## CHAPTER XLIX-(CONTINUED).

Occasionally, during her stay in Jacksonthere was not perfect rest for a heart as sad as here, and with as little love left in it for for any living thing or human interest. Once, too, while there, she had been present at a and that will never do," she thought, as she carry summer morning would soon break, and then she would extend the felt a faintness stealing over her and a kind of vill and pledged themselves to a life of self- who was better; the long, sleep had done down the mantel, and him good, but there was a drowsiness over door she caught a faint sound of voices in the moment, and, seeing Christine bending over them. There was a clock upon the mantel, and Queene saw that it was half-past two. The carry summer morning would soon break, and then she would see the face of this stranger veil and pledged themselves to a life of self- chill creeping through her viens. communiimpressed her, especially as one of the girls received. was very young and pretty, too, and the sister of the presiding bishop, and for weeks she remembered the sweet face and clear, musical and spare her as much as possible from fatigue voice which, in perfectly steady tones, had or exposure, but this "Come, you are needed renounced the world and all its vanities, precar the bishop dwelt at length upon the kind of private hotel which had remained free happiness and purity of a cloistered life, free from infection until within a day or two when to wly home in Nazareth as the first con- malignant form. Two of the inmates had where Mary lived her holy life, with only her baby and the saintly Joseph for com-vanions. And just here Queenie roused from leaving behind a young man who had come

r lost Phil, said to herseli:
"That was different. Mary might well be happy with her baby and her Joseph; but fever and raving with delirium. It was a very these girls will have neither. No, I am not bad case, aggravated by nervous excitement enough for anything."

could follow the example of those heroic women who she knew went so fearlessly to Ferwen who she knew went so fearlessly to Fer"He is very sick," she said, "and needs men who she knew went so fearlessly to Fer-

cry had come.
"Yes, I must go," she said to Axis. "Something which I cannot resist is calling me to no telling where it will end."

Memphis. What it is I cannot tell, but I

Then she gave some minut

And so the next night the northern train dering on insanity into which she was fall

"I am going," she said, to Margery, one dying pillow, maybe it will atone to God forehead, said: for some of my misdeeds. I am not afraid of

Her mind was made up, and Margery did not her wish to be Lampered by any restrictions; and when the physicians saw how ble so? You surely must be ill. efficient and fearless she was, they let her out to night; there must be plenty of vacant take her own course and do as she liked.

Sister Christine was the name by which sister christine was the name was the name which was the name whi

she was known, and many a poor dying commended to her care some loved onewife, husband or child, struggling in the next dread destroyer. room, perhaps, with the dread destroyer. Money Christine had in plenty, for Margery Money Christine had in plenty, for Margery kept her supplied, and it was spent like water where it was of any avail, so that Sister Christine became a power in the desolated city, and was known in every street and alley city, and was known in every street and alley of the town. Queenie had written to Martin the desolated city, and was known in every street and alley the town. Queenie had written to Martin the desolated city, and was known in every street and alley of the town. Queenie had written to Martin the town on the total city and was known in every street and alley of the town. Queenie had written to Martin the town of the town then telegraphed to Christine:

once and send her away. Queenie must not less terror.

thought what happiness it would be to nurse draught. the fever tossed girl, should she be stricken own, and bring her back to life and health. "Ill find her if she is here, and keep a watch over her," she said; and two days after they met together high up in a tenetwo negro children lay dead, and the mother

was dying.

Queenie was doing her work bravely and well, seeking out the worst cases, and by her ack the life after it had gone out. Always attended by Pierre, who carried with him every d sinfectant of which he had ever heard, she went fearlessly from place to place where she was needed mest, but found frequently that Sister Christine had been there before her. Naturally she felt some curiosity with "If she could impart to me some of her

skill, I might do more good and save more and noticed, too, the mass she said to Pierre, and there was a

" Sister Christine !"

each other for a moment, neither speaking, but each looking into the other's eyes with an eager questioning look. In Christine's there was love, and tenderness, and anxiety, and fear, all blended together, while in Queenie's there was great surprise, and something like gladness, too, but with it the same old look of pride and repulsion, which Chris tine knew so well. Queenie, however, was the first to speak.
"Christine." she said. "Sister Christine

repeated Margery's message-to find her and

"She says Queenie must not die, and I say Will you go before it is too late?

she asked, and Queenie answered her: "No, my place is here, and I am glad you are here, too. It makes me feel more kindly

toward vou." "Oh, Queenie, Queenie, God bless you for saying even so much," and the woman who had stood undaunted by many a death-bed trembled like a leaf as she snatched Queenie's the room, where her services were no longer

hand to her lips, and then went swittly from gress was dead. That night a telegram went to Margery

" She will not go away and she shall not die. So there was nothing for Margery to do but pray earnestly and unceasingly for the young girl who seemed to bear a charmed life, so fearles-ly did she meet every peril and over come every difficulty. Almost as popular as Sister Christine, she was hailed with delight averywhere and more than one owed his re covery to her timely aid. At last, however she began to flag a little, and was not quite a strong to endure as she had been. There were about her no symptoms of the fever; she was only tired and won, she said to Pierre, as she sat in her room one evening. The day had been damp and sultry, and the night had obed differences of the same name. Had Queenie's flow more than there with Phil.

There is a great deal of good in her, and is seen.

There was nother way. He would then there with Phil.

There is a great deal of good in her, and is seen, with the same name. Henceforth will be received that there with Phil.

There is a great deal of good in her, and is seen, which seemed to Pierre, will be received the though she send to my components of the same name. Henceforth will be received then there with Phil.

There is a great deal of good in her, and is seen, which seemed to Pierre, and the reliate of Duches of Holstein-Got meaning.

The day of the first had the set from the city station had seen in the city station had for it as even.

The day of the first had there is fount to be an

responded:
"Come immediately to No. 40—street."
"CHRISTINE."
"Queenie."
"Queenie." You are needed there." "CHRISTINE."
The handwriting was very uneven, as if penned in great excitement, and as Queenie looked wonderingly at it there swept over her ville, Qu enie had walked slowly past the an undefinable apprehension of something. Convent of St. Joseph, speculating upon its she could not tell what—a feeling that this inmates and wondering if within its walls call from Christine on such a night was might, there was not perfect rest for a heart as sad no ordinary call, and the need no ordinary

veil and pledged themselves to a life of self-denial and sacrifice. This scene had greatly cated, she believed, by the message she had

Never before had Christine sent for her was imperative, and, with trembling hands wying up everything which women hold most and, with Pierre, started for No. 40. It was a f: om all temptation, and had spoken of that the fever had suddenly broken out in its most her reverie, and, with a great heart throb for to the city the previous day, and who was ing mad, or is that—is that now lying senseless in an upper chamber, where Christine had found him, burning with good enough to be a nun. I am not good and fatigue, but she had done for him what she could, and then had sent for Queenie enough for anything."

But now her opportunity had come, and whom she met on the landing outside the though she did not wear the sisters' garb, she sick-room, and to whom she explained why

be elsewhere to-night. This kind of weather has increased the danger tenfold, and there is

Then she gave some minute directions with she said, was sleeping, and must be allowed for Savannah took in it Pierre and Queenie, to sleep as long as possible. She seemed hound for the fever smitten city where the greatly excited as she talked, and there was a prople were dying so fast and help was strange glitter in her eyes, and occasionally Queenie stood for one brief instant gazing while Queenie was making up her mind to go to Memphis, Christine La Rus was already man, which made Queenie look curiously at "Nearer, Pierre; hold the lamp a little there. She, too, had heard the cry for her, wondering if she were altogether in her help, and it roused her from the state bor right mind. When all had been said which Queenie: then, with a sudden upward move I feel that I can do some good. I am not a ment of her arms, she wound an arm around bad nurse, and if I can save one life or ease around the young girl's neck, and kissing her

"God bless you, my child, and keep you, the fever, and if I should take it and die, and all those whom you love, from harm." better so than end my own life, as I am often

There were bright red spots uoon her cheeks, but the lips which touched Queenie Her mind was made up, and Margery did not oppose her, but promised her plenty of money in case it should be needed. And so the mother and daughter were bound for the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the state of the mother and control of the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the state of the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the state of the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the state of the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the same work—the one to have something to so clad afterward that it was so—glad that the same work—the one to have something to some w were cold as ice, as was the hand which acci Mrs. La Rue to assume the gray dress of a she had some thought and care for Christine,

She had one of Christine's cold hands in quiet his disordered mind. wretch blessed her with his last breath, and commended to her care some loved one-wife, husband or child, struggling in the next vou die," the woman drew it away suddenly. and bursting into a proxysm of tears, ex

"Oneenie is or will be there. Find her at ted, and shook frem head to foot with a name-

lips as she read the dispatch, and then whis-pered to herself, "No. Queenie must not die," carried with her a quantity of brandy, and well,"

The brandy steadied her nerves, and after

CHAPTER L. THE OCCUPANT OF NO. 40.

It was a large, handsome room-one of the best, it would seem, in the hotel-but it seemed gloomy and cheerless new, with only a night lamp burning on the table, casting weird shadows here and there, and only par tially revealing the form upon the bed-the regard to this mysterious person, whose praises form of a tall young man, buried in the pil were on every lip, and also a great desire to low. Outside the counterpane one arm and hand was lying, and Queenie noticed that the latter was white and shapely as a woman's, slightly curling hair, which clustered around

recognize the new comer, and something like said, and not for worlds would Queenie disacry of joy escaped her as she managed to obey her. She held a human life in her keep ing, and with her finger on her lip to Pierre who crouched almost at her feet, she seated In an instant Queenie sprang to her feet, and mother and daughter stood confronting see the outline of the figure upon the bed, and there for hours she sat and watched that figure, and listened to the irregular breath ing, while every kind of wild fancy danced through her brain, and her limbs began at last to feel prickly and numb, and a sense of cold and faintness to steal over her.

The air in the room was hot and oppressive,

though the windows were opened wide. Outside the rain was falling heavily, and the sky the awful stillness, except the occasional tread of some physician or nurse on duty, or the crash of distant wheels, whose meaning Queenie understood full well, shuddering as she thought of the rapid burials which the peril made necessary, and remembering what a she had an encessary, and remembering what a second for the rapid burials which the peril made necessary, and remembering what a second from her swoon.

"Tell me," she gasped, when she was able to speak. "Was it a dream, or was it Phil, whom I thought dead beneath the geril made necessary, and remembering what a second from her swoon.

"Tell me," she gasped, when she was able to speak. "Was it a dream, or was it Phil, whom I thought dead beneath the geril made necessary, and remembering what a second from her swoon. they call you, though I never dreamed it was you, how came you here, and when?"

Christine told her how and when, and then

Queenie understood full well, shuddering as peril made necessary, and remembering what she had read of the great plague in London, where the death cart rolled nightly through the street, while the dreadful cry was heard

> dead." The words kept repeating themselves over and over in Queenie's mind until her brain became confused; the present faded away nto the far off past, and she was one o

> the cry:
> "Bring out your dead." And she was bringing hers—was carrying the young man whose long limbs dragged upon the floor, and whose head drooped upon

Queenie had thrown off her street dress and still outside the counterpane, and the light that he might be spared to her. At last, just could think of her quietly and calmly as of breath, and loved her with all my strength,

"Queenie."

She was sure of it. He might not have meant her, it is true. There were other tion if she left the room, Queenie crouched Queenies in the world, no doubt, but he had called her name—this man, who in her dram waited with a throbbing heart for the moment.

When Pierre looked in again just for an inthe or and stant, and seeing Phil asleep, shut the door the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two. She was, however, anxious less so much talking and ever draming or the relationship between the two and the relationship between the

ferring to live for God and the good of all and a strange thinking of what she was to again forever. But she would see him first the window was cool and pure, and seemed curious upon the subject, that she gradually mankind. In his remarks to the trio thus do, she donned her usual every day attire, distinctly, would know if it were a phantom to have in it something of life and invigora withdrew her hand from Phil's, and rising or a reality lying there upon the bed within her reach, for she had advanced a few steps "The weather has changed, thank God," Pierre looked in again, and this time she forward, and could have touched the head

upon the pillow.
"Pierre," she said, at last, when she could endure the suspense no longer—"Pierre," and ence of the change, for he breathed more her voice sounded to herself like the coho of naturally and there came a faint color to his something a thousand miles away, "am I go ing mad, or is that—is that—"and she

Not comprehending her in the least, Pierre stared at her wonderingly, with a great fear that her min i was really unsettled by all the terrible scenes through which she had passed.
"Is it what?" he asked, coming to her side, and she replied:
"Bring the light. I must see the face of

"Bring the light. I must rece the table of the voice she had never exthis young man. I cannot wait till morning."

"But, mademoiselle," Pierre remonstrated, peted to hear again fell upon her ear Queenie asked, imperiously, as she put the could no longer restrain herself, but spring-trembling old man aside, and opening the door, drew him with her into the hall. "Now nandina when the scourge was there, and who the closest watching, and I knew of no one to think of the harm, the danger to him. could no longer restrain herself, but were busy now in Memphis, whence a second who would be as faithful as you, for I must Christine's orders were to let him sleep; he ing up, she bent over Phil and said: was not to be disturbed "

him. Bring the light!" Queenie said, per emptorily, as she moved to the other side of regard to the treatment of the patient who, the bed, toward which the sick man's face der his neck, while with the other she car-

was turned.

Carefully pushing down the pillow, so as to bring the features more distinctly to view,

nearer, please."

He obeyed her, and as the full rays of the was necessary to say, Christine still stood light fell upon the white, pinched face of the irresolute, as it were, looking fixedly at sleeper, Queenie threw her arms high in the air, and, in a voice Pierre would never have "Oh, Pierre, Pierre! it is -it is-my Phil-

ome back to me again! Christine! Christine! come, and help! was a loud, wailing cry, that call for Christine, and the next moment Queenie lay pouring out the full measure of her affection her so fast and making her sometimes across the foot of the bed, where she had fallen in a death-like swoon, while over her stolen from the room, leaving the lovers alone languor.

the previous afternoon and recognized him at close to him whispered:
once, experienced such a shook as had set "Heaven can scarcely be better than this, lay sister, as she felt freer and safer in this garb, and could go where she pleased. It was hand:

to whom she said, as she felt her lips and once, experienced such a shock as had set every nerve to quivering, and made her feel every nerve to quivering, and made her feel and:

"How cold you are, and why do you trem-| that at last her own strength was giving way.

> Once, during a lucid interval, he looked in-

worked before to ally the burning fever and

Queenie did not know what the woman would only augment the disease and lessen

All through the weary hours which preceded look into her face and beaming eyes, which Queenie's cry for help she sat alone in the dazzled and bewildered him with their brightdarkness, alternately shaking with cold and ness. and burning with fever, while in her heart So was a feeling amounting to certainty that her work was done, that the deadly faintness stealing over her at intervals, and making her so sick and weak, was a precursor of the end But she must live long enough to save Phil Rossiter, and give him back to Queenie might feel some little gratitude toward her, and think more kindly of her when she was gone. So she fought back her symptoms bravely, and rubbed her cold, damp face when it was at its coldest, and then leaned far out

of the open window into the falling rain when it was at its hottest.

And thus the time passed on until her quick lives," she said to Pierre, and there was a thought of the woman in her heart as she bent over the dying negress, wiping the liack womit from her lips and the sweat drops from her brow. "She might have saved her perhaps," she said, just as the door opened and the gray sister came in.

Far gone as was the poor colored woman. "Let him sleep; it will do him good and she sill had enough of sight and sense to she sill had enough of sight and sense to she said, and not for worlds would Queenie disside and the gray sister came in.

Said and not for worlds would Queenie disside the sound of voices and footsteps car caught the sound of voices and footsteps thrill through her veins, as if something in the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick man's head and sent an indescribable are caught the sound of voices and footsteps thrill through her veins, as if something in the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room in the sick room, and she heard Queenie's deministry of the sick room in the sick room in the sick room in the sick room in the s she was there, she had the unconscious girl could not change her nature any more than in her arms and was bearing her into the the leopard can change his spots—knew that in her arms and was bearing her into the the leopard can change his spots—knew that room, where for hours she had weited so at times she would be the same little willful,

the room so near to him, he had aroused from his sleep, and was moaning and talking to himself, without. apparently any real consciousness as to where he was. But Christine's be well worth his while to bear with them ocsoothing hands and the medicine she admin istered, quieted him at once, and leaving him in Pierre's care, she went back to Queenie

from the sea, I know not how, only that he is here, that he came seeking for you, and I found him with the fever, late vesterday after Bring out your dead; bring out your noon, and did for him what I could. sent for you, and the rest you know. Only be quiet now. I do not think he will die."

"Oh, save him, save him, and vou shall have my gratitude forever. I have been cold and proud, but 1 will be so no longer, if you those weary watchers in London, listening to the cry:

give me back my Phil," Queenie said, with the cry: and clasped the hem of her dress.

"I will do what I can," Christine replied, while again through every nerve throbbed the

she did so: "He must not see you yet. Keep out of his sight till I tell you to come." she was carrying to the death-cart, and who might, perhaps, go there when the morning Phil was better; the long sleep had done cern upon his face, while through the open "Yes

"You are so good to me."
Then he took the draught she gave him

Christine murmured, while Queenie, teo, whispered, "Thank God! thank God!" naturally and there came a faint color to his lips, and at last, just as a ray of sunlight stole into the room and danced upon the wall from passing. "Whose voices do I hear and above his head, he awoke to perfect conscilis any one sick? I was just coming to ascer-

"I am here—here, Phil, my love, my darl-"Nor shall I disturb him; but I shall see ing, and nothing shall part us again. I one sick whom I ought to see? Is it—is it—
m. Bring the light!" Queenie said, per am not your cousin, and I can love you now." Christine?" She was kneeling beside him one arm un-

> essed his face, and kissing him passionately continued:
>
> "Oh, Phil, I thought you were dead, and it broke my heart, for I did love you all the time, and I found it out when it was too late
>
> "Bassionately added the set of the set of

> she made this avowal of her love, without a her vigils by Phil's bedside.
>
> Shadow of shame or feeling that she was do"I must not give up yet; I must endure In adow of sname of reeing that she was do-ing anything unmaidenly. Phil was hers. Nothing could change that, or his love for save him for her sake," she thought, and her. She was as sure of him as she was that fought down with a desperate courage and she breathed, and she had no hesitancy in iron will the horrid sensations stealing over

arms around the little girl, and hugging her Oh, Queenie! my darling! my pet!" He was very weak, and Queenie saw it, and drawing herself from him said :

"You must not talk any more now. You must get well, and then I can hear it all—

was hers forever, and the old joy began to come back, and the old light sparkled in her here, and what is the matter with you?"

"I am sick—I have the fever," she re"I am sick—I have the fever," she re"and if you are afraid, leave me at Queenie did not know what the woman would only augment the dischances for recovery.

ted, and shook frem head to foot with a name less terror.

She saw that he was very sick, but would not let him know it, and by her hopeful, reasonable toward saving ish and I wanted to die, because you, too, were once."

come back, and the old light sparkled in ner pared her for the comm, sumer is which shone like stars as she went on:

"I am sick—I have the fever," she repared her for the comm, sumer is hands to touch her but her own.

"She nursed me when I was a most all varied to die, because you, too, were once."

"She nursed me when I was a must care for her now," she saw once and send her away. Queenie must not die."

"You, too, are cold and trembling, and that There was a faint smile about Christine's away after the dispatch, and then whispered to herself, "No. Queenie must not die," while her pulse quickened a little as she read the dispatch and little as she read the dispatch, and then whisper to you in the dark night, when little as she carried with her a quantity of brandy, and well," she said, and Phil did whatever she bade him do, though his mind began to thought what happiness it would be to nurse draught.

"You, too, are cold and trembling, and that suring manner did as much toward saving is he and I wanted to die, because you, too, were once."

"At was so dreadul when I toung it out, plies; and II wanted to die, because you, too, were once."

"She nursed me when I was a baby, and I must care for her now," she said, pour in the dark night, when I unmanly as to leave a woman like Christine said, pour in the dark night, when I unmanly as to leave a woman like Christine said, pour in the dark night, when I whisper to you in the dark night, when I whisper to you in the dark night whisper to you in the dark night when I was and I wanted to die, because you, too, were once."

"Keep very quiet, and I'll soon have you were, and I used to die, because you, too, were once."

"Keep very quiet, and I'll soon have you with leave the whisper to you in the dark night when I was and I wanted to die, because you, too, were once."

"Keep very quiet, and I'll soon have you with leave the whisper to you in the dark night when I was and I wanted to die, because you, wander again, and he talked constantly of that you were sorry for me. Where Queenie, hom he had come to find. Phil, when I was wanting you so much?

standing a moment watching Christine as she went slowly down the stairs, holding to the banisters, like one suffering from great physical weakness, she turned toward the door of the sick-room and opening it softly,

So Queenie sat by him all that morning seldom speaking to him, but often bending over him to kiss his forehead or hands, and

occasionally murmuring:
"Dear Phil, and I am so glad—so happy.

Nothing will ever trouble me again.' " Not even the Fergusons?" Phil answered her once, with his old, teasing smile, which until I am dead. Then tell her I was so glad made him so like the Phil of other days that to die and leave her free, and that I loved Queenie laughed aloud, and, shaking her head gayly, said:

"No, not even grandma's purple gloves can ever worry me again. Oh. Phil. I have repented so bitterly of all my pride, and I shall never, never be so any more—shall never be

patiently. Fitting her in a safe and upright imperious girl she had always been, defying position upon a cushion, she ran baok to Phil, who, she knew, must be her first and principal care.

When she was to where willing to the range where w wise if he could; he should not know her it because when Queenie's shriek echoed through the claws were always sheathed and she was proaching. When Queenie entered, her eyes were closed when Queenie entered, her eyes were closed when Queenie entered her eyes were closed. and true she would always be, and so repent. but they opened quickly, and a smile of joy ant when her moods were over that it would and surprise broke over her face, when be well worth his while to bear with them occasionally, as he was sure to have to do. But he did not tell her so; he did not tell her anything, for he was too weak to talk, so he only looked his love and happiness through his eyes, which rested constantly upon her face, until at last even that became to him as something seen through a mist, not altogether real, and he again fell into a quiet sleep, with his hand resting in Queenie's.

CHAPTER LI. SISTER CHRISTINE. So absorbed had Queenie been with Phil that she had failed to notice anything which was passing around her, or to think of anythat sometime during the morning Pierre had and resentful. All that was gone now, never recovered. He was almost as well brought her coffee and rolls, which he had and she was conscious of a strange feeling known to agriculturists out of England as to managed to find somewhere near, he said, and fixed upon her with so much yearning tender. which he made her eat. He had also given ness and love. This woman was her mother. flocked to his farm from all parts of the her some orders with regard to Phil's meding that, whatever her world. Mr. Mechi is descended from the hair cines, saying that Madame La Rue bade him faults had been, she was a good woman now, dresser of Queen Caroline, wife of George II. do so, and to say that Miss Hetherton must Queenie believed; and at last, as the dim who accompanied her when she same to re be very particular not to forget. And Queenie eyes met her constantly and appealingly, she side in England. her shoulder, while his dead face, not yet even in her exquisite joy that Queenie might had not forgotten that, though all else was a bent close to the pillow, and said : her shoulder, while his dead tace, not yet even in her caquisite joy and shoulder, while his dead tace, not yet even in her caquisite joy and should to dead tace, not yet even in her caquisite joy and should to her until Phil went to sleep, and she sat watching him and wondering by what which brought with it a thought of poor Phil, "Too late; it has come too late," she sat watching him and wondering by what the Indian waters.

"Mother, I am sorry I was so unlorgiving sat back to her until Phil went to sleep, and she sat watching him and wondering by what the Indian waters.

"Mother, I am sorry I was so unlorgiving sat back to her until Phil went to sleep, and she sat watching him and wondering by what the Indian waters.

"Mother, I am sorry I was so unlorgiving sat back to her until Phil went to sleep, and she sat watching him and wondering by what the Indian waters.

"Mother, I am sorry I was so suddenly, and was so thought to herself, while to Queenie she strange chance the sea had given up its dead hard to bear. Forgive me if you can."

A low pitiful erv was Christine's only and was so the low of the sea had given up its dead hard to bear. Forgive me if you can."

put on a comfortable wrapper, when there came a quick, sharp ring, and Pierre brought came a quick, sharp ring, and Pierre brought her a note, or rather a bit of paper torn from girl had recognized as ther own. She could be moved as if about to waken, and with a state of the sin and was trying to he moved as if about to waken, and with a stone. "Phil and I will take eare of her, and might. Margery, Margery | She prospects of Complete Emancipation was trying to he moved as if about to waken, and with a stone. "Phil and I will take eare of her, and make her perfectly happy!"

Within Ten Years. a pocket tablet, and on which was written in not be mistaken In answer to her cry for quick, imperative movement of her hand though she cannot, of course, live with us. During this conversation, which was earFrench:

During this conversation, which was earGhristine put Queenie behind her, saying as She will not expect that;" she thought, and ried on in French, the sister whom the phy-

> Phil's hand was clasping hers and she would not free herself from it lest she should awaken Queenie then she would see the face of this stranger who had called for Queenie, and whose head and hair were so like her lost Phil's that, as she looked, with straining, eager eyes, and whirling brain, it seemed to her at last that it was Phil himself—Phil, drowned and dead, perhaps, but still Phil, come back to her in some incomprehensible manner, just to mock her a moment, and then to be snatched away had difted and the air which came in at least who grant and she would be she would as a child, while Queenie sat upon the floor fearing to move or stir lest she should disturb him. Slowly the minutes dragged on until at last it was quite light in the room body in the other part of the house besides her a moment, and then to be snatched away had lifted and the air which came in at least winds a would see the first which came in at least winds and she would lead not from it lest she should awaken in the strain. Slowly the minutes dragged on until at last it was quite light in the room body in the other part of the house besides had lifted and the air which came in at least and she would lead to the six which came in at least and she would lead to the six which came in at least and she would lead to the six which came in at least she gradully lead to the six which came in at least she gradully lead to the six which came in at least she gradully lead to the six she gradully lead to the six she would as the would as he would as he would and the six she would as he would as he would and the six she would as he would and the six she would as he would and the six she would as he would as he would and the six she would as he would and the six she would as he would and the six she would as he would and her would and the six she would as he would and the six she

> > could not be mistaken with regard to the expression on his face, which was very pale ered, "Thank God! thank God!" expression on his lace, which was very pair of the change, for he breathed more ally and there came a faint color to his and at last, just as a ray of sunlight he stood against the door as if to keep her

tell me the truth," she continued.

"Yes," he answered, "It is Madame Christine, and she is very bad. She will die, the doctor fears, but she said you must not know.

and you were gone, and I mourned for you so end of the hall Christine La Rue was dying.

much, and all the brightness went out from She who had braved so much and borne so my life; but it will come back again with you,
my darling! my darling!"

Her tears were falling like rain upon his
face, and her voice was choked with sobs, as
upon her, when she sent for Queenie to share

You or rather sat in a half upright position, leaning against the wall with her face in her where you have been and why you are not dead. Oh, Phil, it was so horrible—every up to see a man standing before her and ask ing in the hall, and told him all was over. up to see a man standing before her and ask. ing in the hall, and told him all was over. thing which has happened to me since you went away. I am nobody—N body, Phil; no was the proprietor of the house, who, name, no right to be born, and I was once so ashamed of his cowardice, had returned and

who had been out for Queenie's coffee, and who explained to him that his house held another patient, he told him of Christine and where she was, bidding him to look after her until help came from some other quarter.
But Christine was past all human aid. The

disease had attacked her in its worst form, and she knew she could not live to see another sun setting. Sie was very calm, how ever, and only anxious for Queenie and Phil. They must not be disturbed—they must not know," she said to Pierre, to whom she

gave some orders concerning Phil's medicines, which Pierre took to his mistress. "Don't tell her I am sick; don't let her know her so much, and am so sorry for the past. she said to Pierre, who, half distracte all he was passing through, wrung his hands nervously, and promised all she required. But when Queenie began to suspect, and

her, adding, as he saw her about to dart away from him toward's Christine's room:
"You better not go there; she does not need you. One of the sisters is with her, and she said you must stay with monsieur. All her anxiety is for him and you – none for her-elf. She seems so glad to die!

He might as well have talked to the wind for all the heed Queenie gave him. Bidding in mist by Phil until heawoke, and then come for her if she was needed, she went swiftly to God knew best, and took to himself the weary in such a manner that the wheels of a box

Queenie exclaimed :

not let me know it, or I should have come For an instant Christine's lips quivered in a pitiful kind of way; then the great tears rolled down her cheeks, as she whispered

faintly: "I am sick-I am dying; but I did not Queenie explained that he was sleeping

During this conversation, which was earher mind was busy with castles of the future, sicir n had sent to attend Christine stood look-when Pierre looked in again just for an in-stant, and seeing Phil asleep, shut the door the relationship between the two. She was

"Yes, you are right. I should try to quiet her now. If you will be kind enough to look after the young man in No. 40, I will stay with Sister Christine. She wishes it to be so. She was my nurse in France. I knew

Queenie hesitated a moment, and then added:
"Knew her daughter. She was talking of

her to me."

This satisfied the woman, who, bowing assent, went from the room, leaving the two

alone. For a time Christine lay perfectly still, with her eyes closed, but her lips were constantly moving, and Q seenie knew that she was pray ing, for she caught the words:
"Forgive for Christ's sake, who forgave

the thief at the very last hour!"

Ment has spread distrust, and judicial sales
And all the while Queenie held the hot hands in hers, and occasionally smoothed the gray hair back from the pale brow where the sweat of death was gathering so fast. last Christine opened her eyes and looked fixedly at Queenie, who said to her very

would not come. There was always a horror of blackness before me until since I came outside plantation to another inside of blackness before me until since I came here, when the darkness has been clearing, and now there is peace and joy, for I feel that

to die. She talked but little after that, and when she did speak her mind was wandering in the past, now at Chateau des Fleurs, when she was a young girl and good, she said, now in Rome, where she watched by her mistress' bedside, but mostly in Marseilles, where her whom she bade Queenic be kind to when she was gone. Then she talked of Margery and Paris, are the apartments in the Rue St. Honore, until her voice was only a whisper, and Queenic could not distinguish a word. She was dying very fast, and just at the last before how life. before her life went out forever, Queenie bent

over her, and kissing her softly, whispered:
"Mother, do you know that I am here-Queenie-your little girl?" "Yes, yes," she gasped, and a look of unutterable love and satisfaction shone in the fallen in a death-like swoon, while over her bent Christine. She had not left the house at all, but had sat below, waiting for some such denouement when the truth should become known to Queenie.

Stolen from the room, leaving the lovers alone languor.

But when the crisis was past and she could endure it no sure Phil was safe, she could endure it no ber caresses and kisses in silence. Then longer, and one long lingering look at summoning all his strength, he wound his Queenie, whom she felt she should never languor.

But when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below you are Queenie to a suturation snone in the current languor.

But when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below you are Queenie to a suturation snone in the current languor.

But when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below you are Queenie to a suturation snone in the current languor.

But when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below you are Queenie to a suturation snone in the current languor.

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But when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past and she could endure it no below when the crisis was past

one," she thought, as she made her way to the staircase.

darling, good-by!"
She never spoke again, though it was an

Sister Christine was dead, and there was that Lablache, the singer, who was her, just after the sun setting on the same day of her death. It was Queenic who pre pared her for the coffin, suffering no other

repentant at the last.

"I am glad I feel so kindly toward herwas conscious of a keen pain in her heart as she looked upon the white dead face on which suffering and remorse had left their marks. Notwithstanding the hour and her own fanot leave until the grave was filled and all the of the forbidden "Napoleon le Petit." room, laid her tired head upon the hands he Phil soothed and caressed her until she grew uiet and could tell him all the particulars of

Christine's death.
"There was much that was noble and good "There was much that was noble and good in her," she said, "and I am glad I feel as I la un million a gagner!" do. Had she lived I would have tried so hard nsisted upon knowing the truth, he told it to do right, and with you to help and encourage me I might have succeeded.

> "Yes," Phil answered her, "I am sure you would have tried; but it is better as it isbetter for her to be at rest." And Phil was right; it was far better, for, had she lived, she could only have been a source of unhappiness to Queenie, who, with woman, who had been more sinned against saint.

-A New York lady, who lately became a ueenie exclaimed:

widow, has received a visit from a former
"Oh, Christine, you are sick and you did poor tenant who said that eleven years ago when it was made up, and he bade them all she had moved out of a house belonging to good by, remarking, "well, boys, after eight the lady's husband, leaving \$5 owing to him. years I've got it at last." He had quite re-She could not afford to pay it at once, but cently two narrow escapes from death.

would do so by instalments. —The failure in his old age of Mr. Mechi, one of the kindest and most liberal-minded justice and listened to testimony as to the manner of the accident. Henry Albert, gate and listened to testimony as to the manner of the accident. -The failure in his old age of Mr. Mechi, want you to know. I wished to spare you and the last forty years he has been one of the him. How is he now?"

the last forty years he has been one of the most prominent men in England, and Mechi's magic paste and razor strops have been the unfortunate brakeman gave the signal to scarcely less renowned than Tiptree Hall, his quietly, and that she believed all danger passes and razor strops nave been quietly, and that she believed all danger passes and razor strops nave been strops nave been the engineer to back up. He (the brakeman) took the hot burning hands in hers, and rubbed and bathed them as carefully and gently per ago Mr. Mechi unwarily became combed and bathed them as carefully and gently described by the strops nave been the engineer to back up. He (the brakeman) then ran between two cars to pull out the pin. As he stepped back he slipped and fell, and that she believed all danger passes and razor strops nave been the engineer to back up. He (the brakeman) then ran between two cars to pull out the pin. As he stepped back he slipped and fell, and the car passed over him. The cars were being the complete of the cars were being the careful that the car passed over him. The cars were being the careful that the careful that the careful that the engineer to back up. He (the brakeman) the careful that the carefu disastrously and let him in for a hetvy sum, thing except her great happiness. She knew woman's, toward whom she had felt so bitter a blew from which, it is likely enough, he known to agriculturists out of England as to those in it, and visitors of the first distinction

-According to the St. Petersburg corre-"Mother, I am sorry I was so unforgiving spondent of the Cologne Gazette, a Supreme and bad. It same so suddenly, and was so Council of State is to come into existence in which brought with it a thought of poor Phil, lying beneath the Indian waters.

It was a horrid nightmare, and Queenie struggled with it a moment, and then awoke with a cry of Phil upon her lips—a cry so loud that the sleeper upon the bed started a little, and moaned, and said something indistinctly, and moved uneasily, then set tled again into slumber, and all was quiet as ever.

"Too late; it has come too late, she watering and and adjiven up its dead and restored him to her. There, as she heard and restored him to her. There, as she heard and restored him to her. There, as she heard and twill be too late."

A low, pitful cry was Christine's only and then she said:

"I have nothing te forgive: the wrong was little at Christine's prolonged absence from the room. And still that did not surprise her where Phil lay with his face turned more fully tled again into slumber, and all was quiet as ever.

Where Phil lay with his face turned more fully the form. And still that did not surprise her pinched and pallid it was. Had Queenie's gone to some other sick-bed, where she was ever.

Where the light and showing distinctly how pinched and pallid it was. Had Queenie's gone to some other sick-bed, where she was own life depended upon it, she could not have a sever.

Where the lags at the Russian new year. This council had restored him to her. There, as she heard and restored him to her. There, as she heard and restored him to her. There, as she heard and restored him to her. There, as she heard and trestored him to her. There, as she heard and restored him to her. There, as she heard and trestored him to her. There, as she heard and restored him to her. There, as she heard and two moders.

"I have nothing to forgive: the wrong was little at Christine's prolonged absence from all my own, and I deserved your scorn. But the seal had given up its dead.

A low, pitful ory was Christine's only and restored him to her. There, as she heard and trestored him to her. There, as she heard and trestored him to her. There, as she hear Margery's birth a secret, I must go on control torp, and her children will be princes and princesses of the same name. Henceforth

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL

RIO JANEIRO, Dec. 7, 1880,-The internella.

tion of the Premier in the Chamber of Dep-

nties on the 25th ult, was a dull affair. The

interpellator contented himself with a little

buncombe about the sovereign rights of

Brazil to regulate her social questions without

the interference of foreigners, and comment. ing a little on Mr. Hilliard's anti-slavery letter and attendance at the anti slavery banquet as official acts. promptly threw cold water on the question by leclaring that in the acts complained of Mr Hilliard presented himself only in his individual capacity, and as such the government had no concern with them; that it had no concern also with the emancipatory propaganda as long as it kept to legal ground, but that the govern-ment continued steadfast in the previously declared resolve to leave slavery to die out gradually under the provisions of the law of September 28th, 1871. This declaration has given the planters much satisfaction, although they keep up a little newspaper skirmishing with the apolitionists. Notwithstanding the Government declarations the abolition move ment has spread distrust, and judicial sales except among the slaveowness the general feeling is that slavery will be abolished within ten years, either by legislative enaction or by a general refusal of the slaves to remain in bondage. Notwithstanding, however, the "You have saved my life and I thank you: but for you I should have ded when that dreadful sickness come. How long have I been here, and where is Queenie? I dreamed she was here."

As the tones of the voice she had never expected to hear again fell upon her ear Queenie of the voice she had never expected to hear again fell upon her ear Queenie? The voice of Rio Janeiro has just the cold flow. The voice she had never expected to hear again fell upon her ear Queenie.

"What is it? Do you wish to tell me something?"

"Yes," the dying woman answered faintly. "I hope I am forgiven, and that I shall find rest beyond the grave. I used to keep.

"Do all you can for her? For whom? Who is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow. Details the cold flow. The cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow. The cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow. The cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow. The cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow. The cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow is it that is sick, and said I must not know?" the cold flow is it that is it? Do you wish to tell me something?"

"Yes," the dying woman answered faintly. "I hope I am forgiven, and that I shall find rest beyond the grave. I used the probability of the other provinces should not pation, the great slave holding provinces are alarmed at the probability of the other provinces are alarmed. The something?"

"Yes," the dying woman answered. I alarmed the province should not pation, the great slave holding provinces are alarmed at the probability of the other provinces are alarmed at the probability of the other provinces are alarmed at the probability of the other provinces are alarmed at the probability of the longing to the same planter and same master, and that they were owned by him at the date God forgives me all my sin, and you, my child, have forgiven me too, and called me mother, and Phil is alive and safe. I've another more tables for the law. The province is taxed that me mother and Phil is alive and safe. I've another more tables for the law and safe. I've another me to the province of St. Paulo is a strength of the law. me mother, and Phil is alive and safe. I've fifty milreis. The province is taxed fifty milreis. The province of St. Paulo is nothing more to live for, and I am so glad and there is no doubt but it will be followed by Minas Geraes, Bahia and others within a short time. The Senate will probably get through the second reading of the Electoral bill early next week, and the Deputies have at last sent up the bill on patents to the Senate. Two deputies, cousins, had a dispute

## amination of the bamboos and fibres of the Amazon, and expresses great interest in the

SOME NEW ANECDOTES.

matter.

place." The Minister of Agriculture has sent up instructions to the Para authorities to

assist Edison's agent in every way in his ex-

It is related that on one occasion the late Mr. Thackeray was out walking with his friend "Jacob Omnium," a still taller man Queenie, whom she left see should never and make you very happy. I am glad for your friend "Jacob Umnum," a sum tanter man "I can die there alone and so trouble no sake that I am going away. Good-by, my than he was. They came to a little local fair with its shops and shows. Pausing before the fat the staircase.

She never spoke again, though it was an tent of the giant, the dropping on the first landing her strength failed heur or more before Queenie loosed her hold woman, to tell his companion to straighten up, the novelist gravely passed into the tent, dropping on the head of the woman who took and closing the eyes which looked at her to dropping on the head of the woman who took and closing the eyes which looked at her to dropping on the head of the woman who took the last, smoothed the bed-clothes decently, toll, the perfidious phrase,—"We're in the We are reminded of this jest profession!" of the great Englishman by reading in M. Alphonse Karr's "Livre de Bord," of a somewhat similar scene in France. It happened Christine," he said, faintly, "where is queenie? I came to find her. Don't let me die till I have seen her."

"Queenie is here I will send for her at once."

"Queenie," Phil replied, with a tighter clasp of case is not very bad," Christine replied.

"Stat Lablache, the singer, who was a tall, going first through the rooms below where deverything was as he left it, he started to ascend the stair to the chambers above. Generally when he came upon Christine, whom he had often seen on her errands of mercy, but whom to their last resting-place. Every respect where a family of English visitors asked for when he came upon Christine, whom he had the remains often seen on her errands of mercy, but whom he had which lay in his.

She did not ask him if it would make any difference with his love. She knew it would not. She had always felt sure of Phil; he was hers forever, and the old joy began to come here. What are you doing the market with not the door, to their last resting-place. Every respect the did not recognize until she looked up and which it was possible under the circum stances to pay her was paid to her. Many gathered about the grave where they buried her, just after the sun setting on the same left one morning brought him to the door, to their last resting-place. Every respect where a family of English visitors asked for stances to pay her was paid to her. Many gathered about the grave where they buried her, just after the sun setting on the same left one morning brought him to the door, to their last resting-place. Every respect where a family of English visitors asked for stances to pay her was paid to her. Many gathered about the grave where they buried her, just after the sun setting on the same left one morning brought him to the door, to their last resting-place. Every respect where the dwarf. Without hesitating, Lablache on the dwarf which it was possible under the circum the dwarf. Without hesitating, Lablache of whom followed her remains bell one morning brought him to the door, to their last resting-place. Every respect where a family of English visitors asked for the dwarf. Without hesitating, Lablache was the dwarf. Without hesitating, Lablache was the dwarf. Without hesitating, Lablache was the dwarf which it was possible under the circum the dwarf. Without hesitating, Lablache was the dwarf which it was possible under the circum the dwarf. Without hesitating, Lablache was the dwarf was possible under the circum the dwarf. Without hesitating, Lablache was the dwarf was possible under the circum the dwarf. Without hesitating her was possible under the circum the dwarf was possible under the tinued, "You seem surprised; perhaps you have seen me on exhibition; but here at home I take my ease?" This is much best anecdote in Mr. Karr's "Logbook:" for the rest of it is but gentle gessip, and one feels but little the sting of the wasp. The book has no method in it; it is only ently chronological in order; digressions are thus to care for the woman who had been her mother, and who, she felt, was truly good and than once. In spite of these blemishes, and of the natural disappointment that the reminiscences of a writer as prominent as M. Karr glad I called her mother," she thought, and was conscious of a keen pain in her heart as amusement from the book. There is rather an interesting account of the growth of M Victor Hugo's republicanism. M. Karr tells a curious incident of the poet's fight against tigue, Queenie was among the number who stood by the open grave where all that was Napoleon the Little; in 1852 the French mortal of Christine was buried, and she would tier, devoted special attention to the capture work was done. Then, taking Pierre's arm, the volumes continued to pass through the she went back to the hotel, and going to Phil's lines. At last it transpired that they were room, laid her tired head upon the hands he stretched toward her, and cried bitterly, while Phil soothed and caressed her until she grew note that the pet phrase of our American units and could tell him all the particular of Col. Mulberry Sellers was familiar in the mouth of an actual Frenchman, a friend of

CRUSHED BY CARS

The Awful Death of Brakeman Rober Ingram. The Detroit Free Press of Friday last con-

tains the following sad story:
"Yesterday morning Robert Ingram, a and Law. Soon after the operation he died. Deceased was unmarried, about 24 years of age, and came from Guelph, Ont. After he was carried to the house he was visited by the

Justice Campau impaneled a jury to hold

standing at the door of the signal-house as

keeper at the crossing, testified that h

up the train. The jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the testimony of the gatekeeper, and added their belief that the cross ng should be kept free from ice."

Robert Ingram was the son of Thomas Ingram, sen., of the township of Puslinch, and a brother of Constable Thomas Ingram, jr., who has figured in some very clever detective business in and around Hamilton recently. The awful death of Robert, who was a favorite son of the old people, will be a severe blow. The body was taken home to his father's house, Aberfoyle, and the funeral, which was

-The new Minister of War in Belgium intends to propose the transformation of the Belgian lancers into regiments of dragoons as the lance is found to be an impracticable

largely attended, took place yesterday.