

For Love and Fame.

"He sent me after you—with a message," Jehan answered.

Madame started, and her hand went to the packet. "Do you mean Monsieur Notredame?" she murmured.

The boy nodded. "He—he said he had forgotten one thing," he continued, halting between his sentences and shivering. "He—he said you were to alter one thing, madame."

"Oh!" madam answered, frigidly, her heart sinking her pride roused by this intervention of the boy who seemed to know all. "What thing, if you please?"

Jehan looked quickly and fearfully over his shoulder. But all was quiet. "He had forgotten that your dog," he stammered, "had entered, in as-

being so, the charm yourself."

Madame's eyes flashed with anger. "Oh," she said, "indeed! And is that all?"

"But to give it to him, without telling him," the boy rejoined with sudden spirit and firmness.

Madame started and drew a deep breath. "Are you sure you have made no mistake?" she said, trying to read the boy's face. But it was too dark for that.

"Quite sure," he answered, hardily.

"Oh," madame said, slowly and thoughtfully, "very well. Is that all?"

"That is all," he replied, drawing back a step, but reluctantly, as it seemed.

Margot, who had been all the time moving a little nearer and a little nearer, came right up at this. "Now, my lady, she said, sharply, "I beg you will have done. This is no place for us at this time of night, and this little imp of Satan ought to be about his business. I am sure I am perishing with cold, and the sound of those creaking boats on the river makes me think of nothing but gibbets and corpses, till I have got the creeps all down my back! And the watch will be here presently."

"Very well, Margot," madame answered; "I am coming. But still she looked at the boy and lingered. "You are sure there is nothing else?" she murmured.

"Nothing," he answered.

She thought his manner odd, and wondered why he lingered; why he did not hurry off, since the night was cold and he was bareheaded. But Margot pressed her again, and she turned, saying, reluctantly: "Very well, I am coming."

"Ay, and so is Christmast' the woman grumbled. And this time she fairly took her by the arm and hurried her away.

"That is not a good retort, Margot," madame said presently, when they had gone a few paces, and were flitting hand in hand across the Greve, with head bent to the wind, "for it wants only four days to Christmas. You had forgotten that."

"I think you are fey, my lady," the woman replied, in an ill-temper. "I have not seen you so gay these twelve months; and what with the cold, and fear of the watch and monsieur, I am ready to sink. You must have heard fine news down there."

But madame did not answer. She was thinking of last Christmas. Her husband had gone to the revels at the Palais Cardinal, which was then in building. She had offered to go with him, and he had told her, with an oath, that if she did she should remember it. So she had stopped at home alone—her first Christmas in Paris. She had gone to mass, and then had sat all day in the cold, splendid house and cried. Half the servants had played truant, and her woman had been cross, and for hours together no one had gone near her.

This Christmas it was to be different.

Madame's eyes began to shine again and her heart to beat a pleasant measure. If she had her will, they would go to no pageants or merry-makings. But then, he liked such things, and showed to advantage in them. Yes, they would go, and she would sit quiet as a mouse; and listening while they praised him, would feed all the time on the sweet knowledge that now he was hers—her own.

She had not done dreaming when they reached the house. The porter was drowsing in his lodge, the gate was ajar. They slipped into the dark silent court-yard, and, flitting across it, entered the house. Two servants lay stretched asleep in the hall, and in a little room to the left of the door they could hear others talking, but no one looked out. Fortune could not have aided them better. With a little laugh of relief and thankfulness madame tripped up the grand staircase and under the great lamp which lighted it and the hall.

Margot followed, but neither she nor her mistress saw who followed them—who had followed them across the windy Greve, through street and lane and by-way, even, after a moment's hesitation, over the threshold of the court and into the house. A servant who heard the stairs creak as they went up, and looked out, fancied he saw a small dark figure glide out of sight above; but as there were no children in the house, and this was a child, if anything, he thought his eyes deceived him—he was half asleep—and, crossing himself, went back, yawning.

The boy could never quite explain—though often asked in after years—what led him to run this risk. It is true he dared not return to the Rue

Touchet; and he was only twelve years old, and knew nowhere else to go. But—However, that is all that can be said. He did follow them.

He crouched at the head of the stairs, and stood shivering under the great lamp. In front of him hung a pair of heavy curtains. After a moment's hesitation he crept between them and found himself in a splendid apartment, spacious, though sparsely furnished, lighted from the roof, and in character half hall, half parlor. A high marble chimney-piece in the new Italian mode faced him, and on either hand were two lofty door-ways screened by curtains. The floor was of parquet, the walls were paneled in chestnut wood. On each side of the fire, which smoldered low between the dogs, and was nearly out, a long bench, velvet covered, ran along the wall. A posset-cup stood on a tripod stand by the hearth, and in the middle of the room a round table bore a dish of sweetmeats, a tray of flasks and glasses. In the background a couple dined at eleven and twelve, and it was customary to take les repas et le vin du coucher before retiring at nine.

The boy stood cowering and listening—a strange, pale-faced little figure, reflected in a narrow mirror which decked one wall. It was very cold even here; outside he must die of cold. He heard the two women moving and talking in one of the rooms on the left; otherwise the house was still. He looked about, hesitated, and at last stole on tiptoe across the floor to one of the doors on his right. The curtain which hid it trailed a yard on the ground. He sat down between it and the door, and, winding one corner of the thick heavy stuff around his frozen limbs, uttered a sigh of relief. He had found a refuge of a kind.

He meant to sleep, but he could not, for all his nerves were tense with excitement. Not a sound in the house escaped him. He heard the soft ashes sink on the hearth; he heard one of the men who slept in the hall turn and moan in his sleep. At last, quite close to him, a door opened.

Jehan moved a little and peered from his ambush. The noise had come from madame's room. He was not surprised when he saw her face thrust out. Presently she put the curtain quite aside and came out, and stood a little way from him, listening. She wore a loose robe of some soft stuff, and he fancied she was barefoot, for she moved without noise.

She stood listening a full minute, with her hand to her bosom. Then she nodded, as if assured that all was well, and going to the table, looked down at the things it held. Her face wore a subtle smile, her cheeks flamed softly, there was a shy sparkle in her eyes. The lamp seemed to lend her new loveliness.

Apparently she did not find what she wanted on the table, for in a moment she turned and went to the fireplace. She took the posset from the trivet, and lifting the lid of the cup, looked in. What she saw appeared to satisfy her, for with a quick movement she carried the cup to the table and set it down open. She had her back to Jehan now, and he could not see what she was doing; though he watched her every motion and partly guessed. When she had finished whatever it was, she raised the cup to her lips, and the boy's heart stood still. Ay, stood still! He half rose, his face white. But he was in error. She only kissed the wine and covered it, and took it back to the trivet, murmuring something over it as she set it down.

The boy lay still, like one fascinated, while madame, clasping two little silk bags to her bosom, stole back to her door. As she raised the curtain with one hand, she turned on a sudden impulse and kissed the other toward the hearth. Slowly the curtain fell and hid her shining eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

She had barely disappeared when the boy, listening eagerly, heard the great door below flung open, and instinctively sunk down again. A breath of cold air rose from below. A harsh voice—a voice he knew—curled some one or something in the hall, a heavy step came stumbling up the stairs, and in a moment M. de Vidoche, followed by a sleepy porter, pushed his way through the door. He was flushed with drink, and he was not drunk, for as he crossed the floor he shot a swift sidelong glance at his wife's door—a glance of dark meaning; and, though he railed savagely at the servant for letting the fire go out, he had the air of listening while he spoke, and swore, to show himself at ease.

The man muttered some excuse, and, kneeling, began to blow the embers, while Vidoche looked on moodily. He had not taken off his hat and cloak.

"Has madame been out this evening?" he said, suddenly.

"No, my lord."

"Her woman is lying with her?"

"Yes, my lord."

A moment's silence. Then: "Trim the lamp, curse you! Don't you see it is going out? Do you want to leave me in the dark? Scur! This might be a pig-sty from the way it is kept!"

The man was used to being kicked and abused, but it seemed to him that his master's caprices were taking a fresh direction. It was not his business to think. However, he trimmed the lamp and took the cloak and hat, and was going, when Vidoche called him back again. "Put on a log," he said, "and give me that drink. Non du diable, it is cold!

You lazy hound, you have been sleeping!"

The man vowed he had not, and M. de Vidoche listened to his protestations as if he heard them. In reality his thoughts were busy with other things. Would it be to-night or tomorrow, or the next day? he was wondering, darkly. And how would it take her? Would he be there, or would they come and tell him? Would she sicken and fade slowly, and die of some common illness, to all appearance, with the priest by her side? Or would he awake in the night to hear her screaming, and be summoned to see her writhing in torture, gasping, choking, praying them to save — to save her from this horrible pain? God! The perspiration broke out on his brow. He shivered. "Give me that!" he muttered, hoarsely, holding out a shaking hand. "Give it me, I say!"

The man was warming the posset, but he rose hastily and handed it.

"Put lights in my room. And, hark you—you will sleep there to-night. I am not well. Go and get your straw, and be quick about it."

Vidoche listened with the cup in his hand while the man went down and fetched a taper and some coverings from the hall, and coming up again, opened one of the doors on the right—not the one against which the boy was crouching—and went into the chamber.

Madame sat crouching in the corner, with a gloomy expression on her face. She turned her thoughts to the Parloir, and to what would happen afterward, and to a dozen things with which her mind had been only too ready to occupy itself late. But now his thoughts would not be ordered. They returned again, and again to the door on his left. He caught himself listening, waiting, glancing at it askance. And this might go on for days. Dieu! the house would be a hell! He would go away. He would make some excuse to leave until—until after Christmas. He shivered, cursed himself, under his breath or a fool, and drank half the mullied wine at a draught. As he took the cup from his lips, his ear caught a slight sound behind him, and, starting, he peered hastily over his shoulder. But the noise came apparently from the next room, where the servant was moving about; and, set it down on the table.

He had scarcely done so when he drew himself suddenly upright, and remained in that position for a moment, his mouth half open, his eyes glaring. A kind of spasm seized him. His teeth shut with a click. He staggered and clutched at the table. His face grew red—purple. His brain seemed to be bursting, his eyes filled with blood. He tried to cry, to give the alarm, to get breath, but his throat was held in an iron vise. He was choking and reeling on his feet, when the man came by chance out of the bedroom.

By a tremendous effort Vidoche spoke. "Who—made—this?" he muttered, in a hissing voice.

The servant started, scared by his appearance. He answered, nevertheless, that he had mitted it himself.

"Look at—the bottom of—the cup!"

Vidoche replied in a terrible voice. He was swaying to and fro, and kept himself up only by his grip on the table. "Is there—anything there?"

The servant was terribly frightened, but he had the sense to obey. He took up the cup and looked in it. "Is there—a powder—in it?" Vidoche asked, a frightful spasm distorting his features.

"There is—something," the man answered, his teeth chattering. "But let me fetch help, my lord. You are not well. You are—"

"A dead man!" the baffled murderer cried, his voice rising in a scream of indescribable despair and horror. "A dead man! I am poisoned! My wife! He reeled with that word. He lost his hold of the table. "Ha, mon Dieu! Mercy! Mercy!" he cried.

In a moment he was down, writhing on the floor, and uttering shriek on shriek—cries so dreadful that on the instant doors flew open and sleepers awoke, and in a twinkling the room—though the lamp lay quenched, overturned in his struggles—was full of lights and frightened faces and huddled forms, and women who stopped their ears and wept. The door-ways framed more faces, the staircase rang with sounds of alarm. Everywhere was turmoil and a madness of hurrying feet. One ran for the doctor, another for the priest, a third for the watch. The house seemed on a sudden alive; nay, the garden beyond, where the porter stood, was full of people.

Madame de Vidoche's.

But already the man had gone up the stairs so full of evil purpose lay dying, and he had laid him on a pallet which some one had brought from a neighboring room. The first there had been no lack of sleepers or ready hands. One unlaced his cravat, and another his doublet, and two or three of the coolest men in the city were in the room. But the word "Poison!" was whispered, and one by one, all even the man who was been with him, even madame's maid, drew off and left those two alone. The livid body lay on the pallet, and madame, stunned and horrified, sat on the floor, her hands clasped, hanging over it; but the servant stood away in a dense circle, looking on with gloom and fear in his eyes, some mechanically holding what he felt, some still grasping the bowls of their basins they were afraid to use, and some whispered that word again and again. It seemed as if the tell-tale syllables passed the walls; for the first to arrive, before the doctor or the priest, was the captain of the watch. He looked up the stairs, his sword clanking, and, trusting the curtains aside, stood looking at the strange scene, which many lights, irregularly held and distributed, lighted up as if it had been pageant on the stage. "Who is it?"

he muttered, touching the nearest servant on the arm.

"Monsieur de Vidoche," the man answered.

"Is he dead?"

The man cringed before him. "Dead, or as good," he whispered. "Yes, sir."

"Then he is not dead?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Then why the devil are you all standing like mutes at a funeral?" the soldier answered, with an oath. "Leaving madame alone, too. Poison, eh? Oh!" and he whistled softly. "So that is why you are all looking on as if the man had got the plague, is it? A pretty set of curs you are! But here is the doctor. Out of the way now!" he he added, contemptuously, "and let no one leave the room."

To be Continued.

PROGRESSIVE FARMERS.

Co-Operative Experiments in Agriculture—How to Get the Best in Seeds and Fertilizers—Good Seed Means Big Crops—A Useful Institution.

The annual report of the Ontario Agricultural Experiment Station, issued by the Provincial Department of Agriculture, and contains a good deal of matter of practical value to the farming community. The work of the Union in the encouragement of co-operative agricultural experiments is increasing in extent and popularity as is evidenced by the fact that last year 3484 farmers took part in the experiment, carried on under its auspices. In 1886, when the plan was first put into operation, the experiments were limited to 60 plots of land on 12 farms, but the merits of the system soon made themselves apparent, and the extent of the work rapidly increased so that in 1898, 12,357 plots of land on 3,028 farms were in requisition for these tests.

The committee on co-operative experiments appointed by the Union distributes free the material for experiments, consisting of fertilizers, seeds and roots of the staple agricultural products, with instructions for sowing and cultivation, so that a uniform system may be followed. The seeds, etc., sent out are selected from the great variety of crops which have been tested for five consecutive years at the Agricultural College, Guelph, including many foreign kinds. The applicant in return is expected to conduct the experiment strictly in accordance with the instructions and to forward a complete and detailed report as to the results obtained from the test. The material is sent in good time for spring sowing if the applications are made in good time.

The advantages of the plan pursued are obvious. Those who take part obtain pure seed of varieties whose excellence has already been proved to test on their own land, enabling them to judge in a practical manner as to the particular kinds most suitable to their locality. By ascertaining this a vast amount of labor and cost that might otherwise have been unprofitably bestowed on inferior kinds is saved and the returns of the farm largely increased. One test made in a neighborhood exercises an important influence over the surrounding farmers, and by exciting an interest in the matter of securing seed helps materially to improve the general standard of agriculture.

The number of district experiments undertaken in 1899 was 23, the conclusions arrived at by comparing the various returns received from 739 farmers being given in the Report. Among the experiments were: testing various fertilizers with corn and mangels; testing 6 varieties of corn for grain, fodder or silage; 4 varieties each of millet, grasses, clovers, barley oats and peas; three varieties each of spring wheat, buckwheat, field beans and Japanese beans and several tests for root crops. Another experiment consisted in sowing peas at different dates to determine whether the early or late sown were most subject to the attacks of the pea weevil. A number of the experimenters express their hearty appreciation of the practical benefits of the system and the increased productiveness of their land.

Another instructive experiment was conducted at the annual meeting of the union on the 8th December last. Among the papers read on that occasion was an account of the Guelph Agricultural College by Dr. James Mills, which is reproduced, with portraits of some prominent men associated with the institution.

AN EXERCISER.

That's a great heater you had put in for us, remarked the tenant enthusiastically.

Keeps the family good and warm, does it? queried the delighted landlord.

Warm! Why, man, when we get through raking and shaking that affair in trying to make it burn we're so overheated that the entire family adjourns to the yard to cool off.

PARLORS.

Yes, said the barber's wife, my husband has just opened his new tonsorial parlors.

That so? exclaimed the farmer's better half. My husband's getting prosperous, too. He's having extensive Horseshoeing Parlors built where his old blacksmith shop stood.

ST. VITUS' CURED.

THE STORY OF A BRIGHT YOUNG GIRL'S RECOVERY.

She Was First Attacked With La Grippe, the After Effects Resulting in St. Vitus' Dance—Friends Despaired of Her Recovery.

The mails from Wolfville to Gasperau are carried every day by an official who is noted for his willingness to accommodate and the punctuality with which he discharges his duties. His name is Mr. Merriner Cleveland and his home is in Gasperau, where he resides with his wife and grand-daughter, Miss Lizzie May Cleveland, a bright girl of fifteen years. A few months ago the health of their grand-daughter was a source of very great anxiety to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and the neighbors who feared of the physical condition of the little girl gravely shook their heads and said to themselves that the fears of the fond grand-parents were by no means groundless. When the news reached the ears of an Acadian man, a short time ago, that the health of Miss Cleveland was such, he hastened to Gasperau, and when he reached Cleveland as to the cause of the ailment. When he explained his case to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, he was very ready to offer his aid, and the attention sought and it is in accordance with their wishes that we give to the public the facts of this remarkable cure. Early in December, 1898, Miss Cleveland was taken ill with a severe attack of la grippe and fears of her recovery were entertained. Careful nursing, however, brought her through this malady, but it left her system in a completely run-down condition. This showed itself principally in a weakness of the nerves. In January symptoms of St. Vitus' dance began to show themselves. At first these were not very prominent, but it was not long before she was rendered altogether helpless by this terribly malady. In a short time she lost all control over the movements of her hands and feet. For weeks she had to be carried from room to room and was unable to feed herself. Her grand-parents naturally became very much alarmed and having tried other remedies without effect, determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Developments showed that their confidence was not misplaced. When three boxes had been used the condition of the patient had improved considerably. Then Mr. Cleveland bought six boxes more and continued their use as before. The sufferer rapidly began to recover. When she had consumed the fifth box Mrs. Cleveland reduced the dose to one pill a day and by the time the sixth box was gone a complete cure was effected. Miss Cleveland is now as vigorous and healthy as could be desired. Her grand-parents are persuaded that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are alone responsible for her cure and are devoutly thankful for the results which, under Providence, they have produced.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

DINNER-TABLE NOVELTIES.

One among the new touches that have been lately observed in well-served dinners is that various condiments are no longer separately passed with raw oysters. Instead, in the middle of the plate on which they are handed is seen a lemon. It is open at the top, and its contents have been entirely removed. It has then been filled with a sauce made of tomato catsup, horseradish and similar things to those used in an oyster cocktail. Before eating them each oyster is taken up on the fork and dipped in the sauce within the lemon. It renders them very tasty, and the service is much more agreeable than the old way. One trip around the table is also saved in its service and this is not a matter of small consideration.

The carving now, even at small home dinners, is generally done at a side table by the maid or butler. The dish should, however, first be presented to the hostess that she, and in fact all at the table, may see that it is in perfect condition. By a slight movement of the head she indicates to the butler that it is to be carved. This custom seems to be an American one, and it would there be considered bad form to have it done at the table where it is not observed.

The idea of having set places at the home table appears to be vanishing, and, with the exception of the hostess, members of the family stroll in and sit just about wherever they please. Often the heads of the house only sit opposite to each other on occasions of large dinners.

White is at present the ultra-fashionable color for table decorations. It is seen in the flowers, the lamp shades and in almost all places where bright colors formerly reigned. This feature was noticed to be prominent at a dinner recently given at one of the most fashionable New York houses. The plates and every piece of china that was used had been especially made in England, and they were of a fine, pure white ware with a high luster. The only bit of color about them was the arms of the family, done in green. The table was profusely decorated with white roses and maiden-hair fern; and quite a sensation was created by its pure, refreshing aspect. The only sweets that were seen upon it were deep green and glistening. They contained a creme de mint cordial. In shape they were oval, and not very large. They are extremely good to the taste, but much caution is necessary when biting into them; for, unhandled judiciously, the fluid escapes and is apt to fall and soil the gown.