BY MARY J. HOLMES.

it wilder or more violent than in Rothsay, where the rain fell in torrents, and ere reached the ground was taken up by the.
wind and driven in blinding sheets through the deserted streets. But wild as the storm was in the village, it seemed wilder still in the vicinity of the Forrest House, which fairly shook on its solid foundations with the force of the tempest. Tree after tree was blown down, shrubs were uprooted, and the fanciful summer-house which the doctor had erected on the spot where Rossie used to tend and water her geraniums and fuchsias, went crashing down, a heap of ruins, while within, in the most costly and elegant chamber, a fiercer storm was raging between a soul trying to free itself from its prison walls of clay and the body which struggled so hard to retain it.

Josephine had not improved, as at one time it was thought she might. The secret to come. which she held and the loss of the letter had worn upon her terribly, and the constant some impending evil had produced a kind of brain fever, and for days her life had been in imminent danger, and the doctor had stayed by her constantly, marvelling at the strangeness of her talk, and wondering sometimes if it were possible that she could have become possessed of the secret which at times filled even him with horror and a haunting fear of what might come upon him should his guilt be known. But Josephine could have no knowledge of his crime. Van Schoisner was safe it would continue to be, for he had set aside a certain amount, the interest of which went when he knew that it was due. Von Schoisner's last letter had reported her as very weak, with growing symptoms of imbecility, and though the villainous man did feel a pang of had once thought she should new he had gone too far to think of retracing ly his steps. There was nothing left but to go on, and, as his life at the Forrest House had not proved a success, he had made up his mind to sell it and go to Europe to live permanently as soon as Josephine was better. He could hide himself there from justice, should it attempt to overtake him, and he waited anxiously for any signs of amendment She did seem better that stormy night,

when even he quailed a little and felt ner-vous as he listened to the roaring wind, which, he fancied, had in it the sound of human sobbing. She had slept for more than an hour, and when she awoke she quiet, and more rational than she had been for days. But there was a look of death about her mouth and nose, and her eyes were unnaturally bright as they fixed themselves

on Agnes, who sat watching her.

The doctor had taken advantage of h sleep to steal away for a while, and in the dining-room was trying to stifle his conscience with the fumes of tebacco and the brandy, of which he drank largely and wished to see him immediately. Thus Agnes was left alone with her sister, whose first question, asked in a whisp-

Where is he,-the doctor, I mean?" "Gone to rest," was the reply and Josephine continued:

"Yes, let him rest while he can. It soon be over, and then a dungeon for him. and darkness and blankness, and utter forgetfulness for me; Aggie, that's all a fable

"Oh, no, no ! God forbid !" and falling on her knees, with her hands clasped together, so deluded and deceived.

"Hush, Agnes," Josephine said, almost abated, was not over yet. hand just now, than praying for one who does asked, and Mr. Russell replied. not want your prayers, for even if there be a hereafter, it's now too late for me, and I care no more for it than a stone. I cannot feel, sooner I am like the clods the better; but I tor, tell him something, which will perhaps make saying? him think more kindly of me than he does And in now. Can you manage it for me?"

"No, no," Agnes exclaimed. "He would not come here to-night of all others, be-She checked herself suddenly, and then added:

"Listen to the rain and the wind : did vou ever hear such a storm?"

"Yes, I hear," Josephine replied, excitedly. on its wings, but it seems dreary to go in such a way. Oh, Aggie, if there should be when I am dead. Lock the door, Aggie; too late. then come close to me and swear—swear that you will tell him—that Rossie— -. And on the white that I dare not say it!"

had never seen before.

There could be no doubt in her mind as to what her sister meant, and regardless of consequences, she bent down and whispered:
"I know—I understand. Rossie is not dead. She is alive and coming home."
"How do you know? Have you seen the

letter?" Josephine almost shricked, and

Agnes replied: "Yes, I found it under the carpet long ago, just after I came here, but I did not suppose

that you had ever seen it."
"I had; I did; I put it there," Josephine said, gasping out the story of her having taken it from the office, and the hiding it afterward. "And you found it? Where is it now?" she asked, and Agnes replied: " I gave it to Miss Belknap, and she

Agnes did not finish, for Josephine started upright in bed, exclaiming:
"I see; I know. She went suddenly to Europe.—to find Bossie; tell me the truth

and what will it be for him?' Agnes knew that by him Dr. Matthewson was meant, and she replied unhesitatingly : "State prison for him and poverty for

Has she found her, and is she coming home

you." "Yes, I know. Poverty, disgrace. State prison for life and how soon? Tell me how soon? He might have time to fly, for I,—I,—he is not good, but I'd rather he did not go to prison. He is my hus

band, you know. How soon? Tell me truly. To night, -now, -the train is due and overdue. I do not believe he can get away. think he is watched. Lawyer Rus sell knows, not Everard yet; and Mr. and

sobered at once when he found his wife in the most horrible fit he had ever witnessed. When it was over, and she became con-

that he appealed to Agnes, who was whiter if know." possible than her sister, and trembling from

CHAPTER LI.

possible than her sister, and trembing from their sister, and trembing from the sister, and to warn to find his darinthe sid of the dead sister sne ought to warn to the side of the dead sister sne ought to warn to the silence before the doctor, and prehamous find the silence before the doctor, and bear the glance of the cyes which looked so imploringly at large from their silence before the doctor, and bear the glance of the treat silence before the doctor, and bear the glance of the dead sister sne ought to warn to the silence silence silence before the doctor, and thus brought back to him, for Bee was silence before the doctor, and bear the glance of the cyes which looked so imploringly at large from their silence silence silence silence silence doubted; for, though she did not know just what the plan was, she knew how closely the house had been watched, and recognized in large from their silence sockets when she shook her head in token everywhere, while through the window came that she could not tell. of blood and foam about the pallid lips, and rectly on the couch where lay, not a dead, lrops of sweat upon the face and hands, the but a living Rossie, with a halo of gladness latter of which beat the air helplessly as the on her face, and in her beautiful eyes, which the house, where she went directly to her dying woman tried to speak. At last, when met him as he came so swiftly into the room, they had no more power to move, they pausing suddenly with a cry, half of terror, they had no more power to move, they pausing suddenly with a cry, nan of terror, they had no more power to move, they half of joy, as he saw the little girl among the peting man, who, all unconscious of white, haggard face grow whiter and more the pillows raise herself upright and stretch her arms towards him, while sne called so draw what consolation he could from the haggard as she lay with ears strained to catch the sound for which she listened so intently, and which came at last in a shrill. prolonged whietle, which was distinctly heard in the pauses of the abating storm, as the train so long delayed swept through the town Then, summoning all her remaining strength for one last great effort. Josephine raised

> was to sound in his ears through many years "Doomed,-doomed,-fl-She could not finish and say "fly," as she wished to do, for the word died away in a low, gurgling moan; the white foam poured again from lips and nose, and when the convulsions ceased and the distorted feetures re-

### CHAPTER LII.

BREAKING THE NEWS TO RVERARD. It was an hour behind the usual time when the grave so long as the money was paid, as the train from the north stopped for a moment at Rothsay, and four people, or rather three, stepped out into the storm, and hurried regularly to Haelder-Strauchsen, and would to the shelter of the carriage waiting for go so long as Rossie lived. This, in all human them, the fourth, whose face was carefully probability, would not be long, for Yon Schois- hidden from sight, was carried in the strong ner wrote of her failing health, and told how arms of Yulah, and held like a child until bewildered she was growing in her mind. Beatrice's house was reached, where it was Should she become hopelessly insane, he would be almost as safe as if she were dead, to occupy, when visiting at Elm Park. Rossic the doctor thought, and he always waited was very tired and very weak, both in body with fierce impatience for news from Austria, and mind, but had not seemed at all excited during the journey from New York until Rothsay was reached, and she was in the carriage riding along the old familiar road she never remerse when he remembered the sunny-faced see again. Then she roused from girl who had so loved and trusted him, he her apathy, and sitting upright looked eager-

from ly out through the driving rain toward the Forrest House, which lay to their right, and seemed to blaze with lights, as the tartled servants moved rapidly from room to oom,-for it was just then that the soul had aken wing and was on its flight to the world untried.

"Look, look!" she said, "so many lights in the old home, as if to welcome me back. Is

Everard there waiting for me?"
"No, Rossie," Beatrice said. "We are no oing there to-night. I thought it best to oring you home with me until you have seen

There was a little sigh of disappointment, nd then Rossie laid her head on Yulah's arm, and did not speak again until she was on tue soft bed in the blue room at Elm Park, where, when Bee asked her how she felt, she hispered: "So happy and glad, because I shall see him in the morning; send for him very early."

And when the morning came a message vas dispatched to Everard to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Morton had returned and But another message had found its way to the office before this one, for knots of crape were streaming in the November wind from every door-knob at the Forrest House, and the village bell was tolling in token that some soul had gone to the God who gave

will it.

In his office Everard sat listening to the oell, every stroke of which thrilled him with a sensation of something like dread, as if the about a hereafter,—a rag of mythology which is nell of death were in some way connected recent science has torn in shreds. We do not with himself. Who was it dead that day that go somewhere when we die; we perish like the bell should clamor so long, and would it the brutes." as the door opened and Lawyer Russell came in flurried and excited and red and white Agnes murmured words of prayer for the soul by turns, as he shook the rain-drops from his ver-coat, for the storm, though greatly

"Yes, Ned; it will be a great shock to you, —an infernal shock,—though of course you were all over any hankering after and it's no use to try. If there is a hell, it's that Matthewson woman. She died last which I don't believe, I shall go there; if night, and there's about forty yards of crape there is not, then I am all right, and the flying from the doors up there, and the docthey say, is actually taking on to kill must do one good act. Agnes, do you think and blubbering like a calf, but we'll fix him. Everard would come here to-night if he knew You'll see; he's watched; there's a po— I was dying, -- for I am; I feel it, and I must oh, Lord? what have I said or come near

And in his disgust at himself for having nearly let out the secret before the time, the lawyer retreated into the adjoining room, leaving Everard alone to meet what had been a terrible shock to him, for though he had heard at different times from Agnes of Josephine's illness, he had never believed her dangerous; and now she was dead; the woman he once fancied that he loved. There were great drops of sweat about his mouth and "It was sent for me, and I am going out under his hair, and his lips quivered nervously while, human as he was, there came over im with a rush the thought that now indeed a hereafter—but there is not. We all de lee was free in a way which even Ressie sleep—sleep. But Everard, Everard—I would have recognized had she been alive. But Rossie, too, was dead; his freedom came

"Everybody is dead," he whispered, sadly, you will tell him—that Rossie— -. Oh, while hot tears sprang to his eyes and rolled Agnes, I am so afraid of him—the doctor, down his cheeks,—tears, not for the woman at the Forrest House, for whom the bell kept face there was a look of terror such as Agnes had never seen before.

at the forrest House, for whom the dear little girl be avenged, but who seldom spoke to any one for her testimony would be necessary when dead, as he believed, so far away, but who, in lest she should be tray what must be kept. the trial came on. So Everard told her reality was so very near, and even then ask- Two or three times, after dark, she had stolen

ger was at his office door and in the room before Everard was aware of his presence. "Mrs. Morton at home!" he exclaimed, as

he took the note from the servant's hand. "DEAR EVERARD," Beatrice wrote, "w came home last night on the late train, and am so anxious to see you and have so much to tell you. Don't delay a minute. but come

at once.

# "Yours,

She had something to tell him of Rossie, of course, and in an instant he was in the street, speeding along toward Elm Park, and plancing but once in the direction of the Forrest House, where every blind was closed, and where, through the leafless trees, he could see the flapping of the yards of crape which Lawyer Russell had said were streaming from the doors. For an instant a cold shudder went over him as if he had seen a corpse, but that soon passed away, and when Elm Park was reached he was in such a fever of excitement that the sweat-drops stood like rain upon his face, which, nevertheless, was

very pale, as he greeted Beatrice, and asked:
"Did you hear anything of her? Did you find her grave, or see any one who was with her at the last ?"

Beatrice had planned everything thus far with great coolness and nerve. She had kept the doctor knew they were there, and felt a pression of wonder, and surprise, and incred-Rossie quiet, and made her very sweet and thuill of gratification at the honor paid him. ulity. attractive in one of her own dainty white which had been kept short at the Maison de Mrs. Morton are coming to-night with Sante, but which was now growing in soft, sea of heads filling aute-rooms and halls, he ful place than know my brother did this Rossie," Agnes said, rapidly; and the next curling rings, giving to her small, white face would not have remarked the men who, Surely it is not true? moment a wild shrick rang through the a singularly young expression, so that she without any apparent attention, were always house, which Dr. Matthewson heard above might have passed for a child of fourteen as in the foreground, just where they could comthe storm, and he came reeling up the she reclined upon the pillews, a smile upon mand a view of the chief mourners in the stairs from his brandy and cigars, but was her lips, and an eager, expectant look in her imposing procession which moved slowly to large, bright eyes, turning constantly to the door at every sound which met her ear. At Josephine was builed from sight. At the ast she heard the well-remembered voice in scious again, it was pitiable to see how hard the hall below, and the step upon the stairs, she tried to speak and warn him of his dan for Bee had after all lost her self-control, his hands, while his body shook as if from save him, and ought not if you could not speak and warn him of his dan for Bee had after all lost her self-control, his hands, while his body shook as if from save him, and ought not if you could. Men was gone, and she only gave forth inarticular had said: "We did hear news of Rosaie, Agnes as the coffin box scraped the gravelly like him must be punished, must times, and I do not remember, and am even is officially contradicted.

There were flecks a sudden gleam of sunlight, which foll dihome again, and you may kiss me once. There was a sudden movement of his hand

there, and then he staggered rather than the prison walls around him. In the hall walked toward the white-rebed figure, which sprang into his arms and neetled there like a consultation. Everard's voice and Lawyer frightened bird which has been torn from its Russell's, and the officers of justice, sprang into his arms and neetled there like a her arm in the air, and motioning to the door, said to her husband in a voice which nest and suddenly finds itself safe in its shell who had taken possession of the house and ter again. For an instant Everard recoiled locked every door below to shut off all from the embrace as if it were a phantom means of escape. In the kitchen the he held, but only for an instant for there was astonished and frightened servants were nothing phantom-like in the warm flesh and crowded together, asking each other what i blood trembling in his arms; nothing meant and what was about to happen, but corpse-like in the soft hands caress-not one of them dared to move after the offiing his face, or in the eyes meeting his so cers commanded them to keep quiet, whatever fondly. It was Rossie herself come back to might occur. Then, up the stairs came the sumed their natural look, the soul had gone him from the grave where he had thought two strange men, with Everard and Mr. Ruston meet its God.

him from the grave where he had thought two strange men, with Everard and Mr. Ruston meet its God. overpowering that he could not utter a word; the door of the doctor's room. It was a little he could only look at her with wildly-staring ajar, and he heard their footsteps, and half eyes, and face which quivered all over with rose to meet them as they stepped across the strong emotions, while his heart beat so threshold. But, when he saw Everard's oudly that every throb was audible to himlifted her head from his shoulder and What is it, Everard? Are you glad to have

> That broke the spell, and brought a shower oured forth question after question,

> He saw how pale and weary she looked, and placed her among the pillows, but held her hands in his, while he turned to Beatrice. who had been standing just outside the door and who now came forward.

"Not here; Rossie is too tired. She canmeant, and where she had found his darling. Then drawing him into the adjoining room she told him very rapidly all the steps which had led to Rossie's release from the mad house, which had been intended as her iving tomb, and as he listened to the story, Everard grew more and more enraged, until he seemed like some wild animal roused to said:
the highest pitch of fury; and seizing his hat "Rossie here? Rossie alive? Take me prevent his egress, said to him: 'I know what s in your mind. You wish to arrest the docfor at once, but there is no haste at present. Ever since Lawyer Russell heard from me could not get away if he had received a hint man, who

of what has been done.'
'Yes, I know; but now,—now,—why not beize him now? Why wait any longer, when "It bees you, Dr. Matthewson. I knows." seeming to Beatrice like a tiger doing battle

for its young.
"Because," she answered, and she spoke softly now, "we must hold his sorrow sacred. We must let him bury his dead. Surely you

know that Josephine died last night?

"Yes, yes, but I'd forgotten it in my excitement," he gasped, and his face was whiter, if ing:

"You are right; we "Yulah! betrayed by you!" must not molest him now, but have a double not escape.

There was terrible vengeance in Everard's room. plainly, he left her, and schooled himself to go quietly back to his office and transact his business as if he were not treading the borders of a mine which would old Axie had seen her, and talked with explode when he bade it do so. At his reuest, the number of officers was doubled. the victim show of his grief, and sat all day by side of his dead wife, seeing no one but Agnes return, which took the people so by surprise, and was the theme of wonder and comment second only to the grand faneral for which

## CHAPTER LIII.

THE ADDROT

At Elm Park the utmost secrecy was maintained with regard to Rossle, whose presence in the house was wholly unsuspected by any one except the few necessarily in the secret. simply told that Josephine was there still. The servants knew, of course, but they were trusty and silent as the grave, and alas eager for the denouement as Ymah, herself, who had personal wrongs to she should know the truth, in part, at least, ing when he would come.
"Soon, darling, soon," Beatrice said, for she had written to Everard, and the messentered in execution of the man who, she heard, up to the Forrest House, which she examined seemed stronger than usual, and able to bear any one else. And to a certain extent his spoken to, or answer if she did. grief was genuine. Her beauty had dazzled erous nature had so answered to his own, that she went from him so suddenly, he experienced a shock and sense of his loss which suffered him to kiss her, or even to hold stricken

Roxie Fleming's bones far too plebeian for She was his wife to lie beside, and so he bought a va-cant lot in Roth-ay, and gave orders that no her little white thin hinds held tightly on expense should be spared to make the funeral her lap, as if afraid of the masculine

est man in the county.

And now, at the close of the third day, the who went in crowds to the Forrest House. which was filled from kitchen to parlor. And which almost frightered him with their though he sat with his head bent down, and wrappers, and arranged her beautiful hair, never once looked up or seemed to notice any Even bad he glanced about him at the one. the cometery, where all that was mortal of grave the doctor's grief took a deconstrative should form, and he stood with his face covered with asked.

He did not wait to hear more, but darted sake of the dead sister she ought to warn and leaned back in her chair.

He did not wait to hear more, but darted sake of the dead sister she ought to warn the stairs, expecting, not to find his dar- him of his darger, and give him a chance to "No, not angry; only it's all so very hor-"fool."

Capt. James McMaugh, of the steamer City she him of his darger, and give him a chance to "No, not angry; only it's all so very hor-"fool."

St. Catharines, which was sunk by the the premises, and whose office she rightly conjectured. But she had sworn to keep the secret, and so her lips were sealed, and she never uttered a word as they drove back room, and on her knees begged forgiveness his brandies.

And so he was as surely doomed as if the to his head as if the blow had struck him manacles were already upon his hands, and the prison walls around him. In the hall white, set face, and saw how excited Lawyer self and Rossie, who, as he did not speak. Russell seemed there flashed over him an inkling of the truth, and when the foremos of the officers advanced towards him, and laying his hand on his arm, arrested him for perjury, he felt sure that the desperate game he had been playing had ended in disgrace of kisses upon her face and lips, while he had been playing had ended in disgrace murmured words of fondness and love, and and defeat. But he was too proud to manifest any emotion whatever. Rossie grew bewildered and confused, and had been in his pocket, where he usually car whispered fain y: "I don't know; I don't ried it, he would have used it unhesitatingly understand; I am very tired; ask Beatrice, she knows; she did it; let me lie down and in as natural a tone of voice as he could command, he asked what they meant, and on what ground the arrest was made: how had

he perjured himself, and when?
"When you swore that Rossie was dead, and knew that it was false, and that she was incarcerated in a mad-house where you put her, you villain! Rossie is nat dead; not hear it, she said, as he asked her what it is here in town -at Elm Park, and all your infernal rascality is known," Everard out, for he could not restrain himself any longer, and he felt a thrill of triumph when he saw how white the doctor grew, and how for a moment he tottered as if he would

fall. He did not attempt to get away; but merely

was about rushing from the room, when Beat-to her. I must see her. Gentlemen, there rice detained him; and, locking the door to is some mistake, which can be cleared up if only I can see her. I beg of you, take m to her.

But his request was not granted. He was Everything has been attended to for you. a prisoner, and all resistance was vain. Cold and pallid, and seemingly indifferent, he did that Rossie was alive, the Forcest House has just what they hade him do, and went with been under close espionage, and escape for the them down the stairs and out of the house doctor made impossible. Last night in all he was never to enter again. On the piazza that storm, officers were on guard, so that he outside they encountered a strange wothrew herself directly

I long to tear him limb from limb?' Everard you, sure, and I has the rovence. I finds her exclaimed, gnashing his teeth in his rage, and there in Haelder-Strauchsen, and sends the letter here to him (pointing to Everard), and the lady, Madame Morton. She comes and I gets her away, and you into the conciergerie -ha, ha? What does you think now of the tragic queen?" and she snapped her fingers in his face, which was deadly white, and livid in spots as he recoiled from her, exclaim

"Yes. me. I swore it. I's glad to be watch,-yes, treble, if necessary. He must revenge," she cried, and was going on with more abuse when the officer stopped her, and hurried the doctor away to a place of safety, flashing eyes as he paced up and down the where a close goard was placed over him Dr. Matthewson, though he were ten and he was left alone with his wretched

times Rossie's brother, had nothing to hope thoughts.
from him; but for the sake of the dead It did not take long for the news to spread woman lying in such state at the Forrest over the town, for secreey was no longer definite was settled by word of mouth. He brother, whose punishment she knows is just, House, he must keep quiet and bide his time, necessary, and never had there been such So, after another interview with Rossie, wild excitement in Rothsay. That Rossie whose weak state he began to understand Hastings had been alive all this time, and That Rossie buried in a mad-house, while her brother joyed her property, seemed almost incredible, but there could be no doubt of it, by the old negress, assembled in the streets, and every possible precaution taken lest and surrounding the building where the decshould escape, which he did not tor was confined, demanded the prisoner, that seem likely to do, for he made a great they might wreak vengence on him then and

the there.

Order was, however, soon restored, and the and those who had the funeral in charge, wretched man was left in quiet to think over Thus, he did not even know of Beatrice's sudden his wicked past, and to dread the future, which he knew had no hope for him. His sin had found him out, and though he had not conscience enough to be be much troubled such preparations were making, and which with remorse, his pride and self-love were was to take place the third day after the death. guish of bitter mortification and rage.

## CHAPTER LIV.

TELLING THE TRUTH TO ROSSIE.

Rossie had asked, on her voyage home who lived at the Forres: House, and had been but no mention had been made of the unnatural marriage lest it should excite her too a few days after the arrest

She had been stealily improving since sat constantly by his wife, with his face buried Rothsay was reached, though she talked but in his hands, as if he really mourned for the woman whom he knew so much better than in thought that she did not always hear when however, when Everard came, and recognised and pleased him, and something in her treach- his step the moment be touched the piazze and her pale face would light up with sudder in a way she was necessary to him, and when joy and her large eyes glow like coals of fire but since their first interview she had no struck him down as he had never before been hands in his as he sat and talked to her. Josephine living was & bar between Agnes wished to have her eister taken to still, and Everard guessed as much, and told Holburton and buried by her mother. But her at last that fosephine had died Holburton was too democratic a town, and on the very night of hir return to Rothsay sitting in her easy chair, vorthy of his money and position as the rich- gers beating restlessly upon the arm of her chair. But when shi heard of Josephine's death, her hands involuntarily unlocked and grand funeral was over - and grand it cer- crept toward the restless fingers which caught tainly was, if a costly coffin, a profusion of flowers, twenty carriages, and a multitude of very slowly and cauticusty to tell her the rest lookers on, could make it so; but how much real grief there was, aside from what Agnes brother, whose name ie had not before menfelt, was a matter of speculation to the people, tioned to her. At first she listened breathlessly, with parted liss and wide open eyes,

'Everard,--Everardl' she gasped, 'you are not telling me the trith? Say you are not. I would almost ratherhave died in that dread-

'Yes, true in every particular,' Everard plied, softening now as much as possible what he had still to tell of the man whose trial would come on very sion, and for whom there was no escape. 'Couldn't you savehim, Everard, if you hould try? Couldn' I do something?' she

should try?

late sounds which be could not comprehend and, oh, Everard, don't let anything earth, he put out his arm towards her as if answer for their misdeeds, else there is troubled to know just who I am and what has THE LAKE HURON COLLISION any more than he could understand what had assonish or startle you, but go up stairs to comfort and reassure her; but she no such thing as justice or protection for any happened. Oh, do you think, do you sup-affected her so strangely. It was in vain to the blue room, Rossie's old room, you instinctively drew back, with a feel one. You are not angry with me, Rossie?" pose I am going to be a, \_\_\_\_a, \_\_\_\_" the he continued, as she drew her hand from his She hesitated, and her lips quivered pitifully

> rible, and brings the buzzing back, and the confusion, and I hardly know who I am, or and good to hear, it was so long and loud. who you are, or what it's all about, only you "Fool, Rossie. No. You are only tired must go away. I can't hear any more," she out and must have the perfect rest which you and weeks when she lay in bed, and scarcely ered her face with kisses. "And were you moved or noticed any one, except Everard, ten times a fool, I want you just the same.

layed till she was able to give her testimony, had said: "No need of that. I don't want Rossie

Coldly, proudly and apparently unmoved, he sat in the criminal's seat and listened to had suffered too much to care for publicity his trial, and saw the looks of horror and execration cast at him, and saw Yulah's face, Rossie's face was sweet and beautiful as are like the face of a fiend, sneering exultingly at prisonment with the utmost composure; and no one who saw him on the way to his new was brought for him to put on. He had been very fastidious with regard to his personal appearance, and he flinched a little and turned pale for an instant, then rallying quickly he tried to smile and affect some pleasantry with regard to the unsightly garb which transformed him at once from an gant man of fashion into a branded felon. ith no mark of distinction between him and his daily companions.

# CHAPTER LV.

CONCLUSION

After the trial was over, and the doctor afely lodged in prison to serve out his length of time, Rothsay gradually grew quiet, and ceased to talk of the startling events which had thrown the town into such commotion. They were getting accustomed to the fact that Rossie was alive and with them again. She had appeared in the streets with Beatrice two or three times, and many of her old friends had been admitted to see her, but she was still very weak in body and mind, and was kept as quiet as possible. Beatrice had made short visit with her husband to Boston, but had returned again to her own home, bring ing Trixie and Bunchie with her, hoping the effect on Rossie might be good. was, for the moment the came and turned the orderly house upside down with their play and prattle, she began to improve and seem much like the Rossie of old, except that her face and figure were thinner and there were noroses on her cheeks, and there was always a tired look in her eyes and about her mouth. Of her brother she never spoke, nor of Josephine either; neither had she ever been near the Forres House, which, without her knowledge, had gradually been undergoing a transformation preparatory to the time when she should be equal to visit it. Both Everard and Beatrice, with Aunt Axie to assist them, had been busy as bees, removing from the house every article of furniture which either the doctor

or Josephine had bought, and replacing i with the old, familiar things of Rossie's child hood. When the doctor refurnished the house he had ordered all the rubbish, as he called it, to be stored away in the attics and unused rooms, where it had lain untouched save as dust and cobwebs had accumulated on it, acting and thinking.

and thus it was comparatively easy for the Yulah is at the Forrest House, in the rooms to assume their natural appearance, except so far as they had past, but Everard liad the good sense to see

Rossie wuld like when accustomed to them. It ouse her influence to shorten his He put himself with Rossie, for he knew he should live there with her, although nothing less there, and can only weep over her fallen had a plan which he meant to carry out, and and who is but when the house was restored to itself, and the bountifully. same old carpets were on the floor, and the same old carpets were on the hoof, and the chairs same old pictures on the wall, and the chairs Michel Fahen of the excitement caused by in his father's room standing just as they had Rossie's escape, of the means taken at first to stood that day when Rossie came to him so trece her, and of the indignation of the peo-

the buzzing back, and all the uncertainty

came up. It did not seem strange nor haunted now, and Rossie made no resistance when Everard lifted her from the phæton and car ried her into the house, which seemed so restful and home-like that she felt all her old morbid feelings and fears dropping from her, the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting and ous bird, until she came to the judge's chamdone that for which she always blushed when she of the Bible. recalled it. Passing his arm around her. Everly-tried young man sat here a beggar, with of little merit. secret on his mind far worse and harder to bear than prospective poverty. And while from it with a dread of which shall keep you now, forever." he continued which only held her closer, as Everard went on: "In one sense that time seems to me ages and ages ago, so much has happened since, while in another it seems but yesterday, so distinctly do I recall every incident me a child, but you left me a woman, whom I do believe I would even then have taken to I have brought you here to the old home. and into the very room, to answer the ques Do you still wish to be my wife?"

He had her face between his two hands, Everard, yes, yes. I have wished it so much when it was wicked to do so, and now that it not, for there is such a horrible fear before me all the time which I cannot shake off. Day and night it haunts me, that I am not all right in my brain. I saw so much and dollar more. gener quite straight, and my head buzzes at Duke of Hesse to the Princess of the Austrias

Everard's laugh was something pleasant said, wearily; and after that there were days can find alone with me," he said, and he cov-"I have been thinking and thinking, and is no need for delay, I want you and upon the miserable man, who whert told of he within two weeks at the farthest. You her condition and that the trial was to be dethe roses will soon come back to these pale

dragged into court to swear against me. I cheeks, and vigor to the poor tired brain. know more than she does; nothing can save me. I shall not put in a defence; and he did and the wedding took place two weeks from not. parade or show, for both bride and groom the faces of Murillo's Madonnas, as she lifted say, "My wife at last, thank God."

There was a trip southward as far as the

> and was there to meet the newly-marwere his friends and wished to do him honour the hull.
>
> Were publicly invited. It would seem as if The City went down fifteen minutes after everybody was his friend or Rossie's, for the whole town was out, filling the grounds, which The passengers and crew were all saved. Conwere beautifully decorated, while over the sidering the short time that elapsed between

avenue and passed into the house where they had known so much joy and sorrow both, and which hereafter was to be to them an and which hereafter was to be to them an mained on long.

The above are the facts of the case as they had each can be substantiated by

night, after the hundreds of lamps and lan-terns were lighted, and people came from Sr. Oatharines, July 15.—Captai afar to see the sight, which equalled the outcrowd departed to their respective homes, broke in two as she sank. and peace and quiet reigned again at th Forrest House.

And now, there is little more to tell of the characters with whom my readers have grown familiar.

Dr. Morton is still in Boston, and perfectly happy with Beatrice, who is the best of wives and step-mothers, idolized by husband and little ones, and greatly honored by the people, notwithstanding that she sometimes startles them with her independent way of

pear-been at her usually placed German face would changed by new windows and doors. dream of the terrible expression it can as-and partitions thrown down to make them more commodious. Could Axie have had the wretched man, who in his felon's cell her way, she would have put everything back drags out his miserable days, with no hope as it was, and not have left a vestige of the morse in his retrospect of the past. Once that the changes were such as both he and or twice he has written to Rossie, asking her

In course of time Everard heard from six months now since Rossie came home a Don't please. It's like a haunted place. tired of taking their friends to see the beau-But Everard was firm, and quieted her as tiful grounds, of which they are so proud, well as he could, and pointed out Aunt and to call upon the fair young matron, on Axie standing in the door just as whom the duties of wifehood sit so prettily, she used to stand waiting for her young mistress, and John farther on in the stable-yard, days when she wore her white sun-bonnet, and even the old dogs barking in the early and was known as Little Rossie Hastings. sunahine, and running to meet them as they

SUNDAY SCHOOL HAVINS AND MUSIC.

It seems to us high time that the songs of and flitted from room to room like some joy- the regular church service should become more closely allied to each other, so that where she paused a moment on the while the latter shall be made more hearty threshold, while there flashed upon her a re- and earnest, the two former shall be less unnembrance of that day which seemed so long worthy of a place in the mind and heart with ago, when she had entered it so fearlessly, and the grand truths and magnificent literature Too much countenance has heretofore been

ard drew her into the room, and closing the given in the Sunday-school to "hymns" which door made hor sit down beside him, while are mere rhymes without reason, with here he said, " Rossie, you surely have not for and there a dash of sweet sentimentalism in getten a scene which took place here more place of vigorous thought-flippant in style than six years ago, when a miserable, sore and irreverent in expression, and set to tunes

Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, the author of "Songs for the Sanctuary," rendered a valuhe sat thinking of the future, and shrinking able service to the churches when he added you to his latter work, "Spiritual Songs for the cannot conceive, there came to him a Church and Choir," a most excellent edition little sweet faced girl, who, in her called "Spiritual Songs for Social Worship;" desire to comfort him and give back what she and now a continuation of the series is to be believed to be his, asked to be his wife, with- issued, "Spiritual Songs for the Sundayout a thought of shame. No, Rossie, don't school," by the same accomplished author try to get away from me, for you cannot. I who has been assisted in the work by Mr. W. F. Sherwin, the well-known musical conas Rossie tried to free herself from the arm ductor, composer and general Sunday-school

The title of the book is hopefully suggestive. and the names of Dr. Robinson and Mr Sherwin give such promise of thoroughly sensible and attractive work that the advent and detail, even to the dress and apron you of the new volume will be watched with eager wore, and the expression of your face as it interest, as one likely to meet most happily changed from perfect unconsciousness to a sense of what you had done. You came to by Scribner & Co.

-John Dye, the expert counterfeiting, says my heart but for the bar between us. That that a close study of good notes is necessary bar is now removed, and Rossie, my darling, for those who would readily detect bad ones. Some of the latter arefully as fine as the former in workmanship, and it is only by the tion you asked me then, that is, if you are variations that they can be distinguished. He still of the same mind. Are you, Rossie? represents counterfeiting as having greatly increased of late, and the operators as b and was looking into her eyes, which filled with tears as she said to him, 'Oh costs more than half its apparent value to make. He showed a coin that had exactly the weight, size and touch of a genuine \$5 is not, I wish it still; only I am afraid I must gold piece; but a cut into the edges showed that it was a shell of gold with a platinum terly dividend of twenty per cent, filling. The actual value of the metal in it only \$2.50, and the making must have cost half a

-The reported engagement of the Grand

The following is the statement given by St. Catharines, which was sunk by the steamer George A. Marsh in Lake Huron on Monday morning last:

The City of St. Catharines left Montreal on Tuesday, 6th July, bound for Chicago with a general cargo. Nothing of note occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip as far Sarnia. whom she welcomed with her sweetest smile, And you are mine, my own precious little We left that port about 8.30 p. m.. Sunday, saying to him always the same thing:

Rossie who will be my wife very soon. There watches were changed at 1 a. m. Monday, all praying and praying, and I suppose it is right, need me, and Beatrice ought to go back to right. About 3 a. m. the lights of a steamer but oh! I am sorry."

Everard knew that her mind was dwelling she thinks you need her care. So it will seen to be on the George A. Marsh, showing be within two weeks at the farthest. You her red light. When within about one hundred yards or so of the City the Marsh though we will go away farther South for a suddenly changed her course and showed her while, where the season is earlier and where green light. Our mate observing this blew his whistle one blast, which was immediately answered by one blast from the Marsh. Th Rossie let bim arrange it all as he pleased, mate then ordered the wheelsman to port his wheel, which was done at once. The Marsh, however, continued on, and came crashing into our port bow, smashing an immense had suffered too much to care for publicity hole, through which the water rushed in tor-

The Marsh at this time still worked full steam, in fac: never stopped her engine until him, and heard at last his sentence of im it for her husband's first kiss, and heard him she had turned the City half way round. She then tacked away some distance from us, and only after several appeals that we were going home would have dreamed of the fate which mountains of Tennessee, where, in a lovely, awaited him. Only once did he show what seeluded spot Rossie gained so rapidly both he felt, and that was when the prison dress in body and mind, that the second week in May was fixed for their return to the Forrest in charge of the Marsh lost his presence of House, where Aunt Axie again reigned mind or made a deliberate attempt to have supreme, and where Agnes had found a his own vessel sunk. His actions on no haven of rest at 1 last. Beatrice, who had gone with Trix and Bunchie to Boston, had the people were all on board the Marsh, the offered Agnes a home with her as nursery captain acted in so surly a manner, and governess to the children, but Rossie had fearing that the damage to the Marsh might governess to the children, but Rossie had fearing that the damage to the Marsh might said to her first, "If you can. Aggie, I wish have been serious, I ordered them to be you would live with me. It will make me hap transferred to the steam barge David Rust, pier to have you at the Forrest House, 'and so which happened to be in the vicinity of the Agnes went to the Forrest House, disaster, and whose noble captain, in marked contrast to the actions of the other, im ried couple, when they came back one lovely mediately placed his cabins and wardrobe at afternoon in May to take possession of their the disposal of the passengers and crew. old house, amid the pealing of bells and the "God bless him for his kindness," was the rejoicing of people, who had assembled in heartfelt expression of all the unfortunates. crowds upon the lawn in front of the house, Capt. Pringle, of the Rust, remained by the where Everard's most intimate acquaintances wreck until most of the baggage was recovered had arranged a grand picuic, to which all who

gateway a lovely arch of flowers was erected the collision and her sinking, all have reason with the inscription on it, 'Welcome to the to thank Almighty God for his mercies in rightful heirs.'

sparing them. All that could be saved from ightful heirs.' sparing them. All that could be saved from
And so, amid the ringing of bells and the huzzas of the crowd, and strains of sweet brought to Sarnia, where the Rust afterward music as the Rothsay band played a merry got aground, which was a matter of regret to strain, Everard and Rossie drove up the all whom she had rescued, and could their

St. Catharines, July 15 .- Captain James McMaugh, of the wrecked steamer City of door fetes at the Champs Elysees, and were St. Catharines, arrived home from Sarnis continued until the village clock chimed last might. He says the propeller is sunk in twelve, when, with hearty handskakes and 15 fathoms of water and that the craft will be last might. He says the propeller is sunk in three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, the abandoned, his impression being that she

## A FLY MANUFACTORY.

Flies are artificially propagated in New Jersey, near Patterson, where an association of men have invested capital and are running the works to their full capacity. incubated from eggs by an artificial hatching arrangement, and the young flies are taught all the deviltry they know right in the factory. Some will look upon this statement as false, and wonder why an association of men should engage in the artificial propagation of the fly. We will explain. It is well known flies die at the end of the season, and if it were not for artificial propagation, there would be none the second season. The parties that are engaged in this industry are also sole manufacturers of fly-paper and fly traps. We trust that the object is now plain. In order to sell their paper and traps it is necessary to have game The gentlemen had engaged to catch. largely in the manufacture of fly-paper and v-traps before they knew that flies only ne cescon cess they found bankruptcy staring them in the face, as it was probable they would not sell a sheet of paper the next year. So they organized the organized the Great American Arthurosa Incubating Association of New Jersey," and issued a million dollars' worth of stock, We have no room to describe the hatching fearlessly and asked to be his wife, he went to her and said she was to ride with him that to her and said she was to ride with him that to her and said she was to ride with him that to her and said she was to ride with him that to her and said she was to ride with him that to her and said she was to ride with him that to her and said she was to ride with him that to her and said she was to ride with him that the heart of Rossid's up. soon beside him in Beatrice's phaeton, driv-laix months now since Rossie came home a soon beside nim in Beatrice's phaeton, driving toward the Forrest House grounds, into which he suddenly turned.

'Oh, Everard,' she cried, as her cheek flushed scarlet, "where are you going? Not there? I cannot bear it yet. It will bring seldom without guests, both from eity and the uncertainty. Country while the village people are placed on bride; and in that time no cloud, however cards and put into an oven. They hatch out in twenty minutes, and are ready in half an hour to learn the business. First there? I cannot bear it yet. It will bring seldom without guests, both from eity and in cream, and to get into things around the kitchen. Then the young flies are taken to country, while the village people are never the dormitory, where men and women, engaged for the purpose, are pretending to leep. An old fly and a hundred young are placed in each room, and the old fly, after lighting on shirt bosoms of female white goods, in order to teach the young flies the noble art of punctuation, begins to get in his work on the sleeper. The old fly, after seating the young flies on cuffs and collars, calls "Attention!" and after buzzing around a little, lights on the sleepers nose. The sleeper pretends to be mad, and slaps at the fly; this is a mere matter of form, however, for if a sleeper engaged by the association kills an old stool fly, deducted from his or her salary. As the old fly gets away, the young flies laugh and want to try it themselves. Then the old fly lights upon the lady sleeper's big toe, and proceeds deliberately to walk up her foot, ankle and calf, occasionally stopping to bite. This is very trying to the alleged sleepers, causing nervousness and a twitch-ing of the muscles, but they must not injure the fly. The little flies notice everything, and, after the old fly has caroused around. and tickled and buzzed, then the young flies are allowed to practice on them. sons practiced on get \$6 a day and board, as it is a very particular and trying situation. Then comes the expensive business of distributing flies throughout the country. Formerly it was done through book agents and lightning-rod peddlers, but that was found too expensive; so the association originated the idea of sending out regular agents, called tramps, to introduce the flies. The first year only about 16,000 tramps were sent out, but the business has grown to such proportions that it is estimated that this year the association has out 500,000 tramps, leaving flies around. They go from house to house begging, and before they leave they manage to drop a few flies. Each tramp

has a card with a million young flies on. After he has partaken of his meal, and the woman of the house is out for a shot gun or dog to drive him away, he slips his hand up his sleeve and tears off a piece of card containing, perhaps, 10,000 young flies, and drops it in the wood-box or in some convenient place. That is enough to start on as the flies breed rapidly. The next day the woman will wonder "where on airth all them flies came from." The company has distributing points all over the country

—Chicago, St. Louis and St. Paul being among them—where the tramps go once by plenty of capital. In the case of base coinage, he says that some of their product thirty days. The introduction of fly-paper costs more than half its apparent value to sent directly to druggists, who sell them to consumers. Stock in the association is worth an immense amount, paying a quarway that the fly nuisance can be abated

is to kill the tramps as fast as they enter a community, or destroy the manufactory at

New Jersey. We have exposed the nefari-

ous business; now let the people rise up

and crush it out of existence.