## **OUEENIE HETHERTON.**

and Sunshine," " Ethelyn's Mistake," " Forrest House." etc.

"I swear it, father-swear solemnly that I will burn all letters which may come to you without reading them," Reinette said, fright-ened at the strange look in his face, and his her account." evident eagerness for her reply. "God bless you, darling! Keep your

promise to your dying father, and never try to find-----He did not say what or whom, but lay per-

feetly quiet, while overhead on deck the tramping of feet was more hurried and noisy, and the ship gave a little lurch as if hitting against something which resisted its force and set it to rocking again. The motion threw Reinette backward, and when she gathered herself up and turned toward the white face upon the pillow, she uttered a wild

officer just entering the state-room. He had come on brard to do his duty ; had

seen the bustling little Frenchman speak hurriedly to the girl on deck; had seen her dart away, and fancied she cast a frightened look at him. When others came to declare the contents of their trunks she had not been with them.

'Secreting her goods and chattels, no doubt." he thought, and made his way to the state-room, where he stood appalled in the awful presence of death. Reinette might have had the wealth of all

Paris in her trunks and carried it safely off, for her trunks were not molested, and both passengers, ship's crew, and officers other in their care for and attention to this young girl, whose father lay dead in his berth, and who was all alone in a strange and foreign country. Under standing but little of the language, and terhalf out of his wits at the sight of rified death, Pierre was almost worse than use-less, and could do nothing but crouch at his mistress' feet and holding her hands in his gaze into her face in dumb despair, as if ask-

be persuaded to abandon it, she said, for ing what they were to do next. "Children, both of them. We must take turn their noses up at her." So the young lady was suffered to do as she liked, but the it in hand ourselves." the captain said to his mate, and he did take it in hand, and saw veils, and bonnets, for the two Mrs. Fergusons, lightning glance which the bright eyes flashed that Reinette was made comfortable at the Astor, and that the body was made ready for burial.

When asked if she had friends or relatives deepest black could make them. Mr. Tom, expecting her, Reinette replied : "No, no friends or relatives anywhere

Ferguson, of whom scarcely any thing has been said, and who was a plain, quiet, second-Pana was all I had. There's only Pierre now class grocer, and as obstinate in some matand Mr. Beresford, papa's agent. I am to trust him with everything."

Later, when something was said to her of with the affsir. "Fred Hetherton had never spoken to or telegraphing to Mr. Beresford to come for her, looked at him when a boy, and he shouldn't go after him now," he said. "He should she answered, promptly : "No, that would make unnecessary trouble,

stay at home and mind his own business, and and father said I was not to do that. Pierre and I can go alone. I have travelled a great let Phil and the women folks run the funeral." This resolution Anna in her secret heart when papa was sick in Germany and Pierre could not understand, I have talked to

thought a very sensible one. If possible she was more ashamed of her father than of the the guards and the porters. I know what to And on the pale, tear stained face there was

sign in her mother's window. "He was so codgery and odd, and never tried to look any a resolute, self-reliant look, which was in part born of this terrible shock, and partly the habit of Reinette's life. her than her old fashioned father, whom Rein-ette was sure to take for a peasant. But when "To morrow morning I will telegraph." she

added. You see us to the right train, and I the carriage came round for the mourning party Phil was not in it; nor did the ceachbeen studying it up." And she showed him Appletons' Railway man know where his young master was; his orders were to drive the ladies to the station,

Guide, to which she had fled as to a friend. Since leaving the ship she had not shed a and that was all he knew, and Anna, always suspicious, felt like striking him because of tear in the presence of any one, but the an-guish in her dry bright eyes, and the drawn, the insolent look in his face when she hade

him dismount from his box and open the carset look about her ashen lips told how hard riage door for them. it was for her to force back the wild cry which He would not dare treat her Aunt Rossi was constantly forcing itself to her lips until her throat felt like bursting with its lumps of ter and cousins like that ; neither would Phil have left them to go up alone," she thought,

Her father, to whom in life her slightas she took her seat poutingly, wondering est wish had been a law had said to her in where Phil was, and if he would keep aloof death, "Don't trouble people, nor cry if you can help it. Be a woman;" and now his from them at the station, just to show Rein-ette that he recognized the difference between was a law to her, which she would ohav The course out

And while she thought thus jealously of And while she thought thus jealously of Yaughing girl she had been on shipboard, but i.ke a woman with a woman's will and a miled un from his mice, and with his cuffs woman's capacity to act. That she could go pulled up from his white wrists, was working like a beaver in the "Hetherton lot," to Merrivale alone she was perfectly sure. which Mr. Beresford on his return from selectthen with a voice which shock a little, she ing the site for the grave, had reported and she convinced the captain of it, and perfect swamp of briers and weeds." It

"Mr. Beresford will meet me, of course, at would never answer Phil said, to let Reinette the station, and some others, perhaps. I don's quite know the ways of this country. although there was but little time in which Will they bury him at once, do you think, or take him somewhere first ?" to doit, and he began to hunt about for some The captain understood her meaning and man to help him; but no one was to be found, while even the sexton was busy with the

It was in the midst of these preparations was worn outside her close fitting sleeve. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmer, author of "Tempest" that Phil came with the news, which so shocked his grandmother that for a moment she did the dainty little boot, which the short "Yes, yes! Oh, do!" she replied, and

er account." But Poil explained that this was contrary o Reinette's wishes; her father was to be to Reinette's wishes; her father was to be

buried from the station, as Reinette would sciousness, she pressed forward to claim and said, rapidly and low, to Mr. Beresford : not have the body taken to Hetherton Place. "'Fraid of sperrits, most likely," said Mrs. The crowd of people had confused and be-Place. "'Fraid of sperrits, most likely," said Mrs.

Forguson, thinking to herself that now she wildered Reinette, and, for an instant, she could spend a great deal of time with her had thought of nothing but the box which was being lifted from the car, and which Pierre, half crazed himself, was superintendgranddaughter who would be lonely in her great house. Then, as her eye fell upon her muslin dress ing, while he jabbered first his unintelligible

Then, as her eye fell upon ner musin aress and lace cap, her thoughts took another chan-nel. Out of respect to Reinette, who would of course be clad in the deepest mourning she or ald ford in Naw York, she and her daughter-rapid glances round her in quest of the only the set of the set of the only the set of the set of

ory in French: "Oh, Pierre, come quickly, father is dead !" and tottering toward the door the fell heavily against the tall custom-house that she cared for Fred Hetherton," she said. Beresford, her father's friend and agent. He stood a little apart from the others, "who had thought no more of her than he did eveng her curiously, and deciding at first of a squaw. But Margaret's girl was differ that though very stylish, she certainly was and deciding at first hind : ent," and in spite of Phil's protest against the not handsome. But when, in their rapid absurdity of the thing, the old lady bustled sweep, the dark eyes fell upon him and absurdity of the thing, the old lady bustled off in the hot sun to consult with Mrs. Lydia. The news of Mr. Hetherton's death had pre-ceded her, and so she had only to plunge into business at once, and insist that a bombazine business at once, and insist that a bombazine which she had never worn since she left off her widow's weeds, and which was now much her widow's weeds, and which was now much longer, and fixed generally, and she talked so fast and so decidedly that "Mrs. Thom who had never worn since any posi-tion of the she had never word had be to be taken bis hand, said, in his well-bred, gentlemanly way: "Mrs. Thom who had never way nosi-tion of the she had never word had be to be the taken bis hand, said, in his well-bred, gentlemanly way:

Nonger, and nave generaty, and the she taked way is fast and so decidedly that "Miss Hetherton, I believe?" Mrs. Thom, who had never had any posi-tive opinions of her own, and who liked to please her mother-in-law because of the man, as old or older than her father, and she he began : money she was supposed to hold in store for had no idea that this young, good looking Anna, was compelled to take her apprentice stranger, with the handsome teeth and pleas from a piece of work promised for the next ant smile and voice, was he ; so she withheld day, and put her upon the bombazine which her hand from his offered one, and stepping grandma had brought with her. Against back a little, said, in perfect English, but with mourning for herself, however, Miss Anna a very pretty foreign accent : stoughtly rebelled. She had tried the effect | "I am looking for Mr Beresford. Please do of the Swiss muslin, the lovely lace scarf, the you know him-is he here ?" It was such a sweet musical voice. and had blush rose and white parasol, and was not to

in it something so timid and appealing that "forty dead Hethertons, who, if living, would Mr. Beresford felt his pulses quicken as they So the young had never done before at the sound of any woman's voice. "I am Mr. Beresford," he replied, and the

who were to go up in the Ro siter carriage into his face almost blinded him, for Rein-and appear as sorry and niserable as the ette's eyes were wonderful for their brilliancy and continually varying expression, and fe men ever stood unmoved before them.

"Mr. Arthur Beresford? Are you Mr. Arthur, father's friend ?" she asked, and he ters as a mule, refused to have anything to do with the affair. again his hand was extended toward her. Reinette had kept up her composure ever

since the moment when she knew her father was dead, and only by her self had she shed the tears which were constantly welling up to her eyes, and were as constantly forced back.

She had even tried to seem cheerful on the train and had talked of the places they were passing to some people who had been on the Russia with her, and were on their way to codgery and odd, and never tried to look any more than the she must, that handsome, stylish Phil should ride with had only herself to rely upon, but at eight of that handsome, stylish Phil should ride with Mr. Beresford, her father's friend, the man thing, her forced calmness gave way, and she broke down entirely. Taking both his hands in hers, she bent her face over them and sob-

bed like a little child. It was a very novel position in which the grave old bachelor Beresford found himselfgirl crying on his hands, with all those neo. e looking on ; and still he rather liked it, for been so different. But now he felt snubbed, there was something very touching in the way those fingers clung to his, and in his a soiled spot on the knee of his pants, and

confusion he was not quite sure that he did his hands were cut with briers and dirty, too.

uneducated, exclaimed : " My dear Rennet, I am so glad to see my daughter's girl."

With a motion as swift and graceful as the notions of a kitten. Reinette freed herself from the smothering embrace, and the eyes, in which the tears were still shining, blazed

thing is ready. Shall I take you to your car- sight with all the dark catalogue of sins un-

be did not speak, and when at last she found her voice her first remark was wholly char-dress made so visible. "She isn't in black; you might have saved his arm, and Anna always insisted that she Reinette must have guessed the intention

of her new relatives to ride with her, for she

"You go with me, cf course, and Pierre that is proper; he loved father: he is nearer me now than any one in the wide world. "Why, yes; only I think your relativesyour grandmother will naturally expect to ac company you," Mr. Eeresford answered, and and her thin "sprigged muslin." As it stretched at her feet was the watch dog, King, Reinette said, quickly : ing, while he jabbered first his unintelligible "My relatives! my grandmother! Mr. French, and then his scarcely more intelligible Beresford, he said I was to ask you every

the way she put the question, in her vehem-ence, but he answered her very low and cau tiously, as the Ferguson party were close be

"I think they are." Then, as a sudden idea flashed upon him, e continued

'Was your father twice married?" "No, never, never!" "Tell me, then, please, your mother's

18me ?" "Margaret Ferguson, and she died in Rome when I was born." He had her in the carriage by this time,

and her eyes were looking straight into his as Beresford carriage where Phil was waiting fo them.

he began: "If your mother was Margaret Ferguson, and lived in Rome. I am afraid ——"" He did not go on, for something in the black eyes stopped him suddenly, and warned him that if these people were indeed her grandmother's she would suffer no insinu-tions conjunct them. "Well, we've seen the great sight. Pray, what do you taink of her?" Anna asked him when they left the cemetery and turned into the highway. Phil did not like the tone of her voice, and was on his guard at once. "Well, we've seen the great sight. Pray, what do you taink of her?" Anna asked him when they left the cemetery and turned into the highway. Phil did not like the tone of her voice, and was on his guard at once.

grandmother's she would suffer no insinu-ations against them. She was like Phil in that respect; what was hers she would de-opinion," he said; "nor can she appear herfend and, when Mrs. Ferguson's red face ap-peared at the door, Reinette moved to the self. She is in great trouble, and all alone in a strange country. We must make every al other side of the seat and said : lowance for her.

'Yes, of course ; I knew you would stand up "Here, grandmother, sit by me please." She had acknowledged her by name, at east, and Reinette felt better, and only elenched her hands hard as Lydia Ann and her !"

This was Anna's favorite expression if Anna disposed of themselves on the soft cushions opposite, the young lady stepping in she did not like a person, and she went on : "If we had been the lowest people living she and tearing her long lace scarf, and uttering the exclamation : "My gracious, how swkward !" "You didn't orter wear it. Such jimcracks know she had never heard of a soul of us up to the house.

"You didn't orter wear it. Such jimcracks ain't for funerals. Rennet hain't got on none," grandma said, while Anna frowned grandehid. Where were you, Phil? What

insolently; and Reinette looked on and shivered, and held her hands tighter together. He explained where he was, and she continued : and thought how dreadful it all was, and how

"You might have spared yourself the could it be that these people belonged to her, trouble. I don't believe she'll thank you. Petit believe, but to most of the people here She just threw her head back and stared at it is the Mill Pond." who at heart was the veriest aristocrat ever

born. Phil did not come near them, but kept close to Mr. Beresford's carriage and to Pierre, to whom he spoke in French, thereby so delighting the old man that he began to jabber so rapidly and gesticulate so vehem-ently that Phil lost the threed entirely ently that Phil lost the thread entirely, and shock his bead in token that he did not understand. Without exactly knowing why Phil felt uncomfortable and ashamed, and gers. She had taken off her veil at grandma, though she did just touch the tips of my fin-though she did just touch the tips of the surroundthem first, and so ignored him, and he did not like it at all. Had there been no step-said, 'Here's another cousin,' she snatched gaze, her delight knew no bounds, and fortasteful to him as now. Reinette had seen not like it at all. Had there been no step-grandmother, nor aunt, nor Cousin Anna, he off her sailor hat and fanned herself rapidly, getting for a moment the load of pain at he could have come up by himself, he thought, as if you were the straw too many. Yes, hate her, and I think her just as homely his father's handsome carriage, with the high-stepping bays, and the coachman, who with she can be, with her turn-up nose and lip. She's as black, too, as the ace of spades, and out the aid of livery, looked so respectable and dignified upon the box, and it would have

lent and proud as they can be, but I dare appreciate it, too. say you and Mr. Beresford are both m love "It's better than Switzerland, better than and overlooked, and shabby, and there was say you and Mr. Beresford are both in love

binn, and as Reinette lifted her the other carriage where Reinette sat silent and motionless, with her blue veil tied closely troise are detected af once as untrained and over her face, as if to hide it from the eyes under so curiously.

There were tears in grandma's

He had made no impression upon

ifferent from his idea of her.

opposite scanning her so curiously. Never once did she look from the carriage Never once did she look from the carriage window, or evince the slightest interest in any thing around her, and when, as they reached the village and turned into the main street, Mrs. Ferguson motioned with her hand to the right, and said: ""The model is the street in the main the middle I do believe. She must git it from the Rices, for the Ferguson's ain't an atom backbity. Of course Rennett ain't exactly what I thought Margaret's girl would be, but—then—everything is strange and to the right, and said : "There, Rennet—way down there under them maple trees is the house where I live, and where your mother was born," she never turned be house where I live, and where your mother was sign that he house where under "There, Rennet—way down there under them maple trees is the house where I live, and where your mother was sign that he house with the house where I live, and where your mother was sign that he house with the house were with the house by this time, But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll be could remain no longer and he struck out But you and I'll stand by her, Phil. Poor But you and I'll stand by her, Ph is which the tears were still shining, blazed "Inere, Kenney way avere is the house where I live, very image of the old lady, Fred's moment, with astonishment and indignation at the them maple trees is the house where I live, very image of the old lady, Fred's moment. Biberty taken by this strange woman, whose and where your mother was born," she never liberty taken by this strange and three der head, nor gave a sign that she heard; little lonesome critter ! how I pity her, alone

confessed save as he had whispered them in great ledge of rocks on the hill-side higher up the ear of the Most High when death sat on than the house itself, and commanding a still

better view of the surrounding country. This his brow and counted his heart-beats. his brow and counted his heart-beats. Meanwhile Phil, with his usual forethought, had interviewed his grandmother in an aside | and was in some places as level as the floor, acteristic and like her. "Fred Hetherton dead! Sarves him right, the stuck up critter! But I am sorry for the girl, and we'll give him a big funeral jest on big the same thing, and sighing regretfully open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, big the same thing at home, big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, open with as much respect as if she had been big the same thing at home, big the same t riage, the door of which the coachman held open with as much respect as if she had been a queen.

and call on his consin the following day. Grandma, whose heart was set upon going to Hetherton Place, where she had not been since she had turned from its door by its en-raged master, would have demured at the raged master, would have demurred at this upon the lap, reminding Phil of that picture arrangement were it not that her heavy of Evangeline sitting by the river and watch crape was weighing her down, and making her long for the coolness of her own house upon the rock beside his mistress, and Pierre was kneeling

was, she made no objection, and when it was with whom she had already made time to go, she went to Reinette and said : "Phil thinks you'd ruther be alone the fust the hill side, with the

Good-by, and Heaven bless you, child.' rapidly on, thinking to himself: and Heaven bless you, child." she was speaking Reinette looked While

rom A'nt Lydia, another cold, stately bo

from Miss Anna, whose turned up hat, cream

feather, and long lace scarf, Reinette noted a second time, and then the ladies walked to the

I believe Anna is hal "Hang the girl, steadily in her face, and something in its ex-pression attracted more than it repelled her. to cut us all. Well, let her. Maybe she'll pression attracted more than it repelled her. It was a good, kind, honest face, and had find some day that a Rossiter is quite as good seen her mother, and Reinette's lip quivered as a Hetherton !"

In Phil's estimation Reinette was not al as she held out her hand and said : Thank you, it will be better so; good by.' together a success, but then he did not know There was another up and down courtesy her.

> CHAPTER IX. REINETTE AT HOME.

When Phil envied Mr. Beresford his oppor "Well, we've seen the great sight. Pray, what do you think of her?" Anna asked him listening to her conversation, he made a mis take, for during the first of the drive from the cemetery to Hetherton Place she scarcely

spoke to him, but sat with closed eyes and locked hands, leaning back in a corner of the carriage, as motionless as if she had been asleep. Once, however, when they were asleep. crossing the river, she looked out and asked : "Isn't this the Chicopee ?" and on being told it was, she said to Pierre, in French :

"This is the river, Pierre, where papa used for her, just because she's a Hetherton and to gather the pond lilies when he was a boy rich." Anna replied. "For my part, I hate It empties into the Connecticut as the Seine does into the sea. You know you looked it out on the map for me." Pierre nodded, and Reinette, although she

now kept her eyes open, did not speak again could hot have shown more contempt for us. until they reached the long hill which wound Then, as she saw to her

used to keep his boat, the Waif.' "Yes," said Mr. Beresford, surprised at her knowledge of the neighborhood. "Your grandmother, Mrs. Hetherton, called it Lake

Reinette shrugged her shoulders, and

asked : "Isn't it on papa's land?"

"Yes, it belongs to the Hetherton estate was the reply, and she continued, in a decisiv

and torn off her gloves for us-cotton, they and one after another views of the surround-

getting for a moment the load of pain at her beart, she gave vent to her delight in true as girlish fashion, uttering little screams of sur prise and gladness, and occasionally seizing Pierre by the shoulder and shaking him hard those great big staring eyes are as inso- to make him see what she was seeing. and

with her." France — better than anything ! I like Phil did not wish to discuss the matter America," she cried, but Pierreshock his head, not press them a little, but before he could and there was nothing airy or exquisite about with his unreasonable cousin, who rattled on and gave a sigh for "La Belle France," the think what to say or do Grandma Ferguson's him as he entered Mr. Beresford's barouche until the carriage stopped at Mrs. Ferguson's best country in the world, where he devoutly

but he knew that some altercation was going on between them, and was astonished to see the different expressions which passed in an instant over Reinette's face, and how beautiful she grew as the bright color came and went; and she sparkled, and flashed, and flashed, and

one was to be seen until he came opposit e a gladly have lingered longer, so deeply interested was he already in this strange little girl with the two natures, one proud, cold, scorn ful and passionate; the other gentle, and soft.

and sweet as the flowers she loved so dearly He might have been more interested still had he seen her standing in the door with the great fears dropping from her long eyelashes as she watched him going down the hill and felt that now, indeed, she was alone in her desolation with her new life all before her.

"I like him because he was father's friend and because he seems a gentleman," she thought; and then as she remembered those other people who had claimed her for their own, and who were not like Mr. Beresford, she shuddered and felt her other self master-

ing her again. Just then Mrs. Jerry appeared, asking if she could do anything for her, and if would not like to go to her room.

"No, no-go away!" Reinette answered, almost angily; "I want nothing but to be let alone. I can find my way. I must work it out myself." So Mrs. Jerry went back to the kitchen

and Pierre, who knew the first approaches of his mistress' moods, sat down upon the grass quietly waiting the progress of events.

Reinette's face was very white, and, as was usual when she was trying to repress her feelings, her hands were locked together as she stood looking about her at the trees under which her father had played when a boy, and in the honeysuckle which grew over the trellis-work, and which must have blossomed for him, and more than all at his initials cut by himself on the door post. Then with a little smothered cry she turned auddenly, and ran up stairs to the room which she had heard described so often, and which

at a glance she knew was hers. TO BE CONTINUED.

MURDER BY A MOB.

Stranger Stoned to Death for Plucking a Cluster of Grapes Overhanging the Highway.

The following is a fuller account of the out. rage briefly mentioned in our dispatches of

yesterday : PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 17.—An unknown man was murdered by a mob yesterday at Agnew Station, on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road, about twenty miles from this city. A Mrs. Rhoder owns a farm beside the railroad. She has a number of grape vines, some of which project beyond her fence. some of which project beyond Tramps and others have been stealing granes in this neighborhood lately, and the farmers black felt hat, navy blue shirt, and who was quite respectable, took a bunch of grapes from Mrs. Rhoder's vine as he stood in the road. On seeing him Mrs. Rhoder should to him to leave, which he proceeded to do, making towards the river, which is just below. Mrs. Rhoder at the same time started her boy and a dog after the fleeing man. She then ran to the gang of section railroad men who were eating their dinner near by, told them of the theft and asked them to give chase. These section men work under John Holland. Messrs. Merriman. Baltz. Martin. Luster and others started in pursuit.

meantime, the dog and the boy had chased the unknown man into the river, when he doz, satisfied with his work, retired from the scene. ATTACKED WITH STONES.

The man then came out of the water again and was about to proceed down the river on the beach when the section men came in view, and some of them commenced throwing stones at him. He was forced to take to the water again, as the missiles were thrown at him from every direction on the beach. He went out and commenced to swim toward the opposite shore, the vollev of stones never asing, but he almost immediately turned back and waded toward his assailants until it was only waist deep. There he pleaded for a cessation of hostilities, saying he was suffering. It is supposed he had been hit with the stones while in the water and felt that he would not be able to swim to the other shore. But there was no mercy for him The terrible fusilade of stones to see for him never ceased. The man, then growing des-perate, tarried for an instant, endeavoring to pull off his shoes which clogged him hadly in swimming. He only succeeded in removing one, when the attack had become so hot that

## His first few strokes were vigorous, and he

ers of the poor fellow is running high, and the authorities will cause an investigation.

The affair was witnessed by a large number

of persons who were not near enough to pro-

BIBLES AND THERE TITLES.

Strange Editions of the Scriptures Recent

An interesting collection of Bibles was re

cently exhibited in London, which comprised

copies of all the editions that, because of peculiar errors of the printers, or some other

reason, have been known by strange names

GUTENBERG BIBLE.-The earliest

Among the Bibles on exhibition were the fol

book known. Printed from movable type; is the Latin Bible issued by Gutenberg, at

THE BUG BIBLE .- Was so called from its

ly Exhibited in London.

tect the man or save his life.

lowing

 $\mathbf{T}_{\mathbf{H}\mathbf{E}}$ 

Mentz, A. D. 1450.

however, gone far when he suddenly for help. "Help me!" "Save me!"

a short dis

criptures-

replied by asking if she had friends-relatives grave of a town pauper who was to be buried -in Merrivale. "None," she said. "Nobody but Mr. Beres

that afternoon. Phil was very tired, for he had been busy ford, father's friend and lawyer." "But you have a house-a home-to which

since the arrival of Remette's telegram—at his grandmother's, his Aunt Lydia's, his own you are going ?" "Yes, the home where father lived when a home, and at Hetherton Place, where he filled

the room with flowers brought from the Knoll boy, and which he was so anxious to see once more," Reinette said, and the captain gardens and conservatory, and with the beau replied :

Naturally, then, they will take your father the river to procure. The most of these he arranged in Reinette's chamber, for there there for a day or two, and then give him a grand funeral, with ——" was a great pity in Phil's heart for the young girl whose home-coming would be so sad.

"They won't; they shan't," interrupted Of himself, or how he would impress Reinette, Reinette her eyes blasing with determination he never but once thought, and that "I won't have a grand funeral, with all the when, chancing to pass the mirror, caught peasantry and their carts joining in it. Neither will I have him carried to the old home. I sight of his hat, which was rather the worse

or wear. "I certainly must honor my cousin with a could not bear to see him there dead where he wished so much to be alive. I should hate the place always, and see him white, new hat, for this is unpardonably shabby," he thought, and remembering his bet with and dead, and cold everywhere. He is my own darling father to do with as I like. Arthur Beresford, and how sure he was to win, he went into a hatter's on his return to Pierre says I am my own mistress, and I shall telegraph Mr. Beresford to-morrow that town, and selecting a soft, stylish felt, which was very becoming, and added to his jaunty father must be buried from the station, and.I appearance, he had it charged to his friend, shall make him do it." and then went in quest of some laborer to She was very decided and imperious, and take with him to the graveyard.

greatly changed in its appearance.

had miscalculated the time, and while prun.

ing the willows which drooped over Mrs. Hutherton's grave, he suddenly heard in the

distance the whistle of the train not over a

the captain let her have her way, and sent off But there was none to be found, and so he for her next morning the long telegraph which set off alone, with hoe, and rake, and sickle, he had written, regardless of expense, and which so startled the people in Merrivale, and waged so vigorous a warfare upon the weeds, and grass, and briers, that the lot, and changed their plans so summarily. hough far from being presentable, was soon

## **CHAPTER VIII.**

## REINETTE ARRIVES.

Mr. Beresford, to whom the telegram wa addressed, naturally read it first. feeling as if mile away. To drop his knife, don his coat, and wipe the ground was moving from under his feet. the blood from a bramble scratch on his and leaving a chasm he did not know how to and, was the work of an instant, and then

"What is it?" Phil asked, as he saw how Phil went flying across the fields the shortest way to the station, racing with the locomo white Mr. Beresford grew, and how the hand tive speeding so swiftly across the meadows which held the telegram shook. by the river side until it reached the station.

"Read for yourself," Mr. Beresford said, passing the paper to Phil, to whose eyes the where a crowd of people was collected, and where grandma and Mrs. Lydia waited hot tears sprang quickly, and whose heart black and Anna i hile Mr. Beresford, went out to the desolate young girl, alone in in a strange land, with her dead father beside whi their white, while Mr. Beresford, who had come up in his own carriage, stood apart white.

from them, nervous and expectant, and won-"If I had known it last night I would have dering where Fhil could be-poor Phil gone to her," he said, "but it's too late now for that. All we can do is to make it as easy tumbling over stone walls, bounding over fences, and leaping over bogs in his great for that. All we can do is to make it as easy for her as possible. Beresford, you see to the grave in the Hetherton lot, and that the hearse is at the station to meet the body, and I'll notify them at the house to go on with the big haste to be there, and only stopping to breathe when he rolled suddenly down a bank and was obliged to pick himself and his hat up, and wipe the dirt from his pants and rub his dinner they are getting up, and I'll tell grandgrazed ankle. Then he went on, but the mother that her flounced muslin and pink train had deposited its freight, living and

ribbons will not be needed to day." Shocked and horrified as he was, Phil dead, and shot away under the bridge, leav ing upon the platform a young girl with a white, scared face, and great, bright, black could not refrain from a little pleasantry at the expense of the dress and cap which eves, which flashed upon the staring crowd grandma Ferguson was intending to wear "to the doin's," as she termed it. That she lances of wonder and inquiry.

It was an exquisitely molded little figure should accompany her son-in-law and granddaughter home to dinner she did not for a with grace in every movement ; but the crape moment doubt, and her dress and cap and which Grandma Ferguson had expected to gasped see upon it was not there. Indeed, it had 'lammy" shawl were ready, while in the kitchen her factotum. Axie, was washing and never occurred to Remette that mourning ironing her best lace collar, which, because it was needed to tell of the bitter pain at her was "real Brussle pint," as she said, she had heart; and so she wore the same gray worn until Axie declared it "yaller as sarfon camel's hair which had done duty on ship board, and which, though very plain, fitted and nastier than the rot." Grandma deflashing eyes. ferred a good deal to Axie's opinions, because her so admirably, and was so unmistakably she had once lived with Mrs. Gov. \_\_\_\_, in stylish and Parisian, that Anna began Worcester, and knew "what was what ;" so think at once how she would copy it. Rein- said something to her in his own language, of her dress she allowed her to wash the lace on condition ette's sailor hat was the color that it be rinsed in coffee, as "all the genuine and twisted around it and then tied under her ford and said : that it be rinsed in coffee, as "all the genuine and twisted around it and then new the for gloves stuff was yaller," she said, and looked as if "washed in a mud-puddle and dried on the fay up under the deep white cuff, which "Yes," he answered, "and I believe every- part for his past life—was hidden over from

sorry for you." "Madam, I don't understand you," Rein an involuntary shrug of her shoulders, which ette replied drawing nearer to Mr. Beresford, Anna resented hotly.

and holding faster to his his hand, as if for At last, as the silence became unbearable to protection and safety. Neither did grandma understand, but Mr. Frandma, who liked nothing better that talking, she said to Reinette : Beresford did, and knew that the existence I s'pose you don't remember your mother." of the Fergusons was wholly unknown to Reinette, who, as if to breathe more freely, Reinette shook her head, and grandma continued :

grandmother, and was hot with resentment

Releasing her hand from Mr. Beresford's

Lydia Ann, who felt quite overawed in the

presence of this foreign girl, did not speak,

Anna, always politic and calculating the fu-

ture, put on a show of cordiality, and, offer

ing her hand, made a most profound bow, as

"I am glad, Cousin Reinette, to make your

acquaintance, and you are very welcome to

"Thanks." murmured Reinette, in her soft.

oreign accent, just as Grandma Ferguson

"And this 'ere is another cousin, Phil

hands which had come in contact with fences

and walls and bogs, and then wiped the per

spiration from it so that he was not quite as

jaunty and handsome as usual. At a glance

did not take kindly to her new relatives, if

indeed she believed they were her relatives at

all. Miss Reinette was neither an Amazon

nor a blonde ; she was petite and a branette.

He had lost his bet ; the new hat he wore so

airily was not his, but Mr. Beresford's, and

quick as thought he snatched it from his head and exchanged with his friend, just as

he was presented to Reinette as " another

Rossiter-vour A'nt Mary's boy.'

ut courtesied straight up and down;

and anger. " this is your cousin Anny.'

said :

But Phi

in

he

she said:

America.'

cousin.

asped as she perself in French,

spoke again :

"I am

untied the blue veil, and taking it from her "How old was you when she died ?"

neck and hat, stood like a haunted creature at bay; while Mrs. Ferguson, nothing

"I don't know." "Don't know how old you was when your abashed, and simply thinking that the girl nother died? That's curis. Didn't your might be a little deaf, raised her voice and father never tell you?'

" No, madam." " Wall, now. Don't you think that's singu-"I am your granding," turn-mother's mother; and this," turnlar?" and grandma looked at her daughter ng to her daughter-in-law, "is your A'nt Lyddy Ann—your Uncle Tom's wife; in-law and Anna, the latter of whom seized but still with something indescribably bethe opportunity to let our her venom, and and this one," nodding to Anna, who undersaid stood the state of things better than her

"Not singular at all, and if I's you, grand-"Not singular at all, and if I's you, grand-head and motion of her body, while the clear, ma, I wouldn't bother Reinette with trouble-bell-like tones of her voice, with its pretty some questions, for I've no idea that she had accent, rang continually in his ears, and he ever heard of us till to day, let alone her began to envy Mr. Beresford the pleasure of ef me; there's two of me, and I can't help it Reinette, with dexterous rapidity, wrenched knowing how old she was when her mother off her gloves, as if they, like the veil, were died." length of time.

Anna spoke spitefully, and had the satisburdensome : and Anna, who hated her own long, slim fingers, with the needle-pricks upon faction of seeing the black eyes unclose and thaw out, and talk like any girl, and ask him them, saw, with a pang of envy, how soft, and flash at her just once, while grandma replied: "who the deuce the Fergusons were," and brightness even though it's all dark where small, and white were her cousin's hands, with "Never heard of us till to day! Never who "the long legged spooney with the dirty he lies alone. Oh, father, if you, too, were the dimples at the joints, and the costly jewels heard she had a grandmother! Be you crazy, face and hands and the grass stains on his here!" shining on them. Anny? Do you spose Fred -do you spose parts." Phil had reached home by this time, She

ber father never told her of her mother's and had seen in the glass that his personal was crying, too, even while he tried to comfolks? Rennet, do you hear that? I hope you can contradict it." night be.

Thus appealed to Reinette roused herself, 'Upon my word," he said, as he contemand iu a voice choking with sobs, said : "Ob, please, please—don't worry me now plated himself in the mirror, "I am a beauty. Look at that streak of dirt upon my forehead by and by I can talk with you, but now-oh, to my chin, and that spot on my nose, and father, father, why did you die and leave me that blood stain under my eye, and to crown all. Beresford's old hat. I look for all the

The sob was now a wailing, heart-broken world like a prize-fighter, and might be own cry, and the little hands were upraised and son to my step grandmother's brother, the Martins. I, who fancied there was something eat the air in a paroxysm of nervous pain Martins. for an instant, then dropped helplessly, and so distingue and high-toney about me that Reinette never moved again until they turned Reinette would see it at once, and she never into the cemetery and stopped before the even bowed to me, but said she felt like Hetherton lot. Then she started, and throw- dying."

Phil had come at last, and stood looking ing back her vail, said, hurriedly : ver his grandmother's shoulder at the new "What is it? Are we there ?' arrival. His face was very red with his re-cent exercise, and the least bit soiled by the

here alone."

came over Phil so forcibly that he burst into Grandma Ferguson, who, since Reinette's a loud, merry laugh, which was like thunder bitiful outburst, had been crying softly to her-self, wiped her eyes, and said: self, wiped her eyes, and said : "Yes, darling, this is the place, this is the Hetherton lot. It has been left to run

the long ride on horseback which he determined to take into the country.

Phil did not quite understand why he felt

down this many a year, but will look better by and by. Hadn't you better stay had seen how matters stood. Miss Reinette by and by. Calling John, the stable boy, he bade him saddle Pluto, his riding horse, and was soon of keeping it, she naturally felt some anxiety h the carriage? You can if you want No,no,oh,no. I must be with father," Reingalloping off at a furious rate, going eastward first until he came to a fork in the road, ette said, and opening the door herself, she where he turned and rode in the direction o sprang to the ground, and was first at the Hetherton Place. He had no intention of Reinette at once, and without the least hauteur open grave, where she stood immevable dur-ing the short prayer and then they began to stopping there-no expectation of seeing Rein ette, unless Providence should interfere, he lower the body. Then she exclaimed thought. But Providence did not interfere, and "Oh, are there no flowers for him ? Did no he did not see Reinette or any sign of human one bring a flower, when he loved them so

life about the house. much ? " and her eyes flashed rebukingly The windows of Reinette's chamber

Instantly the large, bright black eyes darted upon those who had brought no flowers for towards him a perplexed, wondering look, the dead man-but aside from that there was no response to Then she open and in one of them sat Mrs. Speckle. Then she was quiet again until the cat, evidently absorbed in something doors in this, my new home. And now, rlease.

the lifting of Phil's old hat. Another cousin was the straw too many, and Reinette fairly ropes and the coffin slipped a little kittens, perhaps.

involuntarily said to "I believe I shall forward and bent over the grave as if to see with a cry of alarm, she The Rossiter carriage was not in the yard. and by that token Phil knew that Mr. Beres-house." ford must have returned to town, and Turn hered, she fanned herself furiously, while the here was danger in her posion, and Phil hav loek of a hunted, worried creature deepened went quickly to her side, and laying his hand ing made the circuit of what was called the on her dark flushed face and shone in her on her shoulder, said to her very quietly : Flatiron.

flashing eyes. Just then Pierre came to the rescue, and here, and the earth might crumble."

glad to know that his friend had not made a She never looked at him, but she stepped long stay with Reinette, but he was glad, and rode on quite cheerfully for three or four backward a few paces and did not move again whereupon she turned swiftly to Mr. Beresuntil the house was filled, and her father-

rode on quite cheerfully for three or four miles, when he turned and came back more slowly, reaching Hetherton just as the sun was going out of subt in the more She gave him her hand, and he had no alwas going out of sight in the west. As before, everything was quiet, and no ternative but to go. although he would

who said again. "My dear child, I am only the hands locked more tightly together, in that great house, with her father dead in ber, gesticulating rapidly, and talking now in sorry for you." French and now in English, now to Mr. Beres-ford and now to Pierre, who and now almost as she not, was excited as eyes. cried for help. he was. The chateau, as she called it, was and Phil felt a lump in his own throat as and Phil felt a lump in his own throat as he was. The chatten, as she called it, was she will be the supposed, he ried twice and then sank. He can up himself : "Poor little girl! Alone in that great the flowers!" she cried, darting in among the form him. He then went down "Poor little girl! Alone in that great again. A second time the body rose to the them like a little humming-bird, and filling house, with her father dead in the grave-yard, and her mother dead over the sea." surface and floated on its back for her hands with the sweet summer pinks, which she pressed to her lips and kissed as if tance, when it went down a third time and Phil was still a little sore and disappointed was seen no more. The body has not been found. The indignation against the murderthey had been living things and sharers of Reinette, except it were one of disgust. And every-

joy. "The flowers are the same everywhere, and thing had turned out so differently from what I love them so much, and the world is so bright, just like a picture up here where it is he had hoped. Even Reinette was wholly The tal Amazon, with pink and white complexion so high, so near heaven, and I am so happy, and yellow hair, had proved to be a wee little she exclaimed, as she hopped about ; then creature, with dark eyes, and hair, and face, but still with something indescribably be-an April day, a shadow came over her and

witching and graceful in every turn of her great tears rolled down her cheeks as, turning to Mr. Beresford, she said, "What must

you think of me to be so gay, and he dead over in the grave yard. But it is one part having her all to himself for an indefinite though all the time I'm missing him somuch, ingth of time. What would she say to him? Would she would burst. And still I must love the

She was sobbing now bitterly, and Pierre

fort her. Suddenly at something he said her sobbing ceased, and dashing the tears fron her eyes she smiled brightly at Mr. Beresford,

rendering of Psalm xci., 5; "Afraid of Bugs by Night." Our present version reads, "Ter-ror by Night." A. D. 1562. and said : "Forgive me, do, for troubling you with THE BREECHES BIBLE.-The Geneva Veran exhibition of my grief. I forgot myself. Father told me not to cry before people, and sion is that popularly known as the Breeches Bible, from its rendering of Genesis iii, 7: I will not again. Come, let us go into the chateau; it looks so cool and inviting with (Making Themselves Breeches out of Figeaves). This translation of the Se the result of the labors of the English exiles the doors and windows open and the muslin at Geneva-was the English family Bible curtains blowing in and out, and the scent of clover and new hay everywhere. The world is very bright and full of sweet odors and I mean during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and until supplanted by the present authorized

version of King James 1. to be happy." During this scene in the grounds Mrs THE PLACE MAKERS' BIBLE.-From a remarkable typographical error which occurs in Here the ludicrousness of the whole affair the little lady from behind the kitchen blinds. Matthew, v. 9: "Blessed are the Place-makers," instead of Peace-makers. A. D. and now as the party entered the wide hall. she came forward to meet her in her neat 1562.

in her manner she went forward with out-

" Mrs. Jerry, I am so glad you are here.

There's two of me, the good and the bad-

"I'd rather find my way alone and gues

Turning now to Mr. Beresford :

stretched hands, and said :

The TREACLE BIBLE.-From its rendering calico dress and clean linen collar, with her snowy hair combed smoothly back from her of Jeremiah viii., 22: "Is there no treacle (instead of Balm) in Gilead ?" frank, open brow. She knew she was there on trial, subject to Miss Reinette's fancy, THE ROSIN BIBLE. - From the same text. ut translated "Rosin" in the Douay version. and as she liked the place, and was desirou A. D. 1609.

THE HE AND SHE BIBLES .- From the rewith regard to the impression she should spective renderings of Ruth iii, 15-one reading that "She went into the city." The make upon the girl. She was not long kept in suspense, for something in her face attracted other has it that 'He went." A. D. 1611.

THE WICKED BIBLE .- From the fact that the negative has been left out of the Seventh Commandment (Exodus xx, 14), for which the printer was fined £300. A. D. 1531. know I shall like you, and you must like me in all my moods, for I am not always alike.

and half an inch thick, was published at Aberleen. A. D. 1670.

headline of the 20th chapter of Luke, which reads as 'The Parable of the Vinegar," in-

Cotton Mather that in a Bible printed prior to 1702, a blundering typographer made King David exclaim that "Printers (instead of

an error in the sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, the word "Murderers" being used, instead of "Murmurers." A. D. 1801. THE CAXTON MEMORIAL BIBLE .- Wholly

printed and bound in 12 hours, but only 100 copies struck off. A. D. 1877.

THE THUMB BIBLE .- Being one inch a THE VINEGAR BIBLE.—So named from the

though I mean to shut the bad one out of take these flowers and put them in water for me, and always have flowers standing about. I don't wish any one to show me over th

stead of the Vineyard. A. D. 1717. THE PRINTERS' BIBLE.—We are told by

which is my room and which was meant for him"-here her lip began to quiver, but she kept up bravely and went on :" you will come and see me to-morrow and I shall ask you so many things. Father said I was to trust

princes) persecuted him without a cause. See Psalms cxix. 161. THE MURBERERS' BIBLE.-So called from