TWICKENHAM FERRY.

"O hoi ye ho! ho ye ho! who's for the ferrs?
(The briar's in bud, and the sun's going down.)
And I'll row ye so quick, and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town."
The ferry-man's slim, and the ferry-man's young,
And he's just a soft twang at the end of his

tongue, And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry.

"O hoi ye ho! ho ye ho! I'm for the ferry.
(The briar's in bud and the sun's going down,)
And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny;
And how shall I get me to Twickenham town?"
She's a rose in her bonnet, and oh she looks sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a

"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenhan "O hoi ye ho! ho!" you're too late for the ferry (The briar's in bud, and the sun's going down.

And he's not rowing quick, and he's not rowing

steady; You'd think 't was a journey to Twickenham town."

O hoi! and O ho! ye may call as ye will;
The moon is a-rising on Petersham hill;
And with love like a rose in the stern of the

wherry, There's danger in rowing to Twickenham town

QUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.

REINETTE'S INTERVIEW WITH MARGERY.

Reinette did not ring, but entered unan nounced, like one who had but one thought one purpose, and was resolved to carry it out little ceremony as possible. fortunate for all parties that this was Margery's dull season, and there were no girls there with prying eyes and curious ears to listen, for Reinette was greatly excited now that the moment drew near when she could confront Christine, and she plunged at once into business by saying to Margery, "Where is your mother? I have come to see her."

Mother is sick," Margery replied, "sick in bed with an attack of neuralgia; she is very nervous and cannot see anyone. I am sorry, but you will have to wait. Maybe I can do !l," she continued, looking wonderingly at Queenie, who, utterly disregarding what she said, had started for the stairs.

"No, you will not do as well. I must see

her : it is very important and I cannot wait. Queenie said, still advancing toward the stairs, while Margery put herse's between them and her friend, whose strarge conduct surprised her so much.

But you cannot see her. I promised rone should disturb her." she said again, and now she laid her hand on Queenie's shoulder to detain her, for Queenie's foot was on the first stair, and she looked resolute enough to storm a fortress as she persisted in her determin-

ation to go up.

But not less resolute than her own was the face which confronted her as Margery roused up and said in a voice Queen'e had never heard from her before: "Miss Hetherton l You astonish me. I tell you mother is sick and cannot be disturbed. You must not go

up."
"And I tell you I must. I have important news from Mentone, news which concerns your mother and me, and I must see her." 'News! What news?" Margery asked thinking suddenly of the letter her mother had received from Mentone the previous night, and experiencing a vague feeling of fear and dread of some impeding evil, "What news have you heard which concerns my mother? Tell me," she repeated, looking steadily at Reinette, with who was regarding her fixedly, with a bight, blood spot on either cheek, and a strange glitter in

Remette hesitated a moment, kept silent by something in Margery's face, but when she said for the third time, 'Tell me what news you have received from France," she re-plied: "Margery, it shall never, never make any difference between us, but vour

make any difference between us, but your mother is Christine Bodine, my old nurse, whom I have been trying to find."

"Christine Bodine! My mother Christine Bodine! Impossible! She was Marie La Mille. How did you hear it?" gery gasped as she clutched Reinette's shoulder with a grip which was painful.

"I have it from her agent in Mentone who has received money for her at different times from Messrs. Polignac in Paris money my father deposited for her with them years ago. Now let me go! I must Queenie said, darting up the stairs, no longer restrained by Margery, who had let her pass without further protest.

Clasning her hand to her head as if smitten with a blow, Margery staggered back, and leaning against the wall for support, tried to think what it all meant, while with lightning rapidity her mind traveled back over the past, gathering up a thread here and there until she had no doubt that what Queenie had told her was true. Her mother was Bodine. But why this concealment? What was she hiding? What had

Margery's first impulse was to hurry up the stairs to her mother's room, where there was already the sound of excited voices, her mother's and Queenie's blended together, as each strove to be heard, and once she caught her own name, as if her mother were calling her to come.

Then she did start, and was half way up the stairs, when the door-bell rang violently -a sharp, imperious ring, which she recog nized as Anna Ferguson's. She was expecting that young lady, and knowing that however fierce a storm might be blowing, must keep it from the world, she calmed herself with a tremendous effort, and opening the door to Anna, listened patiently for several minutes, while the girl examined her sacque and said it would do very well, only the price was too high.

" Ma never asked anything like that for a eommon sacque."
"Very well. Pay me what you like,"

Margery said, anxious to be rid of her customer, who had asked, in her supercilious way:
"Isn't that Queenie up-stairs? And isn't she talking pretty loud for a well-bred per-

"Oh, will she never go?" Margery thought,

just as the bell pealed a second time, and Grandma Ferguson came in, bringing a bundle almost as large as herself, and entering at once into full details of what she wanted to have made, and how. "I s'pose Anny is goin' to be married.

she said, looking hard at her granddaughter, though she hain't noticed me enough to so right out; but everybody's talkin it, and I thought I might as well have a new silk gown. My moiry antique is pretty well whipped out, and a nice silk is allus handy. I got brown-a nice shade, I call it," and she unrolled a silk of excellent quality, but of a yellowish brown, which would be very unbe-

coming to her. "Oh, grandma, why didn't you get black instead of that horrid snuff-color?" Anna said, contemptuously, as she glanced care-lessly at the silk, and then went out, leaving the old lady a good deal crestfallen, and a little doubtful with regard to the dress she

had lately thought so pretty.

Margery did not tell her it was as nice as black, but she soothed her as well as she could, and heard her suggestions, and took her measure, and showed her some new fashion-plates, and did it all with her ears turned to her mother s room where the talk was still going on, now low and earnest and almost pleading, and again so high and excited that grandma asked if that was not Rennet's voice, and what she was talking so loud for. Then Margery excused herself for a moment and ran swiftly up stairs to her mother's room, the door of which was ajar, and that accounted for the distinctness with which the sound of voices was borne to the

parlor below.

Mrs. La Rue had risen from her bed and put on a dressing gown which Reinette was buttoning for her while she was trying to bind her long, loose hair into a knot behind.

when she saw Margery, their expression suddenly changed to one of fear and dread and thrusting out both hands, she cried: "Oh, Margery, go away; this is no place for you.

loor. Margery said in a low firm tone of voice: 'Miss Heaherton, I don't know what all this is about, but mother is too weak and sick to thus excited. Will you leave her until a fitter time ?" "Don't call me Miss Hetherton, as if you

were angry at me," Reinette replied without looking up from buttoning Mrs. La Rue's dressing-gown, "I cannot go now. Your mother knew my mother and is going to tell me about her. She is Christine Bodine. "Yes, yes, I am Christine. God pity me."

he miserable woman exclaimed, and over Margery's face their swept a look of unutter able pain and disappointment.

She had said to herself that this which Reinette had told her was true; that her mother was Christine, and still there had een a faint hope that there might be some mistake; but there was none; her mother had declared it herself, and with a low cry ike a wounded animal she turned away, say ng as she did so : "There are people in the parlor, and your voices are sometimes louder than you suppose, and though they cannot understand you they will know you are excited and that there is trouble of some kind. Speak lower; do. If this thing I hear be true we surely need not tell it to the world

we can keep it to curselves."
"Yes, Margery, that is what I mean to do,"
Queenic said, while Mrs. La Rue exclaimed with a ring of joy in her voice as if some un-expected relief had come to her: "Yes, yes, we need not tell; we will not tell; we

seep the secret forever."
"But you must tell me all you know about my mother," Queenie said, while Margery went swiftly down stairs, for the bell was ringing again and Grandma Ferguson was growing impatient of waiting to know if she should trim her brown silk with velvet or

ringe.
This time it was Mrs. Rossiter and her daughters, and into Margery's mind there flashed the thought, "Are all the Fergusons oming here to-day, and what would they say if they knew who my mother was ?" But they did not know of the exciting interview in the room above, where Reinette questioned so rapidly and impatiently the woman who almost crouched at her feet in her abasement, and answered amid tears and sobs. Rossiters had merely come to ask when Mrs. La Rue could do some work for them, and they left very soon, taking grandma with to the great relief of Margery, who locked the door upon them, determined that no one else should enter until Reinette was gone and she knew herself why the truth had

een withheld from her. Up stairs the talk was still going on, though the voices now were low and quiet as if the storm was over; but would the interview never end? would Reinette never leave her ree to go to her mother herself and demand an explanation? Slowly, as it seemed, the hour hand crept on until it was twelve clock, and then at last a door opened and shut, and Queenie came down the stairs, her eyes red with weeping, but with a look of conient upon her face which surprised Margery a little

"She cannot be very angry with mother," she thought, and her heart began to grow lighter as Queenie came up to her, and ting her arms around her neck, said to her: Margie, it makes you seem nearer to me now that I know your mother was my nurse, and I love you more than ever. But how white you are, and your hands are like lumps Are you sick?" she continued, as she looked with alarm at Margery's face, which was as white as ashes.

" Not sick, but a good deal upset with what I have heard," Margery replied; "but tell me," she continued, "what does mother say? What reason does she give for having kept silent so long? Why has she never told you who she was?"

"She says it was for your sake: that she feared lest I might think less of you if I knew you were the daughter of my former nurse,' Queenie replied, and looking earnestly at her Margery asked:

Margery asses:

"And you believe this? believe it to be
the true, the only reason, don't you?"

"No, I do not believe it is the only reason," Queenie answered, promptly. "It is true in part, no doubt, but there is something else—something she did not not tell me, and which I am resolved to find out. If there is a mystery I shall clear it up. My curiosity is great enough for that. But I did not tell her so, she seemed so scared—so like a frightened child. Margery, I believe your mother is more than half crazy."

"Yes, yes," and Margery caught eagerly at the suggestion. "You are right; she is crazy. I can see it now, and that will account for much which seems so strange. Oh, Queenie, be patient; be merciful, and don't let the world know what we do. Remember, she is my mother."

"And my nurse." Queenie rejoined. "She was with my mother when I was born and when she died. I shall not wrong her; do not fear me," and Qucenie's lips touched Margery's in token that through her no harm should come to the poor woman who, in the chamber above, sat in a low chair rocking to and fro, with a sickening dread of the moment when she must stand face to face with Margery and meet the glance of those clear, blue eyes which might read the story she had not told Reinette, and which she could not

CHAPTER XXXIV.

tell her child.

REINETTE'S INTERVIEW WITH CHRISTINE.

When Reinette went up the stairs to Mrs. La Rue's room, she had no definite plan of action; indeed, she had no plan at all, except to confront and confound the woman who had deceived her so long, and whom she found sitting up in bed with so terrified a look on her face, that she stood an instant on the threshold gazing at her ere she plunged inpetuously into the business which had brought her there. Secure in Margery's premise that no one should disturb her, Mrs. La Rue had grown comparatively quiet, and was just fall-ing off to sleep when she was roused by the sound of carriage wheels stopping at the gate, and a moment after she heard Reinette's voice speaking earnestly to Margery, and felt that the hour she had dreaded so long had come at last. Reinette had heard from Menone, and had come for an explanation.

"Fool, that I did not end it all last night. when I had the nerve to do it," she said, as, starting up in bed. she listened with bated breath until footsteps came up the stairs, and Reinette Hetherton stood looking at her.

But not long; the girl was in too great haste to wait, and advancing swiftly to the bedside she began, not angrily but reproachfully: "Christine, you see I know you; I have found you at last, traced you through Messrs. Polignac to your agent in Mentone, whose clerk put me on your track; so there can be no mistake. You are Christine Bodine, my old nurse, whom I have so wished to find : and you knew I wished it all the time and did not speak, did not tell me who you were. Why did you treat me so, Christine? Who is your excuse? You have one, of course."

She spoke so rapidly, pouring out question after question, and her eyes blazed so with excitement, that for a minute Mrs. La Rue was stunned, and answered nothing, but sat staring blankly at her, like one in a dream. At last, however, her white lips moved, and she said, faintly: "Yes, I am Christine, and I don't know why I didn't tell you."

"You don't know why you didn't tell me? That is very strange," Reinette replied. "If there is nothing to conceal, if all your dealings with my parents were honorable and upright, I see no reason for hiding from me the act that you were once my nurse. Christine, I did not come to quarrel with you," and Reinette's voice softened a little. "I have

Her face was white as ashes, and in her eyes to hear about my mother. You were with as it was, the place was unendurable, and so there was a frightened, hunted look, as of her when she died. You nursed me when I he staid away weeks at a time while your one pursued to the last extremity. But was a baby. You know what mother said to mother pined and drooped like some fair me and of me. She loved you, Christine, and trusted you. I have it in a letter written to my father before she died, when he was away in Russia or Austria. And that is Advancing into the room and closing the why he paid you money, was it not Chris-

> She was looking fixedly at the woman on whose white face blood-red spots were be ginning to show, and who answered falter-

the whole."

alone at Chateau des Fleurs, while Mr. Heth-

great joy which came to her so unexpectedly

and which she purposely kept from her hus-

band, wishing to surprise him when he joined her in Rome as he promised to do;

of the weary weeks of waiting, hoping

few days at the most and never came : and

then of a girl baby's birth sooner than it was expected, and the scene which followed, when

the young wife died, with her little girl clasped to her bosom and her own head pil-

lowed on Christine's arm.

Here Christine stopped suddenly and cov-

ering her face with her hands sobbed hys-

terically as she recalled that scene, while Rein-

ette, too, cried as she had never cried before

for the dying mother in Rome, who had held

her babe to the very last and prayed that

God would bless it and have it in his keeping

and make it a comfort and a joy to the hus-

band and father, who was far away, joining in a midnight revel where wine, and cards,

and women such as Margaret Ferguson never

came upon her, and she could no longer see.

she made me sit by her, while she talked, as

she had done many a time, of her home over the sea, of her sister, and her mother, to

whom she sent messages. I remember her very words. 'Tell them,' she said, 'that I

have never ceased to love them, and to long

for them wi h such longing as only homesick creatures know, and if I have seemed neglect-

ful, and have not written as I ought, it was because—because—I couldn't. I can't ex-

plain, only I love them —love them so much; and now if I could lay my head on mother's

lap, as I did when I was a little girl, and it ached as it is aching now, I should die more

willingly. Dear old mother ! poor old father !

so hard for me—God bless them, and comfort them, when they hear I am dead!" " "Oh, Christine!" Reinette sobbed, "grand

na ought to know this—she and Aunt Mary,

too. They have never heard one word of her

I ought to tell my grandmother; she will be

life. don't show them to me, lest I should say

you told me falsely. He was my father, and I loved him so dearly. He was kind to me always—always—and I will stand by him forever. He might have been wild and might

have sought his own pleasure, but he did not mean to neglect my mother. He loved her;

you?" Christine asked eagerly; and Reinette, who could not say truthfully that her father

had ever of his own accord spoken to her of

her mother, replied:
"It made him feel so badly that he did not

often speak of her unless I mentioned her first. I used to ask him about her; and he

told me how beautiful and swe i, and good she was, and that he wished me to be like

her, he would nut me down suddenly and

walk across the salon so fast, and once I saw

him wipe away great drops of sweat from his

forehead. He must have loved her very much

or he would not have held her memory so sa-

know just how mother died-want to see her

hours when the dying woman lay with her baby clasped to her bosom, and her head pil-

lowed on the strong arm of her maid, who held her thus until the darkness was passed

ing began to creep into the room, when Mar-

"It is almost over, Christine. I am going

nome to Jesus, whose arms are around me so

that I am not afraid. Tell them at home I

was so happy, and death had no terror for

me. Tell them I seem to hear the children

linging as they used to sing in the old cl rch

and out, and brings the perfume of the pond-

in Merrivale, and the summer wind blows in

lilies with it, and the river flows on and on

amid the green meadows—away—away—just

of eternity, where the lilies are fairer and sweeter than those which lift their white

heads to the sunshine in the ponds of Merri

vale. And now, Christine; place my baby

so I can kiss her once more, for sight and

"The child's face was lifted to the pale

ips which kissed it tenderly, and then, just

distant dome of St. Peter's with a blaze of

gold, and all over the great city, and far out

upon the Campagna the morning was warm and bright, the young mother lay dead in the

silent room, with only her servant and baby

There was a fresh burst of tears and sobs

rom Remette as shelistened to the story, and

" My darling old Christine, I can forgive

you everything now that I know how good

and true you were to my mother."

With something like a moan Christine freed herself from the girl, and went rapidly

"I did not know just where your father

was, for he was never long in the same place,

and as we could not wait to hear from him.

and I did not know what to do, strangers took

the matter in hand and buried her in the

Protestant grave-yard at Rome, where your

father has never been since."
" And I?" Reinette said. "You took me

"Yes, I took you to Chateau des Fleurs," Christine replied, while her face grew scarlet

and then turned asby pale, and Queenie never

dreamed of the chasm she leaped in silence,

or of the bitter remorse which brought those

not look at her now, but shut her eyes and

leaned wearily back in her chair.
"I am so weak, and talking all this tires

ne so," she said; but Reinette was not satis-

"What did father say when he first saw

her hands locked together, and a look upon

her face as if her thoughts were far back in

the past, and she was living over some painful

"Tell me; how did he act? What did he

ied, and her next question was:

me? Tell me all about it.

to him? took me to Chateau des Fleurs?"

nearly strangled her

when it was ended she threw her arms around

as the warm Italian sunshine lighted up

as I am floating so quietly out upon the

strength have failed me.

er nurse's neck and

with kisses, as she said :

morn-

and the early dawn of the mild spring

garet roused a little and said :

So Christine went on and told of the long

cred. But you have not finished. I

up to the last."

"Did he? Did he talk of your mother to

he used to talk of her to me."

hard brown hands, which have worked

baby are all I want,' and when he was

knew, formed a conspicuous part.

against hope, for he was always coming in

Oh, Reinette, leave me; go away; don't try to unearth the past. There are things you should not know—things I cannot tell. God help me. I wish I had died before I ever saw your face.'

She looked so pale and deathlike that Reinette bent anxiously over her, and bring-ing the camphor bathed her forehead, and held it to her nostrils until she was better, and raising herself from the pillows upon which she had fallen, she said : "I cannot lie here. I feel that I am mothering. I must get up, while I talk to you,

but oh, you'll be so sorry. You'll wish you had never come. Bring me my wrapper there on the chair, and my woolen shawl, for I am shivering with cold." Her teeth were chattering, and her lips were blue and pinched as Queenie brought the wrapper and helped her put it on, kneelhe floor to button it herself, and oc-

casionally speaking southingly to her, though her own heart was beating rapidly with a dread of what she might hear. Then it was that Margery appeared on the scene, and by suggesting that no one but themselves need know what had so long been hidden, changed Mrs. La Rue's intentions altogether. For a few brief moments there had been in her mind a resolve to make a clean breast of it, and to tell the truth, and then when that was done, she would kill herself, and so escape the storm sure to follow her revela-

"Better die," she thought, "than live to be questioned and suspected by the Rossiters,

and Fergusons and everybody, as I should be if they knew I was Christine." But when the idea was suggested that only Margery and Reinette need know, she changed her mind, and in what she would now tell the latter there was to be a deep, dark gulf

bridged over in silence.

"Help me to my chair, I am very, very weak," she said to Reinette, when Margery had gone.

Reinette complied with her request, and leading her to a chair placed her gently in it, and drew the shawl closer around her, for she saw how she shivered, though there was a fire in the wood on the hearth. At this lit-tle act of attention Christine broke down entirely, and throwing her arms around Rein ette, sobbed out :

"Oh, my darling, my pet, my baby whom I nursed. I heve so longed to clasp you to my heart, but dared not, and now I must, I I have hungered to hold you in my arms as I held you years ago, and to feel your soft cheek against my own. Reinette, Reinette, kiss me-because-because-I am-Christine."

It was not in Reinette's nature to resist such an appeal, and she kissed the poor trem-bling woman twice, and then drawing a chair to her side spoke very softly to her and said: "Tell you what, child? What do you wish

most to know?" Christine; asked, and Reinette replied · 'About my mother—all about her. You are the first I have ever seen who knew her after she was Mrs. Hetherton. I have heard

what she was when a girl-the sweetest, loveliest creature, they say, with eyes like the summer sky, and a face so fair and pure—not a bit like mc—and I wish to hear from beginning to end all you know about her, and when you saw her first, and where, and about her death in Rome, when I was born, and enly you there to care for either of us." "Would you mind holding my hand while

I tell you of my first days with Mrs. Hetherton?" Christine said, and Reinette took the cold, clammy hand between both of hers and rubbed and chafed it as tenderly as Margery herself would have done. She was beginning to feel very kindly to-ward this woman who had known her mother; the insinuation in Messrs. Polignac's letter

and her own suspicions were forgotten for the time, and she saw before her only one who had cared for her when an infant and had seen her mother die. "Begin," she said. "I am impatient to hear.

And so Christine began, and told her of the advertisement for a waiting maid, which she had answered in person, and how she had been preferred to all the gay, flippant, airy applicants for the position, even though some of them boasted of having attended upon duchesses; told her, too, of the handsome e Hotel Meurice, and of the beautiful young lady who was so kind to her, and made her more a companion than a maid, notwithstanding that her proud husband frequently protested against it and talked of bad

taste, which sometimes made madame cry.
"And did she tell you of Merrivale and her old home? Did you know she was an American?" Queenie asked, and Mrs. La Rue re

"Yes, she told me all about her home and Merrivale, and I was familiar with every rock, and hill, and tree, I think, especially the elms upon the common, and the poplars near her home. She was so fond of Merrivale and her friends, and used often to cry for the mother so far away."

"Was she very homesick?" Reinette asked, and Mrs. La Rue answered her : "At times, yes, when monsieur was away with his associates, or staid out so late nights,

as he son et mes did." Reinette's breath came quickly for a moment, and her voice shook as she asked, very low, as if afraid some one might hear:
"Was not father kind to her always?"

"If beautiful dresses and jewelry, and horses and carriages, and plenty of money means kindness, then he was kind, for she had all these in profusion, but what she wanted most she did not have, and that was her husband's society," Mrs. La Rue seid, and then Reinette drew back a little haughtily

"Christine, you did not like my father. I see that in all you say, but he was very dear to me, and I loved him so much! You were prejudiced against him, but I insist upon your going on just the same and telling me everything. Why did she not have his socia Where and how did he pass his time, not with her? He loved her, I am sare. You know he did. You know he loved my

She kept asserting this, for there was an expression on Mrs. La Rue's face which she could not understand and which did not quite lease her.

" He was very proud of her girlish beauty and in his way was fond of her, but I do not think it was in Monsieur Hetherton's nature love any one very long, or more than he oved himself. Her habits did not suit him ; is did not suit her; she breakfasted at nine and was up two hours before that as was her ustom at home, she said; he breakfasted at eleven in his room, and frequently dined out. returning generally to see her dressed for the opera or concert, and dictating about her toilet until we were both at our wits' end. Her tastes were too simple for him. He wished her to wear velvet, and satin, and diamonds and pearls, while she would have liked plain muslin gowns and a quiet home in the country, with hens, and chickens, and pets. She was very happy at Chateau des Fleurs, and would have been happier if monsieur had staid more with her, but he was much in Paris, and Switzerland and Nice, and so we were alone a great deal and she taught me many things and was so kind to

" But why did not my father stay with her more?" Reinette asked, and Mrs La Rue replied: "He was fond of travel, and hunting, and racing, and had many gensay?" Reinette repeated, and then, with a smile full of irony and bitterness Christine tlemen friends there, whose influence I did not come to quarrel with you," and Reinette's voice softened a little. "I have leved you too much for that, but I have come child—a son,—he could bear it, he said, but answered:

"Oh-h! this is terribled' Reinette ex-

laimed, as her face grew very red.

But she was too proud to let her nurse see ow she was pained, and she continued: lily which has neither water nor sunshine.
"Oh, this is very dreadful," Queenie said "Yes, I can understand how a man like with a choking sob. "I am glad grandma will never know what you have told me im would he disappointed if he wanted a son very much; but he loved me afterward. I am of her daughter and my mother. But go on and tell me the rest. I insist upon knowing sure of that. How long did you stay with me at Chatcau des Fleurs, and why did you leave? Was it M. La Rue? You must have been married soon after mother died, for Margery So Mrs. La Rue went on and told of the weeks and weeks which her misstress passed

s almost as old as I am." "Yes, yes," and Christine caught eagerly at this unexpected help. "Yes, I was mar-ried and had to leave, but I saw you someerton was seeking his pleasure essewhere; of his great desire for a son to bear his name; of Mrs. Hetherton's failing health, and retimes when you were a little child, playing in the grounds of the chateau." moval at last to Southern France, and then, as the season advanced, to Rome; of the

"I remember it-ves: a woman came one day when I was with my nurse and kissed and cried over me, and gave me some bon-bons; and that was you," Reinette said, and Mrs La Rue assented, while Reinette continued:

" And you lived all the time in Paris, and never let me know or brought Margery to see me; and, oh, Christine, when I found her up in that room that day and she told you of me, did you know then who I was ?" "Yes, I knew," was the reply, and Reinette

went on : "You knew I was Reinette, my mother's child, and never spoke, or tried to see me even? That is very strange. And did father know, when Margery was at school with me, and afterward at the chateau? Did he know she was your daughter?"

"Not then, no; but after she was grown he knew, and was not pleased to have you so intimate with her. You will remember that he tried to separate you from her. You wrote her something of it, when we were in South-ern France." Reinette did remember that her father had

"Her baby was a great comfort to her," Mrs. La Rue said, when she could speak, "and objected to her further intercourse with Mar-gery La Rue, and that he had seemed very she would have it where she could feel its litsuch excited and even angry about it, tle hands upon her face, even after blindness that after this she had lost track of Margery until she found her in America. But why should her father object to friendship for a The English physician had been in, and told little girl whose mother had been so much to his wife? Why, unless he was offended with me she probably would not last the night through, and that I should have some one with me. But she said, 'No; Chaistine and something in the woman?

"Christine," she began, at last, afterthere

had been silence for a moment, "you may as well tell me the truth, for I am resolved to wring it from you, and I will not tell Margery either. You had done something to displease my father ; now, what was it ? I insist upon knowing.

"Nothing, nothing no, no!" Christine gasped. "He was very proud, and did not ish you to be intimate with people like me that is all—everything."

"And was that the reason why after he was dead and you met me here you kept silent? Were you afraid I, too, was proud, "Yes, yes; you have guessed it. I was afraid," Mrs. La Rue said, quickly, as if relieved that Reinette had put so good a reason nto her mind.

She was very tired, and had borne so much that it seemed to her she could bear no more. and clasping her hands to her head, she said,

last days, for father only wrote that she was dead, and did not even tell them of my birth. imploringly:
"Leave me now, please; there is nothing go glad to know."

"No, no! oh, no! better not. You said and-there is Margery yet to see. Oh, Miss Hetherton, make it easy as you can to Margery. Don't let her think ill of me. I could not bear that. I'd rather have the bad opinion you would not!" Christine exclaimed in ter-ror. "It would lead to so much talk--so many questions about—about your father, and—Reinette, forgive me—but his record was of the whole world than hers. She is so good, so true, and hates deception so much not the fairest. Even you, his daughter would not like to see its blackest pages." to now, and leave me to myself. I believe I think -yes, I am sure I am going mad. Reinette's face was crimson with shame Reinette looked at her in surprise, wonder-

and resentment, and in her eye was that peing that what she had confessed should affect culiar gleam which so bewildered and contounded these on whom it fell. The fair structure she had built about her father's her so. "There is something else," she thought memory was tottering to atoms, but she would struggle bravely to keep it together as long as "something behind, which she has not told, and I mean to know what it is, but I will possible, and she replied:
"If there were pages so black in father's leave her now." and taking Christine's hot hands in hers she said, very kindly, "Good-bye,

Christine; I am going, but another time ou'll tell me more of my mother." Then passing the hand to her lips she ran lown the stairs to Margery, who was waiting anxiously for her, and whose face was white and ghastly as she turned inquiringly to her friend. But Reinette's manner was reassuring. Throwing her arms around Margery's neck, she said :

"I shall love you better than ever now that know you are the daughter of my nurse." "Do you believe there was no other reason or concealment?" Margery asked, when told of the excuse her mether had given for her

"I know there is something else, and I shall find it out," was the substance of Reinette's reply, and in her heart Margery, too, believed there was something else, which she, too, must know, and for the first time in her life she was glad when Reinette said good-bye and left her alone to meet she trial she felt was awaiting her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MARGERY AND HER MOTHER.

For a full quarter of an hour after Reinette's departure Margery sat motionless, with her head bent down, thinking of all the incidents of her past life as connected with her mother, and recalling here and there certain acts which, viewed in the new light shed upon them, seemed both plain and mysterious. Buzzing through Margery's brain, and almost driving her mad, was the same sickening suspicion which had at times so distracted Reinette, but, like Reinette, she fought it down. But not for the dead man whose costly monument was gleaming cold and white in the graveyard of Merrivale. He was nothing to her, save as the father of her friend, who, for his daughter's sake, had been kind to her so far as money was concerned. But it was for the woman upstairs, he mother, that her heart was aching so, and the hot blood pour-ing so swiftly through her veins. To lose faith in her whom she had believed so good. and who had taught her always that truth and purity were more to be prized than all the wealth in the world, would be terrible. And yet that mother's life had for years been one of concealment, for which she could see no excuse. That given to Queenie was not the true reason. There was something else—something behind; "and I must know what it is," she thought; "and if my fears prove true, I must keep it from Reinette. Starting to her feet at last, and forgetting

hew weak and sick her mother was, she wen half way up the stairs and called:

" Mother, will you come down, or shall I come up ?" The voice was not the same which Mrs. La Rue knew as Margery's. There was a hardness and sternness in it which boded no good to her, and mortal terror took possession of her

"My hour has come. She will wring it from me. Well, no matter. It will be better for her, perhaps." Say, mother, will you come down, or shall I come up?" came again from Margery, and this time Mrs. La Rue replied:

as she thought:

Oh, Margery, Margery! not yet—not! Spare me a little longer. I have been vet! so tried and worried. I am not quite rgiht n my head; wait awhile before you come, dear Margery."

There was a world of pathos in those two

words—" dear Margery"—pathos and plead-ing both as if the mother were asking mercy from her child. And Margery recognized the meaning, but her heart did not soften or re-lent. Indeed, she could not understand herelf or define the strange feeling which had taken possession of her and was urging her on to know what it was her mother had hidlen so long and so successfully.

But she did not then go ap; she waited awhile, and going to the kitchen, prepared a tempting dinner, which she arranged upon a tray, and then took to the room, where Mrs. Christine did not reply to this, but sat with La Rue still sat just as Reinette had left her, her face as white as marble, her eyes blood-shot and dim, and her whole attitude that of a guilty culprit awaiting its punishment.

And she was awaiting hers, and when the first blow came in the person of Margery bringing her the nicely-prepared dinner, she seemed to shrivel up in her chair, and her head dropped upon her breast. But she did not speak, and when Margery drew a little "He swore because you were not a boy!"

food pressed upon her. At last, however, she could take no more, and putting up her hand, she made a gesture of dissent, and whispered faintly:

Enough !" How sick, and old and crushed she looked! But for this Margery would not spare her; or, rather, she could not, for the something urging her on and making her very detrmined and calm when, after taking the, dinner away, she returned to her mother, and sitting down where Queeniee had sat

"Now, mother, tell me." " Tell you what?" Mrs. La Rue asked, and Margery replied:

" Tell me the whole truth every word of it, as you did not tell it to Queenie."
"What did I tell her?" Mrs. La Rue said, in a bewildered kind of way, as if the events of the last few hours were really a

blank to her.
"You told her you were Christine Bodine,
"You told her you were Christine Bodine,
her hagan, and her ner former nurse," Margery began, and her mother interrupted her with : " And I am, Margery; that was the truth. was Christine Marie La Mille Bodine ; but

I dropped the first name and the last, and for

vears was only Marie La Mille." "Yes, I know," Margery returned. "You deceived me with regard to your name, and you kept your identity a secret from Reinette when you knew how much she wished to find you, and you gave her as a reason that you feared lest she would think less of me if knew I was the child of one who had once

served her mother."

"Yes that's it—that's it, Margie!" Mrs. La Rue gasped, as she clutched the skirt of Margery's gown and rubbed it caress-

ingly.
"Mother," Margery said, and her
"that evene might d was low and stern, "that excuse might do for Queenie, but not for me, who know all our past life. There is something else—something you are keeping from me, and which I must know. What is it, mother? Why were you afraid to let Queenie know who you were ?'

"There is nothing—nothing—believe me Margie, nothing," Mrs. La Rue said, still caressing the gown, as if she would thus appease her daughter, who continued:

"Yes, there is something; there has been a something always since I can remember. I see it now—recall it all—your fits of abstraction, your moods of melancholy, amounting almost to insanity, and which have increased in frequency since we came to America and met Reinette. The money you received at stated times was from her father, was it not?" "Ye-es." came in a whisper from Mrs. La Rue's white lips, and Margery went on:
"You must then have always known his

whereabouts. When we lived in Paris, and father was alive, you knew that Mr. Hetherton was there in the city, too, and did you ever see him?'
"Never—never! He would have spurned

me like a dog," Mrs. La Bue answered, energetically, and Margery continued:
"But you knew he was there, and when Queenie came to me that day when I wore er scarlet cloak and she my faded plaid, you knew who she was, and did not speak? "Yes, I knew who she was, and did not speak," moaned Mrs. La Rue, and Margery

And when I was at school with her, and her father paid the bills, and when I visited her at the chateau, you knew, and did not tell me. But did you tell my father? Did he know who Queenie was?—know of Mr. Heth-

erton? "No, he did not," Mrs. La Rue replied, "nor was it necessary. I was a faithful wife to him, and there was no need for him to know.'

" Mother," Margery began, after a moment's pause, "why did you wish to hide from Queenie who you were? I have a right to know. I am your daughter, and if there has beer any wrong I can share it with you. think the horrible things I may think if you do not tell me.
you take another name th than youown, and why did you not reveal your self to Queenie, but leave her to grope in self to Queenie, but leave her to grope in the dark for what she so much wished to find?

Tell me, mother. I insist upon knowing,"

Driven to the last extremity, and forgetting herself in her distress, Mrs. La Rue re-"I had sworn not to do it: had taken a

solemn vow never to let Queenie know who was."
" Had made a vow? Had sworn not to do it? Who made you swear? Who required that vow from you? Was it Mr. Hetherton?" Margery asked, sternly, and her mother replied:
"Yes, Mr. Hetherton, curse him in his

grave! He has been my ruin. I was so happy and innocent until I knew him. He wrung the vow from me; he paid the money

She stopped here, appalled by the look of Margery's face—a look which made her cower and tremble as she had never trembled be-

Wrenching her dress away from the hands

which still held it, and drawing herself back, Margery demanded: Tell me what you mean? You have said strange things to me, mother. You have talked of ruin, and innocence, and money paid for silence, and as your daughter I have a right to know what you mean. And you must tell me, too, before I look on Queenie's face again. What is it. mother? What was the secret between you and Mr. Hetherton? What have you done, which you would hide from me? Speak, for I must know, and I'll forgive you, too, even if it brings disgrace to me. If you do not tell, and suffer me to live on with these horrid suspicions torturing me to madness, I can never touch your

hand again, in love, or think of you as I have done. She had risen from her chair, and stood with folded arms looking down upon the wretched woman, who moaned:

"Don't, Margie, don't drive me to tell. for the telling will involve so much—so much! Some will be disgraced and others benefited; don't make me tell, please don't." She stretched her arm toward Maigery, who

stood immovable as a rock, and said, with a hard ring in her voice: "Disgrace to me, I suppose. Well, I can bear that better than suspense and uncer-

tainty."
"No, Margie, not disgrace to you, thank Heaven! not disgrace to you in the way you think." Mrs. La Rue cried. And with this horrid fear lifted from her mind, Margery came nearer to her mother,

and said :

Mrs. La Rue continued:

"If there is no disgrace for me, then tell me at once what it is. I shall never cease worrying you or leave this room till I know. ''Then listen.' And raising herself erect in her chair, while the blood came surging back to her face, and

"Listen; but sit down first. The story is long, and you will need all your strength be-fore it is through. Sit down," and she point ed to a chair, into which Margery sank mechanically, while a strange, prickling sensation ran through her frame, and she felt a ickening dread of what she was to hear.

"I am ready," she said; but her voice was the fainter now, for her mother's was calm and steady as she commenced the story, which she told in all its details, beginning at the day when she first saw Mr. Hetherton's advertise nent for a waiting-maid for his wife.

For a time the story was pleasant enough to listen to, for Mrs. La Rue dwelt at length upon the goodness and sweetness of her miswas always so kind to her, and who trusted her so implicitly; but at last there came a change, and Margery's eyes grew dark with horror and pain, and her cheek paled, as she listened to a tale which curdled the blood in her veins and seemed turning her putting her finger to her lips. into stone.

Without the sleety rain was beating in gusts against the windows, and the wind, which had risen since noon, roared down the chimney and shook every loosened blind and

table to her side, and placing the tray upon it, poured out her tea and held it to her lips, she swallowed it mechanically, as she did the blood came through the flesh where the nails were pressing, sat immovable, listening to the story told her by the woman whose eyes were closed as she talked, and whose words flowed on so rapidly, as if to utter them were a rel'ef and cased the terrible remorse which had

gnawed at her heart so long.

Had she looked at the girl before her she might have paused, for there was something awful in the expression of Margery's face as she listened, until the story was ended, when, with a cry like one in mortal pain, she threw her hands and fell heavily to the floor, while purple spots came out upon her face, and the white froth, flecked with blood, oozed from her livid lips.

Margery knew the secret of Christine Be-

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MARGERY'S ILLNESS

When Reinette left the cottage that morning she drove straight to the office of Beresford, whom she found alone, and to whom she communicated the result of her interview with Mrs. La Rue, telling him the reasen given by the woman for her silence, and professing to believe it.

"It was very foolish in her, of course," she said; "for, if possible, I love Margery the better now that I know who her mother is, but there is no accounting for the fancies f some people. Christine seems very much broken, and does not wish to be questioned as she would be by grandma and Aunt Mary, if they knew what we do, so we will keep our own counsel. I can trust you, Mr. Beres ford.'

The lawyer bowed and looked searchingly at her to see if no other thought or suspicions had been suggested to her by her interview with Christine But if there had she gave no sign of it, and her face was very bright nd cheerful as she said good bye and was driven home, where she sat directly down to

write the news to Phil.

He had left Rome and was journeying on toward India, where she was to direct her letter. Telling Phil was just the same as keeping it to herself, she thought, for he was perfectly safe, and so she wrote a minute account of the affair, and gave him all the gossip of the place, and told him how she missed him more and more every day, and could not get accustomed to living without him, and how silly it was in him to fall in ove with her and then go off, when but for this foolishness they might have been so happy together.

It was three o'clock by the time the long letter was finished, and as the rain by this time had ceased, and there was a prospect of fair weather by sunsetting, Reinette determined to take the letter to the office herself and then call upon her grandmother, and possibly upon Mrs. La Rue agaiu. Christine's pale face had haunted her all

have been a little hard with her, she longed to see her again and assure her of her faith in and love for her. "To be sure, " she thought, " she is not just the kind of person I had fancied Chris tine to be, but then she is Christine, and l

must kill all my old prejudice for her, and

the afternoon, and, fearing that she might

love her for mother's sake and Margery's. In some things Reinette was easily influenced and persuaded, and though she did not influ altogether accept Christine's explanation as the real and only one, she was just now glad to find her to doubt or question much; and as she drove again across the causeway to the village she felt lighter and happier because there was now some one who co tell her of her molher as Mrs. Hetherton.

Depositing her letter in the office, and bowing to Mr. Beresford, who happened to be passing in the street, she drove next to her grandmother's, but was told by the girl that Mrs. Ferguson had gone to see Mrs. La Rue more than an hour ago, and had not yet returned, though she did not intend to be gone

any length of time.
"Very well, I will go there, too," Reinette said, and her carriage was soon drawn up up before the cottage where the doctor's gig was standing. "Dr. Nichols here? Mrs. La Rue must be worse. I am slad I came." Reinette thought.

as she went rapidly up the walk and entered unannounced. "How is Mrs. La Rue, and where is Marery?" she asked of a woman whom she met the hall, and whom she recognized as a

neighbor. "Don't you know Maven't you heard? Margery has had an apoplectic fit, and is dywas the woman's renly, and wit shriek of terror and surprise Reinette fled past her up the stairs to Margery's room, where she paused a moment on the threshold to take in the scene which met her astonished

By the window, which was raised to admir the air, the doctor stood, with a grave, troubled look, while near him sat Mrs. La Rue, with a face which might have been cut from stone. so rigid and immovable was every feature, while her eyes. deep-set in her head, with dark circles around them, seemed like coals of fire as they turned upon Reinette, who shuddered with fear at their awful expression At sight of her the woman's lips moved, but made no sound-only her fingers pointed to the bed where Margery lay breathi but with no other sign to show that she was living. She looked like one dying, with that pinched, blue look about the mouth and nostrils which precedes dissolution. And she had seemed and looked like this since the moment she fell to the floor at the end of her mother' story.

For a few moments Mrs. La Rue had heer as helpless and almost insensible as her daughter; then, rousing herself with a great effort, she knelt beside the unconscious girl, and lifting her head covered the white face with kisses and tears, and called upon her by every tender epithet to open her eyes and speak, if only to curse the one who had wrought so much harm. But Margery's ears were deaf alike to words of love or pleading, as she lay so still, and looked so awful, with that bloody froth about her lips, that, at last in wild affright, her mother called for help, and the woman who lived next door, and only across the garden, was than the preceeding, and which came apparently from Mrs. La Rue's cottage. Entering at a rear door, and following the direction of the sounds, she came to the chamber where Margery still lay upon the floor, with her mother bending over her and shricking for aid. To lift Margary up and carry her to her bed, and send for a physician. was the woman's first work, and then she tried what she could do to restore the insensible girl, who only mouned faintly once in token that she knew anything that was passing around her. When questioned by the physician who was greatly by the case, Mrs. La Rue said that Margery had not seemed well for some time—had overworked, she thought, and that she had ber eyes flashed with the fire of a maniac. fallen suddenly from her chair while talking to her after dinner. This was all the explanation she would give, and, more per olexed than he had often been in his life, the nysician bent his energies to help the young irl who, is seemed even to him, was dying for the most powerful restoratives and stim-ulants failed to produce any effect, or to move so mnch as an evelid.

It was just then that Grandma Fergusor came in. She had remembered some direc came in. tions with regard to the brown silk, which she had failed to give in the morning, and had come again to see about it. Finding no one pelow, and hearing the sound of voices above, she called at the foot of the stairs:

"Mrs. La Rue! Mrs. La Rue! Where be you all, and may I come up?"
"Yes, yes. Hush! Margery is very sick," the neighbor, whose name was Mrs. Whiting. answered, going to the head of the stairs, and

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

-The trains from the north are now comng in covered with snow.