

Winsome Winnie

And Winnie shook her head in unconscious earnestness as its reflection in the glass, wherein she saw it crowned with great braids and masses of tiny curls of lustrous golden growth, with a spray of half-blown white roses and buds fastened at the side—for Winnie was dressing for the dinner party at Roseworthy, and all Winnie's toilette was undergoing inspection by at least half-a-dozen of Winnie's brothers and sisters, who, their eyes full of wonder and delight, were gathered into the little crowded bedroom, bestowing themselves on beds and chairs, and the floor—anywhere, so that they could get a good look at "sister Winnie."

"Winnie has black veils—black lace all over her beautiful silk gown!" Johnny whispered in an awestricken voice to Tommy.

"That's not veils—that's gossamer and lily—silk!" said Louie, with much contempt for masculine ignorance. "You don't know, Johnny. You didn't see her's necklace, either, nor her bracelets, nor her slippers, all made of satin—real satin!"

Both Johnny and Tommy joined in a sarcastic "guffaw" at this last announcement.

"They'll stick in the mud, then!" cried Tommy. "Satin'll not keep out much water—and the road's running like a mill-stream!"

Sarah Matilda, from her post at the dressing table as a loving, but most inefficient time-woman, looked down with a grand and lofty rebuke.

"A lady always goes to a party in a covered carriage," she said to the abashed boys. "Sister is going in Madam Vivian's carriage," and beneath the weight of the grandeur of this announcement the boys sank into silence, watching their sister's adorning with mingled amazement and fascination.

It was the first time that they had ever seen anything like it in their lives—the spectacle of a lady robed in silk and gauze black, with a white, bare neck adorned by a necklace of flashing jet, bare arms, gleaming pearls flowing against the blackness of her flowing robes, adorned with bracelets, roses in her hair, and her feet shod with black satin. It was an event as unprecedented as the arrival of the motor-cars, years of that poverty-stricken, meagre household. Their sister's simple attire was regarded as magnificent in the children's eyes, and "sister Winnie" herself, in virtue of her assumption of it, had become once more the mythical, far-off lady in North America, who sent her beautiful presents, who could not be seen, dressed in silk and lace, and wearing jewels and white roses, with an intangible perfume of hindrance softly emanating from the green, shimmering folds of her lovely gown.

Somewhat of this was in the wistful lip that lurked down the stairs after Winnie to see her get into the carriage, a real carriage, with two splendid horses, and the coachman in livery waiting at the porch. They crowded round timidly and respectfully, with eager eyes and parted lips, watching Winnie mounting on a large warm shawl. Her foot was on the step to go in, when she turned back—how often the children recalled it—how well they remembered it for years afterwards—and bunched them finally all round.

"My darlings, go in out of the cold," she said, with tears in her "burning eyes" because of those long, wistful, timidly-dwelling ones watching her—"go in and we will have a beautiful party of our own, when we go into our new house—please goodness!"

When the carriage door was shut, and "sister Winnie" bright, gossamer, looking so lovely with its bright color of swirling eyes, was lost to view, the children ran back to the freckle-smeared and darning with glue, "sister Winnie" was really at home—at home forever and always. "Sister Winnie" was at home and all the pleasant future and its promised delights, which they should share with her, appeared close at hand!

"It's a terrible night, Miss Winnie," old Hanson said, as he received her, with a certain kind of gratification hearing in his withered old face—a terrible night, indeed! He lowered his voice a little. "Madam's frothing a good deal, Miss Winnie. You know the Captain is coming home in about ten days or so, Madam Vivian believes, and she is thinking of this storm, Miss Winnie. Madam often feels that when Capt. Steuben is absent, Madam's maid is waiting for you, Miss Winnie."

With a total change of manner the old man ceased his communication, and, with a stiffly decorous bow and wave of his hand, consigned Winnie to Madam's maid, standing a little way off, in her silk frock and gold chain and girdle lace cap—black-eyed Miss Trewella, with her crafty eyes brown and fiercer and harder, her smooth deferential manner more like a badly-put-on mask than ever, her sallow skin ever so much paler.

"How are you, Trewella?" said Winnie, even shaking to meet her old enemy and kindly pleasant maid.

"Pretty well, Miss Caerlyon—oh, thank you, Miss Caerlyon—hail! Hope you're quite well, Miss Caerlyon. You look strong—so glad to see you look strong; better color than you used to have, Miss Caerlyon—healthier—redder, you know—hail!"

"Poor Trewella!" said Winnie to herself, with a keen sense of amusement that would have provoked that injured lady even more deeply could she have known it—"she is trying to insinuate that I have roused very highly, as she used to tell me long ago that she did not admire the queer yellowish shade that was in my hair."

Indeed Miss Trewella, with knitted brows and formally smiling mouth, gazing at the burnished braids and silky curls looked as if she would much like to insinuate that Miss Caerlyon had bought a great quantity of false tresses, and that they shone too much and were too abundant; for Miss Winnie was altogether displeasing to Madam Vivian's genteel waiting woman.

"The idea," she said, with much inward anxious disturbance, "of her having upper skirts of net edged with blonde, like her ladyship's, over eight and sixpence a yard black grosgrain!"

She was absorbed in this cause of provocation, and Winnie in trying to adjust her white erape tucker without any assistance from the lady in question, when a loud impatient rattle, rattled with an impatient dance on Winnie's silk train, and another cluck at her gauzy skirts.

"My dear child," said Winnie, laying violent hold of "his lordship" in her turn, unclasping his hands, and leaping him firmly at arm's length in spite of his struggles, while Miss Trewella's eyes dilated and she fairly snorted with surprise and indignation, "and quietly and speak like a young gentleman, do you want me to answer you?"

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But Lord Eastace, knowing perfectly well, with a child's enfolding acute perception, that beneath all Miss Trewella's sugared tenderness of words she entertained as much real love for him as for a monkey, viper, or lizard, or any other noxious and troublesome little creature, repelled her caresses with even more threatening demonstrations.

"Are you Lady Mountrevor's little son?" asked Winnie, gently, looking earnestly and wistfully at the child. His existence, seen in the light of that far-off past, seemed so strange! That far-off time over the remembrance of which the years had drawn a gentle veil to soothe the unforgetting sorrow, when she had shrunk before his beautiful young mother, in the proud loveliness of her early girlhood, as her joyous, successful rival.

Why had she not been such! Indeed Winnie could never tell. She had not married the countess who loved and admired her so, whose plighted wife she had been. Why? The story of Mildred Trednick's grand alliance, the coronet she had won for her laughing brow, the title of "my lady," and the possession of the Mountrevor rent roll, formed answer sufficient to Winnie's simple heart, but requested even its own silent relief and gratification at the unexpected news which reached her across the Atlantic, for did it not tell of pain and disappointment to him who, as she believed had loved proud Mildred Trednick's, And besides, that fondly cherished growth of her own wild folly had been too severely crushed over to bloom again. What was it to Winnie Caerlyon whether Trednick's of Tregathen had wedded or unwedded?

"I am!" cried the young gentleman, with the air of a small emperor. "My father is Henry, Lord Mountrevor, and my mother's Mildred, Lady Mountrevor, you say, is that right?"

"Decidedly an egotistical and vulgar little boy!" spoke his mother's—erred, haughty tones behind him from the open doorway, "Miss Caerlyon, I beg to apologize for my rude child. What brings you here, sir, and where is your nurse?"

Lower Blandford, Nova Scotia.—"Three years ago I became troubled with sore arms. It came as a rash. My arms looked like raw meat and itched and burned so badly I could not rest night or day. When I scratched they became awfully sore. As long as the weather was warm it did not bother me so much, but in winter it was almost unbearable. My arms were sore from the wrist to the elbow.

"I used several cures which were recommended to me but without any avail. I saw how I could get a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I did so, and was satisfied with the irritating effect of her first piece of information, and quitting it for another, productive of possibly greater annoyance. Really, I was surprised—quite as if Miss Winnie were my sister—a great lady like Lady Mountrevor! Such condescension, you know, Madam!"

Her ladyship has a great many fancies," said Madam, coldly. "She has no reason to feel my peculiarly deep interest in Miss Caerlyon that I was aware of."

"Ah, well, of course it's a very nice thing for poor Miss Winnie to have Lady Mountrevor notice her like that!" the amiable waiting-woman continued, smiling meditatively over her mistress's violent dress. "Lady Mountrevor has just the same ways as her cousin, Captain Trednick, hasn't she, Madam? Takes up fancies, and likings and dislikings for people, just like Captain Stephen used"—she was putting the last touches to Madam velvet's drapery, and reserved her trump card to the last.

"It's a terrible stormy night," she murmured plaintively, as if partly to herself. "I do hope it will all pass away, and the fine weather come before Captain Stephen comes into the channel. Madam, it is a week or ten days now until

indulgent, motherly smile or caress, and, with a feeling of surprise and dismay, Winnie watched her firm white hand grasp the child's shoulder tightly, push him before her out of the room, and shut the door.

"Between Lord Mountrevor and his French nurse the boy has completely become that domestic nuisance, a spoiled pet," she said, with a careless laugh.

"Ah, poor dear little fellow, he was only asking me who I was!" exclaimed Winnie, whose tender maternal heart this little episode had troubled; causing her at the same time a quick, intangible sensation of wonder and pity for the young mother whose child was evidently so small a source of either pride or pleasure.

"I think he was giving you a good deal of gratifying information," said the replied Lady Mountrevor, in the same tone. "I cannot imagine who teaches the child to speak in that detestably parvenu style," and the light of displeasure in her ladyship's flashing eyes shone right on Miss Trewella's moon shiny, deferential snimper, and extinguished it on the spot. "Will you come to my sitting-room, it is time for the guests to arrive?" Lady Mountrevor said, courteously. "I fear they will be a very limited number on such a terrible night as this. This way, Miss Caerlyon. The room is warmer and more comfortable than the drawing-room just now, I think," and she pushed aside one of the heavy velvet portieres that hung before the doors of all the principal rooms in the worthy, and disclosed the guests to arrive—four in all, all communicating with each other beautiful nests of rooms, all blue-velvet pile and amber-silk hangings, redolent of exotic perfumes from rare foreign plants in tall marble jardinières and flowers in a Dresden lily vase, and aglow with the warm light of ruddy fires on the marble hearths.

"I am so glad to see you," said the severely crediting her bonnet of vision, until she saw Winnie's black dress glide in, followed by the laughing peroxide in her long robe of pistil-green snow-white silks, without a touch of color to relieve their frosty, wraith-like purity, save the massive bands of dead gold and emeralds clasped on her waxen arms, and the great locket hanging from the black velvet ribbon around her throat—the splendid becket with its magnificent emeralds, which her ladyship wore so constantly. And then the velvet curtain closed, and hid the tete-a-tete interview between Winnie and Lady Mountrevor from Miss Trewella's jealous gaze.

"Oh, I daresay—perhaps I was, Madam," Miss Trewella returned, sneering as broadly as she dared.

"Yes, and you think I was mistaken, too, don't you? Oh, yes, and you're not vexed at all? Oh, dear no!" Miss Trewella muttered to herself malevolently as she stood to watch her stately mistress descending the wide marble staircase with slow, deliberate steps, looking so like a noble old white-haired queen in her purple velvet train, and with a jet tippet on her silver-rimmed tresses. "You're too proud and grand and haughty to see what's under your eyes; but it's not for want of me showing it to you," she went on, eyeing Lady Mountrevor's drawn portiere venomously, and debating whether she dared venture inside it with her car to the keyhole for a few minutes. "You are so grand, and everyone belonging to you so high and mighty, you think she's never dared! And she wouldn't either—oh, no, not at all! And you wouldn't have had for your niece, seven years ago, the Countess's daughter, Mrs. Stephen Trednick, only for me aperting of you up to things, and a telling of you what he meant—a great soft doll with his paving visits and taking walks, and she hadn't been to America for nothing of her painted cheeks and heaps of curls, like one of the girls in the staryscope pictures, running over here fetching and carrying for Madam as soon as ever she heard tell of the Captain coming home—such meanness!" the gentle sallow said, with a writher of her upper lip that completely uncovered her sharp yellow eye-tooth to the roots. "And my lady, with her notions, a taking of her up, and making much of her, just for her contrary ways—I'd let her know what Miss Winnie was planning, so meek and mild, if I dared to speak to her at all—only if I might as well go catch a needle or a hot iron as meddle with my Lady Mountrevor's business."

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With a total change of manner the old man ceased his communication, and, with a stiffly decorous bow and wave of his hand, consigned Winnie to Madam's maid, standing a little way off, in her silk frock and gold chain and girdle lace cap—black-eyed Miss Trewella, with her crafty eyes brown and fiercer and harder, her smooth deferential manner more like a badly-put-on mask than ever, her sallow skin ever so much paler.

"How are you, Trewella?" said Winnie, even shaking to meet her old enemy and kindly pleasant maid.

"Pretty well, Miss Caerlyon—oh, thank you, Miss Caerlyon—hail! Hope you're quite well, Miss Caerlyon. You look strong—so glad to see you look strong; better color than you used to have, Miss Caerlyon—healthier—redder, you know—hail!"

"Poor Trewella!" said Winnie to herself, with a keen sense of amusement that would have provoked that injured lady even more deeply could she have known it—"she is trying to insinuate that I have roused very highly, as she used to tell me long ago that she did not admire the queer yellowish shade that was in my hair."

Indeed Miss Trewella, with knitted brows and formally smiling mouth, gazing at the burnished braids and silky curls looked as if she would much like to insinuate that Miss Caerlyon had bought a great quantity of false tresses, and that they shone too much and were too abundant; for Miss Winnie was altogether displeasing to Madam Vivian's genteel waiting woman.

"The idea," she said, with much inward anxious disturbance, "of her having upper skirts of net edged with blonde, like her ladyship's, over eight and sixpence a yard black grosgrain!"

She was absorbed in this cause of provocation, and Winnie in trying to adjust her white erape tucker without any assistance from the lady in question, when a loud impatient rattle, rattled with an impatient dance on Winnie's silk train, and another cluck at her gauzy skirts.

"My dear child," said Winnie, laying violent hold of "his lordship" in her turn, unclasping his hands, and leaping him firmly at arm's length in spite of his struggles, while Miss Trewella's eyes dilated and she fairly snorted with surprise and indignation, "and quietly and speak like a young gentleman, do you want me to answer you?"

"No, I shouldn't! No, I shouldn't! Let me, you!" howled "his lordship," kicking vigorously all around. "Jeannoton! Jeannoton! I say! Je vous demande, Jeannoton!"

"Miss Caerlyon," said Miss Trewella, quite in a spasm of offended dignity, "don't hold Lord Eastace, in that manner, if you please. Come to me, Lord Eastace, my sweet love!"

But Lord Eastace, knowing perfectly well, with a child's enfolding acute perception, that beneath all Miss Trewella's sugared tenderness of words she entertained as much real love for him as for a monkey, viper, or lizard, or any other noxious and troublesome little creature, repelled her caresses with even more threatening demonstrations.

"Are you Lady Mountrevor's little son?" asked Winnie, gently, looking earnestly and wistfully at the child. His existence, seen in the light of that far-off past, seemed so strange! That far-off time over the remembrance of which the years had drawn a gentle veil to soothe the unforgetting sorrow, when she had shrunk before his beautiful young mother, in the proud loveliness of her early girlhood, as her joyous, successful rival.

Why had she not been such! Indeed Winnie could never tell. She had not married the countess who loved and admired her so, whose plighted wife she had been. Why? The story of Mildred Trednick's grand alliance, the coronet she had won for her laughing brow, the title of "my lady," and the possession of the Mountrevor rent roll, formed answer sufficient to Winnie's simple heart, but requested even its own silent relief and gratification at the unexpected news which reached her across the Atlantic, for did it not tell of pain and disappointment to him who, as she believed had loved proud Mildred Trednick's, And besides, that fondly cherished growth of her own wild folly had been too severely crushed over to bloom again. What was it to Winnie Caerlyon whether Trednick's of Tregathen had wedded or unwedded?

"I am!" cried the young gentleman, with the air of a small emperor. "My father is Henry, Lord Mountrevor, and my mother's Mildred, Lady Mountrevor, you say, is that right?"

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RASH ON ARMS ALMOST UNBEARABLE

Locked Like Raw Meat. Itched and Burned So Badly Could Not Rest Night or Day. Arms Sore from Wrist to Elbow. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

Lower Blandford, Nova Scotia.—"Three years ago I became troubled with sore arms. It came as a rash. My arms looked like raw meat and itched and burned so badly I could not rest night or day. When I scratched they became awfully sore. As long as the weather was warm it did not bother me so much, but in winter it was almost unbearable. My arms were sore from the wrist to the elbow.

"I used several cures which were recommended to me but without any avail. I saw how I could get a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I did so, and was satisfied with the irritating effect of her first piece of information, and quitting it for another, productive of possibly greater annoyance. Really, I was surprised—quite as if Miss Winnie were my sister—a great lady like Lady Mountrevor! Such condescension, you know, Madam!"

Her ladyship has a great many fancies," said Madam, coldly. "She has no reason to feel my peculiarly deep interest in Miss Caerlyon that I was aware of."

"Ah, well, of course it's a very nice thing for poor Miss Winnie to have Lady Mountrevor notice her like that!" the amiable waiting-woman continued, smiling meditatively over her mistress's violent dress. "Lady Mountrevor has just the same ways as her cousin, Captain Trednick, hasn't she, Madam? Takes up fancies, and likings and dislikings for people, just like Captain Stephen used"—she was putting the last touches to Madam velvet's drapery, and reserved her trump card to the last.

"It's a terrible stormy night," she murmured plaintively, as if partly to herself. "I do hope it will all pass away, and the fine weather come before Captain Stephen comes into the channel. Madam, it is a week or ten days now until

indulgent, motherly smile or caress, and, with a feeling of surprise and dismay, Winnie watched her firm white hand grasp the child's shoulder tightly, push him before her out of the room, and shut the door.

"Between Lord Mountrevor and his French nurse the boy has completely become that domestic nuisance, a spoiled pet," she said, with a careless laugh.

"Ah, poor dear little fellow, he was only asking me who I was!" exclaimed Winnie, whose tender maternal heart this little episode had troubled; causing her at the same time a quick, intangible sensation of wonder and pity for the young mother whose child was evidently so small a source of either pride or pleasure.

"I think he was giving you a good deal of gratifying information," said the replied Lady Mountrevor, in the same tone. "I cannot imagine who teaches the child to speak in that detestably parvenu style," and the light of displeasure in her ladyship's flashing eyes shone right on Miss Trewella's moon shiny, deferential snimper, and extinguished it on the spot. "Will you come to my sitting-room, it is time for the guests to arrive?" Lady Mountrevor said, courteously. "I fear they will be a very limited number on such a terrible night as this. This way, Miss Caerlyon. The room is warmer and more comfortable than the drawing-room just now, I think," and she pushed aside one of the heavy velvet portieres that hung before the doors of all the principal rooms in the worthy, and disclosed the guests to arrive—four in all, all communicating with each other beautiful nests of rooms, all blue-velvet pile and amber-silk hangings, redolent of exotic perfumes from rare foreign plants in tall marble jardinières and flowers in a Dresden lily vase, and aglow with the warm light of ruddy fires on the marble hearths.

"I am so glad to see you," said the severely crediting her bonnet of vision, until she saw Winnie's black dress glide in, followed by the laughing peroxide in her long robe of pistil-green snow-white silks, without a touch of color to relieve their frosty, wraith-like purity, save the massive bands of dead gold and emeralds clasped on her waxen arms, and the great locket hanging from the black velvet ribbon around her throat—the splendid becket with its magnificent emeralds, which her ladyship wore so constantly. And then the velvet curtain closed, and hid the tete-a-tete interview between Winnie and Lady Mountrevor from Miss Trewella's jealous gaze.

"Oh, I daresay—perhaps I was, Madam," Miss Trewella returned, sneering as broadly as she dared.

"Yes, and you think I was mistaken, too, don't you? Oh, yes, and you're not vexed at all? Oh, dear no!" Miss Trewella muttered to herself malevolently as she stood to watch her stately mistress descending the wide marble staircase with slow, deliberate steps, looking so like a noble old white-haired queen in her purple velvet train, and with a jet tippet on her silver-rimmed tresses. "You're too proud and grand and haughty to see what's under your eyes; but it's not for want of me showing it to you," she went on, eyeing Lady Mountrevor's drawn portiere venomously, and debating whether she dared venture inside it with her car to the keyhole for a few minutes. "You are so grand, and everyone belonging to you so high and mighty, you think she's never dared! And she wouldn't either—oh, no, not at all! And you wouldn't have had for your niece, seven years ago, the Countess's daughter, Mrs. Stephen Trednick, only for me aperting of you up to things, and a telling of you what he meant—a great soft doll with his paving visits and taking walks, and she hadn't been to America for nothing of her painted cheeks and heaps of curls, like one of the girls in the staryscope pictures, running over here fetching and carrying for Madam as soon as ever she heard tell of the Captain coming home—such meanness!" the gentle sallow said, with a writher of her upper lip that completely uncovered her sharp yellow eye-tooth to the roots. "And my lady, with her notions, a taking of her up, and making much of her, just for her contrary ways—I'd let her know what Miss Winnie was planning, so meek and mild, if I dared to speak to her at all—only if I might as well go catch a needle or a hot iron as meddle with my Lady Mountrevor's business."

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