OUEENIE HETHERTON.

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

CHAPTER XXXIX-(CONTINUED.)

As or Anna, the ried herself into sie headache the hrst day, and declined to see her affianced husband, the major, when he called. But she received him the next day and was a good deal comforted by the beanti ful necklace and pendant of onyx and pearl he brought to her with a view to assuage grief, which was not very lasting. She had liked Phil well enough, and had been very proud of him, and his sudden death was a great shock to her, but she liked the major better, or, rather, she liked the costly presents he made her, and the position he would give her when she became his wife, as she pected to do in a few weeks. The grand wed ding, however, which she was intending to have, must now be given up; and this, per haps, adde t a little to her sorrow and regre for Phil's untimely end.

"Outside of his family, too, there was deep mourning for the young man who had been so popular with every one, and of whom is was said he had not a single enemy. Every b.dy had some pleasant memory of him, some kind word to say of him, even to old Becky Thomas an iumate of the poor-house who never forgot the hot August day when she was toiling up the steep hill with a pai of huckleberries she had been gathering and which made her old arm ache with their Phil had overtaken her in his light weight. sulky, and though he did not know her name he knew the was some feeble old woman with neither friends nor home save that provided by the town.

She was tired, too, and faint, he saw, and the hill was long and steep, and the pail she carried heavy, so it mattered little to him whether she were a queen or a pauper. Sh was a woman and old, and in an instant h dismounted from his seat and was at her side and had her pail of berries in his hand before and had her pail of perres in the she well knew what he was doing.

My dear madam," he said, "excuse me, but the sun is hot and the hill is long, and you are tired, I see, so just let me put you in the sulky and carry you home."

Old Becky was as she afterwards expresse t, " all of a tremble and struck in a hean. "Good Lordy, massy," she exclaimed, shading her eyes with her hand to look at the elegant young man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with her own. " Hoy you skeered me, Mr. Rossiter, I believe it is Thank you all the same, but I can't git int the wagon and let you walk. I'm nobody but old Becky Thomas, who has seen better days but I'm poor enough now, and live at thethe -----

She besitated a moment, while all uer older pride asserted itself and she could not say poor house, even though i; had been her home for years. But Phil understood her. and replied .

'Yes, I know. You have been unfortunate as we are all liable to be, and by no fault of yours are now an inmate of the big white house over the hill where I may one day have to live when I am old like you, and if I do, I shall be glad if some young person gives me a lift like this;" and taking the little shriveled woman in his strong arms he put her upo the soat of his sulky. " Sit there and hold to the sides if you are afraid," he said, as he saw how frightened she looked at finding her self high in the air, and in close proximity t the heels of the fast horse which seemed her so restless and skittish.

With Phil leading him, however, he gentle enough, and holding fast to the narrow seat, her elbows akimbo and both her fade sun bonnet and gray hair falling down her back Becky rode in triumph up the hill and into the yard of the poor-heuse, whose in mates came out one after another to stare, and wonder and admire, as Phil lifted Becky from her elevated position carefully and gen tly as he would have lifted the dainties young lady in Merrivale. This attention from Phil made Becky quite a heroine among her companions to whom she recounted again and again the particulars of her meeting with "the rich Mr. Rossiter, who wasn't too big feelin' to let her ride in his gig while he

walked and carried her pail of huckleberries. From that day onward Phil was Becky idol, whom she would at any time have walked miles to see, and for whom, on Sun days, when service was over, she lingered about the doors of the church, hoping to ge a how from him or a kind word of recognition And now he was dead, and the old pauper woman's' heart was very sore when she

"If I could erv." she said once to Margery, her arn as she pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. "If I could cry, it would loosen the tightness in my throat and about my heart. but I cannot, and I am so tired, and sick, and

faint, I shall never cry again or sleep.' And it would almost seem as if she spoke sleep, with all the sparkle and brightness he truth, for no tears came to cool her burn- gons from your face and your wonderful eyes he truth, for no tears came to cool her burnng evelids, and her eves grew larger and shut from view, but not as lovely as my Mar brighter each day, while sleep such as she once had known had deserted her entirely. They gave her bromids, and morphine and chloral in heavy doses, but these only prosured for her snatches of troubled sleep which were quite as exhausting as wakefulness. for she always saw before her that dark waste of vaters, with the white face of her lover upturned to the pitiless sky, and heard alway that wild cry ; that call for her who had been his evil star. Every morning the family at its mother bending over it, that the impulsive the Knoll sent to inquire for her, and every woman covered the little wan face with kisses, evening Mr. Beresford rode over to Hetherton Place to ask how she was. And sometime he staid for half an hour or more, and talked understand

with Margery, not always of the sick girl, or poor, dead Phil, but of things for which each had a liking and sympathy—of pictures, and serting itself, and rebelling again statury, and books—and Mr. Beresford was demonstration from an inferior. surprised and delighted to find how intelli-gent Margery was, and how much she anew of the literature of other countries than France

" I always had a fancy for everything English or American, particularly the latter, she said to Mr. Beresford, one evening when kindly they had been discussing English and Ameri-can authors, and he had the ressed his sur-prise that a French girl should be so well osted.

"You like our country, then," he said, tine | "Did you ever wish you were part or whole American instead of French?" and he shot a curious glance at her to see what effect his paying the tired woman for her two hours uestion would have upon her.

endurance. For an instant her cheeks were scarlet, and then she turned very white about her lips, and her voice was not quite steady as she replied. "I pray God to make me content in that sta-tion to which he has called me, and if he has both in health and spirits, willed it that I should be French, then French will remain forever." It was was a strange answer and seemed

who felt more certain than ever that Margery knew what he suspected, and was bravely keeping it to herself, for fear of ounding and humiliating Queenie. noble woman she seemed to him, and how Only Christine's song can drown that cry fast the interest he felt in her ripened into a which, I think, will haunt me forever." fast the interest he felt in her ripened into a liking during the days when he went nightly to Hetherton Place, ostensibly elfare as in Reinette's.

"You are overtaxing yourself," he said to her one evening, " you are growing pale and this," she said to Christine, one evening, thin. Why, even your hand is not as round when they sat together by the firelight in and plump as it was," and he gently smoothed Queenie's room, and Christine had been de-the white fingers which he held and which scribing a dress which her mistress wore to a trembled in his grasp, but did not withdraw grand ball at which dukes and duchesses were themselves from him. It was the dawning of a new life for Mar-

made every shin lover to hinger at her life was father were sometimes remise in his attention. not one of perfect rest, for Queenie did not But I know he loved her very much, though improve as the days went on, and to soothe. he might not have shown it before you. Men improve as the days went on, and to soothe, he might not have shown it before you. Men and quiet, and minister to her was not an easy matter. She could not sleep, and the her in your presence ?" physician who attended her was beginning to fear for her reason, when she one day said to Margery. "Where is your mother, Margie? her," Christine replied, and Reinette re-noz

Why has never been to see me ? Doesn't she joined : care for me any more ?" 'Yes, she cares very much," Margery replied, " and she has been here several times to ask for you, but as you would not see your

sousing or grandmother, she did not suppose "Yes, send for her, I wish to see her," was

seem, than to her companion : Queenie's answer, and Pierre was dispatched o Mrs. La Rue, with the message that Miss Hetherton was anxious to see her.

And so Mrs. La Rue went to Hetherton shot through her brain the memory of Place, and up into the room where Queenie sat in her easy-chair, with her face so pale letters whose writer had signed herself Tina "Who used to call you Tina?" she de and pinched, and her eyes so large and bright. that the impulsive French woman uttered a cry of alarm, and going swiftly to her, threw manded. "Was it your husband, Mrs. La Rue ? her arms around her, and cried, " Oh, Queenie,

Not a muscle of Christine's face moved. her arms around her, and cried, "On, Queenic," On, Queenic, my child, my darling, that I should find you so changed." "Vee Christine "Queenic replied, freeing to make her take her father's name, the value of the should find you without withdrawing her eyes from the fire, "Vee Christine "Queenic replied, freeing to make her take her father's name, the value of the should find you without withdrawing her eyes from the fire, there were four boxes in all, one within There were four boxes in all, one within the should find you without withdrawing her eyes from the fire, there were four boxes in all, one within the should find you her to see her every day, and be thus re-there were four boxes in all, one within the should find you her to see her every day, and be thus re-there were four boxes in all, one within the should find you her to see her every day. "Yes, my husband ; there was more senti-ment in his nature than one would suppose slept since I heard Phil was dead, and I have sent for you to hold me in your arms, just as you must have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby, after you have done when I was a baby at the provide when I was at the prov from seeing him. He was very fond of me a used to sing me then, and maybe I shall sleep. I feel as if I should-there is such a heaviand now she looked curiously at the young girl, and felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. But her face was in the shadow, so that ness about my lids and pressure on my brain Take me. Christine. Play I am a baby again. I can't be very heavy now," and she smiled a faint, shadowy smile, as she put up her arms Remette could not see it, and as Pierre just then came in bringing candles and a tray to the woman, who took her up so gladly and with his mistress' supper upon it, the con covered the wan face with kisses and tears, versation was brought to a close, nor was while she murmured words of pity and endear esumed again, for after tea Margery cam

seemed bursting with its pressure of blood and growing dim, and again fixing them with a angry. Margery had told as much, or had herself his little Tina, and wrote : "I have poor, uneducated girl -a wrong which many THE FORY OF THE GREAT LAKE told her there was some cause for the conceal been sick most of the time since you were people in this country wink at as of too comsteady gaze upon the upturned face resting on

Margery would consider the greater wrong her father was not to blame, and so she had ban-ished every uupleasant thought from her mind, and was beginning to like Christine so much when this name Time was theret upon demned by the world? I we cond and would make amends. Little Margery La gale blowing eighty miles an hour? You may read of the wrecks which to day strew the Christine Bodine is her mother, but I am her shores of every lake; you may read of the ment, but had said distinctly that for what here, and that is why I did not answer your mon occurrence to be noticed, but which, "Little Queenie, my Qneenie," she whispered once, and there was a world of love and pathos in her voice; " darling Queenie, I have not held you so in many a long, long year You are very lovely, Queenie, even in your much, when this name Tina was thrust upon demned by the world ? I was good and inno-

had she writhed under them as she was writhing now, as she sat alone in her room while if you would take me to Chateau des Fleurs the clock struck the hours two and three, and as your wife. I would serve you so faithfully. gie ; no, not as beautiful as she, nor as good either. You could not do what she is doing -bear what she is bearing for your sake. God the fire in the grate grew lower and grayer, pity her, and forgive me, the guilty one, who and the winter night seemed to grow blacker has caused all this sorrow !" Two hours had gone by, and Mrs. La Rue and colder around her. At last when she could keep still no longer,

At last when she could keep still no longer, You yourself say I am very pretty. You are she arose, pacing the room hurriedly, beat the air with her hands, as she was wont to do the beginning of all the sin which followed. was beginning to feel that her strength was failing her, when Queenie at last awoke, and under great excitement. "What is it I fear?" she asked herself. smiled up at her with a smile so like a happy. good-natured infant's when it awakes to find

"What is it I suspect? Let me put it into words, and see if it sounds so very dreadful that I should break my own heart over it. I fear I suspect that Christine sobbing like a child as she did so, and mur muring something which Reinette could not

Bodine, in her girlhood-when, I dare say " There, there, Christine ; don't you almost she was rather pretty and piquant -- attracted my father more than she ought to have done Such people are very ambitious, and susceptistrangle me !" she said, her olden pride reas serting itself, and rebelling against so much ble, too; and if my father was at all familiar She would be very familiar with Christine in his manner toward her, she probable was when the mood suited her, but she did not flattered at once, and may be cheated herself care for a like return. Still she could not be into the belief that he was in earnest, and harsh with the woman now, and withdrawing meant to marry her, when such an idea never herself from the arms which had held her existed in his brain. She probably wrote to

so untiringly, she said, very sweetly and him, and like a gentleman, he answered, and indly: "I have been asleep, I am sure, and I in supposing he could ever think of her after feel so much better. How good in you, Chris tine, to hold me so long. I must have tired you very much. Thank, you, dear old Chrishaving known my mother. And theu, by way of amends, he settled that money upon her. Yes, that is probably the case," she contin

ued, and the tightness around her heart gave And taking the pallid face between both ber hands, Queenie tkissed it lovingly, thereby ning there flashed into her mind;

But where was Mrs. La Rue, and wher Queenie was much better after that long was Margery, when Christin + wrote those let ters to my father, if write them she did ? sleep. The spell which bound her so relent lessly was broken, and she improved steadily Margery is not much younger than I am. neither Mrs. La Rue nor Margery leave her. "I shall sink right back again into that it, as it took her from me. Oh, if I only knew born two we the truth-and I can know it. in part at my side.'

dreadful nervousness if you go away," she said. "I need you both to keep me up Mar at least, by reading those letters which I hid ade more to herself than to Mr. Beresford, gery to cheer me by day, and Christine to away that day, swearing never to touch them, soothe me to sleep at night, when the world unless circumstances seem to make it neces is the blackest, and Phil's dead face seems so sary; and it is necessary, I am sure it is. close to mine that I can almost feel its icy .nust know the truth. or lose my mind. What a touch, and can hear his bitter cry for me. am so unsettled since poor Phil died, and to Margery ?" brood over this will make me crazy in time. Yes, I must know who was the Tina who So the two women staid a little longer. Marwrote those letters to father."

Reinette had reached a decision ; and, to ask after gery busying herself with the work which her Queenie, but really for the sake of a few min-utes' talk with Margery La Rue, who was as soon as they heard she was free to do any-fast learning to watch for his coming, and to of that sort, and Christine devoting herself to lighting her candle, she opened the door of the closet where she had hidden the letters feel har puises quicken, when he came, and Queenie to whom she talked of the days when taking her hand in his, held it there while she first entered the service of Mrs. Hetherupper shelf just where she had left it, and where she could not reach it without a chair. he put the usual round of questions ton in Paris. Reinette was never tired of This she brought from her room and stepping with regard to Queenie and herself, appear hearing of her mother, and the same story unto it, stood a moment looking at the box. ing at last almost as much interested in her had to be told many times ers she was satis fied.

"It brings her so near to me to hear all when she would have taken the tox from the the sound of some one stirring. The fire

she must have been in that lovely dress, and " It seems just as if father were speaking to letter she still held in her hand-came gery, this feeling, that Mr. Beresford, the proudest man in Merrivale, found delight in her society and loved to linger at her side. It happy as she should have been as if my and then I should not be tempted. And why another candle, for she had not finished the is the stood shivering before the hearth and her a feeling of delight, mingled with the listening to the storm which was beginning to horror and loathing she had at first experbeat against the windows.

February was coming in with gusts of snow and the shriek of the north wind, which swept furiously past the house, and seemed to Reinette

to have it in a sound of sobbing. She thought if so, then Margery is my sister, for she is of her father in the quiet grave-yard in Mer-my father's daughter, and not M. La Rue's "Daisy is such a sweet name. I wish were mine, though Queenie does very well. like pet names so much, don't you ?" rivale, with the tall pineoverhanging his grave Margery; Margery, whom I loved the first -of her mother, far off in Rome, where the time I saw her in that forlorn room; whom I Mrs. La Rne was gazing steadily into the fire with a look of deep abstraction on her violets and daisies blossom all the year round have loved ever since, more and more. Maryou would see her. Will you, Queenie, would face, and did not at once reply, and when at and of Phil, asleep beneath the Eastern you like to see my mother ?" ers, with nothing to mark his grave, and her thing would reconcile me to my father's guilt. heart ached with a keener pain than she had it would be this, that through his sin I have "Yes, yes -- he used to call me Tina." "Tina," Reinette exclaimed, starting aud ever felt before as she stood in her slippers and dressing gown and shivered in the gray, winter night. And always above everydenly, while like a flash of lightning there thing else the name of Tina was in her mind, with a burning lesire to solve the mystery th long black tress she had burned, and the

and know who this Tina was, and what she had been to Mr. Hetherton. "I may as well burn them first as last." she thought, and going again to the closet or cast a slight upon her, for she is my sister,

and mounting upon the chair, she took the and I shall proclaim her as such, and bring box from the shelf, and carrying it to the fire, her to live with me, and share my fortune

cloud of shame hung over her birth. Will you let her come, Queenie? Will you take her for your sister ?' Oh, if he had done this do at times, and wish that I was dead. Oh. her for your sister?' Oh, if he had done this I should have understood it, and taken her if you would take me to Chateau des Fleurs I would be your very slave and make up to you in love and fidelity what I lack in culture so gladly, and been spared all this pain. Oh father, father, you have dealt most cruelly In a lady's dress I should look like a lady with both your children. Margery and me! Queenie had risen by this time and was making her toilet, for she meant to appear as natural as possible to Mrs. La Rue and Man You praised my eyes and hair in your last letter, and said you should not be likely to gery until the moment came for her to speak and know every particular of her sister's birth forget me. I cannot seud you my eyes, but I can a lock of my hair, which I cut this morn. While she was dressing Margery came to the door, but it was locked, and Queenie called to her

ing when making my toilet." "That's the tress I burned," Queenie "Excuse me, Margie, if I do not let you in whispered, feeling as if she, too, were burning I have slept heavily, and am not yet quite and writhing on live coshs just as the lock myself. I shall be down as soon as I am of blue-black hair had writhed and hissed in dressed. I hope you have not kept any break fast for me. I am not hungry.' he flau 👞

But she had not finished yet. There was But Margery did not heed her, and when at still another letter -- the last and the longest. And she read it, while every hair of her head last she descended to the dining-room she found a most tempting breakfast set for her seemed to stand on end, and, instead of burnin the large bay-window where the south sun light came in pleasantly, for the storm of the ing with heat she shook with cold, and her previous night had subsided, and as the morn-ing advanced the sun broke through the colo teeth chattered like the teeth of Harry Gill as she devoured the contents of the letter. gray clouds and shone with unusual bright. which threw such a flood of light upon what

ness. In a slender, silver vase Margery had gone before, and which she had not sus pected. She had read enough to make her hate Christine and almost hate her father, out a white Easter lilv from the conservatory while by the side of Queenie's plate lay who she felt was most to blame, but she had beautiful carnation pink with a few leaves no suspicion of the real state of things until the sweet rose geranium, the whole sendin the began to read the third letter, written in a delightful perfume through the room. And November, and showing great physical weak Queenie, who was very susceptible to creatur comforts, saw it all and took it all in, an ness on the nart of the writer.

"Dear Mr. Hetherton," it began. "I have could not feel quite as miserable as sh been very sick, so sick that the old woman had up stairs in her own room, where the sur who attends me thought I should die, but I who attends me thought i should die, but I prise and pain had come upon her so crush am better now, though still so weak as ingly. But she had no appetite, though fo but would let but known was angry about must tell you of our dear little girl who was coffee and picked at the delicious cream toast which she ordinarily liked so much born two weeks age, and who now lies sleep-"You are sick this morning," Marger

"What I" Beinette exclaimed aloud, claspsaid looking curiously at her as she set mak m, ing both hands to her forehead as if a heavy ing a pretense of eating. "You are as pla as so blow had fallen there. "What does she is say? A little girl born in Marseilles -born eyes. Ob, Queenie, I am so sorry for you;" and thinking only of Phil as the cause of I to Christine Bodine, that was-that was-Queenie's pale face and hollow eyes, Margery She could scarcely articulate the last word, drew her head down upon her arm and smoth

for her tongue was thick and parched, and in ered the shining hair carelessly. Then Queenie came nearer crying than sh her ears was a sound like the rear of the wind

had since she first heard PLil was, dead. outside. "Oh, Oh !" she cried, throwing up her hands Grasping Margery's hand she sobbed hys terically for a moment, though no tear cam to cool her aching eyeballs. "I must not give way," she said. " the closet where she had hidden the letters as if in quest of some support; then they months before. There was the box on the dropped helplessly at her side, and she fell

forward upon her face, with the blood gush must not, for I have a great deal to do to-day, ing from her nose and staining her dressinggown. How long she lay unconscious she did not know, for since the clock struck three -a great deal to bear. Where is your mother Margie ? I must see her. Find her, please on which the dust lay so thickly, while a feel- she had taken no note of time, but when she and bring her here : or no, we will go into the library. No one will disturb us there, and ing of terror began to take pos-ession of her, came to herself the cold gray of the early we must be alone. Call your mother. Mar-

and she felt as if the dead hand of her father were clutching her arm and holding her back away in the vicinity of the kitchen she heard gie, I cannot wait." What did it mean, and why was Queenies

was out and the candle was out, and she was strange this morning, like one unsettled in "I don't believe I'll do it," she said, as she cold, and stiff and bewildered, and could not her mind? Margie asked herself, as she scribing a dress which her mistress wore to a came down from the chair with a sense of at first remember what had happened. But went in quest of her mother, whom she found present. "I like to think of her, beautiful as that dead hand's touch still upon her arm. it came back to her with the rustling of the in her room, and to whom she gave Queenie' went in quest of her mother, whom she found with "What can she want with me. I wonder?

Mrs. La Rue thought, as she went to the library, where she found Reinette curled up in a not burn them now, and so put it out of my letter yet. But she finished it at last and large ear reach to read them?" she continued, as laid it with the others, while there swept over half fill large easy chair, which she did not more than Her head was leaning against the cushioned

back, and her face looked very white and wan, ienced. Margery was the little girl born at Marseilles, and whom Christine, the mother, while her eyes wore a very peculiar expression as they fixed themselves on Mrs. La Rue. It the was sure Mr. Hetherton would love, because was the same chair and the same position he was so fond of children." 'Yes, that was Margery," she said, "and

Queenie had occupied on the occassion of her first interview with Phil, who had stood leaning his elbow upon the mantel while he looked at her curiously. Something brought that day back to Queenie's mind, and a sob which was more for the dead Phil than for the secret she held escaped her as she bade good mornwat- gery, Margery, my sister, my sister; if anying to Mrs. La Rue, who went up to her and said : "What is it ? What can I do for you,

Margery. Does she know, I wonder ? Did Petite ?" Christine tell her that dayshe was so suddencold. ly taken ill, and is that the reason she has seemed so different since? seemed almost afraid of me, as she has at times? Yes, she knows, and I shall tell her that I know, too, and drive that idea of shame from her mind.

Mrs. La Rue laid her hand upon her head and She is not to blame. No one can censure her, asked if it ashed, she cried out : "Don't presume to touch me, or come bring near me. I don't know whether my head

GALE

father, and I wish to bring her home to live rigid bodies cast upon the sands; you may her and awakened anew all her old suspi-cons and there must be still some good. with you, and share equally with you as if no cast your eyes over hulk, spar and battered cions ay, awakened them tenfold, for never ness in me, or I should not hate myself as I cloud of shame hung over her birth. Will plank, but yet you cannot realize the fury of Will plank, but yet you cannot realize the fury of a take that awful gale of Satarday. Vessels on Lake Michigan were bowling along before a top sail breeze, when almost in a moment the gale came howling down from another quarter, bringing a terrible sea with it. Sails were split into ribbons before a sail could be oosened, and masts went overboard like broken sticks. No man living ever saw such waves on our lakes before. In an hour after the gale set in they were running twenty five feet high. In three hours they could go no Off Frankfort they were fully forty higher. ert high, and they ran with the speed of a

aceborse. The gale caught them as they reared up, and tous of foamy water were broken off and nurled down into the trough to mingle with the base of the next wave. One of the largest propellers on the lakes, standing twenty feet out of the water, had to put about before the tale was an hour old, and even while running it full speed before it the waves s vept over ter entire decks. Seamanship availed but Schooners were almost p cked up little. bouly by the wind and flung alread, and biggest barks were knocked about like

chips. When day broke Saturday morning those out at sea must have realized the wrath of death. Every plunge of an ordinary schooner rolled floods of water over her d cla to pour from her scuppers as she climled at an angle of forty five degrees. Men had all they could lo to save life without moving a finger tosard navigating their crafts. The loudest shout could not be heard two

et away. and the roar of the sea was awful to hear. The passengers on the Alpena were coused from sleep when the gale reached her. It brought such a sea that no one could have slept longer. When the four-score souls aboard were told

hat death was near they looked out on that nowling, roaring, hungiy sea, without a shadow of hope that one of them would ever ee land again. Rafts and boats would have been blown about like feathers. Life preservers bore up corpses until they were cast ashore to be identified. Those who put them on in the final grasp for life could not have lived an hour in the keen wind and icy water.

Men who lived out the gale still speak of it with terror. Only once again will the door of death open wider to them. Spars and bulks are beating to splinters on the rocky shotes, and beaten and disfigured corpses are thrown upon the sandy beach, to be wept over and buried. It was the wrath of death turned loose upon wide wastes, and that a single vesvel escaped destruction seems almost impossible. - Detroit Free Press.

BEMOVAL OF STAINS AND SPOTS.

MATTER ADHERING MECHANICALLY .- Beating, brushing, and currents of water either on the upper or under side.

GUM, SUGAR, JELLY, ETC .-- Simple washing with water at a hand heat.

GREASE. --- White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lyes. Colored cottons, wash with lukewarm soap lyes. Colored woolens, the same, or ammonia. Silks, absorb with French chalk or Fuller's earth, and dissolve away with benzine or ether. OIL COLORS, VARNISH AND RESING.—OD

white or colored linens, or woolens, use recti fied oil of turpentine, alcohol lye, and their soap. On silks, use benzine. ether and mild soap, very cautiously.

STEARINE. -- In all cases, strong, pure alcohol.

VEGETABLE COLORS, FRUIT, RED WINE AND RED INE. -On white goods, sulphur fumes or chlorine water. Colored cottons and woolens, wash with lukewarm soap lye or ammonia Silk the same, but more caullously.

ALIZARINE INKS .- White goods, tartario acid, the more concentrated the older are the spots. On colored cottons and woolens, and on silks, dilute tartaric acid is applied, cau-

tiously. BLOOD AND ALBUMINOID MATTERS. --Steep ing in lukewarm water. If pepsine, or the, juice of Carica papaya, can be procured, the spots are first softened with lukewarm water. and then either of these substances is applied. IRON SPOTE AND BLACK INK -- White goods,

hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid, with little fragments of tin. On fast dyed cottons aches or not. Only this I know, my heart is aching with a pang to which physical pain is the pate of the second se washing. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks are moistened, and very dilute critic acid is applied with the finger end. by chlorine water if a fruit jar accompanies the acid. Colored cuttons, woolens and silks are very carefully moistened with dilute ammonia, with the finger end. (In case of delicate colors, it will be found preferable to make some prepared chalk into a thin paste, with

heard of it : and when on the Sunday follo heard of it; and when on the sunday lonow. "Ies, Christine, Queene rophen, ironing ing, the bereaved family was prayed for in herself from the stifting embrace, "I suppose ther seat by the door, she rocked to and fro and cried for the young man who had been so is per since I heard Phil was dead, and I have times. kind to her.

In Becky's scanty wardrobe was an old faded black wail and shawl which she had bought years before when her husband died and she wore widow's weeds for him. These she had kept carefully folded away in a bandbox with lumps of samphor and yellow snuff as a preventive against moths. "I wish I could dress in mournin' for

him." she thought, when she heard of Philip's death ; and remembering the shawl and vail she took them from their hiding-rlace, and airing them upon the clothes'-line to remove ment. the odor of campbor and snuff with which shey were strongly impregnated, put them on when she went to church, ss badges of ber gri-f for Phil, "who had taken her up the hill in his gig." and called her "madam." becky Thomas. Hearing at last how crushed and heart-

broken was the little lady of Hetherton Plac and that there had been more than a cousinly love between her and the unfortunate Phi she ventured to go there one day to tell the young lady how sorry she was for her, and that she knew just how it felt, for she, too, had lost her beau when she was young. But Reinctte refused to see her. Indeed, she saw no one, not even Ethel and Grace, who, when they heard of her distress, went to call upon

her. "They hate me, I know," Reinette said to Margery, who took their message to her; "and why should they not? But for me Phil would never have gone away, and met that dreadful death. Tell thom it was kind in them to c me, and that I am sorry I killed him, but I cannot see them yet. It would bring it all back to freshly, and I cannot endure any with the brath area asile at the parted lips, from bibly the brath area asile at the parted lips, from to c me, and that I am sorry I killed him, but more.

So Ethet and Grace returned to their home and left poor Queenie to her sorrow, which she did not try to overcome. and which seeme to grow more bitter every day.

CHAPTER XL.

Queenie had read with a fresh burst of angu sh i hil's letter written her from Madras-aletter full of tenderness and love, showing how he kept her still in his heart as the dear est, sweetest memory of his life, and at the close containing a few words of passionate entreaty that she would overcome her scruples would try to love him as he did her, and her flesh against my own. Go away, Margie and leave us alone again." bid him come back to her by and by.

" Not now," he wrote," not while I am the shiftless aimless block you were right to de-spise, but after I have shown that there is something in me besides a love of indolence and feminine occupation. I know I can retrieve the past. and if I do -if I come home man, with a man's tastes and a man's ways, will you reconsider, Queenie, and see if you cannot love me ?'

"Yes, Phil, I would, I will," Queenie which she covered with her kisses, and then the Margery worked in the Everything Phil had given her er helped

up and sat with Reinette and her mother un " There, there, that will do -- it wearies me." til the latter asked to be excused, and retired Oueenie said, and she laid her tired head upon to her room. hristine's shoulder and closed her heavy eyelide " Book me to sleen Christine Rock me to sleep as you did at Chateau des Fleurs,' she whispered, faintly, and, sitting down in the chair, Christine rocked the poor little girl, Reinette kept saying that word over to her and sang to her, in a low, sad voice, a lullaby

of France, such as she used to sing when, as self after Margery left her, and when at last now, the dark curly head was pillowed on her she was in bed, it repeated itself again and again in her brain, while a horrible suspicion, the exact nature of which she could not dereast. Attracted by the sound, Margery stole softly fine, was forcing itself into her mind. to the door and looked in, but Christine mo-

sleep was impossible, and with all her old tioned her away, and went on with her song of "Mother Mary, guard my child," until wakefulness upon her, she tossed restlessly from side to side until she heard the clock nature, which had resisted every artifice and every drug, however powerful, which had been strike one. brought to bear upon it, gradually began to yield—the head pressed more heavily, the

igid nerves softened, a slight moisture showed the grate where the fire which Pierre had reitself under the hair upon the forehead, and plenished just before she retired was burning. the eyes, which had been so wild, and bright, and wide open, were closed in slumber. he sat down, and with her face buried in her hands began to think such thoughts as made Queenie was asleep at last, and when Mar-

which the breath came easily and regularly, she exclaimed : ourned, and whose touch, as it clung around

could see it, for she refused to go down stairs, was a humming sound, and a fullness in her can relations, of whom he had never told her

"Thank God, she sleeps at last. You have her fugers, and throwing out her hands with saved her life—or, at least, her reason; but a gesture of loathing as if to thrust it from her as she had thrust it that day when she heavy for you to hold, and you not strong." "No, no," Mrs. La Rue answered, almost found it in the letter.

"Your little Tins." the writer had called animal when its young is about to be taken herself, and asked if Mr. Hetherton was won-"Who was this Tina ?" Reinette asked rom it. "No, no, I will not give her up, now that I have her in my arms. I am not tired. herself.

so longed to hold her as I do now, and feel girl, her mother's maid, and it was not like a proud man like Frederick Hetherton to think of such as she. There were other

CHAPTER XLI.

TINA.

been persuaded to take, and part of Anna's the owner of the tress was some bright-eyed, bridal trousseau, for that young lady had bright-faced girl of humble origin, perhaps. found by experience that Margery. with her who had caught her father's fancy for a few

Thus Queenie reasoned, or tried to. but all And while Margery worked in the sitting. the time a terrible fear was tugging at her

which was all there was now to finish of the was all; there was nothing more, and she was "That was Christine, foolish to be so disquieted." "That was Christine, "That was Chris while a prickly sensation was in every nerve, kept under her pillow where she could room below. Mrs. La Rue sat in the chamber heart, and she was living over again that find it geadily when the fancy took her to above, holding the sleeping girl, until her dreadful death scene on the ship when her read it. with intolerable pain, while rings of fire ever might have come to her knowledge. She make, was brought to her chamber where she danced before her eyes, and in her ears there had thought at first that he meant her Ameri-

shall leave us alone again. So Margery went away a second time, and busied herself below with some work she had bore that pet name. The writer of the letter,

To

best of husbands. Oh, does she know * does she see me ? Sometimes I think she does exquisite taste, was worth all the dressmakers in Springfield and Worcester both, and hat insisted upon her making the traveling dress, interested than he ought to have been. That

and her lips ouivered convulsively. And still she read on, taking next the sec-ond letter, the one which had contained the false to Christine whom he ruined and for lock of hair, and which was written two or three months after the first. Evidently Mr. his own child, whom he repudiated and dis-Hetherton had been in Marseilles and seen the owned. Why did he not bring her home could see it, for she refused to go down stars, was a humming sound, and a fullness in her can relations, of whom he had never told her, but staid constantly in her own room, some times pacing restlessly to and fro, but tered there. And still ahe did not move, lest often lying down with her face to the wall is he should awaken the sleeper, but sat as and her big eyes open day and night, for she motionelss as a figure carved from stone, some times abut set in the sleeper, but sat as pould neither also pace of the sleeper of the sound awaken the sleeper, but sat as pould neither also pace of any some offense which had made her father the great pleasure it had given her, and even him of her, and asked him to educate her the great pleasure it had given her, and even him of uer, and assouthing to convert in a sidence resulted in \$28.75. The property in the future, when because she was so pretty, and I loved her so to two charities—the London Free Ho and the National Lifeboat Institution.

Christine, I have lost all faith in another, and Queenie opened each one till she dure to see her every day, and be thus re you -faith in father-faith in everything. I came to the last and smallest, where lay the minded of all I had lost in losing faith in my know the whole now-the story you meant to

cane to the isst and smallest, where iay the envelope containing the three letters. "There can be no harm in glancing at the handwriting, and then if I ever see Christine's, as I sometime may, I shall know if they are yellow, time-worn package, which seemed to her so different from anything pertaining to her so different from anything pertaining to

her surroundings. nurse, as I have supposed. I have wasted too

The paper was coarse and cheap, and the much love on her, but I know her now for handwriting cramped and stiff, like that of what she is, and shall deal with her accordd person doing her utmost to ingly." an uneducate write well, and Queenie shrank from it, and

only held it between her thumb and finger as thoughts as she sat shivering in the cold, she examined it more closely, and read her cheerless room, while the morning light crept father's name upon it. But looking at the in at the windows, and she could see herself outride begat an intense longing to know distinctly in the glass upon the mantle. It what was inside-to have her doubts cor was a very white, haggard face which looked

firmed or scattered to the winds, and at last at her from the mirror, and the eyes almost she made a desperate resolve, and jerking her frightened her with their expression. About arm, which it seemed to her the dead hand her mouth and on the front of her dress

arm, which it seemed to her the dot : still held firmly, she said, aloud : "I shall read these letters now, though a thousand dead hands held me." which added to her unnatural appearance. Queenie felt herself growing very calm as and exchanging her dressing gown for be said this, and though outward the storm raged with greater fury, and the sobbing of fresh one, crept into bed, for she was very the wind was wilder and louder than before she neither heeded nor heard it, for she had opened the letters one by one, and selecting that which bore date farthest back, began to over her a heavy stupor which she could not read. And as she read on, and on, and on, throw off, and when at the usual hour Pierre she forgot how cold she was-forgot that the came to make her fire, he found her sleeping

fire was going out-forgot the fearful storm so soundly that he stole softly out and left her " I cannot lie here," she said, and putting which shook the solid foundations of the on her dressing-gown she drew her chair to the grate where the fire which Pierre had re-mons past the windows-forgot even that when, as cautiously as possible, a fire was mons past the windows-forgot even that when, as cautiously as possible, a fire was Phil was dead in the Indian sea, so horrible kindled in the grate to make the room more were the sensations crowding upon her and comfortable, for the morning was overmastering every thought and feeling save cold, and the frost lay thickly upon the winthe drops of perspiration stand thickly upon the one dreadful conviction that now she dows. Margery could not see Queenie's face her forehead and about her lips. "Tina. knew her father's secret—knew who Tina as it was turned to the wall, and partly knew her father's secret-knew who Tina as it was turned to the wall, and partly was, and that the knowledge paralyzed for the time every other sensation. girl whose tress of long black hair she had the time every other sensation. swept over the young girl during night, and no presentiment of

CHAPTER XLU

THE LETTERS.

They were written at different times with so much harm lay upon the table, and Mar-gery saw them there, but did not touch them an interval of some months between two of them-but all were dated at Marseilles, where the writer seemed to be living in very obscure lodgings, for in the first letter, written not very long after Mrs. Hetherton's death in

that I have her in my arms. I am not tree. nersell. I do not feel her weight any more than I did when she was a baby, and if I did, think you I would not do it all the same-I, who have uneducated. Christine had been a peasant it her mother's maid and it was not like which is what I am anxious to do at present I have found a trusty woman to stay with me and if I could see you sometimes I should be quite content, only I never can forget the sweet lady who died in my arms, believing in me as the best of servants and in you as the

is this which so weighs my spirits down? Why is it I feel so badly ?"

antil the terror is past. "That was Christine, sure, for mother died in her pillow, while something like a sobbing in her arms," Reinette whispered, faintly, while a prickly separation was in every nerve, "I thought him so good and true, and now

The London Lancet furnishes the London

This was the name Mrs. La Rue had often

applied to her during the last few days, and

Queenie had liked it heretofere, but now, with

her knowledge of the woman's sin fresh in

her mind, she shuddered and shrank away.

Spectator with a text for an article on over eating. It is admitted that the old time vice of water, and apply it to the spots.) gluttony is now comparatively rate in enlight-

ened countries. "Our remote though civil ized ancestors," instead of eating to live, often

ble as many animals after a similar intuite gence." Just here the Spectator interposes a plea in behalf of a well-known beast which the streams has more than its share of con-white goods, soap and oil of turpentine, alter-the streams of water.--Colored cotdogs, while all the wild carnivolus are the portions to the portion of the portio

cold and dizzy and faint, while, strangely enough, in spite of the wild excitement under which she was laboring, there was stealing we mean something different from what we do when we say that he eats like a horse or dog In India "every district has its notorious

glutton," there are huge eaters in China and Africa, among the abstemious Moors there alone. An hour later Margery looked in, but are men who incline to like indulgence, our own Indians " are constantly guilty of gorging like snakes till they can hardly move ; but the practice is not noticeable among the bitterly cultivated people of the western countries, who, however, to a degree make up for selfdenial in this way by intemperance in drinking. But while excessive eating of the disgusting

sort is rare, the Lancet questions, in what the Spectator calls " a curiously cautious " way whether or not as a rule, people do not eat more than they need.

ONTARIO APPOINTMENTS.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz: George Edward Lumsden, of the city of

Hamilton, Esquire, to be Assistant Provincial Secretary, in the room and stead of Isaac Roberts Eckart, Esquire resigned. Reginald Gourlay, of the town of Picton, R. W. Crothers and Joseph Benjamin Mc Arthur, of the city of Toronto, Esquires, Barristers at law, to be Notaries Public in and for the Province of Ontario. when the first thought on waking was."What

> -An elopement party at Vincent, N. C. consisted of four couples, all of whom had

To Queenie it came very soon why she felt been forbidden by parents to marry. They so badly, and with a moan she hid her face met at train time in the railroad station, rode - All the Irish peers who are said to take flight on receipt of threatening letters have not received these letters from "Rory." The to a village twenty miles away, and then stood up in a row before a cleryman. Irish papers recount with relish that Lord "I though thim so good and true, and now I know him to have been so bad-false to mother whom he neglected and deceived— so far back that she does not remember them, able to miledy's French maid, who preferred you may say she has arrived at the age known London. So she sent a threatening letter to

as old maidenhood "milord." who at once ordered his carriage -The estate of an English miser named and drove to the station, en route for Eng Rhodes was lately wound up. It realized land. He journeyed there with a revolver by \$390,000. The sale o his effects in his res-his side, capped and loaded, two other friends his side, capped and loaded, two other friends idence resulted in \$28.75. The property goes to two charities—the London Free Hospital accompanying him with loaded rifles inside the carriage, while a gullant colonel, armed to the teeth, sat on the box beside the coach-100.8.77

TANNING FROM CHEBTNUTH, GBEEN WAL-NUTS, ETC., OR LEATHER.-White goods, hot chloring water, and concentrated tartaric used to live to eat. They would swallow food acid. Colored cottons, woolens and silks, for its own sake, until they could swallow to appay and reappaying a spot, wasbing it away and reappaying a ble as many animals after a similar indulation interposes TAR, CAST WHREL GREASE, MIXTURES OF CASBON AND ACETIC ACID.-On

is believes has more than its share of on-tumely in this respect. "It is a popular mis-nately with streams of water.—Colored cot-take to suppose that only pigs are gluttons. tons and woolens, rub in with lard, let lie, Horses and cattle will kill themselves with soap, let lie again, and treat alterately with certain kinds of food, and so will invidual oil of turpentine and water. Silks the same, dogs, while all the wild carnivores are liable more carefully, using benzine instead of oil of

of a creature who cannot speak for itsell, but linen rass dipped in chlorine water. Colored still when we say that a man eats like a pig cottons, redye if possible, or in woolens raise a fresh surface. Silks, no remedy .-

A YELL IN A TRUNK.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 6 .- Will Tucker and Ad Hitt, two boys of this city, got their desire for adventure in the common way, by reading the literature of Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack; but their choice of a field was unusual, for they decided to go South instead of West. They had very little money ; and here they again departed from precedent, for they did not start out hopefully afoot, like the boys we fre-quently read of. They could just pay for a single ticket to Alabama, and they decided that one should travel as a regular passenger while the other rode in the trunk as baggage The toss of a coin settled that Hitt should go in the trunk. A bottle of water and some bread were put in with hims, and several holes were bored to supply him with air. Last evening Tucker drove to the railroad station in hack, checked his trunk, and settled himself down comfortably in the seat of a first class car. But all did not go well with Hitt. He was tumbled roughly into the baggage car, and left standing on his head. Other trunks were piled on his, nearly closing the air holes. When almost smothered he let out his remaining breath in a yell for help. The lid was broken. The contents had lost his de sire to roam. He confessed, and, with

-The girl who bangs her hair often makes the wife who bange her husband's.

Tucker, was sent home.

too, the dressing gown on the floor where

the

the

clock struck ten. Then, with a start, Queenic awoke, and opening her eyes, looked about her with that vague sense of misery and pain we have all felt at some period of our lives,

Queenie had left it, and picked it up and laid it over a chair, without noticing the stains

still more frightful storm awsiting her when the awoke. The letters which had wrought

or dream what they contained. She saw

upon it, and put the little French-heeled slippers near it, and brushed the hearth, and heaped fresh coal upon the grate, and then went quietly out and closed the door, leaving

her friend to the sleep which lasted until the