GEN. LE DUCON TEA CULTURE.

He Relates His Efforts at Cultivating the Plant in This Country. [From the Philadelphia Press.]

Gen. Le Duc of Minnesota, the Commis-sioner of Agriculture, arrived at Philadelphia recently, and a reporter interviewed him at the Continental Hotel, on the subject of tea culture, the introduction of which into this country has been one of his pet hobbies. "The tes plant," said the General, "had been grown and distributed by the Department of Agriculture for some years, more as a matter of curi-osity, than with the effort to make a tea garden or to establish its growth as a business. Although some few persons had obtained seed from China and elsewhere, and had made efforts to raise and manufacture tea, although with but little practical result in any case. Probably the largest number of plants col-lected by any one person are those collected by a Dr. Jones in Liberty County, Ga., near Savannah, who some time before the Rebellion undertook to raise a number of plants with a view of making tea. His plantation was practically abandoned, and after the war his daughter, Mrs. Scraven, prepared tea in a rude way from leaves picked from the old trees, of which there were at the beginning of this year 300 or 400 growing wild in the edge of a forest, the seeds falling from which, scat tered through the brush, had grown into quite an extended thicket, from which Mrs. Scraven was in the habit of selling plants and seed to those persons who wished to purchase. When, as Commissioner of Agriculture, I wished to promote the cultiva tion and manufacture of tea in this country, with a view of supplying our people with home raised tea, and thus decreasing the im-portation of the article. I purchased from home raised tea. and tea. and

necessary article. "I have but a short time since returned from an examination, assisted by Mr. Jack-son, of a large area of South Carolina, in which are found many locations in which the soil and climate were pronounced by Mr. Jackson as exceedingly favorable for the production of the tos plant. This pro-lows: the production of the tea plant. This pre-liminary examination showed more land suit lows "HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS, June 10, 18able for tea culture in the belt of country about forty or fifty miles back from the "DEAR SIR,-You will undoubtedly be surabout forty or fifty miles back from the coast, the best land being mostly situated in that portion which is regarded as unbealthy in the portion which is regarded as unbealthy is the portion which is regarded as unbealthy is the prised to hear that I am coming home. Once is that portion which is regarded as unbealthy is the portion which is the prised to hear that I am coming home. Once is that portion which is the portion whic with my failing health, there has come over me a feeling which, were I a boy, I should but not particularly unhealthy for the negro, who seems to live and thrive unharmed by call homesickness, and which at least is an the malarial atmosphere of the rich lands of that section. Mr. Jackson assures me that intense longing to see America once more. "After an absence of nearly twenty three years, it will seem almost as strange to me as there is no better soil for the plant in those parts of India with which he is familiar, and to my daughter Reinette, who, though over which has proved so great a source of twenty years of age, has never been in an profit to the English and Scotch tes companies.

"Has any tea been manufactured as a com Anatof imported tea?"

that of imported tea?" "For a number of years persons throughout the South owning one or more tea plants have made tea as best they knew how, but in a very crude fashion, bruising the leaves and drying them in a Dutch oven or even in the sun, and storing them away as a family sup-ply of the fragmath they, which they pro-council better them any they could nurchase. arying them in a Ducien oven or even in the sun, and storing them away as a family sup-ply of the fragrant herb, which they pro-nounced better than any they could purchase at the stores. Notably, this has been done in the last two years, or since the publication and circulation by the department of a little treatise upon tea culture and manufacture. But no ta has been made of a comparison so that she will have a good first impression ! If I remember rightly, there used to be in it a mahogany bedstead older than I am. Remove it, and substitute something light and airy in its place. Reinette does not like mahogany. Put simple muslin curtains at the windows, But no tea has been made of a commercial character until Mr. Jackson this spring comand have nothing but matting on the floors; Reinette detests carpets. And if you know of menced to manufacture tea in proper form, and send it to the department as an evidence a pair of fine carriage horses and a lady's a pair of nne carnage norses and a ladys saddle pony, have them ready for inspection, and if they suit Reinette I will take them. If you chance to hear of a trusty, middle-aged woman suitable for a housekeeper at Hetherof what could be done, even with the old and neglected plants he had purchased with the Jones plantation.'

"Are the profits of this cultivation likely to be great enough to attract capital in this ton Place, retain her until Reinette can see her; and please have the conservatory and direction ?'

direction ?" "It is, I believe, commonly understood that there is abundance of money in our own country now seeking profitable investment. When Government bonds can be floated at four per cent, and tea offers a profit which will be indicated by the difference between the cost of cultivation and the wholesale price, when cover direction of the testimony of Mr. Leave to bide them myself. Reinette is waiting four per cent., and tea offers a profit which will be indicated by the difference between the cost of cultivation and the wholesale price, the cost, according to the testimony of Mr. can't abide them myself. Reinette is waiting Jackson, will be from fiften to twenty cents per pound, and the wholesale price offered in New York is forty to fifty cents, and in Lon-don fifty to seventy cents per pound." for me to go to dinner, and I must close. Shall telegraph to you from New York as soon as the vessel arrives, and shall follow on first train. "Truly,

"Do the plants in this country only afford the English breakfast variety of tea?' "By no means. The leaf of the tea plant

"FREDERICK HETHERTON." is manufactured in different ways to secure " Spare no money to make the place comthe different brands of tea for the markets in

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1880.

CHAPTER II.

where our story opens.

THE YORK HERALD.

QUEENIE HETHERTON. Two hours later, the Boston train stopped at the station, and Phil Rossiter came up the long hill at his usual rapid, swinging gait, at-and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest By Mrs. Mary J Holmes, suthor of "Tempest some yachting dress, which became him so well. The first person to accost him was his well.

CHAPTER I.

VOL XXIII.

House," etc.

INTRODUCING SOME OF THE CHARACTERS. The morning mail for Merrivale had just

upon his stopping for a moment, as she had a favor to ask of him. Phil was the best na-tured fellow in the world, and accustomed to have favors asked of him, but he was tired and hot, and in a hurry to reach the quite and arrived, but there were very few letters to-day. Col. Rossiter, who lived in the large stone house on the Knoll, by which name the place was called, had two; one from his wife, the summer at Martha's Vineyard, and one from his son Philip, a young graduate from Harvard, who had been off on a yachting ex-cursion and was coming home for a few days before joining his mother and sisters et the seaside. There was at before joining his mother and sisters at the seaside. There was also one for Mrs. Lydia Ann Ferguson, who lived on Cottage Row, and who, if the sign in her window was to be believed, was the fashionable dressmaker of the town. Mr. Arthur Beresford, the only generally.

for crimping pins — he'd seen bushels of them, he presumed. But what did his aunt want?

from the Fergusons, with whom at heart he had little sympathy. What Mrs. Ferguson wanted was to know if English-speaking country. She is as anxious to come as I am, and we have engaged pas-sage on the Russia, which sails from Liver-

> come to Merrivale. "Now, what under the sun a cootoory is, I don't know," Mrs. Ferguson said, "neither does Anny, and she's been away to school three quarters ; but there's her letter, read it for yourself if you can. Anny and me found it hard work to make it out, the writing is so finefied '

out, as Miss La Rue had been told she did. "I wish to mercy ma would get out of the

hateful business and take that horrid sign out her of window; I'd split it up quick for kind lings ; I'm always ashamed when I see it ;' Miss Anna said petulantly, for she was foolish enough and weak enough to ascribe all her fancied slights to the fact that her mother was a dressmaker and had a sign in her win-

Mrs. Ferguson, however, did not share in this feeling, and reprimanded her ambitious daughter sharply, white Philip, who knew how sore she was upon the point, asked her if she really thought she would be any better with the obnoxious sign gone and her mother out of business.

time just because we are poor and work for a living. Even your sisters Ethel and Grace

"No, only half," Philip . replied. "My reply, started for town, and entering Peggy's shop, strode on to the back room, where Mary A terrible scene ensued, and sat at her work, with her gingham apron on spoken which should never grand ather Ferguson was twice married, and mother was the child of his first wife. Grandma Ferguson, as most everybody calls her, is only my step grandmother, and Mrs. Hether and her hands besmeared with the shoe-maker's wax she was obliged to use in her ton was her daughter Margaret, and, as I've heard, the most beautiful girl in Merrivale. It was her beauty, of course, which attracted work. They were, nevertheless, very pretty hands, small and white, and dimpled, and Mr. Hetherton, and I imagine it was a love somehow the colonel got them both between his own, and before the astonished girl knew match, for he was proud as Lucifer and very what he was about, he had asked her to be his wife, and told her how happy he would make her, provided she would forsake rich, while she was poor and -- and -- well, she was a Ferguson," and Philip changed color a little as he said this; then, as Mr. Beresford looked curiously at him he added, laughingly. all her family connections and cleave only unto him.

"not that I am in the least ashamed of my relatives, for I am not. They do not affect me one whit. I am just what I am, and a cart load of Fergusons can't hurt me, though "I do not mean that you are never to see them," he said, "but anything like intimacy would be very undesirable, for there would be a great difference between your position as my wife and theirs, and —" He did not finish the sentence, for Mary I'll confess that grandma and Aunt Lydia do try me at times. But wait and see what Miss Reinette thinks of them. She's all Ferguson on one side of the house; no half blood there. When are you going over to investigate the had disengaged her hands from his by this

time, and he always insisted that she struck place, and wouldn't you like me to go with you ?" at him, as she rose from her seat and, with lashing eyes, looked him straight in the face Nothing could suit Mr. Beresford better, for while she said :

"Thank you, Colonel Rossiter. You have said enough for me to understand you fully. You may be proud, but I am prouder still, when it was beginning to grow cool, they rode together toward "Hetherton Place," which You may be proud, but I am prouder still, and I decline your offer, which, the way you made it, was more an insult than an honor. I know I am poor, and that father is only a day laborer, but a better, truer, worthier man hever lived, and I hate you for thinking to make me ashamed of birn. while his wife thouch not my mother bin ; while his wie, though not my mother, has always been kind to me, and I will never turn my back upon her, never! The man who marries me will marry my family, too, or, at least will recognize them. I wish you INTRODUCING MORE OF THE CHARACTERS. Hetherton Place was nearly a mile distant from the village, and on the side of a hill, the scent of which was so gradual that on reach

good morning, sir," and she walked from the room with all the hauteur of an offended ing the top one was always surprised to find duchess, leaving the crest-fallen colonel alone, and very much bewildered and uncertain as himself so far above the surrounding country of which there were most delightful views to what had happened. It came to him at last that he was Turn which way you would the eye was met with lovely landscape pictures of grassy

by Mary Ferguson, the girl who closed shoes for a living, and whose step mother made and meadows and plains, of wooded hill-sides, sloping down to the river's brink and stretching sold root beer. away to the sandy shores of the ponds or little "Is the girl crazy ?" he asked himself, as he precipitately left the house. "Does she know what she was about to refuse me-me who would have made her a lady! And she lakes, which, when the morning sun was shin-ing on them, sparkled like so many dia-monds, on the sunny valley of Merrivale,

says she hates me, because I will not marry her family. Well, well, it's my first experi-Merrivale was not a very large or very stir ring town, for its sons and daughters had a habit of turning their backs upon the old home and seeking their fortunes in the larger cities or in the West, where nature seems to be kinder and more considerate to her children, in that her har nce at love-making, and I think it will be my last. But it was not, for Mary Ferguson's blue

eyes had played the very mischief with the colonel's heart-strings, and he could not give vests there yield richer stores with less of that toil of the hands and sweat of the her up, and the next day he told her so in a letter of three pages, which she promptly rebrow so necessary among the rocky bills of New England. There were no factories in turned to him, with the words :

" Tho man who marries me must recognize Merrivale, for the waters of the lazily-flowing Chicopee were insufficent for that, but there my family."

A week went by, and then the colonel sent A week went by, and then the coloner sent his love a letter of six pages. in which he capitulated generally. Not only would he recognize the family, but in proof thereof he would buy the large stone house called the were shoe-shops there, and the men who worked in them lived mostly in small, neat, houses on Cottage Row, or on the new streets which were gradually creeping down the hill to the river and the railroad track, over Knoll, which was at present unoccupied, and he had heard for sale. Here they would live, in the summer at least, and during the winter she might like Boston for a change, but he would not insist upon anywhich almost every hour of the day heavily aden trains went rolling on to the westward. Years and years ago, when the Indians still lurked in the woods around Merrivale, thing which did not meet her approval. All he wanted was herself and that he must and bears were hunted on Wachuset Mt., and the howl of the wolf was sometimes heard in the marshy swamp around old Cranberry Pond, the entire town it is said, was owned have.

This was a concession, and Mary, who, by the Hethertons, who were aristocrats to while standing by her family, had not been insensible to the good fortune offered her, surrendered, and in less than a month was Mrs. Colonel Rossiter, and mistress of the handsome stone house, where the back-bone, and who traced their ancestry in a direct line back as for as the Norman conquest. Theirs, of course, was the bluest blood in Merrivale, and theirs the heaviest purse, but purses will grow light in time, and blood grow weak as well, and the Heth erton race had died out one by one, until, her father was always made welcome, and her step-mother treated with kindness and consideration. o far as anybody knew, there was but a sin

We have dwelt this long upon the woeing and wedding of the colonel, because the Rosas a matter of course, his property went to his only child, who, so far as the people knew, gle member remaining, and he as good as an deal, for any good he did to the people of Merrivale. For nearly twenty three years Frederick Hetherton had lived abroad, and during that time, with one exception, he and wedding of the colonel, because the ros-siters and Fergueons have as much to do with had never sent bim a line since he had lived this story as the Hethertons, and because the abroad. What upon sirth brought you here !" this story as the Hethertons, and because the abroad. marriage of Mary Ferguson was the means of bringing about another marriage, without which Reinette, our dainty little queer, could had never communicated with a single indi-

WHOLE NO. 1,155.-NO. 12.

Then he roused up, and without a word of daughter, he answered boldly' "Yes, and I

tween father and son, and the next day Fred Hetherton was missing from his home and

Margaret Ferguson was missing from her's, and two days later Aunt Peggy donued her best clothes and went over to Hetherton place and claimed relationship with its owner by virtue of a letter just received from her daughter, who said she was married the previous day, and signed herself "Margaret Hetherton." Then the father swore his big-gest oaths, said his son was his no longer,

that he was glad his wife had died before she hat rait consequence his wife, whose character knew of the disgrace, and ended by turning was stronger than his, had developed into a Peggy from his door and bidding her never self-reliant, independent woman, who managed knew of the disgrace, and ended by turning Peggy from his door and bidding her never dare claim acquaintanceship with him, much less relationship. What he wrote to his son in reply to a letter be received from him announcing his marriage no one ever knew, but the result of it was that Frederick determined to go abroad at once, and wrote his father. This was true, and Mr. Hether-ton had no redress, but walked the floor of his father. This was true, and Mr. Hether-ton had no redress, but walked the floor of his grace lonely rooms foaming with rage and gnashing his teeth, while the Fergusons were crying over the letter sent to them by Margaret who was then in New York, and who wrote of their inte ded departure for Europe.

Europe.

he had gone to Switzerland with a party of ed by his school fellows, who made his life so French and English, leaving her slone with a great a burden that at last on one occasion, waiting maid whom she described as a para-when she said to him as she patted his young,

called a baby any longer." She never called him so again, or kissed to Mr. Ferguson as follows :

"GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, May 15tb, 18—. "Mr. FERGUSON,—Your daughter Margarit died sud lenly of consumption in Rome, the 10th of last month, and was buried in the said good by et o him, and God bless you, at Protestart burying ground his father's house, and went back to her own home, where she had lived alone since her Protestant burying ground. Yours, "F. HETHERTON." Nothing could be colder or more unsatus factory than were these brief lines to the sorrowful parents, to whom it would have been some comfort to know how their hu-band's death, and which seemed lonelier to her than ever, because on the morrow the boy Phil would be gone. Phil was her idol, be pride, and his daily visits to her had male much of the substitue of her life, and as she daughter died and who was with her at the last, and if she had a thou, ht or word for undressed herself for bed, and then went to wind the tall clock in the kitchen corner, the the friends across the water, who would never teals folled down her face and dropped from the end of her nose, which she blew vigoroussee her again. But this solace was denied

Upon the elder Mr. Beresford, who had outdot to border flying back, and her tallow

"That Pound Lawsuit" Vaughan Vater Sint " Treefy vale, so that he was always occupied an I busy. But whether it was from frequent contact whether it was from frequer contact with the class of people with whort be often had to deal, or from something innate in himself, he distrusted human ne-ture, and did rot always three were the faults which thinketh no evil until the evil is proved; and those who dealt with him most ntimately found him hard and unsympathetic, though always perfectly honorable and up

ight. In stature he was medium size for a man, but finely formed, with a head set erect and square upon his shoulders, and crowned with a profusion of dark brown hair, which curled, slightly around his forehead. His complexion was dark, almost swarthy, in fact, and his eyes those round, bright, restless eyes which make A terrible scene ensued, and words were you uncomfortable when fixed upon you, be-spoken which should never have passed be-cause they seem to be reading your inmost cause they seem to be reading your inmost secrets and weighing all your thoughts and motives.

Business he had none; employment none; but for this useless life bis mother was, per-haps, more in fault than he, for she was vir-tually the moving power of the family, or, as the villagers termed it, "the man of the house."

Always peculiar, Col. Rossiter had grown more and more peculiar and absent minded with every year of his married life, and as a Europe. She was very happy, she said, though she and that was saying a great deal, for they She was very happy, she said, though she did want to come home for a few days just to bid them good-by, but Frederick would not allow it. She would write to them o'ten, and never, never forget them. Then came a few lines written on ship board, and a few more from Paris, telling of terrible homesickness, of Frederick's kindness, and the pearls and blue silk dress ..e had bought her. Then followed an interval of silence, and when Mar-garet wrote again a change scemed to have come over, and her letters were stilted and constrained like those of a person writing under restraint, but showed signs of culture and hal ma-ters in French and music and dancing, but of her husbaud she said very little, except that he was well, and once that he had gone to Switz-rland with a party of

gon of geodness. To this letter Mrs. Rossiter replied, asking her sister if she were really content and happy, but there came no response, and nothing more was heard from Margaret until she wrote of failing health and that she wee

she wrote of failing health and that she was going to Italy to see what a milder climate would do for her. Weeks and weeks went by, and then Mr. Hetherton himself wrote to Ma Evenuen an fallows a fallows a fallows a bay way longer"

see her again But tuis source them, for though Mrs. Rossiter wrote twice to the old address of Mrs. Hetherton in Paris, she never received a reply, and so the years passed on, and the history of poor Margaret's short married life and death was etill shrouded in mystery and gloom, when with her back to the street door she felt a pair of arms close tightly around ber neck, and Phil's lips were pressed against hers. " For the dear Lord't sake how you scart

been the general legal adviser. devolved the Candle in her hand. duty of hunting up the heir, who was found Phil was half cryi Phil was half crying, too, as he replied : "I could not go away without kissing you

"Of course I wouldn't be any better. I'm

though he was several years older than Phil, the two were fast friends, and later in the day. had been tenantless since the death of old General Hetherton, which had occurred ten or welve years before.

in an aside to Phil, who assured her that he did not mind the work-room, and did not care

he presumed. But what the two set home, He was in something of a hurry to get home, would would

He was in something of a hurry to get home, as his father was expecting him and would wonder at his delay. Phil knew he was stretching the truth a little, for it was not at all likely his father would give him a thought until he saw him, but any excuse would answer to get away from the Forgusons with whom at heart he

he had ever heard his mother or sisters speak of a dressmaker at Martha's Vineyard, a Miss Margery La Rue, who was a Frenchwoman and who had written to Mrs. Ferguson, asking if she wished to sell out her business, and if it would pay for a first-class couturiere to

Philip took the letter, which was written in that fine peculiar hand common to the French, and which was a little difficult at first to decipher. But the language was in good English and well expressed, and the writer, Miss Margery La Rue, late from Paris, wished to know if there was an opening for a dressmaker in Merrivale, and if Mrs. Ferguson wished to sell

just as good as anybody now," Miss Anna re-torted, with a toss of her head. "But you know as well as I that folks don't think so, and ma and I are not invited a quarter of the

which MIR. Ferguson led him, and where his cousin sat working on a customer's dress. Anna Ferguson, who had been called for her mother, but had long ago discarded Lydia as too old-fashioned, and adopted the name of Anne, was eighteen, and a blue-eyed yellow-haired blonde, who would have been very netty but for the constant smirk about her pretty but for the constant smirk about her and the affected air she always assumed in the presence of her superiors. Even with Phil

aunt, Mrs. Lydia Ann Ferguson, who insted

she was never quite at her ease, and she be-gan at once to apologize for her hair, which

was in crimping pins, and for her appearance "Manever ought to have asked you into the work room, and me in such a plight. But, then, you know ma. She'd have done the same if it had been Mr. Beresford, I do be-lieve. She's no sensibility, ma hasn't." This

which it is put. The difference lies in the manipulation of the leaf. Green teas are read this letter from one whose business As it is, they feel obliged to pay me some atagent and lawyer he merely was, and whom he scarcely remembered at all except as a made without fermentation, whereas the Eng-lish breakfast class of teas are all fermented in different degrees according to the quality dashing, handsome young man, whom every-desired."

scamp. "Cool, upon my word !" he thought, as he

TAKE A REST.

A Bookkeeper's Bealthful Holiday Trip. "A nice little job he has given me to do.

"Well, Mr. Jones, you see I'm back," was (Clean the house, air Miss Reinette's bed-the greeting which a Toronto merchant gave (chamber; move the old worm eaten mahogany chamber; move the old worm-eaten mahogany furniture, and substitute something light and his bookkeeper the other morning. Yes, sir; and how have you enjoyed yourself?" queried the pale-faced individual cheerful which Reinette will like : nut muslin curtains to her windows ; get up a lot of horses who was turning over the leaves of a well-thumbed ledger on the desk before him. for her inspection; housekeeper, do.; fill the garden with flowers, where there's nothing

"I must say I've had a good time this trip but nettles and weeds growing now ; and, to Just away a month, you know ; made good crown all, hunt up for Miss Reinette a metime to New York and went straight to the pagerie of dogs and cats, when, if there is one seaside. Fashionable society there, you know. animal more than another of which I have a Soon as I got there I felt myself improving mortal terror, it is a cat. And this girl, this in health ; and my appetite was so good after Reinette, is passionately fond of them. Who a couple of dips in the briny, you know, that is she, any way? I never heard before that the number of dishes I called for quite Mr. Hetherton had a daughter; neither, I am startled the waiter. I tell you sea bathing is sure, did the Rossiters or Fergusons. Mrs. the thing to give you fresh life and energy; Peggy would be ready enough to talk of her and then the fresh sea breezes, whew! There Paris granddaughter, if she had one. But we is nothing in the world like sitting on the shall see. Mr. Hetherton's letter has been de-beach on a fine evening, imbibing the ozone, layed. He suils the 25th. That is day after listening to the music and watching the peo- to-morrow, so I've no time to lose, if I get by electric light. It invigorates everything done, cats and all. I wish he had you, you know, and when you go to bed you given the job to somebody else. sleep so soundy that a burglar could step in Phil Rossiter, now, is just the chap and take the bed from under you without dis-to see it through. He'd know ex-"I never slept so soundly as that," inter-while as for cats, I have actually seen the turbing you."

fellow fondling one in his arms. Ugh ?" and

rupted Mr. Jones. "I suppose not," continued the merchant. the young lawyer made an impatient ges-"Then breakfast is a great meal. Why, when ture with his hands, as if shaking off an im-

I'm at home I can't manage a great big break-fast; but, bless you, at the seaside I ate like Just at this point in his soliloquy, Colonel a horse. I bathed in the sea sometimes twice Rossiter, who had been leisurely reading his a day, that is, morning and evening, and if two letters inside the office, came out, and not in better health than ever I was, I'm remembering that he was a connection by a Dutchman. You know, in my opinion, marriage with the Hethertons, Mr. Beresford there's no place for a man to go in the sum² detained him for a moment by laying a hand mer equal to the seaside." detained him for a moment by laying a hand on his arm, and thus making him stand still

"Yes, sir, I think a change of air really while he explained about the letter, and asked does one good."

"Of course it does; and on your return from the country you fiel as if you could de get away from hie companion — "I don't think twice the work you did before. I think, Jones, anything; I'm in too dused a hurry to think you should have a little relaxation."

"Yes, sir, I want a rest. For five years I "Yes, swell see if you can get through what haven't been away from the desk."

change of air 'll do you good, you know.' The book-keeper looked sad.-Mail.

MAKING ARTIFICIAL ICE.

At a Cincinuati brewery there is a machine At a Cincinuati brewery there is a machine recently imported from Germaby, which is the Fergusons; they are sure to be posted, under contract to make a ton of ice—or to and so is Phil, my son. By the way, he's produce cold equal to a tou of ice—for ninety coming home on next train. Con-cents. The plan is to station the machine in sult him ; he's just the one, he's nothing cents. The plan is to station the machine in sult him ; he's just the one, he's nothing suppose this Reinetie to be a very queen, the a side building, and to send the cold air or else to do, more's the pity. And way her father defers to her. Everything water through tunnels in the street into the now, really, Mr. Beresford, you must let me must bend to her wishes; bedstead, matting, cellers. In the fomenting cellers cold water is go. I've spent a most uncommon length of sent by pipes through the tubes, the tubes have time talking with you, and I bid you good

what he thought of it.

ing coil pipes inside. Into the storing cel-lers, where the beer is in casks, the cold blast And so a And so saving, the colonel, who among his is injected full into the cellar, turning it into many peculiarties numbered that of being almonster refrigerator. The estimates are ways in a hurry, though he really had nothing carefully made, and confidence is expressed in to do, started toward home at a rapid pace, as the success of the plan. if resolved to make up for the time he had

lost in unnecessary talk. Mr. Beresford o loked after him a moment, -You may have seen a young man on one side of a gate and a maiden on the other side. Why they talk so long is because a great deal Philip, decided to defer his visit to Hetherton it from your mother. They were sisters, I Why they talk so long is because a great deal an be said on both sides. Place until he had seen the young man.

Arthur Beresford's face was a puzzle as he would not notice me if I wasn't their cousin. dual except his lawyers, the Beresfordsfirst Henry, the elder, who had been his friend and colleague, and after his death, tention. I hate the whole thing, and I hope I shall live to see the day when I can go to with Arthur, the younger, who succeeded to his brother's business. When Frederick first came home from colthe seaside, and wear handsome dresses and

diamonds. and have a girl to wash the dishes lege he was a dashing, handsome young man, with something very fascinating in his voice and wait on me. There's the bell now; some-"Cool, upon my word !" he thought, as he folded the letter and returned it to his pocket. Anna flounced out of the room to wait upon and manner; but to the young girls of Merrivale he was like the moon to the humble a customer, while her mother asked Philip

brook on which it shines, but always looks down. They could watch, and admire, and again if he had ever heard his sister speak of Miss La Rue, saying they must have told her of herself and of Merrivale. look up to him from a distance, but never tope for anything like an intimate recognition, Philip never had, but promised to inquire for the Hethertons held themselves so high about her when he went to the Vineyard, as hat very few were admitted to the charmed

he intended doing in a few days. Then, not sircle of their acquaintance. caring for a second encounter with the little golden-haired blonde, he went out of the side door and so escaped into the street breathing freer in the open air and wondering why Anna need always bother him about being slighted because she was poor, as if it made any matter if only a person was nice and behaved herself pro-

perly. Mr. Beresford was the next to accost Phil, and as the Hetherton business was uppermost in his mind, he walked home with the young man and opened the subject at once by telling him of the matter and asking if he had ever heard of Reinette Hetherton "Reinette Hetherton-Reinette." Philip re

peated. "No, never; but that's a preity name, and means 'little queen.' I wonder what kind of a craft she is? Frenchy, of course, and I hate the French. She must be my cousin, too, as I have never heard that Mr. Hetherton married a second time. When will she be here ?'

Phil was interested in the girl at once, but Mr. Beresford, who was several years older, was more interested in the numerous arrangements he was to make for her reception They had reached the Knoll by this time, and were met in the hall by the colonel, who did not manifest the least annoyance because of Mr. Beresford's presence, but on the contrary glad to have him there as it re lieved him from any prolonged stay with his son.

"Think?" returned the colonel, trying to "Eh, Phil, glad to see you," he said. "Hone you had a pleasant time ;" then, in an absent kind of way, with a move of his hand, -a very dused hurry, Mr. Beresford, and you "make yourself at home. You are quite wel come, I am sure ; both of you," bowing to Mr. Beresford. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I The sign of the set o very courtly bow, he walked rapidly away to the green house, where he was watching the special use of the Hethertons, and not a dused development of a new kind of bean found in Rossiter in it. No, no; l'm in too great a Florida the previous winter. hurry to think whether I ever heard of a

Left to themselves the two young men resumed their conversation concerning Reinette Hetherton, and Mr. Beresford showed Phil her father's letter. "Upon my word," said Phil, "one would

flowers, housekeeper, horses, and cats and dogs; that's rich; but I'll take the last job off your hands. I know of a whole litter of young puppies which I'll have in readiness for her, besides half a ozen or more cats." "Yes, thank you. I am sure I shall be

glad to be rid of that cat business," said Mr. Beresford, "but tell me, about Mrs. Hether ton, Reinette's mother. I was too much of a boy when she went away, and you, of course,

not honorable.

when Col

beer and gingerbread were sold.

sat in the little room where

certain extent, though the villagers, who well in her new place.

"Acts for all the world as if she was born to suspecting that Mrs. Roseiter, as she mingled her old-fashioned ways and modes of speech. As for the father he enjoyed to the full see-Mrs. Hetherton, Frederick's mother, had

ing his daughter a lady, but laughed at her endeavors to mold and polish him.

come from the vicinity of Tallehassee, and with the best blood of Florida in her veins, was, if possible, more exclusive than her hus "'Tain't no use, Mollie," he would "You can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail band, and labored assiduously to instill her and you can't make a gentleman of me. aristocratic notions into the mind of her son. hard old hand shave worked too long in stone After her death, however, whether it was and mortar to be cramped up in gloves or to that he found life at Hetherton Place too handle them wide forks of yourn. I shall onely, or that he missed her counsels and allus eat with my knife ; it comes natural-like nstructions, he was oftener with the young and easy, and shall drink my tea iu my sasser. people of Merrivale; and rumors were at last But I like to see you go through with the afloat of frequent meetings between the heir jimcracks, and think you orter, if the colonel wants you to. Yo I allus had the makin' of a lady even when your hands, where the diaof Hetherton and Margaret Ferguson, whose ather was a stone mason, but a perfectly nonest, upright and respectable man, and monds is now, was cut and soiled with hard waxed ends, and nobody 'll think the wus of whose mother was then familiarly known in the community as the Aunt Peggy who sold you, unless its some low-minded, jealous peryou, unless its some low mindea, leafouts per-son who, when they see you in your best silk gownd may say how you was once poor as you could be, and closed nigger shoes for a livin'. That's human root beer and gingerbread in the summer ime, and Boston brown bread and baked beans in the winter. During Mrs. Hetherton's lifetime her car riage had occasionally stopped before the shop door while she bartered with Peggy for nater, and don't amount to nothin'. But, Mollie, though you can't lift Peggy nor me, buns and cakes, but anything like social ac-

quaintance of the Fergusons the lady would have spurned with contempt. Great, therefore, was her astonishment You can give her a hist if you will, and vale. mebby she'll make as good a match as yon. Paul Rossiter, who had been edu She's the prettiest creatur I ever see."

cated at West Point, and whom, in a way, she acknowledged as her equal, fell in love with and married Mary Ferguson who was And in this John Ferguson was right, for Margaret was even more beautiful than her sister Mary. To the same dazzling purity of complexion, and large, lustrous blue eyes, she the child of her father's first marriage, and in no way related to Peggy, and who was quite added a sweetness of expression and a softas well educated as most of the girls in town, and far prettier than any of them. The Ferguson's were all good-looking, with a fair, ness of manner and speech unusual in one who had seen so little of the world, and which procured for her the soubriquet of " The Rose Saxon type of beauty, and Mary's dazzling of Merrivale." Mrs. Rossiter, who was alcomplexion and soft blue eyes caught the fancy of Col. Rossiter the first time he reined lowed to do whatever she pleased, acted upon her father's suggestion and had her sister his horse in front of the shop where small often with her, and took her to Boston for a winter, and to Saratoga for a season, and it Col. Rossiter at that time was thirty five was in the Rossiter carriage that Frederick

or more, and had never evinced the slightest Hetherton first remarked the fresh, lovely interest in any one of the opposite sex. In-deed, he rather shunned the society of ladies young face which was to be his destiny. He ight, and probably had, seen it before in and was looked upon by them as a very pe-culiar and misanthropical person. He bechurch, or in the shop where he occasionally went for beer, but it had never struck him longed to a good family, was an orphan and rich, and had no one's wishes to consult but just as it did now, framed in the pretty chip hat, with the blue ribbons vieing with the his own; and so, after that first call at Peggy's establishment, and when Mary entertained deeper, clearer blue of the large bright eyes which flashed a smile upon him as he involand waited upon him, it was remarked that untarily lifted his hat.

he seemed very fund of small beer, and that Fred Hetherton was very fond of pretty it took him some time to drink it, for his faces, and it was whispered that he did not hestnut mare was often tied before the always follow them for good, and there were shop door for half an hour or more, while rumors affoat of large sums of money paid by his father for some of his love affairs, but, however that might be, his intentions were was busy with the shoes she stitched. or closed, as they called it, for the large always strictly honorable with regard to peared somewhat older than that. He had our existence. shoe shop near by. At last the gossip Margaret Ferguson. At first his pride was greatly shocked when he learned who she was for he was quite as proud as any of the reached Mrs. Hetherton, whose guest the colonel was, and who felt it her duty to remonstrate seriously with the gentleman. The colonel listened to her in a duzed kind of way, Hethertons, and he shrank from Aunt Pegyy more than Mr. Rossiter had done. But Maruntil she said, although no harm would come o him, he certainly could not wish to damage the girl's good name by attentions which were

never have been the heroine of this romance. living in Par sand who wrote to Mr. Beres-Mary would hardly have, been human if her sudden elevation to riches and rank had not affected her somewhat. It did affect her to a house itself was to be shut up as Frederick watched her curiously, agreed that it did not turn her head, and that she fitted wonderfully rotted to the ground he would never go back to live in it : never go to America at all, but

he would neither have it sold or rented, he that graudness, and ain't an atom ashamed of me, nuther," Mrs. Peggy said, never once and the damp and mold gathered upon the roof, and the boys made the windows a target sometimes shiver, and grow cold and faint at built their nests in the wide-mouthed chimneys, and the bats and owis flew unmolested through the rooms, where once the aristocratic Mrs. Hetherton trailed her velvet

gowns; and the superstitious ones of Merrivale said the place was haunted and avoided it after nightfall, and over the whole place there brooded an air of desolation and decay. Then the older Beresford died, and Arthur. succeeded him in business and took charge of the Hetherton estate, and twice each year wrote formal business letters to Mr. Hetherton. who sent back letters just as formal and brief, and never vouchsafed a word of infor mation concerning himself or anything per taining to his life in France, notwithstanding that Mrs. Rossiter once sent a note in Mr. Beresford's letter, asking about her sister's death, but to this there was no reply, except the message that she died in Rome as he had informed her family at the time.

Thus it is not strange that the letter to Mr. Beresford announcing his return to America. and speaking of his daughter, was a surprise and revelation both, for no one had ever dreamed there was a child born to poor Marthere's your sister Margaret growin' up as garet before her death. In fact, the Fergusons pretty and smart a gal as there is in Merrituemselves had almost forgoten the existence of Mr. Hetherton, and had ceased to speak of him, though John, who had now been dead four years or more, had talked much in his

last sickness of Margaret, or Maggie, as he called her, and had said to his wife: "Something tells me you will yet be brought very near to her. I don't know exactly how, but if she may she'll come back to you; not Maggie herself, but something ; it is not clear quite.

And now at last she was coming back in the person of a daughter, but Grandma Ferguson did not know it yet. Only Mr. Beres-ford and Philip held the secret, for Col. were driving toward Hetherton Place on the warm June afternoon of the day when our story opens.

CHAPTER III. MR. BERESFORD AND PHIL.

slowly through the Hetherton grounds, com-menting on the reglected, ruinous condition his coll ege friends asked him to everywhere apparent, and the vast amount of lab r necessary to restore the park and gar

den to anything like beauty or order. Mr. Beresford, as the elder, will naturally sit first for his mental and physical photo-

received a first-class education at Yale, and when he entered the law he devoted himself to it with an energy and assis wity which, had he lived in a larger town than Merrivale,

would have placed him at the head of his more than Mr. Rossiter had done. But Mar-garet's beauty overcame every scruple at last, profe-sion. There was no half way work and when his father, who had heard some. With him. Whatever he did, he did with all his might and his scrupt and his with him. Whatever he did, he did with all his might and his scrupt and his scrupt and his scrupt are both active and passive, and they exactly and when his father, who had heard some. With hid, whatever he did, he did who an are both active and passive, and they exactly thing of it in town, asked him if it were true his might, and his services were much sought that he was running after old Ferguson's after by people in the towns around Merri-I am sold; exce, I am out; fie, I am done.

once more, and having you kiss me. You haven't done so since that time I got so plaguv mad and called you names. I've cried bout it fifty times, I'll bet. I want you to forgive it, and kiss me, too. I'm awful sorry, granny.

The pet name for her in his babyhood, and which he had long since discarded, dropped from his lips naturally now, and putting down her tallow dip the old lady took him in her arms and nearly strangled him as she obbed

"Forgive you, Phil? Of course I will, with all my heart, and kiss you, too. Any woman young or old, would like to kiss a mouth like vours.

We do not believe our readers will like Philip Possiter the less for this little incident. or because even in his young manhood he had a mouth which any woman, young or old, might like to kiss. A handsome mouth it might like to kiss. A handsome mouth it was, with full red lips which always seemed just ready to break into a merry, saucy laugh, but which you felt intuitively had never been polluted by an oath, or vulgar word, or low ins nuation against anyone. In thought, and word and deed he was as pure as any girl, and held all women in the utmost respect, because his mother was a woman. At the time our story opens Phil was twen

ty-five years old, though from the delicacy of his complexion he looked younger, and might easily have passed for twenty-one. Tall, willowy and graceful in figure, he was, like all the Ferguson race, blue-eyed and fair, with a profusion of soft brown hair, which curled just enough to save it from stiffness. People called him handsome, with his frank, open, boyish face and winning smile; but he hated himself for it. as a handsome man was an abomination, he thought, and he had times of hating himself generally, because of that natural distaste to application of any kind, which kept him from being what he felt sure he was capable of being if he could but rouse himself to action. Had he been a woman, he would nave made a capital dressmaker, for he knew all the details of a lady's dress, from the arrangement of her hair to the fit of her boot, and could detect at a glance any incongruity in color, and style, and make up. To his sisters he was invaluable as a critic, and no article which he condemned was ever worn again. It was strange, considering he like to each other they were, that Phil and peculiarities of the other, and each sought the other's society continually. With Mr. Beresford the fact that Phil was a Rossiter covered a multitude of sins, while more democratic Phil cared but little who Mr. Beresford's family were, but liked the lawyer for Scarcely any two men could be more un like each other than the two men who walked office, where he once actually began the study of law, but gave it up as soon as a party of cursion to the Adirondacks, and he never resumed it again. From the description given of our two young men the reader will undoubtedly think them far from perfect. And so they are, for our story is made up of very graph. In age he was probably not more faulty characters, but natural ones withal, than thirty five, though he looked and ap-and such as we know and meet every day of

TO BE CONTINUED.]

-It was not a Presidential candidate at