COMIC BUDGET.

-In-cents-copper. -Sets things right-the hen. -The ties that bind-advertise.

-Free of charge-an empty gun. -Bad buy words-"Charge it to me." -Champagne frappe is called a frozen

smile. -In making wills, some are left out and

others are left tin. -A sensitive reporter is the wrong man in

the write place. -Fly time-when you hear her father's

heavy cane thamping along the hall.

-The old maid who exclaimed, "My life FORREST HOUSE. has been a deserted waist," can readily be be lieved.

-Why is fashionable society like a warming pan? Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

- An exchange says: "Very few hens lay at the point of death." Perhaps they would if they could see the point.

-Bicycles are to be propelled by steam. Then they will be running into each other and nobody will be to blame.

-A Michigan man was arrested and fined \$10 for hugging a widow. Is this the boasted freedom of the American press?

---When a Leadville man merely passes in his checks on account of delerium tremens they say he died a natural death.

The doctor was growing irritable, and Josephine knew it, but she could not forbear -It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. A Milwaukee girl married a barbor and he turned out to be a rich baron in disanswering him tartly:

guise. —White neckties are so cheap this season "What do you mean?" he asked sharply, that many a sad-faced man has secured a railroad ticket at half price on the strength

-An exchange speaks of a man who "is but one step removed from an ass." He had

strong provocation. Of course there are sins at your door not generally known. Suppose some one should be in--Augustus Dabble (artist)-" Don't you sins think it is about time I exhibited something." Severe critic (examining Dabble's latest pro-duction) —" Yes a little talent, for instance. strumental in bringing them or the worst of them to light ?"

mandment you say I have not broken," he answered, and in the eyes bent so searchingly on Josephine's face there was matrice man can say "my dear wife" and no one can tell just exactly what he means. an evil, threatening look, before which she -When an Ohio man gets into the woods

She must never let him know of the letter hidden under the carpet, and watched by her so carefully. Every day she went to the spot " Have I been nominated for any office while I was gone ?

-If the President of the United States, says the Boston Courier, felt in proportion to his had no need to read it except to see if she read it again until she knew it by heart, and place as big as a policeman in his new uni- had not by some chance made a mistake and

place as big as a policeman in his new uni-form, he'd grow round shouldered trying to dodge the clouds. —A dealer in hosiery in Chheago marked a pair of stockings: "Only \$10,000," and more than one hundred ladies stopped at the window and cried out: "Dear me! how cheap—I'll ask my husband to buy them !"

-" Do not know commas when you see demonstrative a manner. them? said the village school teacher to the Agnes had gone strai

of that letter and dared not leave, lest some one should find it, but sat all day -Perspiration never rains, it simply pores -[N, Y, Express. And a boil never files, but is all day in her casy-chair, which had been drawn into sores. $-[Osmego\ Record.$ And apples never fall without cores. $-[Boston\ Journal\ of\ Com-$ secret. And there she sat when Agnes came secret. And there she sat when Agnes came in, and then, as if all her remaining nerves merce. And a book agent is no gimlet, but had given away, she threw her arms around her neck and sobbing out, "Oh, Aggie, I am

-Technologist-Some friends and yourself practical miners. Well, take your friend's it much longer." fainted entirely away.

CHAPTER XLVII. stocks; in a few weeks you may find yourselves minus. AGNES FINDS THE LETTER.

-A badly-shaven gentleman, suffering from general debility, consults a celebrated physi-eian. "Do you shave yourself?" asked the those little black pests, which within a few doctor, glancing at his slashed checks. "Yes." years, have crept into the houses in cer-"stop it. You are losing too much blood. That's what's the matter with you." this scheme the matter with you."

-At a recent Sunday-school session the -At a recent Sunday-school session the to those who will persist in hunting for them. superintendent was talking about idols, when, Among the latter class was Agnes, who, from superintension whether the children were un-to ascertain whether the children were un-derstanding what he was saying, he asked, "Children, what was an idol?" "Being "Children, what was an idol?" "Being them on the edges of the carpets, and the them on the edges of the carpets, and the rest of her time hunting them in bundles, and boxes, and drawers. They seemed to owe

Lives there a man who is not pleased To see his honored name in print? How much more is his joy increased When praise is given without stint!

THE YORK HERALD

VOL XXIII.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

"Married,-to whom ? Not Everard ?" "No-o," the doctor answered contempt ously, annoyed at Josephine's manner. tope she has more sense than to marry that milksop, who has grown to be more like a Mothodist parson than anything else. You

called him a milksop yourself, once," he con-tinued, as he saw Mie flash in Josephihe's eyes, "and you must not blame me for taking my cue from you, woo knew him better than do. I believe, on my soul, you half feared

he was going to marry, and were sorry for it. He is nothing to you. A woman cannot have wo husbands; that's bigamy."

"There are worse crimes than bigamy —a great deal—and they are none the less worse

and Josephine replied : "Nothing in particular; only you told me of his throat gear.

once that you had broken every command-ment except the one "Thou shalt do no murbetter make it three or four. The animal has der," and that you might break that under a long reach backward.

"Then I might break the only com-

-The word "dear" is one of the greatest

quailed. for a couple of days, on a fishing excursion, the first question he asks on his return 1s:

to make sure it was there, and every day she

now only two weeks in the distance, and Beatrice was exceedingly busy with her pre-parations,—so busy that she had not found time to call upon Agnes, as she intended to do, when she heard of her arrival at the For-

rest House. She always liked Agnes, and was glad when her maid came to her room, saying that she was in the parlor waiting to see her. "Ask her to come up here." she said, and n a moment Agnes was with her, seeming so agitated and excited, that Beatrice guessed at nce that something was wrong, and asked

what was the matter. It was not in Agnes' nature to keep ne in suspense, and she answered b outting the letter into Beatrice's hand and

aving "I found it under the carpet, and becaus dared not show it to him,-the doctor, I nean, - who I am sure put it there, brought it to you. Read it quick, and then we must act together; but never let him know I had a hand in it; he would kill me it he did ; there's murder in his nature, or he

never could have done this." Agnes was speaking to ears which did not oar what she was saying, for Bee had taken the letter, postmarked at 'Wien,' and ad dressed in a handwritting she knew so well and the very sight of which made her heart throb with pain as she remembered the dear little girl whom she believed to be dead in the far-away foreign town. But, when she glanced at the date, a vague terror seized her and held her fast while she read the letter, which I

give to the reader : " HAELDER-STRAUCHSEN, Austria,]

June 10th, 18—.) "DEAN EVERARD :—Are you dead? Is every-body dead in America, that I am forgotten, deserted,—and left here alone in this dread-ful place? Not dreadful because they are unkind to me, for they are not. Only they say that I am mad, and treat me as such. and always have an attendant watching what I do and I cannot get away, though I have tried so many times. Where my brother is, I do not know; he left mo here more than a year ago, to go to Vienna for a day or two, he said. have never seen him since or heard from him : and the head of the house .- Dr. Van Schoisner,—says that he is undoubtedly dead ; and I might believe him, perhaps, if he did not insist that I am his niece, Myra Van Schoisner, and not Rosamond Hastings at all. He says she died last April, a year ago, and was buried by the river which I can sec

from my window, and that her brother, Dr. Matthewson, left soon after and has not returned. "Ob, Everard, it is all so dreadful, and sometimes my head buzzes and feels so big that I am afraid I shall go crazy, as they say I am. I have written and written to you and Bee and Lawyer Russell, and even to my

as white as I am. What is the matter? You him, and then all creation couldn't have ave been shut up too closely with me. You stopped him from throttling the wretch have not been out since you came, and you the street, and spoiling every This letter was written long ago, and are so accustomed to the air and exercise. thing. Suppose you go for a walk. I am sure it will there's no knowing what may have happened since to our little girl. She may be dead do you good." Now was Agnes' opportunity, and saying that she thought a walk would do sure enough now, or, what is worse, mad in

her good, she hurried from the room, and was soon on her way towards Elm Park. ceal earnest. So don't go to kicking up a row just yet, till we get more proof, and then we'll Beatrice was going to be married, and not-withstanding what Dr. Matthewson had said spring the trap so tight that he cannot get away. I'm honestly afraid, though, that he has done something worse with the little girl since he had this letter, which the Lord only knows how he got. He must have a key to Everard's drawer; but we'll fix him ! and, of her faded looks, she had never been so cautiful and sweetly attractive in her fresh girlhood as she was now at twenty-nine, with the great happiness shining in her face and showing itself in every action. Poor, nervous Mollie was not forgotten, for her Miss Belknap, I say, you or somebody must go to Europe and hunt up poor little Rossie. memory lived in her lovely children, Trix and little Bunchie ; but Theodore had felt it right I'll be hanged if it don't make me cry to think of her shut up, and waiting and waiting for to claim at last his early love, who was not us to come. Go on your wedding trip. You ashamed to confess how dear he was to her and the parson will do better than Everard, whose name they have heard, and for whom they may be on the watch. Morton is new and how glad she was to be his wife and the

mother of his children. The wedding, which was to be very prito them, and will excite no suspicion. This ate, was to take place the 15th of September, irl,—what's her name,—Yulah Van Eisner, nust be found first, of course, if she is not already put out of the way, and with her help you'll fetch her, poor little girl. You ought to o right away, and we'll say nothing to Everrd till you've found her. Suspense and then disappointment would kill him outright. And he must not go; that hound would track him sure, and everything be spoiled. ou must do it, and you can, better than any-

of hers about giving her fortune to that For-rest, as soon as she comes of age, and would odv else. Beatrice felt that she could, too, and had apidly concocted in her mind a denouement both startling and novel, and highly satisshare it with me. I wouldn't do it, for, by Jove, I've a kind of liking for the girl," Dr factory. But there was one difficulty to be surmounted. Theodore's people might not Matthewson said, as there came a little prick e willing for him to be gone so long, in that thing he proposed to do, which was nothing ase she said :

nore or less than burying Rossie alive inside "I'll postpone the wedding and go alone." a mad-house, where, so long as the price was But this was not necessary, for, in response paid, she would be as really dead to the world as if the grass were growing over her, and where the chances were that she would either the long letter which went that night to loston, there came a telegram, "I can go dic a speedy death, or, with her temperament and then all Bee's thoughts were turned to become a hopeless lunatic. Money he must have, and as he believed in the work she had on hand, and she grew so restless and nervous and impatient for the day when she could start that people noted neither God nor Devil, he had no scruples as to how he got it, only he would a little

and commented upon her changed looks and rather not murder one outright to get it. Every argument which he could think of had manners, wondering greatly what ailed her, and if her heart was not in the marriage. Everard was in Rothsay now, and with her every evening, talking always of Rossie, been brought to bear upon Rossie, with a view to inducing her to keep the fortune willed whose grave he bade her be sure and find, and bring him something from it, if only a blade of grass. Once he startled her by say-ing he had half made up his mind her, but she stood firm as a rock in her deci ion to make the whole over to Everard soon as she came of age, and so he had recourse to the horrid scheme of which we to join her party, and go with her, so great was his desire to see where Rossie have hinted.

fiercely,

ejected.

Rossie.

He knew Van Schoisner well, and knew that he was the man for any deed, however vas buried. But Bee turned upon him so dark, --- provided there was money in it, with little chance of detection ; and he sent for declaring that she preferred going alone with Theo, that he abandoned the plan altogether, and felt a little hurt at the him to meet them at Salzburg to confer on important business. So Van Schoisner went whemence with which his company had been nd found what the business was, and talked The wedding was very quiet and small, and to Rossie about her head and brain, and the bride very absent-minded and non-com-mittal in her answers to their inquiries as to cerebellum, until she lost her wits and said she hadn't any cerebellum, and never had. where she was going, and how long she ex-pected to be gone. But whatever they might She was homesick, and that was all. This, of course, was proof conclusive of a have thought of her, the bridegroom was perfectly satisfied, and seemed supremely diseased state of mind. A girl who hadn't any cerebellum, and who persisted appy as he bade his friends good bye, and in throwing away hundreds of thousands of be insanc and dealt with dollars, must pllowed his impatient wifelinto the car which accordingly. So the bargain was made, and Rossie's fate was sealed. And then was to take them to New York, and the ship, which, on the 15th of September, sailed away for Europe, where they hoped to find poor arose the question of friends at home. What should be said to them to quiet all sus Agnes was stath walding and, with the picion ?

exception of Lawyer Russell, was the only one who had the slightest suspicion of the "She must be dead, of course," Van Schoisher said. "Nothing easier than that. A reason which had taken the newly-wedded pair so suddenly to Europe. But Agnes was safe as the grave, though often at her wits' end to know what to make of her sister, notice in the paper; a letter containing particulars; crape on your hat; a tear in your eve, and the thing is accomplished.'

"Yes," returned the doctor, "but suppose that chap who is in love with her takes it who grew worse instead of better, and who sometimes talked and acted as if she had lost into his head to come spooning after her reason. She had missed the letter from its hiding-place, and gone nearly grave, and inquires about her death, and her a special spite, for they had eaten her woollen shawl, and her furs, and her best answer has come. and now I do not think who had found it. But as her husband's

wants to see the very room, and all that-and it would be like him to do it-what then?" delaine dress, and life was becoming a burden iny letters ever left this Mdison-de-Sante, as to her, when she received Josephine's letter they call the institution, which stands sev-Van Schoisner rubbed his forehead though fully a moment, and then said : eral miles back from the Danube. Take the more quiet, though there was constantly with "That's the hardest part to manage, but] boat at Lintz, and get off at _____, and come quick, and get me away from here before I die. I wonder I have not died before this, it is so awful to be shut up and her a presentiment of some great evil which think I can do it, only give me time. I have a niece in the country a few miles from herc, was to be brought about by means of the lost very sick with consumption-in the last CHAPTER XLVIII. stages, and poor, too, with no friends but mycalled somebody else, and hear only a foreign self. I pay her board where she is, and visit language, of which at first I could not under LA MAISON DE SANTE. her sometimes. She was born in London, stand a word, and they tried not to let me learn. Only the doctor speaks English Just where it was situated, how far from Vienna, how far from Lintz, or how far from her father was an Englishman ; so she speaks English perfectly, and might be your sister. I have talked of taking her and a woman called Yulah Van Eisner, the Danube, does not matter to the reader. who came as attendant two months ago, o Haelder-Strauchsen, and will do so at who needs only to know there was such and who has promised to get this letter off place, embowered in trees, and flowers, and once, though the journey will shorten her shrubs, and seeming to the casual passer-by like a second little Eden, where one But that will not matter, as she must "I spoke brother's name to her,-Dr. die soon. Once at Haelder-Strauchsen she is Matthewson,—and she almost foamed at the mouth, and actually spit upon me because I ad nothing to do but to enjoy the brightness your sister, and your sister is my niece. of the Austrian skies, and the beauty of the attendants never ask questions nor talk. Do was his sister · but I made her know I was remises around. But every door was barred, vou comprehend ?" Dr. Matthewson thought he did, but left good, made her listen to me ; and she became and every window had a net-work of iron in ny friend, and taught me to speak with her. the matter wholly to his ally, who had, i front of it, through which white, haggard faces and will help me to get away if she can. Sh ooked wistfully, and strange, wild laughs possible, drank deeper from the cup of iniquity mingled sometimes with cries of rage, were heard to issue at all hours of the day. Fresays my brother is not dead ; he is a villain, han himself. and wants my money; and that Myra Van Schoisner is in the grave As the result of this conversation there was quently the inmates of that house, or those who were on the "good list," walked in the prought to the hotel a few days later a whitewhere they say I am; and it's all ıorri faced, fair-haired girl, in whose great blue ble, and I am so sick and frightened, and eautiful grounds, but never walked alone eyes and about whose mouth and nose death so afraid I shall go mad if you don't come An attendant was always with them, watchful, was plainly written. They called her Myra. vigilant, without, however, seeming to be so; and said she was Van Schoisner's niece "Dear, dear Everard, come to your poor for the rule of the house was kindness, whenwhom he was taking to his home for better care than she could have in the country. " Rossie. ever it would answer, and as much freedom This was all Rossie had written, but a as was compatible with safety. Except in exone attended her. Her uncle could do all that was necessary, he said, and he seemed very kind to her, and stayed by postceript had been added in a cramped, incducated hand, and broken English, to this treme cases, where the patient was poor and bscure, it was not a cruelly conducted house very kind old which Baron or Doctor Van Schoisner offect : constantly upon the boat, when " I open this paper to tell when comes come and in charge; but in all the world there was at last they started for home accompanied to Hotel Rother Krebs, in Lintz, where I is work zu hause, and wait for die Ameri-kaner. Asks for Yulah Van Eisner. I hates by Dr. Matthewson and Rossic, who was greatly interested in the sick girl. It was not, perhaps, a more avaricions, grasping man han the baron, who would have sold his soul for thirty pieces of silver, and for forty alnight when they reached the landing where nost have im much." consented to a murder. If, for they were to stop, and from the windows of To say that Beatrice's nerves were shaker purposes of their own, people wished to inthe close carriage Rossie saw nothing by this letter would be putting in very mild language just how she felt. With her usual of the country through which they passed for arcerate their friends, and paid him well for it, their secret was safe with him, and a few miles, but was conscious at last that the victim was insane as long as he lived, if necessary. But there his wickedness ceased, and his patients were generally made as happy and comfortable as it nuckness of perception, she saw and under-stood the diabolical plot which had, been so tong successful, and her first impute was to they were entering spacious grounds, and stopping before a large, square building, with two wings on either side. The room assigned her was in one of the rush through the streets of Rothsay, and, prostood readily why she had been wings on the third floor, as was Myra's also. It was very prettily furnished, and the winclaiming the doctor's perfidy, have him arwas possible to make them. He, alone, held next and soberer at once. Her the secrets of his employers. Not a whisper rested cf the truth ever escaped his lips, and to his dows looked out upon the grounds, but there was stretched before them a gauzy net-work thought was to proceed in the matter more quietly and surely, and to this end she attendants everybody was crazy, and must be questioned Agnes minutely as to where and of iron, which Rossie noticed at once, and asked for the reascn. Then her brother exwatched and treated as such, no matter what their pretensions to the contrary; so when ow she found the letter, and if she could asked for the reascn. throw any light upon the way in which it noor little Rossie awoke one morning to find plained to her the real character of the house came there. herself deserted, she became at once a luna-tic. All liberty of action was gone ; even her but said that as they were transient visitors But Agnes could not; she only knew she had found it, and that she beit would not affect them in the least. name was taken from her, and she was told lieved Dr. Matthewson himself had by some and all she had to do was to rest and get as that the Rosamond Hastings who she profoul method obtained possession of it and well as possible, so they might go on to hidden it away for safe keeping, though fessed to be was dead, and lying under the Vienna. why he had not destroyed it and grass where the wild violets were growing, And Rossie tried to rest and enjoy the made its discovery impossible, neither she nor Beatrice could guess. Her while she was Myra, the nicce of the beautiful place, but the occasional sight of who had come to the house the same night some of the patients walking in the distance sister, she said, was in a very strange, ner-vous state of mind, but she could not connect with the beautiful American girl who was so sick, and who had died in a few days. the strange sounds, like human cries, which reached her in the night when everything was the understanding, however, that there her with the crime in any way, for, unscru-No wonder if for a time her brain recled. still, and, more than all, a great langour and always a place for her in the Maison de Sante, pulous as she might be, she would not dare and she was in danger of being in reality in desire to sleep which she could not shake either as attendant or nurse, when she chose make herself amenable to the law by being a sane. off, wore upon her so fast that in a few days to return. party to her husband's guilt. This was Agnes' view of the matter, and

WHOLE NO. 1,151,-NO. 8. tracted in Rome, and from the effects of which time when she was kept a prisoner Haelder-Strauchsen, with no hope of escape. she did not recover, although she was able at last to go on toward Vienna, their ultimate " I went to sleep, and slept so heavily and long that it must have been days before I awoke, and when I did, my head ached so destination. At Salzburg they halted for a few days, and there her brother brought to hard, and everything seemed so confused, and I could not understand a word the her a stranger, whom he introduced as a friend and old acquaintance, Dr. Van Schoiswoman said, for she spoke only German, which I never could make out. I tried to ner, to whom ho said he owed his life, and who had a kind of Sanitarium for people dismake her know that I wanted my brother, but she shook her head and put her finger eased in the body and mind, upon the River Danube. Van Schoisner, who spoke English

very well, was exceedingly kind and tender n his manner toward Rossie, whom he head against the bars, and cried for home, and you, and Everard, till I felt so sick and dizzy that I went back to bed, and lay there Way and answered in English: liar way, that she first was annoyed, and then confused and bewildered, and finally contradicted herself two or three times in till Van Schoisner came and told me her statements with regard to her re-cent illness, and when he asked how she nothing had been heard from Dr. Matthew-

efore." (1 certainly expected him to return,' he pay big sums. We must take her, that sail pefore." said, 'and an afraid some evil has befallen and be so careful. You stay here till I come him. I have written to the hotel where or send some word; not to morrow, but next e intended to stop, and they have not seen day, perhaps. I not talk more now. I be at my duties.' 1im.'

time, as formal-like as if he had not been my no more of her until the day but one followwhen I said he was mistaken, for I was Ros- flushed and excited, and evidently a little ie Hastings, he smiled kind of pityingly, and shaken out of her usual quiet, composed manner. She had been to Haelder-Strauchsen; said :

pretty spot.' " "I thought he was crazy, and felt afraid of hum, but had no suspicion then of the real wost, and whispering sometimes, 'Oh. Ever-state of things. That came gradually, as days and weeks went by and I heard long?' But we'll get her sure. God fixed to fixed a supervise and the supervise and the supervise and the supervise th and use and weeks went by and I heard long?' But we'll get her sure. God fixed mothing from my brother, and seldom saw it for us, and he,—the doctor I mean,—is any one but the doctor and the attendant, awful with something they think is cholera Margotte, who never talked with me except and all is fright and confusion, for the nurses by signs, so I had no opportunity to learn is afraid and leaving, and Miss Rossie's atby highs, which I greatly desired to tendant is glad to have me take her place, do, in order to make myself understood, and convince her that I was not Myra, and go with me and stay in the town a mile away, was not mad, as I knew she believed me to until I send you word what to do next. You are not afraid of cholera ? Americans mostly

stantly, 'God keep me from going really would have faced death itself for the sake of mad!' and He did, though I was very near it. they should take the boat the next day for the little town near the Maison de Sante, where on my knees, clinging to that man's feet, that Yulah told them there was a comfortable he consented at last, and I wrote to you, and inn, where they could remain in quite as long Evorard, and Lawyer Russell, and my brother, too, though I did not know where he was, and cans, often stopped there, she said, and thou Margotte took the letters, which I know now being there would awaken no suspicion. Accordingly, the next afternoon found them for Yulah told me so, -good kind Yulah, who came to me like an angel from Heaven. occupants of a pleasant chamber in the inn.

place. She had been there once as a pa-tient, mad herself, from some great wrong on the boat as second-class passenger, and done to her by one she loved and trusted. had held no communication whatever wila Her baby had died there, and been buried them, lest suspicion might in some way be in the grounds, and she was attached to aroused; and immediately after landing had the place, and after her cure, stayed from taken the road to the Sanitarium, while Berchoice, and was nurse and attendant both, trice tried in vain to keep composed and quiet, and the most faithful and vigilant of them and await the turn of events. That she all, and the one the doctor trusted the most. should actually see Rossio that night she So he put me in her charge, and the moment could not realize, and when about dark aI saw her sweet, sad face, and looked into her noto was brought her by a little boy, her eyes, which seemed always ready to run over limbs trembled so violently, and she folt to with tears, I loved her, and put my tired faint and giddy, as to be scarcely able to read head in her lap. and cried like a child.

The note was as follows :

"Qu'avez vous, petite Myra?" she said, and then I knew she spoke French, and my heart gave a great bound, for I knew I could talk "Have a big carriage at the south gate, ond little ways off, at eleven to-night. Get Get r a little, and I mustered all my know- Michael Fahen—he my friend; this his little ith be edge of the language and told her I was not boy; he keeps the carriages."

Myra at all; I was Rosamond Hastings, from America; shut up, detained there unlawfully, Bee's face was white as ashes as she ques-for what reason I did not know; that I had tioned the boy, who said Michael Fahen was written and written home and nobody had his father, and rontod carriages to people, answered me, and the doctor said my brother, and if she liked he would bring him to the who came with me, was dead, but I did not room. Michael was a powerfully-built man. believe it; and a great deal more, to which who looked as if he could keep a whole army she listened patiently, as one might listen to at bay by the sheer strength of his fists, and e meaningless prattle of a child. When told what was wanted of him, or "But when I mentioned brother's name, rather that he was to wait with the meaningless prattle of a child.

she sprang to her feet, and shaking me off them near the south gate of the Maison der ent s'appelle voire frere Sante at eleven that night. shot at them a John Matthewson, from America,' and for a prehension which made Beatrice sink with few moments she acted as if she were per-lifear, lest, after all, they should fail. But hifectly insane, and glaring at me with her tor-rible eyes, she spit upon me and demanded, could guess what they wanted, and he was You are sure you are his sister? You are the man to do it. He did not believe in the nothing else to him, though that is bad place; there were many there who ought to nough? *

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880.

would like to go to his beautiful place on the

river and stay a few weeks while he treated

her, she shrank away from him, and bursting

into tears said she would not like it at all— that she did not need to be treated, as there

was nothing the matter with her but home-

Van Schoisner laughed, and stroked her hair, and said he would soon have her all

right, and then wont to her brother, between whom and himself there was a long confer-ence, during which both sold themselves, body and soul, to the Evil One, and were

"If she would only abandon that nonsens

of conscience, and a drawing back from the

pledged to do his work.

sickness, and only America could cure that.

Continent, and travelled day and night antil they reached Lintz, where Yulah was waiting for them. She had sought and obtained the like the master, had watched impatiently for Americans, though from a very different reason. And when her Americans camo, reason. And when her Americans camo, she know them as if by instinct, taking Mr. Morton however, for Everard, and feeling greatly disappointed when she learned that it was a Mr. and Mrs. Morton, who were occupying No .-- , the great room in the house where princes had dined and slept. Still something told her that Beatrico was the lady she was looking for, and when the latter re-tired to her room after dinner she found a sad faced woman pretending to be busy with something about the washstand, though everything seemed in its place. Suddenly faced about, and the eyes of the two she women met and looked into each other with

an eager, questioning gaze. "You are Yulah," Beatrice said, in Gernan, and the girl answered with a cry of joy, Yes, and you are Lady Beatrice she talks so

"No, my busband, Mr. Horard." We were married just before we sailed. Where is sho? to her lips, and finally went out and When did you see her last, and how soon can locked the door after her. Then I got we have her. Will they let her ge without

her head, and answered in English: "You ask so many, I don't know quite all. nothing had been heard from Dr. Matthew-son since he left the Sanitarium, two weeks we can do best. He will never let her go,

She left the room then, and Beatrice asy "He called him Dr. Matthewson all the

said : "'Poor little girl, be anything you like to yourself. To me you are Myra. Rossie died iust across the hall, and is buried in such a "I did not dare," she said, "she's so waak and sick, no heart, no courage, but stands

" Oh. it was so horrible that time, and my is." Bee was mortally afraid of it, but she head got so confused, and I used to pray con-

At first they would not let me have paper or ink to write to you with, but I begged so hard were never sent, but were burned to ashes,

with an outlook to the river and another to the road which led out to La "Margotte was sick, and Yulah took her

But then there comes a time of fear, When others will his story tell; His faults will then glare in brevier, His virtues hide in nonpareil.

begging her to come at once to the Forrest

-The mammoth steamer Great Eastern, Always ready at a kind word to forgive her whose visit to this country some years ago exsister for any amount of unkindness, Agnes cited such lively curiosity, is about to revisit decided at once to go, feeling that it would American waters. This time she will be em- be some comfort to escape from the dreadful England. Her capacity is 20,000 head of cat-reached Rotheay ; but she meant to make it tle, and she is expected to make four voyages her first business to hunt for them, and in the year. equipped herself with all the ingredients

named in the category for their extirpation. -Dundas Standard : The Scott Act cam-Persian powder, red pepper, Scotch snuff, cut paign is now in full blast in Hamilton. obacco, Paris green, hellebore, and even for me. There have been two lively discussions bc-Prussic acid formed a portion of her luggage tween Mr. King Dodds and Mr. Gibson, by when she reached the Forrest House, and both of whom the subject was ably handled found her sister so ill and weak that for a time she had no thought for carpet bugs, and The prevailing opinion is that Mr. Dodds is too heavy a card for his opponent and that had there been an army there they there is little chance of the Act becoming law would have revelled in perfect security for in Hamilton.

all of her interference. But after a few days, when Josephine seemed better and was sleep--Young lady-" Why, James, you're spoiling that hedge !" Gardener----- Ah ! Tum-mus Lapham he came along this morning an' ing quietly, the desire for research and battle came upon her again, incited by the softness he says to I, says he, 'Why, James, thee beist a spilin' thick hedge!' 'Thee beist a of the velvet carpet in her sister's room, which she thought furnished such a rich says I, 'Tummas, the more thee field for the maranders. As it happened, the do trackle an' cut thomen hedges, the better bay window was the point at which she comaniek. they be!'"--Punch. menced operations, as it was farthest from

-"Bridget," said a lady to her servant Josephine's bed.

"who was that talking with you so late last night at the gate?" "My oldest brother, "They have been here, too," was her whispered exclamation, as she caught sight of the familiar sign, the carpet loosened from the night at the gate?" "My oldest brother, ma'am." "What is his name?" "Barney Octoolan, ma'am." "Indeed ! How comes floor . and eager in her search she turned the it his name is not the same as yours?" "Troth, ma'am," says the unfailing Bridget, carpet back further and further, until she saw the corner of the letter just protruding ir sight. To draw it out and glance at the "hasn't he been married once?" name upon it. "J. Everard Forrest." was the

-X., having been offended by a friend, ork of a moment, and then she wondered sends him a challenge to fight with mothers how it came there, and if it were some old thing received by Everard years ago, and left in law. "With mothers in law?" says the " Certainly. I will send other, perplexed. ving about as something of no interest to my mother-in-law to stay with you, and you im or anybody. It looked old and worn, as nd yours to spend the time with me, and the if it had been read many times. Surely there first man that begs for quarter will be ascould be no harm in her glancing at the con sumed to have been run through the body. tents just to see if it were of any value. Not much," said his antagonist, "I apolo-Thus reasoning, Agnes opened the letter, gize humbly and respectfully."

aw the signature and the date, and then -Voiture and Arnauld were one day amuswith lightning rapidity read the whole, and ing themselves in guessing the professions of Josephine's secret was hers no longer, the passers by their dress and hearing, when Agnes had it, and the effect on her at first a carriage passed, the occupant of which was was almost as great as it had been on Josephoddly attired. Quoth Voiture-" That's a ine. That a great wrong had been com-Councillor of the Court of Aids." Arnauld mitted she was certain, just as she was cerwagered that the passer was not, and, to detain that the letter was being withheld from cide the bet, Voiture approached the carriage, its rightful owner. But by whom? That was the question she asked herself during and, explaining to the gentleman the circumstances, asked if he were not such a functionthe morning she sat motionless upon the ary. "Monsieur." said the gentleman coldiv. floor, unable to move, or scarcely think "go round and bet you are an ass; you will never lose. Drive on, coachman." The bet did not quite believe it was Josephine, and it was decided a draw. not, then it must be Dr. Matthewson, and he

if the letter were true, was capable of any thing wicked and bad; and there came over -A merchant in a provincial town in Scotland had a habit of saying, "It might hac been waur" to everything that was told him, over Josephino when she first know his sin Agues must not let him know what she had however sad the story might be. A neighbor, found, and, believing Josephine innocont, she must not disturb her, and add to her nerthinking that he would knock the wind out o him, one morning said, "Man, I had an awful dream last night." "Ay, what did ye dream ?" "I dreamed that I was in hell." "It migh vousness. Everard, she had heard, was out of town for a little vacation, which he usually " It might waur?" "If it had been a reality." therefore the only person in whom she could

safely confide. -Mrs. Gov. Lew. Wallace, in describing a "She will know just what to do," Agne ride in New Mexico, says that the Mexican driver occasionally leaped from his seat for a she arranged the carpet and curtains very carefully, put the casy-chair in its place pocketful of stones, and throwing them at the heads of the mules, " at the same time mutterand was at her sewing by the window when Josephine awoke, after a sleep of near two ing, on the ledger lines below, sacred words mixed with names of saints.' The Mexican insists a mule cannot be made to understand without such urging, and they have a proverb, "An ass's ears are made long in order to catch oaths.

ours' duration. She was feeling better, and was disposed to Old Nick to deal with in that doctor. I'm be very kind and indulgent toward Agnes, who, she saw, was looking tired and pale. "Why, Agnes," she said, "you are almost glad the boy is gone, just now, as it would

and by whom.

claimed :

Poor little Rossie had enjoyed much and suffered much since the day when we last saw Beatrice coincided with her, but bade her be her, waving a farewell to her friends from the deck of the steamer which bore her away. Her brother had been unifermly kind and af very watchful at the Forrest House and see any search was made for the missing letter, fectionate to her, but many things had arisen Beatrice's next interview was with Lawyer

to shake her confidence in him, and to make Russell, who, in his surprise, bounded from his chair half way across the room as he exher think it possible that he was not the honorable, upright man he professed to be. Then as the year wore on, and they got farther and

"Lord bless my soul, Rossie alive ! Rossie swered, and there began to steal over her a longing for America which she could not connot dead! but hid away in a private mad-house! It's the most hellish plot I ever heard of-ever-and it is State prison for him, the ceal, and which took all the color from her illain ; but we must move cautiously, Miss face and roundness from her form, until at Belknap, very cautiously, as we have the very last she was really sick with hope deferred and an anxiety to know why none of her let ters were answered.

have been like you to have blated it out to At Florence she was very ill of a fever con-

sciousness of time or what was passing around her. How long she remained in this condition she never knew: only this, that she awoke one morning to find Van Schoisner with her, apparently watching her as she slept, and administering some powerful stimulants. He was very kind, indeed, and told her Dr. Matthewson had been obliged to go to Vienna on business, which might detain him a few days, but he would soon be back, and she was to be as happy and quiet as possible till his return. Her next question for the sick girl, who, he said, had died a week ago, and then he bade her try to sleep again, as perfect rest was what she needed

most. "And I went to sleep," Rossie said, after-ward, when telling Beatrice of that awful in Liverpool, but had crossed at once to the

"I mad her believe at last, and then she asked me so many questions that, before I knew it, I had told her all about the Forrest lonesome and unfrequented road. House, and the will, and Everard and overy-"And I shall succeed," he said. "Michol

hing, she all the time looking straight at me Fahen never fails : arms strong, horses fleet. with her great bright eyes, which seemed to be reading me to see if I were telling the His confidence in himself insp His confidence in himself inspired them

with confidence in him, and at the time apruth." 'I see. I see, I understand. Poor child, pointed they were in his carriage, and enter-God sent me here to be your friend, and I ing the narrow road which lay to the rear of will 'she said, when I had finished; and the Maison de Sante, and more than a quarthen she broke out angrily against my ter of a mile distant. That portion of the brother, whom she called a villain, a mur-grounds was filled with trees and shrubbery, derer, a rascal and said he had done her a terrible wrong, which she had sworn to and was not often used either for convenience or pleasure by the inmates of the house. avenge, and she saw a way by which she could the chimneys of which were by daylight just perceptible through the tall, thick trees.

weep her word. "I go to America myself, but what your friends shall know,' she said, and to my Bee could see nothing in the darkness exept the occasional glimmer of a light movgreat delight she spoke to me now in English ng from point to point, as she sat half-faintbut whispered very low. It is better they not to know I can talk in your tongue, and they not suspect; and I must ing with nervous fear and impatience, while the clock in the tower first told the hour of eleven, and then the quarter, and then the he very strict, watch you very much is my half, and then,-surely there was a footstep oe very strict, watch you very much is my order, because you dangerous, you try to kill yourself, he say, and I never let you from my sight. But I fix 'em. I choat. I have my revenge much. You will see what in the direction of the gate, and a voice she recognized as Yulah's called softly, "Michel, Michel, are you there? Help me lift her she is dead or fainted, and I've brought her all the way." This was in part the story told afterwards

"Can any of you hold my horses ?" Michel to Beatrice by Rossie, who did not then know that Yulah Van Eisner was the girl who had asked, and in an instant Beatrice was at their heads, patting and caressing, and talkonce pleaded so piteously for justice at the ing to them in the language all brutes rehands of Dr. Matthewson, and been by him cognize, whether English or German, while Mr. Morton and Michel were at the gate, spurned with contempt, which had turned her love into bitter hatred. She saw no which was high and locked, and over which reason to discredit Rossie's story, and underthey lifted bodily a figure which lav perfectly immured in motionless in the arms of Michel, who bore it to the carriage and laid it a living tomb, and guessed that to her friends at home she was supposed to be dead, and that the knavish brother had the inheritance. down gently, but not until Beatrice, with a woman's forethought has made sure who it She did not, however, communicate all her พกส.

suspicions to her charge, as she did not wish She had risked too much to be disap to wound her unnecessarily, but she meant to get her away, and set herself steadily to that pointed now, and bidding Michel wait a mo ment, she struck a match with which she object. Through her influence writing mahad prepared herself, and holding it close to terials were again furnished to Rossie, who, the inanimate form in his arms, saw the acting upon Yulah's advice, wrote two letters to Everard, one of which went into Van face she knew, but so white, and worn. and still, with the long, curling lashes resting Schoisner's hands and was burned as usual on the pallid cheeks, where tears and suffer while the other was secreted about Yulah's ing had left their traces in dark, purplish person and found its wey to America. but rings, that with a gasping cry she said, "Oh, not until some time had elapsed, and Yulah it's Rossie, but dead ; I am sure she had given up her situation to Margotte, with is dead.

"Now, Michel, drive for your life!" Yulah exclaimed, as she sprang to the box beside him, after having seen Rossie carefully lifted into the carriage where she lay, supported mostly by Mr. Morton, though her head was on Beatrice's lap, and Beatrice's hands were busy unfastening the water-proof hood, and her tears were flowing like rain on her face, which, even in the darkness, looked ghostly

The manner of escape had been as follows spend their money as freely as the Americans The doctor had died that afternoon, and as his disease had undoubtedly been cholera in ter of rejoicing to the master of the Rether its most malignant form, great consternation ter of rejoicing to the master of the active lits most manghant form, great contact Krebs when one afternoon in October the stage brought from the station two ployees, some of whom had left, and had prevailed in the building among the cmpassengers whom, with his quick eye, he set down as Americans, and bustled out whom kept as far as possible from the wing where he had died, and where Rossie's room to meet them, deciding that they were peo-ple who would not stand for a few thalers was situated. Yulah alone was fearless, and came and went as usual, in her capacity

she was seriously ill again, and lost all con CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ESCAPE. There were not as many visitors as usual that season in Lintz and those who did come white and corpse-like. were mostly English or French, who did not ere accustomed to do, so that it was a mat-