## OUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Nurs. Tlavy J. Holmes, author of "Tempest

Anna, too, was all eagerness to "get out of the vile thing and be somebody," as she expressed it, and so the bargain was closed, and Mrs. Lydia was to retire at once into the pri vacy and respectability of private life; the obnoxious sign was to be taken from the front window, and Miss Anna was to be merely the daughter of a grocer, which she considered Lydia did not wish to sell her house, nor Queenie to buy it, for though it was rather modern in style and well enough looking, there was nothing about it to indicate cituer taste or culture in its inmates. The grass were scarcely any flowers to be seen, except a clump of poppies and some four o'clocks, which flourished in spite of neglect. Mis. Livilia was too busy to bother with flowers or yards, her husband had no taste for it, and Anna was too much afraid of soiling her

"Needle pricks were bad enough, and she hands with dirt," she said, and so the yard was utterly neglected, and, as Queenie thought, had in it no poetry, no sentiment—no hing like Margery, who was better suited to a charming little cettage on Maple Avenue, which she heard was for sale, and whose owner she swooped down upon like a little hurricane. asking what his terms were, and if he would

vacase at once.

"You see, I want to get him out immediately, for I mean to make it just like a palace for Margery," she said to her grandmother, who tried to restrain the reckless girl, telling her she was going on at a ruinous rate, and that of herself she could not trans act business until she was of age.

"But Mr. Bereslord can transact it for me and I shall be of age in the spring, and I shall have it," she said; and she took Mr. Beresford by storm, and compelled him to make an arrangement whereby the cottage and her aunt's business came into her pos

'YOU DEAR OLD DARLING MARGERY :- I do know just how surprised and glad you were to hear that I was in America, for wasn't I just as glad to know that my cousins' Mar gery was mine—my old precious, whom I ve best of anybody in the world, now papa is dead. It is just like a story, isn't it - our being together in America? And, Margie, being together in America? And, Margie, my grandmother is not that English duchers I used to tack so much about, but a real, live Yankee woman, of the very Yankiest kind, red, and fat, and good, and calls me Rennet, and wears purple gloves - or she did until I coaxed her into some black ones, which she her ever so much, and you are coming to Merrivale to live at once, now, right away. So, pack up your things as soon as you read I have bought that business for you of Mrs. Ferguson, who is my aunt, or rather the house. wife of my mother's brother; and she has a daughter Anna, who is my cousin, and very stunning and swell. That last is slang, which I have learned in America of Phil, who is another cousin, and a Ferguson, too; or rather his mother is, which is the same thing. There are a great many Fergusons, you see; but then there are Fergusons, and Fergusons. you will learn all this when you come. I have a pretty little cottage engaged, with a bit o fresh greensward in front, and the loveliest, old fashioned garden at the side, with June piuks, and roses, and tiger lilies, and a nice bed of tansy. I like tansy, don't you? There was a paich of it at dear old Chaicau des Then there are two front rooms for the work, and a sitting and dining room back, with the kitchen, and three chambers com municating with each other. One of these I shall fit up with blue for you; it will just suit your levely complexion and eyes; the other is scarlet, for your mother, who is dark : and the third -well, that is to be mine when I stay with you nights, as I intend doing But I can't have the same color as your mother, so I shall take pink, which will make me look just like a — a — nigger That's another word I caught from Puil I wish he would come back. Tell him so please.

ness for you. It is only a little bit of payhis nose and a little slender cane in his hand,
while Ethel and Grace held their breath and
ment on the big sum I owe you for that which he twisted nervously, while, with the
watched her as the expression of her bright
ried, she said to bring Lydia Ann and Annie plainly I can see your face as white as paper, platform—the three French ladies, who spoke and your eyes so pitiful and appealing as they their native tongue so volubly and were so looked at me, and yet so full of love. And I. the coward, shut my eves, and clenched my fiets, and said to myself just as fast as I with a strange expression on her face and in could, 'Nasty beast! nasty beast!' till the ber glittering first blow fell, which burt me more than it young girls. did you, for it cut right into my conscience, and there has been a little smart there ever since, while your dear hand is just as white and fair as if that vile old man's ferrule had never reddened and wounded it. Splen did old Margery! I want to hug you this minute!

" And now-oh, Margie, don't think I have forgotten papa, because I have not said more of him; for I haven't, and there is a thought of him and a little moan in my heart for him all the time. No matter what I'm doing deed, and that there a nobody to love menow but you, who seem so near to me, because you knew the old life at home now gone for ever. Answer at once, and say when I may expect you."

To this letter Margery replied within a few days, thanking Queenie for her generous interest, but saying she could not accept so much from her; she should come to Merri vale with her mother as soon as they could arrange matters where they were, but she should insist upon paying rent for the cottage, and also upon paying for the business.

"I can do that in a short time," she wrote " if I have work, and I shall be happier to be independent even of you, my darling. Be sides I do not think the Rossiters and Fer gusons would like you to do so much for a stranger. I am nothing to them, you know, except their dressmaker --

" I think her a very sensible girl. I could not re-prot her if she were willing to receive sister's child, and Ethel and Gracefelt a little disappointed with regard to the beauty, of Queenie read him Margery's letter; whereupon Queenie flew into a trassion, and said he understand-did not appreciate the nature of the friendship between herself and Margery; adding that she should never tell Margery how much she paid her Aunt Lydia. and that she would never take any rentnever! and she should furnish the house her-

And she did, and, with Phil to help her after he came, she accomplished more at the costage and at Hetherton place than any ten ordinary women could have accomplished in their allegiance to her. the same length of time. Every day she Grying each of them a hand, and kissing them managed to spend two or three hours at the cottage, which, with plenty of money and perfect taste, was soon transformed into a perfect taste, was soon transformed into a little gem of a house. It is true there was nothing expensive in the way of furniture, except the upright Steinway, which Queenie insisted upon; but everything was so well chosen and so artistically arranged, that the whole effect was like a lovely picture, and the villagers went to see it, and commented upon wondered what this Margery could

she sat in what had been her mother's work the parties separated, and returning to there—he doesn't like visiting much."

room entertaining a visitor and discussing the Margery, Queenie lead her in triumph to In her heart Reinette cared but little

Anna had lost no time in removing the them. sign from the window, and had even carried out her threat of splitting and burning it up. thinking thus to wipe out a past which she fooliehly thought had been a disgrace, bacause lead from the station to the town.

found the time hanging heavily upon her and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest hands, for she had no taste for housekeeping. the gossip they brought, and almost every hour of her life repented that to gratify her daughter she had been persuaded to give up

her business and set up for a lady.

Anna, on the contrary, enjoyed it immensely, and held her head a good deal higher, and frizzed her hair more than ever, and wore her best dresses every day, and spoke slightingly of Margery La a dressmaker, and told half a dozen of the all," Queenie said, glancing at Mrs. La Rue, out fail," and with a smile and flash of her neighbors, confidentially, that she thought and noting for the first time how pale and eyes, which stirred even staid Tom Ferguson her cousin Reinette fast and queer, though tired she looked, noticing, too, that she a little, Reinette drove away, saying to Phil she supposed it was the French of her, to go was all in black, though not exactly in who was going to ride home with her and then on a she did, with Philand Mr. Beresford, both mourning. was coarse and full of weeds, the yard was on as she did, with Phi and Mr. Beresford, both mourning.

was coarse and full of weeds, the yard was on as she did, with Phi and Mr. Beresford, both mourning.

"She has lost some friend, perhaps," she come, for I could see that Anna did not wish small and void of shade, except for the elm tree which grew outside the gate, and there for her part she could see nothing attractive in her whatever, except that she was bright. and witty, and small, and tall men, as a rule, liked little women. To Queenie herself. however, she was sweetness itself, and as the latter never heard of her ill-natured remarks. there was a show of friendship between the two girls, and Anna was frequently at Hetherton Place, where the envy of her across the common, past the church where ma, and Uncle Tom——— Is it American nature found ample food to eed upon, as Margaret Ferguson used to say her prayers, democracy? If so, I'm afraid I don't like

> her own. "Oh, if I were only rich, how I would pay where, on the door step, arrayed in blue and humoredly.
>
> where, on the door step, arrayed in blue and humoredly.
>
> white muslin, with a knot of black lace at "In rebellion against the Fergusons again doubled her attentions to Mr. Beresford, who, her throat, Anna sat fanning herself, rejoic though he had never been within her reach, ing that she was now a grocer's daughter. It family; blood is blood, and there's no get drifted further and further away as he became would be hard to fathom her thoughts, which more and more interested in the little lady of were straying far back over the broad, dark "I have no wish to be rid of you, but I may Hetherton.

## CHAPTER XX.

## ARRIVALS IN MERRIVALE.

For three or four years Merrivale had poasted of a weekly paper, and in the column of "Personals" the cit zens read one Thurslay morning that the Rossiters were coming home on Friday, and that Mrs. and Miss La Rue, the French ladies who were to succeed Mrs. Fergu-on in her business, were also expected on that day. Everybody was glad the Rossiters were coming, for Merrivale was always gayer and brighter when they were home, as they were hospitable people, and entertained a great deal of company. Usually

they brought guests with them, but this time no one was coming, Phil said, except a cousin of his father's—an old bachelor, who rejoiced in the high-sounding name of Lord Seymour Rossiter, though to do him justice he usually signed himself Major L. S. Rossiter, as he rich, Phil said, and rather good-looking, and be laughingly bade Queenie be prepared to done for us - for Margery and me. God bless to until the latter in speciment. surrender at once to his charms. But Queenie | you, Queenie! God bless you!" cared little for Lord Rossiter, or any other lord just then. All her thoughts and inter- frighten Miss Hetherton!" thinks are not very dressy. And you will like ests were centered in the one fact that Mar. coming quickly forward, and guessing, from everything was in readiness, and literally filting it with flowers from her garden and green-

ore going home to the early dinner she had patiently, as she thought: ordered that day, so as to be at the station in

The train was due at six o'clock, and a few minutes before the hour, the Rossiter carriage with Phil in it, and the Hetherton carriage with Reinette in it, drew up side by side at

the rear of the depot.

Reinette was full of excitement and expectation, and made a most levely picture in her black dress of some soft, gauzy material, with bons twisted in with the bows and loops of sain-a scarlet tip on her black hat, and a mass of white illusion wound round it and

walked restlessly up and down the platform waiting for the first sound which should waiting for the first sound which should be her cousins, and promising Margery to herald the approaching train. It came at look in upon her in the morning and bring hast—a low whistle in the distance, growing her a pile of dresses which needed repairing last a low whistle in the distance, growing her a pile of dresses which needed repairing pradually louder and shriller until the train she entered her carriage, and was driven to shot under the bridge, and the great engine the Knoll, where the family were just sitting shot under the bridge, and the great station puff d and groaned a moment at the station down to supper.

Taking a seat with them, Queenie talked, and shows until the many shows the many sha and then went on its way, leaving two distinct groups of people to be stared at by the and laughed, and sparkled, and shone, until "And now, Margery, won't you come as lookers on. One, the Rossiters and the mid the room seemed full of her, and the bewilder soon as you can? And don't go to acting dle-aged, band-boxy looking man, dressed in ed major could have sworn there were twenty silly about my getting the cottage and busisacrifice you were ready to make for me. other members of his party, he looked cu-face changed with every new gesture of her ciously at the second group farther down the demonstrative and expressive in their gestures and tones. Mrs. La Rue was in black, her glittering eyes as she watched the two

had precipitated herself into her arms, exclaiming:

"You dear old precious Margie! you have come at last," while kiss after kiss was and listening to be gay badinage with Phil showered upon the fair faced girl, whose and the major, the latter of whom seemed golden hair gleamed brightly in the sunlight, and whose blue eyes were full of tears as she returned the greeting.
Suddenly remembering Mrs. La Rue,

Queenie turned toward her, and, offering her hand, very cordially, utterly ignored the fact that she had ever seen her before by saying : 'I think you are Mrs. La Rue, and I am

Margie." "Thanks. You are very kind." Mrs. La or the face, which had something eager and almost hungry in its expression, as the great black eyes were riveted upon Queenie, whose hand the woman held in a tight, close clasp until it was wrenched away, as the girl turned

next to the Rossiters. "Wait, Margie," she said, in passing. "Our carriage is here, and I am going to take you

to your new home."
Then hurrying on, she came up to her aunt, and cousing, and the major, who had

commenting upon her.
"Quite too much sentiment and gush for me. I like more marner; more dignity," he thought, while Mrs. Rossiter sa monly her

But when she came toward them, her head erect, her cheeks flushed, and eyes shining like diamonds, and seeming almost to speak as they danced, and laughed and sparkled, they changed their minds, and when the great tears came with a rush as she threw erself into Mrs. Rossiter's arms, exclaiming, Oh, auntie, I am going to love you so much and you must love me with all my faults, for espoused her cause at once, and never for a

warmly, she said, laughingly: "You are all alike, aren't you? tall and fair, and blue eyed -so different from

" That's the Ferguson of us," Phil said. laugh, as she retorted : I wish I were a Ferguson then, if that at the same hotel.

the carriage, while Mrs. La Rue followed after whether her uncle came or not. His presence

rode with me?" she said to Margery as the spirit of opposition, and sent her to the carriage went slowly up the long hill which grocery where her Uncle Tom sold codfish,

should one day meet in America, and that I him the invitation, and urged his acceptance and could not at once interest herself in it. should be as glad to see you as if you were as warmly as if the success of her dinner de Besides, she missed the excitement of the my sister;" and she reached forward and gave pended upon it. people coming in and going out, and missed Margery's hand a loving squeeze, by way of

her, Margery said :
"I believe mother is homesick, and pin-Rue as only better than France, and Merrivale is best of uncivil as to refuse. I shall expect you with

unmindful of the woman who leaned wearily she split up that sign and quit the husiness back among the soft cushions of the luxuri-ous carriage—Frederick Hetherton's car-oue does which makes the lady? Oh, Phil daughter and her.

the bandsome house and grounds at the think me a monster-I can't siter's house; but when at last the cottage it riage, she was so weak and faint that Margery must come early, Phil—very early, so as to led her into the house, and even Queenie was help me through." alarmed at the death like pallor of her face,

said, kindly, to her, at the same time laying her hand gently upon her head, for her bon

net had been removed. At the touch of those cool, slender fingers and the sound of the pitving voice, Mrs. La Rue gave way entirely, and grasping both Queenie's hands, covered them with tears and kisses; then, slipping from her chair and kneeling before the astonished girl, she grasped

"Forgive me, Queenie, and let me call you

"Mother, mother, pray get up; you especially in the said:
"Margery said, with her, said: gery was coming, and she spent the whole of the expression of Queenie's face, that so Friday morning at the cottage seeing that much demonstration was distasteful to her. Law sure, and somewhere in England of you up stairs," she continued, as she led the me." unresisting woman to her room, where she "I wish her to have a good first impres- made her lie down upon the couch, and then to Reinette, picking the dead leaves from sion," she said to Phil, who was with her as went back to Queenie, who was standing in pot of carnations, she inspected the rooms for the last time be- the door-way and beating her little foot im- and facing the girl, said quickly:

> "I wonder what makes that woman act so? The first time I ever saw her she stared now there was positively something frightful on her knees before me, too, as if she could of Christine Bodine." not thank me standing, as Margery does. They are so unlike; and much as I love the daughter. I cannot love the mother."

Just here Margery appeared, apologizing knots of double-faced scarlet and cream rib- for her mother, who, she said, was bons twisted in with the bows and loops of wholly overcome with all Queenie's kindness a to them. "Yes, I know. I do it for you," Queenie

mass of white illusion wound round it and fast ned beneath her chin with a cluster of beautiful pansies.

128, 1 know.

128, 1 know.

188 d a little petulantly, for she did not care at all if Margery knew of her aversion to her Phil thought her perfectly charming as she mother. It was time now for her to go if she would

ands and turn of her head.

fascinated than ber daughters, was conscious of a feeling of disappointment because she The moment Margery alighted, Reinette det precipitated herself into her arms, exwhich puzzled Mrs. Rossiter as she sat watching her with constantly increasing interest, and the major, the latter of whom seemed half afraid of her, and was evidently ill at ease when her eyes alighted upon him Supper being over Reinette arose to go, say-

ing to her aunts and cousins:
"I shall expect you to dine with me to morrow at six o'clock. It is to be a family party, but Major Rossiter is included in the happy to meet you, because you bring me

open at the throat.

"It was too hot to be harnessed up with fixin's." she said, and when Reinette, who one's discomfort in warm weather and gave a finish to one's dress, she replied: "Law, child, it don't matter an atom what I wear. Everybody knows Peggy Ferguson," Reinotte gave a little deprecating shrug and then delivered her invitation, which was accepted at been watching her curiously, and mentally once, grandma saying, "she should come commenting upon her.

Invered her invitation, which was accounted to the saying, "she should come early so as to have a good visit before dinner. though she presumed Mary and the gals wouldn't be there till the last minit."

Reinette gave another expressive shrug. and declining her grandmother's offer of "spoons or any kind of garden sass she might want for dinner, drove next to her Aunt Lydia's, where she found that lady seated in the parlor with a tired look on her face as if oing nothing did not agree with her. "She'd enough sight rather work her fingers off and the Rossiters. was earnin' money than to be sittin' to hear.

"Oh, Phil, you here?" she said, turning on the music stool. "I was going by and by to see the girls. I hope they are well. Who was that daudyish looking old man with them, sitting up as straight as a ramrod, with eye me, who am nothing but a little black glasses on his nose? Have they picked up a beau somewhere?"

Phil explained that the dandvish-looking with a meaning smile, which brought a flush old man was his father's cousin, Major Lord to his sisters' cheeks, and made Queenie Seymour Rossiter, from New York, where he had for twenty years occupied the same rooms

be that Miss Hetherton was doing so much for her.

"She is only a dressmaker, after all," Miss Anna said. "Yes, I'll thought as she beamed on him her brightest come to dinner, Queenie, and mother, too, I smile when Phil introduced her, and then suppose, but I've no idea you'll get father the metric secreted and returning to the parties and an old bach." Anna said. "Yes, I'll thought as she beamed on him her brightest come to dinner, Queenie, and mother, too, I smile when Phil introduced her and then suppose, but I've no idea you'll get father

would add nothing to her dinner; "Do you remember the first time you ever thing in Anna's manner awoke within her a and molasses, and eggs, and where she found

pertaining to the ornoxious dressmaking, that ride," Margery said, and Reinette condid not get up, nor stop his smoking, except and Mrs. Lydia, deprived of her occupation, tinued: as he was obliged to take his pipe from his that he would "How little we thought then that we mouth while he talked to Reinette, who gave

> "He was much obliged to her." he said "but he didn't think he should go. He wasn't Mrs. La Rue's black gauze vail was drawn used to the quality, and hadn't eaten a meal closely over her face, but both girls caught a of victuals outside his own house in years sound like a suppressed sigh, and turning to except at Thanksgivin' time, when he had to go to his mother's.

"And that's just the reason you'll come ing for France; she seems so low spirited."

"Oh, I hope not. America is a great deal my first family party, and you will not be so thought, and then chatted on with Margery, him to. Such airs as she has taken en since iage, in which she was riding with his why is there such a difference between people of the same blood? There's your mother Of what was she thinking?—the tired, sad as cultivated and refined as if she had been woman, as the carriage wound up the hill, born a princess, and there's Anna, and grand ste contrasted Reinette's surroundings with her own.

and past the yellowish-brown bouse which it " and leaning back in the carriage, Rein her own.

Queenie pointed out as her Aunt Lydia's, and ette looked very sober, while Phil said, good

gulf which lay between the present and the as well confess it. I do wish mother had been days of her girlhood. And yet nothing escaped somebody besides a Ferguson," Reinette re her, from Anna Ferguson on the door stor to blied; then added laughingly: "Don'the handsome house and grounds at the think me a monster—I can't help the feel knoll, which Queenie said was her Aunt Ros- ing; it was born in me, and father fostered but I am trying to overcome it, you see was reached, and she alighted from the car- for haven't I invited them all to dinner? You

Phil promised, and as they had reached and stood by her while Margery hunted through the bags for some restorative.

"You are very tired, aren't you?" Queenie night, and walked rapidly back to the Kroll.

## CHAPTER XXI.

True to her promise, Reinette drove roun to see Margery the next morning, and carried a pile of dresses which scarcely needed a stitch, but which she insisted should be changed, as she knew Margery needed work She found her friend well and delighted with the cottage, which suited her in every par Mrs. La Rue, too, was very calm and Place and how lonely she was there at times especially in the evening, when Phil was no

"I am going to hunt up my old nurse, who was with mother when she died. She is alive You are tired and nervous; let me take France, I shall have her come to live with

> Mrs. La Rue was standing with her back but she turned suddenly "Better leave the nurse where she is; you

will be happier without her." "I don't know why you should say that." at me as if she would (at me up; and just Reinette retorted, in a tone which showed her irritation that Mrs. La Rue should presum n her eyes as she looked up at me; and she to dictate; "you certainly can know nothing

"Of course not, but I know that old nurses do not often add to the happiness of young ladies like you, so leave her alone; do not try to find her," Mrs. La Rue replied, and there was a ring in her voice like a note of fear which Reinette would have detected had

she been at all suspicious.

But she was only resentful and answered proudly, "I shall certainly find her if I can," with a few directions to Margery with regard to the dresses, she drove away to order some necessary articles for her dinner, which she meant to make a success, if substantials and silver and cut glass, and delicacies, and flowers and the finest linen could make it so As the new summer house on the plateau was not yet completed, the table was laid on the oad piazza overlooking the river and town beyond, and everything was in readiness by he time Grandma Ferguson arrived, for true to her promise, she came early, and in her prieged muslin and lavendar fanning berself in the large rocking chair just with her, but Annie had got some highfalutn' notions about not goin' till the last minit: "She is so bright and beautiful, and dif-erent from anything we ever saw," they ferent from anything we ever saw," they she wouldn't ceme till the last gun was thought, while Mrs. Rossiter, though no less fired, but if she's Reinette she wouldn't wait

Miss Anna was really putting on a great many airs and talking etiquette to her mother could discover no resemblance to her sister in many airs and talking etiquette to her mother her sister's child. She was unmistakably a and grandmother until both were nearly She had been to the Knoll that morn ing to call upon her cousins, both of whom were struck with the accession of dignity and stiffness in her manner, but never dreamed that the splitting up of the sign had anything to do with it; they attributed it rather to the new and pretty muslin the young lady wore and the presence of Major Rossiter, who was presented to her, and who, with fancy most unaccountable, surrendered to her at once. The major was fifty, and bald and gray, and near-sighted and peculiar. invitation. I am going now to ask grand, and though he admired pretty women, he had never been known to pay one more attention than was required of him as a gentle They found grandma Ferguson weeding her man. He had thought his cousins, Ethel Rue replied, with a tone which a stranger flower boiders in front of her house, with her and Grace, very attractive and lady-like and might have thought cold and constrained but cap and collar off, and her spotted calico dress sweet, while Reinette had taken his breath away with her flash and sparkle, but neither of the three had ever moved him as he was moved by Anna's stately manner when she did not like the looks of her neck, suggested that a collar or ruffle did not greatly add to ceremoniously to him. The major liked a woman to be goiet and dignified, and Anna's stiffness suited him, and he walked home with her and sat for half an hour in the parlor and talked with her of Europe, which she hoped one day to see, and sympathized with her when she deplored most eloquently the fate which tied her down to a little try place like Merrivale, when she was by nature fitted to enjoy so much. But povert was a hard master and ruled its subjects witi an iron rod, she said, and there were tears i he blue eyes which looked up at the major who felt a great pity for and interest in this irl so gifted, so dignified and pretty, for he hought her all these, and said to her at parting that he hoped to see her later in the day had turned once, and seeing where Margery at Hetherton Place, where he was going with was, had flashed a look of recognition upon

After the major left her Anna sat down round like this," she said a dozen times to think, and the result of the thinking was that Arna, who enjoyed the sitting round, and though Major Rossiter was old, and tiresome, whom Reinette found drumming the old worn. out piano which, having been second-hand or Phil, he was rich and evidently pleased I've neither father nor mother now," they when it was bought, was something dreadful with her, and she resolved that nothing should be lacking on her part to increase his interest in her and make him believe that whatever her surroundings were she was superior t of the land. She was ashamed of her father and mother, especially the former, and when at noon he asked what time the dinner was come off, she felt a fear lest he might be intending to go as be was. Reinette's eves and manner when she gave the invitation he

done their work with him. "I really b'lieve the girl wants me to come odd and homespun as I am," he thought, and he made up his mind to do so, and Anna felt a cold sweat oozing out from her finger tips as she wondered what Major Lord Rossite would think of him.

"Are you sure you will enjey it?" she said You know how long it is since you have been any where, and Reinette is very particula how her guests comport themselves -- foolish ly so, perhaps. You cannot eat in your shir sleeves there, no matter how warm you may

"Who in thunder said I wanted to eat in

wish him to go, and feeling also determined

or more, and which was anything but stylish and fashionable. But Tom was not a fashonable man, and made no pretence of being other than he was, but he did not eat in his shirt sleeves or commit any marked blunders opened her batteries upon the delinquents and at the dinner table, where six or seven courses brought them to terms at once. were served, with Pierre as chief waiter and engineer. Reinette was an admirable hosncongruous guests feel at home, that the were bidden. It was in najor, who was seated far away not like the people of his world. But the beautiful as Margery:
Rossiters were, and they were Anna's relabeautiful as Margery:
"Yes, Queenie, she is very pretty and gracewhite muslin dress, and very quiet and lady like, he thought, and when, after the dinner for her." was over, he walked with her upon one of the Then Reinette turned upon him hotly, and herself and how small and delicately-shaped ing eyes, as she said: herself and how small and delicately-shaped ling open as she said, were her hands and feet—for he was one to notice all these things—he began vaguely to Mr. Beresford, and I despise you for it. Bewonder how old she was, and what his bachelor cause Margery works—earns her own living friends at the club would say if he should present her to them as his wife. The major was unquestionably attacked with a disease, he suggested to the latter that she walk with

and the river wound like a silver thread through the green meadows to the westward. d'Elysees in Paris. Such a walk would be very romantic, and Anna meant to take it if it spoiled a dozen nistaken Anna will be my Lady Rossiter and then won't we second-class mortals catch it."

## CHAPTER XXII.

Margery was a success in Merrivale as ressmaker, at least. Mrs. Lydia had done Her work was always ery well, it is true. neatly finished and her prices satisfactory but she never went farther from home than Springfield or Worcester, and copied mostly from Butterick and Ehrich, so that there was sameness and stiffness in her styles wholly unlike the beautiful garments which came usy from morning till night, and she saving she thanked goodness her day of work- forgotton. ing for people and being snubbed by them or

account of it was over.

When Reinette heard of this she laughed merrily, and went herself into Margery's vorkshop and trimmed Hattie Granger wedding-dress with her own hands, and pro mised to make every stitch of Anna's should she succeed in capturing the major, as she

From the first Margery's great beauty at tracted unusual attention and comment, but upon no one did it produce so great an effect as upon Grandma Ferguson, who first saw the girl the Sunday after her arrival in Merrivale. Reinette had told the sexton to give Miss and Mrs. La Rue a seat with her in the Hetherton new, describing the ladies taking them. But Margery came alone, and whether it was that the old sex-ton's mind was intent upon a short, elderly woman in black, or whether something about Margery herself carried him back to the Sundays of long ago, when a girlish figure, as graceful almost as Margery's, used to glide up the aisle to the door of John Ferguson's pew he made a mistake, and Grandma Ferguson had just settled herself on her soft cushion and adjusted her wide skirts about her, when a rustling sound caught her ear, and turning her head she saw a face which made he start suddenly with a great throb of some thing like fear as a tall young girl, simply but elegantly attired in black silk and white chip with a wreath of lilacs around it, and a scarf of soft illusion lace knotted under her chin, took a seat beside her. Reinette had said to Phil and Anna that Margery was like them, while Mrs. Rossiter had seen something in the French girl's face which puzzled and bewildered her. And grandma saw it, too, and defined it at once, and drew a long. gasning breath as she gazed at the face so like The same delicately chiseled features, the same heavy eyebrows and long, curling bright, and whose smile was just as sweet and leaders. the face of her Margaret dead over the sea. lashes, and more than all the same liquid yes of blue, as clear and bright as the eyes more in love, if possible, than Phil, but with of children which have seen but a few summers. Who was she, this stranger with Margaret's face and Margaret's turn of the head, garet's face and Margaret's turn of the head, grandma asked herself, and forgot to say her and she was always a little shy of him, and prayers or listen to the sermon, as she wondered and watched. Others had seen only likeness, but the mother who could never for get saw more than that : saw her dead child repeated in this beautiful young girl, grew restless and nervous under the scrutiny of the eyes she knew were fastened so con stantly upon her, and was glad when the sermon was over and she could thus escape

Reinette, who occupied the Hetherton pew her, and the moment church was over came down the aisle, tossing her head airly and with the strange witchery and magnet ism of her smile and wonderful eyes, throw ing into the shade the fair blonds whose eauty had been noted and commented upon by the people as something remarkable. And ow unlike they were to each other, goldenhaired, blue-eyed, rose-tinted Margery. so tall, and quiet, and self-possessed, and dark-haired, dark eyed, dark faced Reinette, petite and playful, and restless as a bird, with a flash in her brilliant eyes, before which even Margery's charms were for the time for gotten.

"Who is she, Bennet?" grandma whisper ed, catching her granddaughter's arm as she came near and pointed toward Margery. "Who come back again."

that he would.

for she was Reinette's mother, and I am agent was given and his receipt inclosed, and And so it happened that simultaneously sure you will like me for it. I want people to then M. Polignac wrote:

with the major, in his elegant dinner costume. like me. And in this wish Margery was gratified, for tinue her search or inquiries for this woman quet, came honest Tom Ferguson, in the suit from the first she became very popular and he had worn to church for at least six years took her place among the best young ladies we suspect much with regard to the nature with his white neck-tie and button-hole bouin town. For this she was in part indebted of her relations with the late Mr. Hetherton to Reinette, who insisted that she should be Such things are very common in France, but noticed, and who, if she saw any signs of mebellion or indifference on the part of the people,

brought them to terms at once.

When the grounds were completed Hetherton Place she gave a garden party, to to do so. ess, and so managed to make her which all the desirable people in Merrivale honor of Margery. linner was a great success, and the fastidious she said, and she treated the young girl as a from both subject would treat a queen, and made so ly took a pencil from the table and on a slip grandma and Tom, did not think the less of much of her and talked of her so much that anna because of any shortcomings in her Mr. Beresford said to her at once, as they were Christine's agent, which she put into her father or mother, though he knew they were not like the people of his world. But the she was asking if he ever saw any one as Mr. Beresford, she scratched out every word

tions, and she was refined and cultivated, if her parents were not, he thought, for the glamor of love at first sight was over and training which you did. Her early associates of the language was so imperfect. around him, and Anna was very pretty in her must have been very different from yours, and

finished terraces and saw bow well she carried he never forgot the look of scorn in her blaz-

-is a dressmaker-you, and people like you The major look down upon her from your lofty platform of position and social standing, and I hate the slightest symptoms of which he had never before had in his life, and when at last it was octore had in his life, and when at last it was than she, I'd like to know. Aren't you just time for the guests to leave, and the Hetherton carriage came round to take Grandma a dress to make, and what's the life of the guest and Mrs. Lydia and Aren't had a dress to make, and what's the life of the life o and so the more to be commended because him, as there was a moon and the night was she is willing to take care of herself of folding her hands in idleness. I tell you If there was anything Anna detested it Mr. Beresford, you've got to do better, or I'll was walking over a duety dirt road in slippers, and she wore that day a dainty pair with heels so high that her ankles were in danger of turning over with every step. But slippers and dusty highways weighed nothing and get her away, and dance with her. See, against a walk with Major Rossiter down the summer house. against a walk with Major Rossiter down the winding hill, between hedges of sweet briar and alder, and across the long causeway, where the beeches and maples met overhead, which, with its many-colored lights, was much like the gay restaurants on the Champs bore a strong resemblance to the outdoor fetes laid up with rheumatism, and the in France, and the gro nds seemed like fairy-Anna meant to take it it is sponded to the pairs of slippers. So she acceded to the Major's proposition, and the two started together for home, while Phil looked curiously gether for home, while Phil looked curiously walks and on the grassy terraces, or dancing "And I'll take it, too. I'm looking for the walks and on the grassy terraces, or dancing "And I'll take it, too. I'm looking for the acceded to the land, with the flowers, and flags, and arches, walks and on the grassy terraces, or dancing The old chap is hard hit, and if I'm not in the summer house, near which the band was stationed.

Mr. Beresford never danced; he dignified for that, but he carried Margery away from the major, and walked with her through the grounds, and wondered at her "You must excuse me, but I've got to refinement and lady-like manners, which sat so naturally upon her. Mr. Beresford was an citizen.

spirtograf of the deepest dye, and believed "I'd just as lief walk down with you, for I aristocrat of the deepest dye, and believed implicitly in family and blood, and as Mar gery had neither, he was puzzled and bewildered, and greatly interested in her, and thought hers the most beautiful face walk off with the first premium. I now come he had ever seen, excepting Reinette's which stood out distinct among all the faces

in the world. Reinette was at her best that night, and like some bright bird flitted here and from Margery's skilful hands, no two of among her guests, saying the right word to which were alike, and each one of which the right person, and doing the right thing seemed wrettier and newer than its prede in the right place, and so managing, that cessor, so that in less than two weeks her when at a late hour the festivities were at rooms were full of work, and her three girls an end, and her guests came to say good-bye, when at a late hour the festivities were at had it was no idle fiction or fashionabl even proposed to Anna to help her a few the truth they spoke when they assured hours each day during the busy season. But her that the evening had been the most Anna spurned the proposition with contempt, enjoyable of their lives, and one never to be

## CHAPTER XXIII.

PERFECTING THEMSELVES IN FRENCH.

That was what Mr. Beresford and Phi were said to be doing during the weeks when they went every day to Hetherton Place. seemed likely to do; but Anna answered Phil, who had nothing to do, riding over saucily that her wedding dress, if he ever had one, would not be made in the country, and so that point was settled. away from his office. It was not unusual for the two to meet on the causeway, Phil coming from and Mr. Beresford going to the little lady, who bewitched and intoxicated them on the trot, but he hadn't been lost in the both, though in a very different way. With crowd over a minute Phil, her cousin, she laughed and played, and farmer arrived and said: flirted, and quarrelled-hot, bitter sometimes—in which she always had the bet-ter of Phil, inasmuch as her command of in her head for fifteen years." language was greater, and her rapid gestures added point to her sarcasm. But if her anger was the hottest and fiercest, she was always him away. the first to make overtures for a reconcil ation; the first to confess herself in error and she did it so prettily and sweetly, and purred around Phil so like a loving kitten, that he thought the making up worth all the lady-like person arrived in St. Catharines quarreling, and rather provoked the latter from the village of Markham. She was alone

than tried to avoid it Sometimes, when she was more than usually unreasonable, and aggravating, Phil would husband being dissipated and abusive and absent himself from Hetherton Place for two finally deserted her for a young girl in Roch or three days, knowing well that in the end ester, N.Y., with whom it is said he is now Pierre would come to him with a note from living. The wife, as previously stated, sought Queenie begging him to return, and chiding shelter in this city from her troubles, and behim for his foolishness, in laying to heart anything she said.

"You know I don't mean a word of it, and it's just my awful temper which gets the mas-tery, and I think you hateful to bother me by staying away when you know how poky it i here without you," she would write, and within an hour Phil would be at her side again, basking in the sunlight of her charms, and growing every day more and more infatubright, and whose smile was just as sweet and alluring when, later on, Mr. Beresford came a different way of showing it. Queenie was morally certain that he was

never allowed the conversation to approach anything like love-making; and if he praised a particular dress and said it was becoming as he sometimes did, she never wore it again for him, but when she knew he was coming donned some old-fashioned gown in which she fancied herself hideous.

"If Mr. Beresford would be foolish, i should not be from any fault of hers," she thought, never dreaming that if she arrayed herself in a bag he would still have thought her charming, provided her eyes and mouth

Ostensibly Mr. Beresford's relations with managing so large an estate there was much to be talked about, and Queenie would know everything, especially with regard to foreign matters.

There were many letters from France, and these she read to Mr. Beresford, who with Phil's help might have made them out; but he brought them religiously to Queenie, who had insisted upon it with a persistence which surprised him, and insisted, too, upon receiving them from him with the seals and reading them first herself. She had not forgotten her father's dying injunction: "If letters come to me from France burn them unread."

No letters had come to him from any is she, with a face so like your mother's that source, proving that he had no friends who casely about for a time, asked: "Hav for a minute I thought it was my Margaret cared to know of his welfare; but with a wo- any watches with India-rubber cases?" me back again."

man's subtle intuition, heightened by actual astonished storekeeper answered in the negative my mother? Oh, I am so glad, for knowledge, Queenie knew there was tive. The youth shambled up and down the now I shall love her more than ever," Rein-something somewhere which she was floor a few times and again said: ette replied; then, touching Margery, she to ward off if possible, and as it haven't any rattle-boxes with diamond presented her to her grandmother, saying as might come in some business letter, dles, I suppose?" "No, sir," said the s. she did so: "She thinks you look like my she made it a condition that all documents "How young does a child begin to use a velocation and perhaps you do, for I am should be brought to her first. As yet, how specified a ferguson than I ever, everything had been open and clear, and deal on the kid," was the answer; "some become of the same o m."

Queenie was beginning to think her fears gin young, some don't." "Would you sell me groundless, when Mr. Beresford brought her a two-wheeled one and change it for a three stensibly to make some inquiries with reone day a letter from Messrs. Polignac & Co., wheeled one if it is a girl? gard to a dress, but really to see again the who, among other things, wrote that the it, "came the curt response. The youth went girl who was so like her daughter, and who of her mother's honest labor. The work of the happiness I have ever known dates from the happiness I have ever

"I am glad if I am like Mrs. Hetherton, by her to receive the same. The name of the

" I would not advise the young lady to conshocking to most Americans, and a know ledge of them would hurt the daughter cruel So we shall make no effort to find the woman, nor shall we answer Miss Hetherton's

letter with regard to her, unless greatly pressed Reinette was white to her line as she read this, with Mr. Beresford sitting by and watching her, but she uttered no sound. She mere of paner wrote the name and address of

concerning Christine so effectually that it would be impossible for any one to

# TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE MAN WITH A ROPE

At exactly 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon a citizen of Detroit was going up Monroe avenue with a basket on his arm, and at precisely the same moment a farmer was coming down the same avenue with a rope in his hand and a limp in his left leg. They met. The citizen would have passed on and pur chased a peck of green tomatoes for pickles, but the farmer halted him with the query:

"Say, isn't your name McDuff?

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "I believe it is," continued the farmer, as he looked him over. "Were you one of the judges on hogs at the State Fair?" "No, sir. I never judged a hog in my life,

and I wasn't inside the fence while the fai lasted. "Mebbe you are not the man, though you ook like him. Have you a minute to

spare?' "No, sir; I've got to go back and go up into the City Hall tower."
"Then I'll go with you. I want to see the tower, and I want tell you about McDuff?'

"Can't you come to my office in half an hour?" said the citizen as he halted. "No, sir. I want to tell you now. You see, I sent a prize hog to the fair. I was woman and boy brought him in. That

hog, and I might as well go one way as another. That hog was as regularly entered, put in a pen, as anything in his line in that show. His breed was the Golden Sun-

meet a friend at the depot," protested the don't see the cars very often. Hundreds

people saw that hog and admired him, and dozens of men told my old woman that he'd to McDuff." "Yes, yes, but I can't wait another moment." "You needn't wait for me. I'll walk along with you and tell you the rest as we go. This McDuff was one of the three judges on

pig there with a hard knot in his tail and his hind legs as crooked as a cow path, and while two of the judges pulled strong for my hog, this McDuff declared in favor of the other. "You see, I can't possibly wait to-"I see you can't, but when the judges

hogs. A friend of his had a little runt of a

found themselves divided, what happened? This McDuff-" At this point the citizen started off, and

had got ten feet the start, when the farmer pursued, saying:
"This McDuff claimed that my Golden Sunshine was too light in the shout, and he prevailed upon the old woman to let him out

and give a rooting exhibition.'

The citizen was lost to sight around the corner, but the farmer put on steam and got near enough to say :

"He bolted off the grounds, just as McDuff knew he would, and I've limped over sixteen square miles of territory without hearing of

him. Say, I believe you are McDuff."

The citizen made for the Central Market crowd over a minute when the panting

"And I demand satisfaction for the job He pulled off his cost and made such a fuss around there that a policeman had to scare

# A SAD CASE.

Two or three months ago a respectable and and came here to seek employment. Her married life had not been a happy ing soon to become a mother was received into the family of a kind hearted lady and gentleman until such a time as she could be received in the hospital. A few days ago she was taken into that institution, and gave birth to a daughter. The mother, unfortunately, was unable to rally, and thirty-six hours after her trouble she died, and on Tuesday was buried in the St. Catharines Cemetery. The unfortunate lady adopted her maiden name here, and was known as Mrs. Hynes. Her husband's name is Shelley. The deceased is said to have relatives living in Markham, and letters have been sent to them by those who respected the deceased, giving information of her taking off. It is a very be a fine healthy child, and perhaps some kind people in this city who have no offspring of their own will adopt it .- St. Catharines

# UNDERGROUND TRAVELING.

New York is to have underground railways. The work will probably be commenced next month. Broadway will be tunneled from the Battery to Central Park. There will be, in fact, two tunnels, each fifteen feet in diameter, and they will be in the middle of Broad way just below the water pipes. The tunnel will be built of brick and cement, with a hard Ostensibly Mr. Beresford's relations with her were of a purely business nature; for in the same, and therefore no allowance will be always to large an estate there were much made for contraction or expansion of the rails. consequently the cars will run without the usual rattle and clank on the rail joints. Sixty-ton locomotives will be used that consume their smoke and condense their The tunnel and cars will be lit by electricity. The speed will be twenty-five miles an hour, including stoppages, and each train will carry from 800 to 1,000 passempers. Trains will leave every three minutes, the fare will be five cents.

# SASSED THE WRONG MAN.

A well dressed young man entered a Madrid shop a few days ago, and, after walking unif possible, and as it haven't any rattle-boxes with diamond han-"Would you sell me