OUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mars. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest

House," etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO BEINETTES. "Oh, how lovely it is!" she cried, as she entered the room and took it all in as rapidly and I must fight it out and cast the dem as Phil himself could have done. "What perect taste Mr. Beresford must have !" cept the blue ribbons, which do not suit my black face. But I can soon change them, and then everything will be lautiless; and—on—the cats!" she screamed, as she caught sight of Mrs. Speckle, who, with her three children, was purring contentedly in the mother questioned her of her knowledge of her mother. That was a feeble effort com—kind of broker or money agent in town, and her mother. children, was purring contentedly in the cushioned armchair by the window. "Cats! and I love them so much; he has remembered everything!" and bounding across the floor, Reinette knelt by the chair and buried her face in the soft fur of the kittens, who, true to their feline instincts, recognized in her a friend, and began at once to ears with their velvety paws, while Mrs. Speckle, feeling a little crowded, vacated the chair and scated herself upon the were for their benefit, jumped, and scampered, window-stool, where Phil saw her when he and spit, and pulled at Reinett'e feet, and

rode by.

The sight of the cats carried Reinette back to the day when her father had written his directions to Mr. Beresford and she had made Pierre looked on saying softly:
"Please, Miss Reinette, wouldn't you come suggestions. How careful she had been to out of it quicker if you was to shake me a do it, preferring that she should be hapremember all her likes and dislikes, and how bit. I shouldn't mind it a spell, if you py in he ignorance. pale and tired he had looked after the letter less she had been to feel aggrieved because he said he was not able to drive with her in the Bois de Boulogne after dinner was over. fourteen years without understanding his who said something sneering of their majes And now he was dead, and she was alone in a strange, new world, with only Mr. worshipped her was proof that he had found at all, that it pleased him to know that they Beresford for a friend, unless it were those people who claimed her—those people her better self.

had always supposed was an English woman, she had cherished in her heart as everything that was pure, and lovely, and refined. Her father had said of

"I never knew Mrs. Hetherton" (he always called her thus) "to be guilty of a single unlady-like act, and I should be glad, my daughter, if you were half as gentle and gracious of manner as she was." It is true she had never been able to learn

her father, when questioned, had either answered evasively, or not at all. Once he had The battle was nearly over, for at its height, said to her, decidedly:
"There are reasons why I do not care to

Mrs. as well that you remain in ignorance. Mrs. Hetherton was everything that a perfect lady should be. You must be satisfied with that, mother's antecedents "

He had seemed very much excited, and there was a strange look on his face, as he walked the salon rapidly, which frightened Reinette a little; and still she persisted so far

"I am sure mother was an Englishwoman, by her picture."
"Be satisfied then that you know so much,

and don't seek for more knowledge. What-ever her friends were, they are nothing to me; they can be nothing to you. So never mention them again." And she never did: but she almost wor-

shipped the beautiful face, which had been painted on ivory in Paris when her mother was a bride and had rooms at the Hotel Meurice. It was a fair, lovely face, with hair of golden brown, and great tender eyes of lustrous blue, with a tinge of sadness in them. as there was also in the expression around the sweet mouth just breaking into a smile. The dress was of heavy, creamy satin, with pearls upon the snowy neck and arms, and on the wavy hair. A high-bred, aristocratic face, Reinette thought, and in spite of her father's evident dislike of her mother's friends. she never for an instant had thought of them as other than fully her equals in position and social standing. Probably there had been some quarrel which had resulted in lasting enmity, or her mother might have been th daughter of some nobleman, and cloped with the young American, thus incurring the lifelong displeasure of her family. This last was Reinette's pet theory, and she had more than once resolved that when she was her own mistress she would seek her mother's friends never doubting that she would find them, it not dukes and duchesses, fully equal to the Hethertons, who, her father said, had in their veins the best blood of New and Old England

Everything pertaining to her mother was guarded by Reinette with great fidelity, and in the hox where her favoritie treasures were hidden away was a long, bright tress of hair and a few faded flowers, tied together with a bit of blue ribbon, to which was attached a piece of paper, with the words, "My mother's was dead. hair cut from her head after she and some of the flowers she held in her hands when she lay in her coffin." "Among Reinette's books there was also an

old copy of "The Lady of the Lake," on the which was written in a very pretty hand, "Margaret. From her sister Mary. Christmas, 18—." This was the only link Christmas, 18—" This was the only link between herself and her mother's family between herself and her mother's manny which Reinette possessed, and she guarded it religiously, building upon it a multitude of theories with regard to the Aunt Mary whom the control of she meant some time to find, and whom she always saw clad in velvet, and jewels, and old lace, and possibly with a coronet on her brow. Such were Reinette's ideas of her mother's

friends, which her father had suffered her to only smiling faintly at some of her extravagant speculations, but never contradicting them. And now, in place of dukes and duchessess, or, at least, of lords, and ladies, and English nobility, to have these people thrust upon her, this grandmother, and aunt, and cousin, with unmistakable marks of vulgarity stamped upon them, was too much, and for a time the proud active girl rebelled against it with all the fierceness of her nature, while, mingled with her bitter humiliation, was another, a better and deeper feeling which hurt her far more than the mortification of knowing that she was not what she believed herself to be. Her father, whom she had so loved, and honored, and believed

had not dealt fairly with her. Why had he not told her the truth, especially after he knew they were coming to America, and that she must certainly know

it for some time.
"If he had told me, if he had said a kind word of them, I should have been prepared for it and loved them just because they were mother's people. Oh, father, whatever your motive may have been, you did me a she said, and into her eyes there crept a hard, strange look of resentment toward the father who had kept his secret from her.

Then, as her thoughts went backward to little state-room where her father died,

left to meet it alone. Oh, father, I promised o her? to forgive and love you just the same, and I

will, I do—I do, but it's very, very hard on me and I must fight it out and cast the demon And in truth Reinette did seem to be fight would have exing with some foe as she stood in the center of the room, her face as white as a shes, her then everything will be faultless; and -oh - | beating the air more rapidly and fiercely than | as a dozen or more, when we were staying at | the grassy hill side. if at some tangible object, and sometimes clutching at the long curls floating over her in her a friend, and began at once to play seat in the window, looked currously with her flowing curls, and pat her neck and on at the young girl acting more like a mad than sane woman, and the three kittens upon the floor, who, fancying all these gyrations to

> dress in true feline delight. Suddenly the door opened cautiously, and

didn't use your nails, and would let my hair was finished, and how unjust and thought- alone. There isn't much of it left you

were far more good in her than bad. He knew were not born in their present high position n she had never heard, and against she was, and how she had cared for him when top even in monarchical France. I remember whom she rebelled with all the strong force of her imperious nature. She had not had time to consider the matter seriously; but time to consider the matter seriously; but strances of friends she had stood by him, when we returned to the chateau, me there we have a strances of friends she had stood by him, when we returned to the chateau, me to she was absent and called for her in and caressed you more than usual as if making the matter seriously; but the door night and day, for weeks, because he missed had you up to give it to you, and fondled and caressed you more than usual as if making the matter seriously; but the door night and day, for weeks, because he missed had you up to give it to you, and fondled and caressed you more than usual as if making the matter seriously; but the matter seriously in the matter seriousl now alone in her own room, with the door shut between her and the outside world, it rose before her in all its magnitude, and for a time drove every other feeling from her. The proud aristocratic part of her nature was The proud aristocratic part of her nature was a time drove every other feeling from her. The proud aristocratic part of her nature was a time drove every other feeling from her. The proud aristocratic part of her nature was a three of the carnival were in progress and that the second proud the second process of the proud aristocratic part of her nature was a second process of the carnival were offered her for seeing them. in the ascendant, and battled fiercely against She turned her back on them all and stayed by her better self.

It was not possible, she thought, that these people—that loud-voiced old lady, who used such dreadful grammar and called her Renet, and the Aunt Lyddy Ann, who looked the time when, in a fit of anger she had pount that several letters were forwarded to him, and the Aunt Lyddy Ann, who looked the time when, in a fit of anger she had pount that several letters were forwarded to him, and one excited him very much. I was in the the sick old man who needed her, and wno, like a bar-maid, and the tall showily dressed ced upon his back like a little tiger-cat and Anna, with the yellow plume, the cheap lace scratched, and bit, and pulled his hair until scarf, and the loud hat, such as only the he shook her off and held her till the humeur, common girls of Paris wear—were really the shook her off and neid ner this the numeur, something in English which I think was a common girls of Paris wear—were really the as he called it, was over. Her father had swear, and I know he said that accursed relatives of her beautiful mother, who she punished her severely for that ebullition of Christine, for I understood that plain. He herself more readily she said: and when there was no one near whom she dared touch by whirling round in circles and beating the air with her hands. Pierre knew this pebeat against. But Reinette did not need him. gladly.

when it seemed to her that she could not have it so—could not lose one grain of respect talk of your mother's family and it is quite for her father for having thus deceived herfor her father for having thus deceived hercould not exchange the ideal friends of her
mother for these people so different from herself, there came suddenly before her mind a
self, there came suddenly before her mind a
letter which Pierre said had troubled hum and

he had taken to his bew at once and the for they reached New York.

Was it homesickness which had hastened
his death, or was there something in that
letter which Pierre said had troubled hum and

"Yes, I do not quite know how it is, or why and never trouble me again about your fair, handsome face, with eyes as tender and something strong and masterful in their ex-

It was when she was most bewildered and confounded by the unknown relations claiming her that somebody had said, "This is another cousin;" but in her excitement she had scarcely heeded it, and made no response when the young man's hat was lifted politely

from his head in way of a greeting.

It was the same young man, she was sure, who had held her back from the open grave. and spoken to her so kindly, in a voice which she recognized at once as belonging to her class. Reinette laid great stress upon the human voice, insisting that by it she could tell how much of real culture or natural, inborn refinement its owner possessed. The sharp, loud voices of the Fergusons, with their rections of the regusons, with their rections and the rection of the re their peculiar intonation, had grated upon her nerves, but the well-modulated, welltrained tones of the young man had fallen on han aan lika a atrain amone jarrin

Who was he? Not the brother, surely that tall blonde with the vellow plume and impossible; and vet some one had said. "Here is another ousin," and he had acknowledged it with smile, which came to her now like sunshine preaking through a rift of clouds and clear ing up the sky.

g up the sky.
"Oh! if he only were my cousin, I could Pierre came in, offering himself as a sacrifice provided she spared his hair, of which he had o little.

The whole thing was so unexpected and down the stars and through the dining-down that it quieted Reinette at once, and sitting down in a chair, she laughed and cried and decorated china, with a basket of alternately for a moment; then dashing her lilies in in the center tears away and taking the kittens upon her Sunner would be lan, she bade the old man sit down beside her, as there was something she wished to tell him—to ask him.

tell him—to ask him.

"Pierre," she began, "it was right nice in you to offer yourself a victim to my fury; and, had you come sooner, I might have shaken you a little, for when I'm fighting with my other self I always like to feel something in my power—something which stands for that other girl I'm trying to conquer, and I was half tempted to take one of kittens and wreak my temper on that, but I didn't, and I am glad, and am going to govern myself hereafter, for I must be a woman now

"Yes, miss, that's very good," Pierre said, wondering how he should like his little mistress if she were always as mild and gentle asshe seemed now, without any fire or spirit "Pierre." Reinette continued. "how long

have you been with us.' "Fourteen years come Christmas."

'I thought so; and did you know papa before you came to us?" she asked, and he

replied:
"No, miss; only as I had heard of him as the rich American, who lived so extrava-gantly at the Hotel Meurice, and had such a

handsome chateau in the country."

"Yes, Chateau des Fleurs. It was lovely, and I was so happy there. Then, of course you never saw my mother." " Never," said Pierre, and Reinette con

"And did you never hear anything of her from people, from strangers?

tiful and good, and died at Rome when you were born, and I think you told me she was English. Surely you would know about your own mother;" and Pierre looked curiously at his young mistress, who colored pain-me. I'll take such good care of you, and love fully and beat the matting with her little you so much; and in proof thereof I give

Reinette was hesitating as to how much she would tell Pierre, for it hurt her to confees to any one how little she really knew of licking her face and hands in token of his her mother's antecedents so wholly silent and hateful allegiance. Every brute recognized non-committal had her father been on the a friend in Reinette, and King was not an subject. At last, deciding that she must be exception, and kept close to her side as she frank with Pierre if she wished him to be so went toward the stables to see the horses,

with her, she said:
"Pierre you are all I have left of the life in France, and I must tell you everything. with which she could find no fault, unless it and the words he said to her, she cried out

"I understand now what I was to forgive if ever it came to me. He meant to have told me

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"I understand now what I was to forgive if ever in the was always a mystery about mamma were that Juno carried her head a triffe which I could not solve, and all I know of her higher than Jupiter, and might be freer in the was her name, Margaret Ferguson, and that he she saw them on the road, she said; and then it came to me. before, he said; he was sorry that he had not. Yes, father, I see. While we were in France afraid I did not guess right. I have never lighted; she was so white and clean, and tail ere was no need for me to know, and when met anybody who had seen her but papa, exand gentle, and ate grass from her hand

it to me, hard to destroy my beautiful aircastles filled with a line of ancestry nobler to Paris, She, too, left me when I was a year better, even, than the Hethertons, and so you or so old, and I have not seen her since, and put it off, as you did anything unpleasant, as it made father very angry if I ever spoke of

> asked, and Reinette replied:
> "Christine Bodine, and if living now she must be forty or more. Mother would

forty-three. ing with some foe as she stood in the center of the room, her face as white as ashes, her saw her, said Pierre; but the name brings the horses back to their stalls, she went, with something to my mind. Years ago as much Pierre and King, toward the ledge of rocks on kind of broker or money agent in town, and your father gave him a note or check of 1,250 pared to what she was doing now as she flew your father gave him a note or check of 1,250 about the room striking out here and there as francs to be sent to Mademoiselle Christine Bodine. I remember the name perfectly, Christine Bodine, because it rhymed, and I shoulders. It was a singular sight and not said it to myself two or three times, but who strange at all that Mrs. Speckle, from her she was or where she lived I didn't know; seat in the window, looked curiously only master's face was very dark, and he was silent and gloomy all the day, and I thought maybe Mademoiselle Bodine was some woman whom he had to pay money, whether he liked it or not. You know many fine gentleman do that."

He saw that she did not understood him. and though he might have told her that her father had not always been the spotless man which she believed him to be, he would not in he ignorance.
"I remember that day so well," he contin-

ued, because the emperor, and empress, and prince imperial were all driving through the Pierre had not lived in his master's family streets, and your father remarked to a friend, just how kind, and loving, and self-sacrificing for it showed that democracy could rise to the

back, and gaid :

" You have no idea where Christine is now? and one excited him very much. I was in the room when he read it, and heard him say something in English which I think was temper, and she had never behaved so bad-ly since, though she sometimes shook Pierre night asked you if you would feel very badly furiously, for by contact with some living to turn back to Paris and not go to Americathing which resisted her she could conquer after all You remember it, don't you?"

Reinette did remember it, though at the time she had laid little or no stress upon it, she sometimes gave vent to her excitement thinking it a mere idle remark, as her father was naturally changeable. Now she could recall how sick and sad he had looked, and culiarity, and when he came to the door and how much he had talked of France, and heard the tempest within, he offered himself could see, or thought she could, that had she anything definite of her mother's family, for at once as a kind of breaker for the storm to been willing, he would have gone back too

> He had written several letters that night and posted them himself, and the next morning they had gone on board the Russia, and

nade him swear? She could not tell, and with her frank, open nature, and great love pression as they smiled a welcome upon her. for her father, was far from suspecting any tried to tell me when he was dying. He said wrong-doing in him which had followed him even across the sea.

Surely there could have been nothing be ween him and her nurse, Christine, which to blunder, though he had not done so in the name "Christine Bodine" to whom her father had sent money. Why had he done so, and with a nod of assent, though, knowing the where was Christine now? She had known proud little lady as he did, he knew perfectly

her mother, and Reinette meant to find her it it should cost her half her fortune. Turning to Pierre, she said : "This money agent, this Polignie, is still in

"Yes, miss, I think so."

"And you know his address?"

"No matter. He must be well known: to find her if I cross the ocean to do it. She her, too, for-oh, Pierre, my brain is all in a whirl with what has happened to-day; but I can't tell you in here, I feel so smothered then I think of it. Let's go to that ledge of nobility, the aristocracy, like Monsieur Hethrocks yonder on the hill-side. We must see bear it so much better," she thought, just as the sun set from there, and maybe we can

see poor papa's grave.' She put on her hat and preceded Pierre down the stairs and through the dining-room where she found Mrs. Jerry arranging a dainty-looking tea-table, with silver and glass

Supper would be ready very soon Mrs. Jerry said, suggesting that her young mistress wait till it was served, as the muffins would all be cold. Reinette was not hungry, she said, and Mrs. Jerry must eat the muffins herself. By and by she would perhaps have some toast and tea in her room: she would tell Mrs. Jerry when she wanted it, and she flashed upon the woman a smile so sweet and winning that it disarmed her at once of any re-sentment she might otherwise have felt because her nice supper was slighted and she must keep up the kitchen fire in order to have toast and tea whenever it should suit the voung lady's fancy.

Meanwhile Reinette went on her way through the back yard toward the ledge of rocks, when suddenly she heard a pitiful whine, and turning saw the dog tugging at his chain to get away. In an instant she was at his side, with her arms around his neck, while and wondering how it could be that he she cried .

"Look, Pierre, what a noble fellow he is Why do they keep him tied up? I mean to et him free."

And she was about to do so, when the coach man, who was watching her, at a little dis "Miss Hetherton, you must not do that. He

haughtily, and he replied:

real beauties.' "Yes, when I unchain the dog," Reinette

ace between his hands, and looking straight ato his eyes, Reinette said:

Mr. Doggie, you are my King, and I am

You must not run away from

You must not run away from

Reinette's long fast, and the fatigue and into his eyes, Reinette said :

your queen. You must not run away from me. I'll take such good care of you, and love you your liberty." She slipped the chain from his neck, and which the good woman pressed upon her, she with a joyful bark, King sprang upon her announced her intention of retiring to her with a joyful bark, King sprang upon her annou licking her face and bands in token of his room.

which Stevens led out for her inspection. First, the splendid bays, Jupiter and June

himself.
"What's her name?" she asked. And on Stevens replying that he did not know, she said :

now, she said : "Then she shall be Margery, after the dear long as possible. You were going to tell me when we reached New York, you said, but before we were there you were dead, and I was Do you know where she is: know anything so fair, and beautiful, and tall, and I loved her ?"

"What was the name please?" Pierre tinued, laying her hand upon the neck of her steel; "where are you now, and do you

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE ROCKS. It was very pleasant on the ledge of rocks with the soft, rose-tinted glow of the summer sunset in the western sky, and the long line of wooded hills and grassy meadows stretching away to north, and south, and east, as far as the eye could reach. Through a deep cut to the westward a train of cars was com-ing swiftly into view, while over the tops of the pine trees to the east wreaths of smoke were curling, heralding the approach of an other train, for Merrivale was on the great thoroughfare between Boston and Albany. At the foot of the hill the waters of Lake Petit lay like a bit of silvery moonlight amid the green fields around it, while further to the left another lake or pond was seen, with the Chiconee winding its slow course through strips of meadow land and green pastures, where the cows fed through the day, and rom which there now came a faint tinkle of pells, as they were driven slowly home. Everything was quiet, and calm, and peace ful, and Reinette felt quiet, and peaceful, too, as she seated herself in the "Lady's Chair" and scanned the lovely landscape spread out below her.

where the control of ---and I should be so happy in papa's old home, if only he were here. And I mean to be happy, as it is, for I know he would wish it to be so, and I understand now what he meant when he said such strange things to me just before he died. He was preparing me for a surprise -- a -- a -- Pierre -- " and, force ing down a great sob, Reinette began rapidly.
"Pierre, did you notice those people—those ladies, I mean, who came to meet me at the tation?

"Yes," said Pierre; "they rode with you to the grave. I thought, maybe, they were the servants of the house; who were they, mademoiselle 2 Servants?" and the dark eyes flashed

angrily, for if they were hers—her flesh and blood—nobody must speak against them. "Servants! Pierre, you are an idiot!"

"Yes, mademoiselle," the old man an swered, humbly, and Reinette continued: "You don't yet understand how differen everything is in America. There is no nobility here—no aristocracy like what we have in Europe. Your son, if you had one born here, might be the President, for all of his birth. It's worth and education which make nobility here, with, perhaps, a little bit of money, and Pierre, those ladies—mind you ladies—whom you thought servants, were my own grandmother, and aunt, and cousin—my mother's relatives."

" Mon Dieu!" dropped involuntarily from

papa never told me of them; some family quarrel most likely," Reinette continued. "He there was something he must explain; something he ought to have told me, and this was it. My mother was American, not English, as I supposed, should make him curse her. Pierre did not and these are her relatives and mine, and it's understand English well; it was easy for him | nice to find friends where one did not expect

"Yes, mademoiselle, very nice," Pierre said, well how hotly she was rebelling against these new friends, and how it was her pride which prompted her to exalt them in his estimation

But it was not for him to express any opin-

"I know where we went that day your me all about her, though I mean to find the lovely pearls she kept so sacred among the lovely pearls she kept so sacred among hair rippling down its back, and a wet napkin the lovely pearls she kept so sacred among hair rippling down its back, and a wet napkin the lovely pearls she kept so sacred among hair rippling down its back, and a wet napkin the lovely pearls she kept so sacred among hair rippling down its back, and a wet napkin the lovely pearls she kept so sacred among hair rippling down its back, and a wet napkin the lovely pearls she kept so sacred among hair rippling down its back, and a wet napkin hair rippling she has to say of mamma, Pierre, there was letter will find him, and I shall write and ask for this woman, Christine Bodine, for I mean with such a fair, winning face and perfect with such a fair, winning face and perfect manners. He was at the grave, too. Did snew mother, and I must know something of you see him? You must have seen him. He was a gentleman. I am sure."

myself, and spoke kind-like to me in my own tongue; not as you talk it, but fair, very fair, though he do not understand me so

Pierre was growing elequent on the anhier of Phil, and Reinette was greatly interested. and asked numberless questions concerning the young man whom Pierre so frequently declared a gentleman

"What was his name? What did Mi eresford call him, and what did he say?' "He asked much of you." Pierre replied "and once there was something like water in his eyes when I told him how sad you were but seems like he was ashamed to have the other one see him, for he pulled his hat down over his eyes, and said something about it in English which made them both laugh, he and the other gentleman who call him Pill."
"Pill!" Reinette repeated. "What a name Von could not have understood "

But Pierre insisted that he did : it was Pill and nothing else; and as just then Phil himself rode by, the old man pointed him out to Reinette just after the bow, which she did not see, and consequently could not return but she watched him as far as she could see him, admiring his figure, admiring his horse so different from those other people, as she mentally designated the Fergusons, of whom she could not think without a shiver, and whom, try as she would, she could not accept willingly as her mother's friends. If could find Christine Bedine, who knew her mother, she could solve all doubts on the subject : and she meant to find her, if that were

morrow, perhaps, for there was no time to be lost. If Christine had, as Pierre believed, been a pensioner of her father's, and if he had haughtily, and he replied:
"I am Stevens and take care of the horses.
Maybe you would like to see them; they are real beauties."
"Yes, when I unchain the dog." Reinette!
been a pensioner of her lather s, and if he had heard from her at Liverpool, then of course she was living, and through the Messrs.
Polignie she could trace her, and perhaps bring her to America to live with her, as something to keep fresh in mind her has

from people, from strangers? Did you never hear where she came from, where papa found her?"

"I heard from you that she was very beau-"

"King," said Stevens; and taking the deg's house just as it was growing dark, and Thus thinking, she walked back to the house just as it was growing dark, and Mrs. Jerry was beginning to feel some anxiety

excitement of the day were beginning to tell upon her, and after forcing herself to swallow a few mouthfuls of the food

Mrs. Jerry carried up the wax candles which she lighted herself, and after setting them upon the table and seeing that every thing was in order, she stood a moment, smoothing the hem of her white apron, as if there was something she had to say. had promised Grandma Ferguson to call Reisattention to the patch work spread the Southbridge Fair, but she did not quite "Herrin'-bone" quilts know how to do it. did not seem to be in perfect accord with this when she rose and, going to the window little foreign girl, who, though so plainly threw back the shutters and looked for an dressed, and so friendly and gracious of maninstant at the lovely picture of the Merrivale

we started for America it was hard to confess cept the nurse Christine Bodine, who was and followed her about as readily as King ner, bore unmistakable marks of the highest hills and valleys spread out before her, a THE NEWEST FASHIONS IN LON grade of aristocracy. Like the most of her sharp, cutting pain across her forehead and class, Mrs. Jerry held such people in great in her eyes warned her that her old enemy, class, Mrs. Jerry held such people in great category. In the nervous headache, was upon her in full centerm, and as something quite different from the nervous headache, was upon her in full centertainment at which the apostles of herself, whose father had worked side by side, herself, whose father had worked side by side, but pain and suffering in the solitude of her but pain and suffering in the solitude of her that day cent entertainment at which the apostles of but pain and suffering in the solitude of her that day cent entertainment at which the apostles of but pain and suffering in the solitude of her that day cent entertainment at which the apostles of but pain and suffering in the solitude of her that day cent entertainment at which the apostles of many a day, in plaster and mortar, with but pain and suffering in the solitude of her honest John Ferguson, and she could not room. Then, as she remembered what Mrs. understand how one like Reinette Hetherton Ferguson had said of an early visit for the could care for a patch work quilt, even if her mother had pieced it in years gone by. But she had promised, and must keep her word.

remember her myself with this one on; it was her Sunday frock, and she looked so pretty in it;" and Mrs. Jerry touched a What Reinette willed to do she did at once, The coffures of the women were ruffled

Ferguson's best dress.
"I don't think I quite understand you," said Reinette, who was wholly ignorant of that strange fashion of cutting cloth in bits for the sake of sewing it up again.

But one idea was perfectly clear to her.

Mrs. Jerry had seen her mother, and her

"You have seen mother; you knew her when she was a little girl: knew her for cer-

tain and sure?"
There was still a doubt—a rebelling in Reinette's mind against the new relatives, but Mrs. Jerry knew nothing of it, nor guessed that Reinette was not fully acquainted with all the particulars of her mother's early life that lady

and marriage.
"Yes," she answered, "Margaret Ferguson at the foot, and we picked huckleberries to gether many a time out in old General Heth erton's lot, never dreaming that sue would one day marry Mr. Fred. I beg your pardon, and with him Phil Rossiter, your father I mean," she added, hastily, as she met the proud flash of Rienette's dark eyes, and understood that to speak of her her.

"Not so very pretty, but bright and quite her head against the wall, making the throat

nother, but she could not do it now, though she returned to the bed quiltand managed to get a tolerably clear comprehension with regard to it.

pricked herself over it many a time," Mrs.
That snob of
Jerry said, and being fairly launched on her
queer chap." subject she was going on rapidly when Rein ette suddenly interrupted her with: "Yes, yes, I know; I see; mother did it.

away; go away, please, quick, and leave me She pointed to the door, and Mrs. Jerry

"It is true: it must be true: every body and everything confirm it, and I lost my ideal mother," Reinette whispered to herself as she closed the door after Mrs.

Jerry. Yes, she had lost her ideal mother, but the pensation—and Reinette felt that this was so as she knelt in her anguish by the bedside and laid her hot. tear-stained cheek against It was business alone which

she said, "and that brings her so near to me that I almost feel us if she were here herself. silent, so proud? I would have loved these resolved to do. people for her sake, and I will love them now and hear her speak to him face to face. in time. But it is all so strange, and mother's "Tell her I shall be there some time togirlhood was so different from what I have day," he said to his more fortunate friend,

pieces carefully, especially the blue and white one in which Mrs. Jerry had said her mother been earlier in the morning, but she insisted had looked so pretty. It was delicate in color upon seeing Mr. Beresford, who was admitted and in pattern, but to Reinette, who had at once to the room, which Mrs. Jerry made never in her life worn anything coarser than as dark as possible, but which was still light ion, so he remained silent, while Reinette the fine French cambrics, it seemed too come mon a fabric for the picture she held in her little figure in pink and white, reclining in heart of her mother. It did not at all match

a allow her to wear them but he had refused. and seemed so disturbed and distressed that

strangely. reamy white setin who had worn them and

Jerry, and worn the dress of blue.
"Pearls and calico! There's a great distance between them," she thought, "but not ife and the new, which I must live bravely

Then, returning the pearls to their casket,

father's fields and wore the cotton gown, and you seem near to me to-night, as if your arms were round me, and you were pitying your desolate little girl, who has nobody to pity her, nobody to love her, nobody to pray for her now, and she so wretched and bad." Poor little Reinetts, she was mistaker

when she thought there was no one to pity no one to pray for her now, for across the river, over the hill, and under the popular trees, a light was still burning in the chamber where Grandma Ferguson knelt in her short night-gown and wide-frilled cap, and prayed for the young girl, Margaret's child, that God would comfort her and have her in his keeping, and "make her love her mother's folks a little," while at the Knoll, in a larger and far more luxurious chamber. Phil wa thinking of his cousin, and the eves which, though they had flashed only one ook at him, haunted him so persistently, they were so full of pathos and pain.

"Poor little girl," he said, "alone in a new country, with such a lot of us whom she never heard of thrust upon her, I pity her, by

> CHAPTER XII. REINETTE AND MR. BERESFORD.

Reinette slent heavily that first night in he new home - so heavily, that the robins had sung their first song, and the July sun had dried the dew drops on the greensward and flowers before she awoke, with a very vague

perception as to where she was, or what had happened to her. Through the window which she had left open came the warm summer air, sweet with the scent of clover and the newly mown hay, which a farmer's boy was turning briskly, not far from the house. And work of a young girl, had taken the prime at fresh and beautiful, inhaled the delicious perfume and felt instinctively how much freshness and beauty she was losing.

know how sad and lonely your little Queenie is?"

There was a shadow on Reinette's bright face, but it quickly passed away; and sending about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt, which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt which 'pears kind of out ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton about this bed quilt which 'pears kind of out about this bed quit, which 'pears kind of out 'ries with Mrs. Jerry, and wear the cotton of place in here, but she sent it over—the gown, I could be ar everything so much better. old lady did—thinkin' you'd be pleased to Mr. Beresford knows all about it; he will of place in here, but she sent it over—the good, I could be reverying some better.

Mr. Beresford knows all about it; he will know that your mother did it when she was tell me, and I must see him first, for those a little girl, and that many of them is pieces people will not be long in coming to pay their of her own gownds she used to wear. I re-respects. I'll send Pierre immediately with a

pretty in it;" and Mrs. Jerry touched a square of the blue and white checked calico which had once formed a part of Margaret she opened her desk and wrote as follows:

What Reinette willed to do she did at once, and short, the hair of the women were ruffled and short, the hair of the men toward and the men toward an "Mr Beresford,-I must see you. Come without delay.

"MISS HETHERTON"

ing an elaborate toilet too much for her, weak and sick as she was, she contented herself methetic is the chimney-piece, which, fortu-with a cool, white cambric wrapper, with nately, was not in the Queen Anne style on great dark eyes were full of enquiry as she rows of lace and embroidery down the front, this is coasion, or it would have been imposcontinued: beautiful and striking picture for Mrs. Jerry sons to be learned by the novice in asshetic-to contemplate when, in answer to her ring, ism to wear the nose thus. The back is that lady presented herself at the door to slightly bent, and one leg is gracefull know what her mistress would have. Like round the other. The thinner the "Yes," she answered, "Margaret reignand and I was about the same age; mabby I'm two years or so the oldest; but we went to school together and was in the same class, until the pain ran its course, which it usually renegade, and laughs at his former companions. did in twenty-four hours, and all she asked was to be left in quiet in the library below, where she proposed going to wait for Mr.

Beresford, whom Pierre found in his office, chair close to the wall, and then sinks into it

erated.

But for this slip of the tongue Reinette esford said, guardedly, remembering what might have questioned her further of her Phil had predicted with regard to the immediate of the neck as short, as possible. Next she stretches her arms to their utmost length, and crosses her hands so that diate surrender of his heart to the foreigner.

believe she means to ride over us all. Odd "Made every stitch of it, and I warrant she though, that she'd never heard of a soul of us. Mrs. That snob of a Hetherton must have been a

door, bowing and gesticulating, and jabbering unintelligibly as he handed the note to Mr. Mother's hands have touched it: and now go Beresford, who read it aloud, while Phil said laughingly, though in reality he secretly felt aggrieved

You see, it is you for whom she has sent

gestures were more vehement than ever as he to give it even an outer glaze of meaning. turned to Phil, for whom he had conceived a liking because he could speak a little of own language, and assured him that he was mistaken. Miss Reinette cared for him very loss had not been without its gain—its com- much indeed, very much, and had asked much about him, and noticed him much at the grave, and when he went by on horseback the coarse fabric which had been her mother's her to send for monsieur; later she would be most happy to see young monsieur, her

cousin.

Phil could not follow the old man readily. thought he made out that Reinette had sent and powder. "Oh, mother, did your hands ever touch your this message to him, or something like it, baby, or did you die before you saw me? and he changed his mind about starting for Nobody ever told me. Why was father so Martha's Vineyard that afternoon as he had He would see Reinette first, "Tell her I shall be there some time to

fancied it was."

Then, remembering what Mrs. Jerry had said of the bits of calico, she brought the candles close to the bed and examined the pieces carefully, especially the blue and white

Then, remembering what Mrs. Jerry had said of the bits of calico, she brought the lawyer, who, nothing loth to meet the was soon riding rapidly toward Hetherton to my gait.

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wriggle and add new grace was soon riding rapidly toward Hetherton to my gait.

When I was worse than it had I may do it with ravishing elegance and pre-

brought from the station, and in one of them eyes, which, nevertheless, flashed a wetcome upon him as he came in, feeling bimself a rough from the station, and in one of them goes, which, stockness, as the came in, feeling himself a Unlocking the box, Reinette took out the exquisite necklace, bracelets and ear-rings girl in her pretty dishabille, with which her father had bought at a great price in Paris, and which he told her her mother round white arms to her elbows, in Paris, and which he told her her mother had worn to a ball at the Tuileries, where she

had been noted as the most beautiful woman pers resting on the footstool. She on the and admire.
"Oh, Mr. Beresford," she began, offering

she had put them away, wondering why just the sight or mention of them affected him so took the napkin from her head, and, dipping strangely. Taking them now to the bedside, she laid her, wrung it lightly and replaced it on her them upon the squares of blue and tried to forehead, letting a bit of the fringe hang over picture to herself the beautiful woman in her eyes, while drops of water ran down her her eyes, while drops of water ran down her face and fell from the end of her nose. Remette was not thinking of herself, she was in tent upon a more important matter, and determined to have it off her mind, she plung ed at once into the subject : "Oh, Mr. Beres reater than the distance between my old ford, it was so kind in you to come so soon when you must have so much to do, but you see I could not wait. Yes, thank you, it is an awful headache, but I'm accustomed to buem, she undressed herself rapidly, for her head was beginning to ache, and throwing herself upon the bed, drew the patch-work quilt over her. caressing it sertly:
"Dear mother, I do not love you one whit the less because you once picked berries in father's fields and wore the cetter."

"Dear my nair bound up, though I might fix it a little, 'and, with a dexterous, quick movement, Reinette took the whole mass of wavy hair in her hand, and giving it a twict and father's fields and wore the cetter.

and spatting it down on her forehead, went on:
"I must see you this morning, because ather said I was to ask you everythingtrust you with everything—and I want to know—I want you to tell me—those peo—those ladies—my grandmother said she was coming to day to talk over matters, and how can I talk if I don't know what to

Mr. Beresford was sure he didn't know and The continued:

"It may seem strange to you, who did not know father intimately, to know how little he talked of his affairs to any one. Even with regard to mother, he was very reticent, and never told me anything, except that she died in Rome, when I was born, and that her name was Margaret Ferguson. I always thought she was English, and built many castles about her and her relatives, and so, you see, I was a little surprised yesterday when they claimed me—such a number of them, it seemed. Were

there many?"
"Only three," Mr. Beresford replied, knowshe talked of "these people.

"Yes, three," she continued, "and I fear was not as gracious as I might have been for I was so astonished to be claimed when I did not know for sure that I had a relative in the world. Mr. Beresford, would you mind telling me all you know about my mother? Did she pick huckleberries with Mrs. Jerry, and cut up bits of calico for the sake of sewing them together again?"

The napkin went into the water with a great mlash, and then back to her forebead as she aid this, but her eyes were fixed on Mr. Beresford, who, not knowing what she meant by the berries and the bits of calico, said he lid not, but continued, laughingly: [TO BE CONTINUED.]

-Dore has completed a grand case picture

force. The affectations of this curious clique greater freedom of the female in the matter

of attire. As to coloring the usual prevalence of sickly vellow-greens and unwholesome reds was servable; and the eccentricities of form were too numerous to record. however, deserves notice for the careful way in which she was upholstered in some brown moreen that had apparently done

long, and in every case thrown back from the forehead in a manner that must have taken years of careful tending to attain.

This done she attempted to dress, but find fringe.

The favorite point d'appui of the male which fortupockets and sleeves. Over this she threw a elbow on the chimney-piece. Turn back the dainty Parisian jacket or sacque of the same open hand, so that it may comfortably suphue, letting her dark wavy hair fall loosely port the side of the jaw. The head is thus down her back. She always wore it so when thrown back, and the nose, consequently, she had this headache, and she made a most is well in the air. It is one of the first les slightly bent, and one leg is gracefully curled most women, Mrs. Jerry had a hundred remedies for the headache, but Reinette wished comfortably round and substantial. When an

I beg your pardon, added, hastily, as of Rienette's dark place and comparing their impressions of Having ascertained, without appearing to do the fingers droop in a lank, dejected, out-"Yes, and proud as Lucifer, too, or I'm stretched way over her knees. Having quite mistaken," answered Phil. "Why, I really completed her attitude, her immobility strikes outsiders as something to be wondered at.

She will remain thus for an hour at a time.

If she stands, she wears her arms behind her, with the fingers interlaced, or does the chimney-piece business with the top of the piano, for the men are sure to have already appropriated all the available mantel-boards. But these minor affectations of dress and bearing fade into insignificance when compared with the silly inanities of their talk. It is not to be transcribed in its utter, meaningwent swiftly out, half frightened at the look on the voung girl's eyes, as she bade her leave the room.

She does not care for me."

Strangely enough, notwithstanding his interest of the weakness of the rubbish they imperfect knowledge of English, Pierre undertalk that they italicise and accentuate every the room. stood the last part of Philip's speech, and his third or fourth word they utter in the attempt

A FASRIONABLE WOMAN'S

Strengthen my husband and may his faith and his money hold out to the last. Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspicious twilight over his eyes, that flirtation may look to him like victories, and that my bills may strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, oh fortune! my crimps, rates and frizzles, and let my glory shine on my paint Enable the poor to shift for themselves and save me from all missionary beggars.

Shed the light of thy countenance on my camel's hair shawl, my lavender silk, my point lace and my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moth out of my sables, I beseech thee, ob, fortune!

I may do it with ravishing elegance and preserve until the last the lily white of my the first the last the my white of my tesh and the taper of my fingers.

Destroy mine enemies with the gall of

ealousy and eat up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at my style. Save me from wrinkles and foster my plumpers. Fill both my eyes, oh, fortune ! with the

lay out my victims-the men-as numb as mages graven. Let the lily and the rose strive together on my cheek, and may my neck swim like a goose on the bosom of crystal water.

Enable me, oh, fortune! to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from corns and bunions.

Bless Fanny, my lap-dog, and rain down present.

Reinette admired them greatly, and on the casion of her first ball had begged her father a man, with all a man's impulse to worship Smile, oh, fortune! most sweetly ppon Dick, my canary, and watch with the

ness of a spirit over my two lily white mice INSULTING AN ACTRESS

Throwing Rotten bygs in the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 25.—The rare spectacle of an actress being rotten egged was witnessed ast night at the Walnut Street Theatre, where the C. L. Graves Combination occupy the boards with the "Four Seasons." During third act, while Georgie Parker, as Susan Sweetapple, a Yankee dairymaid, was singing a song, an egg in an advanced state of decomposition whizzed over the nit from the west side of the top gallery, and came to grief against a canvas palmetto tree, a few feet from Miss Parker. The audience were startled for the moment and the actress changed color, but did not falter in her song. minute later, another egg, similarly disabled was thrown upon the stage from the east side of the top gallery. The actress was intensely mortified, and finished her song with great difficulty and in a high state of excitement. The audience showed much displeasure at the deliberate insult to the lady and applaud ed her to the echo-so much so that she compelled to respond to an encore. In the meantime, ushers from all parts of the house had gathered to the quarter from whence the eggs had been flung, and a man was seen enleavoring to secrete an egg in his coat pocket. The fellow was pounced upon and hurried into the street, when he was given into the custody of a policeman and taken to the Central Station. He refused to give his name or to assign a cause for his offence, and was placed in a cell to ashit a hearing

TOO MANY POINTS FOR HIM.

" Boss," said an old darkey whitewasher to Marshall Hogan yesterday, "dare's a nigger up my way wat needs taken care uv."
"What has he done?" said the officer.

"Oh, well, you sees, last summer he borrowed my ax for to split some kindlin' truck, an' he never fotch it back, an' when I went ter get it he said, 'I reckon I got dis ing that she had no reference to Phil when ax, an' possesshun am nine pints of the law; derefore dis ax am mine till I take it back; and de darn fool nigger wouldn't gin it to me. "I didn't say nuffin or give him any back talk, but de odder day Hanner, my ole woman, went to his house an' borrowed his buck-saw, an' when he came fur it I tole him just like he answered me. an' stood on my dignity.

" I had nine pints of the law, didn't I?" " Yes."

"And how many pints am de law composed

"I don't know exactly."
"Well, dat's what bodders me, for dat nig-

ger saw dem nine pints, shut up dis lef' eye fur me, pitched de ole woman over a bar'l and walked off wid his saw-buck an' my whitewash brush to boot. Ef I had nine pints he mus' balf let himself out.—Marysville Appeal.