**QUEENIE HETHERTON.** 

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest nd Sunshine," " Ethelyn's Mistake," " Forrest House," etc.

It was, possibly, a gentle hint for Reinette to ask her to take the vacant seat opposite the two young ladies ; and if so, it was not noticed, and they passed swiftly on and left the woman sitting there alone, with swimming eyes, and a peculiar expression on her face, as she looked after the fast receding carriage. This was in October, and not long after ward Margery startled Reinette by telling her that she was going for the winter to Nice, and possibly to Rome. "Mother has not seemed herself for several

weeks." she said, and I think she needs a change of air : besides. I am most anxious to see Italy.' And so, two weeks later the friends bade

each other good-by, and after one or two letters had passed between them. Reinette wrote as follows : "Come home, Margery-come back to

Paris, where I can see you face to face, for must not write you any more. Papa has for bidden it. He says I have plenty to occupy my mind with music, and dancing, and society without keeping up a promiscuous correspondence; and when I told him you were my phor. only correspondent, and you were not promiscuous, he said it did not matter. I was not

other was in America. Such was in part the history of Margery to the der when Misz Ethel Ressiter en. and her father's old nome is sterilyate, woman's half when history der when Misz Ethel Ressiter en. could only go there now!" Margery said ; Shaking it off as if it h teted the room where she was sewing, and but her mother did not express surprise at Queenie's cheek paled a moment with a sen sation she could not define, and then, as she trimming of her dress, began hesitatingly :

La Rue in Paris. Is it possible she means this Margery did not observe. She only you? Did you ever know any one of that thought her mother a little strange and sick. name ?'

help hearing some things your brother said -he talked so loud ; and I know it is my wretched woman alone with herself, for she Queenie. I always called her that because into our dreary home, in her scarlet and rich her fists together so that the nails left their ermine, and sat down on the hard old chair. impress in her flesh, she whispered : and acted as if I were her equal, and said how much she liked me, and made beheve I was she, Queenie Hetherton, and she was I, Margery La Rne, and I wore her wish to be released? No, oh, no, a thousand scarlet cloak, and she my poor, plain plaid, scarlet cloak, and she my poor, plain plaid, thus how any seven have where the variable was taking to as we drove in the Channes d'Elysees. And she has been my good angel ever since. She berauaded her father to send me to the Eng. Dead! And will his face haunt me as here persuaded her father to send me to the Engme a situation as governess, and when I re-belled against the confinement and the de-been in i gradation-for I was only as a block in the Margery !" making, for which I had a talent, and en heard my name, "Margery said, opening the basis of the tale infection influence is the basis of the basis o couraged and stood by me, and brought me door, and looking into the room. more work than any four of my other custom. "No, no; go away. You waken me more work than any four of my other customs. Oh, I would die for Queenie Hetherton !" Margery had talked rapidly, and her blue ers. Oh.I would die for Queenie Hetherton

eves were almost black in her eagerness and excitement, while Ethel listened to her intently, and thought how beautiful she was, and wondered, too, when or where she had demons of remorse, which the news of Fredseen a face like the face of this fair French eric Hotherton's death had aroused within at last to the first page to see what was writgirl, whose accent was so pretty and whose manners were so perfect.

manners were so perfect. "And she is your cousin," Margery said; "that is strange, for I always understood that her mother was an Englishwoman - one of the nobility, Queenie thought." Ethel colored a little, and replied :

"Yes : her mother and mine were sisters. Mr. Hetherton's old home was in Merrivale. Did you ever see him?" "Once, on horseback, in the Bois.

her hair before the little mirror, "I have such for it told how much she had been loved by you blue-black haired jade !" and Queenie with her-remember that ! You'll be in love gave out, and then the heavens, as if in symnews to-day! Queenie—Miss Hetherton—is the man whose hand she seemed to set for father's, who might have been seemed to see boy you but the man whose hand she seemed to see to see the foot down viciously; "not for your with Margery La Rue tho second time you showers, and so, notwithstanding that it was "Here! Reinette Hetherton here!" and gueens with Margery La Rue! Who is she?" Mr. summer, the turf, and the shrubs, and the

letters.

she did not see how agitated she was, or how deathly white she grow at the reply. "Her father died on shipboard just as they reached New York, and Queenie is all alone odd of foliab pride and would the seemed out of place with these other being at least, Queenie went buck to the re-maining package in the box-the one tied with a blue ribbou, and labeled "Margaret's had a good deal of fooliah pride and would in Merrivale. used.

"Mr. Hetherton dead ! dead !" Mrs. La There were three letters in envelopes, in-Rue repeated as she dropped back into her closed in one large envelope, on which Bein-chair, while the hot blood surged for a moment to her face and then left it pallid and gray as ing out the largest one first she studied it tenderly the time worn envelope which held him what she meant to do with her half milso face of a corpse. (carefully, noting that the paper was cheap, her mother's letters. Something unnatural in the tone of her the handwriting cramped and uneducated, There were not man the face of a corpse.

voice attracted Margery, who turned to look and Chateau des Fleurs, to which it was di- had been written at long intervals, and only body who was poor and needed it, some to all

in the chair.

in the chair. 'I've been dizzy-like all the morning. It's pervading the other papers. 'Who sent this went through them rapidly, with burning nothing; it will soon pass off," Mrs. La Rue to papa, and what is it about?" were the quest cheeks, and eyes so full of tears at times that But when Margery insisted that she should as she held the worn, soiled missive between ing, so different from that other, the bluelie down and be quiet, she did not refuse, her thumb and finger, and inspected it curi-but suffered her daughter to lead her to the ously.

Once something prompted her to return it whence she found it—to put it away from her towards the dead father, who, she felt sure, lounge and bring her the hartshorn and cam-But woman's curiosity overcame every scruple, wife, who, though she made no complaint. "Cover me up, Margery," she said, as a to write even to you. I never saw him so decided about anything, and when I rebelled and grew angry, as you know I did, and said I would, he grew angrier, and said I shouldn't; and so I promised him that this should be my last. But when you return I shall manage to see you again. So come at once, that a deer old Marrery. Paris shiver like an ague chill ran through her veins. But woman's curiosity overcame every scruple,

shall manage to see you again. So come at once, that's a dear old Margery. Paris is so stupid without you, and Madame Isaacs fits me horribly. Come, Margery, come." and make me forget my bad feelings." So Margery sat down beside her, and took the hot hand which held hers with a grasp fits me horribly. Come, Margery, come." and make me forget my bad feelings." So Margery sat down beside her, and took the hot hand which held hers with a grasp which was sometimes actually painful as the which was sometimes actually painful as the sometimes actually painful asometimes actually painful asometimes actually painful as fits me horribly. Come, Margery, come." which was sometimes actually painful as the words "From Tina," but saw no more, for except to drive on the Pincian or Campagn narrative proceeded, and Margery told all she the something inside which, slipping down, and so see scarcely any one. Christine is Bat Margery neither came nor wrote, and minimum proceeded, and hangery total there was silence between the two friends, had heard from the Rossiters. "And to think, her mother was an Ameri- coiled like a living thing, with a grasp of rec- wishes almost before I know that I have

Shaking it off as if it had been a snake, to her for what she has been to me.

On the contrary, a more suspicious person defined it, crimsoned with shame and re- Frederick, when we were boy and girl in dear By the way, Miss La Rue, my brother than Margery would have said that the story sentment; resentment for the dead mother, old Merrivale. How often I dream of home "By the way, Miss La Rue, my brother than Margery would have said that the story sentment is resentment for the dead mother, out iterrivate. How once a down of the pond where has been telling us about our cousin, Miss Reinette Hetherton, who had just come from asked some questions which showed some and shame for the dead father to whom had dared to write, and the shadowy woods by the pond where when we rowed in some other woman had dared to write, and light sails on the river when we rowed in the shadow we are tillies and you would have a some other woman had dared to write, and light sails on the river when we rowed in the shadow we are tillies and you would have a some other woman had dared to write, and light sails on the river when we rowed in the average tillies and you would have a some other woman had dared to write, and the shadow woods by the pond where we rowed in the average tillies and you would have a some other woman had dared to write. send a lock of hair.

aglow with excitement as she looked quickly up. "Yes, Miss Rossiter; you must excuse me, but the door was open, and I could not the shad so that the light should not the shad so that the should not the shad so that the shad s

sne bade me do so. She is the dearest when the smile was brightest on her lips; friend I ever had, and I have loved her since and now would seem as if some lightning the hearth, she took up the offending hair tired, and lenely. Christine is waiting to post much sunshine into my life—when she came science and lashed it into frenzy. Clenching grim feeling of satisfaction, and yet with a visht thore are to be for the dearest is the state of the state of the satisfaction. ted as if it had been something human from Truly, lovingly and longingly, your tired, sick Dead ! dead ! Frederick Hetherton dead !

"Dead ! dead ! Frederick frederich lead ! ted as if it had been something framer i deal and she sole heiress of Hetherton ! Dead ! and which the life was going out. does that release me from my vow ? Do I Through the open window a breath of the wish to be released? No, ch, no, a thousand times no? And yet when she was talking to me I felt as if I must scream it out. Oh, Vareers, ch me doughter my doughter to the burnt, crisped hair carried it to Queenine's white morning wrapper, where it as her tears fell fast upon the letter, which

she has been my good anger over the Eng-persuaded her father to send me to the Eng-has—the sweet pale face of her who trusted lish school where she was a pupil. She got has—the sweet pale face of her who trusted "Tina !" she exclaimed again. "Tina !" she exclaimed again. "Tina ?" been in it this many a year! Margery remembering the surest way to find out "Did you call me, mother? I thought I she was, was to read the letter, she t.ok it up mother's lips had touched, and her father's

we sometimes hesitate when standing on the threshold of some great crisis of danger in our lives. "If it's bad," she said, "I do not iwant to think ill of him. "Oh. father, it face, and the sound of that silvery voice near ly made her mad; so Margery went away agein, and left her mother alone to fight the believed her father so pure and good turned

en there. It was dated at Marseilles twenty years before, and began: "Dear Mr. Hetherton, are you wondering

who you do not hear from your little Tina Reinette was up and at her window on the morning when Phil left Merrivale, and had "Miss Hetherton, your grandwother is his seat been on the opposite side of the car

CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD LETTERS.

from what it was, and had his powers of vis-

ion been long enough and strong enough, he

"Here! Keinette Hetherton here! and oten. her father?" Mrs. La Rue exclaimed, spring-ing to her feet as suddenly as if a bullet had bere her childish superscription, she took up But Margery's back was toward her, and But Margery's back was toward her, and bore her childish superscription, she took up But Margery's back was toward her, and here is an interest in her, although the idea wing to be fastered by your pretty lace, wing and the same out the story and to be fastered by your pretty lace, wing and the same out the story and to be fastered by your pretty lace, wing and the same out the story and to be fastered by your pretty lace, wing and the same out the story and to be fastered by your pretty lace, wing and the same out the story and to be fastered by your pretty lace, wing and the same out the story into the feet as suddenly as if a bullet had not see," and laying aside the envelope which bore her childish superscription, she took up

a packet which to her aristocratic instincts dismissed her from her mind for the time of falling in love with her was simply preposfrom morning till night, with Phil always in attendance, while even Mr. Beresford at last saught the fever, and went himself into the business of planting and transplanting, and

have scouted the thought of a dressmaker working in the dirt. ers the people called the two young men, Phil being the head and Mr. Beresford the "Mother's," she said, softly, with a quick, ever becoming Mrs. Arthur Beresford. That sub; but little did they care for the merrymaking, so long as that little, bright, sparkhon, which it seemed was literally burning ling girl worked with them in the dirt, and There were not many of them, and they her fingers. She would give some to every

then at night rewarded them with a bouquet, which she fastened to their button holes in answer to the husband's, it would seem, the missionaries and churches, and standing up on tiptoe to do it, and looking up even at them with eyes that nearly drove them crazy.

Mr. Baresford smiled and thanked her and Nor was Hetherton Place the only spot she said he would remember her offer : and then where Queenie was busy. A few days after Phil went to the seashors there had come to her a letter from Margery, who wrote : she added : "I'll give some to Phil now, if he wants it

to carry on his business. Does it take much money, Mr. Beresford? What is his business " MY DABLING QUEENIE, -- You do not know how surprised and delighted I was to hear -his profession? I don't think I know." that you were in America, or how sorry I was to hear of your loss. You must be so lonely "I don't think he has any," Mr. Beresford

replied, and Reinette exclaimed : "No business | no profession ! That's smart! Every young man ought to do some-thing, father used to say. Pray, what does Phil do? How does he pass his time?" "By making himself generally useful and out to be your aunt? But she asks more for agreeable," Mr. Beresford said, and in his her business than I teel able to pay, and so voice there was a tinge of irony, which Queenie the plan has heen abandoned for the present. detected at once, and instantly flamed up in But I must see you, and, remembering all the

defence of her cousin. "Of course he makes himself useful and agreeable-more agreeable than any person I summer is gone I am coming to Merrivale ever saw. I've only known him a day or two, just to look into your dear eyes again and and yet I like him better than anybody in the see if you are changed. I like your world except Margery." world except Margery." "Phil ought to feel complimented with

genuine ladies, and I am glad they belong to who knew nothing of each other's wherea-bouts until each was startled to hear that the Rossiters are her cousins, ognition. A trees of long, blue black hair—a therm myself. She is as faithful and tender your oninion, which, I assure you, is well other was in America.

feeling of jealousy took possession of him. Why would girls always prefer an indolent, in hot haste to the village, where she astonand if I should die vou must always be kind Bu easy-going, good-for-nothing chap like Phil ished Mrs. Lydia Farguson by offering her Rossiter, to an active, energetic, thorough more for her business than she had demanded oh, I do so long for you, and I think I could make you very happy. You used to love me. going man like himself? Not that he had of Miss La Rue. heretofore been troubled by what the girls | "It is my Margery going man like himself? preferred, for he cared nothing for them in going to have her here if I turn my own house the abstract: but this restless, sparkling into a dreesmaker's shop," she suid, and she French girl was different, and he felt every talked so fast and gesticulated so rapidly that nerve in his body thrill with a strange feeling Mrs. Lydia grew quite bewildered, but man-of ecstasy when at parting the laid her aged to comprehend that a price was offered soft, warm hand on his, and looking up her which would be well for her to accept, as

> " Now you will write at once to Mesers Polignae and inquire about Christine, and I shall write, too ; for I must find her and bring her here to live with me. Grandma Means to be Adopted to Exterminate the says I ought to have somebody, some middle

aged, respectable woman, as a kind of guard-ian—but, ugh ! I hate guardians !" WASHINGTON. Sept. 12 .- Dr. Charles P "Oh, I hops not ?" Mr. Beresford, said. Lyman, of Springfield, Mass., a member of laughingly, managing to retain the hand the veterinary staff of the agricultural department, who returned from England last week, left last night for Boston, where he proposes to conduct his investigation into the origin of

" Certainly not," Reinette said. "I think the pleue-pneumonia he discovered while he yeu are very nice. You are father's friend, and he said I must like you, and tell you was in Liverpool, in western cattle exported from Boston. He will labor in his investigaeverything, and I do like you ever so much. tion until October 1st, by which time he hopes agh not the way I do Pbil. I like him beto conclude it : if not, he will resume it in c use he is so good and funny, and my cousin, and -well, because he is Phil." November, when he has Snished some other

the addresses of the shippers of the cattle found to be infected upon inspection in Liver nool, and will trace the inspection up with beir aid. Buring his residence in Liverpool, which extended over four or five weeks. Dr. Lyman, in company with the English inspec-´ hill man who was so much liked because he was Phil.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LITTLE LADY OF BETHEBTON

Within a week after Phil's departure the not exist in American cattle brought into England, admitted upon examination, that whole town was full of her, and rumor said she was running a wild carcer, with no one the cattle from which the lungs in question to advise or check her except Mr. Beresford, were taken were infected with the contagion

RUNNING FROM HIS FAST.

How advingston's Wife's Little Poisoning Ruse Worked,

Shortly before 1 o'clock Friday morning, Charles Livingston, the young man who nine days previously had started in on a forty two days fast at No. 5 Willoughby street, Brook-lyn, sought out a Star reporter. To the scribe Livingston delivered himself as follows :

I want the press to set me right with the public. I quit my fast last night because I was told that my wife was poisoned. She is The Hetherton garden. ell right now, and in two weeks time I shall attempt to fast again in New York so as to prove to the public that I am no humbug." "How much have you eaten during the last

nine days ?" the reporter inquired. ' I didn't eat anything until about half an

hour ago. I took a biscuit and two or three glasses of beer, and I won't eat until morning. I don't feel a bit hungry." "Did your wife take poison ?"

"I don't know. She's all right now, any-way, and I guess she won't interfere with me the next time." The watchers who sat up with Livingston

night and day for nine days expressed their disgust yesterday over what they were pleased to term, " Livingston's foolishness in givin' up for his wife." It appears that when the German, who brought the news that Mrs. and sad, alone in a strange country. What is Merrivale like ? and do you think it would Livingston was poisoned, induced the faster be a good place for me? Is it not funny that I had thought to come there, and have actuto leave for home, one of the faithful watchers. Louis Gassert, a German nobleman. ally written to a Mrs. Ferguson, who turns whose bank account is a trifle short, chased Livingston home. Entering the house with the faster, Gassert satisfied himself that Mrs. L. was not dead, or even dying. Then, with a keen eye to business, while Livingston, half kindness in the years past, you will not think frightened to death, hung over his wife, Gasme intrusive when I tell you that before the sort said, reproachfully : "Mr. Livingston, ain't you goin' back to

go on with the fast? I've got orders to watch you, and I'm here." But my wife !" exclaimed Livingston.

"I ain't got nothing to do with her; it's you I'm looking out for," replied the zealous you." The first thing Queenie did after reading watcher.

When Livingston declared that he would never, never leave his wife, Gassert, repress-ing a strong inclination to knock the faster down, left in disgust.

Mr. Thomas Fields, another watcher. was wildly disgusted : "It's all Liviugston's wife's tault," said he. "When the fast was begun she was crazy for it to go, then a day or so ago she took it into her head to break the fast up." "How ?"

"How ?" "Why she comes to me and says she : 'I can bust this fast by sayin' one word.' 'And can bust this fast by skyln' one word. 'And what is that word, madame?' says I. 'I can say that Charley ate,' says she. 'My good lady,' says I, 'what is that word?' Says she: 'He ate.' 'My good lady,' says I, for I didn't 'He ate.' 'My good lady,' says I, for I didn't want to be disrespectful, 'that's a d——lie; he didn't eat nothin' since I've been watchin'

him these eight days.'" "Did any doctor examine Livingston ?"

"Yes; Dr. Valliant of Twenty-seventh street, New York. The Doctor said Livingston was a funnyonny man, or some such big Philadelphia word. He said he was stronger

for a fast than Dr. Tanner." "Did Mrs. Livingston take poison ?" "Not as much as I take every day. She had a little cup with some bedbug poison and water in it alongside of her bed, but she didn't swaller it. I don't want to be lie bell vous, but it's my opinion she could take a pailful. Why, she told us she had the heart disease (you seen her, she weighed near 200 pounds) and you'd think she had the heart disease if

a-seen her a-kissin' Charley-her you'd Charley. She used to be a predestrian walker Massachusetts. The investigation will be a complex and difficult task. Dr. Lyman has under the name of Mme. Walden." " Does Livingston's manager lose much by

the faster's failure ?" " That's one of the things that bothers me. Mr. Murphy took hold of Livingston and went to great expense. He fitted up the hall with the most valuable paintings, bought a niano and put Brussels carpet on the floor And he was on the point of hiring Gilmore's Band. Mrs. Livingston is to blame; she's a nice, respectable lady, only a little too cranky.

Mrs. Livingston is recovering, and her good-natured husband is happy."

## WAY HE WAS GRATEFUL.

There was quite a hubbub in the prisoners pen at the Tombs Police Court yesterday, where a voice like a Sandy Hook fog horn was outing "Reh!

clung tenaciously until she shook it off as if seemed to her like a voice from the dead. "Who Then who

was a cloud—a something between the hus band and wife which cast its shadow over their child and made her weep bitterly as she sn't bad; it must not be bad; " and the wondered what the something was which had hot tears came fast, as the daughter who had crept in between her father and his tired, sick Margery. "Was it the blue black haired Tina," she said, as she clencked her fists to-

Tina had she been there with her. "Poor mother," she said again, "so tired and sick,

Margery " " Margery, Margery ? That was then her

"Poor mother, you were not so very happy were you? Why did you die? If I only had you now, how I would love and pet you," she said, as she passionately kissed the place her too, she hoped, for how could he resist that touching appeal. He must have loved the writer of that letter, and yet-and yet-there

gether, and then beat the air with them, as she would have beaten the blue black haired

here asking for you," came from the door out-side which Pierre stood knocking, and start-who knows now, perhaps, that father did love

with no one to care for her but Christine, who was so good to her. I know now why my

father settled that money on her ; it was

among the sweet lilies, and you said I was thought her mother a little strange and sick. and was glad when from her closed eyes and gleam of anger in her black eyes, and hew me then; do you love me now as well? I "Yes, oh yes !" and Margery's face was all perfectly motionless figure she argued that dare she send this to my father-the bold, have sometimes feared you did not; feared at him with her bright earnest eyes, said to it might never be offered her again. him :

ping the shade so that the light should not disturb her, she stole softly out, leaving the wretched woman alone with herself, for she was wretched—was always wretched even when the smile was brightest on her lips; And reaching her tongs, which stood upon when the smile was brightest on her lips;

and held it in the lamp, watching it with a this for me, and so 1 must close with a first laughingly, managing to retain the hand grinn feeling of satisfaction, and yet with a right there where I make the star. (\*). Put laughingly, managing to retain the hand sense of pain, as it hissed, and reddened, and your lips there, Frederick, where mine have laid in his so naturally. "In one sense I been and then we shall have kissed each other. any your guardian, and I hope you don't hate

special work. To your correspondent Dr. Lyman said, just before he left, that he begins " Happy Phil !" Mr. Beresford said. " I wish I was good, and funny, and your his investigation with a belief that pleuro-pneumonia does not exist in the West or in cousin," and giving a little squeeze to the hand he could have crushed, it was so small and soft, he hade her good afternoon, and rode

away. "I hope he is not falling in love with me, for that would be dreadful. Falling in love means marrying, and I wouldn't marry him any sooner than I would Phil. He is too old, and dignified, and woky." Reinette thought as she watched him going down the while he was mentally registering a vow to enter the lists and compete with the young

tor, examined every day the lungs of American cattle landed at that port. Not a single lung out of more than 10,000 pair escaped their

rigid inspection. The lesions which indicate the presence of plearo-pneumonir, were found upon but six lungs. These Dr. Lyman brought home with him. They were un-

doubtedly affected with pleuro-pneumonia. Professor Williams of Edinburgh, who has always maintained that pleuro-pneumonia did

"It is my Margery-my friend, and I am

TO BE CONTINUED.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Contagion.

Special to the Boston Herald.

driving with his daughter, and she made him hands waving kisses and good-bys to him as stop and speak to us. He was very fine-looking and gentlemanly, but I thought him curve, and off into the swamps and plains of proud and reserved, and I believe he had that East Merrivale. name in Paris."

Mrs. Rossiter had returned by this time, and, entering the room, joined in the conver-sation, asking many questions of the Hether-lengths without the slightest tons and their life in Paris and at Chateau in love, for that would be impossible. Falling des Fleurs, which Margery described as a perfect palace of beauty and art. "I was so happy the summer I spent there,"

she said—" happy in making believe it was mine instead of Queenie's. This making be lieve' was eur favorite play, when I was the mistress and she the guest, and I wore her with you that ever a giri had. But what dresses and she wore mine and called herself shall I do while you are gone? Margery. We could hardly do that now, for ford is nice, but I can't firt with him. He's I have grown so tall, and she is a wee bit of a too eld and dignified, and has such a way of looking you down." creature.

"Is she pretty, as Phil says she is ?" Grace asked, and Margery replied :

"You might not think her very pretty day for any papers of her father's which she Tina." when she is quiet and her features in repose, but when she is excited and animated, she him bring her the small sparkles, and glows, and flashes. and shines. as if there were a blaze of light encircling her, and then she is more beautiful than anything I ever looked upon, and she takes you breath away with her brilliancy and bright the open fireplace. ness.'

"You must have heard her speak often of said. her mother, my sister," Mrs. Rossiter said, and Margery replied :

"Yes, many times; and at Chateau des

" Do you know where that portrait is now ?" telling her that, nearly six years before, help, and so she went carefully over each Chateau des Fleurs was burned, with document, finding nothing objectionable

this foreigner should know so much more than copy of what was intended as an order setting themselves of the Hethertons, and for a long apart a certain amount of money, the in time they continued to ply her with questions terest to be paid semi-annually to one Chrisconcerning the new cousin whom they had time Bodine in return for services rendered never seen.

After a time Phil came sauntering into the room in his usual indolent, easy manner, and the interest as therein provided to the party was presented to Margery, whose blue eyes scanned him curiously and questioningly She had heard enough of his conversation to to the contrary should be previously given. guess that he was already far gone in love This paper Reinette read two or three times, with Queenie, and she was anxious to know wondering what were the services for which fascinated her strangely, while he, in turn was equally drawn toward her; and when at last her work was done and she Polignac s started for home, he exclaimed, under his America. Polignac she could trace her and bring her to breath, as he watched her going down the "I ought to have some such person living with me, I suppose," she said, " and I hate atreet :

"By Jove, Ethel, if I had never seen a maid always in my room and in my way." Queenie, I should say this dressmaker of The business papers disposed of, and laid yours was the loveliest woman I ever saw. Look at her, will you? Look at that figure, away for Mr. Beresford's inspection, Queenie turned next to the letters, of which there and the way she carries her head, as if ' to were not very many. Some from Mr. Beres the manner born.' I don't wonder Queenie ford on business-one from her father's raves over her ; such eyes, and hair, and commother, Mrs. General Hetherton, written to plexicn-only a little too much like the Fergu him when he was at Harvard, and showing sons; and now I remember Queenie said sh that the writer was a lady in every though was like me. I must be confounded good and feeling, and one from herself, written to looking !"

Oh, Phil, what a conceited, vain coxcomb von are ; both his sisters exclaimed ; and yet child's letter, full of details of life at the Eng there was a resemblance between the handlish school.

"Queenie's first letter to me," was writsome, fair-haired Phil and the young girl who was walking rapidly toward the cottage where ten on the label, and the worn paper showed she and her mother had rooms. that it had been often read by the fond, proud "Oh, mother," Margery began, as she took off her hat and scarf and began to arrange father.

Over this Reinette's tears fell in torrents,

ing, as if caught in some guilty act, Reinette her more than she thought ; for he did, I am put the letter back in its envelope, and went sure he did ; and he loved me, too, and I might have seen a little nair of white nlumn down to meet her grandmother, who had believed him so noble and true. Oh, father, the train shot under the bridge, round the come over for what she called a "real sitfather, forgive me, but I have lost something down visit," and brought her work with her. I cannot put it in words-but-but-I don't know what I mean," and stooping over the There was nothing now left for Reinette but to leave the letters and devote herself to her backage which held her mother's letters

"I shall miss him so much," Reinette guest, who staid to lunch, so that it was not Reinege cried out loud, with a bitter sense of thought. "He is just the nicest kind of a until afternoon that Queenie found an oppor-tunity to resume the work of the morning, which had been very sweet to her. "Oh, how We can go all tunity to resume the work of the morning. lengths without the slightest danger of falling Meanwhile her thoughts had been busy, and much has happened since I came to America, over and over again she repeated to herself and how long it seems, and how old I feel and in love means getting married, and I have been educated too much like a Roman the words, "Your little Tina," until they had assumed for her a new and entirely different with about it." Catholic ever to marry my cousin. I would

Just then there was a second kneck at the meaning from the one she had given them in the first heat of her discovery. There might door, and Pierre announced Mr. Beresford be—nay, there was no shame attaching to waiting in the library. He was a prompt them—no shame in that blue black tress of business man, and had come for the papers, hair which she could feel curling around her Reinette knew, and, bathing her flushed Mr. Beresfingers still, and see as it hissed and writhed cheeks, and crumpling her wavy hair more in the flame. The letter was written after than it was already crumpled, she went down her mother's death. Her father was human to meet him, taking the papers with her, and

er mother's death. Her father was numan to neet him, tim, the bar gay, as if no tress lancy took her; on the horten plazae, on the south plazae, and even in the summer-house; south plazae, and even in the summer-house; This mental allusion to Mr. Beresford re been caught by some dark-haired girl of the of blue-black hair had been burned in her minded Reinstte that he was to come that working class who called hereif his " Little room, no letters from Tina were hidden away the Fergusons, and by the tens, and fives, Tina." She had undoubtedly bewitched him in her closet, and no sting when she thought for a time, so that he might have thought to of her father was hurting her cruelly.

for a time, so that he might have thought to of her father was hurting her cruelly. make her his wife. His first marriage was Queenie was a perfect little actress, and ton Place, which she was entirely metamor black trunk or box him bring her the small black trunk or box in which her father's private papers were Queenie feit her cheeks fluch hotly as if a the room and greeted Mr. Beresford, who, be-Queenic feit her cheeks nuch holy as it at the form and greene and hole of the time, and gave them lemonade or root-beer the state of t kept. Pierre obeyed, and was about leaving the room when Reinette bade him bring a none: she was trying to defend her father: been agitating her, and guessed that it was to save his memory from any evil doing. If the examining of her father's papers, which them to ice-cream, as an incentive to swifter he stooped once, he might again, and the last naturally would bring back her sorrow so labor. lighted lamp and set it upon the hearth of "I may wish to burn some of them," she

he stooped once, he might again, and the last manually more as a great pity in his heart fireship. There was a great pity in his heart for this lonely girl, and his manner was very improving the very first opportunity for leave of absence, came back to Merrivale. It was of absence, came back to Merrivale. It was the station, and

The lamp was brought and lighted, and a ter a little, had broken with her, as was sympathetic and gentle as he took the box then best of men. Of all this irom her and said: Fleurs there was a lovely portrait of Mrs. all the legal looking documents which she Queenie thought as she talked with her grand. "I am afraid this has been Hetherton, taken in creamy white satin, with knew must pertain strictly to her father's mother, answering her numberless questions you, going over them so soon." "I am afraid this has been too much for

Instantly the great tears gathered in her pearls on her neck and in her wavy hair. She business. A few of these were in English of her life in France, and her plans for Instautly the great tears gathered in her must have been beautiful. There is a read and related to affairs in America, but the the future; and by the time the good heavy eyelashes, but did not fall, and only semblance, I see, between you all and that most were in French and pertained to matters lady was gone and she free to go back to her made her all the sweeter and prettier, as she led him all over the grounds, where her father work, she had changed her mind with record set down heride him and said. in France and Switzerland, where her father work, she had changed her mind with regard sat down beside him and said :

"Do you know where that portraitis now?" held property. These Queenie knew Mr. to Tina's letters, and a strange deling of half Mrs. Rossiter asked; and Margery replied by Beresford could not well decipher without her pity for the unknown girl had taken posses. "I must read some of them over for you, for I don't believe you understand French sion of her, making her shrink from reading very well, do you ?"

Not at all-not at all," he replied. her words of love, if they were innocent and pure, as she fain would believe them to be, all there was in it, and she believed there nothing which a stranger must not seeglad to be thought ignorant of even the monosyllable out if by this means he could was now no portrait of Mrs. Hetherton in the nothing mysterious to her, though one paper for the sake of her dead father : and if they family. It seemed so strange to the Rossiters that twenty years before, and was evidently a to know it. I should hate him—hate him sorting out the papers, and hear her silvery. might seem so to others. It was dated about sit close to her and watch her dimpled hands always in his grave !" she said, as she picked bird-like voice, with its soft accent, transla

sary.

" To be burned

up the letter and resolutely put it back in the ting what was written in them into English envelope with the other two. Once she thought to burn them, as she had understand about the money paid to Chris-Especial pains did she take to make him tine Bodine and why it was paid. the principal was placed in the hands of the hair, and thus put temptation away for-

Messrs. Polignac, with instructions to pay ever; but as often as she held them toward " She was so kind to mother, who request ed him to care for her. I've been reading all had lighted again, as often named, who, in case of Mr. Hetherton's something checked her, until a kind of super- about it in mother's letters to him." she said death, was to receive the whole unless orders titious conviction took possession of her that without lifting her eyes to his face, for in she must not burn those letters written by spite of herself and her avowed confidence Little Tina." in her father's honor, there was in her heart "But I'll never, never read them." she a feeling of degradation when she remember what manner of man he was. Something in her old nurse received this annuity, and said; and dropping on her knees, with the his manner and the expression of his face thinking, too, that there was a chance to find package held ughtly in her hand, she regissaid; and dropping on her knees, with the ed Tina, as if the shame, if shame there were was in some way attaching to her and rol her. The money must have been paid, if tered a vow that as long as she lived she bing her of some of her self-respect. she were living, and through the Messral would not seek to know what the letters con-

But Mr. Beresford had no suspicion of Tina tained, unless circumstances should arise or anything else, and only thought how lovewhich would make the reading of them a ly she was and what a remarkable talent for necessity.

understanding business she developed, This last condition came to her mind she hardly knew how or why, for she had no idea gother and formed a pretty fair estimate of

would make the reading of the letters neses. "Why, there is over half a million, if all this is good," she said, looking up at him Searching through her trunks and drawers, with pleased surprise. "And I am so she found four paper boxes of different sizes, glad, for I like a great deal of mo and putting the envelope in the smallest of I have always had it, and should not them, placed that in the next larger size, and know what to do without it. I want a great so on, writing upon the cover of the last one, deal for myself, and more for other people. without opening in case of I am going to give grandma some, becauseher father when he was in Algiers, and my death." Then tying the lid securely with well," and Queenie hesitated a little, "be-she only ten years old. It was a perfect a strong cord, she mounted upon a chair and cause I was mean to her at the station when placed the package upon the topmost shelf of she claimed me : and I'm going to give some afford to sell out the closet, where neither she nor any one to Aunt Lydia, so she can

could see it. her business, which is so obnoxious to Anna. "There, little black-haired Tina," she said, as and if that girl down at the Vineyard proves

who seemed as crazy as herself. Everybody Even if this eminent veterinary surgeon had thought her wonderfully bright, and fresh, and pretty, but her ways astonished the sober not so expressed himself, the English authorities, upon the report of their inspector at Liverpool, would have proclaimed the infection people of Merrivale, who, nevertheless, were reatly interested and amused with watching of the cattle examined. Having ascertained her as she developed phase after phase of her variable nature —visiting Mr. Beresford at his

her as she developed phase after phase of her variable nature -visiting Mr. Beresford at his office two or three times a day, ostensibly to translate foreign letters and papers for hum. translate foreign letters and papers for him. able, Dr. Lyman was obliged to abandon his but really, it was said by the gossips, to see attempt to secure a modification of the Engthe man himself; galloping off miles and

lish restriction so far as such cattle were concerned He could not make an effort in miles into the country on her spirited horse, with the little old Frenchman in attendance: behalf of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore worrying Mrs. Jerry by having chocolate in or any other Eastern city, because pleuroher room in the morning, breakfasting at pneumonia exists in their vicinity. Dr. Lyman twelve, dining at six, with as much ceren thinks the only way a modification of the as if a dozen people were seated at the table

rksome English restriction can be secured is instead of one lone girl, who sometimes never touched the dishes prepared with so much through energetic action on the part of our Government directed to make one or more Eastern ports and the routes leading from the care-dining, too, in all sorts of places as the fancy took her : on the north piazza, on the West to them entirely above suspicion of pleuro-ppeumonia infection. There will be giving her money away by the hundreds to no relaxation on the part of Great Britain until some measures are adopted by our Govand ones to anybody who asked for it : sinkernment which will assure her that American

cattle shipped from one or more American ports are free from the dreaded contagion. phosing, with fifteen or twenty men at work The number of American cattle imported Under existing quarantine restrictions, these are all slaughtered on the docks within limited number of days. Could they be taken

nland, they would bring \$20 more per head than they do as dead meat. Therefore the average loss per month to the American agri

culturist, upon the whole loss falls, is about \$600 000. This might be saved to him and 10 a.m. when he reached the station, and exactly half-past ten to a minute when he our present trade doubled and quadrupled if found himself at Hetherton Place, his hand all cattle shipped from any point could l locked in that of Queenie, who, in her big sent to England free from contagion. If Dr. Lyman finds upon investigation that his six led him all over the grounds, where the fifteen men were at work, cases of pleuro-pneumonia originated in any one place heretofore suppased free from it. pointing out her improvements, and asking what he thought of them. And Phil, he will recommend its extermination by pur-

chase and slaughter of all infected cattle. It who had promised his mother to check his is considered possible to stamp the disease out, wherever it exists, in this manner. If cousin if he found her going on recklessly as they had heard from Anna, proved a very Congress authorizes it and appropriates the flunky, and instead of checking her, entered money it will be done. This would solve the heart and soul into her plans, and even made proplem of how to secure a modification of suggestions as to how they could be imthe English restrictions at once. So useful, in fact, did he make him-

self, and 1 o much skill and taste did he dis play, that Queenie forgot entirely to chide him for his lack of a profession. Indeed, she

-A headline in one of the morning papers no profession, as it left him free to be with says : " Autumn leaves ' Funny she leaves her all the time, and to become at last the so soon; thought she had come. superintendent of the whole, with this differ -The Parliament of Jersey, where some of ence, however, that while he directed the men, Queenie directed him, and made him moved to expel them from the Island, under the French Jesuits have settled, is to be

Oreenie never shrank from anything, but -A natural result of hard times in Ireland olunged her white, fair hands into the dirt a decrease in the number of marriages. In up to her wrists, while Phil took off his cost 1879 the number was 23,213, or 3,596 below and worked patiently at her side, transplanthe average of the twelve preceding years, and ing a rose bush or geranium to one place 149 less than the total for Scotland, where the in the morning, and in the evening to another,

if so the fancy took his mistress. She could population is below that of Ireland by 1,802. 297. not always tell where she wanted a thing until she studied the effect of certain posi-tions, and then, if she did not like it, if it did Francais, that each international exposition not harmonize with the picture she was form since that in London in 1862 has proved the ing, it must be moved, she said. And so the great advance in the methods of vine culture moving and changing went on, and people Spain. The consumption of wine marvelled to see how rapidly what had at first inhabitant in Spain is scarcely half that

proportions until the grounds bade fair to be exports have of late years increased enor come more beautiful and artistic than any mously. In 1869 they reached 1,857,842 place which had ever been seen in the county. hectolitres; in 1874, 2,117,298; in 1878, 2, What had been done before Queenie's arrival 672,168. While Spain sends immense quan was for the most part unchanged, but the titles of wine to France. France sends scarcely emainder of the grounds were entirely over-lany in comparison to Spain. Of the turned. The plateau and summer house, on sent by Spain to France, France has herself consumed about half. Of the remainder hich Queenie had set her heart, were made, and the terraces, and the new walks, and the the United States and South America took pasture land, west of the house, was the bulk. Much of the so-called French claret she came down from the chair and out into her to be my Margery, I shall give her money to robbed of its greensward for turl to cover the drunk here is really Spanish, and sent to their possessions. the date of 1788. my father, is safe-not for your sake, though, her all to myself, and you'll be falling in love twice each day until the well and cisterns [Caston House brand.

and enthusiastic manner, and presently a bald-headed man was projected, who bore up against the railings, winked pleasantly at the magistrate and bawled " Rah !" again with all his might.

"You do seem to be jolly, at all events," said his Honor, eyeing the new comer from head to foot. "Jolly's no word for it," cried the other.

rapturously. "I'm bilin' over. I'm just abustin' and can't be held in nohow. the news ?"

His Honor's face became dark as a thundercloud, and he toyed threateningly with a five nound inkstand and some other pro ectiles as he asked, with seeming careless. ness:

"News! What news?"

"The news from Maine."

The judicial hand closed upon the nearest missile, but, controlling himself with an effort, his Honor said severely :

" Take care that you don't repeat that. The consequences may be fatal. There are cases when men may not be responsible for their actions. Now, as to this drunk, you're fined \$10 for it."

The prisoner was the picture of amazento England is about 30,000 per month. ment. " Ten dollars !" he said. " Please ell me, is summat a matter with my hearin' or is this a dream. Tcn dollars for celebrat-in' a event in the nation's history ! Wot are we comin' to? Is patriotism dead, I wonder ?'

" Oh, I guess patriotism's all right." said the magistrate, " but the price of drunks has not diminished in this court. You don't look as if politics had done much for you anyway. and I think it would stand you in to look up a job instead of going round and hooting bout Maine."

"Politics done nuthin' for me ?" said the prisoner, and his voice was low and sad. Jedge, wus you over at a Sixth ward prim ary ?" " I never was."

"And never got jammed around and cnotted up and straightened out again as we used for to be in them grand old times now passed away ?"

" Thank Heaven no "

"Oh, you kin afford ter be cool and not give a cuss," said the prisoner, brightening up. "But had you bin around in them days you'd light out now yerself and hurrah for every spot in Maine from Mattawamkeag to Moosamaguntic, if it give you the lockjaw o pronounce them. I was around in them days, Jedge, and you kin bet I'm a grateful man.'

-Lord Gifford, who distinguished himsel for gallantry during the Ashantee war and won the Victoria cross, has been appointed Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, and Senior Member of the Legislative Council. A poor peer is a difficult person to help now-' Patent places'' are of the past. adavs. Thus the Marquis of Normndy had to accept a third-rate Colonial Governorship some years ago, and Lord Gifford, albeit a gallant and distinguished officer, is relegated to the poorlest place in the antipodes. Lord Gifford's grand father, son of a grocer at Exeter, was Master of the Rolls. The present peer is nearly related to Lady Salisbury.

-The tomb of Mr. Percival Hart, of Lullingstone castle, England, ancestor of Sir William Hart-Dyke (Lord Beaconsfield's whipper-in" in the House of Commons), is inscribed : "The curious inspector of these monuments will see a short account of an ancient family, for more than four centuries content with a moderate estate, not wasted by human nor increased by avarice. May their posterity, emulating their virtues, long enjoy their possessions." This inscription hear

-Naval demonstrations are worth about eighty-five cents on the dollar. was rather glad than otherwise that he had

her very slave. an unrepealed statute of George III.