OUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

"You've nothing to do but to stay with me Your business will not suffer ?" she asked ; and coloring crimson at this allusion to his husiness, Phil replied that it would not suffer very much from an absence of half a day or so, and that he was at her disposal.

"Then I'll interview Mrs. Jerry at once and have dinner on the big piazza which overlooks the river and the meadows. That will make it seem some like Chateau des Fleurs, where we ate out doors half the time." she said, as she disappeared from the roon in quest of Mrs. Jerry, who heard with astonishment that dinner was to be served upon the north piazza instead of in the dining-room.

But even a few hours experience had taught her that Miss Hetherton's ways were not at all the ways to which she had been acoustom ed, and so she assented without a word, while Reinette went next to her room and trans-formed herself from an invalid in a wrapper into a most stylish and clegant young lady.

now lovely the was, in her dress of dark blue silk, with a Valenciennes sleeveless jacket, such as was then fashionable, her wavy curls, which were fastened at the back of he head with a scarlet ribbon, while a knot of the same ribbon was worn at her throat.

Phil had thought her bewitching even in her wrapper, with the wet napkin on her head, but when she tripped into the room in her new attire he started with surprise at the transformation in her. There was a bright flush on her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars as they flashed smile after smile upon him, until he became so dazed and bewil dered that he scarcely knew what he was doing. She had her sun-hat in her hand, him out into the grounds where she told him of the improvements she meant to make, and asked what he thought of them.

She should not change the general appear ance of the house, she said. She should only add one or two bay-windows and balconies and enlarge the north piazza, as she wished the rooms to remain as they were when her father lived there, but the park was to undergo a great change, and be modeled, as far as possible, after the park at Chateau des Fleurs. There were to be more winding walks, and terraces, and plateaus of flowers, and fountains, and statuary gleaming among the ever greens, and clumps of cedar trimmed and arranged into a labyrinth of little rooms, with seats and tables in them, and lamps sus-pended from the branches. But the crownpended from the branches. ing glory of the whole was to be a rustic summer-house or open chalet, large enough t accommodate three or four sets of dancers, when she gave an outdoor fete, and to seat at least forty people at a breakfast or dinner Her ideas were on a most magnificent scale and Phil listened to her breathlessly till she had finished, and then asked if she had any idea as to how much this would cost. "A heap of money, of course," she said,

arching her eyebrows and nose a little, as she scented disapprobation ; " but what of that ? Father had lots of money, I know, and never denied me anything. What is money for, denied me anything. What is money for, except to spend and let other people have a I mean to fill the house with good time? company, summer and winter, and make life one grand holiday for them, and you must stay here most of the time and help me see to things, or would that interfere too much with your business—your profession ?" This was the second time she had alluded

to his business, and Phil's cheeks were scarlet, and he was conscious of a feeling of shame in the presence of this active, energetic girl, who took it for granted that he must have some business-some profession. He could not tell her that he had none, and had she pressed the point, would have fallen back upon that two months trial in Mr. Beresford's law office, when he started to have a profes sion ; but fortunately for him the dinner was anounced, and they went together to the north piazza, where Reinette presided at one) end of the table, and he at the other. It was quite like housekeeping, Reinette

said, and she made Phil promise to dine with her every day when he was in town. Not always here," she said, " but around

in different places-under the trees, in my new summer-house, which must be built directly, and everywhere."

She was the ficrcest kind of a radical. always seeking something new, and Phil felt intuitively that to follow her would be to lead

to git some new furniture," she said, as they stood in the quiet reom, " and I could afford it as well as not, for your granfather left me retty well off, with what Mary does for me

out somehow it made Margaret seem nigher to me to have the things she used to handle brother and sisters until her ear caught the and so I kep' 'em, and sometimes when I am onesome like for the days that are gone, and or my girl that is dead, I come up here and it awhile and think I can see her just as she used to look when I waked her in the mornin'

and she lay there on that piller smilin' at me ike a fresh young rose, with her hair over her pretty eyes; and then I cryand wish I had her back, though I knowshe's so happy learest, best friend I ever had? Impossi- of advertisement for herself. ole, for what can she be doing here in now, and some day I shall see her again. I'm good, and I do try to do the best that] know how. Poor Maggie, dear little Maggie lead way over the seas.'

Grandma was talking more to herself than o Reinette, and the great tears were dropping from her dim old eves, and her rough, red

hands were tenderly patting the pillows, where she had so often seen the dear head of her child "dead way over the seas." But to Rein ette there was now no redness, or roughness about the hands, no coarseness about the woman, for all such minor things were forgotten in that moment of perfect accord and sympathy, and Reinette's tears fell like rain as she bent over the hands which had touche ber mother. "Blessed child," grandma said, "I thank

my God for sending you to me, and that you are good and true, like Margaret." some mistake." This was too much for the conscious-smitter

Reinette, who burst out impulsively : "I'm not good; I'm not true; I'm bad and Queenie ! wicked as I can be, and I am going to confess be no longer a doubt. this girl from France, this cousin of it all here in mother's room, hoping she can hear me, and know how sorry I am. I was $_{\rm the}$ proud and hot, and felt like fighting yesterday when I met you all, because it was so sudden so different; and this morning I rebelled again, and wanted to scream, but I'll never do so again, and I'm going to make you so happy; and now, please, go away and leave me for a little while."

Grandma Ferguson understood her in part, and went out, leaving the girl alone in the some changes in her patrons' dresses. low, humble room, which had been Margaret's. Kneeling by the bed, and burying her face in the pillows, which seemed so scanty and Reinette sobbed like a child as she asked forgiveness for all her proud rebellion against the grandmother whom in her heart she knew to be kind and loving.

They had intended stopping at the seaside and I like that best. "Humble me in any way, if that is neces sary to make me love her as I ought," she said, and in the after time when the great count, a plan of which Phil highly approved, Margery was standing before the fire, broom storm burst upon her she remembered that petition made in the lowly chamber Margaret Ferguson once had prayed, and felt hat it had been most terribly answered. But there was no shadow over her now: she get out in her invalid chair, which Phil could manage so much better than a serhad confessed to her grandmother; she had confessed to God, and she was going to con-fess to Phil. There was nothing more she vant. "And Anna? How is she ?" Ethel asked. could do, and as hers wasan April nature, she was as bright and playful as a kitten when jealous of her, as of us ?" This mention of Anna reminded Phil of she went down the steep, narrow stairs, and bidding her grandmother good-night, mounted her horse and started the Miss La Rue, who had written to his with Phil for Mrs. Lydia Fer-guson's. They found that lady very hot and Queenie had been so much interested. "By the way," he said, "there's a dress-maker here somewhere, a Margery La Rue, nervous over a dress which must be finished that night, and on which Anna was working very unwillingly, with her banged hair hang from Paris, whom Queenie thinks she knows. and over whom she goes into rhapsodies. Do ing over her eyes, and her dress tied back so

tight that as she sat the tops of her boots were visible and a portion of her striped stockings. Through an open door Reinette caught a glimpse of a disorderly supper-table, ness?' A warning "sh-sh" came from both the at which a man was sitting in his shirt sleeves, regaling himself with fried cakes and raw young ladies, with a nod toward the slightly open door, indicating that the person inquired for was there. Then the voices were lowered and the door was shut, and the wonder and

' Come, father," Mrs. Lydia called, in loud, shrill voice, "hain't you done eatin' yet? Here's Reinette, your neice. Rein-ette, this is your Uncle Tom, who is said to interest increased as Ethel and Grace heard all which Reinette had said of their dressmaker, whose taste and skill they esteemed so highly that they had suggested her going look enough like your mother to have been her twin.

His face was pleasant, and his manner wa kindly, as he shook hands with Reinette, and said he was glad to see her, and told her that she favored the Hethertons more than the Ferguson's but Reinette saw that he belonged to an entirely different world than her own, and after they had left "Uncle Tom's" and were going over the house at the Knoll, she said to Phil that she felt as if she was backsliding awfully.

" Isn't there a couplet," she asked, "which runs thus : 'The de'il when sick a saint would be

But when he got well, the de'il a saint was he.' 'Now I am just like that. Over at grandmother's I felt real good-as if I could be ad again ; and I never will to grandmothe

nall the world. Is it my Reinette, the pride in showing to her neighbors, as a kind the stairs, through the court, where the old eye, the sun of his existence, and her neighbors, as a kind

America, in Merrivale, where I have thought fold and lay away the clothes preparatory to go?" There was a death-like faintness in the heart of this girl, whose whispered words were lovely embroidered dresses, with the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, with the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, with the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, with the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, when the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, were lovely embroidered dresses, when the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, when the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, when the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, when the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, when the tucks when the tucks what like a dowdy bit of humanity in the lovely embroidered dresses, when the tucks when tu heart of this girl, whose whispered words were in French, and were scarcely words so softly and puffs and yards of real lace upon them, gree they snoken and told her of the little black eyed girl who her face. But she enjoyed it immensely,

Triumph.

glad cry which sprang to her lips. "Queenie! trimmed with white ermine and lined with

the Rossiters — this near relation of the Fergusons, whoever they might be, was her Queenie, her friend, her as much as the little girl, and with the per-darling, whom she loved with such devotion as few women have ever inspired in another. How she longed to rush into the next room ing her friend; but this she could not do; she was only a seamstress, come to make some changes in her patrons' dresses. She must remain quiet, for the present at least, nine years old, was clearing away the rem. much now to think of ; so much to tell her for she did not know how the Rossiters would like her to claim acquaintance and friendship with their kinswoman. So she resumed her work while the talk in the next room flowed looked at her from under the scarlet and er. in her eyes which seemed to look past Maropen, and a pair of bright, laughing eyes work while the talk in the next room flowed looked at her from tinger the source and crown always of Queenie, as they called her be-mine, and a sweet, bird-like voice said : "Please Margie, may I come in? I am some one else.

Reinette Hetherton-Queenie, papa calls me, "Oh, mother," Margery cried. "you are and I like that best. Lisette said you lived home early to night, and I am so happy. for the summer, but now they spoke of an up here all alone with only the cat. Where

for he would far rather be at home than in hand, with a long, sleeved apron on, which scarlet cloak." there where his services were needed for his came to her feet and concealed her dress en-mother, who, though much better, could only tirely, while her hair was hidden in a cap she tirely, while her hair was hidden in a cap she always wore at her work. At the sound of Reinette's voice she started suddenly, and

'Does she take kindly to our cousin, or is she familiarly. The mention of the cat struck chord of sympathy, and she replied at once;

"She isn't she; she's he, and his name is Jacque. There he is, under father's chair," aunt, and in whose identity with her friend and the two girls bumped their heads to gether as they stooped at the same moment

to capture the cat, who was soon purring in Reinette's lap, as she sat before the fire, with Margery on the floor beside her, admir ing her bright, sparkling face and beautiful you know her, and is she the person who wrote to Aunt Lydia with regard to her busi-

"I've nothing half so pretty as this," Margery said, despondingly, as the touched the scarlet cloak. "My best coat is plaid, and I

only wear it on Sundays." "Oh, my !" Reinette replied, with a grea air of self-importance, and tossing her head a when I go, and when I drive with pa in the Bois. Do you ever go there, or on the Champs l' Elusees ?

to Merrivale, or rather they had encouraged it after the mother, Mrs. La Rue, had asked mother, but I was never in a real carriage in my vow. I dare not break it. I swore it by my life," was Margery's rcply, and Reinette Heaven and the cross. them if it would be a good opening for her daughter. That Margery had written to their rejoined :

"Then you shall be. I'll make Clineaunt they did not know, for the girl was very reticent concerning herself and her business, that's maid-take us this very afternoon. There'll be a crowd, and it will be such fun ! and only spoke when she was spoken to. It is very strange that she should know But why do you wear that big apron and cap -they disfigure you so." Margery blushed scarlet, and explained our cousin so well." Ethel said. "or that they

should have been intimate enough for Queenie that she wore them at work to keep her to rave over her as Phil says she does. I clothes clean ; then divesting herself of the obnoxious garments, she shook down her mean to sound her on the subject, and hear what she has to say," and as it was time for Mrs. Rossiter to take her airing, the conferrippling hair, and stood up before Reinette. ence broke up, and on pretext of seeing to her

"How sweet you are, with that bright gery, for whom she would at any time have dress Ethel went into the room where Mar-Here is an exquisite sonnet, written by an sunny hair and those lovely blue eyes! I wish given her own life. And well might she love literally made her a fag, she petted and ca-mine were blue. I hate 'em—the nasty old the beautiful child whose presence brightened there are such as a stood by her always, and things, so black and so vixenish, Cline says, their humble home as suushine brightens the fought for her sometimes when a few of the old English poet : gery now sat sewing as quietly and composed old English poet : " A Rose, as far as ever saw the North, Graw in a little garden all alone; A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth, Nor fairer garden yet was never knewn. The maidens danced about it morn and noon, And learned bards of it their dittics made : The nimble fairies, by the pale-faced moon, Watered the root, and kisked her pretty shade. But wellows? the irden urbers. when I'm mad, as I am more than half the November sky, and who came dancing in French girls sneered at her position as duster

changes in a dress Miss Ethel was to wear love him as she did her pretty mother, and had before Celine could divine her intentions "Child, you don't know what you are say of the family, Reinette, who knew her triana s that night to a hop in the hotel." "Child, you don't know what you are say of the family, Reinette, who knew her triana s he did her grief for him, she was removing her dainty scarlet cloak ing. I am not good. I am very far from leady scale taste in overything perfaming to a lady's toilet, and the skill with which she The door between the two rooms was only though violent at first, was short-lived and hood, and trying them on Margery. Who being good, but she was —my Margeret. Oh, slightly ajar, and Margery La Rue had not and soon forgotton, as the griefs of children was too much astonished to resist, but stood Queenie, be like her if you can !" fitted her own dresses, suggested that she

and so the griefs of children was too more aster, and Margery La the and to take soon forgotion, as the griefs of children was too more aster, and sisters until her ear caught the Among the patrons of Lisette Vertuei was errime, and satin, and merino around her, away into a corner, and with her bright, curi- without the formality of regularly learning Hetherton and Paris. Then the work dropped elegant carriage and horses sometimes stood self. "Oh, how lovely you are," she said, and then stealing up to him again would alse time, and in her case seemed unnecesfrom her hands, and a sudden pallor crept into her checks, which ordinarily were likk the dclicate reses of Junc. " Reinette ; Reinette Hetherton," she "Reinette ; Reinette Hetherton," she Miss Reinette—garments dainty enough for a Queenie Hetherton, and 1 am Margery," and loved min just the same, and should to be a sub-whispered. "Is there another name like that princess to wear, and which Lisette took great she dragged the bewildered Margery down and ever. Queenie was the very apple of his gory's second year in school. It would seem that Mr. La

one morning when Margery was spending out into the street, where at a corner the nature is capable. Queenie could do anything with him, and approach him in all sorts was a very perceptible change in her manner

black eyes looked in upon him for an in- skill in fitting, and perfect taste in trimming,

It was a lovely winter afternoon, and all his forehead for him to guess. This was one work, and paid her more money than any to herself at the ludicrous description of the again. Fergusons, and the impression they made in the wish I was rich like her, and her indicates andicates and her indicates cold, and haughty, and proud she grew, and see her! Do you think she'd come up to our d'Elysees and the Bois beyond seem like a how those great eyes blazed with scorn and room sometime, if you asked her?" Margery incredulity, if it is my Reinette he means," said, and Lisette replied that she did not she thought; "but it cannot be. There is know, but said she would try what she could

some mistake." Then, as the name Queenie do. was spoken, she half rose to her feet and laid both hands upon her mouth to force back the to the laundry, in her scarlet hood and cloak, sat making believe that she was Queenie, and both hands upon her mouth to force back the to the laundry, in her scarlet hood and cloak, sat making believe that she was Queenie, and both hands upon her mouth to force back the to the laundry, in her scarlet hood and cloak, sat making believe that she was Queenie, and some time in the finely stepping bars and elegant able than the finely stepping bars and elegant and cold, for that was the pet name he had some time in the active time finely stepping bars and elegant and cold, for that was the pet name he had some times given his wife in the early days of that I will wait." Reinette said to the small enjoying all as much as if she had really been their acquaintance and married life, when he dark woman whom she found in the recepry which sprang to her high. "Queenie' training which There could quilted satin, Lisette told her of the little girl the daughter of the millionaire, instead of loved her or thought he did. But how did tion-room, and whom she mistook for a kind

cloak, and be Margery again, for she had so voice trembled a little. "But who is she?" And then the story came out. Of the little mother, whom she found waiting at the head of the narrow stairs, with a white, scared look Honore, and who wanted so badly to go to have gery, down the dark-stairway, as if in quest of school, but could not because her mother was my looking at you this once, for I must, I poor and had no money to send her.

"Oh. mother." Margery cried. " you are "But you have." Queenie continued : kome early to night, and I am so happy. Heaven can never be any brighter than this people say, and I want you to give me some manner displeased her, and she could see no afternoon has been to me, playing that I was for her, because I like her-I don't know Mr. Hetherton's little girl, and wearing her why exactly, only I do, and did the first minute I saw her. I felt as if I wanted to hug She was in the room by this time, taking her hard—as if she belonged to me; and ff her own plaid coat, which she had put on you'll do it, papa, I know you will ! You'll

in the court below, and talking so fast that send little Margery La Rue to the same school with me and she's to be my fag, as the boys she did not see the pallor on her mother's dropping her broom, gazed open-mouthed at face, or how tightly her hands clinched the vision of lovelincss addressing her so the back of the chair as she stood looking at face, or how tightly her hands clinched are at Eton." the back of the chair as she stood looking at This last remark provoked a smile from

her. Mrs. La Rue had been dismissed by her gery gone, had been to Lisette's room to make

nquiries for her. "Are you sick ?" Lisette askcd, as Mrs "Are you slot ?" Lisette asked, as arts. I tou are not any slot and Reinotte asked, and Reinotte she heard where Margery had gone and replied promptly: with whom. "You look as if you had seen "Yes, I shall. I'll run away every day and with whom. "You look as if you had seen ghost."

not feeling quite as well as usual, Mrs. La money for Margery, and if you do I'll prom-Lue soon went back to her own apartment, ize never to go there again —only Celine shall and kneeling down by the wooden chair be-fore the fire, cried bitterly, as people only cry that!" and kneeling down by the wooden chair be-

when some great wrong done in the past, or some terrible memory which they had thought little; "I have three more. One is velvet dead and buried forever, rises suddenly from is concerning Mrs. La Rue. As these in-lined with rose-color, which I wear to church its grave and confronts them with all the quiries proved satisfactory, arrangements were made with the principal of the English

olden horror. "Reinette and Margery together, side by school to receive little Margery as a day pupil side !" she said. "Oh, if I could see it-see at half pay, in consideration of her perform "I walk there sometimes on Sunday with her; but no, I have promised and must keep ing some menial service in the scholl-room other, but I was never in a real carriage in my vow. I dare not break it. I swore it by by way of dusting the desks and putting the Heaven and the cross. For a long time she lay with her head upon plan was the result of Mr. Hetherton's great

the chair, and then remembering that Mar-gery would soon be coming home and must mot find her thus, she arose, and wiping the tear-stains from her face, busied herself, with the source of the and thought, by making her a kind of servant, preparations for the evening meal until she to place a gulf between them, for he knew heard upon the stairs the bounding step that in some respects Queenie was prouder which always sent a thrill of joy to her heart, than himself.

But in this instance his project failed, for for whatever Mrs. La Rue might have been in the past, whatever wrong she might have from the day when Margery became a pupil been a party to. and whatever she was now, in the English school, Reinette was her

It would seem that Mr. La Rue, with his

his wife's earnings, for, after he died, there

" Miss Hetherton ! Reinette ! Margery's name which burned into his forchead like "Miss Hetherton ! Reinette ! Margery's letters of fire and carried him back to the Reinette !" the woman exclaimed, turning

voice shook as she said :

"She is my daughter, and I am Mrs. La in the first of the state of the first of th so wished to see you. Don't mind

must." "Deliver my message first," Reinette said "vou reason why she should stand there staring so fixedly at her with that strange look in her glittering eyes as of one insanc

At this command Mrs. La Rue turned to leave the room, but ere she went she laid her hand on Reinette's tenderly, caressingly, as we touch the hands of those we love, and said :

"Excuse me, but I must touch you, must thank you. You need not tell your father, Mr. Hetherton, who asked numerous questions Mrs. La Rue had been dismissed by her employer earlier than usual, and finding Mar-Margery La Rue the child of a hair-dresser, might forbid your coming here again." So saying she left the room and did not return, nor did Reinette ever see her again, except and expressed his displeasure with Celine for having taken her to such places.

"You are never to go there again, under on an occasion when she was driving with Margery in the Bois de Boulogne, and passed her, sitting upon a bench beneath a shade tree. The recognition was mutual, but Rei-

nette did not return the slight nod of th woman's head, or pretend to see her, not-withstanding that Margery exclaimed :

" There's mother, way out there. She will have a long walk home !' TO BE CONTINUED.

SPECIAL COLUMN.

A history of the German Theatre may be nteresting to some, but as it will be in the German language it will scarcely take with Inglish readers.

New editions of Gibbon, Hume and Macaulay ire in vogue. The last-named is placed in rather doubtful company, for we think Macaulay was of the school of the othe listorians.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is an industrious writer. He has concluded his "History of Our Own Times." bringing it down to the close of Lord Beaconsfield's administration The work has appeared in cheap form.

Mr. Conway, an English correspondent of New York namer-the Tribune, we thinkhas published a work on demonology, and is writing articles for the English magazines on the same subject.

But, welladay ! the 5 irdener careless grew, The maids and fairies both were swept away,

go there, and to worse places, too. I'll go the Making an excuse that she was tired, and *Jardin Mabille*, if you don't give me the

a busy, fatiguing life, but he was ready for it ready for anything ; ready to jump into Lake Petit, if she said so, he thought a little later, when he saw her in her riding habit, mounted upon the snow-white Margery, who held her neck so high, and stepped along so proudly, as if conscious of the graceful burden she Reinetto was a fine horsewoman, and sat the saddle and handled the reins perfectly, and she and Phil made quite a sensation as they galloped into town, with King in close endance, for Reinctto had insisted that he should accompany them, as a kind of body guard.

Their first call was upon Mr. Beresford, who came out and stood by Reinette's horse as he talked to her, marvelling at the change in this sparking, brilliant creature, so differ-ent from the tear-stained, swollen-eyed girl he had seen in the morning. She told bim of her plans for improvements, which she meant to begin immediately, and which Phil had said would cost at least fifteen hundred dollars, but that did not matter. When she wanted a thing, she wanted it, and would Mr. Beresford give her the money at once, as she had only two or three hundred dollars in her purse at home. She talked as if gold grew on bushes, and Mr. Beresford listened to her aghast, for unless he advanced it himself. there were not fifteen hundred dollars for her in his possession. The renairs at Hetherton Place had already cost enormously, and

there were still debts waiting to paid. Mr. Hetherton's death would be would of course retard matters a little, but it was im possible to refuse the eager, winsome girl. whose eves looked so straight into his own. and he promised to give her what she asked for, and said he had already written to Paris to Messrs. Polignac & Co., who he believed had charge of her father's foreign business, adding that he should like the papers as soon as possible.

Reinette said he should have them the next day, and added :

"I, too, am going to write to Messrs. Polignac, to inquire for my old nurse, Christine She knew my mother, and I mean to find her if she is alive."

"Not that it matters so much about finding her, as there is no doubt that my mother was Margaret Ferguson," she said to Phil, as they rode off, " and I am getting quite reconciled to it now that I know you. Would you mind," and she dropped her voice a little, would you mind showing me the chimneys and cellar walls our grandfather built ? and the beer shop where mother sewed the pieces of cloth together, and sewed those shees and things ?

Phil could not show her the chimneys John Ferguson had built, for though there were these in the town who often pointed them out when Mrs. Rossiter, his daughter, drove by in her handsome carriage, he didn't know where there were, but he could show her the beer shop, as she termed it, though it bore no traces now of what it used to It was long and low, like many of the old New England houses, but it looked deliciously cool and pleasant under the tall elms, with of grass, and its sweet, old. its plots fashioned flowers in full bloom. "Grandma Ferguson, too, in her clean calico dress and white approx, with her hair combed her too small and too dark to be pretty, while madea different picture from what she did in the morning, with her wide ribbons and purple gloves. She was delight 1 Phil, who had seen the rich warm color come to see them, and took Reinette all over the and go on her clear olive cheeks, who had house, from the parlor where she said Paul Rossiter and Fred Hetherton had courted dance until her whole person seemed to shine their wives, to the room where Reinette's mother used to sleep when she was a girl. and where the high-post hed she occupied, and the chair she used to sit in, were still while his mother and sisters listened breath standing.

"Mary-that's Miss Rossiter-wanted me the adjoining room, who sat making some

I shall cultivate her, and make her caps. and erton fix her dressses, and coax her not to wear purple gloves, or call me Rennet. But oh, Phil, shall I be so wicked that I can never go to Heaven if I don't rave over those other people ? They are so different from anything I ever saw before. Now, this suits me ; this is more like Chateau des Flcur,s'' she said, as she followed Phil through the house until they came to his room, where, on the table, he found a telegram from his father. and which was as follows :

"Come to us at once as I must go to Boston on business, and your mother needs you.

" PAUL ROSSITER, He read it aloud to Reinette, who exclaimed I am so sorry, for now I shall be alone, and I meant to have you with me every

day." Phil was sorry, teo, for the dark-eyed bink for herself. She had come to America the April previous and stopped at Martha's ineyard with her mother, who was as unlike French girl had made sad havoc with his heart during the few hours he had known her. But there was no help for it ; he must her as it is possible for a mother to be unlike er daughter. go to his mother, and the next morning, when

the Springfield train, bound for Boston, left Merrivale, it carried Phil with it on his way to Martha's Vineyard.

CHAPTER XV.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Mrs. Rossiter occupied the handsome cooms at the Sea View House, and on the morning of Phil's arrival she lay on her couch by the window, occasionally looking cut upon the water, but mostly with her eyes fixed fondly upon her handsome boy, who sat by her side fanning himself with his soft felt hat, and answering the numerous questions of his sisters. Ethel and Grace - ques tions concerning Reinette, their new cousin whose existence had taken them so by sur-How did she look? What prise. she like? What did she wear? What did she say? and who was to live with her in that great lonely house?

cousin, who said she was beautiful. "Don't hurry a chap so," said Phil. There's a lot to tell, and I'd better begin at the beginning."

So he described for them first the arrival at the station, where grandma and Auni Lydia were waiting in their weeds, and Anna was gorgeous in her white muslin and long lace scarf, while he flourished with a dirty

face and torn, soiled pants. "Oh, if you could have seen her face when we were presented to her as her 'cousins, and her uncles, and her aunts !' I tell you it was rich, the whole thing. I never saw such eve in a human being's head as those which flashed first upon one and then on another o

her new relations. " Dou you really mean she had never hear of us at all ?" both Ethel and Grace asked in the same breath, and Phil replied by telling them everything which had transpired since Reinette's arrival up to the time he had left

her at her own door. All except the quarrel and the kisses with which they had made up. That was some-thing to be kept to himself; but he dwelt much upon her sparkling beauty, which would not perhaps be called beauty in the strict sense of the word. Some might think others would object to her forehead as too seen her dark eyes flash, and sparkle, and and glow like some rare diamond, she was

her loveliness, and piquancy, and fresh lessly, but not as breathlessly as the girl in

CHAPTER XVI.

MARGERY LA RUE.

She was a tall beautiful blonde with reddish ampered child of luxury seemed desolate in golden hair, and lustrous blue eyes shaded he extreme. with long curling evelashes and heavy eve "Oh. that's dreadful !" she said ; "and I'm brows, which made them seem darker than o sorry for you! You ought to see our they really were. The features were finely cut and perfectly regular, and the whole face apariments at the Hotel Meurice. They are just lovely! and Chateau des Fleurs, our

and figure were of that refined, delicate type country home, is prettier than the Tuileriessupposed to belong to the upper classes in the grounds, I mcan, and most as pretty as whose veins the purest of patrician blood j Versailles." lowing. She said she was twenty one,

as if she had never heard of Queenie

she seemed older, on account of the air of in-Reinette's description of her beautiful home, and then, as Reinette said something of her "And what is the very best of all," Margery dependence and self-reliance in her manner, like that of a person accustomed to care and

father being an Americau, she suddenly interrupted her with "Can you speak English ?"

"Of course I can," said Reinette. "I always speak it with papa, who wishes me to know it as well as French. Mamma was English,

Short, and stout, and dark, Mrs. La Rue and died at Rome when I was born, and I go was a fair representation of the ordinary to an English school on Rue d'Antin, and French woman, with some signs of culture when papa is away in Switzerland or Russia. and education in her manner. In her early as he is a great deal, I board at the school,

girlhood she must have been very pretty and and have such fun, because they don't dary touch me, papa is so rich." attractive, with her bright complexion and large black eves, which had not yet lost their brilliancy, though there was in them a sad,

want to speak English more than anything in pray," prooding expression, as if she were continualthe world, and mother wishes me to learn it haunted with some bitter memory. too, and says I shall, by and by, when she can It was she who had been most anxious

afford it. She speaks it a very little." Marbout Merrivale, and Miss Ethel, who was gery said ; and, after a moment, Reinette prouder and more reserved than her sister replied : trace, had thought her very forward and "I'll tell you what I'm going to .do. Pap quite too familiar in her questionings of the has more money than he knows what to

place and its people. Margery had been in-troduced to the Misses Rossiter by a friend with, and I mean to tease him and tease him roduced to the bisses housed by a paris, shall go to that school with me; only yeu but, occupied as they were with their mother must do everything I say. You must be тŋ and the gay world around them, they had little - little - 'fag' they call them at boys' hardly thought whether she were unusually schools in England. Papa told me about it, prayed, and still, when later in the evening pretty or not, until Phil electrified them with and they treat them mean sometimes, but the news that she was the friend of their shall not do that to you."

"Oh. Ill be that what did you call it? "I'll look at her now for myself," Ethel I'll be anything, do anything, if I can only would herself

thought, as she entered the room where Mar go, and I'll tell mother to-night !" Margery gery sat sewing, with a deep flush on her exclaimed, feeling an unbounded faith in gery sat sewing, with a deep flush on her exclaimed, feeling an unbounded faith cheek and a bright, eager look in the blue Reincite's ability to accomplish anything. eyes lifted respectfully but inquiringly to the Nor was her faith at all shaken when, face of her employer, few minutes later. Reinette's smart maid

Celine, came up the stairs after her little mis-During the last ten minutes Margery's thoughts had been travelling back over the past to the early days of her childhood, when

her home was on the upper floor of a dilapi-dated dwelling in the Ruc St. Honore, where for a drive in the Champs d'Elysees. her days were passed in loneliness, except for the companionship of a cat and her playnever been in a carriage in her life, and she things, of which she had a great abundance Her parents were poor, and her mother was husvall day at a hair-dresser's, going out and I'll spit and bite, if you don't let her."

early and coming home late, while her father perious child when in this mood, and besides worked she did not know where, and sometimes it entered her little active brain that there was something very winning and attractive in the bright-haired, blue eyed little girl perhaps he did not work at all, for on the days

whose dress, though plain, was becoming and when she went to walk, as she occasionally did when she went to wars, as she occasionary did with the woman who had the floer below, and who looked after and was kind to the lonely ary child, and that beautiful face would not thropical. little girl in the attic, she often saw him disgrace the carriage. So Celine consented. lounging and drinking at a third-class cafe and with joy beaming in every which they passed when her friend Lisette gery brought out her plaid cloak and hood, Vertueil had clothes to carry to her patrons, which presented so striking a contrast to the

for Lisette was a laundress, and washed for rich scarlet one of Reinette that she drew many of the upper class. Sometimes, too, quivering lip said to Celine : Margery heard her mother reproach her father for his indolence and thriftlessness, and then

shabby beside her. She would be ashamed, there was always a quarrel, into which her name was dragged, though in what way she could not tell. She only knew that after these quarrels her mother was, if possible, her and she me, just for once-wish I I could wear a scarlet cloak, and see how it

supremely beautiful, and he dwelt long upon

when i in mut, as i am more than half the November sky, and who canne danking in return gais sheered at her position is duster time. But, tell me, do you really live here with her blue eyes shining like stars and her of their books. alone with the cat?" "Oh, no." And in a few words Margery explained her mode of life, which to the Queenie, "who," she said, "acted as if I was opened to her. Naturally quick to learn, iust as good as she, and her father so rich, and easier to retain than Reinette, she soon too, with such a lovely chateau, and she was outstripped her in their studies, and was of

just like a picture, as she sat talking to me great service to her in helping her to master in this hard old chair," and she indicated the her lessons, and acquit herself with a toleraone by which her mother had knelt, and on ble degree of credit. which the tears were scarcely yet dried "This one? Did she sit in this one?" Mrs. over the lesson time after time with her indo-

La Rue asked, eagerly, laying her hand car- lent friend, Queenie would often have been essingly on the chair where Queenie Hether- in disgrace, for she was not particularly fond Margery listened with rapt attention to ton had sat in her scarlet cloak and talked to of books, and lacked the application neces

> had committed a grave misdemeanor which had been strictly forbidden on pain of heavy continued, "she goes to an English school, had been strictly forbidden on pain of heav and when I told her how much I wanted to punishment, Murgery was suspected an learn English, she said she'd tease her father found guilty, and though she knew Queenie or money to pay for me, too; and she knew to be the culprit, she did not speak, but stood she'd get it, for he gives her everything she up bravely to roceive the chastisement which

wants. Oh, I do hope he will. ask God to-night to make him. Lisette says whole school, and was to be unusually severe must ask for what I want, and Jesus will as a warning to others. Margery was very hear and answer. Do you think He will ? pale as she took her place upon the platform

and held out her beautiful white arm and I hand to the master, and her blue eyes glanced Does he answer you? "Oh, Margery, Margery, I never pray. I hand not out both the blue eyes glanced am too wicked, too bad. God would not just once wistfully and pleadingly toward the

"Oh, if I could only go to that school ! I hear me, but he will you; so pray, child, corner where Queenie sat, her own eyes shut, and her fists cleuched tightly together until little girl, she hugged her passionately, and raining kisses upon her forehead and lips, re-leased her suddenly, and turned quickly away

to hide her anguish from her. Mrs. La Rue was not a religious woman. what she was doing she had wrestled the rule from him, and hurling it across the room, She did not believe in much of anything ex-cept that there was a God, and that a vow sprang into a chair, and had him by the co! nust not be broken, but she taught Marger her prayers and to read the Bible, and encour-

Margery again. If you do I'll pull every hair out of your head. You might have known she didn't do it. It was I, and I am nastier aged her to be much with old Lisette, who had lived a year in London, and become a zealous Methodist. But for herself she never and viler than you, for I kept still just be cause I was afraid to be hurt, and let her beau she saw Margery kneeling by her little bed, and knew that she was asking Him to make it for me. I am the guilty one. I did it and she knew it, and never told. Beat me t a pumice if you want to. umping from the chair and crossing the

lar, and even by the hair, while she cried out

"You vile, nasty man, don't you touch

"Please, God, do it. Please answer her."

to spare Queenie, who became almost as much a heroine as Margery, because that, notwithstanding her cowardice at the first, she had at the last shown so much genuine At the same hour when Margery La Rue was praying by her bedside in the humble for a drive in the Champs of Livsees. "I shall; I will," she said, as Celine pro-tested against it. "I like her, and she's sat in his handsome salon at the Hotel Meurmoral courage and nobleness.

casionally reading a page or two in the book Queenic wrote the whole transaction to he stays here all day with the cat, and washes the dishes, and she's going to ride with me handsome man in his middle age handsomer father, who was in Norway, and asked as a handsome man in his middle age-handsomer ecompense to Margery she be invited to spend even than he had been in his youth, for there the summer vacation at Chateau des Fleurs Celine knew better than to oppose the imwhere Queenie was going with Celine. To this Mr. Hetherton consented, and all the was about him now a style and elegance of manner which attracted attention from every long, bright days of summer were spent by Margery at Chateau des Fleurs, which seemed And yet he was not popular, and had no intimate friends. He was too reserved and uncommunicative for that, and people to her like the new Jerusalem come down to earth before its time. Nothing called him proud, and haughty, and misan That he was not happy was evicould exceed Queenie's devotion her, and in her manner there was the difference, that where it had before dent from the shadow always on his facefeature Marthe shadow it would seem of remorse, as i been imperious and commanding, it was some haunting memory were ever presen which presented so striking a contrast to the with him, marring every joy. Even Reinette, now humble in the extreme, for Queenie never forgot the great sacrifice her friend back at once, and with swimming eyes and away that brooding shadow; on the contrary, whom he idolized, had no power to chase was ready to make for her, or her own cowardice in thinking for a moment to allow it,

"You are right. I must not go. I'm so darkest when she caressed him most and From that time onward Margery's good forand that I could not bear. Oh, I wish I was Sometimes when she climbed into his lap, when her manner was most bewitching tune was secured, and when, at eighteen, she left the English school, Queenie stood by her and, winding her arms around his neck, laid still, and got her a position as governess in her soft, warm cheek against his, and told an English family, who lived in Geneva, and

kinder to her than before—petted her more, seemed." bought her more playthings, and said her prayers oftener in a little closet off from the living room. Her father, too, was kind to her in his rough off-hand way, but she did not are papa's little girl, and I am Margery."

And in a drought the caterpillars threw Themselves upon the bud and every spray. God shield the stock | If heaven sends no plies, The fairest blossom of the garden dies." But for Margery, who would go patiently The published letters of Dr. Ruskin, the great art critic, are soon to appear in two

olumes. A new translation of the Koran, by Prof Palmer, is to appear in Max Muller's "Sacred Books of the East." sary to a thorough scholar. Once when she

Mr. James Russell Lowell, the American poet, has had the honor of being done up in English edition. We cannot say the following extract is a plagiarism, but it bears a very striking resemblance to the well known lines

striking resemblance at by Byron : "Look! look! that livid flash! And instantly follows the rathing thunder, Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash, on the Earth, which crouches in silence under; And now asolid gray wall of rain Shuts off the handscape, mile by mile; For a breath's space I see the blue wood grain. I mean to was to be administered in the presence of the

again, And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled

pile, That seemed but now a league aloof,

That seemed but how a fedgue aloor, Barsts cracking of er the sum-parched roof; Igainst the windows the storm comes dushing, Through tattored foliago the hail toars crashing. The blue lightning flushes, The rapid hail clashes, The white waves are tumbling, And, in one baffled roor, Like the toothless sea mumbling A rock-lwigtled shore

A rock-bristled shore. The thunder is rumbling And crashing and crumbling,— Will silence return never more ?"

" Four Centuries of English Letters," being elections from the correspondence of one nundred and fifty writers, has appeared under the editorship of Mr. W. B. Scoones. The letters extend from the time of the Paston letters to the present day. The work is a I deserve it :" and perfect freasury, and contains some enter taining letters from the leading authors of por, Queenie picked up the ruler, and giving

all ages. The Story of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom, which regaled English readers for centuries. turns out to be a myth. Coventry, where by this time the entire school had become de noralized, as it were, and the pupils thronged Lady Godiya is said to have ridden through around their bewildered teacher, begging him the streets naked, was not in existence at the time the lady in question lived.

A MUCH MARRIED MAN

The Christian Island Light-Kceper on the Ragged Edge-Arrested for Big amy.

Getting married appears to be a simple and harmless amusement, but too much of it is pretty sure to land the enterprising prospec for after connubial bliss into a peck of trouble On Thursday an officer from Barrie went over to the Christain Island to interview John Hoar, the Government light-keeper, for whose arrest he has a warrant. It appears Hoar married a blooming descendant of in Penetanguishene some years ago, but the hearts of the newly married twain did not beat as one, and they soon parted. Subsequently Hoar sent to England for his cousin and on her arrival he lovingly placed her, by the aid of a parson under his connubial wing

and all was serene joy within his palpitating breast. But wife No. 1 is now kicking up the dust, and the consequence is that a warrant has been issued for the apprehension of Hoar on a charge of bigamy.

Mr. Hetherton give Queenie the money which send her to school, she whispered to

CHAPTER XVII. OUEENIE AND MARGERY.

it to the master, held out her little fat, dimnled and for the punishment she merited.