OUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mirs. Mary J. Molmes, author of "Tompest and Sunshine," " Ethelyn's Mistake," " Forrest House," etc.

"I dare eay she did pick berries for almost

every girl born in Merrivale does so at some period of her life." "Then she was born here, and you have seen her, and there is no mistake, and these people they are—they are my grandmother?"
This was the second time Reinette had put

her questions in this form, and this time Mr. Beresford laughed heartily, as he replied: "Yes, they are your grandmother decidedly; it," he added, more quietly, "it is strange your father never told von."

"Not strange at all if you knew him," Reinette said, resolved that no blame should attach to her father. "But tell me," she went on, "tell me all about it—the marriage, I mean, and who are the Fergusons?-nice people, of course, or my mother would not have been one. Who are they, Mr. Beres-The lawyer could not look that proud,

high-bred girl in the face and tell her of Peggy Ferguson's beer shop under the elms, of the Martins, prize fighters of the town, or of the wonder and surprise when Fred Hetherton made Margaret Ferguson his wife. But he dwelt upon the honesty and respectability of John Ferguson, and the great beauty of hi daughter Margaret, whose leveliness had attracted the heir of the Hethertons.

Reinette saw he was evading her questions and with an impatient stamp of her little

high-heeled slipper, she said: "Mr. Beresford, you are keeping things from me, and I will not bear it. If there is anything wrong about the Fergusons I wish to know it. Not that I shall turn against them," she said, with a flash in her eyes which made her visitor wince. mother's people, and if they are thieves and robbers then I am a thief and robber, I see by your face that there is something—that you don't fancy these people of mine, but I tell you I do. If they are mine they are mine, and I won't hear a word against

What a strange, contradictory creature she was, one moment insisting that he must tell her something, if there was anything to tell, and the next warning him that she would not listen to a word. What could he do but stare wonderingly at her, as, dropping the napkin into the bowl of water, she leaned back in her chair and holding him with her

bright eyes, said, imperiously: I am waiting, go on; father made a mesalliance, I suppose."

"Yes, that's about the fact of the casa." Mr. Beresford replied, feeling compelled to speak out. "Your mother's family did not stand as high socially as your father's. They were poor, while Mr. Hetherton, your grand father, was rich, and that makes a difference, you know."
"No, I didn't," she replied. "I thought

nothing made a difference in America, if you behaved yourself. But go on. How poor were they? Did they work? What did they

The look in her eyes brought the answer promptly:
"Your grandfather built chimneys and laid

cellar walls." "Well, that's dirty, sticky, nasty work, but no disgrace—people must have chimneys and cellar walls, and I've no doubt he built them

well. What did she do-grandmother, I mean? Was she a bar-maid She had almost hit it, but not quite, and "She sold gingerbread and beer; kept kind of baker shop." Mr. Beresford replied:

Reinctte drew a quick, gasping breath, put the wet napkin again on her head without wringing it at all, and said:
"Yes, I see—I understand. They were un-

fortunate enough to be born poor; they did what they could to get their living; but that is nothing against them; that's no reason why you should despise them. They are mine, and I won't have it. I say."

"My dear Miss Hetherton," Mr. Beresford began, puzzled to know how to treat this capricious creature, "what can you mean? do not despise them."

"Yes, you do," she answered; "I see it in your face. I saw it there yesterday when they claimed me. But I won't have it; they are mine. Who was that young man with them? Why don't you tell me about him, and not of them all the time? He is not a Ferguson, sure?"

Beresford launched at once into praise of Phil, and the Rossiters generally dwelling at length upon the handsome house and ground at the Knoll, the high position they held in both town and country, the accomplishments of the young ladies, Ethel and Grace, the sweetness and dignity of Mrs. Rossiter, and, lastly Phil himself, the best-hearted, most popular fellow in the world, with the most exquisite taste in everything, as was shown in what he had done to make Hetherton Place attrac-

It was strange how Reinette's whole attitude and expression changed as she listened The Rossiters were more to her liking than the Fergusons, and she became as soft gentle as a purring kitten, forgetting in her interest to wipe the drops of water from her face as the napkin made frequent journeys to the bowl and back.

Mr. Beresford felt that he deserved a great

deal of credit for thus extolling Phil, feeling, as he did, a horrible pang of jealousy when he saw the bright eager face flush, and the dark eyes light up with pleasure and expecancy. "And this young man, this Cousin Philip,

will call on me soon-to-day, I hope. I am anxious to see him. It is so nice to have a real flesh and blood cousin, to whom I can talk more freely even than to you. Tellhim, please, how I want to see him," she said and again a pang like the cut of a knife thrilled Mr. Beresford's nerves, as he felt that his kingdom was slipping away.
Reinette was growing tired, and as there

was no necessity to prolong the interview longer than was necessary for her pleasure, she gave a little wave of her hand toward the in monarchical Europe. Father keeps a small

door, and said:
"Thank you, Mr. Beresford; that is all I care to ask you now. You will, of course, continue to look after me as you did after papa until I am of age, and then I shall look after myself. Until then I wish you to see to everything, only stipulating that you let me have all the money I want, and I give you warning that I shall ask for a great deal. I mean to make this place the loveliest spot in the world. You accept, of course? You will be my agent, or guardian, or whatever you choose to call it but you must let me do exactly as I please, or you will find me troublesome.

She smiled up at him very brightly, while he bowed his acceptance, thinking to himself that he might sometimes find it hard to deal with this spoiled girl who warned him so prettily, and yet so determinedly, that she must

have her way. "I will serve you to the best of my ability." he enid; "and if I am to look after your in terests it is necessary that I fully understand how much your father died possessed of, and where it is invested. I know, of course, about affairs in this country, but he must have had money, and perhaps lands, abroad. Do you know? Did he have any box where he kent his papers; and will you let me have that box as soon as possible; not to-day, of course, but

For an instant Reinette looked at him fix odly, while the remembrance of her father's words came back to her: "If letters come to me from abroad, or anywhere, burn them unopened. Promise, Reinette."

She promised, and she would keep her word, and with the instincts of a woman who scents danger from afar, there flashed into her mind the thought that if there were letters no one must read, there might be papers which no eye but hers must see. She would look them over first before intrusting them to the care of any one, and if there were a secret in her father's past life, only she, his child,

'Yes," she said at last, "there are papers -many of them-in a tin box, and when you

had houses in Paris, and Avignon, too, I think. Pierre knows more of that than I do. Ask him anything you please. But hush! Isn't that a carriage driving up to the door? It may be cousin Philip. I hope so. I'm quite sure of it; and now go, please, and send Mrs. Jerry or Susan to me. I must do something with all this hair, or he'll think ne a guy; " and gathering her long, heavy hair in a mass she twisted in into a large flat coil, which she fastened at the back of her head with a gold arrow taken from her morn-

ng jacket.
It was not very complimentary to Mr. Beresford to know that while she was willing to re-ceive him en dishabille, as if he had been a block, the moment Phil came she was at once alive to all properties of her personal appear-Nor was it very gratifying to be summarily dismissed to make way for another and that other the fascinating, good-for-nothing Phil whom every woman worshipped but there was no help for it, and bidding goodmorning to the little lady who was standing before the mirror with her back to him, fixing her hair, he went out into the hall to meetnot Phil, but Grandma Ferguson and Anna with the long scarf and wide awake hat. They and entered without ringing, and as Mr. Beres ford opened the door of the library grandma caught , right of Reinette, and entered, unanounced into her presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

THESE PROPLE. With a little start of surprise and disappointment, Reinette recognized her visitors and for an instant her annoyance showed it self upon her face, and then she recovered herself, and went forward to meet them with far more cordiality in her manner than she had evinced toward them the previous day. "Good-morning, Rennet!" grandma be

"Good-morning, Rennet!" grandma be-gan. "I meant to have come earlier, so as to have a good long visit before noon, for I sha'nt stay to dinner to-day. We are going to have green peas from my own garden, and they'd spile if kept till to-morrow. Oh, my sakes, how hot I am!" and settling herself in the chair Reinctite had vacated, the good lady untied her bonnet-strings, took off her purpl gloves, and fanned herself rapidly with the huge palm-leaf she carried; "Please open one of them blinds," she continued : "it's darker than a pocket here, and I want to see Margart's girl by daylight."

Reinette complied with her request, and hen for the first time Mrs. Ferguson noticed the bowl of water, and the dark rings about

Reinette's eyes.
"Why, what's the matter?" she asked "Got the headache? Oh. I'm so sorry. You take it from your mother. She never could go nowhere, to camp-meetin', nor pienies, nor cattle show, nor dances of any kind, with out comin' vomitin' home with sick headache. 'Twas her bile that was out of kilter, though the was as fair as a lily. But you look bilious Better take some blue mass, or else sulphur and molasses, and drink horehound

That'll cleanse your blood." As she listened, Reinette began to grow ebellious again, or, as she afterwards conessed to Phil, her evil spirit took possession of her, and she could have screamed with disgust at what she knew was well meant out what seemed to her the height of vulgar Sinking into a chair, with her back he window, and her visitors in front where she could see them distinctly, she scanned them closely. Grandma in her "sprigged muslin" and "lammy shawl," with lavende riphons in her bonnet, which made her look redder and coarser than had the crape worn on the previous day, and Anna, with her vellow plume and banged hair, sitting stiff

and straight, with her hands folded on her lap. She had heard that this was the proper nanner for a well-bred lady to assume when sitting, and was surprised to see Remette lean wearily back in her chair, and cross her little feet upon a footstool, while one hand hung istlessly at her side, and the other supported her head.

"She evidently cares nothing for us,"
Anna thought, and she was beginning to feel angry and resentful, when Mrs. Jerry looked in, and seeing Mrs. Ferguson, exelaimed :

currant jam, and wish you'd come to the kitchen a minute."

Mrs. Ferguson went out at once, and, left themselves, the two girls began to talk, Reinctte asking numberless questions by way which she affected to dislike of drawing her cousin out and judging what the then fashionable color. he was. It did not take long for her to to a young ladies' seminary in Worcester, after graduating at the High School in Merriale; that she had studied algebra, geometry, astronomy, chemistry, philosophy, physiology botany, rhetoric, zoology, English literature, German and French; she had dabbled a little water colors, had taken lessons on the piano, and sometimes played the melodeon Sunday school.

"Dear me," said Reinette, drawing a long breath, and changing the position of her feet, thow learned you must be. I have never studied half those things. I hate mathematics, and rhetoric, and geology, and literature, and son are posted in them all. But tell me, now you are through school, what do you do? How do you pass your time? Merrivale is a small place; there cannot be much to occupy one outside. What do you do all day, when it rains, for instance, and you can't go out? and when you first came from school, time

must have hung heavily then? Reinctte had no particular object in asking so many questions; she only wished to make talk, and she had no suspicion of the effect her words had upon Anna, who turned scarlet, and hesitated a moment, then thinking to herself. "It don't matter; I may as well spit it out," she said:

"Reinette, you will know some time how

I live, and so I'll tell you myself, and let you judge whether my life is a happy one. Yo know of course that we are poor. I don You mean that we have not enough to eat and vear, and a roof to shelter us, but we work for our living, and that in republican America makes quite as much difference as it does grocery, and mother is a dressmaker, with sign in her window, and, talk as you please of the nobility of labor, and that 'a man's man for a' that,' the man must have money, and the woman, too; and there are girls in town no better than I am, with not half as good an education, and if you'll excuse me for saving it, not half as good-look ng, or half as stylish, who look down upon me because my mother makes their drosses and I help, and sometimes carry them home for I have done that : but you don't eatch me now carrying parcels through the streets like a common drudge. I wouldn't take one to the queen. You ask what I did when I first came from school I'll tell you. Mother was very busy, for there was a grand wedding in progress to which I was not hidden, but I had o work on the dresses, and take some of them home, and when I rang the front door cell at Sue Granger's, I was told by an impudent howse-maid to step round to the side eor, as her lady had visitors in the parlor, and it was no place to receive parcels. I tell ou I was mad, and I've never carried a budget since, and never will: and I shall be o glad if we ever get out of the business, for I hate it, and I am just as good as Suc Granger, whose mother they say once worked m a cotton mill. Thank goodness I am not as low as that. There's good blood in my veins, too, if I am poor. The Rices (moth was a Rice) are highly connected with some

Rice is a distant relative of mine, and the Fergusons are well enough." Here Anna paused to take breath, and Reinette, who had listinged to her wonderingly

of the best families in the State. Governor

"And do your cousins, Little and Grace, share your opinions?"
"Of course not. Why should they Area they big bugs, Colonel Rossiter's daughters? Don't they go to Saratoga, and Newport, and Florida and the sea-side, and have a maid. and drive their carriage, and live in a big

mother, my Aunt Mary, used to close shoes know—that—that—he ran away

Reinette flushed to the roots of her hair as she replied :

one's respectability depended upon himself- plied : his conduct, I mean, rather than what he

There's where you are grandly mistaken,' said Anna. "One's position depends upon how much money he has, or how many influential Is my Aunt Mary any better than when she closed shoes and sold gingerbread? Of course not. She's John Ferguson's daughter just the same : but she's rich now. She and admired, and run after by the whole own, while ma and I are just tolerated besay once to Sue Granger, who replied: 'That's Anna Ferguson; her mother is a dressmaker,' and that settled it. The stranger - a stuck and everybody."

Here Anna stopped a moment, and Rei

nette, to whom she had twice spoken of her style and good looks, scanned her very closely com her head to her feet, deciding, mentally that in spite of her banged hair and flashy dress she was good-looking, and had about her a certain style which strangers would naturally remark, even though it was rather fast than refined. But she was not a lady, either by nature or education, and Reinette who, in some things, was far-seeing for her years, saw readily the difficulty years, saw readily the difficulty under which her cousin labored. She was not naturally refined, but, on the contrary, vulgar and suspicious, and jealous of those who occupied a position above her, and while she took pains with her person, and affected certain haughtiness of manner, her language was decidedly second-class, and frequently nterlaid with slang and harsh denunciations of the very people whose favor she wished to

gain. While Reinette was thinking all this Anna

cgan again:
"If mother would sell out and take that dious sign from our front window, we can live without dressmaking, but I've given it She had a chance a few weeks ago. A rench woman from Martha's Vineyard wrote asking her terms, which she put so high that Miss La Rue declined, and so that fell

"What did you call the woman-Miss who?" Reinette asked, rousing up suddenly from her reclining posture and looking earnestly at Anna, who replied:

" Miss La Rue-Margery La Rue, from Martha's Vineyard. She has done some work, I believe, for my cousins, who think highly of her, and suggested her buying out ma's business. Why, how excited you seem! Do you know her?" she asked, as Reinette sprang up quickly, her cheeks flushing, her eyes sparkling, and her whole appearance indicative of pleasurable

"Margaret La Rue," she repeated. "The name is the name, and she's French, too, you say, but it cannot be my Margery, for the last heard from her she was in Nice, and talked of going to Rome. but it is singular that there should be two dressmakers of the same name. What do you know of her! Is she old or young ?"

"I knew nothing except the name," Anna replied, astonished at her cousin's interest in and evident liking for a mere dressmaker. "Is your Miss La Ruo young, and was she your friend?" she asked, and Reinctte re-

aimed: blue eyes and sunny hair. Why, Anna," she dreadful, dreadful, and I hope I may never "Just the one I wanted, I'm making some added, as if impressed with a sudden idea, see one of them again." "her hair is just the color of yours, and she

"Maybe she has some Ferguson blood in her," she said, laughingly. La Rue, and she only a dressmaker?"

"It is too long a story to tell you now,"

Reinette replied. was a child. I never thought anything about meet her cousin.
her being a dressmaker. She is educated "But, mademoiselle, your dress, your hair rather than money or what one does for a living."

Anna shrugged her shoulders incredulous. she aspired; but she made no reply, and Rein- for her. ette continued :

"I shall take steps at once to ascertain if this Mrs. La Rue you speak of is my Margery, and if she is, and it is merely a matter of money which keeps her from accepting your mother's offer, I think I can make two peoyour window will do it, and myself, by bringing her here where I can see her every day, if I wish to."

Before Anna could reply, Grandma Fer-

'I didn't mean to be gone more'n a minto see it, as it's my fust chance. The last, and I may say the only time I was ever here, was turned out o' door afore I could look ibout me.'

whom ?" Reinette asked, in astonishment, and grandma replied:
': Turned out by your Granther Hetherton, because I came over to tell him his son Fred had run off with your mother. Why, Rennet,

You are white as child, what's the matter? a shoet," she continued, as with a long gasp naturally as if he had been her brother, for breath Rejnette clasped both hands to her sobbed like a child. orehead and leaned helplessly back in her

"It's nothing," she said, faintly, " only the only which was gone has come back again. those—before my—. Qh, I am so glad to What you told me was so dreadful—my mother see you and find you just like my father!" can off with my father! What for Why? Were they not married at home? Was there

"Reason? No," grandmareturned. "There was a nice, big, best room back of the shop, novel position in which he found himself, and if it was good enough for Paul Rossiter Although warm-hearted and affectionate he to be married in, and for your father to spark your mother in, as he did many a time, it he were, that part of his nature had nover was good enough for him to be married in.

But no; he was afeard, mabby, that he should grandmother. His sisters were very have to notice some of us, who he thought no fond and proud of him, but the more on than so much dirt, and so he run off never caressed or petted him as some only with her to New York and got married, and then brothers are petted, and only kissed him when started for Europe, and I've never seen her parting with him or after a long absence. As sence. But surely, Rennet, you must have known something about it, though Anny here, lips had never touched theirs since the days and Phil too that's Miss Rossiter's son will of his boyhood when he played the old time have it that you never heard of us till yester. games in the school-house on the common, lay, and so never knew who your mother was.

cruelly, suffering as she was both mentally stranger, this French girl, whom till yester and physically. The wet napkin was again day he had never seen, sobbing in his arms, applied to her throbbing temples, and then, with his hands clasped in hers as her face a voice full of anguish, and with something bent over them so that he could feel the touch defiant in its tone, she said rapidly, like one of her burning cheek, and the great tears as who wishes to have a disagreeable task ended: they wet his imprisoned fingers. And "No, I did not know who my mother was; that queer perversity of man's naturo Phil father never told me."

Is that so?"

"Tyas s smart, just like him." grandma his own eyes moisten, and his voice tremble interposea; but Leinette stopped her short, as he said gently and pityingly, as women are "Hush, grandma! I will not hear my

am just as good as they are, and so I am, fathers to me. He did not talk much ever, Anna. I hope you liked her, Reinette. She of his grandfather's two wives, one of whom though the world don't think so. Their and never of his private affairs; and since I is the kindest-hearted woman in the world." was his grandmother and one hers. my for the shop when a girl, and sell gingerbread mother, I am not surprised that he did not of his hands, where Reinette's face was hidacross the counter sometimes, just as tell me who she was or anything about her your mother did. You know, perhaps, that early life. He knew it would pain me and so herself from him and stepping backward, she eyes again.

body'd s'pose he would have to see us then said:

I know now what he meant when so hard. s Mrs. Colonel Rossiter, and looked up to, fended her dead father; and grandma cried, have thought her majesty honored by the connud admired, and run after by the whole too, a little, but her animosity toward the nection, so proud was I of my fancied blood. Hethertons was so great and this silence of And to be told all thesecause of our relationship to her. 'Who is her son in law seemed so like a fresh insult, that stylish-looking girl?' I heard a stranger that she was ready to fire up in an instant, and she replied: and when Reinette said to her, "It's very girl whose mother made dresses for a living. away?" she began as far back as the first th Hetherton a glass of beer across the counter, and in her own peculiar way told the story of the courtship and marriage, ending with a graphic description of her call on Gen. Hether-

her never enter it again.
"And I never have till to-day," she said, when I wouldn't wonder if he'd stir in his coffin if he knew I was here, seein' he felt so much above me. If I'd been a man, I b'lieve I'd horsewhipped him, for there's fight in Will Martin, were the prize fighters of the own, and could lick any two men singlehanded. They are dead now, both on 'emdied in the war, fightin' for their country. and I s'pose it's better so than if they'd lived to do wus.'

"Yes, oh, yes," Reinette said faintly. neither knowing what she said or what she meant, knowing only that every nerve was quivering with excitement and pain, and that the felt half crazed and stunned with all she heard of the father and mother she had held so high.

Nothing had been omitted, and she kne

closed, the berries she had picked to the blue chintz gownhelp to the pride of the Hethertons, and the inexcusable silence of her father with regard to her mother's death and her own exist-There was nothing more to tell ence. Reineste could not have heard it if there had been. Proud and high-spirited as she was, she felt completely crushed and humiliated and as if she could never face the world again. And yet in what she had heard there was nothing derogatory to her mother's character, or her father's either for that matter. Only it was so different from what she had believed

By and by, when she could reason more calmly she would feel differently and see it from a different standpoint, but now she felt as if she should scream outright if her visitors staid another minute, and she was glad when reminded by the twelve o'clock whistle of her green peas cooking at home, grandma rose to She had had no intention of wounding Reinette, but she had no sensitiveness her self, no delicacy of feeling, no refinement, and could not understand how crushed, degraded, heart-broken Reinette felt as she fled up the stairs to go to her own room, and throwing herself upon the bed sobbed and meaned in a paroxysm of grief and despair.
"And these people are mine," she said

"they belong to me, who was once so proud of my blood. Prize fighters, and brewers, plied; "Yes, she was my friend—the dearest I in place of the dukes and duchever had—and the only one I may say, except esses I had pictured to myself! Why did papa; and she is beautiful, too; she has the father bring me here, when he had kept the lovliest face I ever saw—sweet and spirituelle knowledge of them from me so long, or at as one of Murillo's Madonnas, with lustrous least why did he not tell me of them. It is

Just then her ear caught the sound of has your complexion, too."

Anna colored, pleased with the compliment to her complexion and her hair, the latter of the pillows and pushing back her heavy hair horse's feet galloping into the vard, and startwhich she affected to dislike, although it was from her forehead Beinette listened intently, leeling intuitively that she knew who the stand there lecturing me so, when I wanted rider was, and experiencing a thrill of joy you to come to me so badly, and thought you arrived and demanded a "talk" "As Phil says, we when, a few moments later, Pierre brought all have skim-milk faces, and tow or yellow her a card with the name of "Phil Rossiter" hair, but how came you so intimate with Miss engraved upon it. Taking the bit of pasteboard in her hand she examined it critically, and pronouncing it au fait in every respect, "I've known her since I announced her intention of going down to

her being a dressmaker. She is educated "But, mademoiselle, your dress your hair; and refined, and good, and true, with not a monsieur is a gentleman," Pierre said; but single low instinct in her nature, and that, Reinette cared nothing for her dress thenthink, is what constitutes a lady nothing for her hair, which had again fallen over her shoulders.

Gathering it up in masses at the back of her head, and letting a few tresses fall upon ly. In her own estimation she was re-fined and educated, and yet she was not re-more closely around her, and went hurriedly cognized as a ludy by those to whose notice down to the library where Phil was waiting

CHAPTER XIV. REINETTE AND PHIL.

He was gotten up after the most approved manuer of a young man of elegant leisure and ple happy; you first, if taking that sign from taste. From his short, cut-away coat to the tip of his boots everything was faultless, and his fair, handsome face impressed you with the idea that he was fresh from a perfumed bath, as, with his soft hat under guson came in, puffing with exercise, and he stood leaning on the mantel and looking apologizing for her long absence. curiously about the room. She, in pink and white dishabille, a good deal tumbled and th' she said, "but Mrs. Jerry offered to show mussed, her hair just ready to fall down her me ail over the house, and I kinder wanted back, her cheeks flushed and her eyelids swollen and red, showed plainly the wear and tear of the last few days. And still there was a great eagerness in her face, and her eyes were very bright as she stood an instant on "Turned out of doors! For what, and by the threshold looking intently at Phil, as if deciding what manner of man he was. That something in the expression of his face which won all hearts to trust him won her as well. and when he stepped forward to meet her, holding out his hand, she went swiftly to him, and laying her head upon his bosom as

"Oh, Philip, oh, cousin, I'm so glad you have come at last," she said. "Why didn't you come sconer, come first of all, before—

Phil did not quite know whether he felt complimented or not to be thus likened to her father, but to say that he was taken aback fairtly portrays his state of mind at the to the other girls of his acquaintance, nor had he held a girl's hand in his except i the dance, and when assisting her to the car It was a direct question and hurt Reinette riago or her horse; and here was this liked it, and drew her closer to him, and felt

wont to speak : "Poor little Reinette, I am sorry for you house? Such people can never understand father blamed for anything. He may have for I know how you have suffered; and you why girls like me feel as I do. Ethel and acted hastily and foolishly when he was have the headache, too, grandmother told

come again I will give them to you. Father Grace argue with me by the hour, and say I young, but he was the dearest and best of me. She was here this morning, she and from him than from any one else, he told her nog raising sections of that State will not fur

our mother did. You know, pernaps, that early life. He shew it would pain in and the locked at him fixedly, until all the tears and shop."

always did—"

always did—"

locked at him fixedly, until all the tears and grief left her eyes, which twinkled mischieved. grief left her eyes, which twinkled mischievously as she burst into a merry laugh, and does not count in this country. Nobody will show, "grandma said, and Reinette reand lat was know," grandma said, and Reinette reand lat was know, bloom into her tails and mischievdown twinkled mischievdoes not count in this country. Nobody will think less of you because of those fighters, or be replied:

"Yes, I know, but I supposed—I thought and know," grandma said, and Reinette replied:

and let you know just how bad and wicked I am. I didn't like her! Oh, I know you are "Yes, and he meant to tell me when we horrified and hate me, and think me awful," does for a living—if the business is honest reached New York. He had a habit of put. she continued, as she sank into an easy-chair, ting off things and he put that off, and when he was dying on the ship he tried to tell me water still standing there spread it upon her leads to suspect a slight where passed by a young man and plunging the napkin into the bowl of leading the put that off, and when he water still standing there spread it upon her leads to suspect a slight where passed by a young man and plunging the napkin into the bowl of leading the put that off, and when he water still standing there spread it upon her leads to suspect a slight where leads to suspec head. "But you can't understand how sudden he said: 'When it comes to you forgive me it all is to me, who never knew I had a relaand love me just the same; and I do—I will tive in America, unless it were some distant "and she'd ride over everybody's head, and of the town. The teamsters an hour or so —and I'll stand by father through every-one on father's side, and who, had I been told snub working people worse than she thinks later stopped to rest the oxen and breakfast, thing;" and Reinette's eyes, where the great that I was first cousin to Queen Victoria, tears were standing, fairly blazed as she debut rather dresses. would not have been surprised,

her son-in-law seemed so like a fresh insult, "What have you been told?" Phil asked, "Everything I am sure, or if there is any painful for me to hear it, and still I wish you thing more I never wish to hear it. I know up piece from Boston-wanted nothing of a father both. Why did you say they ran gingerbread and the beer, and closing short to tell me all I ought to know of mother and about the chimneys and the cellar walls, the Sometimes I get so mad I hate everything time her daughter Margaret handed Fred the runaway match worse than all the rest unless it be those dreadful men who fought each other like beasts. What were their names

> ton, who turned her from his house, and bade Martin," Phil said, calling the men uncle for the first time in his life, although there was not a drop of their blood in his veins. But he would not tell her so, or hint that he was not as much a Martin as herself.

> "You mean Uncle Tim and Uncle Will. grandmother's brothers; they were only my make up. My two brothers, Jim and great uncles, and had the good taste to get killed in the war. They can't hurt you.' "I know that, but something hurts me cruelly," Reinette replied, clenching her hands ogether. "And you don't know how much hate it all—hate everybody—and want to

fight and tear somebody's bair: that would relieve me, but it would not rid me of these dreadful people."
She looked like a little fury as she beat her hands in the air, and forgetting that they were strangers, Phil said to her:

"You surprise me, Reinette, by taking so strange a view of the matter. Can you not understand that in America, where we boast all about the beer and the gingerbread her grandmother sold, the shoes her mother as blood, or if there is, it is so diluted and as blood, or if there is, it is so diluted and mixed that the original element is hard to find. It does not matter so much are, or who your parents were, as it does what

The yourself."

The yourself."

The your and shame from no condition rise,

well your part, there all the honor lies."

"That used to be written for me in my copy-book at school, and I puzzled my brain over it to know what he meant, understand whom you have known always. ing at last that it was another version of that promise, Phil?" part of the church catechism which tells us God has called us."
"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by

talking poetry and catechism to me," Reinette said, tartly, and Phil replied:

"I meant that you should look on the chance to be your relatives, and not rebel hair because, instead of being the granddaughter of -of a Ferguson."

Who calls me Rennet, and talks such dreadful grammar, and wears purple gloves?" interrrupted Reinette, with a half-laugh in Phil smiled a little, for the purple gloves, into which grandma Ferguson persisted in sqeezing her coarse red hands, shocked his fastidious taste sorely, but he was bent upon defending her, and he replied:
"Yes, I know all that; grandma is pecu-

liar and old-fashioned, but she does not hurt you, as Reinette Hetherton, one whit. She never had a chance to learn; circumstances have been against her. She had to work all her early life, and she did it well, and is one of the kindest old ladies in the world, some day you will appreciate her and think yourself fortunate to have so good a grand-mother, and you'll get used to us all." "I never shall," Reinette replied, "never

can get used to these people. You know I away, and instead of that you've done nothing but scold me ever since you've been here, and nobody ever dared do that before but father, and you know how awfully my head is aching, and you've made it ten times worse. I'm disappointed in you, Philip Rossiter; yes, I am; and I meant to like you so much. But you don't like me, I

see it in your face, and you are a Ferguson too, and I hate you—there!"

As she talked Reinette half rose from her chair, and in her excitement upset the bowl of water which went splashing over the floor Then, sinking back into her seat, she began to cry piteously as Phil had never heard a girl cry before. Crossing swiftly to her side he knelt down before her, and taking her flushed tear-stained face between both his hands kissed her upon her forchead and lips, while he tried to comfort her, assuring her that he was not acolding her, he was only defending his friends, that he was sorry for her, and did like her, and begging to know what he could

do to prove it." "Please forgive me, Reinette," he said, "and let us be friends, for I assure you I like you."
"Then don't call me Reinette," she said.

Father always called me Queenie and so did Margery, and they are the only people I ever oved, or who ever loved me. Call me Queenie, if you love me. Philip."

Queenic, then, it is-for by Jove, I do love you; and you must call me Phil, if you love me, and so we seal the compact," the young man said, touching again the sweet, girlish lips, which this time kissed him back without the least hesitancy or token of conscious

And so they made it up, these cousins who had quarreled on the occasion of their first interview; and Phil picked up the bits of broken china and the napkin, and wiped up the water with his handkerchief, and told he he could cure her headache by rubbing, just as he often cured his mother's. And Queenie as he called her, grew as soft and gentle as a kitten, and, leaning her head upon the back her chair, submitted to the rubbing and manipulations of her forehead until the pain actually geneed, for there was a wonderful nesmeric power in Phil's hands, and he threw is whole soul into the task, and worked like a professional, talking learnedly of negative and positive conditions, and feeling sorry when his cousin decided the pain gone, and asked him to throw open the blinds and let in the light, and then sit down where she

There was perfect harmony between them now, and for an hour or more they talked together, and Reinette told Phil everything she could think of with regard to her past life, and asked him numberless questions con-cerning his own family and the Fergusons

I am going to reform—going to cultivate the Fergusons, though I don't believe I can ever lo much with Anna. What ails her, Phil, to be so bitter against everybody? Are they so 'Not at all," said Phil. "Uncle Tom-

that's her father—is a good, honest, hard-working man, odd as Dick's hat-band, and omething of a codger, who wears leather strings in his shoes, and nover says his soul is his own in the presence of his wife and daughter; but he is perfectly respectable though he doesn't go to church much on Sundays, and always calls my mother, 'Miss Ros siter,' though she's his half-sister." "What?" and Reinette looked up quickly.

'Aren't we own cousins, and isn't your

mother my own aunt?"
"No," Phil answered, reluctantly; then, thinking she would rather hear the truth

"Yes," came faintly from the neighborhood are not one bit yours; they are all mine." "Nonsense, Queenie: that doesn't matter

> fancy you want to knock him down."
> "But I feel sometimes as if I could; that must be the Martin of one." Reinette said. laughingly; and then she spoke of Anna six o'clock yesterday morning some teamsters

none was intended. she is snubbed

This allusion to dressmaking reminded drove faster, averted his face, and pulled his Reinette of what Anna had said with regard hat over his eyes, evidently not desiring to to the Miss La Rue who had proposed buying be known. The men wondered what had her mother's business, and she questioned become of the woman, as there is only one Phil of her, but he knew nothing, and Reinette continued :

" Maybe she's a Ferguson, or a Martin," Phil said, and his cousin replied: type. She was born in Paris, and I've been young woman. The members were charred in the very room. I've known her since we and nearly burned off, but the face was still were little girls at school together. It was a easily recognizable, but that of a stranger to private English school, where I was a boardall in that district. The sheriff and constables agreeably as quite a common woman, and not County. He was arrested this afternoon on at all like Margery. She had been a hair-the train at St. Lawrencetown, Annapolis dresser at one time, I think. Oh, if this Miss County. A photograph of the murdered wo-Vinevard ?'

Phil could not tell. He had intended going at once, but since coming to Hetherton Place he had changed his mind, for there was something in this wilful, capricious, sparkling girl which attracted him more than all the galeties of the Sea View House, and he said it was uncertain when he should go the Vineyard probably not for two weeks or more

'Oh, I'm so torry," Reinette said, frankly, "for I do want to know about Margery; but then," she added, with equal frankness, "it's real nice to have you here, where I can see you every day. We must be great friends, you every day. We must be great friends, Phil, and you must like me in all my moods; like me when I want to tear your eyes out just the same as when I would tear mine out to serve you; like me as well as you do Anna, Will you

"Yes," was his reply, as he took in his the to do our duty in that state of life to which little hand she offered him, feeling strongly fempted to touch again the red, girlish lips, which routed so prettily as she looked up at

One taste of those lips had intoxicated him as wine intoxicates the drunkard; but there brighter side and not hate us all because we was a womanly dignity now in Reinettc's manner which kept him at a distance, while hotly and want to fight and tear somebody's she went on to tell him of her good intentions. She was going to cultivate the Fer gusons, especially her grandmother, and she hould commence by calling there that very afternoon, but Phil must go with her. She would order an early dinner, at half past four, her eyes, where the great tears was shining, to which Phil should stay, and then they would take a gallop together into town. TO BE CONTINUED 1

THE UTE INDIANS.

Effect of Ourny's Beath-An Audience

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3 .- Col. Meacham, one

of the Ute Commissioners, in a letter dated Los Pinos, Aug. 26., states: When the Indian courier brought the news of Ouray's death this morning, Indians were seen running from camp to camp bearing the sad story. About noon enc of the most ambitious candidates for high honors came to the Agency and did not hesitate to announce his candi can get used to these people. 100 know A dacy, nor to say "Ouray dead, that is an don't mean you, for you are not like them, although I do think it very mean in you to right. Some time all good men die." A straining me so when I wanted few minutes later seven other prominent men with Agent The Agent invited them to his room and talk was begun by Peace Man Indian asking the Agent if he would be their friend and stand between them and the white men as Ouray had done. This question tells the whole story, and indicates the condition of This question tells the matters here. It shows clearly that the Utes have no intention of going towar. Upon Major Berry's giving assurance that he would protect them with all the power of the Government, if necessary, the Indians were evidently relieved from apprehension. Then they spoke of Ouray's widow in terms that would have melted the heardest heart, one of them saying, "Peor Chip-Pe-Ta, who will genius. In the winter of one of the earlier take care of her now?" The agent, deeply years of the war Artemus Ward was advermoved by this appeal, replied, "The Governitised to deliver his famous lecture on the ment will take care of Chip-Pe-Ta as long as she lives. Ourny's widow shall never coune to want."

Much curiosity was excited by the announceto want."

Much curiosity was excited by the announceto want." to want." For a few minutes every eye in the room was filled with toars. "Who will be our chief?" asked a warrior who was himself a candidate. It was a moment of time that comes but once; an opportune moment town raged without intermission all day, and for action; a moment to seal the fate of the the night was wildly stormy when the lecpeople forever. But the right man was in the right place. Had Major Berry faltered the found waiting for him only five men. or evaded the great question, no prophet can who had defied the storm. Advancing to the foretell what might have transpired in the Rocky Mountains in the next ninety days. Without hesitation the agent replied, "You said, in an ordinary conversational tone; have but one man that is able to receive the "Come up closer." Not knowing precisely have but one man that is able to receive the position of Ouray, and that man is Sahovovnari." The head of the ambitious young chief ised with their embarrassment by doing nothing the control of the compromised with their embarrassment by doing nothing the control of the compromised with their embarrassment by doing nothing the control of the control bent forward. His hopes were nipped. The work was done, and we will all sleep soundly to-night. There are rumors that a dark

Agency, but he is too late. THE STATES HOG CROP.

herse is coming up from the Southern Ute

The Chicago Daily Commercial Bulletin 251 counties in the Northwest relative to the we adjourn to the restaurant beneath and hog supply for winter packing, the substance if which is as follows:—
In Illinois the returns show that the sup-

ply of hogs will probably not exceed that of

last year, though in most sections the re-

indicate a good crop. There is consider

grop of hogs will be larger than that of last in the matter of the lecture by the wit and huyear, and the Assessors' returns confirm mor of the stories and ancedotes without num-them, by showing an increase of about 5 per ber that he teld. And that is how Artemus cent. In Missouri the returns are meagre, and exclusively from counties in the northern part of the State, and indicate that the crop will barely be an average one. The returns from Nebraska are more encouraging, and show that in the greater portion and the more densely populated part of the State the supply of hogs will be good, with plenty of feed. In Kansas the lookout is about as favorable as that of Nebraska. The increasing demand of the packgenerally.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said, "and I am ashamed of myself," she said, "and I ished a regular market for hogs in that section, and farmers are more inclined to cern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes raise them and take advantage of a home that it cannot delight in the sun.—Sir Philip market. In Minnesota the business of raising hogs is confined mainly to the southern and south-eastern counties, where the matur-ing of wheat has been somewhat uncertain is the eye of reason.—Rousseau. within the past three or four years, which has encouraged farmers to give corn a little more attention, and consequently an increased is beauty. True features make the beauty of hog crop follows. The returns from this State may be regarded as favorable, the poor architecture, as true measures that of haroutlook coming from that section of the State where few hogs are raised. In Wisconsin the reports are about the same as reported like cork, though kept down in the water. from Minnesota, though the crop is a larger Sir W. Temple.

"And so the Martins and the prize fighters few hogs are raised and there exclusively to supply home wants. The reports generally Reinette said, the hot tears rushing to her show the hogs to be in an unusually healthy condition-very little cholera.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY

A Woman Murdered and the Body Burned to Concent the Crime. Halifax, September 2.-A horrible murder

has just come to light near Annapolis. About jealous, and ready to suspect a slight where napolis, were passed by a young man and one was intended.
"But once give her a chance," he added, in the direction of the Barrens, outside because her mother makes when the wagon passed them returning, but the man was alone, and as he came near small house on the road within several miles, but did not learn till the evening, when they "Oh, if it only were my Margery, I should found that the same man had been seen by be so happy. You don't know how I love two men named Munro, who lived on the her; she is so sweet, and good, and beautiful, Liverpool road, near the Barrens, to get with such lovely blue eyes, and hair, and into the wagon on the road at the Barrens and complexion. Why, Phil, as I live drive off about 7 a. m. Immediately after there is a look in your eyes like hors, and they saw a fire on the Barrens close by where Anna reminded me of her, too. Funny, isn't the wagon had been, and a closer examination showed that the woman's body was burned in a pile of dried bushes. Munro obtained assis-Phil said, and his cousin replied:

"Oh,no,she is genuine French of the blonde"
the body, which turned out to be that of the er, and she a day scholar at half rate, because got on the track of the young man, seen by they were poor. I never saw Mrs La Rue teamsters driving with the woman, who turned but once or twice, and she impressed me dis- out to be John Hill, of Davenport, Hunta La Rue should prove to be my friend? When mam was found in his pocket, among several vill you see her? When are you going to the others. He answered no questions referring to the weman.

NEW MODEL SCHOOL

Dr. Hodgins Opens the New School at Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Sept. 3 .- The Provincial Model School at Ottawa in connection with the Normal School was formally declared open this afternoon by Dr. Hodgins, the Deputy Minis-

Dr. Hodgins occupied the chair, and among those present were Messrs. Currier and Rochester, M.P.'s, P. Baskerville, M.P.P., Principal MacCabe, of the Normal School, Dr. Sweetland, Revs. H. Pollard, A. A. Cameron, W. F. Farries, L. R. Hooker, D. M. Gordon, J. Wood, Mr. Waller, County Registrar, and

others.

Dr. Hodgins in opening the proceedings gave a few explanations respecting the mode of training to be adopted in the school. After the inspection, Dr. Hodgins, referring

to the discussion respecting "cramming" pupils which had taken place at the Canada Medical Association Convention, mentioned that the evil complained of had been considered in connection with the establishment of this school, and he believed that a plan had been adopted which would be satisfactory, if not to the children, at least to all reasonable parents. The evils of cramming would be reduced to a minimum. Some pupils took an interest in particular subjects, such as mechanics, natural history, botany, etc., which were different from those ordinarily obtained in the school. For this eason they frequently found boys unconciously neglecting and giving less attention to ordinary lessons than they would other-wise do. He thought that the best system to be adopted was one which prevailed in other countries. He referred to the practice of devoting a portion of the afternoon to the customary exercises of the school, and he thought that the difficulties arising from home cramming might be obviated by the teachers devoting a few minutes before dismissal each afternoon to explaining the next day's lesson, and instructing the pupils how to proceed to learn

Speeches of a complimentary and congratulatory character were delivered by Mr. George Hay, President of the High School Board, Revs. D. M. Gordon, Pollard, Cameron and Hooker, and also by Schools, Principal Thorburn of the Collegiate Institute, J. Rochester, M. P., P. Baskerville, M. P. P., Geo. May, and W. H. Waller.

BUSICR ON THE PLATFORM.

Row Artemus Ward Lectured to a Small Pottsville Audience. (From the Cleveland Plain Dealer)

There are yet living in Pottsville, Pa., several gentlemen who never hear the name of Artemus Ward without a smiling recollection of a pleasant night spent with that droll tised to deliver his famous lecture on the Mormons in the Town Hall at Pottsville. the fiercest snowstorms that ever visited the

ing. Artemus changed his tone to that used one who wishes to coax, and said: "Please come on closer and be sociable. I

vant to speak to you about a little matter I have thought of." Having succeeded in getting his audience to move up near to the stage, the humorist

said: "I move that we do not have any lecture publishes a summary of advices received from here this evening, and I propose instead that

have a good time.' He then put the motion, voted on it himself declared it carried, and, to give no opportunity for an appeal from the chair, at o the way to the restaurant. There he introduced himself to his intended auditors, and able old corn in the hands of farmers in this spent several hours in their company, richly State. In Iowa the reports indicate that the compensating them for their disappoint ber that he teld. And that is how Artemus Ward lectured in Pottsville.

TRUTH.

One of the sublimest things in the world is

plain truth.— Bulwer.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the coment of all society. - Cassaubon.

Truth whether in or out of fashion, is the, measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding.— Locke.

He that finds truth without loving her is

like a bat, which though it have eyes to dis-Sidney.

General abstract truth is the most precious After all, the most patural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth, for all truth

mony and music.—Shaftesbury. Truth will be uppermost one time or other

one in the aggregate. The supply in that State has been drawn upon quite heavily to meet the wants of packers during the summer months, and the probabilities are that the state has been drawn upon quite heavily to self to the crooked policy and wily sinuosity of worldly affairs, for truth, like light, travels only in straight; lines.—Colton,