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The Canadian QUEEN



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DEVOTED TO

CANADIAN HOMES

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

FIRST PRIZES.

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

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

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QUESTIONS:

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

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

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

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

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

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



BY THE SEASHORE.



REGISTERED.

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VOL. IV.

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

No. 3.

Written for THE QUEEN.

HER CHOICE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY JESSIE K. LAWSON.

PART II.

THE quiet elegance of her appearance as she stepped upon the platform caused a murmur of approval to run through the very select audience. Mrs. Andrews certainly had not over praised her friend. A deep hush fell as she pronounced the first few lines. Her voice was singularly sweet and sympathetic, it fascinated and charmed, and as it waxed strong and thrilled with passion, the listeners were completely carried away by the force and power of her rendition. When she ceased there was a moment of death-like silence and then the thunders of applause broke forth, nor did they abate until once and again she appeared, and pale as death itself, bowed her smiling thanks.

"What did I tell you Helen! Why, you have taken us all by storm! Your reputation is made already, the papers will be full of it to-morrow, and they will be soliciting your talent from all quarters."

"For which thanks to you, Ada," said Helen, with feeling, I understand now what a friend in need means."

"Fiddlesticks! Why I am proud to have you as my guest, I wish you could stay with me altogether; you see I am only an ordinary little person with no particular talent whatever and I need a little reflected glory to help me shine you know."

With a light heart and a full purse Helen returned to Montreal and within the week she had, thanks to Ada Andrews efforts, accepted two engagements, and had applications from several would-be pupils in elocution. The tide had turned and if wealth was out of the question, poverty had at least been banished from their future.

CHAPTER III.

"See mamma, what do you think of my young man?" said Helen, ushering a bright eyed lad of about fifteen into their little parlor about a month after this.

Mrs. Westerton looked up in surprise. Helen was a constant surprise to her: had been always, but more than ever since the

great change in their circumstances had come about. These circumstances which had paralyzed her husband and well nigh crushed herself had but strengthened and brought out the finer qualities of Helen's strong and lovable nature. Her mother called her eccentric when she was merely unconventional. This lad was evidently but another of her eccentricities, and Mrs. Westerton looked at him, noting his slight figure, pale olive complexion, and bright dark eyes, and wondered what on earth Helen had brought the lad there for. After she had surveyed him and smiled approbation Helen took him out into the kitchen and returned to her mother.

"You see mamma," she explained, "I need help in the housework and a servant girl as yet is out of the question. Woman and girls are inquisitive and prying and we are so scantily furnished with everything that servants expect to see, that I feel I dare not yet bring one into the house. Besides, I need some one to fetch and carry my wraps and go with me and escort me home, when I have an engagement at nights anywhere. Therefore, I have taken Mrs. Andrew's advice; I have got a boy from the Protestant Orphan's Home, tall enough to suit me for escorting o'night, and trained to be as handy in the house as any girl. He is warranted to wash dishes, scour knives, scrub floors, be obedient, and not be saucy. His wages, for the first year, is food, clothes, a certain amount of education, and ten dollars. I have got him at a bargain, but I had to select him against their recommendations of others. They were very honest. They said this boy was not overly conscientious, that whenever he got a chance of a book he was liable to either neglect his work or hurry through with it in order to sit down and devour it, that he had actually the temerity to write rhymes, with which he answered the other boys, and that he had been dismissed from service on a farm where he had been hired because he was in the habit of gathering up all the odd ends of candles he could find, and after all the family were asleep, lighting these to read by. Whenever I heard these faults I said—

there, that's the boy for me. They tried to get me to choose some ruddy stolid clods, but I preferred the boy with a soul in him, so I brought him along. I shouldn't have got him but for Mrs. Andrew's recommendation, for they are very particular about getting the boys in with people who are orthodox and all that.

Mrs. Westerton sighed and shook her head. "She would prophesy no ill, but she hoped no ill would come of it, it was such a departure from all her notions, but of course she had no say in the matter, Helen had assumed the responsibilities and she must abide by them. The washing of the dishes and the scouring of the knives and the sweeping would certainly be a help, but what was that about education?"

"Oh that is part of his wages, one of the conditions. But I will teach him myself," said Helen cheerfully.

"What! What next?" Mrs. Westerton asked in disgust, "really Helen, you have had your own way in everything, but this is carrying things too far. Teach a beggar's brat!"

"Had I not studied elocution when I had the chance mamma I should be a beggar myself. I shall teach the lad."

Helen spoke more sharply to her mother than ever she had done before, but she was so weary of the continual assumption of superiority that she had been surprised into a decisiveness which she instantly repented.

"You know mamma, its the best I can do just now," she continued in a softer tone, "and I shall have lots of leisure time. Come, say you are pleased with the boy."

"It's nothing to me Helen, you didn't consult me," was the chilling reply and she turned away to the kitchen with a sigh. The lad was already in possession of a book and so absorbed was he that he did not hear Helen's soft footfall until she stood before him.

Then he closed the book in guilty haste and laid it on the table where he had found it.

"What did you do that for," asked Helen looking at him curiously.

"Nothing. I didn't mean to read when I took it up, but I forgot," he answered shamefacedly.

"That's not what I mean. I mean why did you shut up the book and throw it down as if you were afraid when I came in?"

The boy averted his head and muttered "I thought you'd be mad."

"Well Manuel I want you to understand that I will never be angry at you reading books, and I will give you books and plenty of time to read them. Only you know I want you to do up the work first. I want you to get time every day."

The youth turned on her his wide, clear eyes in unmitigated wonder, too astounded to answer. Helen could not help smiling at the mute eloquence of his expression.

"And I myself will teach you two hours a day, after our other work is all done up, you know, and I will give you lessons which I shall expect you to prepare for me. Don't you think you will like that?"

Still the lad looked at her, a soft light dawning on his young face. The unaffected kindness of her manner, the sweetness of her voice, the beauty of her brown eyes smiling amiably upon him, the idea of her not rebuking him, but actually urging him to study, all impressed him so strangely, it was such a new experience to him that speech, for the moment, forsook him. He could not help it, but do as he could, a lump would keep gathering in his throat, and when she laid her hand on his shoulder, his vision suddenly became blurred, and he turned away to hide the tears he was ashamed of.

"Why Manuel! what ails you? Don't you want to stay with me?" she cried in dismay. "Would you rather go somewhere else?"

"No, oh no, tain't that; its—its nothing—I'm better now," and swiftly brushing his eyes clear, he looked up at her with a tremulous smile.

"Why, my dear boy, you frightened me; I thought after all you didn't want to stay."

"No," said Manuel, now quite himself, "it isn't that. I think its because you're so different from anybody else I've been with. I'll do anything at all you bid me."

"Very well, Manuel, that's a good lad; now let's see if we can get anything to eat."

It was very amusing to see the tone of motherliness which Helen assumed in speaking to the lad who was but six years younger than herself, but the maternal air sat well upon her, adversity had matured her and made her serious beyond her years.

The lad became invaluable to her in many ways. Mr. Westerton had lapsed into a silent, hopeless invalid, but the lad seemed to interest him more than anything else had done since the paralytic stroke which his reverses had brought on. Helen left him with an easier mind now when Manuel was there to attend to his little wants, and even Mrs. Westerton acknowledged to herself at least, that the getting of the boy had been a wise move.

In spite of the house and other work to be done, he began to make such rapid strides in his study that Helen found he would soon get beyond her boarding-school acquirements.

"Look here, Manuel, how would you like if I got a tutor for you?" she asked one day after he had been with them for nearly a year. Manuel's eyes flashed an answer prompt and unmistakable, but he did not answer at once. Oh to learn! To get on as other lads who had fathers and mothers! Did he hear aright? A tutor!

"You see, Manuel, I couldn't afford exactly to pay for a tutor, but there is a young man, a student at McGill College, who wishes to take lessons in elocution from me. Well, I will give him lessons in exchange for their value in Latin and mathematics for you—how would that do?"

"I'll do anything you think I ought to," was the ready reply, "and you'll just see how I'll work, too."

Helen was satisfied. They had grown to be quite friendly, these two—the friendless orphan and the girl who had become the protector and provider for her own parents. Her reputation had grown, and she had now all and more than she could do. They had moved to a more suitable house, she had furnished it more comfortably, and, moreover, felt that she could afford to keep an able-bodied and efficient servant, who could undertake the whole of the housework. When Manuel saw the smart woman in possession of the kitchen, his countenance fell. Helen had not mentioned her intention to him, and he concluded that the next thing in order would be his dismissal. It was a very different idea, however, that Helen was expounding at that moment to her mother in the parlor.

"I know, mamma, that you'll object, but I have decided to keep on Mannel all the same, although we have now got a good servant."

"Oh dear no," Mrs. Westerton returned, in her most amiable manner; "on the contrary, I think it is a very good idea. The young man is very neat and very nice, and has become so indispensable to your father that I can't think what he would possibly do without him. There is one thing, however, I would strongly suggest, but perhaps you couldn't quite afford it."

"What is it, mamma? I will try to meet your wishes as far as I can," said Helen, glad to think she was not opposed.

"Now if you could get him a nice suit—a uniform, a footman's uniform—you could have him for a tiger, you know, and have him answer the door and——"

Helen bit her lip and frowned so, that her mother suddenly stopped short.

"No, mother, it is something very different from that I have planned for Manuel," she began quietly; "his tutor tells me that he is both clever and intellectual. He says if he had a chance he would certainly make his mark at college, and that chance I am determined he shall have. He will, now that we have a servant to do the work, stay on here as one of the family——"

"Helen Masterton! are you going mad?" cried her mother, in consternation. "Do you ask *me*, your mother, to recognize, as an equal, a boy whom nobody knows anything about, who——"

"Excuse me, mother, but if you get on in this strain we will never come to an understanding. I am not asking your recognition of the lad; but I shall certainly do as I please with my own earnings after providing for ourselves. Manuel can go on with his tutor, and he will sit at the table with us, as a friend of the house—why not, mother? Where is the difference? Here is a boy anxious to qualify himself to earn an honorable living in a congenial way; am I not doing the same? It's no use arguing with me on this point, mother; either we are Christians or we are not. No one can be a christian and uphold these base caste distinctions, which teach people to despise one another. I have not come suddenly down from extreme wealth to look want in the face without learning some lessons from it.

My former life was one of selfish enjoyment and indulgence, now I am determined to help along any one who is anxious to get on and can't, and as chance, or Providence, or God himself, for aught I know, has thrown this lad in my way, and I find he needs help and will make the most of it, why shouldn't I do it?"

Mrs. Westerton sat in indignant silence. Helen was an eccentric masterful girl, but she did not think she would have carried her democratic notions to such an extent as this. She had been delighted too, at the thought of keeping Manuel as a footman, a boy in buttons, but to keep him as a student, an aspirant for social equality—it was too absurd to think of. What *would* Helen do next?

The next thing Helen did do was to rise and step over and kiss her mother's frowning brow and whisper:

"Wait a little, mamma; perhaps you may be glad some day that I am so naughty and selfwilled."



A DEEP HUSH FELL AS SHE PRONOUNCED THE FIRST FEW LINES.

When she entered the kitchen a few moment's later, Manuel was standing looking moodily out of the window.

"Set the dinner for four, Sarah," she said to the new girl;

"papa, mamma, Manuel here, and myself."

The youth heard and thought he understood. Yes, it was as he had feared—they had no further use for him—he was going to be sent off now this new girl had come, and, with her usual kindness, she was to have him in to dine with them so as to break it easier to him. He took his cap and went out into the little garden which his own hands had made so attractive, and sat down on the bench he had made behind the woodshed, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his feet thrown out before him, and his chin drooped upon his breast.

It was all over; all his dreams of learning and of raising himself out of the rut of poverty; he would probably have to hire out to some ignorant farmer again, to be driven about like the cattle, to be cursed at and abused if found with a book in his possession. He wished he could be like those other boys in the home—content to eat, work and sleep, without this consuming desire for something besides. No, he would *not* go back to the Home, he would starve first; he would try to get something to do in the city here, where he could go to a night-school, and where—ah me! where he could once in a while see Miss Westerton. She was beautiful and refined, and knew everything, and he was but a waif, a nobody, with no one to care whether he lived or died; but yet, ah yet! he must get work here somewhere, where he could get just a glimpse of her face now and again, or perhaps a smile and word of recognition.

"Why Manuel! I've been hunting for you all over. What are you looking so glum for?"

The lad started to his feet and stared at her in strained apprehension. She had come to tell him he must now go. He knew it—he saw it in her face, but it was like her to try to do it kind.

"I—oh! I didn't know you wanted me, or I shouldn't have come out. I suppose I'll be going soon now?" he said, with an effort to take it bravely.

Helen looked at him quizzically and smiled.

"Yes, Manuel, you must go," she said, watching the effect of her words, "you must go," she continued, slowly, "first—to school and then to—college, and then into the world to acquit yourself as a man. Eh! that was your plan, wasn't it?" She leant back against the wood-shed as she spoke and surveyed him with smiling interest.

The lad's dark eyes burned with sombre fire, he grew red and then pale, and finally broke out into sudden passion.

"Yes, Miss Westerton, I have been silly enough to dream about all that, I don't know why, I'm sure, but I did. I didn't expect, though, that you would have laughed at me for it. My thoughts were my own; if I told you I am sorry for it now."

Helen was thunderstruck. It was the first time she had ever known him to manifest signs of temper, and suddenly, like a revelation, it struck her how handsome, how manly he was, standing there with his head thrown back and his dark eyes flashing angrily. And he was now eighteen, and so tall! Pale as death itself he strode past her, but she laid hold of his arm firmly.

"Manuel!"

He struggled a moment and then stood still.

"Why, Manuel! what is it? Don't you understand? I am not laughing at you and your dreams. God forbid! I mean it—every word. I want you to stay—well, as a brother might, and, now that we have got a girl to do the work, you can study, and, as I say, go through. Laughing—I never was more in earnest in my life; only, Manuel, I want you to be as good to father as ever, and take as much care of him as before, that is the only condition I impose."

The youth looked at her for a moment incredulously, then he suddenly fell on his knees and kissed the white hand that held her skirts aside in a wild impulse of love and gratitude.

After dinner that day, Manuel brought to Helen a small packet of about a dozen letters, wrapped in an old black lace scarf and tied with a faded ribbon.

"Can you read these," he asked.

Helen took the letters and looked at them. They were old and yellow, and frayed somewhat at the corners where they were folded.

"No, Manuel, I can't. They are written in some foreign language. It is not French, nor is it Italian. Stay, this envelope bears the Madrid postmark—it must be Spanish. Where did you get these letters?"

"I got them from the governor of the home in London when I left. I was a very small boy then, and he told me they belonged to me and I should keep them. What's the use of them when I can't read them?"

"That's so, neither can I, Manuel. I think you must be a Spaniard. Manuel—why yes! I never thought of it before—your name is Manuel, a Spanish name of course. Is that a veil you had them wrapped in?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's what they were wrapped in when I got them. They've been in it ever since."

"Better learn Spanish, Manuel," laughed Helen, lightly, "but oh, I say, what a most beautiful piece of lace!"

It was indeed a lovely piece of lace, rich and heavy, and of an exquisite pattern.

Helen threw it over her head and draped it about her face, and turned laughingly to her father, who sat in his chair smiling at her feebly, when the girl entered with a card.

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

Helen took the card and looked at it and started. A swift color suffused her cheek and flushed her brow. She hastily undid the lace, threw it over to Manuel and left the room. The name on the card was "Fred. Clayton, New York."

CHAPTER III.

There was some embarrassment in Fred. Clayton's manner on meeting Helen after an interval of over three years.

"You are looking well—not changed a bit," he said, after the first salutations were over. "I had to come to Montreal on business, and thought I would like to hunt you up."

"Is it necessary to apologize?" asked Helen, sweetly, so sweetly that he looked at her. It reminded him of her old quizzical way she had of teasing him, and he was a little surprised to see her retaining her gaiety of spirits.

"I am not apologizing, the fact is—I couldn't forget you, try as I might, and I wanted to see you again in the worst way."

"It's a pity you couldn't forget when you tried so hard to," she said gravely.

He looked at her again, unable to comprehend whether she was in earnest or speaking sarcastically. He could gather nothing from her expression; she looked into his face as clear-eyed and self-possessed as when she was his wealthy equal in New York city, but there was an undefinable hint of scorn in her manner which made him somewhat ill at ease. He glanced round at the pleasant apartment.

"You are pretty well fixed here, but you must find it a terrible change from Fifth Avenue," he said, sympathetically.

"Oh, this house is a palace compared to the one I rented when we first came here," she answered, with a light laugh; and I swept and dusted and did all the cooking myself."

"You! What a shame."

"Excuse me, I am very proud of it; and I am also very proud of being able to earn my own living in such a congenial way, although my pupils do try me a little sometimes."

"You have been a brave woman, Miss Westerton, you deserve success."

Helen bowed and smiled, a most inscrutable smile.

"How long are you to be in town?" she inquired, looking at him with such curiosity and interest as a naturalist might look at a specimen of butterfly."

"Oh, that depends a good deal on yourself, Helen. If I may be allowed to call and renew our old friendship, I may stay quite a while."

"Friendship, did you say?" she asked, with raised eyebrows.

"Well, old acquaintance then. I see you are as fond of quizzing a fellow as ever."

"So you didn't forget *that* anyway," laughed Helen; "I'm glad, you won't need to get used to it."

"I should like so much to see Mr. and Mrs. Westerton again. I trust they are well."

"Papa is better than he has been ever since he had the shock, and mamma is very well. Won't you come into the parlor and see them?"

Helen led the way into the parlor and, with a peculiar smile on her face, introduced her visitor.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Westerton were visibly affected. The sight of Fred., with his well-to-do air and pronounced New York style, was as the lifting of a curtain revealing bygone scenes.

"I think we should have invited him to dinner," said Mrs. Westerton after he had gone; it was very kind of him to call."

"It didn't strike me that way mamma," returned Helen, "and I shall certainly not put myself out to entertain Mr. Clayton. If he chooses to call why of course we must be civil—that is enough. In my opinion its all he ought to expect."

Mrs. Westerton differed.

"I cannot help thinking you are standing in your own light, Helen. I could see very well what brought him here, and if you would just consider what you might gain if you only choose to exert yourself; surely you do not mean to go on teaching and practising elocution for ever?"

"No, mamma, not for ever; I shall die like other people some day, I suppose," answered Helen, lightly, but a lump stuck in her throat. It was not regret for past ease and luxury that caused it, however, it was a sense of injustice and inappreciation that, for the moment, overwhelmed her. After all she had overcome and achieved, after securing independence and comfort, this was all the sympathy awarded her—discontent, a life-long grumble for New York gaieties, a perpetual longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

"Think it over at least, Helen," said her mother, ignoring the cynical outburst, "Its worth thinking over. I feel sure Fred. hasn't forgotten you, and if he offers—why—"

Helen never heard the conclusion of the sentence, she had quietly stepped out of the room beyond earshot of her mother's worldly wisdom, and entering her class-room forgot her bitterness and everything else in the enthusiasm she instilled into her pupils.

Mr. Fred. Clayton called several times again, and to Mrs. Westerton's great delight, was treated by Helen with marked civility. She would not have him to dinner, but there had been several five o'clock teas to which she had invited him, introducing him to her various pupils, some of which, like herself, were society belles. Nor did he stay long when he went back to New York. As the son of a wealthy stock broker, he had business to see to everywhere, notably in Montreal, and for the last two years it had become quite second nature to him to run up when there to his old New York friends, the Westertons.

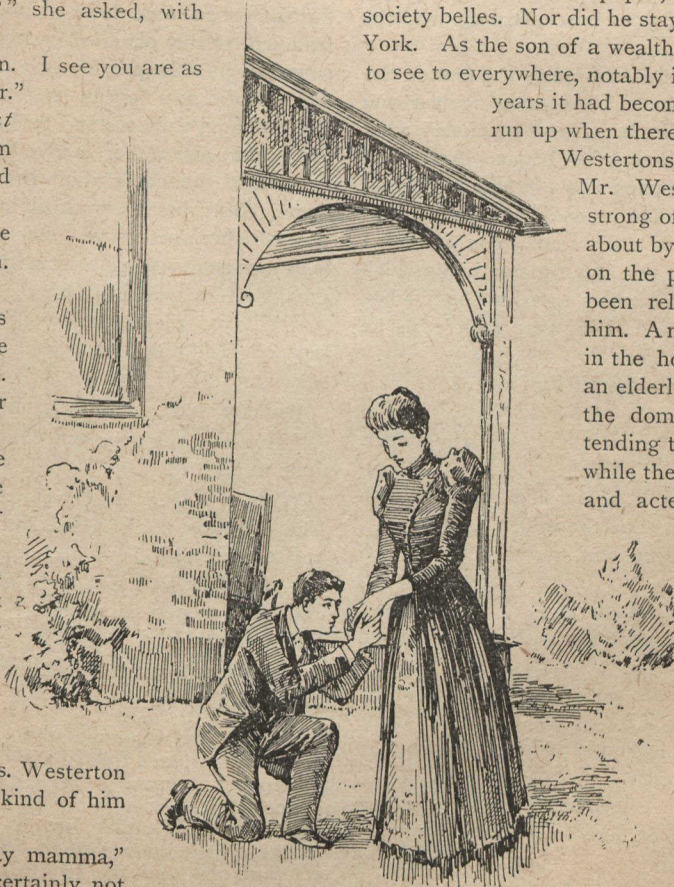
Mr. Westerton had grown wonderfully strong of late, he was now able to move about by himself with the aid of a crutch on the paralyzed side, and Manuel had been relieved of the duty of attending him. A new arrangement had been made in the household by the introduction of an elderly French Canadian couple into the domestic department; the wife attending to the cooking and indoor work, while the husband did the outside chores and acted as occasional valet to the invalid.

But while Manuel had already distinguished himself in his studies, and was now one of the family, there had sprung up between him and Helen an undefinable reserve. There was still the usual small talk at table, there were times of merry outbursts of fun and laughter over the happening of comic incidents, or the relation of some malaprop story, there were even moments of

friendly confidence regarding family affairs, or Manuel's own prospects at college, but in spite of all, the reserve was there; it fell like a curtain when the play was ended, both felt it and sighed over it.

The youth Helen had adopted had developed into a singularly handsome young man, he was over twenty now; a dark silken moustache covered his upper lip, but the natural gravity of his face gave one the impression of his being at least twenty-five. He had begun to protest against staying longer at college. Now that he had come to know that it was Helen only who was the bread-winner, he refused to be a burden upon her. On these occasions Helen generally administered a severe mock scolding, but at length she agreed to a compromise, consenting to his taking a pupil himself in order to supply his own pocket money.

So passed the months, happily, in spite of the reserve which grew, for Helen, when not at work, went singing about the house



HE SUDDENLY FELL ON HIS KNEES AND KISSED THE WHITE HAND.

as blythe as a lark. In the society she had gathered about herself she was quite as popular as she had been in New York, and more than one admirer had sued for her hand and been gently refused. But Manuel as the days passed grew moody and reserved. His studies even began to be neglected. Mr. and Mrs. Westerton remarked more than once that his health seemed to be impaired.

"You must take a holiday, Manuel, I cannot have you moping about like this," said Helen to him one evening, when he had escorted her home from one of her entertainments in the city.

"Yes I think I will," said Manuel, quietly; "indeed I have been thinking of leaving altogether, Miss Westerton. The only thing that keeps me is the fear of your misconstruing my conduct as ungrateful."

"Now Manuel!" exclaimed Helen, stamping her foot on the carpet impatiently, "how often have I protested against you speaking of gratitude or ingratitude. Good gracious! what would I have done without you when I first began. And when I think of all the care you took of papa when he was helpless—please don't mar any pleasure I have in seeing you getting on by speaking as if you were under obligation. You are *not*, I tell you, and I know. I have sent you about many things which papa was unable to attend to, and it has saved me so much—please don't, Manuel. We are both doing very well, let us be content."

"You will not misunderstand me then if I go away?"

"Go away! where to, pray?"

"Oh, I don't know, anywhere. I can't stay here any longer. I've taken a restless fit."

"He rose and paced the floor a little, and finally paused with his back to her, looking at a picture on the wall.

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then Helen, in a chill, low voice, said:

"Very well, Manuel, if you cannot stay, go!"

The young man wheeled round upon her with white face and burning eyes.

"I must, Miss Westerton; I dare not stay. I—I would kill somebody if I stayed, or kill myself."

"Manuel!" cried Helen, starting up in sudden affright, "are you mad? Why do you speak so?"

"Yes, I think I am mad. I have been mad ever since I came to this house. I have been mad enough to love you, and anything more insane than that cannot be imagined. Yes," he continued, laying sudden and unconscious hold of her arms with both hands while he looked at her in a passion of despair, "I know it is mad, presumptuous, ridiculous if you like, but all the same I love you, and I cannot stay here and see this man from New York waiting to take you away some day. Forgive me, Miss

Westerton," he added, dropping his arms with sudden collapse, "this shall not happen again; I am sane now." He was gone before she could utter another word, and she heard his slow footfall on the stairs as he went to his own room.

Helen stood where he left her for some minutes, then a slow beautiful smile crept over her face, and she sank down upon the lounge and covered her face with her hands.

"Manuel! oh Manuel! *Si tu savais comme je t'aime!*" she murmured. "And I all the time thinking how little you cared, thinking we had all become wearisome to you. The man from New York indeed!"

Little as she slept that night Helen's eyes were bright and a soft smile hovered about her lips as she waited next morning for Manuel to come down to breakfast. Evidently she had not been irrevocably offended by the confession Manuel had been surprised into the previous evening. Nor was she at all uneasy when he did not appear as punctually as usual. She thought she could quite understand his hesitation to meet her alone after last night; she rather enjoyed the idea of it—smiling as she thought of the consolation she had to give him when he did come. But when it struck eight, and it came on to a quarter-past, she became restive. Lectures began at nine, and the college was nearly a mile from the house; it was time he had breakfast—he would be late.

"Will you please step up to Manuel's room, Jeanette, and knock? Tell him I am waiting for breakfast," she said to the servant.

Jeanette went, and after a minute or two returned.

"Monsieur ees gone out," she said "he haf not ze bed slept upon at all."

With an inarticulate cry Helen ran upstairs to Manuel's room. The bed was undisturbed, but the half-open drawers of the bureau were open, and his valise and overcoat were gone. A few handkerchiefs and ties lay on the carpet, and a letter addressed to herself, sealed and marked *private*, lay upon the little toilet table.

Helen tore open the envelope and, with paling lips, read the hurried lines:

"I must go, I cannot stay longer; I dare not. But I shall come back when I feel I have conquered this mad love which is destroying me now. Forgive me, Miss Westerton, I would have concealed it if I could, but you will never know what you have been to me. Thanks to you, I have acquired, among other things, a little knowledge of Spanish, and now I go to seek my relations in Madrid. If I succeed you shall hear from me again, if not forget me and my unhappy love, and believe that my most fervent prayer is that you may be happy with your choice.

Yours till death,

"MANUEL."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Written for THE QUEEN.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND HIS FAMILY.

By GRACE E. DENISON.

AMONG all the crowned heads of Europe, there is not one so aggressively self-assertive as "William II., King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany." And a large part of the criticism and opposition which has followed and met him during his three years' reign is owing to his difficult trait. He is headstrong and quick-tempered, with that weakness for "bossing" which is born in every true male Teuton, and an impulse sometimes so erratic as to cause to arise a feeling between dismay and rage in the breasts of his faithful subjects. The very complementary nature to this is that of his gentle and amiable consort, the Empress Victoria. What she is to her restless, energetic, capricious, untiring husband those who make a study of human nature and its needs can imagine. The Emperor is fond of home, of her and his children, and she, true daughter of her native land, is devoted to her husband and her five interesting sons. For four generations back, the German Royal family has been most united. Beautiful Queen Louise, the great Grandmother of Kaiser William of today, besides being a marvel of loveliness, had the right hand and the calculating mind which guided her good old easy-going husband into power and success. The Empress Augusta, in the next generation, whose stately tomb at Charlottenburg the writer lately visited, was the

"heart's dearest" of noble old Kaiser William her husband, and need we write of the loyal tender English heart that yearned after the untimely death of the brave and gentle Kaiser, Fritz, the lately deceased father of the subject of this article. The Emperor, William II., was born on the 27th of January, over thirty-two years ago, and was married on the 22nd anniversary of his birth to Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. He was crowned Emperor of Germany on the 15th of June, 1888, and during his reign of somewhat more than three years, he has nobly fulfilled the promise which he made in his inaugural address before the House of Representatives, that he would be the "First servant of the State." He has worked early and late, unsparingly for soldier, laborer, rich and poor. An interesting episode, showing

how the young Emperor looks at the labor question occurred during a recent strike. The strikers came in a body, and were listened to with patience by the Emperor, who calmly and authoritatively laid their faults before them. And with the respect which he honestly felt for the laws of the land, rebuked them for their rebellion, promising at the same time that their grievances should be looked into and righted. Next day when the masters waited upon him in their turn, his address to them was a model of sense and sageness. Pointing out to them the fact that their employees had right on their side, in expecting to profit by the increasing prosperity of their masters, and that they were also becoming more enlightened as to the vast discrepancy between their gain and their employers', by their ever increasing study of the comments thereon of the public press, he counselled the masters to be just instead of grasping. When

Emperor William began his reign by the overthrow of the Iron Chancellor, Prince Bismarck all Deutschland stood agape. It was a daring and desperate act, that overriding of the nation's main stay, and that confident but slightly condescending remark "I can rule my country better alone," made the young Kaiser the butt of many an adverse criticism and the object of many a gruesome prophecy. I remember the caution of the stolid Germans in that



THE EMPRESS AT HOME.

anxious time, as they refused to express an opinion on their *enfant terrible*. "We are waiting to see what will come," they remarked, but now, they have seen enough to satisfy them that whatever small mistakes of youth and hasty speech have been made during these past months of busy work, have been but as flitting clouds over the steady sunshine of a triumphant success. Day by day, in spite of some peculiar methods, the young ruler has grown nearer to the heart of the great Teutonic nation, and should he be spared to a long life among his subjects of the fatherland, his reign will be one of the bright pages of history. No wonder they like him; he is of them, body, mind and spirit; not a trace of his English mother broadens or tones down the aggressive young German; he is the embodiment of their notion of a Kaiser, self-willed, strong,

honest, courageous, a soldier to the marrow, with a personal experience of the knapsack and the barrack-drill, and an exaction of submission which he had first to render himself, before he required it of a kingdom of forty millions of human beings. From a child he has loved field sports and all manly exercises, but he has also sat on an office stool and gone through the hardest routine exacted by any modern military training. He

placid and contented baby, have been making acquaintance lately with their English great grandmother, our noble Queen. They were cosily housed in Felixstowe on the Suffolk coast, and have had a lovely holiday, digging sand fortifications, undermining castles of shells, and riding the famous Felixstowe donkeys. These donkeys enjoy the distinction of being the finest of their kind, in fact, quite ideal asses. The Empress



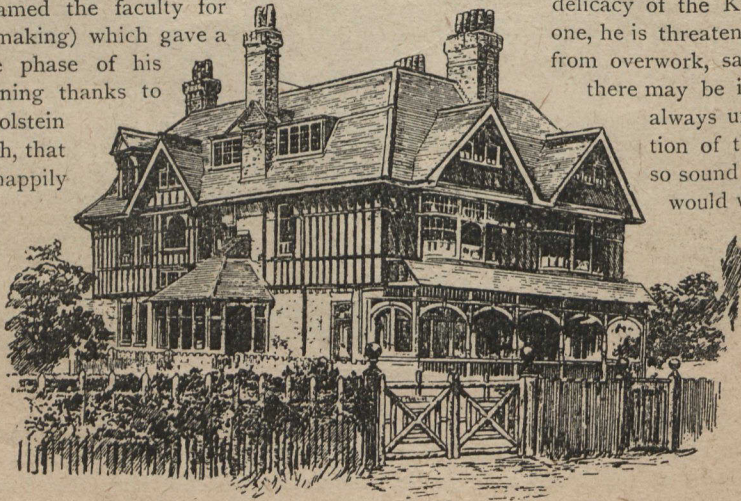
EMPEROR'S WINTER PALACE.



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

believes in force, rather than diplomacy, and his subjects agree in his belief, for above all else, the Germans are a strong people.

One month after his accession to the throne, he thus answered the suggestion of renouncing a small part of his kingdom. "Let us rather lose our eighteen army corps, and our forty-two million people on the battle field than give up one stone of the German Empire." With his impetuous vitality he has infused new life and vigor into the army, and modern progress into the schools, in fact there is not a corner nor an institution which is safe from his minute inspection and merciless criticism. I remember reading a little speech he made, (among his excellences may be named the faculty for graceful extempore speech-making) which gave a sidelight on an attractive phase of his character. It was in returning thanks to the people of Schleswig-Holstein for drinking his wife's health, that the young husband thus happily and affectionately rendered her chivalrous homage. "The bond which unites me to this Province, chaining me to it, in a manner different from all others of my Realm, is the jewel now sparkling at my side. It is to her I owe the ability to meet the severe labors of my office with a happy spirit, and make head against them." An onlooker prettily records



SOUTH COTTAGE, FELIXSTOWE.

the placid beaming content and devotion in the gentle face of the Empress, mingling with a moment of sudden surprise at this unexpected testimony to her life-work. The children of this well assorted marriage are five promising boys; the eldest, the Crown Prince, is a delicate looking boy, the second Prince Eitel, is remarkably beautiful, though his late shearing has robbed his lovely blooming face of its frame of charming curls. These two, with the other three little toddlers and the

visited her sons, after her stay in London lately, and the paragraphers and reporters have hosts of pretty tales to tell of the charming family party who are so fond of each other and so delighted to welcome "Mütterchen." The two elder boys must enjoy their holidays intensely, after their hard winter's study. The Emperor has them at lessons at seven o'clock each morning, but so judiciously are they fed and exercised and amused that their health seems to improve under his rigid discipline.

Talking of health reminds me of the ugly rumors which have been industriously circulated, and as religiously denied by different sections of the press, regarding the delicacy of the Kaiser; he has epilepsy, says one, he is threatened with nervous prostration from overwork, says another; whatever truth there may be in these late rumors, I have always understood that the constitution of the Emperor was not quite so sound and flawless as his admirers would wish, and the dismal prophecy

"He will never make old bones," came to me in his own Capital city. However that may be, his worst enemy will allow that the young Sovereign has made and is making the very most of every hour of his busy life, and even should he die in his first decade of Emperhood, he will have left a record and make an im-

pression that will reach far onward in the world's history.

A pretty description of the Emperor's children comes from England as follows: "Shouting and laughing and chattering, five little lads burst out of the little garden gate of South Cottage, leading on to the beach. The four eldest were dressed in white serge sailor suits, with dark blue collars and stockings, and high and sturdy lace boots. Three of them wore scarlet Tam O'Shanter, and the fourth a broad

brimmed sailor hat. Tiny Prince Oscar wore a white cotton frock, and his long flaxen curls were just visible at the back under his immense white straw hat. They were loaded with spades and buckets and whips and reins, and forthwith began to work hard at their various amusements. With them came the Empress herself, in a soft light silk dress, with a large flower pattern, and a wide frill of lace round the bodice. Her large white hat was of coarse straw. She sat down on the sand while her children crowded round her in an ecstasy of delight. The Crown Prince's thin, handsome little face flushed with pleasure as he showed the first curious shells to her; Prince Eitel threw his pail away and lay on the ground with his mother; one of the babies crept on her lap, and with his chubby, sandy



BERLIN TOWN HALL.

little hands, stroked her face, and another took her skirt in hand and cleaned it carefully of the sand and pebbles which yet another of her sons had deposited on it. It was "Mamma, look here," and "Mamma, look there," all the time, and into all the interests of her children the Empress entered with evident pleasure. Presently one of them desired her, coaxingly, to make him a paper boat, and forthwith she took a sheet of her crested note-paper and made it into a "cocked hat" boat, which was sent out to sea amid great excitement. The little idyl on the east coast lasted for over an hour; it was as pretty a picture of affectionate family life as could be seen anywhere and at any time; and, best of all, it was perfectly natural, and there was not the shadow of affectation or self-consciousness about either mother or children. They have left all pomp and ceremony behind, and are sea-siders only, bent on a life of liberty and simple ease."

A lady traveller in Germany thus pleasantly describes the summer residence of the Kaiser at Charlottenburg, a small town some four miles from Berlin.

"We rambled along the main street of Charlottenburg, and presently came to the palace, which was bare and hot and buff and ugly to a degree. It was built by Frederick the Great, and he ought to be ashamed of it, for one who can have things as they like should have them beautiful, when they are to last as long as palaces are supposed to do. It encircles three sides of a paved courtyard, the fourth side being railed in with a tall iron railing tipped with gold, and a pair of wide entrance gates.

We strayed about for a little, chatting to some of the workmen who were lunching in stray corners, drinking "health to the Kaiser" from a rickety old pump that gave us charming icy cool spring water, until we were accosted by a very pretty, plump little dame, who supplied us with entrance tickets and declared herself our cicerone. We found several other tourists waiting at the entrance, and so we men and women straggled

after the little guide. Her first directions struck us all as most comical. She pointed smilingly to a pile of the queerest looking things lying in the corner of the entry, and informed us that we must put them on our feet before we could tread upon the venerable inlaid and polished floors. They were like giant bath slippers, made of thick felt, gray in color and unwieldy in shape. After a few "preliminary canterers" we managed to scuffle along without stumbling, and amid much giggling and fun, entered the first of the state apartments. They were very grand, I think I admired the floors as much as anything, though we saw the salon of mirrors, the rose salon (all rose colored satin and and gold lace from floor to ceiling), the salon of Gobelin tapestry (I felt like a Philistine because I could not admire it, but in my uncultured heart I thought it perfectly hideous). The music room, where a wonderful old pink and white enamelled piano gave forth some terrible sounds, under the sacrilegious fingers of an old lady in the party, who straightway received a stern and scathing rebuke from our rosy conductress, and was eyed wrathfully from henceforth. The salon, last of all, the decoration of which was a gift from the Chinese merchants, and is lovely.

The walls are quite covered from dado to frieze, with little gilded shelves and brackets, on each of which stands a specimen of valuable china, vases, bowls, plates, jugs, dishes, cups, by the hundreds, all in blue and white, line the three sides of the room and even among the tiles of the ornamental fire-place, tiny shelves carry their precious load, and the bamboo tables, screens, "papier-mache" cabinets, Chinese idols, dragons and snakes, silken scarfs and cushions are strewn about in rich and delightful profusion.

Passing from this salon one enters the Chapel Royal, where I recognized shortly the recumbent statue of the pretty Empress "Luise," a little plumper and more matronly than in her picture at Cologne.

Her shilly shally good old husband, the great-grandfather of the present Emperor, lies beside her, and the place of their rest



BISMARCK'S PALACE.

in effigy is a quiet pretty little room, with its throne place, its organ, and a few paintings. We wandered about the park, where is the famous mausoleum, which one can see, I fancy, for miles away, and the doors of which have opened so many times since it was built in 1840. They are opening, even as I write, to receive the old Empress Augusta, the poor old grandmother who mourned her good husband and son so truly. She and her old Kaiser, and the iron man Bismarck always made a Trinity in my thoughts of Berlin; two of my Trinity are away, and it must be that the sturdy Prince will soon succumb to that power that will not be defied. Kind old mystical William, and good old

Grosmana Augusta, it will be a large contract to fill your shoes. Ah me, I pause, and that ridiculous, which so often touches the pathetic, comes uppermost now, and I grin over the recollection of *our* shoes at Charlottenburg, and the contract we failed in to fill them.

We strolled about the garden and admired sixteen immense hydrangea trees in luxuriant bloom, which stand like sentinels along the private front of the palace, and we enjoyed the shady

benches under the trees and the cool fresh country air. A crowd of men were painting, grasscutting, watering and sweeping during the absence of the illustrious inhabitants, but though the main drives and walks were trim and formal, the rest of the place was quite wild and uncared for apparently, though I suppose it is only judiciously left alone. It seemed a charming quiet home for the young people and their rapidly increasing little family, and was altogether quite unlike what I had expected."

Written for THE QUEEN.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

By SARAH V. COLWELL.

The days are coming and going,
The sunshine, the shadow, the rain,
The clouds that the wind is blowing,
By the wind will be blown again.

And the grass that is everywhere springing,
To light from the dark, brown earth,
Is a token that Nature is bringing,
Her treasure of matchless worth.

And the birds that sing in the morning
So blithely, so merry, so gay,
Perhaps are a beautiful warning
To mortals, who oft go astray.

Wander off in the twilight, forgetting
The things that most needful be,
And the treacherous twilight begetting,
A darkness appalling to see.

And one of these mortals went straying,
From the homestead he wandered away,
And then he forgot that his staying,
Would darken the brightest day

For the two he had left so lightly,
A father and mother to mourn.
And the sun has not shone so brightly,
And the place looks all forlorn.

But this evening the mother sits praying,
And the father keeps watch at the gate,
The house-dog is frisking and playing
With "Tabby," who walks off in state.

And the trees that surrounded the homestead,
Ever keeping their watch and ward,
Seem to nod and whisper together,
Some secret which they did hoard.

Could it be that the absent rover
In his quest for pleasure rare,
Had been thinking the matter over,
And wishing that he were there?

Is that why the trees do whisper,
And nod to the breeze so wise?
Is that why somebody's sister,
Looks up with glad surprise?

Is that why the sun seems brighter,
To those who have waited so long?
Is that why the work seems lighter,
And the sighs all end in a song?

Is it true that there came a letter,
To the folk in the homestead there,
With tidings that did unfetter,
The hearts that were bound with care?

Ah yes! quizzing friend, you have guessed it,
The secret is travelling fast,
And the father and mother have blessed it,
The loved one is coming at last.

But what was his motive in coming,
When months had grown into years?
What magical tune came humming,
And brought the unbidden tears?

For he was a "hail, fellow, well met."
He had money and friends galore,
And did he still care for them yet—
This home, and the friends of yore?

Again you have guessed, but not rightly;
No tune with a magical hum,
Came to warn him of parents who nightly,
Did pray for their loved one to come.

But, away in that foreign city,
A paper from home he espied.
He was reading, and I with pity,
Saw a look which he strove to hide.

For there in the paper so boldly,
In its very plain black and white dress,
Was a notice which stared at him coldly,
And its meaning I tried to guess.

And this was the notice: "Remember,
We will sell at public sale,
On the fourth of next September,
The home-stead of Joshua Hale,

And all of the farming utensils,
Harness, horses, sheep, cattle and swine."
He was asking for paper and pencil,
And I quietly gave him mine.

And he dashed off that wonderful letter,
That wellspring of wonderful joy,
For did it not herald the coming,
Of their only, their darling boy?

And the homestead, the darling old homestead,
He had left in a youthful "tiff,"
Would echo soon, to a stranger's tread,
If he did not get there (if.)

Before (as the paper stated.)
The fourth of September next.
No wonder his clothes were mismated,
And the "fourth" was now his text,

But his haste is now over, and tender,
And loving his greeting at home,
It is only the third of September,
The "Old Homestead," I'm sure will not roam.

Written for THE QUEEN.

MY OTHER HALF.

By M. NORTON.

“**W**HAT a frightful night, Grant!”
 “Yes, Durgan! Fearful. It reminds me of one night five years ago. Listen! How the wind howls round this corner. Come inside, our duties are over for the night.”

“All right! Spin me the yarn about the night to-night brings to your remembrance.”

We made ourselves snug in the office, stretched out upon the settee, lit our cigars, then I commenced my story:

“Five years ago I was stationed as a night regular in the harbor of the city of M—. Every hour I must walk the pier. On the first night at mid-night, and midway, on my return trip, a young lady passed me, walked to the end, waited several minutes, then returned and quickly passed out of sight, although I followed her as far as my beat would allow, wondering what could call her out at that hour.

“The incident passed from my mind, but was recalled by the same occurrence on the following night. I kept at a respectful distance, fearing suicide; but no, reaching the end she would stand and gaze into the distance far over the waters, then deliberately turn, and mechanically walk back again.

“My curiosity was so fully aroused on the third night, I concluded to mention the fact to my superior officers, but when morning came, the affair looked so foolish, I desisted for fear I would be taunted with dreaming.

“The next night was stormy; still my vision, as I now began to call her, came as usual. I now determined at her next appearance to accost her. Three evenings passed, I was not disturbed in my lonely vigil. Monday night she again appeared, continuing until Friday, as before; still I kept my distance. I had not the pluck to break the stillness, to penetrate the mystery she cast by her nightly walks.

“Missing her again for three nights I vowed to speak at her next visit if no more than ‘Good evening.’ I waited anxiously, but she came not at her usual time. Half an hour passed and I gave her up for that night. One of the lights at the end of the pier acting strangely, I went out and climbed up the trestle work to fix it. Looking down the walk I beheld her coming at a rapid gait.

“I gazed! The lights shone full in her face. To say she was beautiful would but illy describe her. Pale as marble, with lustrous brown eyes, and a wealth of auburn hair; dressed in white of some soft clinging material, a jaunty hat, and black shoulder shawl, thrown carelessly around her bust. An indefinable something rooted me to the spot, till, realizing my uncomfortable position astride the trestle work, the danger I was in of frightening her, should I make my presence known, I chose of two evils the least, and determined to remain silent for one more night. ’Twas well I did, for I was soon to know more about her than I would had I made known my presence.

“On reaching the end, she drew her shawl more closely about her, then in a voice of the most exquisite sweetness, whose melody seemed to rise and fall on the still night air, with that pathetic intonation, that charm which night, and the wide expanse of waters always seem to awaken, sang the following words:

‘Hope and fear alike perplex me,
 Oh superstitious dread;
 How many idle fancies,
 You conjour in my head.’

‘When those we love are absent,
 How wantonly you play;
 Every shadow seems a substance,
 And drives suspense away.’

‘Bright spark of hope shed your beams on me,
 And send a loving message from far across the sea.’

‘Bright spark of hope shed your beams on me,
 And speed the loving message from far across the sea.’

“Completely entranced, I forgot for the moment where or who I was. I saw naught but her beauty; I heard naught but her voice. Suddenly she ceased singing, leaned over the railing, and in a deeply sad tone, softly exclaimed: ‘Oh, Harold! Harold! To-night is my last night to look for you. Come, oh, come, or I am lost, lost, lost!’

“At once, as if an answer to her prayer, I heard the faint splash of an oar in the distance. With a startling motion, she bent her head, and listened intently; then again her voice rang out in the midnight stillness.

“The boat came nearer and nearer; my vision leaned over the railing, letting her handkerchief wave, as a signal of hope to the lone mariner.

“Wondering what would be the next move, I sat on my uncomfortable perch as quietly as I could. Soon the boat drew along-side, and the form of a young sailor in boating flannels, a small blue cap on his head—still he seemed to have a town look about him—rose; and with one hand holding to the foundation of the pier to steady himself, his intelligent gray eyes shining with gladness, welcomed her warmly

“‘Mabel! Dear Mabel! How have you been since I last met you. Three weeks, it seems an age to me.’

“‘Never mind, Harold!’ she returned. ‘My fears for your safety have overshadowed all thought of my own unhappiness. How have you succeeded in your perilous undertaking?’

“‘Very well!’ said Harold. ‘Can we talk in safety?’

“‘Oh, yes!’ cried Mabel. ‘Yet it is the first time for some time I could even have given you a signal. A new guardian has been appointed lately, and like all new officers, is very zealous, pacing his beat at the same time you appointed for me. I am a little later to-night and have not met him. He begins to think I am harmless, I guess, and is probably sleeping in the office like an old timer.’ She turned as she spoke and looked about her.

“‘I dared not breathe, fearing she would raise her eyes and discover my quarters, but I was above the lights and safer than I imagined.’ The young man continued.

“‘Mabel, we have a vast undertaking. Oh, that we may succeed. Have you any liberty now?’

“‘Only at night! Everything will have to be done at night,’ she returned.

“‘So be it then! My plans are all laid. In one week from to-night, at exactly this hour, storm or calm, in this tender will I come for you.’

“‘The board bill at the institution is too precious to allow of his being judged sane, but he will escape the night before you do and remain on board a nameless barge, at anchor a short distance from here. Then for months we must trust ourselves at the mercy of the waves; they cannot be so false as the brute in whose care you are now confined. Secure the papers at all hazards. You have always had a fear of the water, fear no-

thing ; I will bring a rope ladder and take you down in my arms. I pledge my life to save you and him.'

"'I will not be afraid !' she answered, 'but if I am discovered, then, yes, then I'll end this struggle, I'll not endure this wretched life longer.'

"'No, no ! Mabel !' cried Harold. 'Don't talk like that ! Think what he has been through, incarcerated in a crazy house for three years. He has lived for you and never lost hope. I trust we shall not fail, but if so remember we will never rest until some means are found to free you.'

"'Forgive me, Harold ! I will endure even to the end if need be,' she cried.

"'That is right, Mabel !' he returned. 'And now I must go. One week from to-night, then, please God, death only shall part us. Good-by and God bless you.' Taking his place in the boat, he pushed off and silently rowed away. Mabel waited until the boat was no longer visible, then with a lingering look, she also departed.

"Once more alone my thoughts can better be imagined than expressed. I got down from my uncomfortable perch, resumed my beat, saying to myself as I walked—'One week from to-night ! I will guard you, Mabel, will help you all I can. Your life shall no longer be miserable, now that I know part of your story. Had I not heard it I might have detained you.' Other thoughts came to my mind, but I quickly banished them, saying, 'No ! No ! I must give you to Harold or perhaps to the he, who has lived only for you and never lost hope.'

"Oh, Durgan ! how little we know what the world about us is doing, or the misery that can exist where all seems quiet and peaceful. When we pass a fellow-being we can never imagine the struggle for good or evil going on in his or her breast.

"The week wore slowly away. The morning of that eventful day opened dull and cloudy. By noon a fearful storm set in that can only be equalled by that of to-day in its fury. Night came—the waters seemed on the verge of madness—roaring aloud their fury, and dashing against the underpinning of the pier as if to tear it from its very foundation. Just such a night as to-night, Durgan ! Horrors ! I hope I may never pass through such a night again.

Stopping a moment to suppress a shudder, I look up and find my friend Durgan ghastly pale.

"Go on !" he cries hoarsely. "I'm deeply interested."

"I can not, even now, recall it without shuddering ; so wild the night ; I had no idea that Mabel would venture out, still I secreted myself and waited. The boat made its appearance first, another man on board. As it made its way through the boiling surf, the tide in its favor, I thought of the perilous return trip, and Mabel's fear of the water. The rope ladder was attached, the elder man swinging himself over the railing, while my hero managed the boat below.

"Landing upon the pier, he placed his hands over his eyes and peered into the darkness, then suddenly cried, 'She comes !' She comes ! She must have been discovered. I hear voices and she runs like a startled fawn. Oh, God, protect her. Keep the boat steady ! Be ready to cut away, as soon as I can descend.'

"On came Mabel through the darkness and the storm. I could hear her small feet pattering upon the wet planking ; faster and faster as if all the energy of her being were centered in the race, a race for life. The gentleman sprang to meet her. I heard the sound of kisses, a stifled sob, then all was still, my vision had fainted.

"With Mabel in his arms he swung himself over the railing with superhuman strength, clinging to the rope ladder with his free hand.

"The storm, winds and waves, seemed to vie with each other and do their utmost to release him of his treasure. Footsteps coming nearer, rang out above the echo of the storm.

"My breast beat excitedly, wishing success to the outcasts, although I knew not but they might be in the wrong. They landed safely in the boat, but the pursuers were now mid-way on the pier.

"With a feeling of relief that they were thus far in safety, and knowing that at any moment I might be called upon, I left my hiding place, and by crawling in the shadow upon my hands and knees, succeeded in gaining the rear, just as the shout rang out, 'Police ? Police ? Police ?'

"Oh there ! What are you making such a devil of noise for at this hour of the night ?' I cried.

"Be a little more civil !' said one of the men. 'I am the Hon. J. Furlong. My crazy daughter has run away, led by the mendacity of a man who is after her money—a boat, sir, as quickly as possible.'

"John Furlong ! I thought. One of our richest influential citizens. I had heard vague reports of a crazy daughter confined in one of the big rooms of the mansion. A fear that I was doing wrong took possession of me. I was about to make atonement, when a voice whispered in my ear—'If you allow me to be taken I shall die ! I'll not endure this wretched life longer !'

"I looked about me, but was alone, with the howling storm and the pursuers.

"'I'll keep my vow,' I mentally exclaimed, 'I will keep it, right or wrong,' then turned to Mr. Furlong, saying, 'Pardon me, but the life of your insane daughter cannot be of as much consequence as your own. It is folly to be out on the water to-night.'

"'We are losing time !' he cried excitedly. 'She has taken valuable papers ! To the boat ! Quick, I command you.'

"Oh ! it's the paper's that are valuable, not the daughter,' I thought. 'You'll be lost ! I'm not an expert on the water'—I said, thinking to frighten him from the chase.

"'Why, then were you appointed to hold such a responsible position ?' he returned. 'I fear not ! This man I have with me can manage a boat in all weathers.'

"Silently I loosed the Daisy from her moorage, and jumped in, the still man taking the oars, we followed in the wake of the fugitives. The storm was fearful. Flashes of lightning lit up the waters only to die away and give birth to others more fearful. The roaring of the thunder was incessant. I felt as if but one step lay between us and eternity. I could see the tiny craft—I was bound we must not overtake—plunging through the waves that threatened every moment to engulf her. In my anxiety I thought she made no headway, but would rise on the crest of one wave, only to be thrown back again further away from the nameless barge my imagination pictured in the distance.

"Our boat was fleet ; the still man with the oars an expert ; we came nearer and nearer, until I could plainly see Mabel, who had recovered from her swoon, anxiously watching us.

"The electric flashes lit up the wide expanse, and like a demon helped us on. What was I to do ? Every moment we gained on the fleeting boat. My agony increased. Suddenly Mr. Furlong cried out, 'Use your revolver ! Disable the oarsman ! Kill him if necessary. 'Tis the only way to overtake them.'

"'I command you ! Fire !'

"All right ! I said, pointing my pistol at the fugitives, then giving the boat a lunge, fired in an oblique direction while the occupants were engaged in keeping their seats.

"You landlubber!" cried his Honor. "Are you trying to send us to eternity? Ay! Ay! Well done! Well done!" A second later, as one of the crew pitched over into the black and angry waters.

"A flash lit up the horizon, and lo, it was Mabel! How could I have hit her, I reasoned. My aim was wide of the mark, I held my breath, while Mr. Furlong cried, 'Fool that you are! One thousand dollars for her body, dead or alive.'

"Suddenly the storm ceased and we were left in darkness in the angry waters. I was a powerful swimmer, and divesting myself of my heavy garments, I said, 'Stay round here till daylight, should I not return before,' and struck out for the spot where I last saw her. As I plunged in a form from the other boat leaped also.

"I did not seek the money, 'twas an excuse I was glad to avail myself of to save my heroine. I soon reached her side, finding her insensible, but buoyed up by a life preserver. I was now beyond the range of my boat and in a direct line with the tiny craft.

"I reached out an arm toward Mabel, just as a clever shot from the little boat pierced me, and that arm was useless. It was plain to be seen, I was not to be allowed to aid in the rescue, for her good.

"Harold just ahead was battling with the waves but making no headway. Quick as thought, I grabbed a rope from the life preserver in my teeth and struggled with my one arm toward Harold and the craft.

"I was not again molested, Harold turned back to the boat, and I soon confided my precious charge to their care. They were dumb for the moment, then the elderly man cried—

"'Forgive me, mate! Can I help you?'"

"'Throw me an oar!' I replied. 'I haven't but one arm now!'"

"I took the oar and rested, watching the fugitives, until I saw them enter this nameless barge in safety.

"My arm now began to pain me severely. Mabel was safe. I had fulfilled my vow to the letter. A sense of exhaustion came over me, and a feeling of bliss in yielding to it. Still I clung to the oar; it came from her boat, and I felt I could not part with it.

"I was about to close my eyes and yield to the delightful sensations overpowering me, when a huge object loomed up before me right in my path, looking to my almost sightless eyes like a huge mountain of iron rolling over and over in the boiling surf.

"Again I heard that voice saying, 'Dive! Dive! Mabel says dive!'"

"I did so! The horrible mass passed over me, breaking my oar in twain, then after a seige in the water such as I hope never again to experience I reached the Daisy, to be pulled on board exhausted. I clung to the broken oar, and have it yet, the name of Mabel engraved upon it, a bow of white ribbon at the broken end stowed away in my bachelor quarters."

"And you wasn't drowned after all," exclaims my listener, tears rolling down his face.

"Drowned? A pretty question to ask! Had I been how could I have narrated this story?"

"Sure enough! Sure enough! And what became of Mr. Furlong? Does the wife of Furlong live?"

"Gracious sakes man! How inquisitive you are! Do you think I kept track of the whole family afterward? The Good Lord knows I suffered enough for my interference. My right arm has never been right since. But to tell you the truth, I did sort of watch the family for a year or so in hopes of hearing

from Mabel. My hopes were vain, however! Well for me probably—I had fallen desperately in love, while she, if living, is, I presume, the loving wife of the he, or of Harold, which one was the lover I never could determine.

"I can't tell now just where Furlong is! His wife died a year ago of some nervous disease. I always kept mum regarding the escape. Report was, 'Mabel in a crazy fit, had leaped from the end of the pier, that an officer nearly lost his life in the attempt to save her.' Furlong thinks the craft and all on board were lost, but I would give my life to know if my random shot harmed Mabel. If she lives or was buried in the deep waters so fearful to her.

"I'll tell you what, Durgan—My God! What's the matter?—Take this glass of wine! I'll never tell you another story if it is going to effect you thus."

After drinking the contents of the glass to the end, Durgan grasps my hand crying "Free at last! Free at last! To-night is a wild night! Forgive me, mate! Can I do anything to help you?"

"The man's gone crazy," I say to myself, while he continues to shake my hand exclaiming, "Blessed be this day! Blessed be this night! Blessed be this man of all men! May every desire of his heart henceforth be granted him! May he be blessed, yes blessed with Mabel and she with him! May happiness, riches, all the good gifts of this world, flow in to him like the fury of the incoming tide to-night, and never recede. May——"

"Hold on, my friend!" I cry, frightened by his actions. "It's all a lie! I've only told you a story for fun!"

He heeds me not, continues to mutter and shake my hand. Thinking the wine has gone to his head, I let him rave. Now he stops. Throws back his head, muttering "Think you'd know Mabel if you see her?"

"O, yes!" I reply.

"Then, let's go, see her!"

The night, or rather the morning, for the old church clock solemnly strikes the hour of three, sends an uncomfortable chill of forboding troubles through me, while I follow Durgan, knowing it is useless to attempt to call him back. Such a chase he leads me. O, that I could wreck vengeance upon myself for my fool-hardiness, in telling a story that has never before left my lips, and to such a soft-headed dupe.

Arriving at the G—P—Hotel, he plunges his hand in his pocket, draws forth a key, enters the hallway, up one flight, then unfastens a door. I find myself in a richly furnished drawing room and alone. I gaze around and wonder what will be the next move by my crazy friend.

Looking above me, I am struck with wonder, by beholding on the wall a perfect representation of my vision on the pier, with a boat in the distance containing the form of the hero. I rub my eyes again and again; but no, I am not sleeping, nor dreaming, nor drunk. The apparition is perfect. I rise to turn up the gas and penetrate the mystery as my crazy friend enters with—yes, Mabel by his side.

I am introduced to—"My daughter!" The tables are turned. It is my turn to act the fool. I do it to perfection. I am not only speechless but motionless.

She offers her hand. She speaks. Her voice thrills through my being, yet am I rooted to the spot.

My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. My breath comes in gasps. Wine is offered me. I cannot touch it, I am deprived of all power, but that of sight, and continue to gaze at her face as a lost mariner might gaze at a ship receding from him.

The spell breaks on beholding a new face in the doorway. It is Harold the hero. He comes forward. Again I am introduced, and, as I had feared, to—"My son."

"Found, yet lost!" my heart cries as I return the greeting.

"It's my turn to talk now!" cries Mr. Durgan.

"Go ahead!" I mutter hoarsely.

The story is soon told and in a few words.

"My first wife died when Mabel was but ten years old. Four years later I married again. One year passed by pleasantly, then during a slight illness, I made my will. The greater part of the property became Mabel's, but my wife's in trust during Mabel's minority. At her death, or should she become incapable of governing her affairs the trust was to continue, etc.

"Directly after, during a sickness I have now every reason to believe my wife caused, I was incarcerated in an asylum for the insane.

"She shortly obtained a divorce and married Mr. Furlong. Then Mabel's troubles commenced. In order to prevent intercourse between her and my son—"

"Excuse me!" I interrupted. "Was he your son then?"

"Yes! and always has been!"

I look at Mabel. Her eyes drop, while a deep blush overspread her face. A flood of hope fills my soul to overflowing. That bright spark of hope now sheds its rays on me; I now receive a message from far across the sea.

Mr. Durgan continues: "Mabel was confined to her room, deprived of her liberty through the day. Stealing out at night, she often met her brother, who had in the meantime gained admittance to the asylum on the island where I was incarcerated as an officer of the institution. As fast as vacancies would permit, Harold enrolled friends as servants until we numbered five.

"He chartered a barge and crew, we escaped with your help, cruised about the waters for a time, then returned as we went—incognito.

"Have remained in hiding. I chose the roll of officer, in order to fulfil my mission of finding some clue to the whereabouts of my second wife.

"Were she living I would not trouble her by asserting my identity. Now I will claim my own, we have lived upon Harold's fortune long enough. And now, Mr. Grant, believe me, my one sorrow has been the firm belief, that you, in aiding us, had sunk to rise no more. I never hurt a mortal before. The wound I gave you has never healed in my own breast. To-night is the happiest one of my life."

"You must never leave us now."

"And did my wild shot harm Mabel?" I ask!

"Not in the least! The excitement of the chase caused her to lose her senses, she fell overboard but—"

"You saved me!" cried Mabel, "and I can never repay you."

"Never? Mabel! Ah, what is this?" Leaning against the wall I beheld the other half of my broken oar, with a painting on the paddle of a man struggling in the dark blue water, a black ribbon tastily tied around the broken end.

"My other half!" I cry. "May I have it?"

"Certainly! Mr. Grant. We picked it up the next morning. I have treasured it as a last memento from my rescuer. Now let the black and the white be united!"

"Also the rescued and the rescuer?" I whisper. Into my heart a silent 'yes,' flashed from her heavenly eyes. The bright spark of hope shed its beams upon me never more to wane. In telling my story, I have found my vision, my lost angel, my wife to be."

Written for THE QUEEN.

ALICE A BRIDE!

Oh dainty plummy lilacs white,
You seem a vision to my sight—
A vision of all things pure and fair,
I will fasten a bunch in Alice's hair.

Alice, in a fair white gown,
With her curls a chestnut brown,
In her eyes a tender light,
Alice will be a bride to-night.

Dainty Alice, tender, true,
Lilacs white are mete for you;
Stately royal plumes are they,
For a bride this sweet May day.

Sister mine, it seems to me
That it surely cannot be
You are leaving the home nest,
In a dainty bride's robe dressed.

Scarcely yesterday it seems
That you entered on your teens,
Merry little maiden fair,
With laughing eyes and tumbled hair.

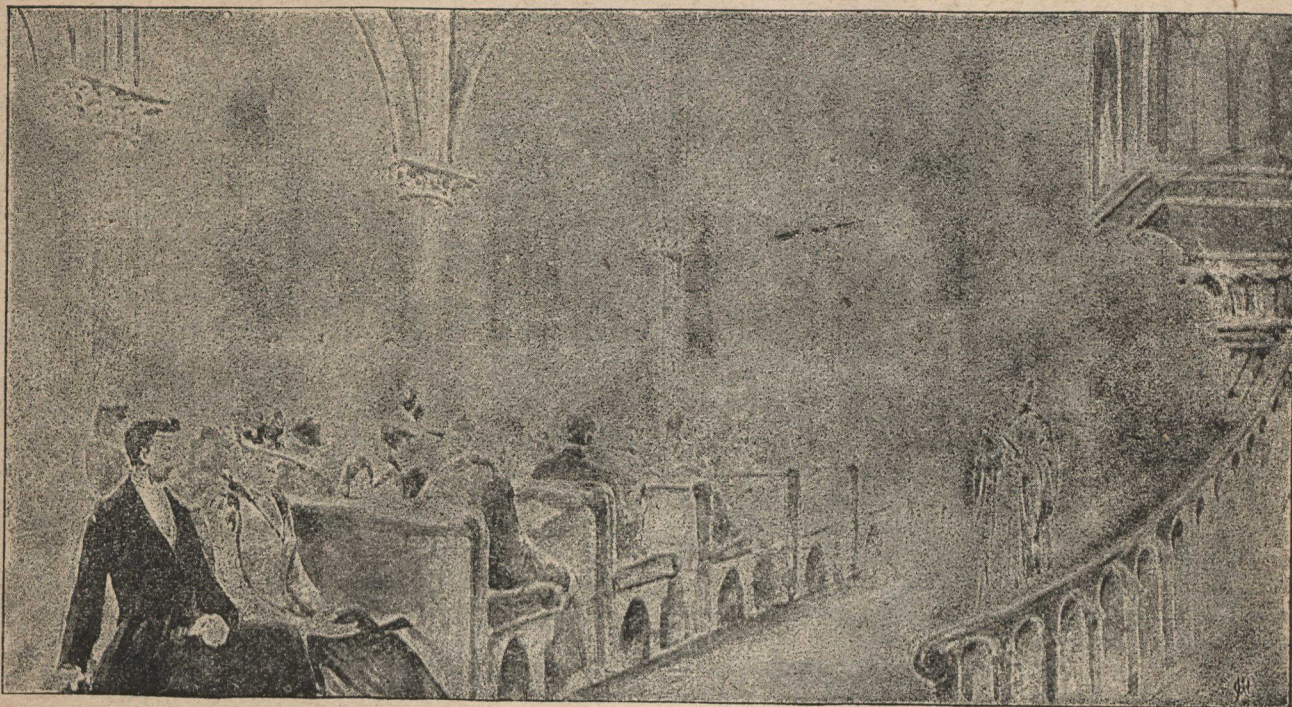
I, the stayed and sober left,
Of your clinging arms bereft;
Empty home and empty heart
Are my portion as we part.

I, a woman early old,
With the dream of life untold;
You, a maiden, gentle, fair,
Lilacs white your fitting share.

Oh Lord, in these after years
Unto me give all the tears,
From all sorrow, Heaven spare,
Unto me give all the care.

—E. R. L.





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 IX.—Continued.

"NEVER!" said Martyn, and he seemed bent on proving the truth of this assurance. For he was up and astir during the whole of the following eight days, watching the flickering flame of that life as a miser would watch a treasure, sinking into the sea. When Una objected to some prescription or other, he said: "For my sake!" and she submitted. Gladys was a great comfort to all of them. She seemed to have discarded every thought of self after that first storm, and to move like some fine machinery, obedient to every sign, always at hand, never too near, always watchful and never tired. Once her father found her in an adjacent room, busily stirring some dainty drink over a spirit-lamp. He silently put his arm around her and drew her to his heart, holding her very fast. She clasped his neck for a second, and then bent over her cookery as assiduously as before.

The fine autumn sunshine brought better days with it, and all began to hope. But then the second lobe was affected; other physicians were called in, who shook their heads, and another violent hemorrhage brought Una to the brink of the grave, and caused her to relapse into her first despair.

"Must I die?" her lips murmured day and night, ignorant of the cruel tortures they caused. Martyn felt as if his heart were

being wrung in a vice; he grew more haggard every day. Gwynne put his hand so often to his side now, that the movement no longer attracted anybody's attention, except Martyn's, who entered his room one morning and asked permission to auscultate his heart. Whatever he found there, he kept to himself, but it could hardly have been anything favorable, for he sighed heavily as he went downstairs.

One evening at the close of a hard day, Gwynne sat staring into the fire. He had to prepare a sermon. What should he say? About what should he preach? How should he master the heavy throbbing of his heart and comfort others from the depths of his own distress? He had rested his arms on his knees, clasped his hands and compressed his lips. The fire cast quick reflections under his brow, but the usually shining eyes remained dim.

Morgan came in.

"Father, do I disturb you?"

No answer.

"I should like to speak to you, father."

His son's voice recalled his roving thoughts.

"Ay, my son. What do you want to tell me?"

Surprised, almost impatient, he thought of Kathleen, and considered the time ill-chosen for speaking of love and marriage; besides, Kathleen would not be a welcome daughter-in-law.

Morgan was silent for a few seconds, as though he were seeking words. But as generally happens when one has a trying thing to say, he broke out at last without any preliminaries:

"Father, I can no longer become a minister!"

Gwynne stretched himself as if he would rein in a restive horse, and waited for his son to continue.

"No I cannot!" repeated Morgan, grasping the back of a chair to steady himself.

"Why not?"

"Because I have lost my childish faith."

"And cannot you put a firm, manly faith in its stead?"

Morgan slowly shook his head.

"I have not slept for weeks, father, in the struggle of my soul. I bow my head in shame before you, when I see you so firm in the storm, so unwavering; but I cannot. Why should one suffer? Why this system of the world? Is it a system at all? Is it law? Is it justice? Since I have begun to doubt I see injustice everywhere. Why wealth and indigence? Why sickness and death? Why sin? And what means the forgiving of iniquity in one place, and the visiting it upon the children unto the seventh generation in another? And why are the pure chastised? What has Una done that she must die? What have you and my mother done that you suffer like this? What have I done that my peace is destroyed and my faith annihilated? Father, do answer me!"

He paced the dusky room with long strides, and presently stopped before his father.

"And are those the thoughts which the first trial calls forth in you? Is that all I have been able to give you out of the fullness of my heart? Can you no longer see what is great and good, because the first rime has fallen?"

"No longer, father. You know that I was zealous and looking forward to my beautiful vocation with all my soul. Oh, I have wept many a long night, father, regretting my beloved vocation, which I must relinquish, if I will not lie and perjure myself; and the more closely I try to cleave to it, the more completely do I lose my hold. The mantling vines to which I cling give way and bring the masonry down with them, and everything falls to ruin, burying under dust and fragments, a lost man."

"My child! such times will come in youth; and, believe me, they are not the worst. I know you. You will be purified in this fire. Have but a little patience with yourself. I give you time. My books are yours. My time is at your service, when you wish to give vent to your thoughts. You can go forth from this ordeal much firmer than you were. Only take time and patience, and let your hot heart spend its passion. You seem to me like an ant that would ask: 'Why am I crushed under foot? I was so industrious and so necessary in my sphere. I will no longer be an ant if that is all the justice done me, and all the reward I get for my fidelity!' Do not be so cowardly as to fly from yourself, my son; fight! What harm can sleepless nights and tears do you? Our vocation is so sublime that we must be formed for it with painful chiselling. Your calling is that of a servant; then submit to the rod that fits you for it. Pass through the purgatory of your doubts like a hero. I do not hurry you. I give you time. You shall enter upon your profession with a happy heart, victorious, under no constraint. Who are you that you would understand the divine system of the world? What can you know of it? The nearest object is a mystery to you; the germination of the humblest plant is a book with seven seals, and you speak grandly of systems, as though you stood among the stars. Your doubt is

nothing but pride. God will lay His hand upon you, and will not let you go before He has humbled you to the dust; for you are destined to become a man and a Christian!"

Gwynne's eyes were luminous. He had shaken off his sadness and felt his strength grow in the beams of his own conviction. Morgan stood before him, biting his lips and breathing hard. He thought his father did not understand him and was as unjust to him as Heaven, forcing him into a profession for which he was not fit. With the whole force of his youth he rebelled against his destiny. Gwynne felt this, but he did not despair. He had confidence in his son's character, and thought to let him ripen to healthy manhood. He did not fear the struggle for him. He feared but one black spot—Kathleen! Could he have removed that, he would gladly have entered the lists to lead his son to victory himself. But Kathleen came between them, estranging the young man from him, and nourishing his doubts by her own moral confusion.

"How long is this to last?" asked Morgan bitterly, when they had kept silence a while, wrapped in their private thoughts.

"God will show us."

"I don't think He will."

"Nay, He always shows us the end to be attained by honest fight."

"And suppose the end be death and perdition?"

"A hero can die, but he does not go to perdition."

"Is that all the consolation you can give me, father?"

"I fear it is, my son."

Morgan bowed his head, and was mute. He thought of Kathleen with such longing that he felt as if his veins must burst. He was tempted to fling himself at his father's feet, entreating him to release him from following the dreaded profession and to give him Kathleen, since he must die without her. He wanted her at once. And now he was to wait till his Christian faith should be firm, he who could not believe any more. His impatience, his despair were so great that he felt as if he could fling himself head foremost into the sea of flame, and let doubt, and struggle, and love turn to ashes. He had not moved from where he stood in the wavering light, and the father watched the storm in that young soul with hope and heavy care. Hours rolled by, and the father still sat in his arm-chair, and the young man still stood before him, not daring to fall at his feet, because he feared the strong man's fiery earnestness and holy severity in spite of himself.

"And this is what you have brought me up for, father," he said at last, in a low, hoarse voice.

"I hope I have brought you up to be stronger than your fate, firmer than the uncertain lot of man, better than your savage instincts, more honest than your impetuous desires, more prudent than the foolish intoxication of your senses."

"You are mistaken, father. I shall succumb."

"You are mistaken, my boy. You will be guided."

"Crushed."

"Saved."

"Good-night, father."

"Good-night, and God bless you, my child."

Morgan lay on his bed, in his clothes, biting the pillows, raving, thinking he must go mad, longing to rush downstairs to his father and tell him all, longing to go off into the wide world, to take Kathleen with him, to Australia, and turn shepherd. "I cannot! I cannot!" he moaned all the night. At daybreak he got on his horse and tore madly across the country, wondering whether it would not be as well for him to break his neck.

CHAPTER X.

"Have you heard?—Una Gwynne is dying," said Tom, sauntering up to the breakfast-table, around which the family was assembled.

"Perhaps it is not quite so bad as that," said Vaughan severely.

"When I tell falsehoods, people doubt me ; and when I speak truth, they don't believe me."

"Una dying!" exclaimed Kathleen, rising, and turning ghastly pale.

"Una dying!" repeated Edleen, in a low voice, holding her hands on her lap.

Minnie thought she would like to cry, if her father did not look so stern and incredulous. Winnie fixed her piercing eyes upon Tom.

"Maybe it's something like the story of the poor woman," she said, suddenly. Tom reddened.

"What poor woman?" asked Edleen.

"A woman Tom wanted something for; you remember what, Tom."

"No. I've not the slightest notion what you're talking about."

"You never know yourself what you are talking about," put in Kathleen. "Goodness knows where you pick up your ideas."

"She knows very well what she is talking about," said Minnie, resolutely.

"Well, what?" demanded Vaughan.

"Shall I tell, Tom?"

"Of course. I've got no secrets with you, I hope."

"Humph!—haven't you?" murmured Winnie, with a sly face.

"Look who is coming there!" exclaimed Kathleen, and with the joyful cry, "Llewellyn!" the children rushed out to the terrace to welcome their favorite friend.

Vaughan looked severely at Tom.

"Will you explain what the children have been alluding to?"

"Oh, certainly. They gave me their little savings for those poor fellows, Will and Toby. That's all."

"And did the poor fellows get them?"

"To be sure they did if my messenger was honest."

Vaughan whistled softly and rose to go to his study.

"I have written for Lewes to come," Edleen called after him. He turned at the door.

"I have written for Lewes to come and help me to put my books in order a little."

"But you are so orderly yourself?"

"Oh, not always." Edleen had turned very red.

She walked to her desk and looked idly out of the window at the terrace which had been converted into a glass-house against the approach of the inclement season, and where Minnie and Winnie had taken possession of the minstrel's knees. He was telling them of old, old harps, that had been made of stone, and that asses or mules used to carry after the minstrels, and that had to be dragged into the halls by two or three men ; and how, when the minstrel had sung, a cup filled to the brim with gold was presented to him. The children listened with open mouths, and forgot even Prinnie, who entered the breakfast-room by the open glass-door, and made free with the remains of the meal on the table, sugar, bread, milk, and other nice things. For the two who had stayed in the breakfast-room did not attend to Prinnie either.

"Kathleen!" said Tom, "come and sit on my knees."

"No, that won't do."

"Indeed, why not? It did very well the other day ; why shouldn't it do again?"

"I don't know why. But it won't do. Do you want anything of me?"

"Yes, I want a kiss."

"And what besides?"

"Nothing."

"That's not true."

"I'll tell you something in your ear."

"Say it aloud."

"Shall I shout it?"

Kathleen flew to him and laid her hand on his mouth : "You're capable of it!"

He immediately put his arm around her and took her on his knees.

"I have to tell you that you are distractingly pretty, and that poor Morgan is as mad as a March-hare about you, and that Llewellyn is wild when he sees you, and that Temorah would like to poison you, and all this requires punishment," he said, beginning to kiss her.

She tore herself from his arms and stood before him, flushed and angry. "You, you, you're not worth so much as looking at."

"I know it, and that's why people look at me. A nice world it would be, if people cared for none but the goody-goody fellows in it! What would become of the scape-graces, who are so much nicer and merrier, and so good-natured? You wouldn't love me half so well, if you weren't so horribly jealous of Temorah!"

"If you name her once more, I'll scratch out your eyes!"

He caught her by both hands and held her firmly.

"And Temorah is more beautiful than you, much more beautiful and much more passionate, and loves me much better. You're only a little girl with lemonade in your veins instead of blood; you're not capable of loving at all. Temorah is a woman!"

He held her so tightly as to hurt her, and gloated over the fury that flashed from her blue eyes. He loved to torment her, just as he was fond of stroking cats the wrong way till their hair emitted sparks, and strangling them when he had made them wild.

He liked to enrage Kathleen ; she was such a pretty cat in her fury, and when she burst into tears at last, one could comfort her like a naughty child.

This pleasant game was going on in the breakfast-room, while Edleen had warmly welcomed the old bard, ordering a repast to be brought to him, and relating that Winnie was learning quite by herself to play on the harp. Llewellyn had immediately offered to teach the child, and the pretty strains floated along the terrace. The child was trembling with excitement, and Minnie sang and chattered by turns, while her sister played and sang, and seemed to pluck the old man's song from his lips. The autumn sun fondled the white and golden locks, and woke song after song in those three childish hearts. Llewellyn was never so gay as when he was among children. Old as he was, he could play and lie in the grass with them, telling endless tales, and the children loved him as the flowers love the summer breeze. In the glass-house the harp and the voices sounded particularly beautiful, too, and the birds came quite near, laying their little heads on one side and listening to the sweet tunes. Sometimes the three friends burst into hearty laughter, while Winnie's little hands touched the chords as if they had always been at home among them. The old man repeatedly embraced the child in his joy at having discovered a little genius in which no one had believed before.

"My birdies!" he called the two little girls, and he felt sorry that Edleen seemed too pre-occupied to rejoice at God's magnificent gifts with the gratitude of a happy mother.

When Winnie was grave, her eyes dilated, and the corners of her mouth curved downward a little, as is often the case with children who have thought and suffered beyond their years. But when a smile broke from her lips, it spread to her cheeks, eyes, and chin, and betrayed much playfulness. Minnie was always the same Fiesole cherub, and when she sang at the top of her voice, she looked as though she were standing in the presence of the Almighty, and chanting his praise. Llewellyn's eyes wandered with insatiable delight from one child to the other.

"I think," philosophized Winnie, "before we were born we must have been lying about in little pieces."

"I think I was asleep," opined Minnie.

"After all, it's a great pity," Winnie began again, "a great pity——"

"What is a pity, my child?"

"Why, I know it can't be; I only mean it's a very great pity that it makes such a difference to God whether one is good or naughty."

"But one is always good, child."

"Oh no! It's so queer! now I'm good and playing on your harp, and when I'm doing the very same thing on mamma's harp, Kathleen beats my hands red and calls me naughty."

"Well, had you asked for permission to play?"

"No," said the child, slowly, lifting her brows, and a delicate blush suffused her face.

"And Tom calls me good when I give him all my trinkets, and papa would punish me if he knew," said Minnie, nodding so energetically that her bright ringlets fell over her brows.

"I like flowers better than trinkets," said Winnie.

"Why, child?"

"Because one feels pity for flowers."

"Yes," said Minnie, "poor flowers! But I pitied those red stones too, when Tom carried them off so quickly; I wondered whether they wouldn't long to hang round my neck again."

"Pooh! stones don't feel," said Winnie, scornfully curving her lips; "the wind doesn't do them any harm, and picking doesn't make them fade."

"But they're so bright inside, just like eyes."

"Maybe it is the sun that makes eyes and stones shine," said Llewellyn.

"No," said Minnie, for if I press my fingers on my eyes, they shine also at night."

"What's that, a step-father?" asked Winnie.

"What your father is to Tom."

"Well, what is he to Tom? For you see he doesn't love him a bit, and so Maggie said 'he's only his step-father.' What's a step-father?"

"Tom had another father."

"Where's he gone?" asked Minnie.

"He has been dead this long time."

"Can people have more than one father, then?" asked Winnie.

"Yes, if their mother marries again."

"I shouldn't like that at all," said Winnie, her eyes growing very round and dark.

"Nor I," echoed Minnie.

"Then Tom isn't my brother at all," concluded Winnie.

"Nor mine," came from the little echo.

"Nay, when he is your mother's child."

"Humph!" mused Winnie, "he isn't quite really her child."

"No, only just a little bit of it," said Minnie.

"He's a wicked boy! but one mustn't tell," whispered Winnie.

"He always teases us," added Minnie, in an equally cautious whisper.

And then the two nodded and looked up into their old friend's eyes.

Thus chattered the three.

Meanwhile Edleen sat, with dry lips and cold, moist hands, opposite to Lewes, and seemed to grow paler and thinner as she talked.

Lwes was a man of unblemished character, an extremely conscientious man, who had raised himself to his present position by hard work, and had laid by a little money. He entertained such unbounded reverence for his beautiful mistress that it looked in his inmost heart like love unconfessed and crushed under foot, quite a little garden of flowers, but so sad and riny as only an autumnal garden can look.

"I begged you to come," began Edleen, "because I hoped you would assist me in a most painful matter."

"Thank you very much for thinking of me."

"No, no, don't! I don't even know how to tell you."

Edleen tried to moisten her lips with her tongue. But she did not succeed. She rubbed her hands in her thin handkerchief, and cleared her throat with a low cough.

"My son causes me great anxiety," she began anew. "He is, I fear, leading a bad life, and I cannot restrain him. I do not know what he is about; I know only that he is continually asking for money, and has even drawn bills upon me. In my distress I paid them out of the house-keeping money, and as I know no other way to refund that, I caused Kathleen to sell some jewellery for me."

"I know," said Lewes.

"What? You know——"

"Our jeweller informed us of the fact, and the ring was immediately bought back by Mr. Vaughan. It must be in his keeping at present."

Edleen hid her face in her hands for a moment.

"What am I to do?" she moaned.

"Tell Mr. Vaughan everything; he will help you."

"I cannot! No, I cannot! He had severely forbidden my giving my son money. But now my cash boxes are empty, and yesterday that terrible man was here again."

"What terrible man?"

"A man with a red face, eyes close together, white hair; I'm so afraid of him. He has some new bills of my son's, and I cannot pay them, and my son says he will shoot himself if I do not pay."

"And I am to assist you? How?"

"That is what I ask you. How?"

"The straight way is always the best."

"Oh, no; oh, no; I cannot! I have never been used to such humiliations. I brought my husband nothing but a prodigal son; I have no right or claim to anything. I feel like a stranger, who should ask pardon for being here with my son; and now—now—I rob my husband of his money to give to my unfortunate child! I must refund it. Do understand. I must. Else I really am a—a—no! I am very wretched!"

Lwes could hardly bear to see this woman weep.

"And so I thought," she continued, hastily controlling herself, "that you might help me to sell my jewels a little more cleverly than Kathleen, who got next to nothing for that splendid diamond, and whose proceedings were so quickly discovered."

A difficult task. How can one conceal such a sale?"

"Oh, I know a way." Edleen's face was suffused with burning blushes. "If one sells the diamonds separately and replaces them by paste——"

Lewes started to his feet and stood bolt upright for a moment. Then he sank back into his chair, and his spare figure seemed to collapse.

"I know," she said, bitterly. "I know what you are just calling that in your heart. But you do not know what tortures I have suffered before I came to this pass. The fear of my husband's implacable severity drives me to dishonesty. I am such a coward that I had rather bear the stings of my conscience than my husband's look."

Lewes felt at that moment that he hated his employer.

"Mr. Vaughan is a man of such stern rectitude that he makes no allowance for juvenile sins. But the sinner is my child, Lewes!"

"Is there no possibility of preventing such extravagance in future? For I see no end of this."

"No there is no end, I know that! I have no power over him. Nobody has. And I have prayed for this."

"Prayed?"

"Ah, you don't know. My first husband was consumptive, and I had already been married for several years and had no child—no child! And I lay on my knees day and night praying to have a baby, entreating God, who had done wonders before that day! And lo! my prayer was granted; a beautiful boy was given to me. My husband did not live much longer to rejoice at the gift. I did not feel his death so deeply as I should have done, for I had the child, my sole thought, my sole passion. Up to his sixth year he was the sweetest child one could see. People stopped in the street to look after my cherub. I did not leave him day or night; I watched his every breath. I think the most passionate love is naught when compared to a mother's passion. You cannot understand that, Lewes, as you have no child. But I was blind to the sun, and the world, and my own poverty. I saw nothing but him—him, my Heaven-sent angel, my wonderful boy. From his fourth year I taught him in play. He could soon read and write two languages; he knew geography and a good many historical facts which I told him instead of other stories; he was quite wonderful, and people would marvel at his cleverness as well as at his beauty.

"Suddenly he fell very ill, mortally ill, of brain-fever. The doctors told me the child had not many hours to live. And then I fell upon my knees and committed a heavy sin. I prayed: 'Oh, God, leave me but my child, and impose whatever penalty or expiation you will upon me! I will bear it all my life without murmuring; but leave me my child!' And my child was saved!

"The doctors cautioned me to keep him very quiet, or his intellect might suffer. But he seemed to recover very rapidly; only, he was changed. He began to tell falsehoods, for which I found no punishment but hot, hot tears! Then he used to promise me on his knees that he would mend; but yet he grew naughtier every day, teasing and tormenting other children as well as animals, breaking my things, tearing his clothes, so that I began to feel, for the first time, how poor I was.

"At that juncture Mr. Vaughan offered me his heart and hand, and I accepted him gratefully, only to obtain a home for us both, and a father and the possibility of a careful education for Tom. But then my misery began. My husband thought to gain his purpose by severity. I see them still, when he told me for the first time that he must whip Tom, and when the child grew frantic under his heavy hand and the bitter humiliation. From that hour the cane and the whip were often in my husband's hand. I used to hide at such times to cry my heart out; for I saw that it was all in vain, and that Tom's character was being

completely ruined by this treatment. But Mr. Vaughan has not much knowledge of human nature, and fancies the world can be ruled with principles.

"From that time I committed another heavy sin in concealing and glossing over Tom's transgressions, in order to shield him from punishment. He would lock him into the cellar, with no food but bread and water, and the child would turn frightfully sick, but did not mend his ways; only with me he was always so sweet, so winning and tender, begging my pardon on his knees for all the tears I shed on his account, and winding his arms around me as if to protect me. He had retained so much sweetness in his character that I could not resist him and did anything he wanted, to comfort him when he was in despair. He would roll on the ground before me, striking his head against the furniture and threatening to strangle his step-father; and when he was gone, my husband would tell me of some new misdeed for which he should be severely punished. It was just as if I had thrown fire and water together. Really, really, a little more gentleness would have gone farther with Tom. As it is, I am still standing between those two, and my sufferings grow worse every day. My distress is so great, that I know no longer where to turn. My husband himself has taught me to be so terribly afraid of him; now he must bear the consequences. It is a great misfortune. For he is an excellent man, and I owe him the profoundest gratitude. He has snatched me from want and penury, has overwhelmed me with presents, and proved his love to me in a hundred ways, except that one of pardoning my poor child. And thus, a coldness and bitterness has gradually arisen between us, which cannot be cured. And therefore, dear Lewes, I cannot turn to him with prayers. I had rather pass through a flaming furnace. He will estrange my son completely from me, or drive him out into the un pitying world.

"I tremble every hour lest he should come and acquaint me with this his resolution. And I cannot bear it! I cannot part with Tom! I am so unpardonably, unreasonably, unspeakably fond of my poor child! And I said I would bear any penalty or expiation. Sometimes one does not know what such a word means, and what one foresees does not come to pass, and one is ruined by unforeseen things. Help me, Lewes, pray, help me!"

With trembling fingers she drew a beautiful set of jewels from her pocket.

"Please Lewes," she said, offering it to him. And Lewes felt something sparkle and swim before his eyes, and then the casket lay like hot lead in his hand.

"I'll think of it," he said, looking as pale as if a swoon were about to numb his senses and to deliver him from the dull pain at his heart, the rushing sounds in his ears, the bitter taste in his mouth. But by an intense effort of will he overcame his faintness and sat staring fixedly at the ground.

"If I could but love her less madly," he thought. Suddenly a bright idea flashed through his brain. He remembered that he had a tiny fortune of his own, and a transient smile played across his face.

"I'll try," he replied, rising and holding the hand she offered him in his own for a moment. When he had closed the door behind him, he drew a deep breath, as one does when one comes into the open air after having passed through the intoxicating atmosphere of an orchis-house. Ay, he had a little fortune. He would sacrifice it and let her believe it to be the proceeds of her diamonds. But afterwards? When that abyss had swallowed it up?—

"And when the big dog saw that it was his little sister—" Minnie was saying outside.

"He wagged his tail and lay down at her side to watch her," concluded Llewellyn.

Tom and Kathleen were still standing in the breakfast-room; her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled.

"You're not so conceited as to fancy that I've a good opinion of you!"

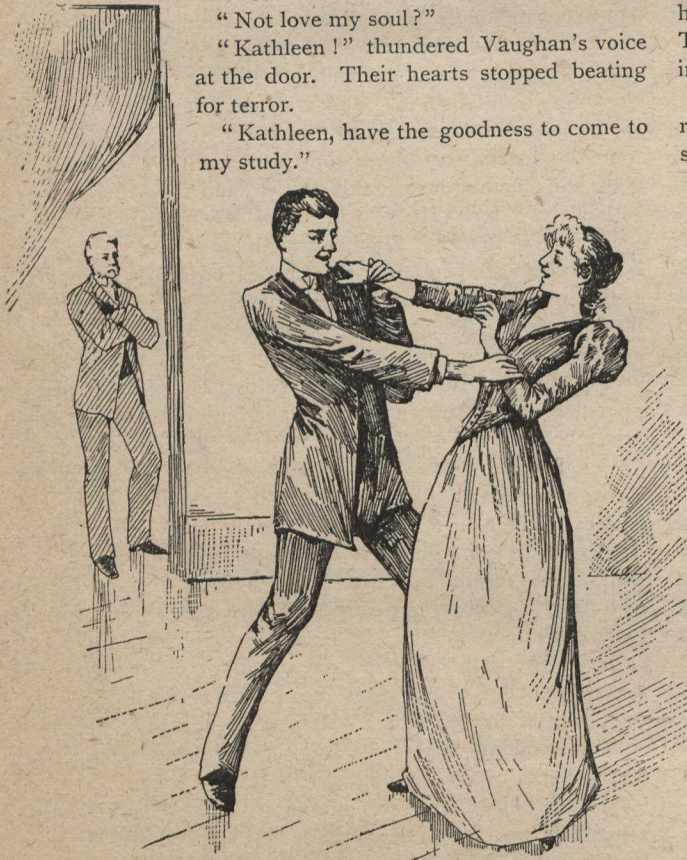
"Oh no, my pet. But you love me all the better because you'd like to reclaim me. Why, I am so unhappy, Kathleen, that a stone would be touched; how much more then a sweet little girl like you. And I went to Temorah only because I really didn't know where else to go. I was without money and without shelter. That was all. But I love you as my soul."

"You don't love that at all."

"Not love my soul?"

"Kathleen!" thundered Vaughan's voice at the door. Their hearts stopped beating for terror.

"Kathleen, have the goodness to come to my study."



"KATHLEEN!" THUNDERED VAUGHAN'S VOICE AT THE DOOR.

Hanging her head, Kathleen followed the master of the house upstairs.

He let her pass into the room, and closed the door.

"If you fancy," he began, "that it suits me to have you flirt with my scamp of a son under my own roof, you are greatly mistaken. And if you think I should not have the heart to turn you out in spite of your poverty and Edleen's tears and prayers, you are even more mistaken. Do you think I shall tolerate such behaviour in my house? What must my servants think, who have not cleared the breakfast-table for fear of disturbing your *ôte-a-tête*? Do you consider it proper to permit a young man to touch you? I tell you, Kathleen, I shall not tolerate such things. I have confided my dearest, most sacred, and most precious treasures to you, and therefore your conduct must be unimpeachable, worthy of the pure childish souls you have in your keeping."

"My husband has not much knowledge of human nature," Edleen had said, and it seemed as if the events, were about to

corroorate her opinion. Vaughan was prepared for a flood of tears, and a prostration, things that were extremely distasteful and unpleasant to him.

He was, therefore, greatly surprised when a mischievously sparkling little face was raised to his, and Kathleen exclaimed, with ringing laughter: "Tom! But I've nothing whatever to do with Tom! Why, it's Morgan Gwynne who loves me and wants to marry me. Not Tom. God forbid! How funny! No, we spoke of those poor miners, and how we should manage to relieve them; and Tom is always so easily moved, you know, or, at least, pretends to be, and so he tried to put his arm round me. But I didn't permit him to. No! God forbid! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Morgan Gwynne is my languishing lover! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Quite an acceptable one, too, and no vagrant. No, Tom! Fie, Tom! Why, he's a wicked man. No, I've nothing whatever to do with him!"

And with a long and deep courtesy she whisked out of the room, like a kitten, and flew down the stairs to Edleen, who was still lying back in her chair weak and ghastly pale.

Kathleen knelt down beside her, kissing and fondling her hands.

"All right?" she whispered.

Edleen bent her head affirmatively.

"I've kept the house occupied the while, acting a little love-scene with Tom, because I knew the master of the house to be watching us, and getting myself thoroughly scolded, just to keep the coast clear for you down here. Your husband really has a nice way of scolding people, I'll say that for him. It's quite a pleasant pastime."

"Do you think so?" murmured Edleen, and her nostrils moved slightly.

"Yes; he has such a fine voice, going straight to one's heart. I'd like so much, just for once, to be afraid of a man."

"Should you?" said Tom, who had come in unperceived.

"Oh, not of you," laughed Kathleen.

"We'll see. But what's the matter with my little mother? She's ill, Kathleen! Don't you see that? My little mother! My dear little mother! You're not going to be ill, I hope?"

The three in the glass-house had grown silent, as though their pleasure were spoiled and they feared a hostile assault. Winnie's hands hung listlessly among the chords, and Minnie had laid a finger on her lip.

"Where are the children?" asked Kathleen. Her voice did not sound amiable now.

"Out there," replied Tom.

"It has long been time for lessons; get on, children," cried the young girl.

The little ones threw their arms round Llewellyn's neck, and took grateful leave of him.

"I must most emphatically beg," said the old man, "that the child is permitted to practice her music every day."

"Yes, if she is good, by way of reward," returned Kathleen, leading the children away.

Llewellyn hastened to depart. He felt that he could neither cheer nor comfort here; and he wanted to see whether he could not divert his old friend Gwynne from his sorrow for an hour.

"Tom," said Edleen.

"Ay, my sweet mother. Here I am at your feet."

"Tom! I am sinning out of love for you! I entreat you, spare me! You are killing me. You have already robbed me of happiness and tranquillity, of sleep and peace, and a quiet conscience. Oh, Tom, Tom, spare me!"

Tom laid his face upon her hands, and his tears rolled over them. He could weep so beautifully when he liked, such a shower of remorseful tears, that he was perfectly irresistible.

"Mother, I'm a scoundrel! I'm unworthy of you, I know it. I'm not worth the bread I eat!" and his tears fell unintermittingly upon her slender fingers. "If you ever hear that I've blown my brains out, forgive me, mother forgive your unhappy child!"

He started up, as if he had lost all his self-command, and rushed out of the room. As he shut the door, he thought: "What shall I do now? Stay! the fair Ginevra has a glass at my service and pleasant looks and a neat little room! Hurrah! Long live Ginevra!"

Vaughan came downstairs, and found his beautiful wife alone, and so weak that she could hardly lift her hand. Full of anxious care, he sat down beside her and passed his arm under her neck; she closed her eyes wearily upon his breast, and he was glad that she would rest in his embrace. He did not guess that she merely closed her eyes in order to avoid speaking to him.

CHAPTER XI.

A light hoar-frost was thawing in the merry sunshine, while the bells rang and the congregation came pouring in from every direction. Here and there transparent ice cracked under the pattering feet of red-cheeked children. The yellow leaves glittered, as if strewn with diamond-dust, and wherever the sun had not yet penetrated, the roads were frosted and played in bluish shades. The landscape was enlivened by the high, black felt hats and red cloaks of the peasant women who walked towards the ancient abbey where Gwynne was to preach.

Among the congregation were Vaughan thinking with a heavy heart of his poor wife, whom the reprobate would torment to death, and before whose maternal weakness he stood lamed and defenceless; Edleen, who flushed hotly with shame when she remembered how she stood with Lewes and into what she was betraying him; Kathleen, who felt her love for Tom at its height, and yet hoped to meet Morgan and to drive him to distraction; Winnie, who intended to accuse herself before God of beginning to hate Kathleen; Maggie, whom Kathleen had cunningly slandered and threatened with dismissal, and who was afraid of being parted from her little darling, Minnie, who was clinging to her hand; Lewes, who had laid all his having at Edleen's feet, and had been told that it would not suffice to cover the new debts, and who now stood hesitating before his first fraud, telling himself, with a cold shudder, that he would sacrifice his honor for her, and would get no reward, hardly a word of thanks; Mrs. Gwynne, who might for one hour dismiss the tranquil smile from her lips and cry to God for fortitude in her gnawing pain; Gladys, who hoped to weep herself calm; Missy, who would have liked to lay her weary heart in the grave with her darling; Morgan, who looked gloomily forward to meeting Kathleen and rebelling against every word that would fall from his father's lips; all the vicarage children, on whom the shadow of a first grief had fallen; Temorah, hiding a heavy heart under the folds of her cloak; the men who had been rescued from the mine and who revered Tom like an angel; even Llewellyn, who rarely went to church and used to say that the forest was his temple, the birds' carol his choir, the storm his sermon, and whom Gladys had persuaded to come this once and hear his brother-poet, her father, speak—all—all had come.

Only four people were missing, two who were near Heaven, and two who were straying towards hell; Una, whom her

betrothed had carried to the window to see the sun; Martyn, who was supporting her head on his shoulder, and talking to her about getting wed, and having a home of their own, while his eyes, unperceived by her, grew dim; Tom who lay in feverish sleep after a wild night, and Ulla, the witch, who sat sorting herbs in her ravine, and listening to her thoughts as to a song heard in childhood.

The sun shone down from heaven upon all this earthly wretchedness, and did what he always does: waking life and strength, but also consuming and withering; causing flowers to spring from rubbish, and vines from stones, but also parching with heat, and illuminating mould and dust; bidding children and birds rejoice, and poor sinners despair; smiling upon the happy, torturing and mocking the sorrowful—the mighty, sub-lime sun with his inexorable smile!

Amid the ringing of the bells the congregation approached the ancient Celtic church, whose crypt was hewn into the living rock, whose roof was barely weather-proof. It lay among beautiful woodlands and its stone aisles, with their clumsy, round arches and pillars and their high windows, had received the devout for many centuries past. There was no organ, but the extremely fine, pure singing sounded almost as solemn under the vaulted ceiling.

Gwynne had paced the remotest walks of the park at sunrise; in his deep distress he sought for strength to edify his congregation. He thought with agonizing dread that he would have to stand in the pulpit and speak to others of courage and fortitude while he was desponding himself. Now, while the bells were ringing, he fell upon his knees in his study, hiding his face in his hands and baring all his weak, weary, sorrowful heart to God, telling him that he could not speak—not to-day. He could not bow beneath the hand which lay too heavily upon him. The physical pain at his heart was so great in itself that he could not bear up against it.

"I am Thy unworthy servant," he prayed. "My God, teach me to forget myself! Do not—do not forsake me!"

His thoughts grew confused. He felt as if he had forgotten text and sermon in the torture he was undergoing, in the cry: "I cannot!" And out there the bells were ringing with their old sweetness, telling of hundreds of Sabbath days on which he had gone up into his pulpit with so much joy, in the strength of his eloquence, in the fulness of heart which happiness calls forth in a good man. And to-day, when he would have concealed himself and his unbounded pain like a wounded deer, he was to appear before all those people—before all those eyes, inspire confidence when he was fainting himself.

"My God! my God!" he prayed in his distress; "Thou dost not let the cup pass away from us, if it is Thy will that we should drink it! But do not forsake me! Come to me! Fill my trembling heart with Thy light, and make it still!"

The red blood flowing from his child's lips glistened before his eyes; her hoarse, broken voice sounded it in his ears; and earnestly though he strove to shake off his terrible affliction, it pierced his heart again and again like a flaming sword; he felt as if burning coals were heaped upon his breast, as if his tongue were paralyzed.

"My God! My God!" he prayed. "Thou givest the will and the power. Thou givest the humbleness which disregards itself and thinks its suffering naught before Thy might and greatness. My God! I do not murmur, I only tremble, and my heart faints under its burden of grief!"

And the bells tolled and tolled, calling him, telling him that his congregation was waiting. Then he rose, took up cap and

books with a trembling hand, and cast a last fervent glance through the lofty bow-window. A sunbeam fell upon him, like a reassuring smile from above, and he left the house with a firm step. Unconsciously, he lifted his eyes to his sick child's window, and his hardly gained courage very nearly forsook him again. For an emaciated little face smiled down at him, in which nothing seemed left but a pair of eyes, great, brilliant eyes, and white teeth. Martyn's appeared beside it, very grave, as if he were thinking less of his own sorrow at that moment, than of the father's heavy task. His face was also emaciated with sleepless nights and agony, with the double torture of watching the hourly progress of a disease he was powerless to cure.

Gwynne felt at that sight, as if his feet would not carry him farther, and his heart had ceased its beating. But he waved his hand up at the window and walked on.

For the bells were ringing and calling still.

In the church, people were growing uneasy at his being so late. Mrs. Gwynne glanced continually at the door, but she had such unbounded confidence in the strength of her hero and guide, that she suppressed the anxious thought, he might have been taken ill.

At last the door opened and the minister's tall form appeared in a broad ray of light. Every face was turned sympathizingly and curiously towards him as he walked up the aisle. His shoulders were slightly bent, and his hair had almost suddenly turned grey, especially on the left side, where his hand was wont to rest when he worked or thought. His face wore an unearthly expression, something like a saint's or a martyr's, and the singing grew more fervent, as his mere appearance touched, and inspired the congregation. He felt as if the ocean were flowing around him, and for a moment after reaching the pulpit he could not distinguish a line or recognize a single face. He was fain to breathe a short prayer, until the throbbing of his heart subsided, and he could speak and see again. Then, with a superhuman effort of will, he opened his Bible.

Borne on his beautiful voice, the words of the text floated clearly and sonorously above the listeners' heads, and while he spoke them, all grew still around him and within him, as though he were lifted up on a cloud, and his feet no longer felt the ground beneath them.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts; neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord.

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."

In the breathless silence prevailing the ancient church, each syllable resounded, not loudly, but like drops of precious perfume falling into some sacred vessel. And he began his sermon as softly; but the force of his eloquence soon carried him away with it, and a sunbeam slanting across him from an opposite window, he stood in a very halo of glory, his forehead luminous, his eyes penetrating the hearts of his hearers, while the silence around him grew so deep as though not a soul were breathing in the crowded edifice.

"Do not be so fearful, my brethren!" he cried, "do not follow your own thoughts, which lead you to perdition!

"Sooner than humble yourselves before your brother, you would commit an evil whose consequences are as incalculable as a meteor's course. Turn back, while there is time. Go to

your brother and say to him; 'I meant to wrong thee; punish and pardon me, but save me from destruction.' You fear his harsh words. You tremble lest he should regard you with scorn. But when God speaks, a greater trembling will come over your hearts; you will pale before his look, and his wrath will crush you. You turn against the humiliations that come to you from men, and you do not consider in your folly that God can fling you into the abyss of iniquity towards which you strayed, and leave you to perish in it unreclaimed; and when He has branded and cast you off, you cannot escape the scorn and mockery of the world, nor dare you rebel against its blind and cruel justice.

"And you who sin out of love, ask yourself whether it is love that leads a human creature to perdition. No, it is selfishness, hard-heartedness, unbounded weakness, but not love. Do not dare thus to profane the most sacred of words, to use it as a mask for the corruption of your hearts, for the worm gnawing at them. Out of love! Let love make you strong, pure, severe. Let love quench your desire; let it prevent your sacrificing the least particle of your soul's life. And when you are tempted to do wrong, do not fancy that the words 'Out of love!' will wash you clean, but ask yourselves of what nature such love can be.

"And you, who pride yourselves on your righteousness, have you not sinned even through this pretended righteousness?

"Have you not repulsed and driven to despair what your charity might have reclaimed? Have you not seen the wrong into which your chastisements led the erring, nor felt the weight of your hand upon the weak? You think yourselves walking in the light of your purity, when you are groping in the dark, poor fools! Have you ever asked yourselves, whether your conduct was qualified for the task of reforming sinners? Have you turned for enlightenment to your God, instead of pursuing your own course with harshness and obstinacy, and the cruel adage: Bend or break?

"And you, my children, who have stumbled and fallen, lift your bruised hearts and crushed souls to God. You too shall be redeemed. Bear the penalty manfully; if you were weak enough to fall into sin, be strong enough, at least, to take its consequences. Bow your hearts under the chastising hand which leads through the purifying fires of expiation. Now that your sin is committed and all fragrance and sweetness and beauty have passed away from it, look upon it in all its ugliness and do not tremble. God saw it thus ugly already when you committed it, and yet He did not destroy you at once, but spared you for a time when you may rise unto Him again, when He will envelop you in His almighty love and you will know yourselves forgiven.

"And some of you have permitted hatred and thoughts of revenge to take root in your hearts, and now the venomous tree flourishes and you do not know yourselves, how great the harm is that you have done and must do so long as you do not cast it out. Have you considered that you have lost the right to call yourselves Christians, that you have become noxious members of human society? For a vindictive man has no control over his thoughts and actions, and does mischief wherever he turns. He lowers himself to a brute that cannot suppress hate and envy, but revenges itself without remorse. Would not it be a sublime feeling quietly to put your hands in God's and to consider your tormentors but as so many weak tools destined to make nobler beings of you by developing your self-control and your charity?

"And you who are guilty of falsehood, have you no fear of God? Have you never seen His mighty sun which shines into

the remotest nooks and by-ways, which will bathe in light what you would wrap in darkness, and in whose glare you will stand naked and miserable, shamed and despised? Do you not tremble lest God tear the mask off your faces when you least expect it, lest He lay his finger on your falsehood and wither your eyes and hearts with his terrible glance?

"Do not be so fearful, my brethren. For your sins arise from fear; fear of men, of spiteful tongues, of small hardships, of so-called humiliations. But what are you, that you will not bear your brother's rebuke? Blush at your cowardice, and do not think you can escape the sorrows of your days. You must endure them one by one. Not an hour will be spared you. And if you do not purify yourselves in this purgatory and rise unto the divine light, you will be cast into the utmost darkness. And you who lament under your burden of sorrow, who rebel in sadness and despair, who cannot believe that God's thoughts are good even though you do not understand them, pray, pray for enlightenment. Pray for the humility which endures and does not question, which bows gratefully and does not murmur, which suffers itself to be guided and does not doubt. Surely God's thoughts are instinct with such benevolence that we must often submit in our ignorance and be satisfied. What do we know of the light above us? What of our final destination? Do we know what the centre of the earth, what the nearest star conceals? Can we foresee what joys shall spring for us from our woes? Suffer God's hand to till the soil of your hearts, my brethren! He alone can sow. He alone knows what is to ripen in you. And if he lay your dearest in the grave"—here the minister's voice faltered a little—"let your confidence rise the more sublimely, let it soar towards the divine thoughts which you shall one day be worthy to understand.

"The lizard sees no farther than its sunny wall, the bee its meadow, the mole than its feet; how would the eagle then marvel at their blindness, at the narrowness of their horizon, he whose eyes sweep sea and land! And yet he is but a dweller of the heights and knows little of the deeps below.

"And shall we, who do not know our own tiny globe, be able to see and judge of God's ways, or tell him what to do?

"Worship, my brethren! It is not so difficult. You must only shake off what is earthly and not confine your souls' soaring flight in petty cages. Release them from your narrow breasts. Send them upward; let the sublime light absorb them as the sun absorbs water; doubt not, fear not; the element for which your souls were born will sustain you. Send them joyfully up on high, where they are one day to find their home, their consummation and their completeness; let them follow the dear ones that have gone on before you, the hymn which

floats upward, God, in whose thought you will find final redemption and everlasting light. Amen."

His powerful voice, his fiery glance, the knowledge that this man was speaking out of the darkness of bitterest affliction, had an even more touching effect than his words. A good preacher is like the air which receives a thousand voices and carries them, united in a single sound, to immeasurable heights. He collects all sorrows, all thoughts, all tears, and bears them into higher regions, to let them sink down again as dew, purified and refreshing, making men feel better and stronger, and ready to fight in the good cause—until the flatness of daily life again lays its rude hold upon them, and they are weaker than fate after all, disheartened at sight of the familiar burden, murmuring under their daily more grievous crosses, and say at last: "It is easy for him to talk; he does not know how I feel."

"It is easy for him to talk." Nobody could say that to-day who saw the marks of a heavy tribulation upon him, and the dignified way in which he bore his lot. He had hardly reached the church door, when he was hastily summoned. Una wanted

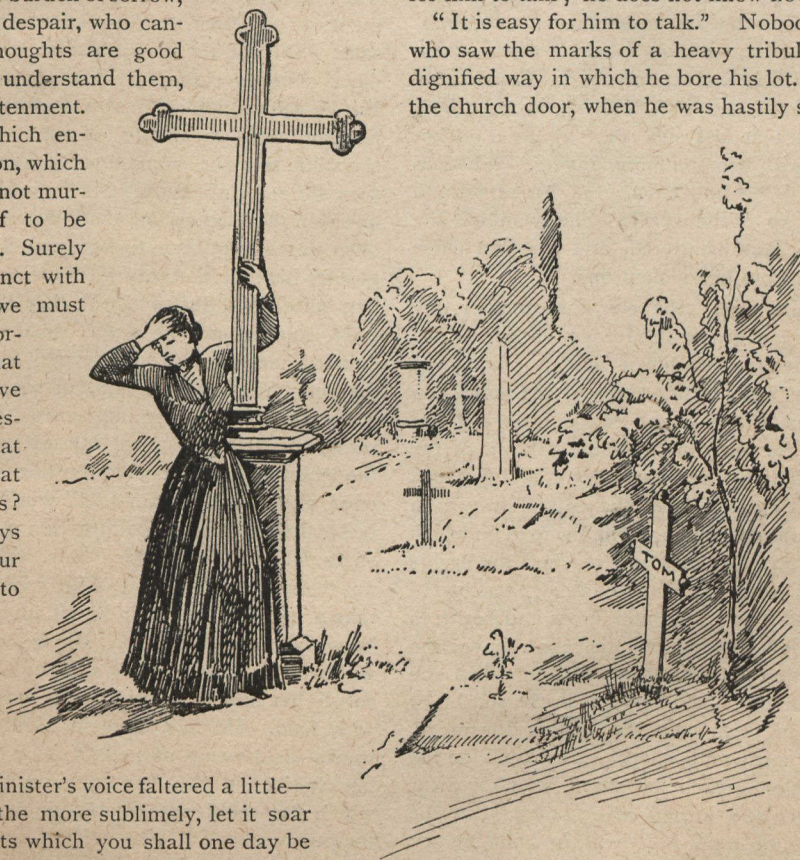
him; she had again had a hemorrhage and was frightened, and he alone could reassure her. The parishioners stood together in groups, talking about the sad event; only those who had sorrow of their own to cope with, started quickly and quietly for their home.

The Vaughan family lingered for news, walking silently in the park. Lewes hurried home, and sat down to write to his mistress that he could not obey her behest, that he had but one honesty and one soul. And then he tore his letter again and flung down his pen, thinking that Edleen would perhaps be heroic and release him

herself. But on their way home, Vaughan had crushed her reviving courage by a thoughtless remark, and she was as weak and helpless a woman as ever.

Winnie was resolved to cast all hatred out of her little heart, until she saw Kathleen flirt with Morgan and her indignation was stronger than all her good intentions.

Temorah thought she would go to her mother's grave, which she had not dared to approach again. She would seek forgiveness there, and tell the dead that she meant to bear everything patiently in expiation of her sin, and to forgive the destroyer of her life. She directed her steps to the lonely churchyard, where the leaves lay high on the ways and glittered in the thawy hoar-frost. The leaves lay high on the graves as well, and Temorah was obliged to remove them before she could get near her mother's modest cross. She knelt timidly down by it, in an



SHE CLUNG TO THE SHARP-EDGED, ICE-COLD STONE TO SAVE HERSELF FROM FALLING.

agony of dread lest the grave should scare her away ; she wound her arms around the cross and leaned her brow against it.

All was still as death. She felt as if she were mercifully received and not repulsed, and with tear-dimmed eyes she sought her mother's beloved name. But her eyes dilated and her blood curdled in her veins when she saw "Tom" cut in large, clear letters into the wood of the cross. She very nearly cried out loud. She staggered back and caught at the tall granite cross on a rich man's grave hard by, on which no tears had flowed for many a day. She clung to the sharp-edged, ice-cold stone to save herself from falling ; but her senses were numbed, and she sank down in a heavy swoon, lying unperceived among the leaves during several hours.

When she recovered consciousness, the sun had long passed the meridian, and shone from the west upon the silent churchyard. No soul far and wide, to sprinkle a drop of water on the poor, forlorn girl's lips. There she sat among the damp leaves, staring at that terrible word, and still fancying it must be a delusion of her senses, until at last she crept up to it on her knees and felt the letters with her trembling fingers. Who had done this fiendish deed? Who had discovered her secret and meant to proclaim it thus, to all the world? She trembled like water in pouring rain ; her teeth chattered, and a fearful curse upon this secret foe broke from her violent lips.

Suddenly she grew quite still. She saw the summer day when she had loved Tom ; she saw the bridge on which she had said "Come!" She saw Kathleen hidden among the flowers ; she saw Kathleen stray hither and cut the name into the cross. In feverish haste she began to dig it up with her hands, moving it to and fro and finally pulling it out of the ground. It was heavy ; but she meant to carry it, and fastened it on her back beneath her cloak. Thus she walked away with tottering steps, bent like an old woman, along the road on which Kathleen had come that day. At last she reached the bridge and crept into the hollow, where the withered foliage reached to her knees. There she laid down cloak and cross and began to search. After groping a long time among the yellow leaves she found a glove and a veil, and put both in her pocket. Then she swept the leaves aside and dug deep furrows in the soft black soil. She laid the cross in them with the writing downward, and covered it high with earth and leaves. She knelt on the damp ground till all was done ; then she raised herself wearily, threw her cloak around her and turned to go home. She did not reach her cottage till after night-fall, dead tired and hungry. When she went in, something moved in the dark room and came towards her ; she did not know what it was until she heard Tom's voice : "At last ! Have you taken to gadding about after dark now?"

He received no answer. Presently a light was struck and Temorah stood before him with flashing eyes.

"Go away!" she said very calmly.

"Oh no ! I have a right to be here, and I shall stay here to-night and as long as I please. I wish to disappear for a while, and no one will seek me here."

"Go away!" repeated Temorah pointing to the door.

"No, sweetheart ! You should have said that last summer. But then we said 'Come in' and opened our arms and received the bridegroom with honey on our lips and sunshine in our eyes. Ay, my pet, and now I am come again, to hide myself near the heart whose beating I know as well as the ticking of my watch.

Don't give yourself such airs ! You are very glad to have your Tom, I know."

She shook her head, rested her hand on the table and groaned aloud. The next moment she lay on the floor in another fainting-fit. The day had been too much for her, and the present shame was beyond her powers of endurance. Tom thought this extremely unpleasant, but still he saw that he must needs assist her.

As soon as she recovered, she pushed him away with both hands, which amused him so much that he had nearly grown enamoured of the beautiful wild girl again.

Temorah bore his presence in mute defiance, locking him in when she went to her work and giving him food, for he had not brought anything, not a penny, with him. She made no answer when he called her his little wife, and tolerated his blandishments as one does a big dog's that one will not repulse for pity's sake. She did not strive against the tedious monotony of his days. On the contrary. She sat opposite to him in silence. But he worked himself into a flaming passion by way of pastime and tried to conquer her anew. And she felt so wretched the while that she sometimes thought of killing herself. But then she remembered Gwynne's words that one must look upon one's sin in all its ugliness and bear its consequences manfully. Tom was so repulsive to her now that she thought his every gesture hateful, his every word insipid. Love was dead within her, quite dead, destroyed by fear and shame ; she could not even comprehend how she could ever have forgotten and deluded herself to such a degree. She shrank from herself in disgust. She never thought of speaking of the future, a trait Tom considered charming, since he could not help her, but rather needed assistance himself. He did not seem to feel the ignominy of his position, while Temorah continually sickened with horror of him and herself, with the degradation of being the tool and slave of such a man, and receiving the most shameful treatment at his hands. Her dignified conduct could not restrain the insolence of his speeches ; he even appeared to take a special pleasure in humiliating her when he saw her so haughty. Then, one day, he disappeared as he had come, without a parting word, and she could breathe more freely, and satisfy her hunger ; for she had starved herself to provide him with food. He had been in hiding with her for nearly four weeks—four weeks of ineffable pain and torture, during which her cheeks had grown so hollow as to attract inquisitive looks, which she could not escape, since she had to work for Tom's maintenance.

When she had been too proud with him, he had invented a new way of tormenting her. He had threatened to show himself to passers-by, not his face, but his figure, so that people should know there was a man in her cottage. He gloated over her anxiety, and declared that was the way of taming creatures of her stamp ; he was a born conqueror ; everything must lie at his feet.

Now he was gone ! But who knew whether he would not come back !

Edleen passed this time in a state of mind which caused Vaughan to fear for her life. She questioned him repeatedly whether Tom's disappearance was not his doing—whether he had not shipped him off to some distant country, and did not believe his asseverations to the contrary. And when Tom returned, she was so rapturously happy that her husband left the room in violent exasperation.

CHAPTER XII.

In vain did spear and catapult
Assail the stronghold tall,
That ne'er had yielded yet, nor seen
A foe within its wall.

The bastions gleamed with helm and shield,
The towers with watch-fires blazed,
The warders warded true and well,
Until the siege was raised.

In marble hall, at festive board,
By torches' merry glow,
The knights repose from battle-toil;
But grave their talk and low.

Their warlike chief is stern and pale:
"My truest knight lies slain!
I scarce can taste our goodly cheer,
My goblet foams in vain.

"My wife is fair and waits on me
With sweet and queenly grace;
And yet I care not now to look
Upon her winsome face.

"My truest knight lies on the bier—
He made the foe behold
How dauntless victors meet their fate!"
The lady's glance is cold.

She sees his brow droop on his hand,
And speaks no soothing word;
Among the ruddy pine-tree logs
The crackling flames are heard.

They bear the dead into the hall—
Illumined by torchlight keen,
The haughty beauty of his face
And form once more is seen.

He lies mysterious, still, and strange;
The mail upon his breast
Is cleft and stained, his strong right hand
Enfeebled and at rest.

"Now drink to him!" the chief exclaims,
"Now drink, my warriors true!
His path to mighty Wodan's hall
Be rich with sparkling dew!

"But if this man did any wrong
For which he should atone,
Come forward and accuse him straight,
Before Valhalla's throne!"

He stops and looks from face to face;
But all in silence stand;
The dead has never wronged a man,
Among that sturdy band.

But who advances, calm and pale,
Without remorse or fear,
A glittering dagger in her hand,
And stands before the bier?

Their chief's fair wife!—Her flashing eyes
Proclaim the dead man's guilt,
As in his lifeless breast she sheathes
Her dagger to the hilt.

Llewellyn had not sung, only thought this ballad; now he repeated it softly as he sat in his arm-chair, his feet on the broad fender, his hands on his knees, watching the flaming and crackling fall of the great logs on the hearth. Out-side the snow-storm whirled around the castellated building which towered high on a steep, densely wooded rock. Roofs and trees were so heavily laden with snow that small avalanches rolled down here and there and fell with a dull crash on the white ground below.

At the minstrel's side stood a table with a bumper of wine upon it. Harps of every form and size threw spectral shadows

on the distant walls, and the pillars and pointed arches of the hall gleamed and darkened fitfully with the flickering of the trunks in the chimney.

A large volume lay open on the table, with a pen beside it; but Llewellyn did not think his poem sufficiently polished as yet to merit recording. He listened to the wind-harps sounding strangely from the tower above—a chant of spirit-voices, an incomprehensible rhapsody. He was wrapt in the blissful feeling that steals over the poet on lonely nights, when he achieves his work without a struggle, when forms and words crowd to his sight and lips unbidden and flow forth in a broad river of song. Stormy nights are favorable to such trances; the poet feels as though unknown voices were whispering him what to sing, as though he were lord of the globe that his song envelops, a dweller in Valhalla who has long forgotten and quitted this fleeting life. Men who think of wine, beauty, soft couch, and rich board, or even of a noble horse, fine music, and similar pleasures, when they speak of enjoyment, do not know the loftiest, most refined and most perfect of delights: the poet's hour of peaceful inspiration.

In that hour his thought is so vivid that it shows him all he aspires to in palpable reality; he longs for nothing, for he possesses all in the most perfect form; no realisation of his dreams, no actual joy and splendor in lordly halls could vie with the spiritual bliss and beauty that charm him in his homely cell. This delight must often be purchased with hard struggles, but often, too, the gods smile upon their favorite and cast such radiance around him that he feels himself possessed of vast creative power, and hardly dares to stir for fear of overhearing the breathings of his genius. That is why the poet loves to work at night, saying with a contented smile: "Now no one will disturb me."

However, no night is so dark, no snow-storm so fierce but that an unexpected guest may break in upon the solitude with a quick clatter of horsehoofs and a knock at the gate. Llewellyn listened in surprise. Who could it be that sought admittance at this hour?

He heard the visitor stamp his feet to shake off the snow, and exchange a few words respecting his horse with a servant; then a slim, young form passed through the gloom of the hall into the firelight, dangling a wet fur cap, and saying with a laugh:

"No doubt you are astonished to see me at this time of night. But I lost my way in the snow; else I should have been here after sunset."

"Tom! is that you? You come here in such weather?"

Tom laughed, but Llewellyn noticed the deep lines about his mouth, the unsteady flickering of his eyes, his hollow cheeks and sunken temples. There were signs of decay in Tom's pretty face, and Llewellyn looked sadly at him, while the young man stared absently at the fire and had evidently forgotten where he was.

In a hospitable house the master has no need to ring and order refreshments. The servants know what behooves. Accordingly, the best that cellar and larder afforded was neatly served at once, with the deprecating remark that the fire had been lit to prepare warm food, but that the storm would cause some slight delay.

"Oh, it's too much as it is," said Tom, swallowing cup after cup of red wine, but not touching the meats. "I was so thirsty," he went on. "I think the cold makes one more thirsty than the heat, and more weary too, for the matter of that."

"To be sure," said Llewellyn, looking attentively at his young guest.

"He is afraid of something and has come here to conceal himself," he thought, when his penetrating eyes had read Tom's countenance.

"Mrs. Vaughan is well?" he asked.

"My mother? Yes, very well; no, not particularly so, pretty well, rather weak; one never quite knows what ails her, you know." Tom spoke rapidly, and then lapsed into a brooding silence again, evidently unconscious how much wine he was taking.

"I've been as sick as a dog," he said at last.

"Mrs. Vaughan must have been extremely anxious."

"Oh no; she doesn't know; they needn't know everything at home, especially not the others." He laughed bitterly, the lines of his mouth visibly deepening. He was still staring at the fire.

"It would be well to eat a little after all," said the old man, kindly. "You look so exhausted."

"How do I look?" asked Tom, starting; he seemed to have caught only the last words.

"You look very tired; a little food would do you good; it would make the wine taste better, too."

Tom swallowed the steaming soup that had just been brought in almost greedily, but pushed the more solid food aside.

"Won't you stay with me a few days till you feel stronger?" asked the minstrel.

His guest looked relieved. "Oh, very willingly! I shan't be much in the way. I rarely stay indoors; I'm fond of roving about the forest, and want but little."

The old man eyed him still more closely. "He is hiding!" he thought anew. Aloud he said: "One can recover from many diseases here, the air is so pure."

"Is it?" rejoined Tom, absently. "Is the air pure anywhere? I don't believe it is."

"Ah, what a sad thing to say, my son!"

"It's disgusting everywhere. Tell me of a place where one would not shudder with disgust, unless it be so tedious that one would be tempted to commit suicide."

"I hope the latter will not be the case here."

"Oh, no, this is not the kind of place that would bore me. I've been bored where others would have felt delighted. I've been bored in places where others would have given anything to be for an hour—bored till I felt like a brute."

"I have never found the time long," said Llewellyn.

"Of course not. You are like a young child."

The old man smiled. "Is it not better so?"

"I don't know. What's better? What's worse? Altogether, what's the meaning of good and bad, pleasant and unpleasant? I don't know. I only know that everything is disgusting, and I see that you are not disgusted. Consequently, you are a child; for you will have noticed that children are never disgusted."

"I think the world so beautiful that I find it an inexhaustible source of enjoyment, and my only fear is that age might blunt my susceptibility of its loveliness."

"Mine is so thoroughly blunted that I take no pleasure in anything, except, perhaps, in tormenting. Yes, it is a pleasant feeling to torment somebody or something. One would like to wreak one's vengeance on each and all of one's fellow-creatures, for the mere reason of their existing and being so stupid or disgusting, or likely to be if they aren't yet."

"I take delight in a flower or the crystals of a snowflake."

Tom darted a look of such incredulous disdain at Llewellyn that the latter felt almost uneasy at having uttered his thought.

"Snow covers mud, and flowers turn to hay," he said, curving his lips in a way that greatly disfigured his handsome face.

"Oh, the rapidity with which things perish does not make them less charming. I delight the more intensely in a perishable thing, because I know that I must impress it upon my memory if I would have my spirit enjoy it to the end of time."

"You call that enjoyment? Mine must be of a somewhat more material nature."

"Not advisable. The body is too quickly exhausted and can enjoy no longer."

"Don't say I can't enjoy any longer; I only require stronger stimulants."

"Till at last none will be left that would be strong enough. No, my young friend, that is no good system. One gains nothing by it, and when one comes to compare receipt and expenditure—"

"I'm used to deficiencies. They're my daily bread. But they can be made up again. The muscles can be rebraced and the purse replenished, I should hope, and then one is afloat again and can begin afresh. If one could only get rid of one's disgust too. What do *you* think of women?"

Llewellyn had looked profoundly sad, but now he smiled gaily and playfully.

"You ask a minstrel what he thinks of women?"

"Pooh! We're among ourselves now, with no woman on the premises, I hope. For I'm sick of them; I don't want to see any."

"That's a pity."

"What's a pity? They're insipid—so insipid! and stupid beyond belief. Do you think there is one, a single one, high or low, beginning with my own mother, whose head I can't turn? I court them all and tell them of each other, and they fall the more madly in love with me for that. It's sickening!"

"I am very sorry for you."

"So am I. The only one who defies me is my sister Winnie. I pay her richly for it in every possible way, but that only serves to make her more rigid. I quite respect the little thing."

"So do I."

"Yes, you, on account of her talent."

"No, on account of her character."

"Character is a nice word, too! What's character? It's fancying one wants to do a thing which is unpleasant to others, or doesn't want to do a thing which would be pleasant to them."

"Character is judgment united with will."

"Pooh! Will and judgment are empty sounds."

"I don't think so."

"Well, you're a poet and live in the clouds."

"My dear young friend! a poet sees the principle and essence of everything."

Tom laughed aloud.

"Nonsense! The principle and essence of everything is dust, and the poet smells flowers when he passes a dung-hill, and thinks a man pleasing because he repeats another man's thoughts, and admires the woman who gives him a rose when he has sung her."

"And pities him whom fresh manure does not remind of the grass and flowers it consists of, who does not think a man pleasing when his heart is touched by a noble thought, and who does not kiss the rose a lovely woman gave him."

"But all is lie and illusion; don't you see that?"

"I see lie and illusion hide as much throbbing heart-ache, real joy and deep light as the earth hides gold and precious stones."

"Your gold and precious stones are rubbish around which all the heart-ache and pretended joy turn, till it is trampled down by some idle foot. What can I find to fill my empty life?"

"A fine so'g, a kiss, a thought!"

"Don't talk to me of songs that celebrate what nobody believes in. Kisses are miserable trifling. And thoughts! Dear me, where shall I find one that has not been formed a thousand times before this?"

"It may be new to me."

"Because you are a child."

Llewellyn reddened, "And do you think yourself a man because you have tasted of every cup and found gall in it?"

"Well, perhaps I'm a man; but I doubt even that. Maybe I'm merely an incarnation of doubt."

"I know something in which you believe: your mother's love!"

Tom was silent for a moment.

"If I were not so handsome, she wouldn't love me. She doesn't care a fig for my sisters."

"My poor, poor lad!" said Llewellyn.

"She married my step-father for the sake of tin; and when she wants some, she can't get it, while he rolls in gold. That's his love. Gold, gold, gold! The little ones have got saving-boxes already, and calculate like little misers, and I'm the pariah, the prodigal son, the scape-goat. Since I've grown too big to be whipped, my daily bread is refused me, and since there are young girls in the house, I am watched like a mad dog. Is that a life worth living? It'll kill my mother; she can't bear those daily humiliations. She will certainly die. The man is killing her, who says, 'My son!' and is not afraid of my strangling him as he stands. If I'm going down hill, he kicks me to make me go the faster. He has never asked whether I've got a soul; only whether I've money or not, and of course I never have any. He has heaped my mother with diamonds till she looks like a queen when she wears them; but when she sold a single stone for me, he immediately bought it back, and I thank God that I didn't hear what he told her about it, or I should most likely have strangled him. I sometimes dream of a night that I'm clutching his throat in my hands."

"And have you never told yourself that you might end your mother's misery?"

"By blowing my brains out, oh, yes."

"God forbid, my poor lad! By leading a better life."

"A better life!—confound it!"

"Your present life must lead to ruin."

"Of course it must, if I can't get any money. Ah, gold, gold, gold! How I hunger for gold! All life hinges on it. If I had gold, I could buy unheard of pleasures—I don't know myself what ineffable bliss, what perfumes and delights of all the earth I might enjoy!"

"I possess them all," said Llewellyn.

Tom looked around the large, gloomy hall, with its wooden chairs and table, and the rusty old weapons hanging on its walls.

"Yes, I possess them all," repeated Llewellyn; "all of them here in my arsenal." He pointed to his forehead.

Tom laughed shrilly and bitterly.

"I'm so poor that I haven't even got any imagination—another deficiency! Do you not see that that's less than naught? I'm less than naught; and if I had gold, I should be more than a king, and people would lie in the dust before me and obey each wave of my hand—gold, gold, gold!"

Tom buried his face in his hands and wept.

And the snow fell, and the wind-harps sent forth a confusion of wondrously sweet lamentations, and Llewellyn thought as he listened:

"How blessed I am! The gold of sound and the kingdom of song are mine. Everything bows in joyful obedience before me, and laughs or weeps at my will. I am blessed indeed, and indeed a king." But he said nothing and suffered the young man to weep, hoping that his heart would be softened by tears.

"I am so afraid of hell!" said Tom suddenly.

"Well then, you should avoid the way to it."

"Oh, I don't mean the hell your parsons talk of. I mean the hell on earth, the cessation of everything, of strength, of enjoyment, hatred even, everything, and the beginning of a dull, flat every-day existence." He yawned. "A hell that consists of yawning."

"I think there is another. There is a hell on earth consisting of cells and chains for hands and feet, with no companion for the sufferer but a bad, bad conscience."

"And a handkerchief and a window-bar to hang himself on."

"The hanging is sometimes done by other hands."

Tom shuddered.

"One must only be clever, cleverer than the rest. People are so stupid, you know."

"Not so stupid as the clever ones when they grow frightened."

"Ah, one must beware of fright; else one runs into the hangman's hands."

"But my child, why not turn back before it comes to that?"

"I can't turn back. Where am I to go?"

"Into the wide world."

"Gold!" cried Tom, frantically. "Without gold one goes to the dogs over there, and dies a waiter, a street-sweeper or an organ-grinder. I'd rather do that here, to annoy my step-father."

"And I had rather sweep streets than go to prison."

"I don't know that. You get food and a pretty good bed there for nothing."

"Why do you hide to avoid it then?"

"I?" Tom sprang to his feet.

"I know that my house is doing duty for a debtor's prison at this moment, my boy."

"Who told you so?"

"Llewellyn rose and took a small oriental mirror from a shelf.

"This," he replied, showing Tom his own white face "Won't you try to do a little hard labor with me? I'll not make it very trying. You shall only see whether it makes you yawn."

"I always yawn, oh, I yawn! How can I work? I've no talent for anything. I can't do anything."

"We'll do some joinery together; that's merry and healthy work, and one cannot yawn over it."

"I'll go to sleep," said Tom. "Good-night, and thanks for sheltering me!"

He walked off, and called upon a servant to show him a room.

Llewellyn did not quit his seat by the chimney for a long time; he sat thinking of Edleen and her prodigal son. And being a poet, his dark thoughts took shape and form, and suggested the following lay:

"Oh, do not kill my only child!
His dying will not boot the state—
His heart was pure from bad intent—
But he was tempted—'twas his fate!"

"He thought not to commit a crime—
It came upon him ere he knew—
Indeed, indeed, he meant no harm—
Oh, hear me—what I say is true!"

The landgrave knits his haughty brow;
He sees her eyes with tears are dim—
"I will restore thy son to thee,
So thou wilt weep to ransom him."

"So thou wilt fill this cup of gold
With tear-drops from a mother's heart
Thy son shall put his hand in thine,
And ye shall both in peace depart.

"As thou'rt so full of grief and care,
Vent all thy sorrow, all thy fears,
That I may once behold and weigh
The costliest of human tears."

He offers her a cup of gold,
She takes it with a trembling hand—
Her eyes are dry—her bosom heaves—
She cannot weep at his command.

Her eyes are hot with unshed brine,
But not a single tear will start.
She wept for years, but now she feels
Too weary and too sick at heart.

She looks into the golden cup,
She looks upon her son so dear.
The landgrave's thin and bloodless lip
Unbends with a malicious sneer.

"I shed a sea of tears for thee,
My child! But on this awful day,
The floodgates of my heart are locked,
These strangers scare my tears away!

"I shed a sea of tears for thee,
Thro' many a year of bitter woe;
The flags upon my chamber floor
Were hallowed by their constant flow.

"Oh, judge! have pity! Go and view
The stones that prove how much I wept!
My breast is parched now, o'er my brain
The fires of mortal fear have swept!"

In vain! the mother saw him die;
She could not change the stern decree.
"The costliest tears," the landgrave said,
"Were never yet beheld by me."

CHAPTER XIII.

The mountain-sides were dripping with water, for the sun had shone hotly into the ravine and thawed the remaining snow. The dry leaves emitted a pleasant smell, the sap rose into the branches like ruddy blood, and there was a falling and splashing of forgotten drops that had glided along the boughs and clung awhile to the thin, tight buds before they made up their minds to take a final leap. A light column of smoke rose from the neighboring cavern and hovered about the moist rocks, and as the twilight deepened, the entrance of the cavern grew bright like the door of a forge. The drops falling from the rocks slid past the radiance like burning tears, and splashed on the stones below with a melodious sound, sometimes in regular cadence, sometimes at long intervals, the only things that broke the palpable silence.

Clad in picturesque-looking rags, Ulla cowered before the fire in the centre of her cavern. A large copper cauldron was suspended by a heavy chain from the rough rock overhead whose smoke-blackened and unshapely masses presented strange images to the fancy, big lizards, and long-fingered griffins, skulls and giants. Ulla's own shadow looked strange on the rocky wall behind her, and her noseless face made the impression of a skull, being so fleshless, that the jaws and cheek-bones protruded, and the faultless teeth seemed discernible through the skin. From time to time she dropped and raised her wrinkled eyelids like a parrot, but gave no other sign of consciousness. Her skinny throat moved as if swallowing something, and once she opened her thin lips and displayed a chalk-white line of shining teeth.

The moon rose and illuminated a beautiful woodland valley through which a limpid river flowed. This was the moment for

which Ulla had waited. She glanced at the interior of her cavern, where the moonlight stole in through a cleft grown with grass and heather, and threw a ghastly light upon various hides of dogs and bats, skulls and dried snakes. Then she untied her long grey hair, spread out her arms and began to wheel round, slowly at first, but accelerating the motion till her hair stood in a straight circle around her, and whizzed like a ropemaker's wheel. By-and-bye she turned more gently, wrapping herself from head to foot in the falling hair. She seemed free from giddiness; for she suddenly stood still and wheeled in the opposite direction to unroll her tresses, while a wonderful light came into her eyes. Then she threw all sorts of mysterious things and venomous herbs that no human foot had brushed, no animal smelt, into the cauldron, and encircled the hot brass with her arms, unconscious of its heat. Finally, she covered the threshold of her cavern with red-hot coals and walked unscathed across them on her naked feet, stepping into the open air where the moon shone through the bare trees and made them look like monstrous skeletons.

"Come!" she cried with a pealing voice. "Come, thou spirit that swayest the world! Spirit of destruction, of pride and defiance, come in thy scorn and thy power! I await thee with tenderness! Come to my arms, thou to whom my soul belongs, to whom all is forfeit, who enslaves and devours every living thing! Come in the hurricane, that I may know thee for thyself! Come in thy splendour from the depths of hell, and rejoice and work wonders in me!"

While she was speaking, the wind rose and quickly increased to a storm, sweeping towards her out-stretched arms, till she fancied the groaning trees were bowing before her, hell howling and shrieking below, and the wild huntsman passing above her. The moon was obscured by heavy black clouds. Ulla flung herself upon the ground, digging her fingers deep into the soil, and swallowing what she plucked out. She was shaking feverishly from head to foot.

"Spirit, spirit!" she cried. "Prince of darkness, destroyer of the world! Why dost thou pass me by this day? Hast thou seen me give an hour to despised earthly love? Hast thou seen me weep for a human creature? See! I pluck this earthly passion from my heart; but give me back my power and thy love!" She pressed her face and breast upon the naked earth. "No," she cried, "no! thou passest me over in scorn and anger. I will be one with thy earth; destroy me, but love me."

A fierce flash of lightning darted across the sky and forest, and struck a tree near her, scattering its fragments far around. The ground shook under the crashing thunder; the universe seemed to heave and sway from side to side; a second flash ignited a more distant fir-tree, and the hurricane swept howling, whistling, wailing through the thunder-shaken air. Ulla joined in the din with terrible lamentations.

"Mighty spirit, why dost thou touch the trees and pass me by? I will be free from earthly weakness!" She ran across the coals to the interior of the cavern, and scoured herself with nettles and buried herself in them. Then she twisted a long girdle of thistles around her body and rushed into the open air again, where she was greeted by a new flaming flash and a crashing clap of thunder. She flung herself upon the ground in her ascetic girdle and rolled herself to and fro till the thorns and thistles had lacerated her body.

"See, I do penance! See, great spirit, I punish myself for my weakness! Forgive me, and come—come to her who loves thee! Cast thy hellish flames around me, bear me through the air with thy hosts, spirit of the lost!"

Then she fancied that the storm seized her by her feet, her arms, her hair, that her body dissolved at its touch. With foaming mouth and fixed look she rose and glided into her cavern, sinking upon a couch prepared of the ashes of her own fire, and lying for a while in numb unconsciousness. Presently she began to murmur incoherently, smiling in a strange trance, and addressing an imaginary fiend whom she supposed to have entered her dwelling. She fancied herself lifted from the ground, borne through the opening in the rock towards the moon, which caught her in its beams. She wound those beams around her body like threads, and began to swing in them—swinging from star to star, pushing herself off with the point of her foot whenever she came near one. And all about her was flash and flame, her own hair waving fire, transformed into a comet's tail. Hanging in the moonbeams, she swung herself through unfathomable heights, higher up than the wild huntsman and his train, who whistled and shrieked below her and cracked their whips at her, furious that she alone had risen above the rest, touching the stars and thrusting them out of their orbits with the point of her foot. She caught up a star as she passed, crushed it in her hands, and flung the glittering fragments as meteors through the night. She hailed a cloud, and sprang into it from her shining swing.

"Come to me, spirit of hatred!" she cried, and felt herself so supernaturally beautiful that all the spirits of darkness must be subject to her will. She smote the cloud and a flash of lightning darted forth from it, setting all on fire down below. A great cry of woe rose out of a sea of fire. Ulla laughed and listened, and looking down, she saw a thousand hands move to subdue the fast-spreading flames. At that moment an eagle sailed quietly past her. She seized its wing and vaulted on its back.

"Ho, my disguised friend. Thinkest thou I do not know thee in this shape? 'Twas imprudent of thee to come near me, for thou art bound to serve me. Thou shalt bring young fir-trees to my cavern, and lambs too, whose blood I will drink. Thou must serve me without demur. Why didst thou come near me in eagle-shape, spirit of blood-thirsty ire! On! I will ride! Higher, higher! Why dost thou take an eagle's semblance, if thou canst not soar up to Heaven? Upward! Thy plumage is soft, thy wings are strong; I will ride. I will sweep through the ether and see the universe!

"Wretched creature! why dost thou creep beneath the clouds? Am I to see the earth? Ha! there goes a man through the night; dost see how his heart is burning? Tempt him to murder his mother for her gold! And take the money from those false-coiners, that I can fling it to the hungry poor! They'll want to buy bread with it, and will have to eat dust, like me. And throw yon thief into the well, that his body poison the water. And pluck out the heart of the lovesick girl, to put in my cauldron; she needs no heart, for she has beauty. Strike the wanderer lame, that he can hardly crawl on, and yet not rest for pain. And I will send the sleepers dreams to make them blush before themselves and commit horrors in their frenzy. Vengeance, vengeance upon all mankind! All mankind! All mankind in my power at night! forfeit to me! abandoned to me!

"Now carry me to yonder rock. I want thee no longer. Thou art not daring enough for me. Only bring me the doe that is just emerging from the copse. I want its blood for other fiends. Go! I am sick of thee."

She sat on the black rock, in a pathless wilderness and listened.

"We weep!" murmured the brooks. "Look! we weep. Help us! we must wander forth, we must pass by mills and mines, by human dwellings and by human misery, till the mighty river bears us captive to the bitter ocean. Turn us back! turn us back to our sources, to the sweetness of spring-into existence, to our mysterious origin!"

She grinned and seized one of the little brooks, impeding its current.

"I cannot!" wailed the brooklet. "I cannot stem my current, I cannot flow back. Oh, how wretched I am! let me go! thou hurtest me cruelly! do not stop me!" But she held it firmly. Then it took a desperate leap and dashed itself into unfathomable depths.

"Move me," said the rock, "move me! I have stood here hundreds and thousands of years, in sunshine and snow, tempest and drought, move me but once!" She put out her finger like a magnet and drew the rock from its place. It tottered and fell and was shattered into a deluge of fragments, breaking trees, and burying a whole village under its ruins.

"Let me go forth," said the lake. "I am sick of repose. I want to be terrible for once!"

She stretched out her hand, and the waters rose in a flood and burst their confines, sweeping across fields and towns, and devouring all that came in their way.

"There," smiled the witch, "that's the way to exterminate the human vermin. Wretches!"

"Hear me," said the mountain; "hellish fire rages in my bowels and consumes me. I am weary of it. I will send forth those hungry flames."

She removed the earth from the top of the mountain, dug up fragments of rock and threw them down into the valley. "Now," she cried, "free thyself!" she stamped her foot on the ground. A vast gulf yawned; flames, stones and seething metal shot upwards with gigantic force, and began to flow down in glowing streams, turning the mountain into a grey desert, and reducing towns and villages to ashes.

"I will stand elsewhere," said the tree. "I feel so cold up here, and bloom later than the trees in sheltered places."

"I'll make thee warm and blooming," cried the witch, pulling it up and brushing the clouds with its branches till lightnings flashed and the tree in her hand burned, smoked and crackled like a torch. She flung it into the forest, clasped her arms round her crossed knees, and watched the conflagration.

"How beautiful I must be in this light," she thought, passing her hand over her limbs, and shaking out her long hair that seemed golden to her.

"Very beautiful! very beautiful! very beautiful!" the echoes repeated from every side, as a host of fiends came flying towards her and whirled around her in marvellous shapes. They bent before her and laughed, and sang, and howled; and she looked on in silence at the tumult, greater, stronger, fairer than they, beloved by the prince of darkness, unequalled in aught on earth or in hell. Warm, soft vapors arose and flowed around her limbs, enhancing their beauty, till she felt a sweet delight in her own loveliness. The rapture of this night was her reward for the ineffable tortures she had undergone in order to become the greatest sorceress of all the world, whom hell was forced to serve, whose power knew no bounds, whose passion for evil and for the enjoyment of evil was unsatiable and yet continually satisfied, unlimited and affording ever new scope to her immense powers of imagination. The poor lost woman who had killed the beloved man's babe among the storm-tossed heather, whose hair had turned grey within a few hours, who

cried out in her secret cavern and cursed all mankind for turning from her in horror; she had passed a weary space of time, suffered incredible pangs, committed heinous deeds, and signed infernal contracts, before she had become the mighty sorceress at whose feet hell crouched, who could pace earth and sky as though they were a carpet, and attain to perfect beauty by her own effort, as nature does. She felt immortal, alternately incorporeal and fascinatingly beautiful. She gazed self-complacently at the giddy ring whirling and ever changing before her, while the vapors played around her like a warm bath, and make her appear still more dazzling, more charming to her subjects. A measureless pride swelled her heart; her brain emitted rays of light; the mountain she sat on grew higher and higher, and lifted her to the stars; the harmonious tones that flowed from her lips vibrated so strongly that the air trembled, trees shook and fell, rocks burst asunder, and flames darted forth. She had revenged all the wrong and ignominy of her life upon sinful, miserable mankind; she had led scores of human creatures astray, who were her slaves now, trembling as much before her as before the chief of fiends himself. In hours like this she felt herself the very soul of creation, and when the chief boasted of his superior power, she laughed him to scorn, and would not remember that she had been weak, that she had tortured herself to shake off her mortal love together with her mortal form, to belong to herself rather than to him, to exist independently like an elementary power.

"I only made use of thee!" she cried to him; "see, how thou crouchest before me now, how thou kissest the soles of my feet; I am more mighty than thou; for beauty is mine, which makes thee quail, since thou hast lost it for ever. See, how lovely I am, and yet not thy own! I rise above thee and belong to myself. Fret not! Shriek not! Do not writhe so horribly! Thou hast given me power, and now I crush thee and all thy hell under my feet. Thy members forsake thee, because my beauty dissolves and destroys thee, because the hell within me is greater than thy fire, through which I can walk without singeing a hair of mine. I think, I speak, I feel, I taste what I will. Thou must serve me as the others must, though thou say that thou hast given me life. Higher! I will rise higher! The mountain shall grow faster, that carries my beauty and my omnipotence. And it shall cover itself with fresh verdure, so that I can strew rime upon it merrily, white, biting rime which destroys what strives to live. Rime, rime! Fall down upon leaf and flower, and smite them with hellish cold. Rime, rime! Fall upon human hearts, sever what loved, give to perdition what hoped for salvation, lead into sin what aspired to be pure. Rime, rime! Fall upon all happiness, poison it as my breath does the flowers, crush it, break it, trample it, rend and scatter

it, as I have crushed, and broken, and trampled my being, scattering it into the universe so that the whole universe engendered me anew, a sublime concretion of its power!"—

Ulla lay for eight days and eight nights in motionless torpor, like a corpse. If people had found her on her bed of ashes, they would infallibly have buried her; for her breath would not have stirred the lightest feather; her heart stood still; consciousness and feeling had left her. Bats and owls flew in and out, regardless of the corpse on its couch of ashes. The skulls grinned around her; the skins flapped gently in the draught; the moon rose and set, and threw its white light on the motionless form with the wide-open, brilliant, sightless eyes that never moved, intent on inner visions.

And above the opening in the roof, new life stirred gently after the spring-storm; buds peeped out, heather and grass grew green, snow-drops sprouted up and nodded their delicate little heads as purely and innocently over the sleeping Ulla, as if an angel were reposing below and dreaming of paradise. Leverets gambolled about the spot and made love to each other in the moonshine. A first butterfly skimmed gleaming across the heath. The blackbirds began to whistle, and the titmice to twitter in an ecstasy of delight. And beneath the leaves on the ground there was a stir among numberless little beings bent on germinating and living. True, a late rime came, as though at Ulla's call, and tried to make ugly havoc, but the spring sun was a superior to it, rousing and comforting the crestfallen little shoots and making green again whatever had turned black.

In one of those nights Ulla's spirit hovered over the churchyards and forced the dead to rise and answer her questions from the reed. She conjured Temorah's mother, too, and demanded the child of her that Temorah would not give her. A sound like sobbing and sighing stirred the reed, and the dry grass rustled strangely.

"Thou shalt never have it," said the dead woman; "never! It is mine; I have claimed it. My poor child, my poor child! Temorah, my poor child! Why art thou so cruel to wake me, that I must thus behold my child? Alas, alas! Let me go!—let me return to my grave, where I must not see her! My child, my child!"

"What shall become of thy child?"

"Reedgrass and weeds."

"And of thy child's child?"

"Ashes, ashes, ashes!"

The dead woman vanished in a lake of her own tears, and Ulla laughed till the mountains echoed her mirth.

"I am happier than the living and the dead!" she said. "I have power and beauty and splendour, and no heart!—no heart!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Fashion Notes.

SILK AND LACE BODICE.

A dressy bodice for afternoon or evening wear is here shown. Some modistes omit the ruff at the neck, when the wearer is not slender, and substitute a plain fall of the lace which forms the guimp. The model here illustrated is of maize bengaline, and the gold embroidery studded with topaz cabuchons.

DRESSMAKING HINTS.

Binding dress skirts with braid is gradually being abandoned. As it wore out rapidly, and also defaced the shoes of the wearer, it is willingly given up. The foot of the foundation skirt now has a knife-pleating about three inches wide attached to the edge, between the skirt and the facing, and this can be replaced when frayed out. The braid is still, however, used on outside skirts that are long enough to touch the floor in the back and on the sides. It is faced on flatly, its width resting on the wrong side of the skirt even with the edge, affording much protection to delicate silks and wools. It is hemmed on the upper edge, then secured near the lower edge by blind stitches, and is not seen on the outside.

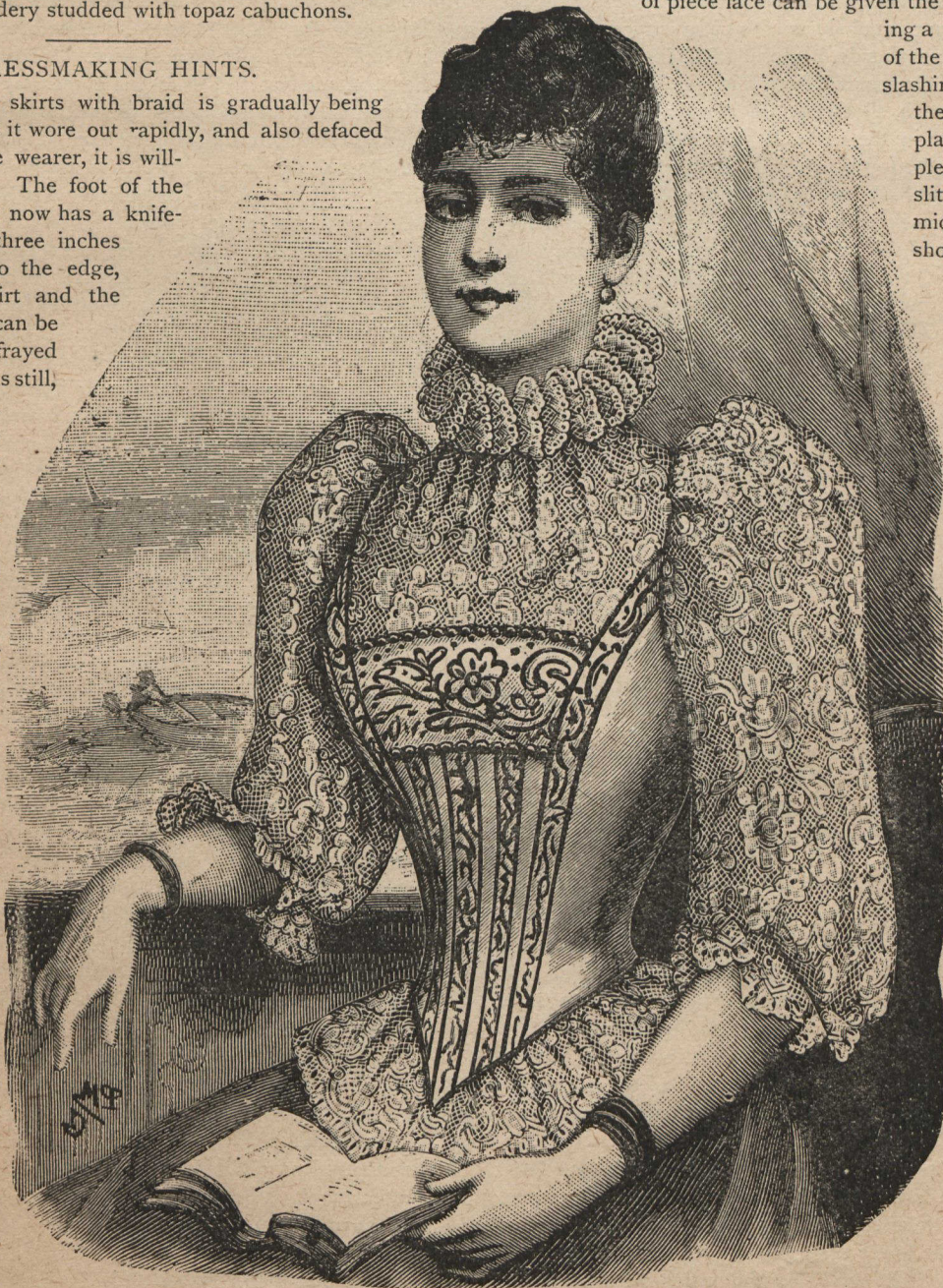
Skirts continue to be inconveniently long at the back, the fashion having spread now to gowns in general, instead of being confined, as at first, to dressy toilettes. The backseam of the skirt is cut bias, which helps to spread the small train. The front and sides of the skirt are mounted quite flat, while the back breadth is drawn together in large thick gathers. Not all skirts are gathered at the back, many of them being still mounted in fan pleats. Sometimes the front of the skirt is draped a trifle, in which case it is set off from the rest of the skirt by

being framed in bands of trimming, or separated from the sides by pleats or revers. But the sheath skirt predominates. Several attempts have been made to revive paniers, which have not, however, been taken up with any degree of enthusiasm.

Economists who wish to remodel skirts of Chantilly lace with scalloped edges should cut off the worn scallops at the foot, and add a gathered flounce of lace. A similar flounce gathered to the edge of the bodice will further freshen the gown. A skirt

of piece lace can be given the appearance of having a flounce at the foot of the front and sides by slashing it upward from the lower edge in five places, and inserting pleated net in each slit. The slash in the middle of the front should be only six

inches deep, and those toward the sides lengthen gradually to twelve inches. A half-yard of net is pleated in the deepest slashes, while that in the middle is only ten inches wide. The pleats are laid close together at the top, and fan outward to the foot. A bow-knot of jet heads each pleat, and narrow jet guimp, of which the bows are formed, crosses the skirt as if heading a flounce. Another good plan for the economist is to remodel her black skirts of surah or faille or of lace to wear with a single pretty coat bodice of black foulard strewn with blue or pink blossoms, or figured with some bright color. The



SILK AND LACE BODICE.

skirt with bias back, slightly long, and bordered with two or three narrow ruffles, is the best model. The foulard coat may be slashed all around below the waist, the tabs faced with silk the color of the flowers, and the only trimming a double ruffle of chiffon placed around the neck, down the fronts, and around the wrists. Two sets of chiffon ruffles for one dress are useful, one

set of black chiffon to use when wearing the coat with a very plain skirt, the other set of yellow, rose, or blue, the color of the blossoms in the foulard, to wear with better skirts of grenadine or net.

POCKETS FOR CLINGING SKIRTS.

Two small pockets are preferred to one of ample size in clinging dress skirts, especially in those of bell shape with no fulness at the top in which to conceal a large pocket. The best plan for serge or other heavy wool skirts is to cut a curved slit six or seven inches long on each side, beginning four inches below the belt. A flat pocket is suspended from this opening, and a band of the serge (lined with silesia) an inch wide, stitched twice along the edge, is set in the curve by two substantial rows of stitching, finished at the top by arrow-heads. If the bell skirt has a gored front breadth, the pocket slits are not curved, but are merely openings left in the side seams. When the skirt is hung on a foundation skirt of silk or of mohair, the pocket may be set in this foundation at a place convenient for the hands to meet when passed through the slit in the outside skirt. Outside pockets are seen occasionally on handsome dresses, and are trimmed with galloon, or with fringe or lace, in ornamental fashion, in keeping with the other garniture of the dress.

THE turquoise is the fashionable gem at present.

HANDSOME black gowns are trimmed with steel trimmings.

A GOLD dotted net is a new and pretty trimming for a bonnet.

BROCHE silks are fashionable for corsets, and are lined with silk or linen.

A SCREEN writing-table is convenient. The front falls and forms the table.

THE difference between Russia-leather shoes and russet-leather shoes is about eleven dollars per pair.

PASSEMENTERIE garnitures will be much used the coming winter. Among new varieties are feather galloons.

LACE guimps are among the latest fancies. They are made of plain or figured net, or are cut from flouncings.

A PRETTY costume worn at an evening party was a white muslin gown trimmed with gold braid, a wide gold belt, and gold kid slippers.

THE dull-finish craze in clothes that struck London two seasons ago has spread to the finer textures. An edict has gone forth that even a man's neck-wear must not shine.

A NEW fancy in skirts has a foundation of the material and very long full draped overskirt, which is caught up at one side. This is evidently the fore-runner of an era of draping.

A PRETTY and comfortable garment is a slip of mull or thin material, worn over a silk princess. The fullness around the waist is held in by a wide sash ribbon, drawn down to a long point in front.

JACKETS of black silk are among the coming outside garments. They are lined with colored silk, and elaborately trimmed or finished in plain tailor style. Some of them have flounces of black lace around the lower edge.

WHEN in doubt, "hire" will be the watch-word of future brides of humble means, for the Parisian custom of loaning, for a trifling consideration, not only the wedding garment, but all possible accoutrements of the occasion, is fast taking root.

HANDKERCHIEFS are only about a quarter of a yard square. This size is a following of one of Bernhardt's fancies. The divine Sarah insists that this item of feminine accessories should be kept entirely out of sight, and the smallness of the popular size permits of easy concealment.

LADIES with valuable jewels are following the pretty custom instituted by the queen, of the wearing the key to the jewel-box on a bangle or curb bracelet on the wrist. These keys are made very ornamental, with enamel and chasing, and sometimes with precious stones.

"WINCEY" is an old fabric revived. It is very closely akin to the linsey-woolsey of our grandmothers' days; it is a wool and cotton fabric, and has the advantages of durability, non-shrinkableness, and a certain amount of very good style. It is specially useful for costumes made in a modified tailor fashion, and is intended for really hard service.

A RATHER odd but stylish costume recently imported is of faille Francaise with small stars, prisms, and eccentric figures cut from felt or cloth and gummed on at intervals over the surface. Just the preparation which is used for applying these ornaments is not stated, but is perfectly flexible and adheres in spite of heat, cold, or dampness.

ROMAN pointed shoes have once more triumphed over the opposition of their square-toed rivals. The medium low Richelieu shoe is worn, and also the low-cut slipper, in fine mat kid, but above all in varnished leather. Black stockings are still worn with all toilettes, dark and light, though white stockings are also very generally used with light gowns, and with others as well. Stockings to match the gown are still adopted in exceptional instances.

THE prettiest feather fans for full-dress toilettes are of downy white marabout, mounted on sticks of pearl or of the pale amber-tinted shell. Cock's-feather fans for use in the afternoon are of pale pink or blue feathers, placed in flat rows until they are suddenly curved at the top. They are studded with jet nails of graduated sizes, forming a border along the curved top. Japanese crape fans mounted on fragrant woods are in pale, delicate tints, and in white grounds strewn with flowers. The handsomest gauze fans are delicately painted, and those of lace are powdered with Rine-stones or with diamonds.

GREY suède gloves have been brought out with black crochet backs; four buttons are more worn than six in the daytime, and in the evening twelve buttons reach to the elbow, sixteen cover it; but I am inclined to think eight are better worn. Gauntlets are generally adopted in the country, in reindeer and chevette, and now it is possible to match the most tender colorings in drab or grey, or indeed any tone. White English doeskin is gaining in favor, and so are the new sacque gloves, drawn in at the wrist with elastic. Driving gloves are to be had of a great many kinds—reindeer, Badminton, English cape, and white doeskin.

CHANGEABLE mohairs are offered for travelling dresses. The white yatching serge will be made into pretty afternoon gowns, with trimmings of gold passementerie. This may be bought at reasonable figures and washes well, besides being independent of a silk lining, a decided advantage to girls of moderate means. Where dollars and cents must be counted, a young woman who wishes to have many costumes will find it advisable to select some one color especially becoming to her, and a princess slip of silk made of this shade, to be worn under several different gowns. Thus a brown slip may do duty beneath a crepon, a tulle, a bunting of brown. The outer gown, being of a different material and fashioning, will give no suggestion of economy. So that the silk slip is harmonious, it need not invariably be of the exact tint of the overdress. Now that all thin Summer fabrics require a silk lining, considerable ingenuity is exercised by those who expend liberal allowances upon dress.

CHALLI AND BENGALINE GOWN.

This costume illustrates the corselet effect so fashionable in the newest styles. For early fall dresses in cashmere, silk or fancy suiting the corselet of velvet, ribbed silk, or fancy satin brocade, trimmed with jetted passmenterie or beaded galloon, will be very popular. The style is easy of imitation, dressy and neat in effect and the scantness of material required enables the buyer to indulge in rich material.

HAIR DRESSING.

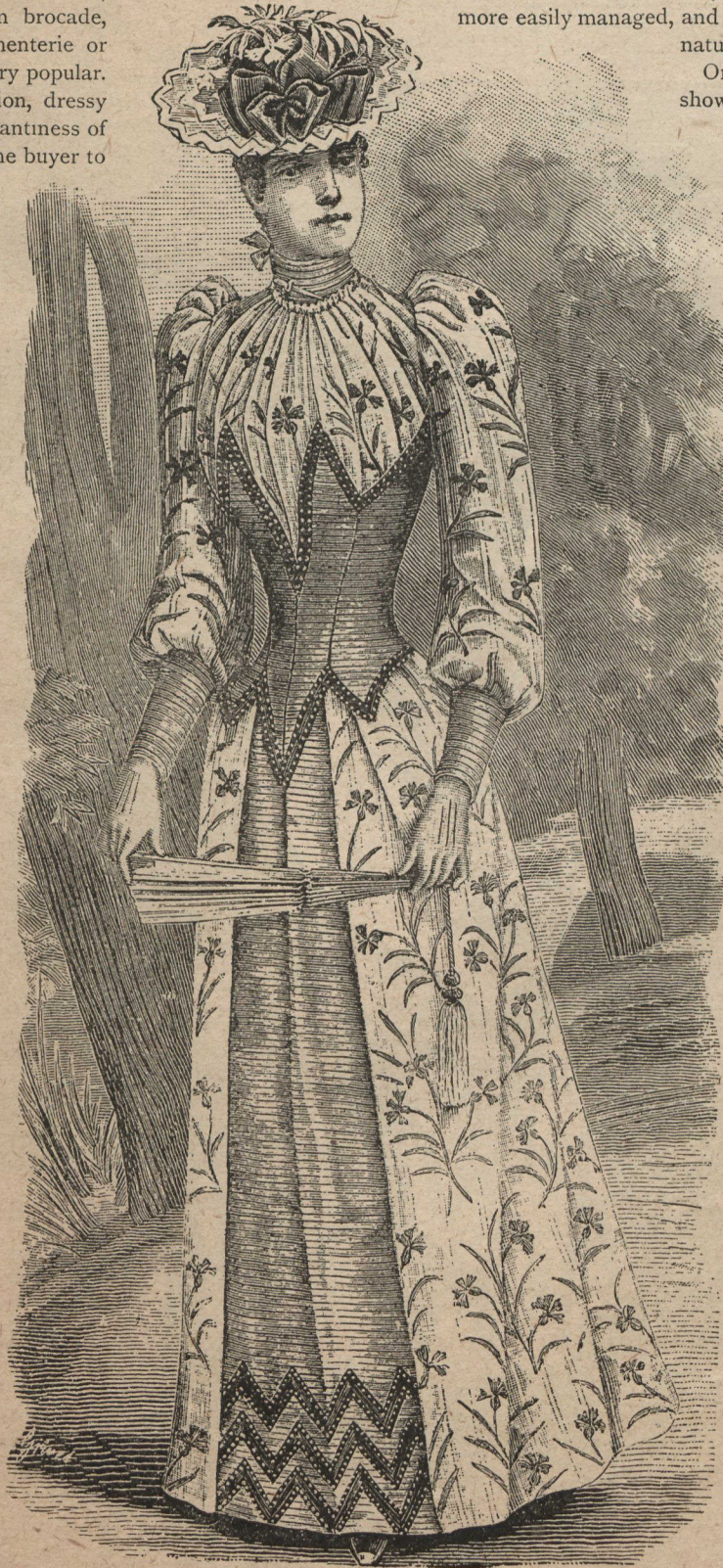
Just now fashion dictates a good fluffiness and crimp, and ladies having soft straight hair are puzzled to find ways for giving it the light and slightly disarranged appearance which seems to be most approved by the ultra fashionables. The closest styles are preferred, with just enough of a suggestion of fluffiness to soften the outlines of the face. The front and sides of the hair are waved and drawn quite closely to the head, and when necessary secured with small pins, which may be had in shades to match almost every color of hair. These invisible pins are the slenderest things imaginable, and being of the same shade as the hair, may be used in almost any quantity.

The back hair is arranged in flat loops or braids and pinned as snugly to the head as possible, and no abrupt curves or conspicuous adjustments are allowed.

The popularity of the fluffy full bang is waning, and the part bang is now considered the correct thing. The parting must be clearly indicated, and the curls or waves at the sides must be very soft and light to be approved. Even the old-time waved front is considered too heavy, and all manner of devices are resorted to in order to produce something natural-looking, and at the same time light and effective.

Whenever possible the natural hair is waved, crimped or curled and all artificial hair is avoided. It is utterly out of the question to arrange the hair so that a false front if worn, may not be detected. Braids, switches, coils and puffs are more easily managed, and can be made to look perfectly natural if carefully handled.

One of the most popular styles shows the hair crimped all around the head, the back then wound in a soft coil, and the front waved and pinned closely to the sides of the head, the ends being concealed under the knot at the back.



CHALLI AND BENGALINE GOWN.

A LA MODE.

Jet passementeries set with moonstones.

Unripe cherries for trimming spring hats.

Combined rain and traveling cravanette cloaks.

Tan-colored grapes and oak leaves bunched together.

Dandelion puffs mounted with aigrettes as pompons.

Blazers and reefers of Bedford cording edged with gilt braid.

Collars and yokes of fine jet and tinsel cord for lace dresses

One long end of six-inch ribbon coming from the back of the hat and twisted around the neck.

Black printed silks having purplish tulips in single designs, which are to be trimmed with black lace, jet and amethyst passementerie.

Velvet shoulder capes from Worth, with yokes and revers of "jeweled" passementerie and a lining of brocade.

Broad jetted girdles, intermixed with gold and jewels, with one end falling from the centre like a ceinture of the Middle Ages.

White pompons apparently sprinkled with gold dust, which turns out to be straw.

Jacket wraps of cloth having cape sleeves and a finish of ostrich feathers around the neck.



FRENCH SEASIDE COSTUME.

Havana brown cote de cheval, trimmed with moss-green satin Merveilleux, forming a tucked band round the edge of the skirt, a simulated waistcoat with Incroyable collar and braces. Froggings in gold cord ornament the open fronts of the waistcoat, and there are rows of gold braid on the collar. Green shaped belt striped with gold braid, and finished off with yellow gimp drops, chemisette and folded band round the neck in white gauze. Straw hat encircled with green ribbon striped with gold, cluster of loops in front.

Home Decoration.

FANCY SHIRT-CASE.

A shirt-case, with a mouchoir case to match, makes a suitable, and always a very acceptable present for a gentleman. For making the shirt-case, use either plain or figured India silk, with lining of quilted white satin, or the white silk matellasse cloth which comes for table covers, etc., or instead of the silk, you can use the brown linen drilling, to be formed over dry artistic embroidery materials. The quantity required for the shirt-case is about three-fourths or seven-eighths of a yard; or it can be determined by taking a shirt as folded by the laundress, and measuring twice around loosely with additional for the flap about half the depth of one side. Lay a sheet of cotton batting upon it, which must be sprinkled with some agreeable sachet powders, between the outside and the lining of the shirt case; turn in the edges of the two materials and serge them together, and for a finish sew on small gold bullion cords, with straps of inch wide satin ribbon in old gold color, doubled and stitched together, and fasten to straps with gilt buckles. The monogram of the gentleman for whom the case is intended should be embroidered on the flap. The mouchoir case is a double square of about eight inches, finished to correspond with the shirt-case; and if made of plain material, it may be relieved with a design in embroidery on one side and the owner's monogram on the other. A very beautiful shirt-case with mouchoir case to match, in illustration of what we have told you, is of old India silk, lined with matellasse cloth, trimmed with a gold cord, and finished with old gold satin ribbon straps, fastened with gilt buckles. The gentleman's monogram on each piece is in script design, about two inches deep, wrought in white silk outlined with Japanese gold thread, and on the opposite side of the mouchoir case there is a floriated design in Kensington embroidery done in white, outlined with gold thread. This embroidery is done with a single strand of the silk filosele. As gentlemen generally are sagaciously opposed to nauseating perfumes, it is well to be careful of the sachet powder you may use. The most delicate and lastingly agreeable of these powders, are the violet and the white rose; and frangipani is pleasant.

A NEAT PORTABLE DESK.

The watering place season has produced a most useful article and one which will be found as convenient at home where economy of space is of consideration. This is the writing slab which serves the purpose of a writing desk and is in addition a pretty and attractive possession. The size is governed by the shape and dimensions of one's trunk, for it is intended to be portable. Of the required size then get a smooth board, cover this neatly with baize, green, crimson, deep or light blue, as may dictate, and allowing the stuff to fall over each end at least a quarter of a yard. These ends should be pinked and pockets stitched on them to hold envelopes and paper. This must be done before the board is covered. Fasten the baize down with thumb tacks. In the centre place a square of several sheets of blotting paper to make a writing pad, and fasten it down with thumb tacks. Above this, nail straps for pen holder, pencil and ink eraser, on the right side of these, screw down the ink well, and on the left fasten a pinked out rosette of baize for a pen wiper. On the right hand corner of the board strap down a calendar and on the left nail down with thumb tacks a pocket for postal cards on which have been stitched two receptacles for

postage stamps. Below this on the left hand side make another pocket for telegram blanks. These all combine in a most useful and attractive article, and one which it seems would make a desirable Christmas present, and a valuable article at bazaars. When in use it is laid across a table, the ends hanging down. These are folded on to the slab in packing.

DESIGNS FOR WHISK HOLDERS.

Fig. 1. is made of thick card-board covered with velvet, or other suitable material, richly embroidered in silk floss, or covered with silk, hand painted.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

Fig. 2. is made of a square piece of card-board covered with plush and worked in chenille, and a pocket for brush at the back.

A TIDY SHOE BOX.

The box is about two feet and a half long and two feet high and is mounted on casters. The box any carpenter can manage. It is lined through with substantial cotton reps of a glowing toned yellow. The shoe pockets are of a warm material bound with braid of the same or slightly darker tint, and are fastened on all around the inside with brass headed nails. This will give pockets for at least ten pairs of feet covering, easily accessible and in plain view. The lid is lightly stuffed and is covered with a gorgeous design in yellow and white cotton upholstery covering. The stuff is put on plain and a flounce of deep cotton lace, that imitating oriental lace through which runs a cord is preferable. This lace overlays the stuff beneath, leaving an oblong panel on top and is fastened down with heavy, yellow silk cord. The box proper is covered with the upholstery material. First in a bias puff a finger and a half deep fastened down with the silk cord. Below this falls a deep flounce of the lace over the yellow, or a flounce of the material may be substituted if more convenient. Of course any colors or materials may be substituted. In any case the box should harmonize with the dominating colors of the room in which it is placed.

No well regulated desk is found this season without one of the numerous postal card cases; these are found in great variety from the plain unornamented leather one, good for years of service, to the delicate satin one covered with embroidery or painting. A paper in imitation of birch bark prettily decorated with the brush is a material much in use.



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

ALL LETTERS should be addressed

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

The Editor at Leisure.

WHEN WE GO VISITING.

SUPPOSE we were to have a little talk over the duties of the visitor! I often see the duties of the hostess laid down, and great preachments they are, to be sure, but seldom do we hear the other side of the story. When you are invited and accept the kind bidding, you bethink yourself first of your clothes, in nine cases out of ten. That first duty of making a creditable appearance is naturally paramount when you feel you are leaving the sanctum of home and going among strangers, who will certainly notice, and mayhap criticize, all that is new to them in your outward makeup. But the irreproachable silk, the delicate lawn and the filmy lace are in due time accomplished, the plentiful store of lignerie and gloves, and the well-shaped boots and slippers are tucked into cosy corners of your Saratoga, and with ticket bought, and route well conned, I invite you to consider whether or no your duties are ended. You are going to be made much of, entertained and taken care of, and, in return, you must do more than look nice. It has been a practice of mine never, if possible, to accept lengthened hospitality, for the very reason that I find the part of a guest, when properly played, rather fatiguing. But for little visits—say of two or three days, a week, even a fortnight—one can so conduct oneself as to be missed and regretted after

one is gone, which is nice and soothing to one's self-love, is it not? I think a little about my hostess before I finish packing, and slip in some suitable trifle of work, which shall occupy my spare moments during my stay, and become my parting souvenir to her when I leave. Is she a dainty housewife? Then the modish linen tray cloth and doyleys, adorned with drawn work, and her initial, shall reach the appreciative corner of her heart. Is she weakly and an invalid? Then the gift rounds into a cushion-cover for her sofa, or a handkerchief pocket to fasten on its arm, and both must have tiny sachets concealed in their whereabouts, scented with her pet perfume, which it is easy to discover unsuspected. Is she the man-girl, with high collar and broadtoed shoes? Then a tennis belt, or a racquet case may reach her complaint, and secure me grateful memories. Is she a busy mother, whose wee ones drag upon her time? I can teach the children many a little kindergarten game, and merry song, and deft handiwork that shall secure her a prized leisure for hours, and while I amuse and instruct them, I can fashion two or three cute little morning caps, or lace confections for afternoon, such as her husband will admire, but which she could never take time or thought for. Or am I sojourning with a large family, whose work is manipulated by one willing but dilatory Biddy. I can select some little daily duty—dusting the drawing-room, watering the plants, feeding the birds, filling the vases, and beg gently that I may be allowed to attend to it all myself. "The flowers miss Nellie," said a genial housemother to me one day, as we sat on her verandah among the flower stands. "While she was with us she took the whole care of them, and they never did so well." "Dear, dear; I wish Janet had been able to stay the whole winter with us. She brought those young ones into shape, taught them to play quietly, and be so gentle with the little ones," said a busy father, as he gazed from three fine boys to the train carrying Janet to her northern Scottish home. And so it is; the careful, tactful help, given without any fuss or obtrusiveness, was treasured to the credit of Nellie and Janet. Once I had a dear old lady visiting me, who used to insist upon setting and clearing away the table for every meal. At first my maid grumbled and protested, and looked scornfully at the unique arrangement of knife, fork and spoon, but after a little she began to relish the rest from those six daily tasks, and ceased to step in the way, and fret and fume as the old lady trotted carefully in and out, from pantry to dining-room, and from dining-room to kitchen. And, when the white-haired, smiling visitor had taken her departure, I had often to recall the maid to the forgotten duty, when I came into the dining room, at nearly dinner hour, and found the cloth not laid, and was amused to hear her muttered soliloquy: "I wish that old lady would come on a six months' visit twice a year."

Not very pure hospitality, perhaps you say, just valuing one's guests for what one gets out of them. But these small services I have quoted are worth so little, that I cannot think their value could account for the vacuum left when such guests quit the mansion.

It seems hardly necessary to warn the visitor of the sacredness of any confidence which may be placed in her, or which she may unintentionally become mistress of, in her friend's home. And yet, how else do little disagreeable personal scandals spread, if not from the forgetfulness of this plain duty. Let the events of the daily life we are called upon to share, be they tragic or amusing, or scandalous or commonplace, be far from becoming a subject for subsequent gossip. We have eaten the salt and broken the bread of our hosts, and, mayhap, have surprised some of their secret faults or foibles, but it is our sacred duty to keep our knowledge to ourselves, and by following this course, and using tact, sympathy, patience and unselfishness in full measure, we shall be always among the welcome visitors.

INQUIRIES AND REPLIES



INSTRUCTIONS.

In consequence of the large number of applications for delineation of character by handwriting the editor of this department is obliged to limit the same to one delineation only for any one subscriber. In future no copy will be accepted for study and delineation unless accompanied by the coupon printed below and styled, "Graphological Coupon." This must be cut out and enclosed with copy for delineation; only one sample can be sent by the same subscriber. This application for delineation must be addressed to this department.

WHITE VERBENA.—1. Clarke Russell, Jerome K. Jerome, Sara J. Duncan, Rudyard Kipling, Maxwell Grey, Grace E. Denison and a host of other writers have brought out good holiday reading. You can get them all at P. C. Allan's, King St., West. 2.—Most roses will grow from cuttings, I have never known them refuse. 3. Your writing shows some talent and great self-sacrifice. I am sure people will try to impose on you. You are imaginative and a little romantic, and not always sparing of your energies. Have an equable temperament, and lack snap and decision.

ATROPOS.—1. Robina is merely the feminine of Robin, as Roberta is of Robert. 2. Your writing shows great ideality, some love of a joke, you are good-natured and a little careless, fond of chat and socially inclined, with good energy but sometimes lacking perseverance.

MONICA.—Writing shows imagination, refined taste, perseverance, good perception, sympathy, carefulness and impulses elevated and hopeful. A fine study.

ALICE.—Writing shows decided selfwill and erratic fancy, exaggeration in ideas and lack of determination and strength of mind. It is such a peculiarly unreasonable study that I give it up. It would improve with practise.

PANSY.—Writing shows some intuitive perception and rather good self-esteem. I think you are true and courageous, and though not naturally light-hearted, can be cheerful and cheery under difficulty. You don't act on impulse but are rather deliberate and steady-going, and have sufficient tenacity and perseverance to gain your ends.

CHARITY.—Writing shows some originality and good energy, marred by carelessness and impatience, you can both plan and do successfully, and have the courage of your opinions. I think you are a little bit suspicious and mistrustful, and don't take as much pleasure in life as you might; just on that account you would enjoy praise and approbation, though you might not like people to know it. Some of your letters are very firm and all legible, but they don't hang well together.

MOONSHINE.—Writing shows some ideality, lack of care for details, good energy and decided opinions, rather a sharp temper, disposed to be merciless on the sins of others, while sensitive to rebuke yourself. Some grace and good sense, very slight sense of humour. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

BETH.—Writing shows great intuition and talent, some love of music, and a keen sense of humour, plenty of energy and ambition and a certain breadth of view, a generous mind, kindly judgment and sympathetic heart, a very nice woman, I have no manner of doubt. 2. I did not pay any attention to your verses graphologically but can use them otherwise if you don't object.

A NEWTON GIRL.—Your writing shows originality, some candor, conscientiousness, generosity, a little disposition to exaggerate, (not necessarily implying untruthfulness) some ideality, sufficient perseverance, you lack the firmness necessary to say no always when you should, but altogether your hand is most pleasing.

ANNIE L. P.—Writing shows ungoverned impulse and great force of character, ideality and perception, you act and think hastily, and sometimes regret your haste, you can be sharp with sinners and don't have any patience with humbugs. You are loving and generous to those you love, but they don't count up very numerous.

BEPPLO.—See Annie L. P., the characteristics are almost identical, except that you lack the fine intuitive perception, and your impulse is more erratic even than hers, and you lack her warmth and generosity, at the same time your character is forcible, bracing and original.

ANNIE METCALFE.—It depends on what causes it, a very easy and simple relief is a small amount of pepsine powder, eaten on a bit of bread and butter after meals. Get five cents' worth of pepsine, which makes eight doses, and sprinkle in as above. Don't eat very rich food until stomach regains its digestive strength.

BUTTONS.—Writing shows some ideality, originality, decision and rather a commanding and capable personality, the writer is truthful and reliable in every way, has good energy, correct judgment and a little impatience with short-comings and weakness. Is not of a very sympathetic or confiding nature, but is probably much liked and respected by those about her, and shows unmistakable culture, and possible talent, quite above the average.

EMERALD.—Writing shows ideality, and rather a romantic turn of mind, helpfulness, fondness for social pleasures, rather prone to theorize than act, lack of decision and rather unstable affection but unselfish and good-tempered, lacks intuitive perception, is rather inclined to egoism. Your questions are very tiresome, but I fancy you could answer most of them yourself so shall not trouble to do so; for recipe for lemon-cake see culinary department.

BECKY SHARPE.—Writing shows honesty, careful and deliberate actions, some originality in opinion and expression of thought, sympathy, strong sense of humor, affection and conscientiousness. It lacks nervous force and energy, and the writer is perhaps indolent, but not incapable of noteworthy effort when once aroused. Have you read George McDonald's books, or can you appreciate Rudyard Kipling's excellences. All of George Eliot's books are superior reading. From your "*nom de plume*" I presume you know Thackeray. I quite agree with you about Dickens, I shall never grow tired of him.

VEVA.—1. It isn't exactly improper, unless very significant, but it is decidedly ill-bred, impertinent and vulgar. 2. They are low and vulgar. 3. If she tried to excuse herself, she evidently wishes to retain your friendship. If hers is a great thing to you you had better overlook it. It was not very nice of her to have left you out, but it isn't very dignified of you to quarrel with her for so doing. I should say "Please do not mention it, it is of no consequence." That would not be rude, but still snub her discreetly. Your letter was too late for answer in August number.

IGNORANCE.—Thank you sincerely for your letter, such letters are the roses on the thorny way of the Graphologist, who gets generally more kicks than half-pence from those to whom he holds up his mirrors.

JESSIE.—Writing shows kindness and good perception, some candour, sufficient perseverance, writer is apt to jump at conclusions (which are quite often correct) rather than arrive slowly and logically, is not very patient, nor yet of a buoyant and hopeful nature. Loves commendation, and needs it to develop her best efforts. I am afraid, Jessie, that you will rub on the corners in this world. Are you not too sensitive and fearful of criticism. You need firmness and self-confidence to harden you a little.

T. J. BURNS.—Inquire at a bird fancier's; there is sure to be one in your city. White rats are for sale in Toronto at 4 Yorkville avenue.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—1. Your pretty chirography is quite eloquent of good things, it shows great tact and sympathy, not sufficient determination, but great gentleness and bright buoyancy and good temper. You are a sensible maiden, affectionate, candid and sincere, also generous and modest, desirous of praise, and of very correct judgment. 2. A friend of mine says Pond's Extract cured the burning in the soles of her feet. It is perfectly harmless and I advise you to give it a trial. I hope you will keep your promise and write again.

DAISY E. GRICE.—Your essay was not what was wanted; the small account of your own pets will be printed this month.

ROSE.—Your writing shows some tact and intuitive perception, gentleness and amiability, but lacks firmness and decision. I am sure you are kind and unselfish, and loyal to your friends, you lack snap and energetic action, but have a quiet perseverance which accomplishes a good deal. I thank you for your kind words about the magazine. Menthol is oil of peppermint, cooled and crystallized, and then moulded into cones by heat.

INOPERATION.—This correspondent offers to clean and mend lace for any reader who wishes such service. Such may address enquiries for address of lace mender and cleaner to this column. Fee, etc., will be made known on application. Editor recommends her to insert small advertisement mentioning terms, which would probably obtain customers who would not care to be troubled writing several letters for information.

E. NO. 5.—Strong humor, lively imagination, a pleasure-loving nature, lack of thoroughness, little sympathy or intuition, some energy but want of determination, good loyalty, generosity, some caution, are shown in this study.

BEN-MY-CHREE.—Your writing shows energy and impulse, independence and little sympathy or tact. You are frank, and given to be a little harsh in your judgment and exacting in your requirements. I think you are capable of blind devotion, but not of temperate and judicious friendship, you are constant, truthful and lacking in gentleness and patience.

L. O.—Writing shows peculiarity in thought and reasoning, have you not some original and unorthodox ideas? Shows also some love of beauty, intuitive perception, lack of firmness and stability, love of conversation and rather a humorous turn. Writer would be attracted by new ideas, not always practicable and with a lively fancy which may sometimes lead astray, temperament included to optimism, but not markedly buoyant.

MRS. H. B. LAREDO, TEXAS.—I should never have thought of laughing at your painstaking work, dear lady. Thank you very much for it, and for your finding us new subscribers. Had you written in German I should have enjoyed it very much. If you like, write again, and send some more answers. You will see by the August magazine where your solutions are correct or faulty. *Anf wiedersehen!*

Graphological Coupon.

Household Information.

KITCHEN FURNITURE.

The novice is apt to think that the needs of the kitchen are trifling, and that purchases for it can be placed, like itself, quite in the rear of all else. But the truth is that the kitchen table is even more necessary than a drawing-room table, and that kitchen furnishings are really formidable rivals in expense to those in "the front room."

All kitchen utensils and furniture should be carefully bought, for they are the tools by which the health of the household is wrought. Health-giving food and clean apparel come from within the kitchen walls, and whatever cripples its efforts to provide these is lamentable, and should have no place therein. Scanty, poor utensils affect the variety, quality, and palatableness of food, and unnecessarily wear out the worker's strength and temper. This needless waste of strength, even in a servant, is poor economy, and in the kitchen the builder of the home should relax her desire to save, and freely and cheerfully provide all that her practical sense of family comfort shows to be needed.

ABOUT SPOONS.

In the home of rich folk, the spoon of to-day assumes individuality; it is necessary to be as fastidious about its decorations for different courses as about fine china and glass. One can

tell what kind of soup one may expect for dinner, by observing whether it is ornamented with branches of nodding tomatoes, or has for a bowl a dainty shell or an inverted turtle's back. Many odd and irregular shapes are shown, noticeably the berry spoon fashioned like flower-petals or long slender leaves. The new ice-cream spoon is formed like a little silver shovel, sometimes etched with snow-crystals or icicles. Orange spoons can be recognized by their peculiar form, tapering off to a narrow spade-like edge, ground sharp in order to cut the fibre of the fruit. Among the new spoons are numbered the "bonbon," which in design are originality itself. The bowls are flat and circular, with very short stems and curiously fashioned tops, sometimes furnished with a ring. The practice of making gifts of single spoons is becoming very general at Christmas, Easter, and on birthday anniversaries, and a very sensible fashion it is, as in this way the recipient may in time become the possessor of a valuable collection at a comparatively small cost to each donor.

THE smell of paint may be taken away by closing up the room and setting in the center of it a pan of lighted charcoal, on which has been thrown some juniper berries. Leave this in the room for a day and a night, when the smell of the paint will be gone. Some persons prefer a pail of water in which a handful of hay is soaking. This is also effectual in removing the odor of tobacco smoke from a room.

Written for THE QUEEN.

THE WEEKLY MENDING.

By LUCIE A. FERGUSON.



DARNING and mending—those bugbears of most women's lives—are the only kinds of needlework to which my inclinations have ever turned. The fashioning of new garments is to me an irksome task; the mending of old ones, a pleasant occupation.

Perhaps a few hints from a lover of such work may prove helpful to those whose tastes are not so inclined.

Carefully inspect the clean clothes each week, laying aside every article that needs any repairs whatever, and every stocking that shows the smallest hole; place these in a convenient receptacle where, if an odd half-hour is afforded, you may pick up a piece and mend it in almost the time you might have taken to walk upstairs and select it from among a lot of mended garments.

Use Saxony yarn for darning all kinds of stockings except Lisle thread, silk or very fine cotton; for these, crewel may be used with satisfactory results.

Where husband and children are at all hard on stockings, the Saxony is indeed a boon. It fills the gaps quickly, washes well, wears well, and is grateful to the feet.

The waist-bands of shirt waists are trials to mothers of growing boys. Buttons are always coming out "by the roots," necessitating a patch that soon follows its predecessor—the band. To obviate this, purchase one or two of what is known as the "Mother's Friend" waist. This make is equipped with

detachable belts, fitted with patent buttons that cannot pull off. The belts may be used with the waists of whatever brand you prefer, though the one mentioned is quite desirable; besides, it comes with button-holes ready worked in the bands, which, of course, other kinds have not. However, the working of a few button-holes is a matter of small consequence if one has a preference for a particular make of waist.

If, during the winter, you or the little daughters have worn out one of those very sensible corset waists—those that have the large-eyed buttons fastened on with tapes—be sure you cut off the buttons before throwing away the garment. These buttons are easily applied to muslin under-bodies intended for children's summer wear. They will not wrench off in the wash, and are readily buttoned by chubby fingers.

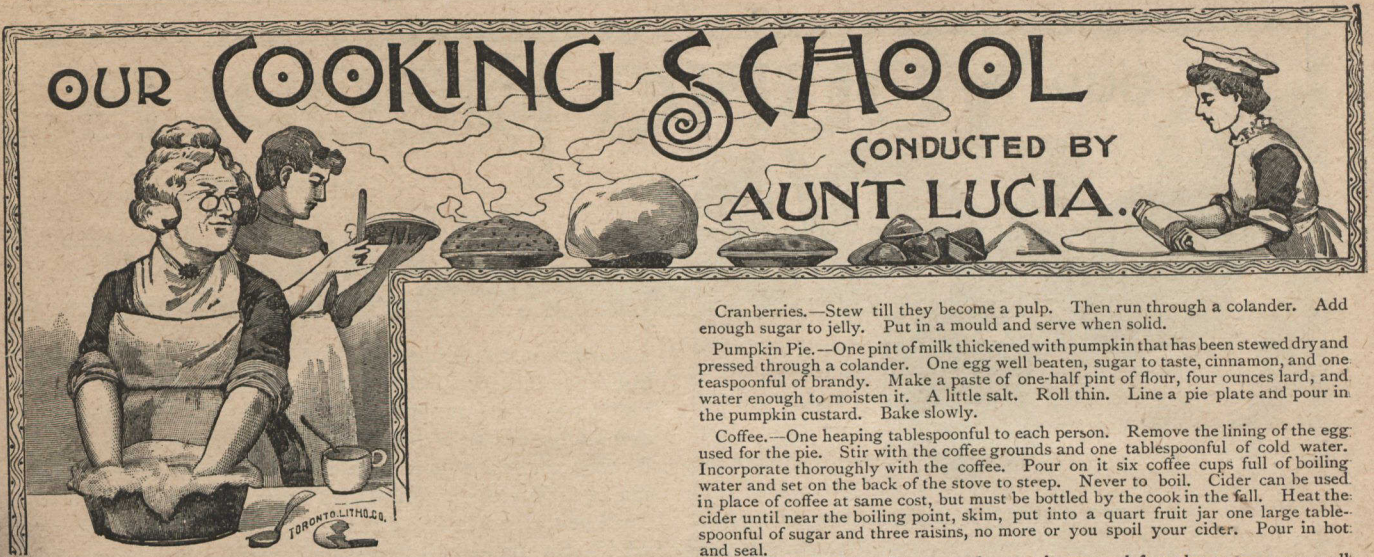
Endeavor to reserve one afternoon each week—Friday is good—for this part of your work.

System is never more effective than in dealing with the mending basket. It may seem inconvenient at first to take one entire afternoon from the regular sewing, but it pays in the end. You then will be sure that Harry's clean stockings show no annoying gaps on the knees; that Edith need not fret at the absence of a button; and that John will have no occasion to remark in his own kind way: "You did not find time to mend my flannels, did you, dear?"

Should you be inclined to dread the weekly recurrence of mending day, invite some friend to bring her work and sit with you. Then, as you chat of books, china painting, or garden, your needle will fly, your distasteful task be accomplished, and a complacency of mind that a queen might envy, will be your deserved portion.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL

CONDUCTED BY
AUNT LUCIA.



PRIZE COMPETITION BILLS OF FARE.

MRS. WARBURTON, MIDDLEBOROUGH, BELL CO., KENTUCKY:

BILL OF FARE.—Ox-tail soup, brains in batter, roast loin of veal, mashed potatoes, green peas, savory omelette, potato vanilla soufflé, lemon cheesecakes, cheese straws, *cafe noir*.

Ox-tail Soup.—Divide the ox-tail in pieces about two inches long, brown it and the vegetables in a little dripping with a little sugar, add two quarts of water, the cloves and lemon peel, let it stew gently for five hours; strain the soup, skim the grease off, thicken it with browned flour, about four tablespoonfuls, mixed first quite smoothly with cold water, add the brandy, pepper, salt, a few drops of Worcester Sauce, replace the ox-tail, warm and serve.

Brains in Batter.—See that the brains are clean, boil them with a little salt in the water for fifteen or twenty minutes; cut them up as neatly as possible into pieces about half an inch square. Make a batter as follows, mix smoothly four tablespoonfuls of flour with about eight of water, add a pinch of salt, and one tablespoonful of butter, measured after being melted, and the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and stirred in lightly, dip the brains in this and fry a light golden brown in boiling lard. Serve very hot.

Loin of Veal.—Take three pound loin of veal with kidney, pepper and salt the veal, cover well with dripping, and roast in the oven for one and a half hours, basting every ten minutes.

Mashed Potatoes.—Four good sized potatoes are sufficient.

Green Peas.—One can. Turn the peas out into hot water, but do not allow them to boil; when sufficiently warm, drain off all the water, add a small bit of butter, a little mint, sugar, pepper and salt, simmer a minute or two and serve.

Savory Omelette.—Beat eight eggs enough to mix them well, chop a small piece of onion and two sprigs of parsley very fine, add them and pepper and salt to the eggs, pour them into the omelette pan in which is the butter, boiling hot but not browned.

Potato Vanilla Soufflé.—Bake four potatoes, about the size of a goose's egg, till done, scoop out the insides, mash perfectly smooth, and add one-fourth pint of milk and one ounce of butter, which have been boiled together, then add sugar to taste, fifteen drops of vanilla, the yolks of three eggs one by one, beating well, beat four whites to a stiff froth, with a pinch of salt, stir them well but lightly into the mixture, pour it into a well greased soufflé tin, and bake till it has risen well and is of a light golden brown, about twenty minutes in a good oven. The tin should only be one-half filled with the mixture.

Lemon Cheese Cakes.—Line eight small patty pans with puff paste and put in them the following mixture: Beat the yolks of two eggs well with one-quarter pound sugar and the juice and grated rind of a lemon, put a little into each patty pan with a very small piece of butter on top, bake, and serve cold.

Cheese Straws.—Break up the butter and lard into the flour and grated cheese, then mix into a stiff paste with a very little water, cayenne and salt; roll out thin, cut in narrow strips and bake.

Cafe Noir.—Put the coffee in a jug, pour on it one and a half pints of boiling water, let it stand ten minutes, give it a gentle shake, and in another minute or two strain it carefully through a fine wire strainer or muslin. This is a simple way if one has no drip coffee pot.

Cost of Bill of Fare.—Ox-tail soup, 12c.; brains in batter, 15c.; Loin of veal, potatoes and peas, 65c.; savory omelette, 12c.; vanilla soufflé, 15c.; cheese cakes, 10½c.; cheese straws, 5½c.; *cafe noir*, 10c.; bread, 5c.

M. T. A. LANE, MT. HEALTHY, OHIO, HAMILTON CO.:

BILL OF FARE.—Oyster soup, turkey, crackers, cranberries, eggs, pumpkin pie, cheese, bread, cream, sugar, coffee, spice.

Oyster Soup.—Cut up a few of the outside stalks of celery quite fine and boil fifteen or twenty minutes in a porcelain saucepan. Wash one pint of oysters and drain. Season with salt, white pepper, a small blade of mace and one tablespoonful of flour rubbed smoothly into one tablespoonful of butter. When this has come to a boil add one quart of hot milk. Serve with a plate of thin buttered toast or crackers.

Roast Turkey.—The turkey should be thoroughly cleaned and a little salt and pepper rubbed on the inside. The dressing is made with one loaf of stale baker's bread chopped fine and fried in butter. Add water enough to soften. Then remove from the fire. Add one tablespoonful of vinegar, one salt spoonful of salt and mustard. The yolks of three hard-boiled eggs thoroughly pulverized in a little butter. Mix thoroughly and fill the turkey, fasten with a coarse white thread. Put in a baking pan with water enough to half fill it—put in the giblets. Spread the fat removed from the neck of the turkey on top, baste often. If it cooks too rapidly on top, turn and spread brown paper over it. Keep it wet.

Cranberries.—Stew till they become a pulp. Then run through a colander. Add enough sugar to jelly. Put in a mould and serve when solid.

Pumpkin Pie.—One pint of milk thickened with pumpkin that has been stewed dry and pressed through a colander. One egg well beaten, sugar to taste, cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of brandy. Make a paste of one-half pint of flour, four ounces lard, and water enough to moisten it. A little salt. Roll thin. Line a pie plate and pour in the pumpkin custard. Bake slowly.

Coffee.—One heaping tablespoonful to each person. Remove the lining of the egg used for the pie. Stir with the coffee grounds and one tablespoonful of cold water. Incorporate thoroughly with the coffee. Pour on it six coffee cups full of boiling water and set on the back of the stove to steep. Never to boil. Cider can be used in place of coffee at same cost, but must be bottled by the cook in the fall. Heat the cider until near the boiling point, skim, put into a quart jar one large tablespoonful of sugar and three raisins, no more or you spoil your cider. Pour in hot and seal.

Beef with Dressing.—As soon as the meat is removed from the water, remove all the bone, salt and pepper, and cover close till the following dressing is prepared. The yolks of two hard-boiled eggs smoothed in one tablespoonful of vinegar, or the juice of one-half a lemon, a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg, one salt spoonful of made mustard, a little salt. Pour over the meat. Slice one hard-boiled egg and the half lemon. Place on top; trim with the one-half bunch of parsley.

Irish Potatoes.—Six Irish potatoes baked in the oven, six apples halved and cored and placed upward in an earthen baking dish, fill the coves with sugar, a little cinnamon, butter, dust with flour, pour boiling water on it and bake.

Boston Eggs.—Take the remaining hard boiled eggs. Remove the shells and cut neatly in half. Put the yolks in a bowl and mash with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one salt spoonful of salt, butter size of a nutmeg, one salt spoonful of made mustard. Refill the whites and put on a pickle dish.

Lemonade.—Two lemons and one orange, grated in three quarts of iced water. Sweeten to taste.

Cost of Bill of Fare.—Oyster soup, 20c.; turkey, 75c.; crackers, 10c.; Cranberries, 6c.; eggs, 5c.; pumpkin pie, 8c.; cheese, 3c.; bread, 5c.; cream, 8c.; sugar, 5c.; coffee, 4c.; spice, 1c.

MRS. DR. G. F. TAYLOR, BALTIMORE, MD.:

BILL OF FARE.—Cream of asparagus soup, roast beef, brown sauce, mashed potatoes, green peas, cauliflower, cream sauce, lettuce salad, French dressing, wafers, cheese, strawberries and cream, coffee.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.—One small bunch of asparagus, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of corn starch or flour, one-half tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Wash the asparagus, tie it in a bunch and boil gently three-quarters of an hour. Take it from the water, cut off the tops, put them aside until wanted. Put the milk on to boil in a farina boiler. Press the asparagus stalks through a colander, add them to the milk. Rub the butter and corn starch or flour together until smooth, add to the boiling milk and stir constantly until it thickens. Now add the asparagus tops, cut in small pieces, salt and pepper and serve.

Roast Beef, 4lbs.—Place the meat in the bottom of a baking pan, dredge it lightly with pepper; add one tablespoonful of salt to one cupful of water, and pour it in the pan. Place it in a very hot oven; baste every ten minutes. Turn it two or three times, and bake one hour.

Brown Sauce.—Allow two tablespoonfuls of dripping to remain in the bottom of the baking pan; add to it one tablespoonful of flour; mix till smooth; add a half pint of boiling water or stock; stir till it boils. Add salt and pepper to taste, and serve in a gravy boat.

Mashed potatoes.—Pare potatoes (five good sized ones) let lie in cold water one hour; boil in salted (boiling) water; and when done and dry, wash quickly till free from lumps. Add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of boiling milk, salt and pepper to taste. Beat with a fork until very light. Serve in a heated uncovered dish.

Green Peas.—Boil one quarter of a peck of peas in salted boiling water. When tender, drain, turn into a hot dish, add lump of butter size of a walnut, and serve.

Cauliflower.—Pick off outer leaves, cut off stem close to bottom of flowers, wash well, and soak, put downward, in cold water for an hour. Tie in a piece of cheese cloth and stand in a kettle of boiling, salted water; cover and let boil twenty or thirty minutes until tender. Then lift it carefully from the water, undo the cloth, and stand the cauliflower in a round, shallow dish, stem downward. Serve with cream sauce.

Cream Sauce.—One tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful butter, one-half pint milk, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter, being careful not to brown it; add the flour, mix until smooth; then add milk, stir continually until it boils; add salt and pepper and use at once poured over the cauliflower.

Lettuce.—Mash a head of lettuce and let lie in cold water for an hour. Pick the leaves apart and serve in a salad bowl.

French Dressing.—Tablespoonful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Put salt and pepper in a bowl, add butter, rub and mix till salt is dissolved; add the vinegar, and stir continually for two minutes. Clear the table and serve wafers and cheese.

Strawberries.—Cap and sugar strawberries an hour before using. Serve with cream for dessert.

Coffee.—Scald the coffee pot. Mix four heaping tablespoonfuls of ground coffee with a little cold water, and two or three egg shells, which can be dried and kept for the purpose. Put into the hot coffee pot, and pour on one quart of boiling water, cover tightly and boil five minutes. Let it stand a few minutes to settle, and serve with boiled milk and sugar.

Cost of Bill of Fare.—Four pounds beef rump, 50c.; one cauliflower, 15c.; five large potatoes, 6c.; one-quarter pk. peas, 6c.; one bunch asparagus, 10c.; Lettuce, 2c.; one quart milk, 7c.; one-half pint cream, 5c.; three pts. strawberries, 12c.; one-half lb. sugar, 2c.; one-quarter lb. wafers, 6c.; one-half lb. cheese, 10c.; one-half lb. butter, 10c.; flour, salt, pepper and vinegar, 4c.; four tablespoonfuls coffee, 5c.



ON A RAINY DAY.

It was such a rainy day! The grey clouds hung low over the pine trees, and the drops fell steadily from them into the rippling little puddles on the garden path.

The nursery windows wept tears of rain down their transparent faces, and the children stood looking blankly out on the wet world, with their little pouts of dismay and distress, and big lumps of disappointment in their throats. It really was a very trying happening.

Last week Aunt Rose had organized a picnic at the Elms, a group of trees close by the trout stream, and the date had been set for this Saturday, this awful rainy Saturday! Four little boys and four little girls had dreamed, as children will, of that picnic, had caught dream fish, and gathered dream flowers, and only last night Aunt Rose had sent a delightful message to tell them that a kind friend was going to fetch over his pair of Shetland ponies, and let the children ride on them at the picnic. A sound of wheels on the gravel made the sorrowful eight rush to the balcony, where they saw a figure seated in a low cart, which reminded them of the mountain witches in Baby's Nursery Rhymes. She looked up from under her waterproof hood and nodded and laughed, and called out, "Isn't it a nice day?" and the eight little ones scampered for the stairs exclaiming, "Goodie! goodie! It is Aunt Rose."

Now I must tell you who these little eight were. First and tallest, were the twins, nine years old, Jack and Madge; then came the pale little Gertie, with her pitiful little lame hip, and her pathetic blue eyes, then the cousins from Toronto, who were summering with the twins and Gertie, (Lil, Bess and Toto), and last two fat little brothers, who lived next door, but whose parents had gone to England, and who had been invited by Mother Agnes, Aunt Rose's sister, to sleep in the spacious nursery, so as to be in good time in starting for the picnic ground. They were called Chubby and Rowley.

Aunt Rose came running up the stairs with a face as bright and happy as though no such thing as rain and spoiled picnics existed, and after she had hugged all the little folks, and taken wee Gertie on her knee she looked laughingly over the little heads and said merrily, "Well, we shall have to get the ark ready, if this rain don't stop." Lil and Bessie and Toto had just been learning about Noah and the Ark, in their kindergarten Sunday school class, and they at once asked, "Can't we build one, in case it *don't* stop, Aunt Rose?" "I think we might as well be prepared, but, Toto, don't you know there won't ever be another flood." "Oh, no, not *everywhere*," said Toto acquiescently, "But there are floods yet, to drown people. Once

I heard about the Johnstown flood, and there were floods way off in Europe this year, father told mother about them." "So there were; well, there are just enough of you to be in an Ark. Jack and Madge can be Mr. and Mrs. Noah, Toto and Chubby and Rowley can be the three sons, and Gertie and Lil and Bessie can be their wives." "And who'll you be, Aunt Rose?" "Oh, I will be the people who did not believe, and wouldn't go in the ark!" So the eight little folks wheeled the big bedstead into the centre of the nursery, and Toto brought pillows and rugs from the other beds, and the children piled them round, leaving a little place in the middle where they could stand, and several times the walls of the ark fell down, and Aunt Rose laughed at them, and made fun of the ark, and said she didn't believe there was going to be a flood at all. But Noah told her there would truly be one, because God had said so, and he and Madge asked her often to come into their ark, but Aunt Rose kept on laughing, and sat knitting, while the little ones worked with a will. Then Jack sent his son, Toto, to bring all the toy animals from the play-room, and he put a long slat from the bed to the floor, and made the animals come up two by two, and creep in through the space left for the door, between the two biggest pillows, and wee Bess insisted upon taking her doll into the ark with her, and Gertie brought her accordeon, till at last all the ark was finished, and was exceedingly crowded with children and animals, and all the time Aunt Rose refused to come in, and laughed at them.

But presently they saw Aunt Rose pretending that the water was coming up about her, and she cried and asked Noah to let her in, but Noah told her he was real sorry but he couldn't, and at last poor Aunt Rose laid down on the sofa and was drowned.

Then Jack took his little pet dove Loo-loo and let her fly to the mantel piece and back and then he let her go again, and just as the children were wondering what to do next, Madge shouted, "Oh, Aunt Rose, the rain has stopped, see the sun and the rainbow," and all the Noah family came tumbling down from the ark, and Gertie made her accordeon play, "Wait till the clouds roll by," and there, sure enough, was a clearing sky and across the Heavens a faint fairylike rainbow. And so, after an hour of very hard waiting, until the sun came out scorching hot, the big wagonette came around, and the Noah family clambered in, and with the baskets and Aunt Rose and whiteheaded old William, the coachman, set out in perfect delight for the Elms. And, next month, if you like, I will tell you what happened to them at the picnic.

TWO DETECTIVE DOGS.

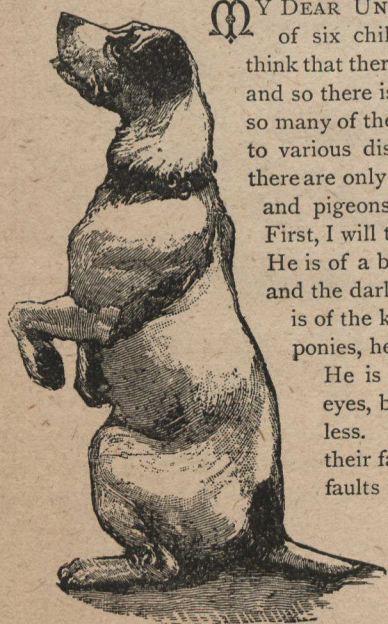
THIS dog-story comes from Paris: Some dogs possess a singular knack of hunting out anything that has recently been in the possession of their masters. A gentleman made a bet that a dog would identify a franc that he had thrown upon the boulevards. Before the dog had discovered the money, a passenger had picked it up. Presently, the dog caught the scent,

followed the stranger to his hotel, remained with him all day, and attended him to bed, to the great delight of his newly constituted master, who was extremely flattered by his sudden attachment. But the moment the gentleman pulled off his pantaloons in the pocket in which he had placed the franc, the dog barked at the door as if desirous to get out. The door was opened, the dog caught up the vestment, and rushed away to his rightful owner.

It is related that a well-known New York gentleman had on his country place a certain setter who would follow the gardener about from morning till night, never ceasing in his vigilance. He had not been back long when the gun was missed, then some money. Both thefts were traced at last to the man, and his employer feels convinced that the dog's instinct taught him that the gardener was dishonest, and that he followed him to prevent him from stealing; at that the gardener left his situation, fearing detection, but returned upon learning that the dog was dead.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR PETS.

August Prize Winners: 1. Nessie Crich, Seaforth, Ont. 2. Vicky MacCallum, 45 Union Ave., Montreal, Que.



MY DEAR UNCLE JOE,—In our family of six children, you will doubtless think that there is an abundance of pets, and so there is; but you see there are so many of them that have succumbed to various diseases and disasters that there are only a few left. The pony, dog and pigeons are the only survivors. First, I will tell you all about the pony. He is of a bay color with white spots, and the darlingest of pink noses. He is of the kind that is called Calico ponies, hence his name, "Calico."

He is a very fine pony in our eyes, but he is not entirely faultless. Ponies, like people, have their faults. One of Calico's few faults is that when he is in the field, he never wants to come out of it. What do you think that odious pony did one morning? Why

he kept me in the field trying to catch him nearly two hours! Now, wasn't that horrid of him? He has a very bad habit of unfastening the stable doors when no one is around, thereby giving us not a few scares, but he carried it a little too far and we had the latch of the doors made more secure and since then we have not had any more trouble with him. Jacko, the dog, is a pretty little Scotch terrier, and I suppose the reason he is named such an odd name is because of his Scotch descent. He has yellow, curly hair and his principal charm is his soft brown eyes. He was about six months old when we first got him. We shut him up in a disused chicken-coop over night. What should papa and mamma hear at the door the next morning but a queer scratching. On going to the door we discovered it was Jacko, (Since then we have become used to the queer scratching as he takes that means to inform us that he is waiting to be admitted). He had dug his way out of the coop and had applied for admission at the house. It is needless to say that he received it. He is the rats' and mices' sworn enemy, and he cannot even see a mouse-trap unless it nearly sets him

wild. He pounces upon it with such ferocity that I am sure if there is a mouse in it, it must surely die of fright. Even if it is tenantless, he will not be convinced, but in his stubborn, dog-gish brain, he reasons that there is surely a mouse somewhere in its dark recesses and he will not rest until it is placed far out of his reach, even then he will sit and bark at it until his attention is elsewhere attracted. He behaves the same way with a mirror. He will stand a few minutes and look at his image in the glass, then he runs behind it and turns it around and around, and on failing to discover the dog, he snaps at it, barks at it, and bites at the wood-work leaving marks where his sharp white teeth have penetrated. He has a habit of standing at the window with his forepaws resting on the sill, and woe to the cat or dog that passes by within sight of his vigilant eye; he jumps off the chair, runs to the door, and if it is shut, he runs back to the window to see if the cause of the disturbance is still in sight, runs back to the door and scratches with might and main, all the time keeping up such an incessant barking that, if a stranger is present, said stranger thinks surely that dog has gone mad, but we who know him and his moods think differently, and considerably let him out, when he scampers off after the object of his wrath. One

of his favorite resting places is the pillow of papa's and mamma's bed, which he knows very well is forbidden to him. If he hears anyone coming he jumps off and runs underneath the bureau where it is too low for anyone to reach him; there he will sit and wag his tail until our anger



ONE OF OUR NIECES.—IRENE DUER.

cools, when he will come out and make friends. He does not allow any chickens on the lawn and the minute he sees one he swoops down upon it with great avidity, and the poor little chicky nearly always loses a mouthful of feathers after it emerges from the scuffle. All that one has to say to Jacko is, "There are chickens on the lawn," and he will dash out of the house and down the steps with great rapidity, and then a sham battle ensues. Over the flower beds they dash and over and over they roll until the chicken manages to scamper away to its own quarters and Jacko views the lawn with a "Monarch of all I survey" sort of expression and a mouthful of feathers as a trophy. Jacko is now about seven or eight years old but he is as frisky as a dog of seven or eight months old.

Now for the goat. He was as fine looking as any specimen of the tribe can look, (which is not saying very much). He was white and black in color with horns painted green. He was the especial property of my brother and myself. He was not one of the bucking sort but was very gentle. My brother, hearing that wood-ashes were good for goats, gave him a lot to eat, but somehow or other a wood-ash diet did not seem to agree with him and he was soon a very sick goat. No one will ever know what that poor goat suffered. His cries and moans were almost human and I could not bear to hear him. One morning when we went down to see how he was thriving we

found him dead. We buried him in a sunny spot in the barnyard and planted his grave over with sunflowers. This gaudy flower is all that marks his last resting place. Nobody ever saw a more disgusted set of youngsters than my brother and myself. Now we had nothing to show for our last month's allowance and we resolved that goat keeping was not profitable. Ah well! Money will take wings and fly away and so will goats. I remember a pretty little canary that I once had when I was much younger than I am now. When I got it it was a very fine singer, but one luckless day I left it on a chair while I cleaned its cage and a stray cat that had been hanging around, crept up the steps to the porch where it was sitting and made a spring at it, but the bird was too spry for it and the cat did not succeed, but it scared the poor little fellow so badly that he never sang after that. It lived a long while but died at last of some unknown disease. We buried it in a cigar box full of some pretty flowers, and lined throughout with white muslin, and that spot under the pine tree was kept covered with flowers for several weeks. So ends Dick's mournful story.

My brother once had two pretty fantail pigeons, but they were both killed by a neighbor's cat. Since then he has contented himself with plain pigeons.

Another pet I once had was a pretty little chicken with a brown "Top-knot" of feathers on his head. He was a very greedy little fellow. He flew over the fence into the garden several times until papa made me give him away; but he at last became the victim of his insatiable appetite and he was drowned in a slop barrel. Now, Uncle Joe, since I have given you a general idea of all our pets, I will close. Hoping to see this published. I remain, your niece,

IRENE DUER, Millersburg, Ohio.

DEAR UNCLE JOE.—I am going to tell you about our dog; he is a large Newfoundland and his name is Ponto. My little brother and I play with him very much. He will run after a ball or a stick that we throw for him and bring it to us, and play hide-and-go-seek with us. We bought him when he was five months old and now he is five years old. One day papa, mamma, brother, I and Ponto, went to the creek. Papa, brother, and I were fishing. Papa had caught a fish, but we had none. Brother got tired and asked papa if he and Ponto could go down the creek. Papa said yes, and off they started; in a few minutes we heard a splash and then another and by the time we got there we saw Ponto bringing brother out of the water.

Yours truly,

LITCHFIELD, ILL., July 19, 1891.

DENE AMSDEN.

DEAR UNCLE JOE,—I am going to tell you about my pet, a collie dog only one year old last month. His name is Nero. Perhaps you will think from his name that he is fierce and cruel like the king he is named after, but he is not. He is kind and gentle to every one except tramps. We think Nero is a very bright dog for I am sure he understands nearly everything I say to him. We live by the St. Clair river and Nero is



PONTO.

very fond of going in the water. One day Cousin Mabel and I were playing with planks for a raft like Robinson Crusoe and Mabel's plank floated away. We said, "Nero, go and get Mabel's plank," and he swam away out in the river until he reached the plank. Taking one end of it in his mouth he swam ashore with it. Another time when a boy's hat blew in the river, Nero swam out and got it before I had a chance to tell him to go. Nero drives the cows to pasture and if they get mixed with other cows he picks ours out and drives them home. He leads my pony, Billy, to water. It is such a pretty sight to see him take the rope in his mouth and trot along at Billy's side. He likes to carry things and if I have an umbrella or any article in my hand he is never satisfied until I let him carry it. When he gets tired he puts the parcel down and rests, then picks it up and goes on again. One morning Nero had been in the river and he ran up in sister's room with very muddy paws. Sister said "Nero, I am ashamed of you, go away and don't come back until you are dry and have clean paws." He looked very much ashamed and went out with his head away down. In a little while he returned and just peeked in at sister and held up one paw which was very clean. He looked as if he would say "Won't it do now?" Sister felt of him and said "You are clean but not quite dry." So he ran off and when he was perfectly dry he came back to her again and looked, oh! so intelligent. When we go in swimming, Nero sits on the beach or dock and watches us, never taking his eyes away. He will go in for sticks, stand up like a gentleman holding out his paw to shake

hands, play hide-and-go-seek, ball and do many other clever tricks. He is such an affectionate dog and has such tender feelings. When I scold Nero it makes him feel very bad. He will look so sorry, holding up one paw for forgiveness so prettily that I have to hug him. I have two kittens, one is pure white and the other is a Maltese. Nero likes them and they like him. When Nero goes under the table to go to sleep, the kittens come and snuggle up between his paws or around his neck; he kisses them, then they all go to sleep. Sometimes they eat from the same plate and never quarrel. I am twelve years old and am very fond of THE CANADIAN QUEEN. Nero also carries it home from the post office for me. Cousin Mabel lives in the city and is afraid of cows, so Nero always runs ahead and drives them out of the way, then comes back and looks up in her face as if he would say "Don't be afraid, Mabel, I will take care of you." He will sit up in a corner and wave a Canadian or an American flag in his mouth. He likes both flags, but I guess he likes the Canadian flag best because he is a Canuck himself. Sometimes he will go to the wood pile and take a stick in his mouth and then go in and lay it beside the wood box, then bring in more until there is quite a pile. I expect you won't print my letter because it is so long but I wanted to tell you about my pet. He does many other bright tricks. Don't you think he is clever, Uncle Joe? Hoping that all your other little girls and boys take as much pleasure with their pets as I do.

I remain, yours very lovingly,

GRACE ESTELLE SEAFERT,

NEW WESTMINISTR, B. C., August 11, 1891.



DEAR UNCLE JOE.—On the farm where I live, there are many domestic animals in which I take a great interest. I feed the chickens and have a certain percentage for my share, and bring in the eggs, often finding new nests where older people hate to climb after them. Blue jays scold and wrangle over bits of meat, which are hung on the trunks of tall maples in front of our

house. Robins and squirrels sing and chatter among the trees surrounding the old homestead. But most interesting of all to me are the pranks of our cat Bob. He is a tailless yellow cat, and if you were to see him in the woods you might think him some wild animal, he looks so unlike a cat. He is a great hunter, and scarcely a day passes that he does not feast on game. He came to us from a neighboring house and nothing will induce him to go back again. We had a Maltese cat which he drove away and we have never seen it since he took possession here. Mamma treated Bob rather coolly at first, thinking him a trespasser. He seemed to understand that he must win her favor, and so he went and caught an enormous rat, brought it into the bedroom and laid it down carefully on a rug by the wash stand. Mamma began to like Bob after this piece of strategy and now he has a very pleasant life. His saucer of warm milk is always ready, morning and evening, and when the butcher's cart is seen coming around the curve in the road, Bob is on hand with a beseeching look and a plaintive mew, which are impossible to resist. He will get through this world easily, he is such a diplomatist. Many people might learn a lesson

from him. He is honest, never stealing anything from the pantry, no matter what temptations are placed in his way. Altogether I think he is a little above the average of cats, and I hope he will interest the little readers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN as much as he has me.

TYLERVILLE, CONN.

ALEINE ST. JOHN TYLER.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:—I have a snow white cat; we call him Gus. He is very deaf. He follows me every place I go, sometimes he runs away but always comes back again. When the summer came I went to the country and my Aunt took care of



ONE OF OUR NEICES.—BESSIE DALRYMPLE.

the cat. My Aunt's sister died and the whole family went to the funeral. My Aunt left the cellar door open so that the cat could go in and out. Miss Becky (a lady that boards there) left her best bonnet on the table where an egg was. Gus jumped up on the table and rolled the egg in the hat and sat on it. Smash! went the

egg all over Miss Becky's new bonnet. When Miss Becky came home and saw that her hat was ruined, wasn't she mad? She flew after the cat, but Gus ran much faster than her. Nearly every one is afraid of Gus because he is so vicious. I used to have a dog named Tossel, which was a very beautiful shepherd dog. Whenever my father wanted his cane he would say "Tossel, go get my cane" and he would. Every morning at seven o'clock Tossel would come in my room and touch my hand with his paw; if that did not awaken me he would bark. A gentleman whom I knew taught Tossel to bark four times when any one shook hands with him, one for *how*, two for *do*, three for *you* and four for *do*. Don't you think my pets are very clever?

BESSIE DALRYMPLE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 1st, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE JOE,—I should dearly like to have the pair of fancy pigeons that you have offered, and as a good little fairy called "Trying Hard," has told me I might have a chance, I will try to tell you about some of the antics of some of the pets I have had. When I lived in Eastern Canada, I had a dear old fat cat called Toby, and a lovely little canary called Dicky. The cat, who did nothing but eat, and sit in front of the fire, whenever she would hear my dear little Dicky (of whom she was very jealous) singing, she would cast a longing eye at him. Every night before going to bed, and after saying good-night to Dicky, I always remembered to hang the cage up high out of Toby's sight. One night, however, I was going out to a birthday party of a friend, and I neglected to hang the cage up in its usual place. I left it on the hall table. Toby who had been watching her chance, now seized the opportunity to do away with my poor Dicky. The next morning my cousin in her rage

scalded all my poor pussy's fur off, so of course she died, so I had no pets left then. When we came out to British Columbia, my brother caught me two squirrels. I named one Browney and the other Bushy because he had such a bushy tail. I loved both of them very much, but I think I liked Bushy better than Browney, because he was so affectionate, although he was not so pretty as Browney. Every day I used to go and feed them with nuts, but the poor little things not being used to confinement died, and I was so sorry I did not let them go back to mother squirrel. I had a lovely large black dog once, called Fido, he had a long graceful black tail, a sharp nose and such large intelligent eyes. Whenever he would hear the train blow, he would come and put his two front paws on my lap, until I would go down the bank with him, which I always did, but he had a fashion of running beside the train, and one day he crossed right over the track just as the train was coming along, so you see he had a narrow escape, and ever after that I never took him down again. One day when mamma was going up the river she took Fido with her, and lost him in the woods. She looked everywhere but could not find him, and about five minutes after the boat left the wharf, he came running down to the shore, then he attempted to swim towards the boat, but he got tired out before he reached it, and as we have never seen him since, we have come to the conclusion that he has been drowned. The only pets I have now are a poor old lame cat called Trixy, she is gray, white and black, she has a little pink nose, and she walks on three legs. Shall I tell you how she hurt her paw? She was up on the roof, when we heard an awful noise, and as it was in the night we thought it was robbers, and ma and pa were out, so we all got frightened and ran. When I heard Mew! Mew! I ran down the stairs two steps at a time, and there saw poor Trixy, she had fallen down the chimney and broken her paw.

My two brothers held her, I went and got two small sticks and a piece of cotton for a bandage, and brought them in to my brothers, and among us we tied up poor old Trixy's paw. I then went and got a box with some straw in it, and put kitty in it as I thought to sleep for the night. The next morning I went out to see how she was, but she was not in the box. I went to search for my lost one, and where do you think I found her? Why, under the kitchen stove with the bandage off her paw. So she never got well again. My brother has a pony called Fanny, she comes every morning to me and I feed her with apples. I am learning to ride, and we have no side saddle yet, so I turn the other saddle around and sit on that way. Now, dear Uncle Joe, I must close with much love.

I remain, your affectionate little niece,

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

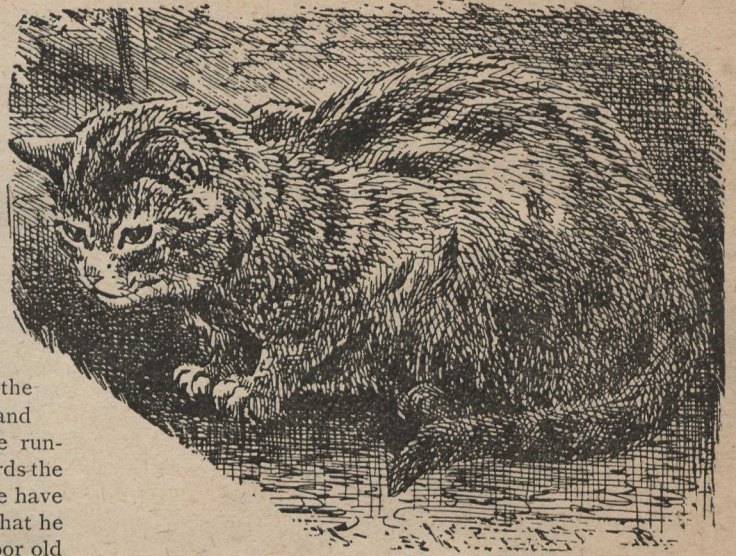
RACHEL F. MILLER.



MY DEAR UNCLE JOE,—I thought I would write you a letter about some pets which I used to own. I had a pair of white rabbits called Bunnie and Bennie. They were white all over with the exception of pink noses, feet and ears. They used to play together in the yard and eat peaches. It was amusing to watch them eat. They would sit on their hind-quarters and hold

the peach with their front paws while they ate. They slept under the back walk and in the morning they would be up playing around before I was awake. I kept them till we went to

move and then sold them for \$2.00. Then my sister, called Loty, got a lamb with horns and a little lamb without, and I got a little lamb and one which was just getting his horns. Whenever I would go into the yard the biggest one with horns would run after me. One night as we were going to bed we thought we heard somebody knocking, we went to the door, and it was



TOBY.

the lambs running up and down the porch. Well, they were such a nuisance that papa sent them to the farm and the dogs killed two and we had two killed to eat. Although the lambs and rabbits were very nice I had one pet I liked better; it was a little rat terrier dog spotted black and yellow. We gave a half-dollar for him when he was a little pup, and then we were puzzled what to call him. We thought of the name Fido and we all liked it so we called him that. We took a little wooden box and painted it, and filled it with hay and put a cloth over the hay and there is where he slept at night. In the day-time we wrapped him up in a shawl and wheeled him around in my little doll buggy. When he got bigger he would not let us wrap him up, so he slept in the barn, and every morning when papa went down to make a fire Fido would scratch at the door and papa would let him in and he would come upstairs and jump on my bed and play with me and my sister till papa had the fire made, then Fido would go with papa to the butcher shop for his bone, then when I got up we would go into the yard to have some fun. I would hold up a broom straight and he would jump over the top of it. He could play a good many tricks that I will tell you in my next writing as I am afraid you are getting tired.

I remain, your friend,

MERTIE MASON,

PITTSBURG, Ks., U. S. A. August 10, 1891.

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 wax 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 SEPTEMBER.

Uncle Joe will send a handsome cloth-bound book to the boy and girl who writes the best letter on "How They Spent Their Summer Vacation," for Uncle Joe's Young People's Page. Letters must be posted on or before September 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.

1.—ENIGMA.

My first is in country, but not in city,
My second is in humor, but not in witty,
My third is in cent, but not in dollar,
My fourth is in dunce, but not in scholar,
My fifth is in fame, but not in renown,
My sixth is in tear, but not in frown,
My seventh is in stammer, but not in speech,
My eighth is in hickory, but not in beech,
My ninth is in some, but not in all,
My tenth is in storm, but not in squall,
My whole is an ache, not contagious to take.

MONICY, Detroit.

2.—ENIGMA.

In borrow my first, but not in lend,
My second in tear, but not in rend,
My third is in ride, but not in walk,
My fourth is in write, but not in talk,
My fifth is in brown, but not in dun,
My sixth is in shoot, but not in gun,
My seventh is in moon, but not in sun,
My whole is oftentimes a legalized public nuisance.

3.—RIDDLE.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first,
So I was made before the man
According to God's holy plan,
My body he has made complete,
But without arms or legs or feet,
Nor did he give to me a soul,
Yet could my actions well control,
I did my Maker's laws obey
And never from them went astray,
Thousands of miles I've run in fear,
Yet seldom on the earth appear,
But God, in me, did something see
And put a living soul in me,
A son in me the Lord did claim
And took from me that soul again.
And when from me the soul was fled
I was the same as when first made,
And without hands, or feet, or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole,
No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I ne'er shall see,
To Heaven above I ne'er shall go
Nor to the grave or hell below,
And when, my friends, these lines you read,
Go search the Bible with all speed.
And if my name you can't find there
It will be strange, I must declare.

JENNIE C. RANKE, Lewisburg, Penn.

4.—PUZZLE.

I have ten trees and I wish to plant them so as to have five rows and have four in a row. How shall I plant them.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES. PRIZE PUZZLE.

Key to Puzzle :

- | | | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Author.</i> | <i>Refers to.</i> | <i>Subject.</i> |
| 1.—Longfellow | " " | Chaucer. |
| 2.—Sidney Smith | " " | Macaulay. |
| 3.—Wordsworth | " " | Chatterton. |
| 4.—Macaulay | " " | Milton. |
| 5.—Byron | " " | Southey. |
| 6.—Paine | " " | Ben Jonson. |
| 7.—Carlyle | " " | Shakespeare. |
| 8.—Coleridge | " " | Wordsworth. |
| 9.—Milton | <i>Dedicates his Poems</i> | Shakespeare. |
| 10.—Browning | " " | Tennyson. |
| 11.—Swift | <i>Refers to</i> | Pope. |
| 12.—Goldsmith | " " | Burke. |

- 1.—Doctor.
2.—THE CANADIAN QUEEN loved and read by us all.
3.—1. Infantry. 2. Everything. 3. Wind. 4. The word nothing.
4.— L E A F
E L L A
A L L Y
F A Y S
5.—Bananas and cream.
6.—Vacation.



BEECHAM'S PAINLESS PILLS EFFECTUAL.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For **BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS** SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, Etc.,

ACTING LIKE MAGIC on the vital organs, strengthening the muscular system, and arousing with the rosebud of health the Whole Physical Energy of the Human Frame.

Beecham's Pills, taken as directed, will quickly RESTORE FEMALES to complete health.

Prepared only by **THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.**
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., August 8th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, and after looking through and reading the articles therein, I thought it right that I should express my satisfaction in becoming one of your subscribers, and think that all those who have not subscribed should do so. I have also to thank you for the beautiful quadruple silver biscuit jar, which you awarded me in your "Extra Provincial and State Prize." It is fully up to your description, and I am pleased with it. Your manner of dealing with your subscribers is satisfactory and you have my best wishes for your continued success.

Yours respectfully,

A. F. DRINKWATER.

STEVESTON, B. C., August 7th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Both prizes received last night, and for which accept many thanks. I consider them very handsome.

Yours truly,

MRS. CLARA J. STEVES.

HUBBARDSTON, MICH., Aug. 9th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—The tea service was received by me while in Mancelona; many thanks for the same.

MRS. C. L. FULLER.

KINCARDINE, ONT., Aug. 8th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—The special prize sent me was duly received and has been shown to numerous friends and acquaintances, who pronounce it a handsome present. With thanks, I am,

Yours truly,

ROBT. B. SCOTT.

DUNDAS, ONT., Aug. 10th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—At present I am away, but I received word that the biscuit jar had arrived, and mother is much pleased with it. I am pleased with your promptness in forwarding it. I will be glad to recommend your paper to my friends.

Yours sincerely,

DAISY RYDER.

SPRUCEDALE, ONT., Aug. 11th, 1891.

SIRS:—Your very pretty present received yesterday, for which accept my thanks.

Yours respectfully,

S. N. KICKMAN.

DERRY, PA., August 10th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—Accept my thanks for special prize awarded me in the English History Competition.

Yours truly,

J. C. McFADDEN.

STEVESTON, B. C., August 7th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the prize, an after dinner cream and sugar. It is a very handsome prize and as I have it to show I shall be able to do more for your magazine in the way of subscribers. I expect to send for the other two prizes due me in a few days, and shall take pleasure in showing them.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. M. A. TULLY.

CLINTON, ONT., August 12th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Received the biscuit jar, for which I thank you. I am very much pleased with the magazine and wish it every success.

Yours truly,

F. RANSFORD.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.

The largest establishment in the world for the treatment of the skin and scalp, eczema, moles, warts, superfluous hair, birthmarks, cancer, hare-lip, moth, freckles, pimples, wrinkles, red nose, red veins, oily skin, acne, blackheads, barber's itch, scars, pittings, powder marks, facial development, etc. Consultation free at office or by letter. 128 page book on Dermatology and Beauty sent (sealed) for 10c.

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FOR THE SKIN, SCALP AND COMPLEXION. The result of 20 years' experience as a Dermatologist. Unequaled as a remedy for Eczema, Scald Head, Itching of the Scalp, Dandruff, Red, Rough or Oily Skin, Discolorations, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Blackheads, Perspiration Odors, Ugly Complexion, etc. Indispensable as a toilet article, and sure preventive of all skin and scalp diseases.

At Druggists, or by mail. Price 50c.



BEFORE

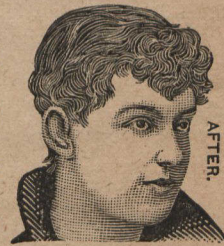
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WHY will you tolerate Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Yellow or Muddy Skin, Moth Wrinkles, Red Nose, or any other form of Skin Disease or Facial Disfigurements.

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PERFECTLY HARMLESS, and the only safe French preparation of Arsenic. \$1.00 per box, or 6 boxes for \$5.00. By mail to any address.

THE MIDDLETON DRUG Co., Cor. Greenwich and Cortlandt Sts, New York.



AFTER

GAINESVILLE, FLA., August 6th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received the special prize which was awarded me as one of your special "Daily Prizes." I desire to thank you, and to say that I am very much pleased, not only with my prize, which has been admired by a large number of my friends, but with your excellent magazine as well.

Very respectfully,

MRS. W. B. LYNCH.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., August 5th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the pretty biscuit jar safely and am very much pleased with it.

I remain, yours truly,

B. MILLARD.

NANAIMO, B. C., August 10th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—Your Provincial and State Prize, a silver cracker jar, has been received with thanks. It is a useful as well as a handsome present, and is much admired by my many friends.

Yours faithfully,

F. T. GREGG.

OPELOUSAS, LA., August 3rd, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Last Tuesday evening I received the prize awarded me, and I think it is lovely. All who have seen it find it very pretty. Please accept my thanks for the beautiful present, and wishing your magazine every success.

I am, yours truly,

MAY SANDEZ.

ST. MARY'S, ONT., August 16th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the special prizes, with which I am much pleased, and for which receive my thanks. Please excuse me for not writing sooner as I was away.

Yours truly,

MINA LESLIE.

PARIS, ONT., August 8th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Received silver cracker jar yesterday, that was awarded me in your special daily prize. Friends think it very pretty. Please accept my thanks.

Yours,

MAY HILL.

QUEBEC, QUE., July 8th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—The extra daily prize awarded me for the prize Literary competition, came safely to hand, and I think it very nice. The present was unexpected but it goes to prove that you do not promise anything you are not prepared to fulfil. Wishing your magazine every success, which it so well merits.

Yours truly,

THOMAS HARNEY.

COBOURG, ONT., Aug. 5th, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Received my daily prize. It is ever so nice, several of my friends have seen it already, and admire it. I like it and also THE QUEEN. I wish you much success with it. Yours truly,

CLARA F. POWELL.

SOLSGIRTH, MAN., Aug. 3rd, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I received your gift of a silver dessert set awarded me as one of the "lucky ten." I thank you for the present, am very much pleased with it. I wish you every success.

Yours respectfully,

ANDREW PORTEOUS.

OTTER LAKE, QUE., Aug. 3rd, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the extra Provincial and State prize. I think it is very pretty. Please accept my thanks for the same.

Yours truly,

MISS PELLY.

EAST ANGUS, QUE., Aug. 3rd, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Your very handsome present came safely to hand, it has been much admired.

Yours truly,

R. C. COVLING.

Royal Canadian Perfumes.



English Violets,
May Blossom,
Prairie Flowers,
Ylang Ylang,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

The Only Canadian Perfumes on the English Market.

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A Handsome Card and descriptive circulars FREE on application.

Lyman, Sons & Co., - Montreal, Can.

UNION CITY, CONN., Aug. 5th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—I write to express my thanks for the silver cracker jar which I received. I think your dealings with subscribers are very honorable.

Yours truly,

MRS. A. G. COGSWELL.

TOPEKA, KAS., U. S. Aug. 10th, 1891.

GENTS:—The five o'clock silver tea set came duly to hand, and I am very well pleased with it. The Express Co. told me they had mailed 2 Postal cards to me informing me of its arrival, but the house address not being on the box, expect some other King received the postal, as there are a number of families in the city.

Respectfully,

IDA M. KING.

WHAT WE SAW IN FRANCE.

HOW wide your eyes would open were you to see our French sisters and brothers, especially sisters! Our determination to indulge in sea-baths was slightly crushed in Paris when we went to buy bathing-suits. As we could not find what we considered the correct thing, we concluded to wait until we came here, for we could not believe that the polite young clerk, with waxen moustache, was trustworthy, when he showed us such very disgraceful looking trousers and waist-minus skirts, and assured us they were for ladies, "*parfaitement comme il faut.*" Having given him a smile that, interpreted vulgarly, meant "What are you giving us?" we left the shop, concluding to see for ourselves what other people did. At eleven o'clock, the bathing hour, we sauntered down to the beach, and, securing front seats, near the water's edge, waited for the arrival of the crowd. First comes a kind of dress-parade, when "*monsieur*" appears in his white flannels, with his few stray locks brushed carefully over his bald spots and a jaunty straw hat or white cap placed deliberately on the top of them. Madame, in her foulard, with *frou-frou* trimmings, and though past fifty, seen through her pink tulle veil and under a girlish hat of crushed roses, she has still enough of the *couleur de rose* shed over her to keep up the illusion of past charms. She is followed demurely by a *bébé* of twenty, the typical French *ingénue*. How Frenchy and captivating they seem, however, all looking as if fashioned by the same modiste. They exchange many charming nothings with chance acquaintances, and survey the sea and their audience through long-handled glasses. Into their sentry-boxes (for they are scarcely bigger) each one goes, and we can hardly restrain our impatience, so anxious are we for a sight of them again. Finally, "Here they come!" cry our children, excitedly. We turn, and see several male and female figures draped gracefully in long cloaks of different hue, each having selected their favorite and most becoming color. All stockingless, showing their white, well-shaped legs; and I must admit I can not refrain from saying, "How lovely! What ankles, by Jove! Just look, how their skin glistens and shines in the sunlight!" At last they drew near the water and the rope that forms the dividing line between the male and female bathers; for—mark you, my friend—the French, though naughty and considered vicious, still have their code of morals, and no man dare bathe his lady friends, as is done so recklessly in America. Monsieur and madame may take hands and, in a stately manner, walk into the water; but woe to the unfortunate youth who lays the weight of his little finger even on the *ingénue bébé*, or makes the fearful mistake of crossing the "bee-line." Those lovely wraps, of course, do not go into the sea; they are dropped, one by one, and either handed to a maid—who is generally there for the purpose—or thrown across the line to wave their bright colors in the salt breezes. And what do our eyes behold? Can it be—yes! the identical bathing-costume, the only one known in France. There they stood, matron and maid, father and son; figures slight, slighter, and slightest; figures fat, fatter, and fattest; all clad in trousers and waists exactly alike.

PARENTS' DISAGREEMENTS IN PRESENCE OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

If mothers could only realize what a critical period their children are passing through from the third to the sixth year, they would exercise more than ordinary care during that time. Not only physically but mentally and morally are they undergoing a change—a change for the better or worse, according to the care and the attention they receive from their mothers and fathers.

A father is no more exempt from certain duties towards his offspring than the mother. He should always bear in mind that his assistance in the control of the children is of more value to his tired wife than the presentation to her of a costly gift.

It is the time that children begin to notice papa's and mamma's bearing to one another; let this always be one of courtesy and respect. Nothing so quickly destroys respect for parents as constant bickering in the presence of their children. The first thing a child should be taught is respect for his parents and elders; affection comes naturally with most children, and is the most valuable aid in gaining control of their actions; next to that is respect, without which very little can be accomplished for the child's welfare. Parents should bear this in mind, that children lose respect very soon upon hearing them disagree, using bitter, cutting words to each other. This is inflicting the first actual pain these baby hearts have been called upon to bear. In the presence of this the child experiences conflicting emotions, which ends in pity for one parent and contempt for the other. Oh, parent, pause; consider before you lose this hold on the little being who has heretofore considered you perfect! Let there be unanimity of purpose in act, word and deed before these little creatures, who are susceptible to every new impression, if you would preserve their love and respect.

MAKING MONEY FAST.

DEAR SIR,—Having read the experience of several of the boys in THE QUEEN, I am tempted to write what I am doing during my vacation. I sent to the Co-operative Supply Co., 54 Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont., for one of their Gold, Silver and Nickel Platers. It cost me only \$5.00. I have had more tableware and jewelry than I could plate ever since. I cleared \$27.00 the first week, and \$124.00 in four weeks. Any boy can do plating and make money in any neighborhood during the entire year. If my business keeps up I will be able to buy a farm of my own. Hope other boys will give their experience at money-making. You can get circulars by addressing the above firm.

JOHN W.

THE MUSICIANS' GUIDE.

Every music teacher, student or music lover should have this volume. It contains 200 pages of valuable musical information, with full description of over 10,000 pieces of music and music books, biographical sketches of over 150 composers, with portraits and other illustrations. Also a choice selection of new vocal and instrumental music and other attractive features. Upon receipt of six three-cent stamps, to prepay postage, we will mail free, a copy of "The Musicians' Guide," also a sample copy of "Brainard's Musical World," containing \$2.00 worth of new music and interesting reading matter. Address

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