards, and never looked at Kathleen. But poor little Kathleen thought, with a choking sensation at her throat, how she had sold all her small belongings, her ornaments, even the silk stockings she used to be so fond of, for graceless Tom's sake; how she had gone without all the pretty trifles, the ribbons, and sashes, the gloves she liked to deck herself with, only to keep Tom out of prison. And this was her reward! Winnie and Minnie suffered a good deal from her at this time, and, as they knew of no excuse for her bad temper, they began to play her all sorts of tricks by way of revenge. Tom was zealous in abetting them. "Now we'll make her furious!" they would say, and when tears of hot anger and bitter indignation quivered on her long lashes, her tormentors would burst out laughing, and no punishment could break them off this ugly game. It was a new pastime Tom had invented to cheer the terrible monotony of the so-called respectable life he was now leading. The little girls had never been so naughty; Tom seemed to detect and develop every evil quality they possessed. Vaughan was surprised at the continual complaints. Hitherto his little ones had always given him pleasure. Now he was often called upon to punish, to banish them from his presence. He felt this deeply, for their birdlike chatter had been his sole distraction of late. Tom was fiendishly pleased to take such subtle revenge on his step-father, and to torment Kathleen and his spoilt little sisters at the same time. Every day he invented some new trick, and he was so clever at getting out of scrapes by means of ready falsehoods, that angelic Minnie was tempted to try a little fib herself one day. But then Vaughan lectured his children with such passionate eloquence, punished them so severely, and looked so bitterly grieved, that the little ones vowed they would never tell a story again as long as they lived. They saw that their father had grown quite thin and wrinkled, when he took them to his heart again after a week of stern displeasure. Their only consolation had been Maggie, whose dismissal they had effectually opposed with floods of tears. They hardly saw Kathleen now. She had no thought of them.

She roamed about the country in the restlessness of her heart, planning all sorts of terrible revenge upon Tom. She longed to strangle him, to stab him, to see him in the gaol from which she had saved him with such infinite pains. Love and hatred struggled so fiercely in her heart, that the poor child knew not where to turn in her indecision and despair. She thought Temorah the cause of all her misery, and lay awake many a night, busy with schemes of retribution.

By-and-bye the Vaughan family went up to London for the season. Tom poured his ink out of window, presented his paper to his sisters, and was soon immersed in a whirl of pleasures after his own taste. The little ones had masters, and Kathleen lived in a waking dream. Vaughan saw very well that her teaching counted no longer. Edleen shone in her sham ornaments; she was obliged to open and fill her drawing-rooms, to return visits, to show herself at balls and theatres. Vaughan exacted this from his beautiful wife: he was proud of the homage she received wherever she went, and at which her lacerated spirit winced.

"I fear," said Vaughan one day, "we shall have to dismiss the coachman, in spite of his good references."

"That's a pity," rejoined Edleen listlessly. "I have never been driven so well as within the last six weeks."

"Ah, but the servants notice continual thefts of linen, silver, harness and whips, and there are some strong grounds of suspicion against him."

"Well, then we will dismiss him; only make no row, Harry," said his wife wearily, turning her delicate face towards him.

"I wonder whether you have remarked the disreputable looking people that surround the carriage since the new coachman has entered our service."

"I have indeed remarked and even been frightened at them; but the coachman looks so respectable with his fine whiskers. He powders his hair cleverly, and there is something genteel in his bearing."

"The whiskers may be false, Edleen, and the references bought of another. Who knows who is hiding with us?"

As he spoke, Edleen felt a shock which made her heart stand still. She looked at her husband. No, he had spoken without any hidden meaning.

She sent for Lewes.

"Lewes!" she gasped, with quivering voice and burning eyes. "Lewes! the new coachman who is to be dismissed to-day because he steals is Tom!" She almost screamed the words.

Lewes turned pale and grasped a chair to steady himself.

"Lewes! Here, take this big diadem! and those pearls! and save my child! Lewes—Lewes what am I to do? I feel very ill, Lewes; I shall leave London at once, for I have terrible pains in my chest, and I will not consult anyone but Martyn; I do not want another physician. I can no longer eat for pains. I have dragged myself to balls and dinner-parties these two months, to be near and protect Tom. And this is how I protect him, Lewes; I would I were dead!"

"I would I were dead," echoed Lewes in his heart. Vaughan had lately overwhelmed him with marks of confidence. He was now to reap the fruits of years of faithful service. He felt as if burning coals were being heaped on his head. His lips and tongue were continually parched, his hands and feet icy cold, and he avoided his old friend Owen like his conscience.

However, he sent for Tom, the pretended coachman, and told him that he was under strong suspicion of dishonesty, and would be delivered over to justice without delay.

Thereupon Tom dropped his assumed character, and entreated Lewes to shield and pity him, calling himself a wretch unworthy to live, and crouching at the feet of the head-clerk, who tried to drown his indignation and disgust in his wild, unbounded love for Edleen. He kept the culprit confined in his own room till the most pressing debts were paid: but he could not help treating him with such contempt that Tom vowed he would be revenged upon him as upon the rest of them. "Patience!" thought he. "You shall grow wretched in your turn, till you learn courtesy to the destitute and humility to the fallen!"

Edleen breathed more freely when she knew Tom in Lewes's keeping and left the city without seeing her son.

Immediately on his arrival in Wales, Vaughan visited Gwynne and was deeply grieved at the change which had come over him. But by-and-bye his friend's gentleness gave him courage to mention the request he had come to make; that Mrs. Gwynne and Missy would take charge of his two little daughters.

"They are the light of my eyes," he said, with quivering lips; "but my wife is so ill, and things have come to such a pass at my house, that I feel very anxious about the children. Kathleen is hardly adequate to the task of nursing my wife. I think my request a monstrous one. But I am in great distress." He broke off, and softly tapped the ground with his boot, trying to regain his self-possession.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," say the English. Vaughan's request was kindly granted; Missy patiently accepted this new task; Gladys was pleased to have Tom's sisters with her; Morgan thought the children would prove an attraction to Kathleen; and Mrs. Gwynne secretly remembered Una's prophecy, and wondered tremblingly, whether all she had said would come true.

She had cause to tremble, for Gwynne's asthmatic attacks were growing worse and more frequent. He could bear nothing but a loose kerchief about his throat now, and often complained of his hands and feet being swollen. Martyn was called in so frequently that he decided to settle in the place altogether; he bought a pretty cottage, and was soon in such request that he had little rest by day or night—a good thing for him certainly, as his heart was heavy. He had little hope of saving the Vicar and had been much distressed to detect an incurable disease in Edleen, which heavy sorrow had engendered, and was daily developing. He made it his most sacred task to mitigate the sufferings of these two patients of his.

Gladys still treated him with great coldness, though with respect and frequent recognition of his devotion. She could not forgive him; and Una's bequest caused them to shrink the more shyly from each other, as neither would seem to remember her words.

Martyn had one particular favorite in the place—Temorah's little boy—a charming, merry little fellow, who would try to stand on his sturdy little legs, and stretch his arms out to him whenever he appeared. Temorah had been ill and obliged to consult him, and he had cured and comforted her so kindly, even while he guessed her secret, that she had almost shaken off her morbid fear of her fellow-creatures and taken heart again.

The new inmates of the vicarage cried so bitterly at first, that their kind friends felt quite anxious about them.

Minnie kept pressing her little hand upon her heart and sobbing as if in pain. They asked her whether she missed her mother, or Kathleen, or her father, or Prinnie?

"No, no, no," sobbed the child, "my heart's so sore!"

And Winnie put her arms round her little sister and cried quietly upon her shoulder.

At last Morgan drew the two children into his arms:

"Tell me quite softly what makes you so miserable."

"Maggie!" sobbed the youngest. "Maggie! I *can't* do without Maggie!"

"Maggie's the only person that loves us," said Winnie.

"Maggie, poor Maggie. My heart's so sore, ever so sore. *She can't* do without us either. Maggie's sure to die without us!"

Morgan immediately drove over to Mr. Vaughan's, and when he drew up before the vicarage an hour later and Maggie flew into the children's arms, they were so happy that Mrs. Gwynne began to understand how wretched they must have been at home, how much cause of anxiety Vaughan had had with regard to their pure little souls. Morgan was pained to remark that they spoke no word and shed no tear with reference to Kathleen, and were rather frightened than pleased whenever she made her appearance. He thought Winnie had grown remarkably clever, and marvelled at her great talent, her sweet singing. Llewellyn was persuaded to stay all summer at the vicarage, where he cheered the vicar, taught the children and comforted Mrs. Gwynne; the quiet sadness which pervaded the house never diminished the charm of his presence. The numerous children, too, kept the hearth lively, and Vaughan came often to soothe his sorrowful heart. When Gwynne, Llewellyn, Vaughan, Martyn and Morgan conversed together, Gladys would listen like a flower turning towards the sun. Her soul unclosed and took in great thoughts which stirred these men. As to her love, she bore it silently and patiently, heavy though it seemed, and when her heart threatened to grow unruly and rebellious, she would go to Una's grave and pray till she was calm again.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Are you fond of Llewellyn, Missy?" queried Winnie.

"Very fond."

"Ah, I am glad of that! I'm so fond of him myself, I'd have been very sorry if you hadn't cared for him! Daisy loves him and so do Freddy and Lizzie and the other children."

"Because he is a good, good man."

"But God will not take him from us, will He?"

"I hope not, my child."

"Freddy says God takes all good people to Heaven, and that's why He's going to take *his* father."

"Ah, I hope He will not take him yet!"

"Nay, but Missy, he suffers so much."

"True, he suffers."

"Please, what's the meaning of a glove?"

"A glove, child?"

"Yes, what does one mean when one gives somebody a glove?"

"The knights used to throw down their gloves when they meant to fight someone."

"Oh, yes, I've known that a long time. But between women!"

"I think I do not understand your question, Winnie."

"Well, I didn't understand what I saw myself, Missy."

"What did you see?"

"I saw Kathleen standing on the bridge where Daisy has that bird's nest in the old willow, you know, Missy. There are little birds in it. But they're not all pretty."

"Little birds never are."

"Oh, yes, chickens are; chickens are very pretty as soon as ever they creep out of their eggs; do you remember Missy how that one ran about with the shell on its back!"

"Yes, I remember. And what was Kathleen doing on the bridge?"

"Nothing. She never does anything, you know."

"Is it nice and kind of you to say that?"

"No; but it's true."

"Do you know why she does not occupy herself?"

"No."

"Have you ever asked her whether she feels sad?"

"Of course she feels sad."

"Why so?"

"Because Tom doesn't care for her anymore, and doesn't want to marry her."

"How do you know that?"

"I asked him, and he said, 'I wouldn't take her on any account; we're both as poor as rats.'"

"And you repeated that to Kathleen?"

"Oh, she had been sad before. She was always crying."

"So she was crying as she stood on that bridge?"

"Not just then. As she stood there, Temorah came up to her; you know Temorah?"

"I do, very well."

"Temorah took a glove from her pocket and showed it to Kathleen, and Kathleen turned very pale. I saw her."

"Perhaps it was only your fancy."

"I'm not like Tom; I'm like my father. Tom had another father; he isn't my brother really."

"Nay, child, you have one mother."

"Hum!" muttered the child, curving her lips.

"And the glove?"

"Temorah said to her; 'I wish to return your property, and to thank you for adorning my mother's grave.' You should have seen Kathleen's face, Missy; it was quite, quite white."

"You see, my child, that we two cannot understand what those girls said to each other."

"Ah, but listen!"

"Is there more to hear?"

"Do you think it nice to throw things in people faces?"

"No, child; who would be so rude?"

"Kathleen was. She threw that glove in Temorah's face. And then Temorah took hold of her wrist till she screamed and writhed with pain. Temorah had turned white too, and gnashed her teeth, and said: 'If you ever expose me to public shame again, as you did that day, I'll kill you!' And Kathleen writhed and moaned; 'I've done you no harm! You've robbed me of everything, everything, everything!' And Temorah said: 'Take it back; I don't want it any more!' and laughed aloud; but so strangely, Missy. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Her eyes didn't laugh, nor did her lips; and Kathleen was frightened. For Temorah's eyes flashed, and Temorah is so big and strong. They hate each other, those two."

"What can a little child like you know about hating?"

"Why, Tom hates my father, and Temorah hates Kathleen, and my mother hates Owen—"

"Hush, child! You must never use that horrible word again. Did you ever hear it with us?"

"No, but that's different."

"Why?"

"At a clergyman's house!"

"I fancy all human creatures should live at peace with one another."

"Missy! we never said a word when Tom burnt our doll, though we might have got him into trouble by telling papa; but mamma is fond of Tom."

"Well, that was good of you."

Missy was glad to drop the delicate subject with a hasty word of commendation, and to send the children out to the meadow to play. She mused long and deeply on what she had heard, but breathed no word of it to anyone. She thought it might prove a means by-and-bye of curing Gladys. For she guessed at once that Tom was at the bottom of the quarrel, and only felt relieved that his name had not been mentioned in the child's hearing.

After the scene witnessed by Winnie, Kathleen had left the bridge and turned into a forest-track which led her by a green, copperish lake to Ulla the witch's dwelling. She repeatedly lost her way, for she hardly knew the right direction, and her hot eyes were dim. She wanted to revenge herself—and on Temorah. Of late, Tom's coldness towards herself had increased. He passed most of his time at home now, or at Martyn's. His mother had lain on her knees before him, and once more stirred his better instincts, so that he tried to work. As to Martyn, Tom only visited him in the hope that he would influence Gwynne in his favor, when he should attempt to win Gladys. And Martyn bore his presence like an invalid's. He pitied the unhappy mother profoundly, and had told Tom that he might shorten or prolong her days as he listed. But when one endeavors to soften a bad man's heart, one does not consider that he will employ one's well-meant words in an evil way and use them as new tools to do harm with.

Kathleen began to feel uneasy as the sunset and the shades of night sank down upon the valleys, where lines of lightly rising vapor marked the course of the river. But she would not turn back after coming so far, and was also afraid of losing her way altogether in the forest wilderness. Presently a faint glimmer of light apprised her that she had reached the witch's cavern, and she entered it with timid, noiseless steps. She saw nothing at first but a small fire and something dark crouching on the ground. But by-and-bye she distinguished the shadowy form of a woman and a terrible face illumined by a bluish, flickering flame. She would have fled then, had not a deep, melodious voice addressed her.

"Whither wilt thou fly so fast, maiden, when thy heart has led thee hither; thy poor frightened little heart, which flutters in thy breast like a bird?"

"They say, mother, thou can't read and disclose the present and the future."

"Ay, my child, at times, a little, when the Great Spirit is willing that I should. Sometimes he will not reveal his secrets to me. But, who knows how much he may do for the sake of beauty such as thine!"

"I am not beautiful; I am no blessing to others, and a burden to myself. I wish you would tell me that I shall die very soon."

"Die, because thy lover has turned from thee? Die, because thy heart is not satisfied? Die, while the sun shines, while thou art young as day, fair as sin, charming as a doe, with eyes like deep lakes and lashes like clustering heather?"

"Of what use is it all to me, mother, when I am so unhappy."

"Has thy young falcon soared so far from thee?"

"He never looks at me now."

"Have others snared him?"

"How do you know that, mother?"

"I know everything under the sun and the moon, everything that stirs in the human brain. I also know that thou wouldst be avenged."

"I? Avenged? I would indeed!"

"But vengeance is no easy shaft to wield ; it often rebounds, wounding him that threw it, and I would not see so sweet a maiden hurt. Thou art beautiful, maiden. Why did he forsake thee?"

"I do not know ; I only saw them together : I heard her say ; 'Come, come to my cottage !' and the pain all but killed me."

"Was she, who thus robbed thee, wife or maid?"

"A maiden, fair and beautiful ; ah, so beautiful, so tall—much lovelier than I am !"

"Thou shouldst immediately have taken earth from a spot where two dogs had fought and thrown it on her foot-marks ; then he would not have given her another thought."

"And he is not ashamed of his untruth. He tells me she is more beautiful than I."

"How cruel ! And thou thirstest for revenge, my beautiful child?"

"Yes, but I fear too."

"Well, we will choose such a mode of revenge as shall destroy thy rival and bring *him* back to thee. He shall love thee so passionately, that he shall tremble when he but beholds thee ; that thou shalt have it in thy power to torment and madden and play with him. Will that delight thee?"

"It would indeed. Then I should be revenged on him as well."

"He shall rush after thee like a mountain torrent, crouch before thee like a serpent, hover round thee like an eagle, and thou shalt laugh at his torture."

"Yes, mother, yes !—help me to this !"

"Is he young and handsome?"

"Very handsome, very young, and very wild."

"Has he father and mother?"

"Yes and no ; his father is dead, if you must know that."

"Ay, ay, I know ; he has a stepfather, has not he?"

"How do you know?"

"I know everything, my child. And so thou give me time, I will tell thee the initial of thy rival's name. Is it not a T?"

"Yes it *is* a T."

"Thou seest that naught is concealed from me."

"How do you come to know so much?"

"I know more. I know that she has a child."

"A child ! *his* child ! *his* child ! Ah, now I understand what has estranged him from me."

"Nay, that is no reason, sweet innocent."

"If she has a child?"

"Nay, my beauty, he can come back to thee all the same, especially if the child cease to be."

"How shall it cease to be?"

"I have raised the ghost of the dead mother, the mother of the girl T, you know, T."

"Yes, yes, I know ; did she come from hell?"

"She did, child, straight from hell ; and she wailed : 'My child ! my child !'"

"She wailed?" Kathleen trembled from head to foot ; the witch stole a lingering glance at her.

"And I asked : 'What shall become of thy child?' 'Reed-grass and weeds !—' And of thy child's child?'—'Ashes, ashes!'—so spake the mother of the girl T, and wailed bitterly. If thou wouldst hear her to-night, I'll call her into the rushes here, and thou canst question her thyself."

"No, no, for Heaven's sake do not call her, do not call her ! I should die of terror !"

"Nay, what cause hast thou to fear the mother?"

"I—I—have cut—have cut *his* name into her cross—to punish her daughter—"

"And his name begins with T.!"

"How do you know?"

"The dead woman told me. She felt it all. Each cut of thine was a cut into her heart, and her daughter has had no peace from that day."

"How *can* you know?"

"I went to see her, child."

"The daughter?"

"Yes. My mirror had shown me that she was in distress, and I went to offer her aid. But she would not accept it."

"She would not? Why not?"

"She thought to bind him whose name begins with T. the more closely to herself."

"I see."

"She shall find herself mistaken. He shall hate and discard her. Hast thou never gone to look upon his child?"

"Never."

"No? That surprises me."

"Why?"

"Tis a strange feeling after all. *His child!* Does it not thrill thee here?" She had stretched herself to her full height and laid her bony hand upon Kathleen's heart. "Does the thought, *his child!* not quiver and burn in there? If ever thou seest that child, thou wilt long to scorch it with thy glances, to kiss it dead. Dost thou not feel that, sweet one, in thy passionate, burning heart?"

Kathleen's cheeks were hot. Ulla did not take her eyes off her for a single moment.

"Do not speak like that. I shall go mad," murmured the young girl.

"I see a great passion within thee. Thou art a noble creature, and thy blood courses through thy veins like new wine. 'Twas cruel to torment thee thus. He knew not what he did, what the woman was with whom he trifled, what burning thoughts were raging behind her fair young brow. He meant to tease thee like a kitten, and did not see tiger in thy nature, the vengefully crouching tiger that would leap upon and destroy him."

"I would not destroy him. I have saved him many a time."

"And this is his gratitude. Shall I curse him?"

"Oh, no, no, no !—do not ! Curse but the other woman, and the child, and whatever he loves besides me?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Ulla watched the young girl with great earnestness, and when she thought her sufficiently excited, she began to stir the fire and to whisper strange charms and cabalistic words over her cauldron, walking round it the while with noiseless steps, as though she were flying ; the motion of her feet was hardly visible ; her arms seemed to bear her along, and the firelight that fell full upon her from under the wavering shadow of the cauldron, steeped her in lurid radiance. The inner recess of the cavern seemed replete with black night and damp mould. Kathleen thought it looked like a gate opening into hell, and her awe was not lessened when a pale, magic light began to spread in it.

As she stood with her back towards the entrance of the cavern, she had not noticed the rising of the moon, which shone through the cleft in the roof, but fancied the sudden radiance a result of witchcraft. Her teeth chattered with terror. It was such a strange light, after the dense darkness that had reigned there, doubly white and cold through the contrast with the fire and the glowing, fleshless face hovering about it like a dark moth or a bat. The girl's heart throbbed audibly ; but the despair

that had drawn her hither was stronger than her fear, especially as Ulla had wrought her passions to their highest pitch before she proceeded to work her charm. Kathleen stood motionless, hardly breathing, with the firelight flickering on her black lashes and nervously parted lips. Ulla seemed to have forgotten her presence, and to be wholly occupied with the cauldron, from which a low sound of seething and a column of thin blue steam arose.

"Be sweet as honey, hold fast like honey," sang the witch, taking some stiff white honey from an earthen jar and flinging it into the cauldron. "Be so sweet that every bee must seek thee, every fly be caught by thee, all that touches adhere to thee."

Then she lifted a stone slab from the ground and disclosed a hole in the rock in which a great swarm of ants was imprisoned. She dashed a few drops from the seething cauldron over them, gathered the scalded ones into it, and covered the rest up again.

"As the flesh smarts with your sting, he ye touch shall smart with the sting of love. Boil, boil, and mix your acid with the sweets of the honey. As your sting wounds, as your acid corrodes, wound and corrode the heart that comes near ye!"

She was still circling round the fire.

Presently she took a knife, stuck it into the ground and wound a ribbon around it.

"See," she said, "here is the girl T., who braves us, who would stay our charm. We will subdue her. Ha! thou resistest? Thou wilt not submit to our power?"

"Sweet and acid! boil together,
Froth, like passion wild and vain,
Heave, like hearts in sin and sorrow,
Heat, like souls in love and pain!"

"What? thou wilt not yield, thou lost one, erring spirit, blackened soul! I fan the flame like the whispering wind, like the breathings of early spring, like an eagle swooping down upon his prey when the lake lies calm beneath the moonlight. Go, serpent, hellish fiend, avaunt!" She threatened the knife with her fist. "Go whither thou art bound. Leave him, loose him, hate him, hurt him, and expire! I fan the flame of expectant impatience with the breath of love. I blow upon it like the wind in the forge when iron is heated, like the storm in the chimney when he seizes the fire and exultantly bears it on high."

She took a fresh, leafy hazel twig and trod it under her naked feet, turning it about with incredible rapidity, and stripping it of its leaves.

"As thou writhest under my feet the lover shall writhe; as I pluck thy leaves from thee, all he holds dear shall be snatched from him; as thou art bare and empty now, he shall stand bereaved, sick with yearning and regret; as thou tremblest, he shall tremble.

She flung the leafless twig into the cauldron and circled around it again. Then, heavily sighing and moaning, she put her hand to her heart and seemed to grasp something there, which she dashed into the cauldron.

"Ah, the heavy load on my heart! The burden that weighs it down! I cast it from my breast into the seething wave, I shake it off and force it to him, heaping it on his breast and laying it on his brain, to consume his heart as fire consumes the

heather, to shatter his mind as a falling rock does a homestead, to weigh down his soul as frozen snow the turf. Away from my heart, deadly burden!—And thou yonder! doest thou still hold up thy head? I will humble thee till thy own shadow makes thee tremble, thy own voice confounds thee, and thy steps go astray. To thy perdition hast thou crossed my path! To thy perdition do I approach thee!—Away, thou burden on my breast, away! Heavy though thou be, heavy as black clouds, as churchyard mould, as years of woe, sink from my heart and fall upon his! Away!"

She passed through the mysterious radiance within, disappeared in the darkness beyond it, and presently returned with a splendid, full-blown rose in her hand. She began to shake it and to blow upon it violently, till its leaves fluttered to the ground one by one.

"Fall, fall, fall, sweet leaves! fall like tears, like sighs, like weary steps, like dew, like dust, like ashes, like gold, like fancies. I breathe upon ye from my grief-scorched breast to make ye fade as with the poisonous heat of the desert or the fire of the noon-day sun."

She shook the flower, till but a single leaf remained.

"The best, the dearest, the most precious that the flower of love possesses, her last leaf, which she held fast in storm and drought, in heat and rime, in sunny glare and in darkness, I snatch it from her by force and fling it into the seething, hissing, frothing waves of love, love, love!"

She hung the cauldron on a loftier hook, and covered up the fire.

"Grow cool to men's hands, but not to men's hearts. Consume them as sickness, hunger, thirst, love, torture, remorse consume—consume! consume!"



SHE BROUGHT A TINY EARTHEN PITCHER, AND BEGAN TO POUR THE MIXTURE INTO IT, DROP BY DROP.

She pulled up the knife and threw it into a corner, cast the ribbon upon the glowing embers, where it turned to ashes like a moth, and said :

"While the potion cools, I will tell thee thy fortune, maiden. Come out with me, and I will show thee a speaking flame."

She took a brand from the dying fire and laid it upon a heap of straw and fagots, heather, roots and hay outside the cavern. A gigantic flame leapt up and threw fantastic lights upon the rock, where the moon did not shine. The witch gazed attentively at the flame, and began to dance around it with the grace of conscious beauty, singing with a deep voice and watching her shadow as it flitted across the rock. Again her bare feet hardly touched the ground ; she seemed to be borne along by her garments, as they floated on the air like sable wings.

"Fire, fire! Make known what none has seen but the stars in their orbits, and the wind that comes from measureless distance and rushes past into eternal space. Fire, show thy power! Ah, I see! I see! Oh, maiden, how fearful art thou in thy love and thy hatred! Thou shalt hold a flame in thy hand and cause it to soar to the clouds. Thou shalt steep spirits in night and souls in darkness, killing with play and laughter. Thou shalt find true love in thy path and meet it with a heart of flint. But he, whom thou lovest, he will pursue thee, win thee, torture thee out of love, and love thee out of hatred ; he will dare what none has dared. Thou'lt be satiated for all the rest of thy days, and never more yearn after him for whom thou pledgest thyself to hell now ; for thy thoughts are fiendish. And thy repentance shall heal whom thou hast wounded, and make them whole who have sickened through thee ; happiness shall spring where thou hast sown misery. But he whom thou lovest, he shall grow wretched, and ever more wretched, day by day ; he shall sink into a night to which no ray brings comfort, to which sun and moon, dew and fruition are strangers! He shall trail a heavy chain behind him. Maiden, maiden! hell is strong in thee, and holds thee through him whom thou lovest ; he will drag thee down to his level, but then he will quit his hold ; for he cannot take thee with him on the path he must tread—and thou wilt not want to be taken. Maiden, maiden, there is a flame in thy hand!"

The flickering fire expired, the mellow voice was mute ; the spectral dance, the floating of her mantle ceased.

Ulla took her trembling companion by the hand :

"Come, maiden, we have left that potion to the spirits long enough ; thou canst touch it now."

She brought a tiny earthen pitcher, and began to pour the mixture into it, drop by drop. Then she took the pitcher in both hands, lifted it above her head, bent back as far as her elastic body permitted, whispered into it, and straightened herself again. Finally she handed it to Kathleen, bidding her rub some drops from it on her palm before she touched her lover's hand ; then would he love her passionately again ; and if she listed to drive him quite to distraction, she must mix a few drops of the potion with his wine ; but very few drops, else would the consequences terrify and hardly delight her.

"And now we must wait out there till the moon sets, or she will not favor our charm, and withhold her aid."

Holding Kathleen tightly by the hand, she again stepped out upon the open space before the cavern with her, where the sinking moon flung her shadows distinctly on the rock.

"Moon, go not hence!" cried Ulla. "Moon, my friend, why wilt thou leave me? Haste not thus away ; thou never sawest a fairer sight than what I hold in my hand. Moon, moon, haste not thus. Thou art fleet as remorse, coy as a love lorn

maiden, heartless as a thief. Oh, moon, go not hence. Thy rays warm me, thy radiance lights me, thy smile brings me wisdom and joy. I have no friend but thee, and yet thou wilt not stay. Moon, moon——"

But the moon was setting fast, and the first faint dawn tinted the yellow leaves of early autumn with roseate hues, as though the silvery light that had lingered around them were slowly gaining warmth and color.

Ulla dashed the money Kathleen offered her to the ground, and disappeared in her cavern before her visitor could falter a word of gratitude. Confused and bewildered, the girl walked away in the dawning light, and hardly knew how it came that she presently found herself before Temorah's cottage. It looked a peaceful homestead under its clustering roses, a fair and inviting sight in the morning sunshine. Kathleen turned dreamily towards the little house, unconscious of what she wanted or why she crossed the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII.

Temorah had gone down to the river to wash for some of her employers, and Kathleen began to think the cottage quite empty, when she heard a little voice coo within. *Ah! ah! Brrrr!* and many more of those wonderful first sounds that form a most delicious vocabulary for mothers' ears and hearts. Kathleen entered the room, but no one was visible and a sudden silence pervaded it. She stood irresolute. Then something pushed against the door of the bedchamber, which had been left ajar, and a rosy little foot was seen through the aperture. Directly afterwards the cosy cooing was resumed, and a sound of three little fingers at least being diligently sucked became audible.

Kathleen softly opened the door, and looking into the shady recess, beheld so marvellously beautiful a little boy that she caught her breath with surprise. Golden locks clustered around a cherubic face which strongly resembled Tom's, with its straight, dark eyebrows, its long, curly lashes, and deep blue eyes, whose pupils dilated in the darkness around them. Two little fingers lay between the moist red lips, but the lonely inmate of the house stopped sucking for a moment to gaze curiously at the strange face. His small hands, one of which clutched some bells, were chubby and dimpled ; his rosy arms and legs, his snow-white throat, round chin and ruddy cheeks, were as incomprehensibly and indescribably beautiful as they usually are with those great miracles we call children—miracles that charm every eye, even if it be not a mother's. Kathleen stood lost in contemplation of the lovely little creature, with a feeling at her heart which she could not have defined to herself or to anyone else, a frantic joy, and yet a pain so hot and profound that her brain whirled and her eyes grew dim with it.

"Tom's child, Tom's own child," she whispered. For some time the girl and the child looked at each other in perfect silence. But presently the expression of Kathleen's face seemed to frighten the little fellow ; he took his fingers out of his mouth and puckered his lips in a most alarming manner. Kathleen began to fear that Temorah might suddenly come in ; perhaps she was quite near at hand, and would hurry up if she heard her boy scream.

The girl shook the bells and snapped her fingers to amuse him—for she could not take Temorah's child in her arms, no, she could not!—but her efforts were vain ; the little one began to cry bitterly, great tears springing from his curly lashes. Kathleen looked about her for something novel, something bright, wherewith to divert his attention. The only thing she saw was a box of matches. "Look here, baby!" she exclaimed,

taking them up and hastily striking a light. The child stopped crying, and gazed wonderingly at the small flame which was reflected in his tearful eyes.

"Another," said Kathleen, cautiously extinguishing the first one with her foot; and the boy laughed and snatched at the flame which she playfully held out to him, and then quickly withdrew again. When the boy laughed, his resemblance to Tom became still more obvious, and thus she procured herself the sweet torture of seeing him laugh again and again, or watching his charming impatience for another flame.

"Thou wilt long to scorch him with thy glances, to kiss him dead," Ulla had said. If she had only dared to kiss him. But if he began to cry again, Temorah might come in. Ah, that sweet impatience! He knit his brows exactly as Tom did. "You are lovely!" she whispered.

"M'm, m'm!" lisped the child, pleading for more light.

"And when you learn to speak, you will call him— What shall you call him?"

Tom's child. No doubt he was here for hours and hours playing with the beautiful little creature. She did not know that Temorah had barred her door against him, that he had never seen his child, and was not particularly anxious to see it either, lest Temorah should call upon him to acknowledge and provide for it.

But it was the passionately tender mother's greatest care to guard her boy from Tom—to keep him free from all knowledge of his father. She no longer cared about the world; she had forgotten all her misery. She thought of nothing but her boy, her handsome boy; and every hour she spent away from him was fraught with anxiety and pain to her. She resolved to take him with her to the houses where she worked, by-and-bye, when he should be a little stronger, to avoid that harassing anxiety about him.

Her two faithful friends, Martyn and Llewellyn, frequently visited her, and then there was no end of play, frolic and delight. Though he could not yet speak, the little lad had a way of expressing his small will very clearly. And he and Temorah made a lovely picture, framed in by roses and honeysuckle.

"M'm, m'm!" lisped the little one, and a new match flared up. The game lasted a good while. Match after match was lit, until Kathleen suddenly fancied she heard the floor creak under an approaching footstep. She fled blindly, leaving the door open behind her, and when she saw no one far and wide, she drew a long breath and ran down the meadow, towards the wood, under whose tall trees she presently felt her throbbing heart grow calmer.

At that early morning hour, when the laboring people were all gone to work, no human being disturbed the great, peaceful solitude. Nay, but there was a horse's tramp, and Morgan had nearly galloped past her, when he recognized her with an exclamation of surprise, sprang from his horse, threw the rein over his arm and walked on by her side, inquiring after Mrs. Vaughan's health and wondering at seeing Kathleen so far from home. Kathleen felt the tiny pitcher in her bosom, and suddenly appeared extremely silly and childish to herself. Morgan had grown embarrassed and taciturn, and thus they walked side by side for some time without speaking to each other.

Suddenly a misgiving darted through the girl's brain as to whether she had been careful about the last matches she had lit, and whether she had not dropped some of them on the bed when she retreated so precipitately. She questioned with herself whether she had not better go back and look, when Morgan spoke.

"Dear Kathleen," he said, "my awkward silence is caused by an overflowing heart. I have wished so long and so anxiously to speak to you on a matter of great importance to myself, that I cannot find the appropriate words now I have an opportunity of doing so."

"How disagreeable," thought Kathleen. "What am I to do? Such a good match, too. But I don't care for him a bit. He is wealthy, and quite a pretty man into the bargain, that's a fact. But he's so dreadfully good and pious, and he's going to be a clergyman; ugh! a clergyman! That's not to my taste." She was resolutely silent.

Morgan bit his lip and continued in a still lower key.

"Kathleen, I love you like a madman. I ought not to tell you this before I have a home to offer you, and it will be some time before I can do that. Please, dear Kathleen, promise me only for one thing: that you will wait a little while before you bestow yourself on anyone."

"A flame in my hand and true love in my path," thought Kathleen. "Ulla said so, and it has already come true. If I were only quite sure about those last matches? She said my heart would be as hard as flint, and he who loved me would grow wretched. That will also come true, it seems." Thus thought after thought passed through her drooping little head, and then came the startling reflection: "Dear me, how must I look? I haven't yet washed to-day."

"I know that it is asking a great deal of you," said Morgan, "thus to beg you to wait, especially if you cannot feel any interest in me." A quick look from her splendid eyes encouraged him. "I might already have prepared for my ordination, had not certain circumstances come between."

"How pedantic and tiresome he is," thought Kathleen. "What is his stupid ordination to me? I only wish my hair weren't so untidy."

"You see, Kathleen, I have consumed myself with longing for you. I found no sleep, I used to stray through the forests at night. And now I ask for nothing but a little patience."

"Why, there's nobody wanting to marry me," said Kathleen; "everybody knows that I haven't got a farthing."

"That is nothing to me, my sweet girl. I shall thank Heaven if I may but lay all my having at your feet and shelter you from every ill."

"Dear me," thought Kathleen, "he's read that somewhere. How horribly tiresome he is.—You are very kind," she said aloud. "I really don't know how to thank you."

"Don't thank me, Kathleen; only wait, I entreat you."

"Well, perhaps I may, especially if nobody comes," she answered with a ringing laugh. As she spoke, she again thought of the matches. Morgan was silent. So this was all, this was to be his consolation after his hot, honest struggle, his pain, his ravings! he felt himself grow bitter.

"I hope there is no one who dares to offer you his heart without a future, a home, a competency?"

His voice quivered with excitement.

"Ah," thought Kathleen, "here we are jealous of course." And she added aloud: "Maybe I don't care so much about a home; when one loves somebody, one is glad to go begging with him."

"Do you love somebody?"

"By what right do you inquire into the state of my feeling?"

"I have no right, no right whatever. But I entreat you to take pity on me."

"Pity on you?" Again she bent that look upon him, which she knew to thrill his whole being.

"No," he exclaimed. "Thank Heaven you do not know yet what love is! else my request would not appear so strange to you. Ah, you take a load off my heart with your innocent words! Kathleen, Kathleen, you are a very child still, playing with fire and never suspecting what a conflagration your little hands may cause."

At these words, Morgan saw a strangely troubled expression steal into Kathleen's face. He felt happy to think that his eloquence had moved her at least; he had no suspicion that she was thinking of matches and a real fire.

"I must ask something very impolite," she said, with a deep blush. "What is the time?"

"Past eight. Why?"

"Oh, then I must hurry home." And she thought to herself: "It'll be a long time yet before any workmen go home."

Morgan stood sadly before her, dropping his head and trifling with his rein. The horse put its mouth in his pocket and pulled a bit of sugar out of it. He took no notice. But Kathleen laughed aloud.

"Look there, how cool!" she cried. "That's someone who can't wait. Good-bye, good-bye! I must be quick." And she fled with a light-hearted laugh.

Morgan stood leaning against his horse, staring at the spot where Kathleen's charming form had disappeared.

Breakfast was always a very silent meal with the Vaughans. Edleen had seldom slept much over-night; Vaughan busied himself with his letters and newspapers; Tom never rose in time to share the meal, and Kathleen sat lost in her private thoughts. The absence of the children was a daily renewed pain to Vaughan, a continual source of regret, and whenever Prinnie stole into the room, he felt his eyes grow moist. How hard the honest man found it to do right! The days passed wearily, except when Tom brought life and gaiety with him, and the two women hung upon his lips as though he spoke words of deepest wisdom. They always talked of him; no other subject could divert or interest them.

On that particular morning Kathleen was greatly excited. She had rubbed some of Ulla's potion on her palm, and mixed a few drops of it with Tom's wine, and now she watched for the result with a beating heart. The two ladies and Tom sat together a long time, waiting for the master of the house. Half-an-hour, a whole hour went by. The bells had rung in the mines, but the sound of the hammers did not rise as usual. Tom pulled out his watch. "Strange!" he said. "I hear no hammering."

"I hope no accident has happened," said Edleen, wearily rising from her low chair.

"Why need it be an accident, sweet mother? Still, it is strange."

Another hour was nearly over when Vaughan came in, looking hot and haggard.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed both ladies at once.

"The matter is, that Temorah's cottage has been burnt to the ground in spite of our efforts to save it, and the child she had in her keeping has perished in the flames. The walls are still smoking."

He dropped into a chair. Kathleen was deadly pale. Tom walked to a window and looked out.

"That is not all," Vaughan continued, "Temorah herself—"

"Temorah?" asked Edleen.

"She was washing linen in the river, by the side of Toby's wife."

Tom turned to look at his stepfather.

"And?" asked Edleen.

Tom's wandering eyes fell upon Kathleen and did not quit her face again. He must have read very strange things there, for his gaze never wavered from her features while Vaughan spoke.

"Temorah was washing beside Toby's wife," he repeated. "You know she was often gifted with second sight."

"Yes, I know," said Edleen.

Kathleen bit her lips to bring the blood back to them. She noticed Tom's gaze and felt how white those treacherous lips must have grown.

"Well, she suddenly lifts her head, stares before her across the river, and says quite calmly:

"Don't you see? My house is burning and my boy is dead. The bed is blazing. He played with the flames at first and tried to catch them, but he is dead now. He is out of his pain. Don't you see how the flames burst from the windows? Ah, he is dead, he does not cry."

"And then she went on with her washing, and they can't get her to leave the bank. She washes and washes, and when they take the linen from her, she pulls leaves off the trees and washes them. My men risked their lives to enter the house, but all was burnt to cinders within. They say the boy was lovely, and now it is whispered that he was Temorah's own child."

"Of course he was," said Kathleen involuntarily; and then she grew still paler as she became conscious of what she had said. Vaughan looked at her. "Whence do you know that?"

"The resemblance."

"Then you have seen the child?"

"Oh, yes; it was always lying out in the meadow."

Out of doors the sound of the hammers rose upon the air once more. Daily life had re-commenced, and went on in its inexorable needfulness. The Vaughan family made a pretence of breakfasting. But no one could eat. Vaughan took a little bread and a good deal of wine, for he was greatly exhausted. Tom disappeared as soon as they rose from the table. Kathleen complained of a headache and hastened to her room, carefully locking herself in, while Vaughan and his wife sat before the hearth in such deep silence that no sound was audible but the ticking of the timepiece.

"The child was Tom's," said Vaughan at last. Edleen started. "No Harry! I entreat you—"

"It was Tom's child, and Kathleen knows it was."

"No, no, no! it is too dreadful!"

"Have you no eyes, Edleen?"

"Then I must provide for Temorah."

"Of course I shall do that, Edleen."

"But she is not incurably insane?"

"I have sent for Martyn. Perhaps he will be able to tell us, as he knows her constitution."

Just then Martyn came in.

"I have seen Temorah," he said. "Tom is with her, but she does not recognize him."

In his agitation he did not consider whether anything ought to be kept secret any longer. To what purpose? When all was irretrievably lost!

Edleen wept.

"Is there no hope for Temorah?" asked Vaughan.

"None. And it will be better for her if she does not recover her reason. She has suffered enough. Now pitiful Providence has taken the power of suffering from her. She smiles, and sings, and washes. If people had only believed her at once, when she said her house was burning! The child was lovely."

Martyn had tears in his eyes.

"I believe they did run to her cottage pretty quickly," said Vaughan. "They knew Temorah's second sight to be unerring."

"The boy was so beautiful that I used to forget my work and everything else when I played with him."

"Poor Temorah?"

"Ah, poor Temorah. It is better, far better for her that she should remain unconscious of her loss."

"But one must take her away from the riverside?"

"On the contrary; one must give her plenty of washing to do, so that she does not think of going home at all."

"But at night?"

"She will walk about a good deal at first, and sleep very little. Cold and wet will not affect her now. She will be very cheerful and contented, and wash indefatigably, and sometimes rock some object or other tenderly in her arms."

Edleen burst into tears anew.

Tom had vanished, and did not show himself for several weeks.

CHAPTER XVII.

The news of the disaster affected no one so deeply as Llewellyn. He could hardly control himself as he stood before the ruins of the little homestead and of her who had once been Temorah, and who knew him as little as anyone else. She smiled, and sang, and washed and hung her linen out to dry; and when fatigue overcame her, she lay down on her mother's grave and covered herself with leaves. "It's nice here!—nice and warm! A nice warm bed!" she would say.

Kathleen was in a state of mind verging on insanity. She hardly ever spoke, for fear of betraying herself as she had done on that first day. What Vaughan thought of her he kept to himself, and only thanked God that he had placed his children in safe keeping. He went over to the vicarage as often as he found time, for he could hardly bear to be at home. It rent his heart to see his adored wife slowly fading, to look a horrible suspicion in his breast and behave to Kathleen as if he did not think her a criminal. She shrank from him as from a judge, and cursed Ulla bitterly for having played upon her jealousy and suggested the idea to her that she should go and look at Tom's child.

How she would have shuddered, had she seen Ulla searching the ruins of the cottage one moonlight night! Ulla sought after a particular kind of ashes, when she found a tiny bone among them, she grinned with unholy delight. She held it up against the moonlight and examined it closely to find out to what limb it had belonged. She also discovered a tiny, half-burned fragment of a small skull; those were precious troves, and they quickly disappeared in her bosom.

"The child was destined for my prey, I always knew that. Ashes! ashes! Ay, ay, thou wouldst not abandon it to me. So I sent the little demon and poisoned her heart, knowing what she would do. She will also fall my prey. She will soon be ripe. She will succumb to my power. A little more patience, a very little more patience! As surely as the sand runs, the river rolls, the sea has ebb and flow, so surely will the little demon who knows to hate so well, fall my prey. She must only forget her love first. Ay, ay, little witch, soon, soon, soon, when thou seest thyself cast out and contemned, thou wilt come to me as surely as the river rolls, the sea ebbs and flows, the moon changes, and the autumn foliage falls! And then I will enslave thee, torture thee, madden thee, make thee a scourge to all mankind. Ay, ay, ay, the wind cuts, the frost chills, the fire purifies. The wind shall lash thee, the frost nip thee, the fire

cleanse thee, thy body and soul shall be racked, till thou art ripe, and sly, and strong, and I can leave my realm to thee, little witch!"

Thus murmured Ulla to herself while she gathered the ashes in her hollow hand, and blew away what did not seem to belong to the remains of the child.

Kathleen wandered restlessly about her room of nights and through the forests by day.

"Oh, that I had only confessed at once," she moaned. "But as I was silent then, I dare not speak now, or they will accuse me of arson. Who knows what they think of me? If Tom has seen the cross, I am lost; then he will feel convinced of my guilt. And Vaughan, Vaughan. How he looks at me, how he treats me. I laughed at him the day he spoke to me about Tom; he has not forgotten that. He thinks I have done that deed. Ah me, ah me, how wretched I feel. I have not deserved that, for my wicked thoughts. Oh, why did I not turn back when I grew uneasy? but I thought Temorah would be there. Temorah alone! What could she have done to quench that fire? ah, what indeed?" Thus her thoughts whirled incessantly around one point. Always the same thought, always the same. There was no escaping from them. Then she mused that she never could become honest Morgan's wife now, with her heavy conscience and that terrible suspicion on her and she grew still sadder. She fancied herself leading a peaceful life at his side as his loved and honored wife. "Over! over!" she wailed. If she had only a human being to whom she could have unburdened her heart! But an ungovernable dread kept her aloof from everyone, joined to the secret conviction that her story would not be believed.

She roamed about the autumn-seared country, along the sea shore, past the copper-green lakes, up to the so-called Devil's bridge that hangs between perpendicular rocks above a rushing torrent, and does not look as if it had been built by mortal hands. There she leant over, and thought of springing down into the cold, turbulent depth below. But her young body shrank from death, and she wandered on again.

One evening she perceived that she could not get home before nightfall, unless she forded the river, as there was no bridge across it which she could have reached in time. She unhesitatingly pulled off her shoes and stockings, and was about to step into the water, when she felt herself grasped by two strong hands and lifted from the ground.

"Stop a bit my girl," said Tom's voice, "We've got a little matter to settle between us."

"Let me go! let me go!" screamed Kathleen. "I won't be kept; let me go! I'll have nothing to do with you!"

"But I have something to do with you, my girl, as you shall see directly."

He quickly bore her to a cavern near the lonely bank; there in the damp, dense darkness, he flung her upon the ground and set his knee on her chest.

"Now then, sweetheart! Prepare for sentence! Come, make a clean breast of it! Confess your crime!"

"What would you do? Let me go! Tom, Tom, I conjure you by all I have done for you, let me go! What would you do? Tom let me go!"

He laid his hand on her throat,

"If you value your life, confess that you set Temorah's cottage on fire."

"No, no, no," cried Kathleen, "I did not!" She had sufficient presence of mind to tell herself that an unprincipled man like Tom would not hesitate to bring her to the gallows.

He tightened his grasp upon her throat.

"I will know the truth," he said, coolly, "and I *shall* know it."

"What shall you know when you have killed me," murmured Kathleen.

He waited a while, gazing steadily at the white but resolute face before him. Then he asked once more :

"Did you set Temorah's cottage on fire?"

"No, no, no, I did not!"

"If fear cannot extort the truth from you, love will," hissed Tom, and Kathleen knew she was lost.

About the same time, Lewes was sitting alone by his lamp, a letter from Edleen before him, in which she entreated him to procure her money. She had none left. She enclosed a letter from Tom, threatening to commit suicide or to join a gang of housebreakers if she did not help him at once.

Lewes sat with his head bowed upon his hands, his emaciated fingers straying among the lank hair which was thinning day

by day. His face was furrowed as with years of sickness, his glance lustreless, his gait uncertain. Owen had been greatly distressed to note these changes in his excellent friend, and often discussed his failing health with their employes. But Lewes was always the same faultless man of business, true to his duty, and clear-headed, foreseeing and improving every opportunity of increasing Vaughan's wealth. But the thoughts which racked the head-clerk's brain

were only the bitterer for this. What was the use of so much opulence? Edleen was pining to her grave; he had seen that the last time he was with her. He had attempted to beg Vaughan to make some provision for Tom, but on this point Vaughan was inexorable; he could not even bear to hear Tom's name or his utter destitution mentioned. On such occasions his eyes would glitter like steel, his voice would grow harsh and incisive, and all his love for Edleen was powerless to soften him, but rather increased his hatred against the author of her sufferings. She was obliged to beg money of him now and then in order to hide the fact of her secret resources, which Tom's continued extravagance might otherwise have led him to suspect. Edleen was so agitated every time she had to beg for her prodigal son, that she was obliged to keep her bed before and after the ordeal; for Vaughan could no longer restrain himself, even in Edleen's presence, whenever the unwelcome topic was resumed.

Lewes had witnessed one of these scenes; it had been a torture to him, and he felt as if he dared not place that lovely

woman in so distressful a situation again. He sat there all night, only walking up and down now and then with noiseless steps, afraid of waking anyone in the house, and then dropping into his chair again. "Truly, I love that woman better than my own self—better than my honor even! I mean to do what will make a criminal of me, and I know what it is that I do. I do it in cold blood, for I am perfectly cool; my heart does not even beat faster. Perhaps the Lord will forgive me in His mercy, on account of my great, great love."

The plan he had formed horrified him. He shuddered to think he should have been capable of conceiving such an idea. Again his transparent hands pushed the thin hair from his temples; a pale flush suffused his wrinkled brow and the white marks his convulsive fingers had left upon it.

"I am a lost man, a lost man! I am no better than— And if I do that, how long will it remain concealed? How long? Oh, if the discovery is only delayed so long as she lives, it will be all the same what becomes of me afterwards. She shall

have money, poor woman! I will procure her money that she can die in peace. Why is he so blind? What harm would it do him to sacrifice a hundredth, a thirtieth, a tenth part of his fortune to secure her peace? But no! There he stands, great, strong, irreproachable, feared, with his extensive schemes. What good will they do him when he kneels before her coffin? And a poor man like me goes to perdition for her sake! Which of us loves her better, he or I?

Which? If I do this, I love her better. Ay, my haughty master, your love is inferior to that of the servant whom you will despise, dismiss, and prosecute without pity, without remorse, without giving a thought to the motive of his actions. And all my long, honest, faultless career will be dust and ashes like the stones he thinks real to-day and that are but so much rubbish. Hitherto I only changed stones: now it is my own turn to change; now I shall be worthless myself. They will now still think me real for a little while, but then they will cast me out like a bad shard, and crush me under foot to prove that I have never been real. And yet I was true and honest as few men are, skilful too, and now my very skill must suggest a disgusting expedient to me. What has that woman made of me with her eyes? Ah, but when I have become a criminal through her fault, *then* I will tell her at last. 'For you! To serve you! Out of love for you!' Fool, fool that I am! She will listen to me with a look of pity, and say: 'Well then, love my poor child, too!' That is all she will say with her gentle voice. I know her. Don't I know her?" He laughed out loud.



SHE WAS WHITE AS A CORPSE, AND NO BREATH STIRRED ON HER LIPS.

"She will say: 'I am dying; do not forsake my child!' And then I can answer: 'I will join his gang!'" That is the answer I can make her. No, she shall not know how I find her the money. She shall never know, or else she will end with despising me for what she herself has driven me to. Besides, what does it matter? I shall go to the devil, and there's an end of it. The firm will not be any the worse for it. I take so little. So small a loss is of no consequence; it will be a long time before they notice it at all. And when the discovery is made, she will be in her grave and my life will be of no importance to anyone. Owen, old friend, how it will grieve you! how you will blame and despise me! But you have not loved this woman; you do not know what it is to love Edleen Vaughan, Owen, old Owen! Such love is a strength and a weakness of which you have no idea!"

He took up his pen to write a business letter. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead; he tore what he had written in little pieces and burnt them with nervous care.

"Strange! I cannot manage it. There must be some formula by which one sells one's soul to the devil, and which silences one's conscience."

He walked to and fro a while; then he sat down again and wrote another, similar letter, but to a different address. He destroyed it as carefully as the first, but with less agitation.

On his third attempt he seemed to have grown accustomed to the sight of his own handwriting. He read the letter over and over again—read it during a whole hour, short as it was. Once he seized the sheet as if he would tear it up again; but then his eyes fell on Edleen's despairing lines, and he refrained. He folded the letter, unfolded and perused it once more, but finally slipped it into an envelope and wrote the address. And now the letter lay before him, looking exactly like the other letters which littered his desk. But Lewes did not look as he looked on the previous day; the dim dawn stole through the London fog and showed him aged, and white, and weary, like a spectre, like his own ghost risen from the grave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The same dawn shone rosy upon the river bank, throwing its bright reflections far into the shady cavern, where Kathleen lay on the sand like a broken, torn, and trampled flower, from which all life and fragrance have passed, of which none will know henceforward how fair and proud a flower it has been. Her long lashes cast dark shadows on her livid cheeks; her lips quivered from time to time as a dry leaf moves in the summer air; her arms lay nervelessly extended, her hands lightly clasping each other; her dishevelled black hair was grey with dust; her breathing so low as though she were dying.

Tom had walked off whistling, spurned her with his foot and calling her "murderess" close to her ear. But she had not moved a muscle or breathed a sound as he stalked away through the magnificent morning landscape to refresh himself with a bath and a few hours of sound sleep before he entered his mother's presence, tender, gentle, smoothing her cushions, covering up her feet, giving her food with a little spoon to spare her weak hands the exertion of moving. Once she inquired after Kathleen. "Oh," said Tom, gaily, "Kathleen is madly in love with me. She doesn't think of anything else, poor little thing. A pity I can't marry her." And then they turned to other topics.

Kathleen lay as still as a corpse, while hour after hour went

by. Once she tried to raise herself on her arm, but she fell back upon her dusty couch again and moved her parched, thirsty lips. It was a wonder she did not die, at least it seemed so to her; and what could she do but die? Why had Tom not killed her? He had come near doing so as it was, and she would willingly have accepted death at his hands. At last, towards evening, she raised herself by a desperate effort and left the cavern with tottering steps. Unconscious of what she did, she walked into the river, but, like many mountain streams, it was not particularly deep, and flowed limpidly over its bed of bright pebbles. She tried to lie down in it, but did not possess sufficient strength of purpose to hold her head under the water, and so emerged from it again, dripping wet. She was obliged to sit down on the bank and wind out her hair and clothes before she could drag herself farther in her utter exhaustion. Then she crept along the rocks, through the loneliest ravines, towards the green, copperish lake that would soon receive and comfort her for ever.

It looked a beautiful and inviting goal when, with failing strength, she reached it at last. She thought she would glide in quite slowly and quietly. She dropped down upon the margin and dipped her bare, sore little feet in the beautiful green water, looking listlessly at them, without thinking. She was not conscious of any further thoughts, only of a dim feeling that the water was cool—cool and pleasant. She slipped further down till it reached her waist. She put her arm around the stump of a tree and slid still lower. Her limbs grew cooler and cooler. Now her heart also felt cool—cool—cool—and then all was over.

The moon rose above the hills once more to see what people were about in the valley of tears down below, and shone upon the green lake, and shone upon a most beautiful group beside it. Llewellyn, with his silvery beard, was seated near the margin, holding a young girl on his knees who appeared to be dead; for she was white as a corpse and no breath stirred on her lips. And yet the philanthropist seemed to believe in the possibility of restoring her to life; for he was chafing her limbs pouring some drops from his flask between her set teeth, trying to stimulate the action of her lungs, and watching her beautiful breast in the moonlight, not with the admiration of an artist, but with the eager intentness of a physician, until at last a slight movement made him smile and feel for the renewed pulsation which caused the veins at her throat to throb. Slowly the back lashes were raised, and Kathleen fixed a stony, absent look upon the face that was kindly bending over and smiling at her.

"My poor child," said Llewellyn.

This first word from a human lip broke the charm, and Kathleen almost screamed:

"What, I am still alive?" She flung her arms across her face. "But I will not, I dare not live!"

Llewellyn watched her quietly, and when he saw her try to veil her bosom—that first instinctive gesture which marks, with every female being from three to eighty years of age, the return of life and consciousness—he began to speak to her softly, like the murmuring of a brook, or the distant rustling of leaves. He told her life was too precious to be thrown away like this, even though it seemed unbearable for the time. He persuaded her to drink a little from his flask, and when she finally burst into a flood of tears, he suffered her to weep herself calm, and gently smoothed her damp hair. Presently she turned to him and told him all. The old man listened in deep emotion, and wrapt the mantle he had thrown about her benumbed limbs more tightly round her, with all a parent's tenderness.

Fashion Notes.

DEEP fringes of jet or colored beads are much worn, forming a point, and hanging from the waist half-way down the skirt.

TRAVELING for women is made much more comfortable at present, whether by sea or land, with the privilege of wearing the cloth, serge, or linen cap.

A NOVEL and pretty ruff for the neck is made of satin ribbon about an inch wide, arranged in loops close together all round the neck, about five or six loops one above the other the same length, and then two loops longer going beyond each row.

HOUSE gowns for family dinners and evening wear are made of silk crape in princess shapes, with trimming or embroidered English crape, forming a yoke and girdle, or a vest, or else an entire Eton jacket.

ROUND hats for young ladies in mourning are of black chip, with scallop brim turned up in the back, or the brim is of square-meshed lace straw trimmed with high loops of gauze ribbon or of gros grain. Black wings and clusters of cocks' feathers are the plumage permitted on mourning.

"I ALWAYS go to nature," said Worth, speaking of colors, "for my combinations; there is no surer guide. Not in flowers so much—they are apt to be gaudy, as a rule, though I have made some beautiful things with their help; but in stones, lichens, the bark of trees, the combinations of tints are wonderful and may be taken as unfailing guides." He is a great admirer of yellow as a color, particularly for blondes. "But I never have worn yellow in my life, Mr. Worth," said a flaxen-haired debutante, remonstratingly, when he announced that he should give her a yellow tulle gown. "Ah, but you must wear yellow," said the autocrat. "You will be a blonde sitting in sunshine."

A GREAT many women are abandoning the chemise, and are wearing only a small silk under-vest, or a vest of ribbed lisle thread or wool. This extends far beyond the hips and clings in closely to fit the figure. Over this a perfectly fitting corset and corset cover are worn. This dispenses with all thick gathers, and leaves no excuse for a misfit in the outside dress. Where the chemise is worn, it is of some sheer material, like nainsook, which does not add any perceptible bulk in gathers at the waist. It is as simple as possible, made without sleeves, with a mere feather-stitched band, edged with torchon, at the neck. The neck may be cut round or square, or slightly pointed in front. A row of beading is often set in the band, through which a row of ribbon is run to confine the garment around the throat.

A MOMENTARY fancy prevailing among fashionables shows an entire discarding of the long-cherished monogram. No longer do artistically entwined initials decorate card-cases, *portemonnaies*, etc. Form dictates that, whether for change-purse, memorandum-book, or satchel, an antique silver coin shall be sunk in the leather on the upper corner of the article. The crest of the owner is boldly engraved on this bit of metal, while, lettered like a motto, the name runs round it in quaint characters. Smart folks, scrupulously observant of fashion's vagaries, also confine their selection of note-paper to mauve-gray and very soft blue, these colors being invariably embossed with silver. Shaded colors are a novelty, but conservative and, possibly, the best

style women still hold to ivory-toned paper and silver lettering as preferable to fancy shades.



A STYLISH FALL SUIT.

NEW COLORS.

The Parisian color syndicate have decreed that green shall again lead the procession of colors. The newest shade is the pale clear *cigale* or grasshopper green, *Sarcelle*, which is a deeper and more vivid shade, and *inseparable*, a softer and more melancholy tint.

The heliotrope shades are darker and more in keeping with the season; among them are *Veronica*, which is of a medium reddish purple; *persan*, a dull pale lilac, and the always popular mauves in both dark and light.

Azalea, Christmas rose and *eglantine* are among the shades of pink.

The browns incline to the reddish and yellowish tints, among which maroon or chestnut is the most stylish.

The beaver and beige colors still hold their own.

Yellow is rather sparingly used, but the newer shades are known as *pomme d'or*, a golden orange, and *Paradere*, which is a greenish tint like unripe oranges.

Heavy faille ribbon with a narrow satin edge is one of the leading styles in millinery ribbons. Black ribbons with narrow edges of vivid orange, pink or grasshopper green are seen in many of the new fall hats. There are also *ombre*, broche and chine ribbons in new and striking designs.

Jet toques in beautiful shapes are among the most elegant and exclusive styles. They are immensely superior to the old-time jet affairs, and are of the finest cut jet faceted so brilliantly as to resemble black diamonds. The nail-head, both large and small, contributes to the success of these dainty coquettish affairs, many of which have no trimming whatever save a nodding aigrette of jet, two upright Mercury's wings just over the forehead, or a device simulating a raven plume, a bird or a great flower, the petals formed of tiny sparkling beads.

Bizarre shapes in felt and beaver have fluted and upturned brims, or they are crinkled and bent in such manner as appeals to the taste of the milliner, not always adding to their becomingness.

FRENCH lace in frills and flounces, silk net and chiffon, are all used upon black silk gowns intended either for evening or "at home" wear; an air of elaboration is given by such trimmings, and they really look a little more rich than trimmings that are very much more expensive.

CAPE AND COLLARETTE COMBINED.

Emerald-green velvet, lined with pink plush, and enriched with a border wrought in gold and jet. The loose fronts, rather longer

than the circular back, are reversed to display both the pink lining and the deep collarette in black Chantilly. Lace, box-pleated, and set off with a neck-band, from which depend long pointed tabs in sparkling embroidery. Collar uncommonly shaped as a half moon.



CAPE AND COLLARETTE COMBINED.

LOUIS XV. coats are adopted by chaperons. One recently worn was of dark purple velvet, with deep cuffs and flap pockets, the sleeves coming half way down on the arm; the waistcoat was of cafe-au-lait satin, embroidered in gold, the upstanding collar being similarly decorated.

THIS AUTUMN'S DRESS GOODS.

Camel's hair, Henrietta, Bedford cord, diagonal and straight striped cheviot, homespun and single figured goods will be worn this fall. The diagonal or serpentine stripes are just now a Parisian fad, and while they are striking in effect they are undoubtedly too odd to become general, as the material is made up so as to bring the stripes winding around the wearer, which means bias piecing and a waste of material. Velvet, velveteen, bengaline, faille, satin duchesse, brocade and Henrietta are the materials to be used in combinations. Just at present Paris is hesitating whether to have sleeves of the same or a contrasting material. The camel's hair fabrics do not require much trimming, but the other materials will be garnished with fur, gimp and passementerie. Fur bids fair to be expensive and greatly worn. Feather trimmings are announced, but time only will tell whether they have another run or not. In silk materials faille Francaise, bengaline, satin royale and duchesse, surah, brocade and large sized gros-grain will be the choice. Bengaline is more properly a poplin, but it is a beautiful fabric for draping, and has a silk rib filled with wool, resembling pure silk. It will never grow common on account of the price.

A SOFT texture such as camel's hair trimmed with long lines of flat silk passementerie is vastly more becoming than a plain shiny silk befrubelowed with frills and single pretentious ornaments.

THAT most coquettish of feminine belongings—the apron—is again worn. It may be made of silk or cotton; but, to be entirely fashionable, it must have a positively pointed bib, fastened on the bodice with a tiny gold-headed pin.

THERE is probably no fan as useful as the one of black gauze. It may be decorated, as many are, with embroidery in tinsel. One that seems made especially for a loyal French woman, has embroidered all over the fan in silver threads tiny *fleur de lis*. Another has a huge butterfly just in the centre, while another has small beetles of gold traversing it in different directions.

THE fronts of many skirts are sewn with tiny nail-heads formed into stars, crescents and showy flowers, the space between being sprinkled with smaller glittering points. Gold or silver braiding in vermicelli patterns are seen in combination with nail-heads. Sometimes a design in chenille or silk is sprinkled here and there, the intervals being dotted with pinheads of metal and a tracery of very fine silk soutache.

Great jetted stars in an all-over design are scattered over the bodice, the sheath front and the sleeves.

WOMEN who have very heavy suits of hair continue to wear it in basket fashion, that is, braided as finely as possible and wound round and round the head where it is fastened either with small tortoise shell or gold hair-pins. Curiously enough, both the real tortoise shell and the real gold pins are undesirable. The first cannot endure change of climate and easily breaks, the second are not as smooth as hair-pins should be and pull the hair; so, for once, I recommend an imitation rather than a reality.

AMONG the pretty slippers for evening wear are noticed those of black velvet, with a gold or silver buckle upon them, or a tiny little ornament in Rhine stones as their decoration. How many people know that this is a fashion adopted from the Orient where even the bridal slipper is of white velvet embroidered with gold? The Turkish slippers, such as the ladies of the Arabian Nights wore, and which may have decorated the feet of Blue Beard's unfortunate wives, are specially liked for bedroom wear. They are all leather and are shown in all the colors of the rainbow, heavily embroidered with either gold, silver or white; are heelless, and have their pointed toes turned up in that coquettish fashion which tends to make the feet look small. They are extremely comfortable for bedroom slippers and, as they are not expensive, almost every woman who desires can have a pair.

SLUMBER pillows are among the latest fads and nothing can be more attractive. Many of them are made of white linen in order that they can be laundered easily. They are usually embroidered in wash linens or silks, and have on them some appropriate quotation and spray of flowers. A dainty one has maiden's hair ferns gracefully embroidered on it. On another is wild roses. The last named one is filled with rose leaves gathered during the rose season and is very fragrant. One is filled with sweet violets and has a bunch of them on the cover. Others are filled with dried hops, herbs, grasses or down. Some of them are round with a puff of the same all round and laced with a cord over the puff. Others are square with the corners coming together on one side with a puff underneath. All sorts of odd and quaint shapes and styles are seen.

DRESS FOR CHILD FROM TWO TO FOUR YEARS OLD.

Long dress having a gathered skirt tucked twice at the bottom, and trimmed with feather stitching in silk. Corselet of Astrakhan



DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS.

cloth with tucked guimpe, stitched in silk. Puffed sleeves with loose cuffs. Pierrot collar.

JET or silk passementeries in all the pretty designs, are much liked on black silk. Very often an elaborate pattern is wrought out in silk, and jet stars or crescents are set regularly through it, while a stiff jet fringe—each drop of which is shaped like an acorn—is the outline finish if the jacket is a zouave or Eton shape; or, if a square collar or pointed plastron that permits an edge finish, is the decoration chosen. French lace is also used upon these costumes, and full frills about the basque edges or on skirt, make not only a suitable, but a very rich trimming. The black silk gown is essentially the toilette of the matron, and those described in this article are for her special benefit, as how to make a black silk gown that is at once pretty and becoming to her is sometimes a little difficult.



FRENCH HUNTING AND SHOOTING DRESSES.

§ KIRT in black Melton cloth. Habit bodice in red cloth, crossed in front with small black froggings; jacket in fawn-colored cloth; collar and tie in white cambric; man's shirt, fastened with a single gold button; Mousquetaire gloves; high boots in patent leather; black silk hat.

FIG. 2. SHOOTING COSTUME.—Full and short skirt in grey corduroy velvet, gaiters to match, buttons in antique silver; black leather belt, to which is suspended the cartridge box. Brighton hat in grey felt, with wing at the side. Game bag.

Home Decoration.

DECORATIVE NOVELTIES.

A decorative novelty is a piece of bolting-cloth placed across the end of a scarf-drapery of China silk, pongee or other material. This band takes the place of embroidery or plush, such as has been used of late for a similar purpose. The bolting-cloth is held in its place as border by ornamental stitches of silk or tinsel, according to fancy, or strips of tinsel braid.

The real novelty does not consist so much in the use of bolting-cloth as in the decoration applied to it. In the centre is cut out a large circular hole, and over this is worked a regular cobweb, with cream-white embroidery, silk or linen thread. In the centre of the web is placed a huge spider, such as may be purchased at any Japanese bazar. At each side of the cobweb is painted a spray of conventional wild roses.

Another border of bolting-cloth has a fan-shaped hole cut diagonally across the middle. Under this is laid a piece of pale-blue satin, also shaped like a fan. The edges are covered with tinsel braid. Upon the blue satin fan is painted a spray of pink and white apple blossoms.

In some of the flowers on bolting-cloth the petals are cut from the material itself and sewed in place, giving the effect of raised flowers. These petals are curled at the edges with a penknife, and lightly tinted with color. In such a flower as a wild rose, it is well to cut out all the petals in one piece, and sew the whole fast by a silk stitch in the middle. The centre, green and yellow stamens and pistils, is then painted in. The stems and leaves of the bunch are painted flatly on the material. Apple blossoms, peach blossoms or wild hawthorne, as well as wild roses, can be fairly imitated in this fashion.

A novel scarf-drapery is made of two layers of white Swiss, mull, or other transparent material, sewed up like a long, narrow bag. In the ends are placed loose, flattened bunches of thistle-down or wild silk, the latter, the feathery seed of the plant commonly known as milkweed. If the down is fluffy or curly, with dark seeds attached, so much the better. The whole is expected to show through the thin muslin, giving an effect somewhat like etching. Such a scarf is finished off with lace or fringe at the ends, and a ribbon bow in the middle; or it is otherwise decorated according to fancy, like any other ornamental scarf, provided of course, that the full effect of the down is not spoiled. Bags of net and lace, filled with thistle-down, are also hung about a room as scent-bags. The thistle-down is sprinkled with sachet-powder.

Some very pretty covers are now made for piano keys and generally in blue or crimson silk, hand painted with floral designs, or pastoral subjects, and padded. Resting on the white keys with just a glimpse of the ivories beneath, an open piano is indeed made an attractive object.

A novel fringe for a blue plush table scarf, consists of a half dozen brass balls, (such as are used at the ends of curtain poles,) the screws being entirely concealed by a winding of gold cord. These are fastened along the ends of the scarf for fringe and brass curtain rings sewed upon the plush just above where the fringe is fastened.

A cover for a small table for the library, of green plush or heavy green silk, may have a border of brass curtain rings, one at each extreme end, on each side six inches above, and one in the centre of each edge. The brass can be polished when discolored and forms a charming decoration.

At a recent dinner, the dessert service was of gold; the table-cloth was purple satin veiled in white silk gauze; small golden baskets, filled with violets, stood beside each guest, and were the favors; and small gold dishes held bonbons to match the purple of the decorations. Purple candles, in golden candelabra, with purple-lined gold flagree shades, added to the beautiful effect. A new idea is to have crystallized flowers at dessert the same color as the decorations. Another idea is a floral parasol suspended over the table. Walls are again garlanded with flowers at dinners. Read sealing-wax baskets, filled with white flowers are a pretty adornment for the table.

Very beautiful wall pockets are made of sheets of celluloid, curled up at one end, the sides laced together with ribbon run through holes drilled in the material, and the ribbon tied in a bow at each side. Exquisite effects are produced by painting on the back and on the pocket, a design of flowers, while the edges may be gilded. A pleasing suggestion for the decoration of a celluloid wall pocket, is a bunch of purple orchids on both the back and the pocket, with a lacing of purple satin ribbon. Other fancies are suggested in a decoration of wild roses, with ribbon in ciel blue; and a decoration of massed forget-me-nots and rose buds, with finish of rose-colored ribbon. The sheets for celluloid for wall pockets should be about eighteen inches deep and ten inches broad, about six inches allowed for the depth of the pocket. These pockets are hung by a ribbon bridle, run through holes at the upper corners, the bridle terminating in a bow. The galvanized iron wire broilers used for broiling beefsteak, fish, etc., also make pretty and substantial wall pockets. These broilers are transformed into the more aesthetic use, by interlacing bright colored ribbons through the wires, tying the sides conveniently together at the top, with ribbon; suspending them by ribbon from the handle and finishing them with ribbon bows wherever the fancy may direct. Several shades of ribbon of one color may be used effectively in the interlacing, the stripes forming loops at the sides; or ribbons of several gay colors may be used. A pretty broiler wall pocket, is made with orange colored ribbons of four shades.

Floral bedrooms have been the craze in England for some years, and have recently been adopted in this country. The best decorative houses and wall paper stores keep paper and cretonne *en suite*, and toilet ware can also be had to match. A poppy paper on a satin ground, with a cretonne dado to harmonize, makes a pretty arrangement. The cretonne dado should be run around the room in order to make a break in the wall. All the paint should be cream. The curtains and bed spread should be of cretonne. The ceiling paper should be yellow and white. All the furniture should be covered with the cretonne, and a pale blue "Lily" carpet makes an appropriate finish to the decoration. Another bedroom might have a wild rose paper, with the wild rose cretonne, and a dull green "Lily" carpet. There are beautiful rose papers with cretonne to match in yellows, pinks and reds. A yellow and white ceiling paper goes with either of the above schemes. An iris paper, with an iris cretonne dado and curtains, and an "Iris" carpet is a beautiful combination. The paint might be moss green, ivory. There are wild rose, iris, lily, and tulip ware to be had for such arrangements. Other schemes are blue and white poppies, sweet peas and forget-me-nots, in all of which cases cretonnes, paper, carpet and china ware may be obtained. To make the rooms complete, small embroidered flowers in washing silks should be in the corner of all sheets, pillow cases, towels and toilet covers.



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The Editor at Leisure.

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

DREAMED such a queer dream last night, that I am going to tell you about it. I had gone to rest over-tired and burdened with many thoughts and plans, and as I slept I still hurried, fretted and fumed, and I seemed in my dream to be walking quickly down a narrow alley-way, and anxious to get to the end. Suddenly a man came before me, going slowly and deliberately, and ever, as I tried to pass him, he stood in my way. I was irritable and nervous, and tried to push past, but always the tall figure came directly in my path.

At last I burst out, "Please get out of my way, I haven't got time to wait for you." Then he turned, and looked down at me with great solemn, pitying eyes, and I took time to notice that he was somehow strange and different from other men, and when he spoke, in a slow grave voice, what do you think he said? "Hurry on, hurry on, Time flies—you have Time! For me, I need not hasten, I have Eternity!" And in his presence my fret and haste fell away, and I slackened my steps to his, and I asked, "Who are you, man?" And he answered, "The spirit of repose, men and women have driven me from their midst by their fretting and striving, and I wander now in these quiet deserted backways. Go on and leave me behind, child of the busy world, slave of Time, for I cannot keep up with you." And

I stole my hand into his, and sighed, "Spirit of Repose, I am so weary, prithee let me lag awhile with thee." And a rare mild radiance, which in our world would be the essence of a smile shone over his grand face, and his noble form stooped over me gently, and his sweet voice whispered, "Rest, and I will lead you, I will show you the delights that are mine, and that the World has lost." And he lulled me with entrancing, soothing melodies, and bathed me in silver moonlight and perfume of lotus flowers, and he cooled my brow with delicious waters from a spring, that welled without a ripple from a cleft of a great grey rock, and he wove me gentle thoughts, and holy aspirations and led my soul into the heights of peace, that are almost deserted in their beautiful shade, by the toiling struggling men of to-day. And when I awoke, calm and refreshed and ready for the toils of to-day, I felt yet the calm restfulness that was given to me, by the Spirit of Repose.

* * * * *

"If you were forced to choose a wife from only seeing one feature of her face, which would you decide upon," "None at all, faith!" said the Irish friend, hastily. "If I had to choose a wife in any such haphazard way, I should ask to look at her feet. Don't you know that a woman shows by her feet what her face may conceal. A woman's sole (excuse the pun) often shows itself in her shoes. Just you notice that untidy, unblackened shoe, with its buttons escaping from gaping buttonholes, and its heel overrun, and I will show you a woman who has burnt bread and muddy coffee. Show me a straight laced, mincing, light-heeled, narrow-toed shoe, with some little corn and bunion bumps on it, and I will show you a wife, who will spend a dollar and a half for a *Matinee*, and run up a bill at a candy store, while her husband has holes in his stockings and pins his collars to his shirts—ah yes—take my word for it, and mind, not your p's and q's, but your boots and shoes." And somehow, I think my Irish friend was nearly right!

* * * * *

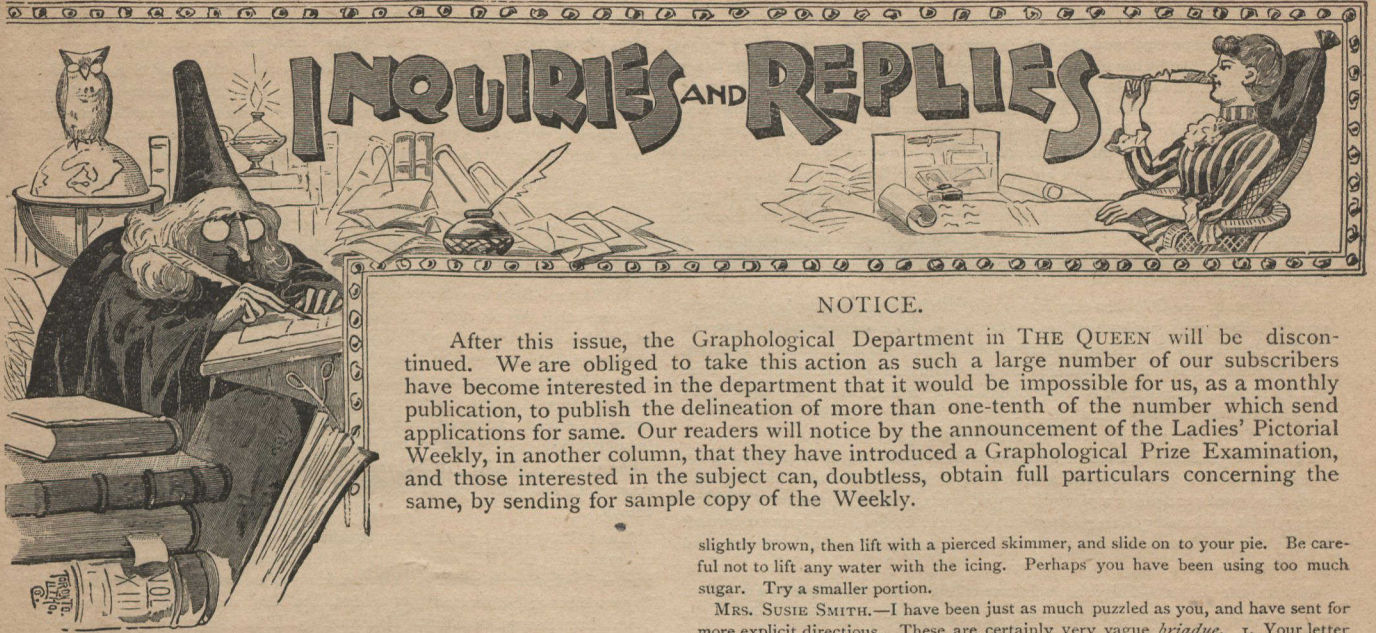
EVERY one of our subscribers must not expect to win a leading prize in each competition offered by us. The large number of valuable prizes which are being offered in our Grand Holiday Competition, gives a fair assurance to one of ordinary intelligence, that they might secure one if they will go to work at once to prepare their list. Competitors should enter their lists at as early a date as possible, as they stand a better chance for the leading prizes.

* * * * *

A LARGE number of the young readers of THE QUEEN have interested themselves already in our Prize Doll Competition. We trust that every mother will encourage her daughter to do at least as much as to dress one doll for THE QUEEN'S Poor Children's Christmas Tree for 1891. The trouble and expense incurred is trifling when compared to the amount of pleasure which will be given these unfortunate creatures by the distribution of the dolls amongst them upon that joyful day.

* * * * *

A LARGE number of prizes which have been awarded to subscribers are awaiting shipment for want of directions or proper instructions from the fortunate competitors. To close up the business in all previous competitions, we shall be obliged to cancel and mark off from our books, all prizes which have been awarded in competitions which have closed previous to the 1st of October, that are not claimed by the winners thereof on or before November 15th next.



NOTICE.

After this issue, the Graphological Department in THE QUEEN will be discontinued. We are obliged to take this action as such a large number of our subscribers have become interested in the department that it would be impossible for us, as a monthly publication, to publish the delineation of more than one-tenth of the number which send applications for same. Our readers will notice by the announcement of the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, in another column, that they have introduced a Graphological Prize Examination, and those interested in the subject can, doubtless, obtain full particulars concerning the same, by sending for sample copy of the Weekly.

G. L. D.—If I judged of my studies by the matter and manner of their compositions, I should often be obliged to remark that their writing showed mild imbecility, or an aggressive lunacy. Fortunately for such, Graphology is a study of the formation of letters and words only. Your writing shows erratic and headstrong impulse, caprice and affection, good perseverance, and some perception, a suspicion of insincerity, self-esteem, thought, and rather a taste for argument. I think you really wish to be just, but are apt to be prejudiced, have some humor but not of a very subtle stamp. You are unduly outspoken and do not like contradiction. Your tendency is matter of fact, and your will is sometimes unruly, always strong, rather proud yourself on some quality which is far from your best. Will you try and find out what it is? I am not obliged, as you suggest, to make the studies. It is a pleasant duty voluntarily entered upon, for your amusement or instruction, as you choose to view it.

G. B., DETROIT.—I am glad your opinion of Canadian capability has changed. I quite agree with your former impression, THE QUEEN should be proud of having raised your estimate. Please consider us deeply flattered and encouraged. 2. Your writing shows energy and impulse, some originality and some self-will. You are direct and candid in your methods, have good judgment and a pretty good opinion of yourself, which would lead you astray had you less good sense to balance it. You are apt to criticise and are rather hard on your subject, and you lack sympathy and that sixth sense of tact.

MRS. M. S. G.—Thank you heartily for your letter. It interested me very much. I hope when you write again things will look brighter, the touch of despondency which I found in your writing is amply accounted for by your trying circumstances. I have the pleasure of knowing both the organists you mention, and often see the Toronto one. Please believe that you have my warmest sympathy and good wishes 2. Sample of hair is bright brown, and seems healthy and strong. I shall certainly be pleased to get the photo.

LETTIE NELSON.—Your study, on a postal card, arrived blurred and unfit for delineation. I never study postal cards, in any case.

KNOT.—Your writing shows originality, sense of humor and self-reliance, variable temper, some love of ease, and a tendency to talk rather than work. I think you would rather "wait till to-morrow" in most of your undertakings, though once fairly started you can "make things hum." Your nature is the reverse of poetical and ethereal, being of the earth, earthy, and you are fond of all indulgence of sense and sound. You can persevere to the attainment of your ends, and would give freely what you could to anyone who needed. Your judgment and sense of proportion might be better, and if your eccentricities are common to your class, you must be an interesting though rather a patience-trying community. Most of the gentler attributes are exaggerated, such as forgiveness, which is amounting to lack of self-respect. 2. A graphologist does not trouble about sex of writer, all studies are made irrespective of sex. 3. Graphology is not fortune telling. 4. Shall be very glad to hear from you, also to receive the definition of a "cracker."

A SUBSCRIBER.—Directions for making the article you mention would take up too much space here. I will try and get it into the household department.

KATIE SHELD, ST. CLOUD, WIS.—1. Yolks of three eggs, half cup of white sugar, one-half cup hot water, four tablespoonfuls cream, grated rind of two lemons, teaspoonful of cornstarch. Blend cornstarch and cream, stir into boiling water, and nearly all of the sugar. When it is cool, stir in yolks, into which first beat grated rind and lemon juice. Fill your pies and bake at once. Beat white of eggs to a stiff froth. Add remainder of sugar. 2. You say your icing melts and runs on your pie. If properly beaten fresh eggs are used it should not. To prevent it, have ready a frying pan of boiling water, and drop your icing on it, set in the oven until it is

slightly brown, then lift with a pierced skimmer, and slide on to your pie. Be careful not to lift any water with the icing. Perhaps you have been using too much sugar. Try a smaller portion.

MRS. SUSIE SMITH.—I have been just as much puzzled as you, and have sent for more explicit directions. These are certainly very vague *briadee*. 1. Your letter could only be answered in its turn. 2. You might send them to the *Globe, Mail* or *Saturday Night*. If you enclose a stamp for return you will receive them back, if they are not accepted. The remuneration is very small, and for a first contribution they do not usually pay. 3. Your writing shows great energy and perseverance, tenacity of purpose and self-control. You are rather given to moods, but are generally hopeful and decidedly ambitious to success. Your usual temper is amiable and though not secretive you are a little reserved. One or two little touches made me fancy you were a foreigner, but they are not distinct enough for a certainty. You have good perception and are truthful and just. I do not notice much promise or original creation in your writing, which deserves a more lengthy study than I can give you.

ESTELLE.—Writing shows some intuition, a very adaptable and generous nature, good sense and ability, you are sufficiently energetic, and decidedly reliable and constant in your likings, the poetic element is very small and the writer seems rather matter of fact, not given to dreams nor fancies, probably a very comfortable and considerate person to get on with.

AZELIA.—A highly-strung and decidedly difficult temperament, full of unexpected fancies and sometimes humorous turns. The impulse is to rebel against routine and go on an original track. Writer has great possibilities of usefulness and success and is an uncommon character.

AMADENS.—1. Thanks for suggestion. Will think over it and see if we have space for it. 2. Writing shows ideality, energy, lack of care, and sometimes faulty conclusions, exaggerated notions on some subjects, you have great desire for success, love of approbation and some intuition, but I should not recommend you for a diplomatic mission, you have not sufficient patience, concentration, nor self-control. All your tendencies are optimistic, and your affection constant and deep.

NEIL MCNEIL.—1. An agnostic is one who does not believe in? 2. Your writing shows thought and curiosity, some reserve and self-esteem, a little artificiality, a lively imagination, a slight disposition to have rather a peculiar temper, are generous in word and deed, and decidedly vivacious, though not witty and withal can keep a close mouth when necessary.

GLENMARY.—1. Writing shows quickness of fancy and romance, or love of society and rather a talkative and confiding person. Writer is strong-willed though not very reliable, being apt to be influenced by unlooked for things, is a little hot tempered and not possessed of wit, though fond of a laugh. 2. You can procure a book on Harmony from Nordheimer or Suckling, music dealers, Toronto.

AGNES MONA.—Mr. and Mrs. A. request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. B's. company at the marriage of their daughter C. to Mr. D. at ten o'clock a.m., on Thursday, October 1st, 1891, in St. John's church. That invites to a Church ceremony only. A card for the reception reads: Mr. and Mrs. A. at home October 1st, 1891, from 11 a.m. to 2 o'clock, with the names of the invited guest or guests written across the top. The first invitation is to the older and more formal acquaintances. Intimate friends should receive cards for both service and reception. If the marriage takes place in the house, of course no second card would be required, and the address would take the place of the name of the church as above. Writing shows good sense and sympathy, intuitive perception, some perseverance, and sufficient strength of will. Writer is rather matter of fact, decidedly amiable, not give to hilarity nor apt to be too hopeful. It is a hand to be trusted and respected more than flattered or admired.

A READER.—Photos sent with letters will be returned if stamp is sent.

MISS L. M. ROGAN.—You enclosed an American two cent stamp for reply. This is no use in Canada, therefore I answer you in this column. There are plenty of walnuts to be had here, but I have not the time to arrange for sending them. If I come across a chance will let you know.

CONSTANT READER, NEWARK.—1. Depends on the style of man he is. An embrace would seem very natural under the circumstances. 2. If he doesn't speak to her parents, when he has made a declaration of affection to her, he should certainly do so at once, and if he is the right sort of a man, he will know enough to do it. I should fancy the right sort of girl would insist upon her mother and father's approval before she slipped into such an engagement, especially as they are favorably disposed. It is possible my correspondent may be the young man in question, as the writing is a purely business hand. It shows but little character, being formed on the copy book model, but the truth and grace of the curves shows artistic taste and great smoothness of temper. The general upward tendency of the finals, ambition and sense of humor. Writer is also generous and a little impulsive, is not given to chatter, rather prone to guard the lips and though probably feeling a good deal, would say but little.

AN ORPHAN.—1. Color has very little to do with it, but short people should wear perpendicular stripes, and eschew large patterns. 2. Your own wedding or some one else's? Any light silk or delicate cashmere is suitable wear for a summer wedding, or if beyond the means an embroidered lawn or white veiling would do nicely. Your writing shows care and love of approbation rather a fine sense of humor, some imagination and probably good perseverance. It lacks amiability, but has some strength of will, though it is not by any means a strong chirography.

PRESTON.—1. The moonstone means love without passion. It is the gem given by relatives or old friends to one another. 2. Your writing shows intuition and sympathy, good perception, a pleasant temper, energy and good powers of imagination, you have wit and quite a good opinion of yourself. Sometimes you are careless in small matters, but are discreet and sensible and have plenty of independence and self-reliance.

DEENA AND ANNIE.—This is not a fortune telling column, therefore your questions are out of place. I do not answer letters, nor give private delineations unless a fee of fifty cents is enclosed.

META A. L.—Children's writing is never delineated.

MAC.—Writing shows energy, impulsive feeling, rather a love of admiration, some imagination, impatience of control, ambition, good ability, and rather a sweet temper, though anything but a placid disposition, writer is close mouthed and a little too fond of number one.

INFELICE.—Your name means "Unhappy one." Your writing does not make a satisfactory study, as the lines are wavering and the style unformed. I don't think you are of the required age, or if you are, your chirography is very backward.

BILTHIA GRAY.—Writing shows persevering effort, not a strong artistic sense some temper, discretion, carelessness of detail, and rather a kindly nature, you are sometimes slow to see things, and rather impatient under difficulty, but you are conscientious and desire to do right.

GEORGE SALISBURY.—Your writing shows great ideality, carelessness of detail, originality and ability of an independent stamp, your disposition is good, and though you might hurt a person's feelings through inadvertence, you would not do so through malice, you generally stick to your point, and over-ride opposition, obtaining by force of will, what many would accomplish by diplomacy, of which tricky trade you will never be a successful practitioner.

GYPSY ALCOTT.—Several points of resemblance between George Salisbury, enough to make me think them either variations of the same hand, or wonderfully similar characters. Gypsy lacks the wealth of ideality, and has more sympathy and quicker perception, but not more than is usual comparatively according to sex. She also has largeschemes and big fancies about the future, is slightly more careful, and rather better in temper, for everyday use. Both studies show marked vitality and great vivacity and a disposition to hope rather than despond, would make a pretty energetic couple if forced to exert themselves.

N. W. J. HAYDON.—Your studies, both real and assumed, are to hand. Back-hand reads graphologically precisely the same, when indulged in habitually it denotes

affectation and love of notice. Your idea that women have greater curiosity than men, is very true, mainly because they have many unoccupied hours.

Your writing, on the first fifteen lines, shows some perception, and decided perseverance, lack of system and changeableness of method, you are good natured and rather hopeful, but neither venturesome nor ambitious, you can be generous, but are rather saving, and very taciturn about others affairs and your own, have sufficient energy and though not a very excellent judgment, great caution.

MALVINA BOURRET.—Your writing shows determination, lack of system, rather sharp judgment, generosity unguided by rules of justice. You love much, and forgive in one what you condemn in a less favored friend, I think you are contented, and do not trouble striving after the unattainable, and are probably a brisk, capable and creditable member of society.

AN EXILE.—Salts or salt used as a wash is injurious to the skin of the face. Don't you know that the sea spray dries and cracks it? Wash it in very hot water, dry well with a soft towel and powder lightly with some unscented powder occasionally, always wash the face well at night with warm water. 3. Olives are served in small glass dishes, like celery, they are an appetizer, and are eaten before the meal has reached the solid course. They are emphatically an acquired taste as at first their flavor is decidedly unattractive. 4. Your writing shows good ability, mirth, little imagination, loquacity, but not too much, you can, figuratively speaking, steer round a corner very skillfully, you are not dreamy, romantic or unpractical, rather the reverse, I should like to see more sympathetic feeling, and less attachment to material things.

MAUD DAINTY.—I cannot give you an easy way to study grammar if the study is repugnant to you. It is so necessary and so neglected these days that one should master it, whatever it costs. 2. I do not know of an infallible remedy for freckles. Some washes and acids are recommended, but they are usually injurious. Lemon juice is harmless and sometimes efficacious. 3. If I had my way all girls over twelve should wear the hair done up in some way even if only in a braid with curled ends. It hurts and dries the hair to wear it flying in hot sunshine, not to mention the dirt it gathers and the untidy look it has.

READER.—Writing shows some ideality, decision, self-assertion, great quickness of perception, taste for art and love of beauty, some refinement and rather fondness for the good things of this life. Writer is constant, loyal and truthful, not ambitious and usually contented. This is a delightful handwriting.

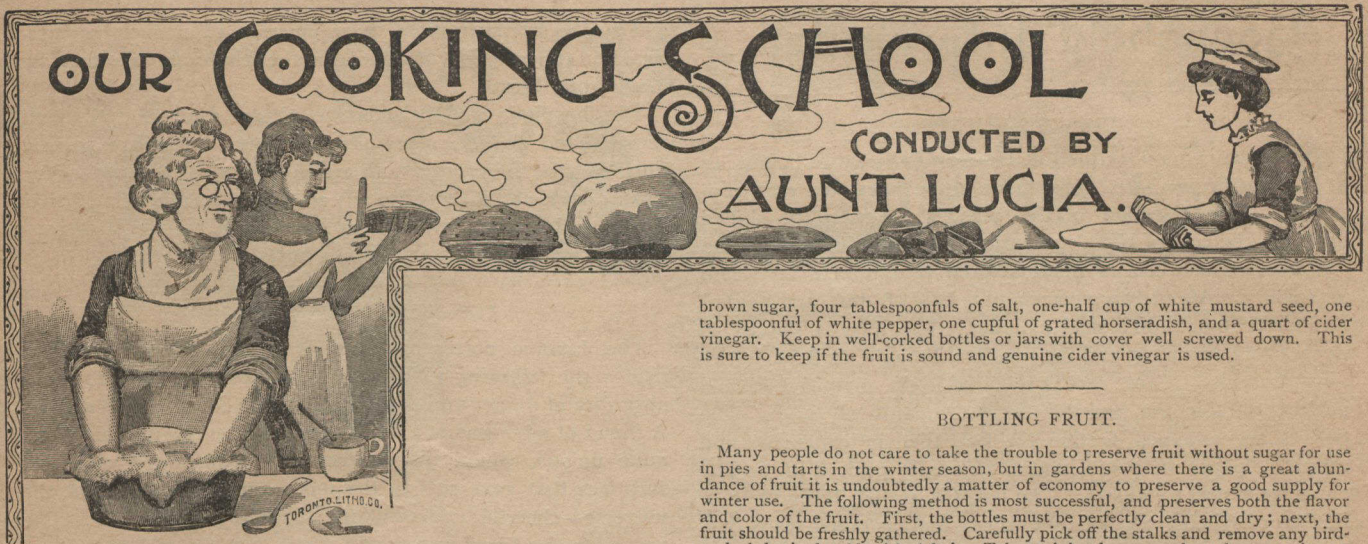
ETHEL.—1. I have notified the proper party to attend to your request. 2. Your writing shows a matter of fact, persevering, rather amiable and hopeful disposition, some perception, a deliberate method, great ambition and sufficient force of will. The only serious lack is a want of snap and thoroughness, you can take these characteristics and judge for yourself if they will be helpful in your business. As you did not tell me what that was, I am unable to give an intelligent opinion. It is not a very practical nor particularly able hand. 3. I do not know of anyone who could cast your horoscope.

B. B. H.—I think anyone could distort their writing as you do, but it means nothing but foolishness. When you leave it natural as in your signature, it is a fairly attractive chirography. It shows fine intuition and tact, some love of art and music, good judgment, correct deduction, amiability, optimism, a love of fun, not given to confidences or much talking, good energy and some selfishness, decided tenacity and some love of ease and luxury.

X. Y. Z.—Your writing shows large philanthropy, hope, desire of success, rather a broad and earthly platform, some sense of humor, decided persistence and endurance, you are ambitious, but not difficult to please, very level headed and apt to arrive at your goal in spite of obstacles, and not brag about it either.

KETHA.—Writing shows lack of intuitive perception, but great vitality and nervous energy. Writer aims high and has rather good opinion of herself, is perhaps a little sharp in judgment, and not very generous, but probably clever and of good parts, though an untidy specimen it is not a weak one.





JELLIES OF PLUMS, GRAPES, QUINCES, ETC.—SPICED FRUITS.

PLUM JELLY.—Use plums well ripened as to color, but not soft. Wash, drain, and barely cover with cold water. Simmer in a porcelain or granite kettle for an hour or until the juice runs thick and syrupy when poured from a spoon. Drain through a close, strong jelly bag (one made of heavy linen toweling preferred). Do not squeeze if you wish a bright, clear jelly. Measure the juice, and make an excellent marmalade by adding three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one of pulp, with a teacupful of water to each gallon, and boiling till the juice does not separate on cooling.

GRAPE JELLY.—Wash the grapes, drain and mash them; put them into a kettle and beat until the juice separates from the pulp and skins. Strain through a jelly bag. Measure and proceed precisely as directed for plums.

GREEN GRAPE JELLY.—Gather the grapes when just ready to turn color. Cook with just water enough to prevent scorching, stirring carefully. Simmer slowly for an hour, drain and proceed as directed for plums.

SPICED PLUMS.—To every seven pounds of fruit, allow four pounds of sugar and one pint each of good cider vinegar and water. Chemists' vinegar softens and spoils the fruit as well as the flavor. To every quart of this diluted vinegar, add one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon and whole cloves, and if you wish, two or three sticks of mace tied loosely in a piece of cheese cloth; boil together for half an hour in a preserving kettle, adding boiling water as it boils away to keep the same amount of syrup. Put in your fruit and keep just at the boiling point for half an hour. Skim out the fruit carefully, pack in jars and cover with the syrup. In two days pour off the syrup, heat to the boiling point, and pour over the fruit. When it is cold, cover the jars with manilla paper, and over this a layer of oil cloth, both securely tied down. If these pickles are placed in self-sealing jars, and sealed boiling hot, they will keep for years.

SPICED GRAPES.—Prepare same as plums, using grape juice instead of water for weakening the vinegar. Grapes may be spiced in clusters as picked, forming a very attractive dish.

SPICED APPLES.—Pare, core and quarter sweet apples; simmer in water to cover till tender not soft. Drain, use this syrup to dilute the vinegar and proceed as directed for plums.

SPICED QUINCES.—Quinces are delicious prepared as directed for spiced apples.

QUINCE JELLY.—Pare and core quinces, and then cut them into small pieces. Put the cores and parings into a preserving kettle, adding any that may be reserved from quinces for preserves. Add cold water enough to cover them and simmer for two hours. The cores and seeds are rich in pectine, and using them, one cannot fail to secure a firm, bright jelly. Add to the quinces after they are cut into pieces and put into the preserving kettle, just enough water to cover them and simmer for two hours. Strain the juice from both kettles through a jelly bag made of cheese cloth, allowing them to drain instead of squeezing them if you wish a clear jelly. Now measure the juice, and for each pint of it allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar.

CHOICE CATSUPS.

CATSUPS form such a delightful addition to the housewife's winter store that she cannot well afford to neglect their preparation. Fruit catsup is a delicious accompaniment to cold meals. Always prepare them in granite or porcelain, using the best cider vinegar. Follow directions closely and you cannot fail to produce the best of its kind in the following varieties.

TOMATO CATSUP.—For four quarts of catsup use one peck of firm, ripe tomatoes, heaped measure. Wash and quarter them, then put them into the preserving kettle with one very large onion or two medium-sized ones; add also one large green pepper, (two if you like a "hot" catsup) but reject the seeds which possess only great pungency without the delicious flavor of the flesh. Cook slowly for an hour, being careful not to burn them. Rub the mass through the sieve and return it to the kettle. Add one and a half cups of strong cider vinegar, one cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of salt (rounded measure), two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed, one tablespoonful each of whole cloves and black pepper (the cloves and pepper tied in a piece of cheese cloth), and two sticks of cinnamon. Cook slowly but steadily for three hours, stirring frequently. Remove the spices, but do not strain, as the mustard seed is a desirable addition. Seal while boiling hot either in self-sealing jars or wide-mouthed bottles. The recipe has been in family use for three generations and will prove delicious.

TOMATO CATSUP WITHOUT BOILING.—Peel one-half peck of tomatoes without scalding; chop fine and drain; chop very fine two onions and two green peppers (rejecting the seeds); then mix tomatoes, peppers and onions and rub them through a colander, using a vegetable masher for the purpose. Add to this pulp one cup of

brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salt, one-half cup of white mustard seed, one tablespoonful of white pepper, one cupful of grated horseradish, and a quart of cider vinegar. Keep in well-corked bottles or jars with cover well screwed down. This is sure to keep if the fruit is sound and genuine cider vinegar is used.

BOTTLING FRUIT.

Many people do not care to take the trouble to preserve fruit without sugar for use in pies and tarts in the winter season, but in gardens where there is a great abundance of fruit it is undoubtedly a matter of economy to preserve a good supply for winter use. The following method is most successful, and preserves both the flavor and color of the fruit. First, the bottles must be perfectly clean and dry; next, the fruit should be freshly gathered. Carefully pick off the stalks and remove any bird-pecked, bruised or blemished fruit. Take each bottle separately and reverse it over a pinch of burning flour or sulphur until it is well filled with the smoke of the sulphur; allow it to stand in this way a minute or two, to effectually destroy any germ of insect life or of mold or fungus that may cling to the bottle, and then at once fill it closely with fruit shaking it down from time to time until full to the brim. Proceed in this way with each bottle, then wrap each in a fold or two of clean cotton or linen cloth and cover with a piece of tile or pan to keep out dust, and pack the bottles carefully in a large vessel of cold water, the bottom of which is lined with a little sweet hay or three or four folds of linen cloth. Set the vessel over the fire and let it come gradually to boiling point, and let it boil fast until the fruit breaks and falls down well into its juice; as the water evaporates replenish with more boiling water. Have ready clean prepared bladders, take each bottle and cover with double bladders (the rough sides of the two folds of bladder should be laid next each other) tightly stretched and tied on with string, tied several times round the neck of the bottle. Allow the cloth to remain on the bottles till next day, that they may cool gradually. When the bladders are quite dry, store the bottles in a cool, dry closet. This process answers well with green gooseberries, red currants, raspberries, cherries, plums, damsons, etc. Black currants are nicer if sugar is added in the proportion of six to eight ounces to the pound of fruit.

COMMON SENSE IN THE KITCHEN.

The main causes of failure in cookery are lack of care in details and ignorance of nature's laws. Emerson has said, "We must learn the homely laws of fire and water; we must feed, wash, plant and build."

Exactness in measurement and care in scraping dishes are essential; it is not safe to "guess." If syrup is measured or an egg beaten, and either poured into a mixture without rinsing cup or bowl, the proportions cannot be exact. Nor, in order to rinse a dish, is it allowable to add two or three spoonfuls of liquid beyond the limits of the recipe; but measure dry ingredients first, then syrups, and lastly the required milk or water.

Temperature is the rock on which many a cook wrecks the work of her hands without knowing the cause of disaster. May the day soon come when a thermometer bearing a high degree of heat shall be considered as great a necessity in a kitchen as a teakettle!

Flour cannot be too cold for pastry, cookies or kindred doughs, while for yeast bread it should be warm enough to favor the growth of the yeast plant. For the same reason warm water should be used with yeast, while with cream tartar and soda it would hasten the escape of the gas, and cold liquids only are allowable.

Dough that sticks to rolling pin, board and hands in a hot kitchen should be set away till thoroughly chilled, but all trouble might have been saved by using cold fat, flour and liquid at first, and the texture of the dough would have been better.

Potatoes are boiled and drained, and then closely covered, instead of being shaken in a draught of air to become white and floury by parting with the superfluous steam.

Whites of eggs may be beaten to a stiff froth by an open window when it would be impossible in a steamy kitchen.

Roasts that should be juicy come to the table as dry as pasteboard, because the oven was not hot enough at first to instantly harden the outer surface and prevent the escape of its juices.

Deep frying is loudly inveighed against by those who have not the inclination to discover that less fat is absorbed by pieces of fish plunged in deep fat than those which are turned from side to side in a limited quantity, and that the intense heat of the fat cooks it more thoroughly than is possible by any another method, and if carefully drained on paper, little fat remains.

What is needed to-day in our kitchens is less of the cookery book and more natural philosophy and common sense, i. e., knowledge of common things and every-day phenomena.

An appetizing soup, called "Cream of Celery," may be made from the bits of celery left over from dinner. The ingredients are six stalks of celery, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of onion-juice, one of butter, three of flour, one pint of boiling water and salt and pepper to taste. The celery should be cut into small pieces and allowed to boil in the pint of water for a half hour, then pressed through a colander, the water also being allowed to pass through. This product and the onion juice are now added to the milk, and these to the butter and flour, which have first been rubbed to a smooth paste. Cook this until it thickens, stirring it carefully. It should be served immediately when done and is sufficient, according to this recipe, for a family of six or eight persons. It is a rich soup and does not require heavy meats in the following course.

Two bills of fare for a card-party, or any other small company, are given as follows: *Bouillon* chicken sandwiches, salted almonds, *Charlotte russe* and candied ginger; or coffee, sandwiches, creamed oysters, celery salad, lemon ice and wafers.

Household Information.

TEA SECRETS.

Tablet tea is manufactured at Hankow in factories belonging to Russian firms there. It is made of the finest tea dust procurable. The selection of the dust is the work of skilled experts; the cost of the dust varies from ten pence a pound upwards. This dust is manufactured into tablets by steam machinery. About two ounces and a half of dust are poured into a steel mould on a steel cylinder. The dust is poured in dry without steaming, and the pressure brought to bear is two tons per tablet. Great care is required in the manufacture and packing of tablet tea, and the cost is comparatively high. The tablets are wrapped first in tin foil, then in expensive and attractive paper wrappers, and then finally packed in tin-line cases for export to Russia. The tea, it is stated, loses none of its flavor by being pressed into tablets, and, as tablet tea is only one-sixth of the bulk of leaf tea, it is most convenient for travellers, also for importing into the remoter regions of Russia. The increase in the export of tea dust from Hankow to 726,729 pounds in 1890 from 149,933 pounds in 1889, is due the fact that while Indian and Ceylon teas are ousting China tea from British market, many consumers, being accustomed to the flavor of China tea, wish for it. To meet this demand grocers use China tea dust to flavor the Indian tea. All the tea dust exported goes to Great Britain. Lately a new commodity has come on the Hankow market, to which the customs give the name of log tea. It is an inferior tea, with stalks packed in the shape of logs which weigh from eight to eighty pounds each log. The tea is wrapped in the leaves of the *Bambusa lati folia*, and then reduced in bulk by binding round the logs with lengths of split bamboo. This log tea is sent to the Chinese ports for consumption, and is packed thus from motives of economy, both of packing and of freight.

SOME USE FOR OLD PAPERS.

The old newspaper, usually ranked in value with a last year's bird's nest, can be put to plenty of uses by the thoughtful house-mother. A writer gives some uses for old papers which may be new to the readers of THE QUEEN.

Almost every one, he says, has heard that a newspaper spread between the bed-blankets affords more protection from cold than an additional blanket, and without adding the uncomfortable weight of the latter. But the old newspaper is just as good a protection against heat. Set an ice-pitcher on one, and draw up and tie securely over the top. In the morning one will find the ice unmelted. A friend always brings his trout home wrapped in plenty of paper, and they look fresher than cold storage can keep them.

Many a housewife knows how to make comfortable couch pillows and porch cushions by cutting papers in long, narrow strips and rolling them in the fashion of making lamp-lighters. Trimmings from a book-bindery are easier to use.

When celery is old enough to bleach, instead of banking it up with earth, wrap each bunch in half a dozen thicknesses of old paper, well tied on, from root to crown. It is equally good, a gardner tells me, for mulching strawberries, spread between the rows and weighted with stones.

We have said nothing of the time-honored scrap-book; but for amusement for the children on a rainy afternoon, nothing costs less or is more relished than cutting the advertising cuts

and display letters from old newspapers. Then such geometrical and other figures as are cut in the kindergartens may be made from them.

The hospitals and prisons are always glad to get uncut, second-hand papers, especially religious and story papers. Such as have to be cut or torn are worth half a cent a pound for waste paper, and if there are any so soiled or unfit to keep that they must be burned, pack them into a paper tube, with turpentine and rosin, and saw in sections for kindling.

DINNER ABSURDITIES.

The London correspondent of the *Confectioner's Journal* relates the following incident, which illustrates the crowning absurdity of dinner-table displays that has come to our notice: A friend of mine was at a dinner the other evening, which was quite unique, where the courses were punctuated with odd surprises that gave zest to the most appetizing sauce in the universe—cheerful conversation. Standing beside the table was a life-size figure in wax of a pretty peasant girl carrying a basket. At the moment when a course of roast lamb was being served to the guests, attention was called to the figure by a slight noise. Then the lid of the basket opened and out popped a lamb's head, which uttered a plaintive "ba-a-a." The girl then touched the head with her disengaged hand, whereupon the lamb retired and the lid of the basket closed. This incident excited conversation, as the *mecanique* worked wonderfully, and the effect was admirable. A plateau of flowers in the middle of the table seemed objectionably high, because it obstructed the line of vision between those sitting on either side of it. When the dessert was reached, strains of music were suddenly heard emerging from the heart of the flowers. Slowly the plateau opened, the roses falling back right and left, and in the opening arose the figure of a fairy which danced in time to the music. These are certainly new accessories to dinner tables. I do not think the mechanical contrivances have been generally adopted yet.

IF the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed.

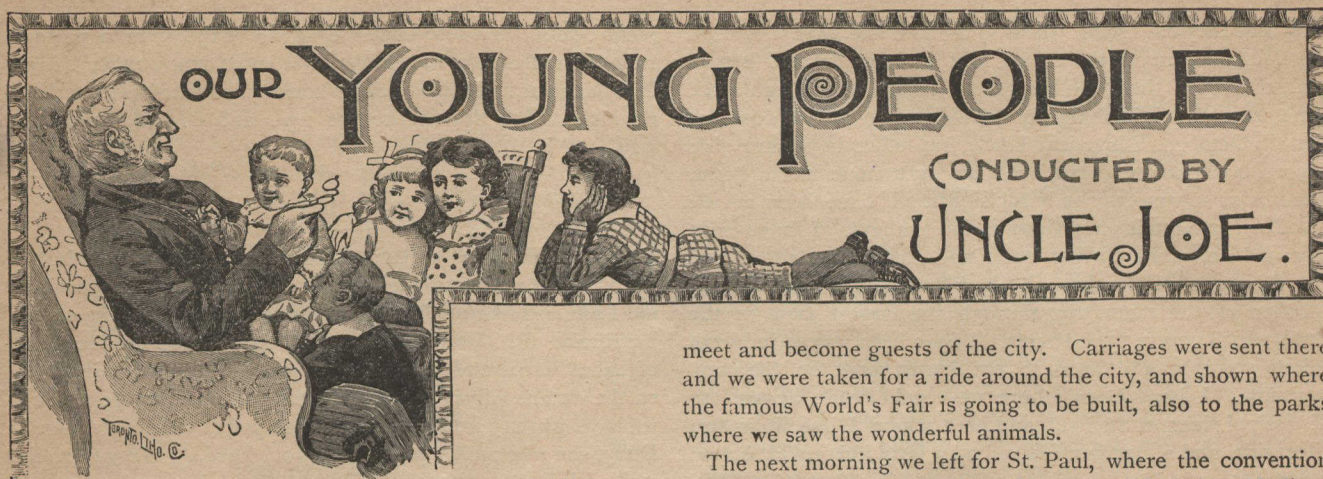
OLD carpets may be made into rugs by unravelling them and weaving the unravellings on frames which come for this purpose, or knitting them.

IN washing blinds and dark paint always add several table-spoonfuls of ammonia to the water, and when dry rub the paint with kerosene oil.

A very good authority gives as a very simple remedy for hiccough, a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases tried as an experiment, it stopped the hiccough in nine.

THE soap-saver is a useful little utensil. It is a box of wire net with a long handle attached. The soap is placed in it, and if shaken in a pan of dishwater, will produce a strong suds without the slightest waste.

WHEN a year old a child should have bread and milk, hominy, oatmeal porridge, a soft boiled egg three times a week, cracked wheat, or any of the cereals; bread and butter, oatmeal bread and a little treacle, or molasses if it likes it. When the double teeth are through it should have beef-steak, mutton-chops, or chicken finely minced. The juice from rare roast beef or mutton, on bread, is good for it. Baked or stewed apples, boiled custard, bread pudding, rice and stewed prunes, rice pudding, figs, etc., may be gradually added, as well as potato, and any well prepared soup.



Written for THE QUEEN.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

BY FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

ONCE upon a time two robins came to the cold North and builded their nest among the green boughs of an apple tree. Here they lived throughout the pleasant months of spring, and while Mrs. Robin-te-hen—as she was known to all the birds of the neighborhood—stayed quietly at home and kept her five, little eggs warm, Robin-te-red-breast perched on a branch that shaded their cozy home, and sang :

“O Robin-te-hen is a dear, little wife,
Cherup, cherup, chee ;
And this is the merriest sort of a life,
Cherup, cherup, chee.”

Later in the season five baby birds peeped out of their blue shells, and then Robin-te-red-breast changed his song as he hurried hither and thither in quest of food :

“I must hustle, I must hustle
From my pleasant tree ;
Get some food to feed our brood,
Cherup, cherup, chee.”

Thus the days passed quickly by until the wee birdies were large enough to wear a beautiful suit of glossy, brown feathers, when one day a cold wind blew across the plain and bidding good-bye to their summer home, Robin-te-red-breast and Robin-te-hen together with the five young Robin-tes climbed into an air balloon and winged their way southward, caroling gayly :

“The last purple grape we have picked from the vine,
The water is frozen that bubbled in glee ;
So off to the land of the golden sunshine
We'll go with a cherup and cherup and chee.”

MY SUMMER VACATION.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:—I am ten years old and my brother is eight and a half.

We edit a little paper called the *Delta*. There is an association in our state, called the *Amateur Press Association*, and at its last convention, I was elected First Vice-President. My mother and father also edit a paper called the *Chief*. They went to St. Paul, Minnesota, as delegates to the National Editorial Association, and took my brother and me with them, and there I began my Summer Vacation, which I am going to tell you about.

After travelling two days on the sleeper, we reached Chicago, and went to the Auditorium Hotel, where all the editors were to

meet and become guests of the city. Carriages were sent there and we were taken for a ride around the city, and shown where the famous World's Fair is going to be built, also to the parks where we saw the wonderful animals.

The next morning we left for St. Paul, where the convention was to be held, and stopped on the way at Milwaukee, Madison and Waukeska. At Madison, we were given a ride on Lake Monona, and a banquet and a reception by Governor Peck.

At Waukeska we were given a carriage ride and a dinner, and I was very proud of being an editor. We reached St. Paul the next day, and it would take the rest of my vacation to tell you all that was done for us in that beautiful city. Carriage rides, excursions, and dinners every day, which we enjoyed very much. At the last closing banquet, a delegation of the Canadian Press Association was present, and the President of it made a splendid speech, which we all applauded.

From St. Paul we visited Yellowstone National Park, arriving at Anabai Mountain after travelling two days. Here we took stage coaches and drove to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where we saw many wonderful things. Indeed the whole Park is filled with strange sights. We saw boiling hot springs coming right up out of the earth, and mountains with snow on them, leaning above them. There were terrible Geysers, springing up out of the ground, and throwing up stones and steam. There were little waterfalls, and in the Grand Canon we saw one 369 feet high. The Grand Canon is an immense cleft in the mountains, and the sides are all sorts of beautiful colors. At each end is a waterfall, one 160 feet high, the other 360 feet high. We climbed a mountain 12,000 feet above the level, and on the very top of it was a beautiful lake.

We passed by Absidian cliff, a mountain of glass, also Sulphur mountain and Roaring mountain, which was bellowing all the time. We rode 140 miles in the stage coach, and part of the way it was so cold we had to wear our heaviest clothes and make fires at night. We saw “Old Faithful” geyser go off, and also a great many others.

From Yellowstone we went to Detroit, and attended the Union of the Grand Army of the Republic. The houses were all beautifully decorated, and lovely arches were built in the streets. We also went over to Windsor, Canada, and saw what a pretty little place it was. We took the Lake Steamer at Detroit and went to Cleveland, and from there to my Uncle's farm in Greenhill, Ohio, where my Grandmother lives. There we had the happiest time of all. We climbed apple-trees, and fed pigs, and drove cows, and fed chickens, and played with the lambs, and had as many apples and chestnuts and hickory nuts as we could eat.

You may think how happy we were, to be in those beautiful hills on a great big farm, after being in a town all our lives. There are beautiful spinning wheels in the house, and rag carpets and everything you read about in stories, and they raise every-

thing that they eat, send wheat to the mill and have it ground into flour, and make their own lard and butter and lots of goodies. From there we went to Chicago again, and back home, where I am finishing my vacation as my school does not open till October. Now dear Uncle Joe, other boys and girls may write you better letters, but I am sure none had a better vacation, or saw more wonderful sights. I have been at the top of high mountains and down in low valleys. I have seen snow and ice, while boiling water and steam was all around me. I have travelled through the "Bad Lands" in Dakota, and then on the same trip, through the largest farm in the world, which covers 75,000 acres. I have been way up in North Dakota and now am down to the lowest point on the map Louisiana. I have been where we could wade across the Mississippi river, at St. Paul, and here where I live, it is two miles wide, and altogether I have had a beautiful, joyful, happy vacation.

Your little niece,

DONALDSONVILLE, LA., Sept. 14th., 1891. ELLA BENTLEY.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:—I am a little boy ten years of age, and like to play (but I like books too.) I live in the town of Winchester, Tenn., and like to go to the country. The following is how I spent my summer vacation :



Fishing was the chief thing I did, but I did not do that only. Right in front of the house where I was visiting was a great, beautiful hill, and I wandered all over that, but there was a little branch that ran down in the meadow, and I think that offered me more pleasure than anything else; we made islands, dams, mills, and seined it until I do not reckon there was a fish left in it. I enjoyed going swimming too. The cousin, whom I was visiting was a boy about my own age, and we took a notion to change the channel of the creek, on which they live. It was hard work and kept us busy all day for several days, but we finished after so long. We made a fish pond too (on a very

small scale). We also hunted eggs, drove the cows to pasture, rode the mules to water, and did a great many other things. But this is not all I did, I came home and worked in my father's printing office, learned to set type and do job work right well.

BENNIE SLAUGHTER.

WINCHESTER TENN., Sept. 12th. 1891.

MY DEAR UNCLE JOE:—Before I write and tell you how I spent my vacation, I thought I had better tell you how old I am and where I live. I am 12 years old and live at 104 Pembroke St. Our summer cottage is situated on the shore of Lake Simcoe and we have a pretty little farm adjoining it all on the water's edge. I must now tell you about my pets. First we have a pretty iron gray and white pony, and her name is Dolly, she will come and eat out of our hands. We go for the mail with Dolly, sometimes riding and driving, and when we come home we turn her out and ask her if she wants to go for a swim and she will nod her head, and then we go in and take her with us, and oh my, you ought to have seen her splash the water all over, and when she has enough of it, she goes out all by herself. Then we have two dogs, one's name is Paddle, and the other's name is Trust. Paddle is a jet black spaniel, and Trust is a light brown and white pointer. Trust can carry a stick, a basket, climb a ladder and jump through a hoop. We also have eight pigeons, some of them are fan-tails and some are carriers, and they will come down and eat out of our hands and mouth.

Boating, swimming, riding, picnicing and driving is about how I spent my vacation, not forgetting eating and drinking.

Hoping this will meet with a favorable reply, with kind regards.

I remain, one of your nieces,

JOSEPHINE SHEPPARD.

TORONTO, Sept. 20th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:—I noticed in THE CANADIAN QUEEN, that you wanted your nephews and nieces to write you a letter telling you how we spent our summer vacation. Well, I for one, have spent a very delightful vacation indeed, though I did not go away from home. Sarnia, as I suppose you know is situated on the St. Clair river, and in there is a delta. One of the islands, which form this delta, is called Walpole, which is situated about thirty miles from my home in Sarnia, and to this island about 700 people with myself, went on an excursion; then I went riding back and forth on the ferries, and some evenings mamma, my brother and myself used to go out driving with our horse and buggy, and besides this we had company. Well Uncle my letter is getting quite long, so I will have to close. I remain,

Your loving niece,

MABEL A. PHILLIPS.

RIVERVIEW, SARNIA, Ont., Sept. 18th. 1891.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:—As I heard of the prize in the CANADIAN QUEEN for the children to write about their summer vacation, I am going to write and tell you about my holidays.

School was closed on the 30th of June, and on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of July, we wrote on the Entrance Examination, in which Examination, I am glad to say, that I was successful.

Soon after, I went out with some friends, berry-picking. We went first along the fences, and then we came to a patch, but soon a woman came out and told us to go, for she wanted all the berries that were there.

My school-mates went away for their holidays, and I kept their bantam hen and rooster. I named the hen "Annie

Rooney," and the little rooster "Joe." They were both very fond of cake, and when I would go out with a piece in my hand, they would run up to me to have their share.

Once I had a piece of cake in my hand and the old hen came up to me and took a bite out of the cake. When my friends came home I took the chickens back, and I was real sorry to part with them.

Later on in the holidays, I went to a small picnic out to a bush. We walked quite a distance along the railroad track, but after we got to the bush we had a lovely time.

I often went out gathering shells and sometimes I went fishing, but if I told you all the fun I had during my holidays, it would take too much room here. I will close my letter. I still remain

Your loving little niece,
OLIVE J. KING.

AYR, ONT., Sept. 19th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:—I thought I would write you and tell you how I spent my vacation. I had a splendid time from the first day I left school right up to the time it commenced again. The first week of holidays, I went to Toronto to visit my cousins, and when we get together we have no end of fun. The very first thing we did was to make up a picnic to go over to Hanlan's Island, which we did the next day and came home in the evening (after seeing Mr. Dixon walk the rope) very tired. We went some place nearly every day, during my visit to Toronto, and when I came home, I brought my cousins with me. And my father being Captain of the Maid of the Mist, of course, we all had to go right off and have a trip, which my cousins enjoyed very much. And now dear Uncle Joe, I have given you a faint idea of how I spent part of my vacation, hoping if ever you come to the Falls, you will take a trip on the little Maid, it is such fun. Good-bye, hoping to see this published, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
AGGIE CARTER.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Sept. 19th., 1891.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:—As I was reading THE QUEEN, I noticed your Prize Offer, for the best letter written on "How we spent our Summer Vacation."

We live in a very pretty, quiet, little village and surrounded by pleasure on all sides. We can enjoy ourselves by going picking berries, going fishing, picnicking, walking, driving, or in any other way one would like.

The red and black raspberries were just ripening when school closed, and then our sport commenced. One Saturday afternoon my two brothers, my sister, one of my companions and myself suggested that we go berry-picking. We picked along fences until I found my way into a bee's nest, and then I declared I would not stay there any longer. From there we went to a small patch and had just got nicely picking when a woman came up and ordered us out, and was going to take our berries in the bargain. Then we retreated back along the fences, down into the woods until we escaped from our adversary.

We left Ayr, August 4th, for a pleasant trip to Grimsby, and to see the wonderful Park. One evening there was a Magic Lantern show at the Park, and we went in the afternoon, took our tea and stayed for the evening's performance. On Friday August 7th there was a large picnic to the Lake, and just after we got there a heavy thunder storm came up, but it only made the day more lively.

We had races, and an old Aunt and Uncle that were there raced, and they ran good for their age. Then we tried to see who could throw a stone from the bank to the Lake. The next day I could hardly move my arm for it was so stiff after throwing the stones.

When tea time came we had to hunt some boards to sit down on for the ground was not dry after the rain.

If you ever want to spend a pleasant time, go down to Grimsby for a week or two, for there is lots of fun there.

But the best fun that I had this summer, was one day that eleven of us went out to gather bramble berries, and we took our lunch with us. We tramped all day long and only got three berries. When we got thirsty, we went to a place called Cedar Creek (that is papa's favorite trout pool) and we ate our lunch there too. I went to find some cat-tails, and when I came back I stumbled and almost went head first into the Creek, but mamma caught me and pulled me up.

Now Uncle Joe I must close with love, and hoping to see this published.

Your loving niece,
GERTIE RANDALL.

AYR, Ont., Sept. 18th, 1891.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—Uncle Joe has been much pleased with the letters written about your pets, of which letters he has received one half a hundred. The pets have been of all sorts. Some of the very queerest creatures have learned to love and obey their little masters and mistresses. The most original pet, I think, was a butterfly, about which you shall read some day. There have been cranes and coons, turtles and toads, fish and fowls, and although all the letters were not quite available for publication, Uncle Joe's pleasure in reading them was great. The competition this month is for the best letter on how the nephews and nieces spent their summer holidays, and the winner's name will be announced next month.

More letters on pets will appear in the November number, and Uncle Joe would like some more photographs of his little friends, all of which will be returned as soon as the engraving is completed for publication.

Your affectionate old
UNCLE JOE.

OUR PRIZE DOLL COMPETITION.

THE QUEEN FURNISHES THE DOLLS.

We intend to give a Christmas tree for poor children this year and desire every girl reader of THE QUEEN to assist us. Would you like to aid in this benevolent enterprise? There are thousands of poor children in Toronto and other cities whose Christmas Day is one of desolation, want and suffering. Would you like to brighten the day by making glad the heart of some child? If so, here is an opportunity. We want to provide dressed dolls in abundance for the tree; no cheaply gotten up and shabby dolls, but those which are fresh and bright, tastily, yes, beautifully dressed. Not necessarily in silks and satins, or plush and velvet, but any nice, pretty material, tasty and attractive.

To interest every girl reader of THE QUEEN in endeavoring to send the handsomest dressed doll for THE QUEEN'S Poor Children's Christmas Tree, we offer the following prizes, which will be given in duplicate to girls entering the Competition from both Canada and the United States:

\$50 in cash will be given for the best dressed doll; \$25 in cash for the second best dressed doll; \$15 in cash for the third

best dressed doll ; and besides, a large number of other prizes of value and suitable for young ladies to be distributed in order of merit amongst those who enter this Competition and send in prettily dressed dolls.

The taste and workmanship displayed in the dressing and the age of the competitor will be considered rather than the quality of the material used.

If you desire to enter this Competition send 10 Canadian three-cent stamps, or 15 U. S. two-cent stamps, and receive, charges prepaid, one handsome imported, full-bodied doll for dressing, colored plate illustrating ten beautifully dressed dolls, together with instructions and directions, and a free three months' trial subscription to THE QUEEN.

Address, THE QUEEN'S Prize Doll Competition, 58 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

Tangled Threads.

PRIZE OFFER FOR OCTOBER.

Uncle Joe will send a handsome cloth-bound book to the boy and girl who writes the best letter on "How to spend a winter evening," for Uncle Joe's Young People's Page. Letters must be posted on or before October 20th, to compete for this prize. These columns will occasionally contain the likeness of some of our young Competitors where the photograph accompanies the contribution. The photos will be returned if a stamp is sent.

1.—ENIGMA.

My first is in many, but not in few,
My second is in ugly, but not in new,
My third is in sugar, but not in candy,
My fourth is in smart, but not in handy,
My fifth is in shade, but not in shine,
My sixth is in control, but not in whine,
My seventh is in heat, but not in cold,
My eighth is in bane, but not in bold,

My whole is what a woman can't have, loves to have near, yet does not want.
—MARY S. EWING.

2.—PUZZLE.

hill,
Patience
N. B.

This letter to a postman came
Without a title scarce a name,
But as he knew the sender well
It went, where? Will you kindly tell.

—WM FLEWELLING.

3.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of twelve letters. My first will be found in
1.—Westminster. 7.—Tobolsk.
2.—Manchester. 8.—Constantinople.
3.—New Haven. 9.—Leicester.
4.—Syracuse. 10.—Adrianople.
5.—Oswego. 11.—Stockholm.
6.—Winchester. 12.—Rochester.

Find the name of the place here given, the county and State in which it is located, each being composed of twelve letters, each occurring in each word here given, in the order named.

—WM FLEWELLING, WATFORD, N.B.

4.—A BUNCH OF KEYS.

1. What key is a most mischievous one.
2. What key a foreign land.
3. What key a man of trust must be.
4. What key used by the hand.
5. What key with four legs you will find.
6. And what with only two.
7. What key a man of music was.
8. What key will sing for you.
9. What key is found within an arch.
10. What key can a servant be.
11. What key you'll find a stripe of land.
12. And what at the race you'll see.

5.—DOUBLE CROSS—WORD ENIGMA.

In patient, not in murmur,
In rheumatic not in pain,
In zeal, but not in ardor,
In crazy, but not in sane,
In labor, not in working,
In uncle, not in aunt,
In endurance, not in whining,
In adipose, not in gaunt,
In capacious, not in narrow,
In pleasant, not in bold,
In Toronto, not in Paris,
In antiquated, not in old,
In amusement, not in pleasure,
In every, not in all,
In colonel, not in corporal,
In concert, not in ball.

If from each of these words two letters you take,
You'll find that they will surely make,
Something that gives us unbounded pleasure
And in what we may find it at our leisure.

—ANITA.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

- 1.—Rheumatism.
- 2.—Bar-room.
- 3.—The whale that swallowed Jonah.
- 4.—In the shape of a five pointed star.

Answers to different puzzles have been received from Mrs. Caroline Rodgers, Lulu Gorst, Jane Bassett, P. Thompson, Malcolm McMair, Amy Grace Ingles, Mrs. Alfred C. Graves, H. C. Creeper, F. E. Elliott, Miss R. P. Peake, Ivy Blackburn, Emma H. Jack, Helen Dale, Gypsey Alcott, Aggie Carter.



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(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
FOR SALE BY
ALL DRUGGISTS.

ANOTHER MONEY MAKER.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:—As you are opening up your columns for your different nephews and nieces to tell what they are doing, and as I was fortunate enough to see the letter written by Jno. W. in a former issue regarding his experience with one of the Magic Electric Platers, I sent to the Co-Operative Supply Co., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont., and secured one of the Platers. It works to a charm. I commenced doing plating the second day after it was received and have been engaged all my spare time out of school since. Expect to be able to make from \$20 to \$30 a week with it. It is really all the Company claim for it.

HENRY G.

NASHVILLE, N.Y., Aug. 20th, 1891.

Publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN:

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of your letter of advice, that the first prize of a pair of Shetland ponies, carriage and harness, in your Prize Literary Competition, has been awarded to myself. Will you please accept my thanks for the same. Your advice that you wait my directions for shipment is noted. I have been considering what course to take in regard to them and I am now inclined to have them sold by you and for you to send me the proceeds less your charges for trouble and expenses, if you will do me that favor. What do you think you could sell them for, or would you buy them yourselves?

Respectfully yours,

E. C. ABBOTT.

NASHVILLE, N.Y., Aug. 22nd, 1891.

Publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN:

GENTLEMEN:—I wrote you on the 20th inst., acknowledging receipt of your letter informing me that I had won the first Literary Prize, etc., and asked whether you would either sell the property for me, or if you would purchase it yourselves and remit me proceeds. I have hardly had time to hear you from you yet, but write to say, that I want to have a sale made as soon as can be in your city and proceeds sent to me here.

Please not to ship them, but dispose of them for me. I hope to hear from you soon.

Respectfully yours,

E. C. ABBOTT.

NASHVILLE, N.Y., Aug. 29th, 1891.

Publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN:

GENTLEMEN:—Your favor of the 27th inst. received. I accept your offer to sell you the entire property including pony, carriage and harness. You may sell or keep at the price of \$250 and remit me the amount.

I understand that there will be no charges for me to pay to come out of this sum.

Let me hear from you soon and oblige.

Very respectfully, etc.,

E. C. ABBOTT.

NASHVILLE, N.Y., Sept. 5th, 1891.

Publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN:

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of remittance of \$250 mentioned in your favor of 3rd. inst., being for amount agreed upon for me to accept in lieu of the team of Shetland ponies, carriage and harness, awarded to myself as the first prize in your Literary Competition, ending Aug. 10th ult. For your promptness in closing up this matter and your liberality in dealing with your subscribers, please accept my thanks and wishing THE QUEEN a prosperous career, I remain.

Very respectfully, etc.,

E. C. ABBOTT.

RESULT OF COMPETITIONS CLOSING
AUGUST 10TH.

In the Literary Competition the leading prize was taken by Mr. Evan C. Abbott, School Teacher, Nashville, N. Y. As will be seen by correspondence with Mr. Abbott in another column he preferred a less value in cash on account of the large expense incurred in having the ponies shipped to his address. The three following are the names of the persons who ranked as the first, last and middle ones in the English History Competition. First, Herman N. Loeser, 678 Spadina ave., Toronto; last, Mrs. Erne Marion, San Francisco, Cal.; middle, Mrs. Jessie Sellers, Pittsburg, Pa. The following is a partial list of the prize winners in these two Competitions: Mrs. N. C. Warmboldt, Jacksonville, Fla.; Miss M. E. Stakeley, La Grange, Ga.; A. A. Perkins, Allintown, Ill.; Mrs. Jno. Pennington, Shipman, Ill.; H. B. Pierce, Rock Rapids, Iowa; D. S. Marey, Halstead, Kansas; Mrs. J. F. Stone, Hico, Ky.; Nellie A. Miller, 280 State street, Portland, Me.; Mrs. G. H. Dalrymple, 706 N. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.; Robt. Walter Temple, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.; Clara M. Doty, Fairburn, Neb.; Ida J. Whitehouse, Box 407, Suncook, N. H.; Martha L. Collins, Chalangey, N.Y.; Sue H. Johnson, East Bend, N. C.; Mrs. L. M. Touxal, Belle Vernon, Pa.; Nellie M. Davis, Lyndonville, Vt.; Mary Brash; Boscobel, Wis.; A. J. Lindsay, Union Mines, B. C.; Roderick Lindsay, Union Mines, B. C.; Margaret MacDonald, Nanaimo, B. C.; Mrs. Charles Marston, 165 Chatham street, Victoria, B. C.; Howard Campbell, 1213 Hornby street, Vancouver, B. C.; Hugh Stewart, Oak River, Man.; Agnes, B. Barr, Oak River, Man.; John Poore, Stonewall, Man.; Mrs. Isaac Riley, Stonewall, Man.; Jno. C. Deardon, St. John's College, Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. W. H. McLean, 160 Lombard St., Winnipeg, Man.; Anberry Allen, Bathurst, N. B.; Miss Lulu Robb, Dorchester N. B.; A. Machum, Palleyhurst, N. B.; W. E. S. Flewelling, Sussex, N. B.; Mrs. C. H. Norris, St. Andrews, N. B.; R. C. Sanderson, Indian Head, N. W. T.; Mrs. F. DeLeslie, Lorne House, Halifax, N. S.; Maggie S. T. O'Donahue, 113 Gottengent St., Halifax, N. S.; H. F. Allison, 97 Norris St., Halifax, N. S.; Sandey Lamphien, 53 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.; Bertha Carbin, Tangiers, N. S.; Mrs. Arthur Vroon, Deep Brook, N. S.; Beatrice Vooght, North Sidney, N. S.; Mary A. McKenzie, Box 342, North Sydney, N. S.; Mr. F. Drake, New Glasgow, N. S.; Geo. Kirk, Bracebridge, Ont.; Emily McManus, Bath, Ont.; Mrs. R. Stanbury, Bayfield, Ont.; Mrs. J. W. Gage, Bartonville, Ont.; Mrs. Adlenda Lane, Charleville, Ont.; Minnie Chinnock, Box 254, Elora, Ont.; Mrs. L. W. Vasper, Galt, Ont.; Addie Gibson, Guelph, Ont.; Aggie Sinclair, Huntly, Ont.; Mrs. H. F. Hosletter, Horner, Ont.; Mrs. J. Galtray, 45 Stuart street E., Hamilton, Ont.; Wm. Frier, 123 Catherine, street N., Hamilton, Ont.; E. Marshall, 159 Ferrie street E., Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. D. S. Allen, Box 126, Kincardine, Ont.; Miss Beattie, Wortley rd, London, Ont.; Winnie B. Servos, Niagara, Ont.; Lizzie Ford, Box 445, Owen Sound, Ont.; Agnes Chamberlain, 52 Alexander street, Ottawa, Ont.; Miss A. H. Freehette, 87 MacKay St., Ottawa, Ont.; Alfred Long, Box 55, Port Hope, Ont.; Lizzie McDonagh, Perth, Ont.; Molley Cook, Port Sydney, Ont.; Mrs. Alex. McIntosh, Point Edward, Ont.; A. McFarlane, Savanne, Ont.; Robt. J. Towers, Sarnia, Ont.; Mrs. T. Cawthorpe, Strathroy, Ont.; Ella Sutherland, Sarnia, (P. O. Dept.) Ont.; Col. Newbegging 134 Peter street, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. C. Clark, Asylum, Toronto, Ont.; Hattie Newman, 12 Marlborough ave., Toronto, Ont.; Julia Jarvis, 2 Maple ave., Toronto, Ont.; David Rae, 129 Markham street, Toronto, Ont.; J. J. Murphy, 25 Mutual St, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Evans, 190 Gladstone ave., Toronto Ont.; Miss F. Philan, Walsingham Centre, Ont.; May Cranston, Box 34, West Toronto Junction, Ont.; Philip Bailey, St. Anne's de Bellevue, Que.; Mrs. J. J. Burbeck, Stanley street, Sherbrooke, Que.; Mrs. McCord, Malmacson, Que.; Amy French, Cookshire, Que.; Miss Alice Price, 157 St. Dominique street, Montreal, Que.

(To be Continued in November Number.)

THE FLEA AND THE ELEPHANT.

Says the flea to the elephant, "Who are you shoving?" The comparison between the shover and the shoved is about on a par with the striking difference in quality between "Sunlight" Soap and all other soaps.

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BATHURST, N. B., Sept. 14th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—The daily prize lately awarded me, received safely, please accept my thanks.

Yours truly,
INEZ L. SUTHERLAND

GARDEN ISLAND, Ont., July 1th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Received the prize in good order to-day. Am well pleased. Thanking you for your promptness in having the same delivered.

I am, yours truly,
J. G. ETTINGER.

WINNIPEG, MAN., Sept. 14th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the biscuit jar, for which I thank you very much, I think it very nice indeed. I consider THE QUEEN one of the best periodicals of the day.

Yours truly,
S. A. WEALE.

TEMPLETON, MASS., Sept. 14th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I received the silver dessert set by express. I have been away from home or would have answered sooner. My prizes are much admired by every one, and I have quite an exhibit now with my two sets, cracker and dessert service. I am much pleased with them.

Yours Respectfully,
CHAS. H. LANE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE have many enquiries for our July number. That issue is entirely exhausted. Subscriptions sent in after the 15th of July, even though June numbers were sent, commence with August.

WINNIPEG, MAN., Sept. 12th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—Your elegant cracker jar, given me as a special daily prize in History competition, has reached me in good order and I am very proud of it, and I hereby tender my sincere thanks for this beautiful present, for such I consider it, THE QUEEN being worth far more than the price of subscription. It is a good wholesome, magazine, instructive and entertaining, though not at the summit of its excellence if the improvements made month by month are to be taken as a criterion. And through your extraordinary liberality you will no doubt, not merely to continue to hold your own but gradually forge ahead of similar publications.

Yours truly,
MRS. E. JOHANNSON.

GUELPH, Ont., Sept. 21st, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I received the biscuit jar that was awarded me. I think it is very nice. Many thanks for the same.

Yours truly,
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NEW HAVEN, CT., Sept. 14th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I received the prize awarded me and think it very neat and pretty. I have shown it to all my friends and they are unanimous in their praise. I am growing quite fond of the magazine and look for its arrival with pleasure. Accept my thanks for the prize, and believe me sincere in wishing you all prosperity.

Very truly,
C. L. FISKE.

NEVADA, Mo., Sept. 14th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—The cracker jar received. It is very nice indeed and I am very much pleased with it. Will send you marked copy of our paper containing a notice complimentary to your valuable paper. Everyone that has seen the jar likes it very much. Please accept my thanks for same.

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July 1st, 1891, the advertising rates in **THE QUEEN** were increased to **40 cents per agate line each insertion.** This will be the regular rate for display advertising in this publication in future. **Twenty-five per cent. discount** will be allowed on yearly contracts or contracts for one thousand lines or over, to be used at the option of advertiser within one year.

No deviation will be made from this rate.

No special position will be given in any advertisement.

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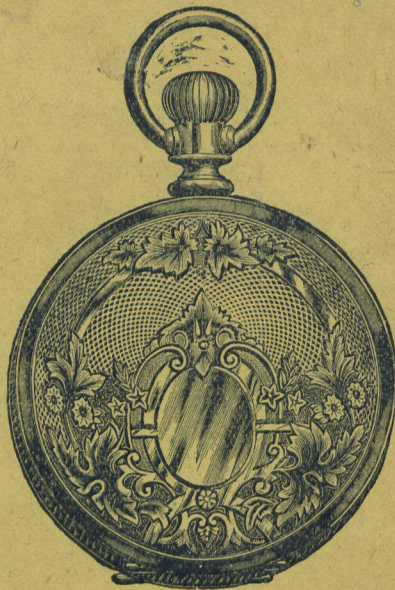
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