his arm.



CHAPTER XVI.-(Continued.)

She stood motionless for a few moments her face bowed, her hands pressed tightly to her bosom. When she spoke again her voice was comparatively caim. "Thank you for your patience," she said, in a low soice, as she put out her hand to him.

What will you do, Barbara? Shall I this man for you? I have no influe with him," he added—"he dislikes

You could do no good," she interrupted. am grateful for the kind thought. 1 must have time to think. You are not staying here?"

"Oh, no! I play to-night at Leeds." As he took her hands in his and held them for a moment in farewell, he said earnestby, "Barbara, there is one thing I must say to you. Do not let this man influence He is unscrupulous and not to be crusted; he promised me that he would beep your secret, which he discovered by a succession of accidents. He saw you suce at Rose Cottage, and again at Stourton. on-

The day when I passed you by." "You carried my roses—that was pleas-ure enough for me, dear," he said, smiling at her with dim eyes, while her own face flushed with shame at the thought of the flowers she had let fall beneath the wheels of her carriage. "He saw you that day, but could not remember where he had seen you; he saw you a few days later, when your sweet compassion brought you to my rooms; and he as certain then of what he only guessed before. It was he who sent Miss Courtenay, who was but a tool in his hands, to the castle to see you, to make you promise to appear at the theater, where he would have an opportunity of seeing if the unexpected sight of me would make you betray yourselfbe wished to make assurance doubly sure. And then, a few days ago, he came to me, and told me that be knew the truth; he occused me of willfully deceiving Lord Eladale, of putting you into the position you now hold, to share with you some of ts advantages. In short, Barbara, he accuses me of the unspeakable baseness of being bribed by you to let you retain your position at Eisdale Castle.

"How horrible!" "Horrible, indeed!" Mark rejoined, "He has used his knowledge most cruelly and mobly. Do not let him gain more power over you; and, whatever you decide to do, my child, remember that I am ready to

The tenderness of his voice, the clasp

of his hands on hers, almost broke down

the composure she had striven so hard to Great tears rose in her eyes and colled down her cheeks.

Then, as one in a dream, she passed out Into the corridor of the hotel, leaving him clone in the dim room.

CHAPTER XVII.

"You are satisfied, Lady Durley?" "I am more than satisfied, Mr. Bryant," Lady Rose replied warmly: "Every one

The play was over, the brilliant audionce who had thronged Lady Rose's bijou theater were crowding round their hosbess, congratulating her and her friends on the unqualified success of the play. The performance had been a very credita-Me one, and the piece had been put upon the stage in a manner which left nothing be desire, so that Lady Rose tasted, or thought she tasted, the delights of a Lonion actress who has made a successful bebut; and Mr. Bryant shared in the con-

The hall was quite empty-the housebellroom and the conservatories. It was sufficiently isolated from the reception ns to insure privacy, especially ch a night. The light was dim, the fire in the open hearth had sunk low; a faint strain of music from the ballroom reach-Barbara, softened by distance until the dreamy waltz tune sounded like a wail of pain. The girl shivered as she heard It sounded like a farewell. She had hardly strength to stand up, when Lord Keith appeared, and she let him wrap

This is not my shawl," she said, as she sank down upon the settee again. "Is it not? It was the only one there,

answered. "Are you so cold, love? bope you have not taken a chill." smiled at him with dim eyes

"Oh, no; I shall be quite warm direct by! But I have not finished my cross examination, Everard. Sit down. "You are in a questioning mood, Bar-

"Bear with me," she said softly. "Just one or two more, and I have done. Do you remember the day we were engaged?" Quite well, my dearest. It was a hapby day for me.

She murmured a word of thanks, then continued barriedly"You said that nothing could come be tween us, Everard. I am foolish to-night;

et me hear you my it again." "You are nervous and overwrought, fear," he said, gently. "Still, if it be any

leasure to you, let me tell you again and gain, Barbara, that nothing can come tweep us while we love each other As she rested in his arms, her aching

head pillowed on his breast, his clasp sup-porting her, a wild wish rose in her break-ing heart. If she could die now! If she d only die there!

"I love you," she murmured, with pallid, rembling lips—"I love you! Oh, Ever-rd, always believe that I love you!"

He soothed her gently as she tremble his arms; he did not understand her: could not guess at the passionate won-weakness which longed to find e could not know of the woman's rhich hungered for one word of ten-and comparison and reasonrance in. Hhe remained for a motional parameter him, her eyes hidden, her

By Lottie Braham

then she raised herself slowly, reluctantly, and disengaged herself from his arms. "Shall we go into the ballroom now?" e asked. "I am longing for a walts with you, Everard."

"Are you well enough, darling?" he "Well? Of course I am quite well!" She threw off the fleecy white shawl and left it on the settee, then turned and took

"I am much obliged to the owner of the shawi," she said, with almost feverish gayety, "Come, Everard-it is my favor-'My Queen' waltz. It would be a shameful waste of opportunity to miss it!" "Come, then!"

"No step suits mine so well as yours, she murmured, as they glided over the polished floor among the circling dancers, many of whom paused to watch them as they danced; and Barbars, even though her heart was breaking, danced as lightly

and gracefully as ever.

As the music was dying away Everard drew her cleverly out of the circle of dancers; he saw that her eyes were half closed, her colorless lips parted; he no-ticed that she rested heavily against his

"You are faint, love!" he said, anxious ly, and, though the faintness of death itself seemed coming over her, she roused herself to smile at him.

"Paint? Oh, no-a little exhausted! I shall not dance again yet. Take me back to the oak ball, Everard: I want a breath of fresher nir.'

Without any remonstrance he led he back to the quiet, dimly lighted hall, and she sank heavily into her old place on the "Now go back to the ballroom," she

said, with a pretty, imperious gesture. "You will find me here if you don't betray my hiding place." Half an hour later, when he returned

to the oak hall, it was empty; the white shawl was no longer on the settee, and Barbara had disappeared. "I hope the child has gone to bed," he

murmured, as he turned, and made his way back to the ballroom, noting, as he passed through the conservatories which led thither, how dark the night was and how few stars were shining in the wintry sky.

The dancing went on gayly, the soft, dreamy waltz music rose and fell; the brightness died out of eyes which a few hours before had vied with diamonds of purest water, the color waned in fair, rounded cheeks; and outside in the quiet shrubbery, in the chill darkness, a dead ery limb. "Not there, Everard!" face lay upturned to the sky, serene and with a faint smile lingering on its livid lips; and but one man now shared Barbara's secret. She was no longer at Walter Bryant's mercy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was late on the morning after the theatricals when an under-gardener in Lady Rose's employ came upon the silent figure and upturned marble-like face in the shubbery; and, startled and terrified. he rushed to make known his discovery. In the great dining room Lady Rose's large party of guests-those of them at least who had put in an appearance-were discussing their meal in a desultory fashion, and talking among themselves of the ing; and there was silence until the ten events of the previous night. Lady Rose, was brought in. herself the brightest and freshest there, was presiding over the silver urn and hos-

pitably intent on her guests' wants bara. Every time the door opened to admit one of the laggards she started and trembled: more than once a frintness up at him with a faint smile. made all things dim before her eyes; there were moments when she heard nothing great diamond ring on her finger. that passed around her, when her sense seemed paralyzed, as if a cold hand grip

ped her heart, numbing her every faculty. At last the long-protracted meal came to an end, and the dining room was deserted. Lady Rose and her guests sauntered into the hall, discussing plans for he replied. "The whole affair is wrapped the day in a languid manner, as if no one in mystery." the day in a languid manner, as if no one had any great interest in what was to be

They were standing round the great bluzing wood fire in the hall when a ser-Were all busy, the guests were in the | vant came up and addressed Lord Chev eley in a low tone.

"Mr. Howe wishes to speak to your "Mr. Howe? What does be want? I am engaged," Lord Cheveley said, sharply-he was standing with Barbara before an old Indian cabinet, showing her some of the quaint Indian idols it contained.

"Mr. Howe desired me to tell your lordship that it was most important," the man persisted. "He entreats your lordship to lose no time." "What can it be? I'll come, Parker

Excuse me for five minutes, Miss Hat He hurried off. Barbara stood motion less by the cabinet, her head bent over of the grotesque little figures she held. The gay chatter round the fire went on; little incidents of the previous night were being recounted, the comedy was be ing discussed, the arrangement of the lighting of the bijon stage criticised; silvery peals of laughter echoed through the

Barbara had been waiting for all the long breakfast time Barbara put down a little idol and join ed the group near the fire. Lady Rose slipped her hand through the girl's arm. In the agony of suspense and terror Barbara was enduring the human contact

mingling with deeper tones;

suddenly the name was spoken which

was very grateful to her. "I wonder if a drive or a walk would be the best 'pick-me-up.'" Lady Rose said, rawning a little, "We all seem rather in need of one this morning. Don't you thing it would be a very good plan

Cheveley, what is the matter? She broke off suddenly, uttering the question in an affrighted tone, as her brother came into the ball, looking very much disturbed and pale. 'Nothing particular," he answered, try

ng to speak carelessly. "Keith, Horton, will you come out with me for a few me ments? Rose, will you take your friends

into the drawing room?"
"What is it?" Lady Rose asked again beginning to tremble—the bright little

"You shall hear presently, dear," her brother replied, soothingly, as two or three of the genti-men withdrew from the cir-cle round the fire, "Yes, something has

vondering women, gathered in the drawing room, waited in expectation, in fear of they knew not what. Lady Rose, agitated and feverish, paced up and down the room, or sat beside Barbara, holding the girl's hand, as if the pressure gave her comfort. Barbara herself, prepared for the worst and nerved to bear it, was the calmest of all there; but, while the others spoke in low, frightened tones, the alone, beyond a soothing word or two to Lady Rose, said nothing.

Meanwhile Lord Cheveley and his friends had hurried to the shrubbery, and stood with a wed looks gazing on the metionless form lying there, on the upturned dead face which had been so handsome in life, which was so handsome in death-

Walter Bryant's face. He had been dead many hours; said the doctor who had been hastily summoned from Arlington; death had been instantaneous and painless; the only wound was a small one by the side of the temple, where a small quantity of blood had coagulated. There was no trace of any struggle; the grass was untrodden, the dead man's attire was in perfect order. He were his evening dress, and the flower-a sprig of stephanotis in the buttonhole was there still, faded and dead. The eyes were half closed; a faint smile bovered about his

So terrible an event necessarily led to the breaking up of the party; and before dusk the old house was almost deserted. save by a few of Lord Cheveley's buch eler friends, Captain Adams among the

Lady Rose was completely prostrated she had fainted upon Barbara's shoulder and had been carried to her own apart ments, whither Barbara had followed her, herself pale as death, but quite composed and able to give Lady Rose the assistance she so greatly needed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Early in the afternoon snow began to fall, and then daylight faded. When Barbara left Lady Rose's room at four o'clock, the darkness without was as night, and for two hours the lamps had been burning in "my lady's corridor." For almost as long a time Lord Keith had seen waiting there for his fiancee; and now, as she came slowly toward him, he rose from his chair and went forward with both hands outstretched. The girl put hers into them in silence.

"At last!" he exclaimed, in a glad tone of relief. "I thought I was not going to see you again. My darling" his voice expressing extreme concern and solicitude— how ill you look! This has been terrible for you. I wish I had taken you away You look worn out."

He put his arm round her fondly, holding her close to him for a moment; then he led her toward one of the cushioned seats in the window. But she drew back "Not there!" she said, trembling in ev-

A look of surprise passed over his face. "As you will, my darling," he said, "Shall we go down to the meraing room? There is no one there. Bar bara, how you tremble, my poor child?" "Don't." she marmured, shrinking a lit-

fle-"don't. Everard, or you will make me ery, and I dare not-The morning room, a targe, low-celled room, hung in faded green brocade and with an old-world grace of its own, was

bright with fire and candle light as Lord Keith put Borbara into a chair near the fire and rang for some tea.

You are cold and weary, dear," he said. "We have neglected you. I fear." Barbara smiled faintly, but said noth-

The slight refreshment revived her a little; she raised herself from the cushions

Breakfast seemed interminable to Bar- When Lord Keith approached her with a second cup of ten, she thanked him, put the cup on a table by her side, and looked "Everard," she said, toying with the

Yes, my darling."

died away on her lips; but he understood how she would have finished her sen-"Nothing has been discovered, love,"

"He was quite dead?" 'Onite dead, dear. Taibot says that

death was instantaneous and painless." "And-and-self-inflicted?" she queried faintly Lord Kelth's grave face grew yet more

grave.

"No" he answered. "We all thought so at first, unlikely though it seemed that a men so strong and well and apparently free from care should attempt life; but that theory soon evaporated."

"There was no weapon found near him,

"Ah. And it-" "It was quite impossible that he could have east it away from him even to a distance of a few feet, for, as I told you,

death was instantaneous. 'And he was lying in the little clearing in the shrubbery "Yes. Who told you that, darling? I

thought you had seen no one. "I suppose I heard it somewhere," the girl stammered, pushing the hair from her

forehead with an unsteady hand. "Where "He was carried to the nearest gardener's lodge; the doctors are making their

examination there. The coroner has been communicated with. What is it, Barbara? Are you faint? oh, no! But it is so borrible!" She had half risen from her chair, then sank heavily down again, her eyes dark with horror. "Where will it take place?"

she asked, after a moment, "What, my darling?"

eyes went swiftly round the room.

"The-the inquest. "Where will it be held, do you mean Here, I should think." Barlara started, and her great wild

"Not here, love, of course. At the hall I mean-not in this room. What is the inquest for?" she asked. after a few moments' silence. "Is it nec-

"Most necessary, Barbara. It is an quiry into the manner in which the dely necessary to find out, or an innocess person might suffer for a guilty one." Her lips parted, but no words came; she took up the cup of ten near her and dram!

of it eagerly, as if her throat were dry "Is any one susp

as she put the cup saide.
"My dear child, no, not yet. The absolutely no clew to anything, no

Half an hour passed. The startled and | have some deadly enemy whom it will be difficult to discover. The gardeners are ful of importance because one of their number made the awful discovery; the stablemen are dazed. As for old Web ster, Bab, he seems to be out of his mind." "Webster? My groom?" the girl mid

with a sudden start. "Yes. You ought to have a younger man to go out with you. dear. The old fellow is crazed, and goes about mutter ing in the strangest manner, saying that he has seen a ghost and that the dead

have come back." "Webster is an old and valued servant," Barbara urged in his behalf. "My uncle has every confidence in him."

"I have not sufficient confidence in him to confide my most precious treasure to "Does he say whom he saw?" she ask-

ed, after a moment's pause.
"Yes," he replied reluctantly—"por Newell Hatton. He was his favorite groom, you know, and most devoted to

"And he thinks he appeared to him last

"Yes. You will agree with me, my darling, that the beer in the servants' hall was potent. And, after he had conjured up poor Newell, he might easily imagine he had seen a white figure."

Barbara shivered. "You are cold and tired, darling," be said, looking at her anxiously, as she sank backward against the cushions. "I think, if you feel equal to it, the sooner you leave here the better. Sinclair and the servants shall go with you. I wish I could accompany you, dear; but I do not like to leave Cheveley to-night. The de tectives-forgive me, Barbara; I ought to have remembered that you were not equal to any further excitement or wor

"The detectives are here?"

"Yes, dear, It was necessary, of course My darling, how pale you are! I only hope this horrible business will not make

"You need not fear," she responded slowly, as she cose from the armchair and stood for a moment by the fire, leaning against him, and looking up into his face with a long, sad look which had in t all the anguish of an eternal farewell.

(To be continued.) HINTS FOR THE NEW SENATOR.

An Old Senator Tells of His Newspa per Experience.

A new member of the Senate was complaining to an old member of some of the difficulties he was encountering. For one thing," he said, "these newspaper fellows don't always get things straight. I don't mean to accuse them stories are printed about me at home."

reteran. "That won't hurt. That's I first came here I picked up a paper from my State and saw it asserted in a letter from Washington that my colleague and myself had met and arranged a slate, and that all the patronage for the State would be distributed

according to that arrangement. "There was no warrant for the statement and I made inquiries for the cor- keeper who is so fortunate as to have proved to be a bright and most agree- most artistic as well as useful nook of in his informant. To that I replied that fair fingers may complete the decoraand assumed a more upright attitude, all I would ask, then, would be the tions, privilege of denying the story-of putting my statement against the other. He said that was only fair and that he ly in place. The top board must be onwould attend to the matter.

"When the correction appeared it read something like this: "Your cor-"Has anything been-" The words respondent's story about the deal be tween Senator - and his colleague. by which the patronage of the State is to be divided between them, has raised quite a stir here. There is no question as to its absolute truth. But Senator --- , who evidently has been rattled by the publication, now solemnly assures your correspondent that he had nothing whatever to do with the deal.' After that I went slow on corrections."-Bangor Whig and Courier.

Puerto Rican Maidens.

Sentimental village maids fell deeply in love with the Yankee Ckis when soldiers first arrived in Puerto Rico, Girls mature early on that Island, and often which were thrown at him from over ing plants. the wall of a garden or pushed through The curtains across the casement a hole in the wooden gate. They are should match those of the bookshelves, rived hourly, half hourly and sometimes and the woodwork of the whole should every 10 minutes. After he had re be the came, either ivory white or ceived 200 he became tired and asked stained oak, stained to match the other his chief to change his post!

Lightest of All Liquids. Additional experiments by Professor Dewar have shown that liquid hydrogen is by far the lightest of all known liquids. Its density is one-fourteenth the next month when the moon is full. that of water, and, curiously enough, Every night give it a good brushing. this happens to be the same ratio of state bears to air. Heretofore the light when possible in place of the comb. est liquid known has been liquefied marsh gas, which possesses about two warm water and any mild toilet soap fifths the density of water.

they do it in a very curious way. A the scalp. single one breaks itself in two, thes each half grows until it become arge as the original.

Workers in Coal Mines Over 1,000,000 men work in the ines of the world. Probably most people think you foolish as you think they see



EARNING ONE'S OWN LIVING.

OST of the educated women now obliged to earn their own living can look back upon a girlhood of freedom and pleasure, from which they were suddenly hurried, by stress of circumstances, into the field of labor, where the workers are always many and the prizes few, says the Philadelphia Times. Desperate often with the monotony of daily work. many young women take hasty refuge in that before-mentioned employment of wife, lacking the most needful qualification-Love. The majority suffer their heartbreak with a deathly stillness, simulating an interest in the work that they are far from feeling.

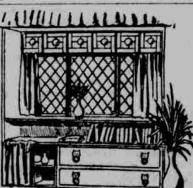
Against feminine employment of kind there can be no prejudice, for there is much that women, and women only, can do successfully; but it is the incessant employment all day, and from week end to week end that tells so severely upon woman's health and brightness, ofttimes upon her womanliness, leaving her nothing but the nervous, ever-present dread of loss of employment and the certainty of an old age of poverty and loneliness? For not the least unhappy factor in this daily employment of women is that they have no time to make and cement the friendships that might comfort and support them in their old age.

Seeing how contracted still is the field of feminine labor and how many are urgently needing employment therein. one cannot speak too strongly in disapproval of women who engage in the competition for vacant positions prepared to take a smaller remuneration than the market value of the work they can do because distraction, and not money, is their object, and they know full well they can throw the employment aside as soon as it fatigues them of carelessness or of misrepresentation, and return with zest to the pleasures but now and then some remarkable and comforts of home. These dainty dilettantes in the world of work are, in "You'll get used to that," replied the plain words, robbing their poorer sisters in a most culpable and unwomanpart of your apprenticeship. I've been ly manner. For the competition, being all along there. Let me tell you of a already so great, no honorable woman little experience of mine. Soon after should accept a position for which remuneration is given unless she is absolutely obliged to work to support herself or some members of her family.

Decorative Bit of Furniture.

The possibilities of window decoration in the hands of an ingenious woman are simply endless, and the houserespondent. He came to see me and a wide recessed window, may make a able young man. I asked him for his it. The services of a carpenter are, of authority, and he pleasantly refused to course, necessary, but after he has fitgive it, but said that he had every faith ted the boards in place, milady's own

Have four boards, one inch thick, fitted into the recess and nailed securea level with the window sill, or, better still cover it; the fourth board is screwed to the floor, and the other two



at 10 and 11 are adult women. They placed equal distances apart. If demade love in Spanish style to the in- sired, two commodious drawers may vaders, and in many cases annoyed the nn part of the two lower compartvictims of their admiration with their ments, but this increases expense ma pertinacity. Making love consists in terially, without adding much to the smiling upon the object of adoration beauty of the pretty book shelves. through the shutters of a casement of Screw a brass rod to the second shelf between the iron grills of a veranda and fasten to it with rings some curor else in writing fiery letters of affectiains in china silk or chintz, using the tion from early dawn to dewy eve. One space so covered for old magazines, young man captured the fancy of a pamphleta, etc., while that above may belle, and to his surprise became the be used for books, and the top shelf recipient of a deluge of love letters, for bowls of flowers, ferneries or grow-

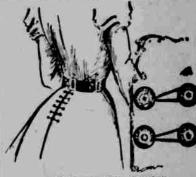
> fittings of the room. Odd bits of china or silver look well on the lower shelves.

Cut a third of an inch off your halt ought not to be permitted to lapse into when the moon is new, and do the same being careful not to scratch the scalp density that hydrogen in the gaseous Use the brush while dressing the hair Wash hair every six weeks, using rinse first with warm water with a little borax, and then use clear, cold water. Dry thoroughly. If the bair falls Bacteria multiply very rapidly, and out and is very dry, rub a little oil on

> When to Punish Children, Don't punish your little ones before others. It stirs up all the temper there is in their little bodies. Not only that, but if they are old enough to realize much, it lessens their respect for you, had blow. I say wait until you are will be to buy a nace bome for her all alone with the child, and if after a parents.

kind and loving talk you feel that it m be punished, do it. I have seen children so ashamed at being reproved or pen ished before people that it has made my heart ache for them. Perhaps this would be what some would like, and think it better for them to be so ashamed. I do not. Besides, if a child dees wrong things before our guest, or their own companions, it hurts us very much, but if we punish a child before them will the latter not be very much die turbed? And it will hurt them by making them feel uncomfortable and out of place. So it makes it bad all around.-Orange Judd Farmer.

Keeps the Placket Closed. No skirt is complete at the prese moment without the back has some device to keep the placket perfectly closed. This is necessitated by its perfect fitting sheath shape. Many and



SKIRT PARTENING DEVICE.

varied are the forms these arrange ments have taken, the most usual being a row of tiny buttons on both sides, laced or looped across. Our illustration shows the general effect of these various devices, and a new idea that recommends itself, because, while being very ornamental, it is utilitarian as well, it can be easily adjusted to any skirt. They come in sets of a halfdozen pairs and are easily sewed on.

Marriageable Daughters.

Fathers and mothers need not be husband hunters, but they should be genial, hospitable hosts to such young women and men as they deem fit companions for their daughters. It is their duty to enter heartly and cheerfully into the lives of their girls at this stage of their career as well as any other. Many a young woman kas been deprived of social life because of the indifference or open inhospitality of her parents to her friends. The father who selfishly seeks his own comfort and enjoyment, burying himself in a book or paper when his daughter's friends are in his parlor, creating an atmosphere of restraint and unsociability, is, perhaps, dooming his girls to a lonely, unhappy life. The mother who is scant of courtesy and friendliness to these guests is doing her daughters a greater and more lasting wrong than neglect of some of their persons. wants in their earlier years would have entalled.

Nor does their duty end in a willing ness to receive and entertain in a cor dial way the young people congenial to their girls; if it be that there are not young men and women in their neighborhood with whom their daughters can associate, it is thely bounden duty to remove thence to a conishing the necessary el adequate social life. for much less impor seldom move for n

A woman's stationery should speak of herself, and should be as much identified with her personality as possible. A sachet of violet powder, or orris, placed in your letter hox, gives a subtle odor to the paper, which some women love to affect, but it is far better and safer to avoid all perfumes in your stationery, as sometimes one is tempted to go too far. Men have been seen to throw down a note or letter in disgust when detecting the slightest perfume about it. Under no consideration should a man ever use perfume in his station ery. Scents of all kinds should be shunned by men, either in their paper or about their persons. - San Francisco

About Introductions. Superfluous introductions were, once and not so long ago, either an almost universal nulsance in this country. The woman who persists in the farce of "making people acquainted" in the twinkling of an eye, under any and all circumstances, is still to be found, but she is happily becoming more and more rare. The confirmed introducer is a bore, and should be ruthlessly discouraged; but, until mental telepathy shall have become a more widespread accomplishment than it is now, the old-fashioned introduction

utter disuse. Susannah Humble, a St. Louis domestic, will receive a fortune of \$240.



came from Scotland six years ago, with their parents, and set

SUSANNAR BUN- tied in Quincy. Ill., St. Louis four years ago. She says the and their own self-respect receives a first thing she will do with her money