THE MAGICIAN OF MENLO PARK.

The Latest Venture a Success-Riding at a Forty Wile Speed on His Electric Railroad-Progress of the Gold Tailings and Other Projects.

Edison has at least proved that he can utilize the electric current for railroad purposes. A Now York Ilerald reporter went to Menlo Park yesterday to witness a trial of the new motor on the three-quarter mile railroad. As a precaution against unforescen accident the members of the press selected a seat a near as possible to the inventor, because i was only natural that that was the safest in case the train should jump the track. At signal from E lison Mr. Batchelor moved the ever attached to the switch and off we went The riding was very enjoyable for the first five handred yards or so, when suddenly a most horrible curve was reached, round which the motor with its car attached spun at a rather uncomfortable gait. Then came a series of serpentine curves that were enough to frighten anybody, but there was no slow ing up. On the contrary, more power was put on, until it seemed that the whole party were going to be shaken from their seat. The line was located in the worst possible positions by Edison, in order that the "beauties" of his invention would be readily seen by any one on the car. Some of the curves are as sharp as those used on the sur face roads round street corners in New York, so the reader can imagine how pleasant is was to go round them at the rate of forty miles an hour. The strangest part of the programme was the easy manner of control ling the motor, it being stopped within fifty feet although going at a high speed. It ran up against the heavy grades as easily as on the level track, and was as powerful at the end of the track as in the station, where the electric current first reaches the rail. After the first trial the reporter was invited to ride on the motor without having the car attached, so that the speed would be increased. Three went on this trip—one at the switch, another at the brake and the reporter holding on for dear life. At the word go the machine shot off like a bullet and if was only by holding on firmly that one's seat could be rept. As the curves were struck the motor rocked fearfully; in fact, it was as hard to keep your seat on i as on an unbroken mustang when he sets his mind on the 'bucking' process of dismounting you. The time made was fifty-three seconds from the station to the end of the track on the first trial, and forty-two on the second trial. The motor has an electric head light which is burning continuously, and which has a very pretty effect in the night time.
Of the gold finding process very little can

be said except that the sample of tailings sent to Menlo Park have proved very rich in many instances. Edison's agent, Mr. Mc-Laughlin, will return from California in June. He has located the position of the sheds near Oroville and has built several undercurrents along the line of the sluices in that vicinity for the purpose of concentrating the auriferous sands.

Men are hard at work fixing up the large factory, situated south of the railroad, for the purpose of manufacturing the electric lamps in large quantity. Edison says it will take at least two months to finish it, and then he will turn out all the lamps necessary for his exhibition, which will take place about September. He will then light six miles of streets, the lamps being eighty feet apart, and will run his train over a three mile road. all the power being obtained from the sixteen dvnamo machines now in position.

FUN IN A CIRCUS.

Practical Jokes of "Whimsical" Walker, Now with Forepaugh's Show.

" Whimsical" Walker, as he is known, the very comical clown, late of Hengler's grand circus, Lindon now of Forepaugh's aggregation, has been guilty of many a mad prank. His first great hit in the arena was under the management of Adams, a leading English manager. Change of amusements is always desirable, and Adama, who was playing a pro-

return sent Walker to the big city.

Now, Sanger had heard of the fame of much to his di-gust, Walker, who had come to London filled with an ambition to rival little Sandy, found himself cast as a " sand closed the entertainment. Walker was resolved-and what that resolution was the reader may quickly learn. It was required of Walker that he, with three others, should bear across the stage a kier upon which was to repose the corpse of one of the characters The funeral procession moved with stately tread and solemn mien across the stage until the very centre was reached, to the solemn accommuniment of a meiancholy dirge, when down dumps the bier, off rolled the corpse, amid shouts and roars of laughter from all upset the bier and the gravity of on and off the stage. was a funny sight indeed to see that corpse arise and walk off the The next night a change was made a new pall-hearer selected, and Walker called upon to fight a combat. He fought; you should have seen him. His antics excelled the Majiltons in one of their most grotesque Up and down the stage he chase his combatant and then retreated to the footthe orchestra, whose duty it was to agonize the bass fiddle. Walker, upon being called on to account for having twice marred the effect of the spectacle, exclaimed in honest

Gentlemen, I did not come to Londo to be a supe in a bloody funeral or to fight

During the balance of his engagement he clowned as satisfactorily as the super fought combats and removed the dead. And he returned to Sheffield with the proud satisfaction that he had outwitted the Sangers and made a hit in London.

THE RICHEST WOMEN IN AMERICA.

The richest woman in America, and in deed, excepting royally and Baroness Burdets Coutts, the richest in the world, is Mrs. E. H Green, the wife of the Vice President of the Louisville and Nashville road. She was a Miss hobinson, and her father was a whaling from his profession was known as "Blubber Robinson." He died when his daughter was a mere girl and left her a fortune of about eight millions. She lived slenderly and nrudeetly, and gave the management of her affairs to Mr. John J. Cisco. As her tastes by both the children, who were intent upon were simple and her wants few, she was able to transfer her enormous income almost every year to the body of the fortune itself, and it has now accumulated to more than \$27,000,000. Her husband, Mr. Green, was a very rich man when she married said by one who should know that the inoome of this couple is \$2,500,000 a year. Mr. Green is rather large in stature, quiet, reserved, sagacious and of modest habits. He The richest young ladies in New York are the Misses Garner, the daughters of Commod re taken rooms at the hotel for the summer, and Garner, who was drowned under a yacht that overturned a few years ago. He made his fortune in Wall street, and upon his death was able to leave his daughters four or five mil- breakfast was served later than usual, Joseph lions each. Added to this they are charming ine was later still, and the meal was nearly and beautiful young ladies.

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BY MARY J. HOLMES. CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. FLEMING'S BOARDERS.

It was a lovely summer day when the party arrived at Holburton and were driven to the brown house on the common, where they cound everything in readiness for them, and Mrs. Fleming and Agnes waiting to receive them. Josephire was not visible, for she had resolutely set her face against them. She did not want a lot of women in the

house, anyway, she said; they were a nuisance, and made as much trouble again as men. They were never satisfied with their board, were always in the kitchen washing out their pocket handkerchiefs, heating flat irons and making a muss generally. For her part, she liked to be free to do as she liked without the fear of being torn into shoe-strings by some medaling, jealous old woman. If they must have boarders, take gentlemen; there were plenty who would be lad to come. Sue would rather have clerks, or even mechanics, than the fine lady they lescribed and a sick woman with her brats. and blue as a whetstone undoubtedly, inasmuch as she was a missionary's wife. be wanting family prayers and a blessing at the table, and be horrified to know there wer two packs of cards in the house, and that they were used, too!
This was Josephine's opinion, but

mother had her way in spite of it, and went on with her preparations, while Josephine sulked, and declared her intention of avoiding them entirely, and never, in any way, coming in contact with them. Still, there was a consolation in the fact that the small room the was compelled to take was down stairs and so far removed from the boarders that they would not know how late she was out on the street with admirers, of which she had several, or how long they staid with her after she came in. Josephine liked the kind of life she was leading at present. No lady in town dressed better than she did, and though she knew that people commented upon it, and wondered where she got the money, and hinted at things which no real modest woman would like to have laid to her charge, she did not care, so long as she knew it was all right, and that some day everything would be explained, and she stand acquitted before the world, which criticised her so unnereifully, but, because there was no tangible is if there were no breath of suspicion attach ng to her name. She would be noticed, and f she saw signs of rebellion in any quarter she fought it down inch by inch and rode tri umphantly over the opinious of those who tried to slight her. No young lady in town could boist as many admirers as she, ind she managed to keep them at her side even after they found there was no hope. Old Captain Sparks, the millionaire, had

long known this, and yet, as the moth flutters around the cande, so he hovered around the young beauty, accepting the position of father instead of brother and from time to time presenting his daughter with costly presents, which sho accepted so sweetly and prettily because she new it would hurt him if she refused. the other lovers she was sister and friend, and he gave them a great deal of good advice, and made them believe they were much safer with her than they would be elsewhere.
Only Dr. Matthewson knew her thoroughly

and him she never tried to decrive. And till, the doctor was more absolutely under longed engagement in Sheffield, proposed to Sanger, of London, that he loan him for a fortnight Little Sandy, the clown, while he in away on business, he called it, though Josephine knew that the business was gambling that being his only means of livelihood. A Walker, it having reached London in advance of him, and the magnate of manageries large sum of money into his hands, and he resolved that the light of the provincial clown and gone on a sailing vessel to the West should be hid under a bushel. Accordingly, Irdies, thinking to visit England before reorning to America. Josephine was a little erred to any man living. And yet could she nave had him by giving up Everard she would not have done it. For though she had no love for her husband, she had a fancy for the money and position he could give her by-and-by, and for which she was patiently waiting. Had her life been less leasant and exciting, or had Everard sent her less money, sue might have rebelled against it, and taken steps which would have sulted in her learning the state of affairs at the Forrest House. But as it was she was ontent to wait and enjoy herself in her own way, which was to dress and flirt and come parts of the house. The wicked Walker had and go at her pleasure, and to be waited on at home as if she were some princess of the

blood. And this was about the state of affairs when Beatrice reached the Fleming house with Mrs Morton, who, contrary to her expectations was pleased at once.

"I do believe I shall rest here and get well again, everything is so comfortable," she said s she lay down upon the chintz covered lounge for a few moments before taking th cup of tea which was brought to her by Agnes, who, in her clean calco dress, with her cup of tea which was brought to her he lights, and, throwing a somersault, lit with dark hair combed smoothly back, and a sid full weight and terrific force upon the po-vender receptacle of a big fat Dutchman in tred face, culisted Beatrice's sympathies at once, for she saw from her manner that she was a mere houserold daudge, and resolved to stand her friend

whatever might come.
Agnes was very fond of children, and when she had arranged the tray for Mrs. Morton, she any blarsted combat; I came to London to her side. Bunchie came at once, but clown." turned to the little ones and tried to coax them behind her, watched the woman curiously and it would seem without a very complimen tary verdict in her favor. Trixey was fond of bright gay colors and elegant apparel. Restrice's style suited her bester than this ided, spiritless woman, whom she, neverthe ess, regarded very intently, and at last star

led with the question:
"How did you look when you were new "Oh, Trixey!" Mrs. Morton and Beat rice both exclaimed, in a breath, fearing les Ignes' feelings should be hurt, but she only aughed a hearty, merry laugh, which chan ged her face completely, and made it almos

oung and pretty, as she said:—
"I don't know how I looked, it was so very master at New Bedford. He owned a fleet of ships known as the blue line of whalers, and my old black hands have made them so many pies and cakes, and paper dollies, and the shall make some for you, if you'll let me kis

> went back to the kitchen she was followed the little cakes she had made that morning

in expectation of their coming.

Josephine had watched the arrival of the ladies through the half-closed chutters, de ciding that Mrs. Morton was a dowdy country woman, and that Miss Belknap was very ele been successful since. It is gant even in her plain travelling dress, and that, perhaps, she was somebody whom i not present herself that afternoon: she wa tired, and wished to keep herself fresh fo 43. evening, when she expected a call from whom she had met at a picnic the day be

The next day was Sunday, and though

mother and kissed her good morning, saying,

"Late again, as usual, mamma, but you must excuse me. I am so sleepy;" then, with a graceful recognition of the strangers, she took her seat at the table by the side of Trixey, whom she patted on the head, saying: "And how is the little girl, this morning!

Mrs. Floming was accustomed to all manner of moods and freaks in her daughter, but the kissing was something new, and surprised her a little, especially as there were no gentlemen present to witness the pretty, childish scene. She passed it off, however, naturally enough, and introducing her daughter to the ladie, went on serving the break-fast. Agnes waited upon the table and so there was no kiss for her, only a gracious nod and a "good morning, sister," as if this was their first meeting, when, in fact, Agnes had been in and out of Josephine's room three or four times, carrying hot water, and towels, and soap. But Agnes was accustomed to such things and made no sigh, except as a slight flush passed across her pale face, which was unobserved by B atrice, who was giving all her attention to the young beauty, ipping her coffee so leisurely, and saying

pretty things to Trixey.

How beautiful she was, with those great dreamy blue eyes, those delicately chiseled features, and that dazzling complexion, which Bee thought at first must be artificial, it was o pure, and white and smooth. But she was nistaken, for Josephine's complexion had never known powder or paste, or wash of anv kind. It was very brilliant and fresh, and she looked so young and innocent, and child-like, that Beatrice found it hard to believe here was aught of guile or deceit in her. Everard must have become morbidly sensitive to any faults she might have, and Bee's houghts were at once busy with what she meant to do for this estranged couple. must be much of good in her. Surely that ace and those eyes, which looked so confid ingly at you, could not cover a bad heart Weak and vain, and faulty she might be, but not bad; not treacherous and unwomanly as Everard believed, and Beatrice was so glad she had come there to see and judge for herself. Every action was perfectly lady like every movement graceful, while the voice was oft and low, and well-brel in its tone: and luring the few moments they talked togethe after breakfast, Beatrice felt herself fascinate: as she had never been before by any human being. As she was tired, and had a slight headache, she did not go to church that morning, but saw Josephine leave the house morning, out saw Josephine leave the house, and watched her out of sight with feelings of wonder and perplexity. Could this be the woman whom Everard reparded with so much disgust? the Joe Fleming whom she had thought so detestable? Nor was her wonder at all diminished when, that afternoon, she found Josephine in the graden seatest under a tree with Burchies in garden, seated under a tree with Bunchie in her lap and Trixey at her side, listening in tently while she told them the story of Moses u the bulrushes. They had heard it before but it gained new power and interest when told in Josephine's dramatic way, and they hung on every word, and when it was, done begged her for another. Surely here was more of the angel than the fiend, and Beatrice, too, sat down, charmed in spire of herself, with the girl she had expected to

"She must be good, and Everard is surely mistaken," she thought, and her admiration was at its height when Josephine finished her stories and began to talk to her. Mrs. Fleming had received an impression that Miss Bel-knap was from New York, and Josephine be-

gan to question her of that city, asking if she had always lived there.

"I was born there," Beatrice replied, "but I was educated in Paris, and my home is really in Rothsay, a little town in southern

At the mention of Rothsay, Josephine started, and there was an increase of color in her face, but otherwise she was very calm, and her voice was perfectly natural as she repeated the word Rothsay, evidently trying to recall something connected with that place. At last she succeeded, and said, "Rothsay -Rothsay in Ohio. Why that's where Mr. Forrest lives. Mr. J. Everard Forrest, jr. He boarded with mamma two or three years ago. He was in college at Am herst. Probably you know him," and th blue eyes looked very innocently at Beatrice, who, warned by the perfect acting to be cautions and guarded, replied, "Oh, yes, I know Everard Forrest. His mother is a distant relative of mine. She is dead. Did you

"I think I heard so. Everard was very fond of his mother," Josephine said; and then, after a pause, she added, "Judge Forrest is very wealthy, and very aristocratic, isn't he?"

"He was always called so, and the Forrest property is said to be immense," Beatrice re-plied, quieting her conscience with the fact that, so far as the judge was concerned, she had put him in the past tense, and spoken of what he was once rather than what he was at present, but Josephine paid no attention to tenses, and had no suspicion whatever of the

truth. She was really a good deal startled and shaken, mentally. notwithstanding the calmness of her demeanor. Here was a person from Rothsay who knew Everard Forrest, and who might be of great service to her in the future, and it behooved her to be on her est behaviour. "Is Everard married yet ?" she asked after

, moment. "Married!" Beatrice repeated, and she felt

the color rising in her face. "Why, he has not his profession yet, but is studying very "Ah, yes. I remember, he intended to be a

I liked him very much, he was so pleasant and gentlemanly," Josephine said and there was a drooping of the heavy lashes over her blue eyes, as if with regret for the past when she knew and liked Everard For

"But is there no one to whom he is particularly attentive?" she asked. "He used to be very fond of the girls, and there must be some one in Rothsay suitable for him, or is his father so proud that he would object to verybody?"

Beatrice knew perfectly well what Joseph ne meant, and answered that she had heard the Judge was very particular, and would resent a marriage which he thought beneath his son, "but, if the woman was good, and true, and pure, and did her best, I think it would all be well in time," she added, as an encouragement to this girl in whom she was trying to believe; and losephine continued : "He used to speak of a little girl, Rosa

mond, I think, was the name. She must be well grown by this time. Is she there now? "You mean Rossie Hastings, his adopted sister. Yes, she is there still, and a very nice, womanly little thing. She is sixteen, believe, though she seems to me younger, Beatrice said, and the impression left on Josephine's mind of Rossie was of a child, in whom Everard could not be greatly interested

except in a brotherly way.

She had made all the inquiries she cared to make just then, lest she should excite sus picion in Beatrice, and was meditating a re treat, when the sound of rapid wheels reached young man, not over twenty, came down the and how modestly and confidently they walk flourishing his little cane and showing locked up occasionally in his face, and plainly the half-fledged boy, who was begin-drooped beneath the long lashes which rested plainly the half-fledged boy, who was beginning to feel all the independence and superiority of a man. Bowing very low to Beatrice, to whom he was introduced as Mr. Gerard from Albany, he told Josephine he had come to ask her to drive after his fast borse. "You were at church all the morn-

reprovingly: "Thank you, Mr. Gerard, but I do not often ride en Sunday. Some other day I shall be happy to go with you, for I dote on fast horses, but now you must ex-

cuse me. Young Gerard was surprised, for he had not expected to find conscientious scruples in the girl who, the previous night, had played euchre with him until half-past eleten, and then shood another half hour at the gate. laughing and flirting with him, though she had met him but once before.

swered loftily:
"Certainly do as you think sest. If you won't ride with me I must find some-body who will. I wish you good afternoon,

Touching his hat very politely he walked away; but Josephine could not let him go in this mood. He was her latest conquest, and she arose and followed him. and walked with him to the gate, and said to

him apologetically:

I want to go a fully, but it will never do with a missionarys family in the house."
"Bother take the missionaries," he said 'I wanted to show you how fast Dido car

"Yes, I know; but there are other days than Sunday, and there are lots of girls ach ing to go with you to-day," Josephine said, as she fastened a little more securely the bouquet in his button-hole, and let her hands rest longer on his coat-sleege than was ne-

"But I shan't take 'em. I shall wai for voa." he answered, quite soothed and Then he bade a good by and drove off, while Josephine returned to Beatrice and said

laughingly: "What bores boys of a certain age are, and how they always fasten upon a girl older than themselves I This Gerard cannot be over

twenty. He reminds me a little in his dress of Everard Forrest when he first came here. so fastidious and elegant, as if he had just stepped from a bandbox."
"He is very different to that now," Beat-

rice replied, rousing up at once in Everard's defence. Of course be can never look like anything but a gentleman, but he wears his oats and boots and hats until they are positively shabby. It would almost seem as if he were hoarding up money for some particular purpose, he is so careful about expense. He neither smokes, ror chews, nor drinks, and it is said of him that he has not a single bad habit; his wife. should he ever have ore,

bught to be very proud of him."

Beatrice was very eloquent and earnest in her praises of Everard, and watched closely the effect on Josephine. There certainly was a different scalar of face as she listened to this high encomment on her husband, whose economies she well knew were practised for her, and there was something like a throb of grat tude or affection in her heart when she heard that the money she had supposed was given him by his father was earned or saved by himself, that she might be daintily

clothed.
"I am delighted with this good account of him, and so will mamma be," she said; "he must have changed so much, for he was very but I liked him exceedingly.'

Again there was the sound of wheels stop ping before the gate, and excusing herself osephine hurried away to meet the second gallant who had come to take her to ride Of course she could not go, and so the young man staid with her, and Walter Gerard drove back that way, and seeing her in the parlor tied his horse to the fence and came sauntering in with the air of one sure of a

Josephine did not appear at the tea-table, but Leatrice saw Agnes taking in a tray into the parlor, and knew the trio were served in there, and felt greatly shocked and disgusted when she heard the clock strike twelve before the sound of suppressed voices and laughter ceased in the parlor, and the two buggies were driven rapidly

CHAPTER XXVI.

first real letter she had sent him for many

weeks. Heretofore she had merely acknow

JOSEPHINE'S CONFIDENCE The next day Josephine wrote Everard the

ledged his drafts made payable to her mother but now she filled an entire sheet, and called him her dear husband, and told him of Miss Belknap's presence in the house, and what she had said of his habits and strict economy I know it is all for me," she wrote, ' and I felt like crying when she was talking abou made me resolve to be worthy of you and the osition I am one day to fill as your wife. When will that be, Everard? Must we wait for ever? Sometimes I get desperate, and an tempted to start at once for Rothsay and, facing your father, tell him the truth; and brave the storm which I suppose would follow. But then I know you would be angry at such a proceeding, and so I give it up, and go on waiting patiently, for I do wish to please you, and am glad this Miss Belknap is here, as I am sure of her friendship when the time of trial comes She is very sweet and lovely, and I wonder you did not prefer her to your unworthy but

oving Josey."

Beatrice also wrote to Everard that day, and told him where she was, and why, and said of Josephine, "there must be good in her, or she could not seem so sweet, and amiable, and affectionate. A little vain she may be and fond of attention, and why not? She cannot look in the glass and not know now beautiful she is. And her voice is so soft and low and musical, and her manners so lady-like. You see I am more than half love with her, and I am quite disposed to advise a recognition on your part of her claim upon you. Of course I shall not betray you. That is not my business here. I came to see what this girl is, whose life is joined with yours. I find her quite up to the average of women, and think it your safer cours to acknowledge her, and not leave her sub ect to the temptations which must necessar ly beset a pretty woman like her, in th shape of admiration and attention from every marriageable man in town. It is your safe way, Everard, for remember there is a bar between you and any other face which may look to you inexpressibly fair and sweet, and all the sweeter and fairer because possession

These letters reached Everard the same even ng, and he found them in his office on his return from the Forrest House, where he had at with Rossie an hour on the piazza, with the moonlight falling on her face and softenng the brilliancy of her great black, eyes.

FORREST HOUSE. in a blue cambric gown, with fold pedants in her ears, and a bit of honeysuckle at her young man, not over twenty, came down the her ears, and a bit of honeysuckle at her young man, not over twenty, came down the her ears, and a bit of honeysuckle at her young man, not over twenty, came down the her ears, and confidently they walk flourishing his little cane and showing looked up occasionally in his face, and on the fair cheeks. She was so sweet and loving, this pu e, fresh young girl; and her face and eyes haunted Everard all the way down the avenue and the long street to his office, where he found his letters-one from Beatrice, one from Josephine, and the last eg, and deserve a little recreation," he saw first, recoiling from it as from a seriad, as he saw signs of refusal in Josey, who, suce that Miss Belknap would not accept a pain the face seen in the moonlight, and the like invitation, felt that she, too, must repressure of the hand he had held in his at parting. Then he took Bee's letter and turned it over, and saw it was post-marked at Holburton, and with a start of fear and apprehension tore it open and read it eagerly. . I shall never do it," " But

said, as he read Bee's advice with regard to recognizing Josephine. "The goodness is not there; and so Bee will discover if she stops there long enough. Then, as he finished her letter, he felt as if all the blood in his body were rushing to his head, for he guessed what she meant by "that other face, so inexpressibly fair and sweet." He was not accustomed to be thwarted, and he showed that he was annoyed, and an gether as he thought of the bar which made it sinful for him to look too often upon that face, fast budding into rare beauty, should find it too sweet and fair for his own peace of mind. And then he told himself that Rosamond was only his sister; his ward, in whom he must necessarily have an unusual interest. Beatrice was too fastidious, and did not trust enough to his good sense. He was not in love with Rosamond, nor in danger of becoming so.

Thus the young man reasoned, while he tore Josey's letter into shreds, which he tossed into the waste basket. He did not believe in her or intend to answer it, for whenever he thought of her now, it was as he saw her last, at midnight in the car, sleeping on Dr. Matthewson's arm. He wrote to Beatrice how-ever, within a few says, expressing his sur-prise at what she had done—and telling her that any interference between Josephine and himself was useless, and that if she staid long

in Holburton, she would probably change her mind with regard to the young lady.

And in this he was right, for before his letter reached Holburton, Beatrice and Mrs. Morton both had learned that the voice, soft and flute-like and well-bred when it dressed themselves, had another ring when alone in the kitchen with Agnes, who drudged from morning till night, that the unusually large household might be ket up. There were more boarders now in the house, for Mrs. Julia Hayden and husband had come to Holburton, hoping a change would benefit Mr. Hayden, who liked the quiet, pleasant town, and the pure air from the hills, which was not quite so bracing as that which blew down from the mountains around Bronson.

The Haydens occupied the parlor below. greatly to the annoyance of Miss Josey, who was thus compelled to receive her numerous calls either in the dining room or on the back piazza, or on the horse block near the

It was not unusual for Josey to receive three admirers at a time, and she managed so admirably that she kept them all amiable and civil, though each hated the other cordially, and wondered why he would persist in coming where he was not wanted. Night after night Mrs Morton and Mrs. Hayden were kept awake till after midnight by the low hum of voices and occasion. al bursts of suppressed laughter which came from the vicinity of the horse-block, and when Mrs. Morton complained of it in the presence of Josephine, that young lady was very sorry, and presumed it was some of the hired girls in town, who had a great way of hanging over gates with their lovers, and sitting upon horse-blocks into all hours of the

when she saw a female figure steal cautiously up the walk into the house, and heard the footsteps of two or three individuals going down the road, she guessed who the zirls" were, and Josephine suspected that she did, and removed her trysting place from the horse-block to the rear of the garden, where she was out of ear-shot of the "old muffs," as she styled Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Hayden. And here she received her friends, as she called them and laughed and flirted, and played with them, but was careful not to overstep certain bounds of proexcuse on which to base an action for divorce, should he ever bring himself to consider such an act, which she doubted. He was too proud for that, and would rather live with and dislike her, than repudiate her openly, and bring a stain upon the Forrest name. It was impossible for her to understand his real feelings towards her. Indifferent he was, of course and sorry, no doubt, for the tie which bound them; but she was so thoroughly convinced of her own charms and power to fascinate, that she had little fear of winning him back to something like allegiance when she once had him under her influence again. He could not resist her; no man could, except the old judge; and secure in this belief, she went on

and began at last to believe there was no rea good in her. "The most shameless flirt I ever saw. with claws like a cat," Mrs. Hayden said of her, -'why, she has actually tried her power or Harry, and asked him so insinuatingly and pityingly if he really thought oatmeal agreed with him as well as a juicy steak or mutton-

ner way, while Beatrice watched her narrowly

Bee laughed merrily at the idea of Josey' casting her eyes upon poor, shrivelled, dys-peptic Harry Hayden, whom to do her justice, she did pity, for the cold baths he was compelled to take every morning, and the rigid diet on which he was kept. he lacked brain force as his wife asserted, she did not doubt, or he would never have submitted as meekly as he did, with the stereotyped phrase, "Julia knows best;" but she pitied him just the same, and occasional y conveyed to him on the sly hot cups of seef-tea or mutton broth, and once coaxed im to drink lager beer, but Mrs. Julia found out by the culprit's breath, and disliked

osey worse than ever.
It was now five weeks since Beatrice o Holburton, and as Mrs. Morton did not eem to improve, she was thinking of finding another place for her, when Josephine came to her one morning as she was sitting alone with her work, and taking a seat beside her, began to talk of herself and the life she was

"I am of no use to any one," she said. for both mother and Agnes are afraid I shall soil my hands or burn my face. I am tired of this kind of life. I want to see the world and have larger experiences; and fortunately I have an opportunity to do so. When was at the sea-side I met a widow lady a Mrs. Arnold, who is rich and an invalid. She wa kind enough to pretend to like me, and I think she did, for I have received a letter from er, asking me to go as a companion with her to Europe, she defraving all the expenses, of ourse, and leaving me nothing to do but to make myself agreeable to her, and enjoy what I see. Now, would you go or not??"
"I think I would," Beatrice replied, for it

seemed to her as if this going to Europe would omehow be the severing link between Everard and Josephine. Something would happen to bring on the crisis which must come sooner or later.

"I would go, most certainly," she said

again, and then she asked some questions concerning Mrs. Arrold, whose letter Josey showed to her. Evidently she was not a woman of great discernment or culture, but she was sincere in her wish to take Josephine abroad, and disposed to be very generous with

her.
"She will be gone a year at least, and possibly two, and I can see so much in that time. I am quite d zzy with anticipation," Josephine said, while Beatrice entered heart and soul into the project, which was soon known to the entire household. That night young Gerard from Albany called on Josephine as usual, and hearing of the proposed trip to Europe offered himself to her, and cried like a baby when she gave him her final "no," and made him understand that she meant it. But she held his hand in hers ard there was one of her tears on his boyish face when at last he said good-night and walked away, somewhat soothed and com-forted with the thought that he was to be her friend of friends, the one held as the dearest and best in her memory when she was far

over the sea. The news of the intended journey made Everard wild with delight, for, with the ocean between them, he felt that he should almost be free again; and he sent her a hundred dollars, and told her he hoped she would enjoy herself, and then, intoxicated with what seemed to him like his freedom, went up to see Rosamond, and stayed with her until the clock was striking ten, and Mrs. Markham came into the room to break up the tete-a-

Zembla sailed out of the harbor of Boston with Josephine on board, her fair hands waving kisses and adieux to the two men on the shore, watching her so intently—young Gerard and old Captain Sparks, who had followed ard and old Captain Sparks, who had followed her to the very last, each vieing with the other in the size and cost of the bouquets, which filled executive held of the control of the cont

a great wave came and carried them far out to sea, while Josey lay in her berth limp,

VENTS OF ONE YEAR AT THE FORREST HOUSE. It was near the last of October when Bee returned to Rothsay, where Everard greeted her gladly as one who could understand and sympathize with him. It had come to him at last like a shock that he loved Rosamond Hastings as he had never loved Josephine, even in the days of his wildest infatuation and far different from that first feverish, unhealthy passion of his boyhood was this mightier love of his maturer manhood, which threatened at last to master him so completely that he determined at last to go away wilds of California and the rocky dells of Oregon try to forget the girl whom to love discomfiture, he found Rosamond herself was a sin.

To Beatrice he confessed everything, and rebelled hotly against the bar which kept him

could easily obtain one under the circumnever believe in any divorce which was rot sanctioned by the Bible. He had assumed a the boy in attendance that he need not wait case similar to his own, which he pretended until Mr. Forrest's return. she sent him to But Mrs. Julia was not deceived. Her was pending in court, and warmly espousing the husband's cause, had asked Rosamond if she did not think it perfectly right for the man to marry again.

And she had answered decidedly: "I should despise him and the woman who

Atter this there was nothing for Everard to do but to take up his burden and carry it away with him to the Far West, hoping to leave it there. But he did not hand he came back to Rothsay to find Rossie sweeter, fairer than ever, and so unfeignedly that te see him. than ever, and so unfeignedly flad to see him that for an hour he gave himself up to the ight and wrong, said things and brought to her eyes that new light the pain was there. which is so beautiful in its dawning, and which no one can mistake who is skilled in he was losing all his self-command. Except

e had meant to come. And with a shyness which sat so prettily on her, and a drooping of the eyelids, she listened to him, and though she said but little, the mischef was done, and never again would her eyes meet his as frank ly and readily as before. Something in the one of his voice and the unwonted tender ness of his manner kindled a fire in that young neart which many waters could not extinhalf fearful, half ecstatic, that she loved Everard Forrest, not as a sister loves a brother or man loves the one who to her man in all the world. But could she have in his arms, and kissing her passionately, said:
searcely have known the white-faced, haggard man whom the dawn found with his be rude, but why did you come here this

to Rosamond was in a measure prompted by am."
a sudden fear which had come upon him lest the knowledge of his marriage should reach her through some other channel. On his return from Oregon, and before he went to the Forrest House, he had found several letters which had come during his absence, and which had been forwarded. One was from Josephine, who was still abroad and perfectly happy, if her word was to be believed. had found Mrs. Arnold everything that was kind, and generous, and considerate; and made many delightful acquaintances; had learned to speak both German and French, and had come across Dr. Malthewson, who was at the same hotel with herself, the Vic

This letter did not particularly affect Ever ard either way. Dresden was very far off, and Josephine might remain abroad another year, good offered him, and not cross the of difficulty until he fairly reached it. But on his return from the Forrest House h found two more letters on his desk, post-marked at Dresden, the other at Hol burton, and this he opened was from Agnes, and had been some time on the road and told him that Mrs Fleming had died suddenly, after an illness of two days only, and Agnes was left alone There was still a mortgage on the house, she

said, and after that was paid, and a few debts they were owing, there would be little left for her, and this little she must, of course, divide with Josephine. She offered no com-plaint, nor saked for any help. She said she could take care of herself, either as house-keeper, cook or nurse, and, on the whole, she seemed to be in a very resigned and cheerful state of mind for a person left so entirely alone. The other letter proved to be from a Cincinnati acquaintance, with whom he had once been at school, and who had recently married and gone abroad, and was'n Dresden at the Victoria Hotel, where he said, there were many pleasant Americans both from Boston and New York, and Everard feit morally sure that the pleasant people from Boston were Mrs. Arnold and Josephine. And his friend Phil. Evarts was just the man to be attracted by Josey, even 11 he had a hundred wives, and Josephine was sure to meet him more than half way, and find out first that he was from Cincinnati, and then that he had been in Rothsay and knew Judge Forrest's family, and then—a cold sweat broke out all over Everard's face as he thought, what then? while something whispered to him, "Then you will reap the fruit of the deception prac-

ticed so long, and you deserve it, too."

Everard knew he deserved it, but when one is reap ng the whirlwind. I do not think it is any comfort to know that he has sown the wind, or this harvest would never have ben. It certainly did not help Everard, but rather added to the torments he endured as he thought of Josophine, enraged and infuria ed, swooping down upon him, bristling all over with injured innocence, and making for herself a strong party, as she was sure to do. But worse than all would be the utter loss of Rossie, for she would be lost to him for ever, and possibly turn against him for his duplicity, and that he could not

bear.
"I'll tell her to-morrow, so help me Heaven!" he said, as he laid his throbbing head upon his writing-table and tried to think how he should commence, and what she would He knew how she would look,—not scorn-

fully and angrily upon him,—but so sorry, so disappointed, and that would hurt him

worse than her contempt. How fair and sweet she seemed to him, as he went over sweet she seemed to him, as he went seemed to him her, remembering first, the quaint, old-fashioned child he had tessed so unmercifully, and of whom he had made a very slave; then the whom he had made a very slave; then the girl of fifteen, whose honest eyes had looked which filled one entire half of a table in the of long dresses and pure womanhood, who diving saloon, and stamped as somebody the beautiful girl who paraded them rather osten-For two days they adorned the table at which she sat, and filled the saloon with perfume, and were examined and talked about, could be so easily. In her single-heartedness could be so easily. In her single-heartedness and talked about, and talked about, and the saloon with perfume, and were examined and talked about, and the saloon with perfume and talked about. which she sat, and miled the saloon with per-fume, and were examined and talked about, and she was pointed out as that young lady who had so many large and elegant bor-quets; and then, the third day out, when were thrown overboard by the cabin-boy, and He must tell her, and she would forgive him, , and He must tell her, and she would forgive him, out even while she banished him from her presa great wave came and carried them far out even while she bankind in from her presto sea, while Josey lay in her berth limp, ence; but after she knew it, whose op nion was worth more to him toan that of the flowers, or Gerard, or Captain Sparks, but whole world, he could be are whitever else with a feeling of genuine longing for the might come. But how could he tell her? with a feeling of genuine longing tor the mother and Agnes, whose care and ministrations she missed so much in her miserable condition.

OHADTER XXVII.

Werbally; and so see the surprise, and disappointment, and pain which would succeed each other so rapidly in those clear innocent eyes which faithfully mirrored what she felt. He knew there would be pain, for, as he loved her, so he felt that she cared or could care for him, if only it were right for her to do so, and selfish as he was, it hurt him cruelly that she must suffer through his fault. But it must be, and, at last, concluding that he never could sit face to face with her while he confessed his secret, he decided to write it out and send it to her, and then wait a few days before going to see the effect. He made this resolve just as the autumnal morning shone full into his room, and he heard across the common the bell from his boarding-house summoning him to breakfast. But he could not eat, and, after a vain effort from Rothsay for a month, and, amid the at swallowing a little coffee, he went back to

him as he came in.

When he was with her the night before, she had forgotten to speak to him of a certain.

He had thought of divorce, he said. He matter of business which must be attended to that day, and immediately after breakfast, stances, but he was sure Rossic would which was always early at the Forrest House, his breakfast, and was there alone when Ever

ard came in. "Oh, Rossie. Ross'e," he gasped, as if the sight of her unnerved him entirely, "why did

you come here this morning?"

She did not tell him why she came, for she married him. I abominate these divorces so forgot her errand ent rely, in her alarm at he easily obtained. It is wicked, and God will white, haggard face, and the strangeness of

up to the him sit down, in the chair she vacated and pappiness of the moment, and defying both brought him some water, which he refused, which and then, standing beside him, laid her so't leepened the bloom on Rospie's cheeks, cool hand upon his forehead, and asked it

At the touch of those hands Everard elt as he had held them a moment in his own He did not tell her he loved her: but he when he met her, or said good-bye, he had told her how he had missed her, and how not felt those dainty fingers on his fle-habe alone had brought him back some. than mother's death, when Rossie had been his nurse, and smoothed his aching brow as she was doing now. Then her hands had a strange power to soothe and quiet him, but now they made him wild. He ould not bear it, and, pushing her, almost rudely, from him, he exclaimed : Rossie! I can't bear that you should touch

There were tears in Rossie's eyes at being so repulsed, and for an instant her cheeks grew scarlet with resentment, but before she riend loves friend, but as a true, good wo- could speak, overcome by an impulse he could not resist. Everard gathered her swiftly

head resting upon the table, where it had lain morning to tempt me. I was going to write most of the night, while he tought the demon trying so hard to conquer him. He must long ago, and the sight of you makes me not love Rosamond Hastings; he must not such a coward. Rossie my darling;—I will let her love him; and to prevent it he call you so once, though it's wrong, its wicked must tell her the whole truth, and this was what he was trying to make up his mind to do.

Possibly his resolution to confess the whole Possibly his resolut

It was a long time since Rossie thought of Joe Fleming, with whom she believed Everard had broken altogether; but she remembered him now, and, at once attributing Everard's rouble to that source, she said, in her

cnild like way:
"It's Joe Fleming again, Mr. Everard, and I hoped you were done with him for

She was very pale and her eyes had a startled look, for the sudden caress and the words "my darling," had shaken her nerves, and aroused in her a tumult of joy nd dread of she scarcely knew what; she looked steadily at Everard, who answered

ner bitterly:
"Yes, it is Joe Fleming,—always Joe Fleming.—end I am going to tell you about it; but, Rossie, you must promise not to hate me, or I never can tell you. Bee knows and into that time so much happiness hate me, or I never can tell you. Bee knows might be crowded that he would take the and does not hate me. Do you promise,

Rossie?' "Yes, I promise, and I'll help you if I can," Rossie said, without the slightest suspicion of the nature of the trouble.

She never suspected anything. The shrewd, far-seeing ones, who seent evil from afar, would say of her that she was neither deep nor quick, and possibly she was not. Wholly guileless herself, she never looked for wrong

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