QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," " Ethelyn's Mistake," " Forres House," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. LA RUE'S RESOLUTION There was a worn, tired look on Mrs. L Rue's face next morning, which she accounted for by saying she had not slept well, and that child

her head was aching. A walk in the crisp autumn air would do her good, she said; and soon after breakfast she left the house, and started toward Hetherton Place. Twice on the causeway she sat down to rest, and once on the hank hy the side of the road which lead up the long hill. Here she sat for a long time, with her head bowed upon her knees while she seemed to be absorbed in painful and even agonized, reflection, for she rocked to and fro, and whispered occasionally to her lon't bother about me. I am very happyhappier far, just now, than Queenie, who, though she may have riches in abundance, self. In the distance there was the sound of wheels -some one was coming ; and not car has no mother to love her, and care for her ing to be seen, she arose, and climbing the low stone wall, went up the steep hill-side and pet her, as I have.' "Oh, Margery, child, you dolove me, then you are glad I am your mother, unlike you as I am ?" Mrs. La Rue cried, in a voice which the ledge of rocks, where Phil had sat with Queenie and heard his doom. It was the first time Mrs. La Rue had ever been there. and for a moment she stood transfixed with surprise and delight at the lovely view wonderingly at her, as she said : "Why, mother, how strangely you act this morning. Of course I am glad you are my before her. In the clear autumn air objects were visible for miles and miles away, but it was not so much at mother—the dearest and kindest a girl ever had. I cannot remember the time when you the distant landscape she gazed as at the scene directly about her-at the broad, rich acres of Hetherton Place, stretchwould not and did not sacrifice everything for ne, and why should I not love you. ing away to the westward, and southward, and eastward, and embracing some of the most plied, " only you are so different from me that sometimes when I think how refined and lady valuable land in Merrivale; at the house it ike you are, and then remember what I am self, standing there on the heights so stately and grand, with aristocracy and blood . how -an uneducated peasant woman-I feel I am an obstacle in your way, and that you must ing themselves from every casement and door post; and lastly, at the beautiful grounds, so feel it, too, and wish you were some one else -somebody like Miss Hetherton-but you like the parks of some of the old chateaus in France, with their terraces, and winding "Of course I don't." Margery answered. laughingly, "for if I were Miss Hetherton, walks, and pieces of statuary gleaming here

"A goodly heritage, truly," the woman said. "And would she give it all for love? don't you see, Anna would be my cousin, and that would be worse than a hundred peasan women: so, little mother, don't distres God only knows, and I can only know by try elf or bother me any more, for my lady Anna If she will see me, I must go for if she refuses. I shall take it as a sign that] must have her dress by twelve, and it is near must forever more keep silent." Thus deciding, she walked swiftly across y eleven now." Taking the giri's lovely face between her

the fields, and soon stood ringing at the door which was opened by Pierre himself.

left the room, while Margery wondered what had happened to excite her so. Such moods, "Miss Hetherton was still in her room." he said, "but he would take any message or states of mind, in her mother were not unusual, and since coming to Merrivale madame chose to give him :" and his manne showed plainly the immovable distance he had been more frequent than ever, so Mar-gery was accustomed to them, and ascribed them to a naturally morbid temperament. felt there was between his mistress and the woman who, he knew, was born in the same rank of life as himself.

combined with a low, nervous state of health 'Tell her Margery's mother is here, and very anxious to see her," Mrs. La Rue said and, with a bow, Pierre departed, leaving her alone in the hall.

He had not asked her to sit down, but she felt too faint and tremulous to stand, and, ter and pet her more, poor dear mother, she is so fond and proud ofme," Margery thought sinking into a chair, leaned her head against the hat stand, and shutting her eyes, waited as people wait for some great shock or blow which they know is inevitable. How long as she kept on with her work, while he mother busied herself in the kitchen, prepar Pierre was gone she could not guess, for she was lost to all consciousness of time, and was ing the cup of nice hot tea, and slice of crean coast which at twelve she carried to her daughter, who could not stop for a regular only roused when he laid his hand upon he shoulder and demanded what was the matter and if she were sick. Then she looked up. The navy-blue was at a point now where

and showed him a face so white, so full of no one could touch it but herself, and she worked steadily on until after one, when pain, and dread, and horror, that he asked her again what was the matter. "Nothing, nothing," she answered sharply. Anna, again appeared, asking imperiously

why the dress was not sent at twelve, as she "Tell me what she did say? Will she se ordered. me? " Because it was not done," Margery re "She bade me tell you she could not se

you, but if your errand was very particular or concerned Miss Margery, you were to give it to me," Pierre replied, and in an instant the whole aspect of the woman changed, the deathly pallor ieft her face, and the look of atest, and will you bring it yourself, so as to dread and anguish was succeeded by one of intense relief as she exclaimed : "Thank God ! thank God ! for I could not try it on me and see if it hangs right?" "Yes, I'll bring it." Margery said, and

have borne it. I could not have done it at an hour later she was trudging along Cettage the last, and now I know it is not required of Row with a bundle almost as large as herself me. I have no errand, no message; good-morning," and she darted from the door, for the dress had many plaitings, and puffs, and bows, and must not be crushed by crowdwhile Pierre looked wonderingly after her ing into a small space. saying to himself, "I believe the woman is

crazy." And in good truth insanity would best de ford face to face, and saw his surprise at the scribe Mrs. La Rue's condition of mind as she size of the bundle. Mr. Beresford was the sped down the winding hills and across the only man who had ever interested Margery in causeway, until the bridge was reached and then she paused, and leaning far over the the least, and she often wondered why she railing looked wistfully down into the depths as if that watery bed would be most grateful to her. Suicide was something of which Mrs. La Rue had thought more than

It was the phantom which at times heunted her day and night, and now it looked over her shoulder and whispered : "Why not end it now and forever; death is only a dreamless sleep. Better die than live to ruin that young life, and know yourself loathed and despised by the creature you love best. Sometimes in your fits of conscien tiousness you will tell, as you were tempted to do just now, and then-

I know she is not worth a moment's disquie- rather do it and all the work, too, than be mistress, whose white face and excited mantude." "Poor Margery! It is to the caprices of such people as she that you are subjected because you are poor," Mrs. La Rue said, caressing the golden head bent so low over lady than she was when she made dresses the the the distribution of the mass of the bothered with a girl. And grandma has in-terfered and says, 'there is no sense in "Here, Pierre, in Merrivale.

Anna's navy-blue, on the sleeve of which a great tear came near falling. "You ought clined to think she is right. It is not what they are themselves which be happier in her place, would you not, my site them real worth. It is not in Anna to met of his hauds. "Madame La Rue Christian are the compared to the state of be a lady, and she never can be, even when tine Bodine ! Iam very much ; yes, I suppose "No, mother," and Margery's beautiful she is Mrs. Major Lord Seymour Rossiter, blue eyes looked frankly up into her mother's as I suppose she will be some time during face. "I should like money, of course, but I the winter, for they are engaged, and she am very happy as I am, except when people wears a diamond ring-a splendid one, too, he believed his master had cursed in Liverwhich she says cost five hundred dollars. How does she know that, I wonder? and ike Anna insult me and try to make me feel the immeasurable distance there is between themselves and a dressmaker. I like my she means to go to Florida on her bridal trip, profession, for it is as much one as that of and flaunt her splendor at the St. James. the artist or musician, and if I were rich as Queenie I do believe I should still make about it, and so adieu. resses for the love of it. So, mother mine,

" Forever and ever your cousin, "QUEENIE." This letter was sent to Rome, for Phil was

to take the overland route to India and visit the Imperial City on the way. He had promised to write from every point where he stopped, and so he did not seem so very far away, and Queenie grew brighter and gayer and consented to see Mr. Beresford, whom

was like a sob of pain and made Margery look she had persistly ignored, and after rating him soundly for the part he had had taken in sending Phil away, she became very gracious to him, for Phil had forgiven him, and she must do so too, and she rode with him one

day after his fast horse, and was so bright, and coquettish, and bewitching, that Mr. Beres-ford forgot himself, and in lifting her from ness, said : "You are not to squeeze my hand that

way, Mr. Beresford, or think because I rode with you that your are on probation, as you call it, for you are not. I am not trying to re onsider, and never shall."

This state of things was not very hopeful for Mr. Beresford, who, nevertheless, drove away more in love than ever with the little lade of Lash at the lady of Hetherton, who, after he was gone, went to her room, where she found on her dressing-table a letter which Pierre had prought from the office during her absence.

It was a foreign letter, post-marked at Mentone, France. Reinette's first exclamation was : "From the agent. Now I shall hear from mistress.

Christine." This was the thing of all others which she

ad greatly desired, but now that it seemed o be within her grasp she waited and loiter ed a little, and took off her hat, and shawl aniums in the window, before breaking the seal. And even then she hesitated with a

I love her and am happy? Maybe I do not show her my affection enough. I am not strangely nervous feeling as if from fear that the letter might contain something she would lemonstrative, like her; there's very little of the French gush in me. I am more like the big Americans, but I mean to do betbe happier not to know -something her father would have w thheld from her had he been

there with her "But, no," she said, at last, "how foolish am. Christine was faithful to my mother. and father pensioned her for it, as he ought to do, and those vile, evil-minded Polignacs onor her father in his grave. thought there was harm in it. They did know

my father, or what stuff the Hethertons are made of ," so saying, she opened the letter "Pierre, I am strangely shaken by this news, because I do not understand why Christine

"To Miss Hetherton, of Merivale, Wor-cester Co., Mass., U.S.A. "My employer, M. Albech, is gone away

ters, and, if necessary, answer them for him. So when yours and monsieur's came, I opened plied, adding, "It is a great deal of work to change all that trimming as you desired." was in English, and it took a long time to

and read

" That was Mr. Beresford who sent him an English letter. What business has he to pry into my affairs ?" Reinette exclaimed, under her breath, and her cheeks were scarlet, and her breath came hurriedly and then seemed to cease altogether as she

"I could not remember any one by that But Margery did not feel one whit degraded La Rue, to whom, by reference to M. Albrech's or abased, even though she met Mr. Beres-

your obedient servant,

books. I find that moneys were paid regularly by Messra. Polignac & Co., Paris, for Hetherton, until last summer, when the entire principal was sent to Madame La Rue, a Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., U. S

I am very much astonished! But he was not. He had never shared Reinette's implicit faith in Christine, whom and was about turning away from the pool, after receiving her letter, and he put things together rapidly, and to himself he thought :

"Yes, madame is Christine. I am not surprised; but to Reinette he said. "Who told you? How do you know it? There must be

have kept silent so long." "There no mistake. I can trust you, Pierre; and I begin to feel as if you were the only one I have to trust in. Everything and every-body is slipping away from me. This is the letter from the agent in Mentone, who paid her the money for Messrs. Polignac in Paris. You know you were in their office once with father and saw him give his check for twelve hundred and fifty francs to be sent to her. Read the letter, Pierre, and you will know al do.' She handed it to him, and striking a light

he read it through, while Reinette watched him narrowly to see what effect it had upon him. But aside from frequent ejaculations the carrisge held her hand tighter in his of surprise he made no comment, and just than was at all necessary. But Queenie then the dinner-bell rang again, and this time wrenched it away, and with her usual frank- long and loud as if the ringer were growing impatient.

"Oh that dreadful bell," Reinette exclaimed. putting her hands to her ears to shut out the sound. "Will they never stop ringing it. or understand that I am not coming? Go, Pierre, and tell them to clear the table away :

tell them I am not hungry ; tell them I an sick and tired, and wish to be let alone : tell them anything to keep them away from me. Nobody must come to night but you. Go quick, before they ring again, or Mrs. Jerry comes herself. She must not know what we do.'

Thus entreated Pierre departed with the message to Mrs. Jerry, who had become somewhat accustomed to the vagaries of her young

This was not the first time her dinner had been untouched when Reinette was in one of her moods, and so she only lamented that the fish and sauce Lyonnaise which she had prepared with so much care would be wasted in the kitchen, but inand gloves, and laid them carefully away, and quired anxiously what ailed the young lady picked a few dead leaves from a pot of ger- and asked if she should not go up herself and see.

"No, no; she only wants quiet, that is all; by and by she may have some coffee, when I tell you," Pierre said, and then he when I tell you," Pierre said, and then he evening went back to Reinette, whosat with her hands chapter. clasped tightly together and a look on her

white face which puzzled him, for he did not know that she was bravely fighting suspicion to harbor which would be to dis-

" Pierre," she said, lifting her dry, heavy eyes appealingly to him, and speaking like a sick, weary child who wants to be petted

" MENTONE, France, Oct. 18th, 18should wish to hide her identity from me. when she knows how I wanted to find her It looks as if there was something which she

for a few days, and told me to open his let

" It ought not to have been made that way make out that it meant the same as yours, in the first place," Anna rejoined, and ther continued, "I must have it by two at the pensioner of M. Hetherton, deceased.', couch.

> body.' read on

name, but there was a certain Madame Henri ginning to fall.

Should be interested in him, and feel her blood stir a little more quickly when she saw him. He was so proud, and dignified, and reserved, though always a gentleman and courteous to her, and now he litted his hat very politely, and, with a pleasant smile, pas-it.

a her and rul ing an and limp white fingers which seemed to have no "Hoping my letter is satisfactory, I am vitality in them. "Pierre," she began, "we were LOUIS ARNAUD."

which kept her awake most of the night, and in some way, a wrong were done the darkner puzzled and alarmed him "Here, Pierre, in Merrivale. While I was searching for her across the water she was the next morning found her suffering with searching for her across the water she was her bed. It was a stormy November day, and less, win every time, and make people see only

drifting down from the gray sky in great into the shade. Queenie was the diamond white feathery masses, but bad as was the and Margery the pearl, and they were not at day, it did not prevent Mr. Beresford from all alike, and Mr. Beresford felt puzzled and riding over to Hetherton Place, where he was inclined to believe that insinuation of the met by Pierre with the message that Miss agent a lie especially after he had talked with Hetherton had the headache, and could not Margery awhile of her friend.

"You have known Reinette a long time? see him. Mr. Beresford seemed disappointed. he said, and she replied : door "Yes. a long time-ever since we were when he said, as if it had just occurred to little girls-though it seems but yesterday since she climbed those narrow, winding

be so communicative.

which made her talk as she was talking.

im : "By the way, do you know if Miss Hetheron received any letters from France yester day ?'

" She did receive one," Pierre said, looking straight at the lawyer, and feeling sure that some mistake, madame surely would never he, too had heard from Mentone, and knew the row street below, the Rue St. Honore, and ecret of Christine Bodine. And he was right, for the same mail which

brought the letter to Reinette had also in it come home, and if she would bring me, as one for Mr. Beresford from the agent's clerk she sometimes did, a bon-bon, or a white, tender creissant from the baker's, which I in Mentone. It was a curious compound of English and French, which took Mr. Beresliked so much better for my supper than our dark, sour bread." Yes," Mr. Beresford said, leaning forward ford nearly two hours to decipher. But he managed it at last with the help of grammar

and dictionary, and had a tolerably accurate knowledge of its contents, which surprised and confounded him almost as much as Queenie's letter had confounded her. out in his letter were a few words, or rather insinua

ions, which were omitted in Queenie's and which affected him more than all the rest and threw a flood of light upon Mrs. La Bue's Boaine a secret trom Reinette. Did Queenie know what he knew or suspected, Mr. Beres ford wondered. Had the agent written to her what he had to Mr. Beresford, and if so

What would she do? how did she take it ? burning, intense desire seized the usually calm, sober lawyer to have these questions answered. He must see Remette and judge from her face how much, if anything, she knew and so he went to Hetherton Place. But Queenie would not see him. She was sick, and she had received a letter from France. So much he learned, and he rode back to his office, where, for the remainder of the day, he seemed in a most abstracted frame of mind paying but little attention to his clients, who had never seen him so absent-minded and

grave before, and wondered much what ailed him and of what he was thinking. Not of that we them and their business surely, but of Rein.

ette and the change her coming to Merrivale had made in his hithertoquiet life. How she had turned everything upside down. It was like a romance whose pages he was reading and now a fresh leaf had been turned which he wished to decipher, and since he could not see Reinette he must seek help in anothe quarter, and he, who had always been noted for minding his own business better than any

man in Merrivale, waited impatiently for evening, when he meant to begin the new

CHAPTER XXX.

November, and the wind howled dismally through the tall elms which grew upon the common, while both sleet and rain were ing pitilessly, when Mr. Beresford at last left his office, equipped for an evening call. It times he acted as guide to strangers, for he was very seldom that he thus honored anyone ould speak a little English, and sometimes in town, except Reinette and the ladies at the he was employed for a few days as waiter at Knoll, and it was not to see either of these some of the Duval restaurants, and he once took mother and me there to dine. He died

retired to her room with a toothache and in and love for her, and now-oh, Pierre, it makes me cold, and sick, and faint. Forget, swollen face. Margery let him in herself, and looked fully the surprise she felt when can't you, that I am a woman almost twenty she saw who her visitor was. It was not so one; try and fancy me a little girl again, as I much that he should come that night as that was when you first came to Chateau des You know what a halo of brightness seems to he should come at all that astonished the young Fleurs, and take me up and carry me to the girl, who, with a woman's intuition, had read encircle her and affect everything around her I could not walk there to save my life, for the strength has all gone from my the proud man pretty accurately, and guessed And how she did sparkle and glow, and light that persons like her, whose bread was earnup the whole room, as she sat there in that Pierre had carried her in his arms many s ed by their own hands, had not much attrachard wooden chair, and talked to me as if I tion for him. And she was right; but it was were her equal, I standing awkwardly by, time in the years gone by, and now he took his education, his early training, which was at in my coarse, high-necked working apron with broom in hand, and gazing at her as it her gently up, and, laying her upon the

fault, and not the real heart of the man himcouch, brought a pillow for her, and fixed it self. His mother, who was a proud Bostonunderher head, and covered her with her shawl, and put fresh coal on the grate, for ian, had seldem done so much for herself as the November night was cold and chill, and to arrange her own hair, and when her im-outside the first successful to a season was he. Interest of the season was he. outside the first snow of the season was beher comparatively poor, and compelled her " Now sit down by me, Pierre," she consons, two as noble boys as ever called a woman while on her cheeks there was more rose than

8.8

exclusive

"Now sit down by me, Pierre," she con-tinued, "and rub my hands, they are so numb and lifeless, and let me talk to you of the olden time, when we lived in the country and were so very happy." "Yes, mademoiselle," Pierre said, sitting

a long line of ancestry on her side as proud have flo the moldering fire on the hearth

herself, it is not the brush and broom on the floor, the

questionably soon become Mrs. Major Rossi ter. I do not like Anna Ferguson, and she can never be a lady, though she marry the Duke of Argyle."

This was a great deal for Margery to say, but Anna had tried her sorely, and she was smarting from a fresh indiguity heaped upon her that very day when the young lady had come to give some orders about the saque, on which she worked while she talked to Queenie Hetherton, so different in every respect, hough she was to the purple born and had a right, as Margery thought, to look down upon ich as she.

Mr. Beresford had not succeeded in read. ing the page just as he had expected to read it, and was a good deal puzzled and perplexed stairs up to that low, dark room, where when, at rather a late hour for him, he said good-night to Margery, and went back to staid all day long with no company but the cat, and nothing besides my playthings to his rooms at the hotel, with his mind full of amuse me, except to look down into the nar what she had told him of her life as connect ed with Reinette Hetherton. It was very watch the carts, and carriages, and people as real to him-the past intercourse of these two girls, and especially that scene in the they pass, and wonder when mother would attic when they first met face to face.

He could not get that scene out of hi mind. It would make such a telling picture, he thought, as he sat alone in his room, listening to the sound of the rain, and think

of the two little girls in No. 40 of the tane and listening eagerly to what Margery was telling him of her early life in the attics of ment-house on the Rue St. Honore. Mr. Beresford's mother had affected to be Paris, and wondering a little that she should thing of an artist and dabbed in water colors. nd had had a fanciful studio in her house,and "Most girls would try to conceal the fact

the son had inherited something of her genius, though he seldom had time to indulge that they had once known such poverty," he thought, but he did not know Margery La his taste. But there was an easel in one Rue, or guess that it was in part her pride corner of the room, and several half finished paintings were lying here and there, while on She was naturally reserved and reticent with regard to herself, but to him, whose the wall was a finished sketch of a bit of new England landscape which did no mean credit

value of birth, and blood, and family connec-tions she rightly guessed, she would speak to the artist. He, however, had never tried his skill at openly, and show him that it was something interior scenes, but Margery's word-painfing vas so distinct in his mind that he brought more than a mere dressmaker-a sewing woman-whom he was honoring with hi out his crayons and paper, and began to society, and in whom he was interested in spite of himself. She divined that, readily sketch the outlines of the picture, growing more and more absorbed as he progressed, by the kindling of his eyes when they me and at last forgetting himself so utterly in his work that the town clock struck three behers as she talked, and by some of those many subtle influences by which a woman knows that the man she is talking with is enfore he abandoned it for bed. He knew he hould succeed, and he fancied to himself Queenie's delight and surprise when he pre tertained and pleased with herself as well as sented her with the picture, and asked if she

to her

with what she is saying. So when he said to her, with a kind of pity recognized it. Maybe, and his heart gave a great thump in his tone, "And you were so desolate a that when Reinette found you?" she ans Maybe, if the probation ended favorably, and could be

won, he would give it on her wedding day, "Our wedding day," he said to himself and then --he could not tell how or why-but as a feeling of drowsiness "Yes more desolate than you can gues -you who have never known what poverty means in a large city like Paris. But I was tot unhappy, either," she added, quickly. 'I had too much love and petting from my began to steal over him, there came another face than Queenie's, a fairer face, with golden mother for that. I was only lonel her absence, for she worked at a lonely in at a hairhair and eyes of blue, which were strangely mixed with Queenie's darker orbs, and in his dresser's and was gone all day. and I kept troubled dreams the face hid Queenie's from the house and got the meals for father till im, and a voice with more foreign accent he died." than Queenie's was sounding in his ears, just as Margery's had sounded when she talked

"Your father-yes," Mr. Beresford re him the night before. peated. "What was he, what did he do, and It was very late when he awoke with a conwhen did he die ?"

That was before Reinette found

He seemed very eager in his questionings, fused vision of black eyes and blue eyes dan and mistaking his meaning altogether, Mar-gery's cheeks flushed scarlet, but her voice cing before him, and pictures which were to make him famous as an artist. Hastily dres vas steady and clear as she replied : sing himself, and swallowing his breakfast, he

started for his office, where, to his surprise, he found Reinette Hetherton waiting for him " I do not know that he did anything. think it is a fashion in France more than an unusual brightness in her yes, and an in here for the women to work and the men to creased color on her cheeks, as she walked take their case. At all events, father had no estlessly across the floor. egular occupation, that I know of. Some-

TO BE CONTINUED.

BADLY TREATED.

Colored Man Who Invited a Preacher " Dar's no user talkin' 'bout de fack." said

when I was a little girl, about eight years old me and old Anderson. "A ole time nigger can't stan' prosperity. When prosperity comes inter the hanged everything. She heard of me from old Lisette, the laundress, who lived on the ouse, the man's wife miscalculates de dis floor below, and she came up to our humbl tance twixt corn bread and Sunday clothes. roum in her scarlet cloak and hood, trimmed "What has gone wrong with you, Ander with ermine, and filled it with glory at once.

" asked a bystander. " It taint ole age by hitself, I can tell yer. Some mighty disagreeable facks hab crawled inter my life ob late. I duzen't like ter go roun' paradin' my 'flections, but ef yer zires hit, I kin-gin yer de pints."

" Go ahead.

"I married a good' oman. She was de hardest workenest 'oman I eber seed. She'd get up at all times ob night and chop wood she had been a being from another sphere. How rapidly and excitedly she talked, ges and fetch water. She didn't care ter go to ticulating with her hands, which were as church. All she wanted was plenty ob work, small and white as those of any lady, and and I tells yer I neber seed de time dat a o'man couldn't git work enough to broke how large and bright her blue eyes grew lown a man. I'd go ter church reg'lar an do my prayin'. When I'd go home my wife would hab biled cabbage for me ter eat, an When I'd go home my wife I'd eat 'em too. Seberal weeks ago a young huck nigger ob a preacher cum ter de neigh He preached putty well. He could orhoud. nake the people shout wheder da wanted te or not. An' dis is a big thing in faber of a cullud preacher, yer know. Wall, I 'vited der preacher roun' ter my house. My wife wuz inder backward like, an' wen I interjuced per ter de preacher she wiped her face on her apron an' run out ter chop wood. She was powerful bashful, an' at de table I felt asbamed of the 'oman. Purty soon, however, she 'gun ter talk, an 'fore de preacher lef' she got so well 'quainted wif him that she 'sisted on his comin' again. He did cum again an' gin. Finally my wife 'gin ter stop choppin vood. She wanted a new dress ; one of de'se heah red striped dresses. We wuz pretty prosporous an' could stan' hit. After a while he wanted a carnet on de flo. I didn't see no rest till I got hit. De preacher cum ebery day. I soon seed dat my business of white-washin' was to prosperous fur my house 'tracted de preacher like one ob de'se heah candle lies flyin' roun' de light. Wal, yisterday morning' my wife run away wid de preacher. Da tuk up de carpet, and eben stole de stove. Dey stole de knives and forks an' every thing dey could get dar han's on. I followed 'em an cotched up wid 'em. De preacher hit me wid a chunk, an' my wife flung a rock at me; den I turned back. I doan' want no moah wimmin and preachers. Ez lang ez a cullud oman chops wood and fetches water, she's all right, but when she flung down de wood an pour out de water, den look out. Dat's what makes me say what I do, dat a ole time nig

TRYING TO BRAD THE PAGE. The night set in dark and stormy even for

vished to keep from me-something wrong that he was going ; it was rather to the cot-tage to call on Margery La Rue, whom, for in her life after she left us-father and meand was married to this M. La Rue. I wished tunately, he found alone, as her mother had so much to find her, and had so much faith

Mrs. La Rue gave a long, gasping shudder "What then ?" and leaned as she thought, still farther over the parapet beneath which the waters of the Chicopee were flowing so sluggishly.

Yes, better die before I am left to tell and see the love in Margery's face turn to bitter hatred. Ob. Margery, my child Mine, by all that is sacred 1 I cannot die and go away from her forever, for if there be a hereafter as she believes, we should never meet again. Her destiny would be Heaven, and mine. blackness and darkness of despair, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched ! She read me that last night little dreaming that I carry about with me the worm which dieth not, and have carried it so many years, and oh, how it does gnaw and gnaw at times, until I am tempted to shrick out the dreadful thing. And yet, at first, the sin seemed so easy and so trivial, and was what is so common over there in France where everything is so different, and I was so young and ignorant, and did not think

how great a wrong I was doing. God, in there is a God, forgive me, and help me to hold my tongue, and keep the love of Mar gery.'

She had drawn back from the railing by this time, and, gathering her shawl around her, she started for home, where she found Margery in the reception-room alone, busily engaged on a dark-blue silk, which Ann Ferguson had deigned to give her to make and for which she was in a hurry. She had been there that morning to see about it, and had found a great deal of fault with som trimming which she had ordered Lerself, and had insisted that the dress must be finished ever. by twelve o'clock, as she was going with Major Lord Rossiter to West Merrivale to see

base ball match on the common, The match does not come off until four, Margery said. " and if you can give me unti

half-past two I shall be so glad.' But Miss Anna was decided ; she must bave it at twelve, or not at all, and when Marger asked if she would send for it, as the girl who usually took parcels home was sick, she an

And Margery bore the girl's insolen quietly, and promised that the dress should be done, and put aside Mrs. Col. Markham's work to do it, because she knew Mrs. Mark ham was a lady and would not insult her i she chanced to be disappointed. But she felt the ill-bred girl's impertinence keenly, and her cheeks were unusually red, and her lips very white, when her mother enter room, and. bending over her. kissed her with a great, glad tenderness as we kiss one restored to us from the gates death.

"You look tired and worried, ma petite, she said. "and you are working so fast. thought that dress was not to be finished til to-morrow.'

Nor was it." Margaret answered, "but Miss Ferguson has been here and insists upon having it at twelve, and she was so over bearing, and found so much fault, and made me feel so keenly that I was only her dress bell rings, and Aunt Lydia has to get up and

sed on, thinking to himself how beautiful the French girl was, and what a pity, too, that she had not been born in the higher ranks of life, with such people as the Rossiters, and

"You should, you ought," Mrs. La Rue re

ands, Mrs. La Rue kissed it fondly and then

wonder why she asks me so often i

vou

"Madame Henri La Rue, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., U. S. A.," Reinette Hethertons, and Beresfords. Miss Anna was waiting impatiently, and kept repeating to herself, while a feeling o all ready to step into her dress, which fitted terror took possession of her, and made her her perfectly, and was so becoming, and gave her so much style that she condescended to be clearly. "Who is this Madame La Rue, and

very gracious and familiar, and as she looked where have I seen her ?" she asked herself in at hersalf in the glass, she said : a bewildered kind of way, and then at last it "Why, La Rue, you are a brick ; how love came to her who Mrs. La Rue was, and wher

she had seen her. "Margery's mother ! Christine Bodine ! im lv it is ! I have not a word of fault to find !' "I am glad if it suits you. Good-afternoon possible l'

Miss Forguson," Margery said quietly, and then walked away, while Anna thought. "If she were a grand duchess she could r be more airy. I wonder who she thinks she is, any way? Queenie has just spoiled her Mrs. La Ru with so much attention, and she only a dress maker !"

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTERS FROM MENTONE.

dress, and seemed so strange and queer; and Whether we are sorry or glad, time never since then she had so often offended with tops for us, but the days and nights go on what appeared like over-gratitude for kindness and on, until at last we wonder that so long shown to Margery. a period has elapsed since the joy or sorrow "And all the time when I was talking of a period has elapsed since the joy or sorrow came which marked a never-to-be-forgotten my nurse and my desire to find her, she knew

she was Christine and made no sign," she said; " and once she bade me stop searching point in our lives. And so it was with Queenie. She could for her, as finding her might bring more pain than pleasure. What does she mean, and not be as wretched and disconsolate always as she was during the first days of Phil's than pleasure. why does she not wish me to know her? Was absence. She was of too light and buoyant a there anything wrong between— No, no, no!" and Reinette almost temperament for that, and after a little she No, no, no!" and Reinette almost shrieked as she said the emphatic "no's." "Mother trusted her; mother woke to the fact that life had still much hap piness in store for her, even though Phil could not share it with her. She had received loved her. I have it in her own words written to papa. 'Christine is faithul and tender as f she were my mother, instead of few words from him written just before the steamer sailed-words which made her cry as if her heart would break, but which were my maid; and if I should lie, you must very precious to her because of their assurways be kind to her for what she has been ance that whatever might befall the writer always be kind to her for what she has been to me,' she wrote, and that's why he sent her the money. There was nothing wrong on father's side; but she —why has she never told me? What has she done? What she would always be his queen, his love, whose image was engraven on his heart for

And Queenie had answered the note, for it was nothing more, and filled four sheets with her passionate longings and heart-wishes for the naughty boy who was not satisfied to be her cousin, and her shadow, but must needs mother - my Margery still, thank God, for seek to be her lover, and so spoil everything, she has had no part in this concealment, and make her life mi-erable. Then she filled another sheet with the doings of the Major and her mother are one and the same. Mrs.

and Anna, which she said were too sickening La Rue must have been married soon after for anything, and the talk of the whole town. mother died, for Margery and I are nearly "I do.'t think your father and mother altogether approve the match," she wrote, This mention of Margery helped Reinette

"although they never say anything, but the and the pain in her heart was not quite so Major has left the Knoll and gone to the heavy, or her resentment toward Mrs. La hotel where he has a suite of rooms, and Rue so great. She was Margery's mother where it is said Anna visits him when he is and whatever happened, Reinette would stand not calling upon her. You ought to see the by the girl whom she loved so much. airs and graces she has put on with her great " Please, mademoiselle, have you heard expectations. They have a hired girl, Cynthia y name, whom Anua calls her maid, and the bell; it has rung three times, and dinner who is taught to call Anna Miss Ferguson, is growing cold," Pierie said, putting his which of course is right, only one likes to see head in at the door ; and then Reinette roused

things harmonize, while the maid and Miss Ferguson do not. For instance, Anna wishes the November twilight was fast creeping into to have the dinner table cleared prop- the room. "Yes, Pierre, I know ; I am not comingerly as it is done at the Knoll where the ser-

vants are trained to do it, and Uncle Tom I'm not hungry. Tell them to clear the rebels against it and says he cannot wait for table," she said, abstractedly; and then, as such fiddle faddles, and orders on his pie Pierre looked inquiringly at her, she contin-

almost before Anna has finished her soup ued: "Stay, Pierre; come here, and shut and he will have a knife to eat it with, and the door, and come close to me, so no one cool his tea in his saucer, and then Cynthia can hear. Pierre, I've found Christine Bo

cool his tea in his saucer, and then cynemia dan don . proves refractory and will not come when the dine !" "Yes? You have found her? Where?" maker, that I am a little upset, even though go to the kitchen herself, and says she'd Pierre said, looking wonderingly at his young

happy when papa was alive ; he was so good. He was always kind to you, was he not ?' "Yes, always." " And he was good to everybody, Pierre ?

"Yes, everybody." "And-and-You were with him i laces where he would be under less restraint han when with me, and you think he had as few faults as most men. I am sure ?

"He had not a single fault,' Pier said, emphatically, lying easily and unbesi-tatingly. thinking the end justified the means she cried, reading Louis Arnaud's He knew now that Reinette was wishing t letter again and again while her thoughts went backward, and with lightning rapidity be reassured of her lather a with lightning rapidity and honor, and though he had but little faith gathered up every incident connected with that his late master had possessed either of those virtues to an overwhelming degree, which had seemed strange to her, and made her dislike the woman for her

he could not say so to the daughter unwarrantable familiarity. As distinctly as if it were but yesterday she would sooner tell her a hundred lies, and take his chance of being forgiven by and by. recalled their first meeting in Paris in Mar-"Thank you Pierre," she said. "You make me feel so happy. I like to think of gery's receiving-room when Mrs. La Rue had stated at her so, and touched her hands and ather as a good, true, honest man; and yet ou told me once that you heard him swear La Rue. Perhaps he did not like her. Did

you ever hear him speak of her at any other time ?' " No, never."

"And did the servants at Chateau des Fleurs ever mention her as other than a nice woman ?"

"They never mentioned her at all. I never heard her name except from you and monsieur, and from him only twice-once in the office of Messrs. Polignac, and once in Liverpool, when he certainly did curse her." "Yes, Pierre," Remette said, with a quick gasping breath. " Perhaps he did ; papa was the best man in the world-the very best, but all best men will sometimes take unfounded dislikes, and he was not an exception. Pos sibly Christine had offended him, and he was not one to forget easily. At all events, I am sure Christine is a good woman. My mother

trusted her, and hade father he kind to her always. I have it in a letter written before she died, and when Christine was with her Mrs. La Rue is a good woman.'

She kept asserting this as if she feared Pierre might doubt the fact, but if he did he gave no sign, and merely replied

She must be good to be the mother of Miss Margery.' "Yes, Pierre, yes," and Reinette roused

herself up, and pushing her heavy hair back from her face, said, joyfully : "I see it now : I understand why she has not told me. She wax-like complexion reminding one of rose-did not want Margery to know that she once leaves and cream, her perfectly regular feat-

"And, Pietre," she continued, "I shall of her beauty, which, now that he was studycourse tell Mrs. La Rue that I know who she is, but it is not necessary that all the world remarkable, and made his eyes lin-, out it is not necessary that an the work fremarkate, and induce the bar has been in-nould know. We need tell no one else." ger on the fair face with more ad-"No, mademoiselle; but what of Monsieur imiration even than curiosity. But the likeshould know. We need tell no one else."

Beresford ? He wrote to M. Albrech, too ; he will get an answer ; he will know."

know, and that he is to keep silent ; and now,

strange that Mr. Beresford should have im- en chair, the dark-eyed little girl in scarlet bibed some notions not altogether consistent with democratic institutions. He was proud, and thought a great deal of family and blocd, as beautiful as herself, though of another and though he knew that Margery La Rue type of beauty, aud clad in the coarse gar was lady like and refined, and though he was always polite and courteous to her when they met, he had unconsciously made her feel the there, he listened still more intently, while gulf between them, and she had good cause Margery went on to tell him of the ride in to gaze on him wonderingly as she opened the Champs d Elysees, where she wore the the door, and held it open a moment as if ex pecting him to give her some message from scarlet cloak and played she was Mr. Hether ton's little girl, while Queenie sat demurely Queenie, as he had done when Phil went at her side, clad in homely garments, and away, and then depart. But he had come making believe that she was Margery La Rue.

whose home was up the winding stairs in the Rue St Honore. purposely to see her, and laughing good humoredly as he stepped past her into the reason for keeping her identity with Christine "I think that one act bound me to her hall, and brushing the rain-drops from his forever," Margery sail, "though it was the

beginning of many make believes and many deeds of kindness, for through Queenie's inbair, he said : " I'm coming in, you see, though I do not wonder that a call on such a wild night as this surprises you. But it is just the weather which brings me here. I believe I've had and where I learned to speak your language the blues or something to-day, and need to talk to some one, and as Phil is gone-how I stood my fast friend in everything and treatdo miss him-and Reinette is sick, I have ed me more like a sister than an inferior, as yn London over a letter he received. He come to call on you. I hope I am not unwel-cursed Christine ; that must have been Mrs. sometimes at her lovely country home, Chateau des Fleurs, and there we often played He was talking rather queerly, and not at

all in a strain complimentary to Margery, who that I was the daughter of the house and she nevertheless, passed it off pleasantly, and said, the invited guest. I think her love has never with her pretty accent, which struck Mr. failed me since the day she first came to me Bereaford with a degree of newness and as and brought the glorious sunlight with her. and brought the glorious sunlight with

far-away look, seemed almost to see loomin on the horizon not far in the distance the

something for which she longed, and which,

something very pretty: "Thark you, Mr. Beresford; I surely ought to feel honored to be No. 3. Let me see; you said that as Mr. Rossiter was gone, and Reinette sick, you were reduced to the how much I love her, and would endure for how much I love her, and would endure for alternative of coming here to be rid of the her sake." blues. Is that it ? or have my French ears Margery Margery paused here, and with clasped hands, and eyes which had in them a rapt,

misinterpreted your English meaning ? "This is the way it sounded, I'll admit,' Mr. Beresford said, "but I'm a bungler any

way, so please consider that I have made you number one, for realiy I have been intending to call for some time."

He took the seat she offered $\lim_{n \to \infty} a$ low rocker such as men usually like-and moved

could look directly at her and study her feat ures closely as she bent over her work, which with his permission, she had resumed, and which, as it was a sague for Miss Anna,

in this expression of her face a resemblance to something which he could not define or How graceful every motion was, and how He only knew it was not the Hether

lace ruffles at her throat and sleeves, became ton look he saw in her, and if not, then was that insinuation of Albert Bertrand's without foundation? He hoped so, but he said to her allover her finely shaped head, her dazzling, presently

"Did you ever see Queenie's father ?-did

understand why she has not told me. She did not want Margery to know that she once served in the capacity of nurse, lest she should feel humiliated; that is it; I am is anny blue eyes, vailed by long, fringed lashes, and shaded by eyebrows so heavy and lashes of the second almost out of place is and I were riding in the Bois, and she made assent to anything his young mistress might suggest, no matter how absurd. But they gave her a novel and *distingue* look, and added to him come and speak to me, but I did not like her a novel and distingue look, and added to him much. He impressed me as one very proud and haughty, who only endured me for Queenie's sake. He was fine looking, though, and his manners were very elegant. Did you ing her, struck Mr. Beresford as something know him. Mr. Beresford ?

"Scarcely at all, as I was a mere boy when ness he sought for was not there, unless it he went away, but I have heard much of him were in the occasional toss of the head on one from the villagers; he was not very popular, side—the significant shrug of the shoulders, I imagine," Mr. Beresford replied, and then "Of course," Queenie said, impatiently, side—the significant they of the head of one from the winning in the very population of the shoulders. I magne," Mr. Beresford replied, and there was not very population of the shoulders. I magne, "Mr. Beresford replied, and there but I can trust him. I shall tell him. I the tone of the voice when it grew very earnwith them, and Margery said, laughingly: "The daughters of the Fergusons seem est as she talked to him of Reinette, always leave me, and don't let Mrs. Jerry or any of Reinette, who was not like her in the least. leave me, and don't let Mrs. Jerry or any of Reinette, who was not like her in the least. soon retire." So Pierre left her alone with her thoughts, det also also taken in the formation of the formation

ger can't stan' properity." "If you were to go to Heaven. Uncle An derson, and find the preacher there what would you do."

The old man studied a while and remarked : 'I doan know nothin' bout de laws ob de olace, but ef dev ain't any stricter der den in rkansaw, I'd give him a diff ober de head wid my harp dat would make de city ob de new Jerusalem soun' like dar was a fire alarm.'

INDIANS SHOPPING.

In her book on Manitoba Miss Fitzgibbor says: "I watched some Indians shopping and was astonished to see how invariably they waved aside inferior goods and chose materials as merinoes at \$1.50 to \$2 (7s 6d to 10s) a yard. One of the merchants old me it was useless to offer them anything but the best. An Indian, who could not speak English nor French, and wanted five hings, divided his money according to hi idea of their relative cost in little piles on the counter, and going through a panto mime descriptive of his wants, was handed first some silk handkerchiefs. Taking one up, he felt it, held it up to the light, and, throwing it aside, shock his head vigorously, uttering an "Ugh!" of disgust. When shown a better one, he was doubtful; but upon a much superior article being produced he took it, and willingly handed over one pile for it. This, however, was too much, and when given the change he put it on one of the other piles, and proceeded in the same way to make the rest of his purchases "How easily they could be cheated," I said to the clerk after the Indian had left. " No. e replied, "not so easily as would appear. They generally come in from their camps

in great numbers once a year, to sell furs and make purchases. They go to different shops, and on their return compare notes as to the cost and quality of their goods. Then, if one has paid more than another, or has been cheated in quality, he will never

when it came, would test her as few women have ever been tested in their love for another. It was not possible that the dark shadow touched her now, although it was so near, and yet she shivered a little and drew a long it a little more in front of her, where he

must be finished as soon as possible. well her dress of black cashmere, with soft place.

her, and how very beautiful she was both in face and form, with her golden hair rippling

breath as she at last came back to the presen and turned her eyes upon Mr. Beresford, who had been regarding her curiously and seeing