

SETTLING DOWN.

BY CAPT. JOHN HERBERT BEATTIE.

"Ahem! Well, my dear, we'll settle down for good. No more nonsense now, you know. Married people must be sensible some time, so we may as well begin right away."

"Exactly, Louis; that's just what I think. Now, of course, you'll never leave off smoking, and won't think of treating your friends just to be sociable—of course I know you don't care about it yourself; and as for interviewing the barber every morning and attending champagne suppers in the evening with frivolous bachelors, why—"

"Now, just hold on, little girl; I began this conversation."

"Yes, sir, and I'm finishing it."

"But my dear, you must abide by my judgment."

"Must, did I hear you say? Why this assumption of noble dignity, my lord and master? But of course I will listen."

"Well, saucy, to begin with, married people are generally dignified. What is becoming in a young woman, miss is very unbecoming in a married woman."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, but I do say! And now remember you said you would listen."

"And haven't I been listening?"

"Then allow me to finish my remarks. You must learn to be more dignified, more circumspect; in short, I would like to have you drop some of your impulsive manners. They are very inconsistent with your present position, and the fact is, I want you to put the repressor on your conduct."

"Do you indeed? Well, now, Mr. Weldon, would you not like a glass of water or a sip of lemonade after that long-winded speech? You ought to get a position as a Sunday school superintendent, you can give good advice, and it seems so natural for you to command obedience."

"And I'm afraid it's equally natural for you not to obey."

"Now, Louis, I think it would be prudent to drop the conversation."

"Agreed, my dear."

And Louis Weldon and his month-old bride stopped talking and looked at each other; he was grave and dignified, and she just as impatient and unconcerned as possible.

Louis Weldon was a grave, proud man, with a splendid intellect, though some what prejudiced against strong-minded women.

And she, Lelia Weldon, was one of those handsome, irrepressible girls who, like a mettlesome horse, chafed at the least restraint.

She might be crushed, but she could not be curbed; and there was where Louis Weldon made a serious mistake in judging his wife; but why should he care to suppress the characteristics that had charmed him in their lover days was a mystery to Lelia.

She was a handsome girl, in the dark style of beauty.

Her eyes were simply glorious.

The ideas of Louis Weldon and his wife were generally different; but they both agreed in one respect, and that was their love for each other.

They had spent a month roaming around right-seeing, and they had been so happy. Lelia vaguely wondered if the perfect Heaven-caught rays of the honeymoon would continue to shine until the silver setting of life's evening.

"Now, Louis, I don't want you to avoid me," said Lelia, making a comical failure of trying to assume a martyr-like air as her husband began to talk seriously.

"Of course I shall not avoid you," said Louis Weldon, kissing her half putting lips.

"But really, my dear, I want you to abide by my wishes."

"With pleasure, Louis."

"Now I consider my judgment superior to yours in some things."

"And if you can only convince me of the last-mentioned fact, I suppose things generally will assume that even truer an air."

"Well, we won't discuss the matter any further at present."

And Louis Weldon lighted a cigar and strolled leisurely down town, forgetting the first time to leave the honeymoon in Lelia's scarlet mouth.

One thing was evident, thought Mr. Weldon; Lelia showed signs of rebellion, and in his judgment to have a happy home must be the ruler.

And yet he did not mean to be unkind.

One day as he sat reading a pair of soft hands suddenly blinded his eyes, and the owner of the hands said gayly:

"Who is it?"

"Lelia."

"Yes, sir; right the first time."

"Well, don't you like to see me like to be disturbed when I am reading?"

"Then you shouldn't read while I'm present."

"This paper is very interesting."

"Complimentary to the paper."

And Lelia began humming a little snatch of love song, and the lump that seemed swelling in her throat.

"Lelia, I wish you would leave off singing those sentimental songs," said Mr. Weldon, without glancing from his paper.

"Well, then, what would you prefer—hold the Fort or 'Old Hundred'?"

But Mr. Weldon was reading a very interesting item, and failed to answer the philosophically smothering when Lelia waltzed gayly into the room.

"Oh, Lelia, do try to be more dignified! You are so impulsive for a married lady! What you need is taming, my dear. Mustn't have been broken in, you know," he added, as he saw a rebellious light gather in Lelia's big black eyes. "What do you want, my dear?"

There was a spasm of temper about Lelia, as she answered:

"Louis, we are out of vinegar, but I have mixed some sugar and water together, and if you'll just sit down and talk to me a little, no doubt we shall have plenty of the sweetest kind."

"Lelia!"

"Sir!"

"Are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"Certainly, Mr. Weldon; I'm talking to the 'liver' of this family; in fact you are the plant—vinegar plant, to speak accurately."

Mr. Weldon puffed at his cigar reflectively a few moments, then said:

"I see plainly that you need taming. I have got my little mustard leaves, and now I must tame you. What will you not bargain, Lelia, dear? What will you not take to do anything unbecoming for a married lady?"

"Just the same amount you would take to speak a single cross word to me during the length of time mentioned, or soiled about anything."

"Now, Mrs. Weldon, I prefer to be the judge of my own conduct, without any restraint from petticoat rule; and really, just as you wouldn't have other people talk to you, you wouldn't have other people talk to you."

And Mr. Weldon pinched Lelia's cheek playfully.

"And, Louis, my love, you wouldn't have other people talk to you."

have other people think that I was a dowdier woman."

Mr. Weldon wrinkled his brow thoughtfully, but said nothing; yet he kept well in his mind a set determination to subdue to proper decorum his impulsive little wife.

At the end of the year he flattered himself that he had succeeded admirably; but somehow he did feel lonely with his reticent wife whenever he thought of their old lover days.

He had succeeded in his wishes and yet he was not satisfied.

Thus interfering people would talk when they saw the change creep over Lelia Weldon.

"Ah, she has found him out," one old maid remarked.

"He's taming her, that's plain," said a married friend. "And when she is more enough for an old woman eighty years old, then he'll flirt with all the gay girls, and have his beautiful excuse that some has no attractions for him; his wife uncongenial to his nature and he must seek an affinity elsewhere."

"It's all nonsense, live is," said another. "Before he was married he was a good fellow, and he was so devoted to her that he wouldn't suppose he takes his eyes off her for a moment. His presence at his meals is sufficient for a married woman. I suppose that the awful fact that she might actually enjoy a theatre or lecture never enters his mind; but such amusements seem to be necessary to his happiness still."

These and many other remarks not complimentary to Mr. Weldon were freely indulged in by the talkative friends.

But had they really known under what suppression Mrs. Weldon's high spirits were kept, they would have been greatly surprised.

Mr. Weldon did not mean to treat his wife unkindly, but if he had only taken a peep at her end of the telescope.

Only married a year, and yet it seemed a life time to Lelia.

One evening when sitting alone she heard Mr. Weldon's step earlier than usual.

A wave of gladness swept over her face, then it died away, and a hard, bitter light crept into those glorious eyes.

She started up to meet her husband, then sat down as she wearily thought that it was of no use; he would only frown at her childishness.

But somehow a different spirit seemed to animate Mr. Weldon.

As he came in he looked half pityingly at the quiet woman sitting there, then said, with assumed lightness:

"Can't you kiss a fellow, Lelia, when he comes home earlier than usual?"

Mrs. Weldon was somewhat surprised, but she answered, coldly:

"I hardly think it would be becoming to my dignity as a married woman."

A sort of frown gathered on Mr. Weldon's face, but he crossed the room to where she sat in her pride.

"Lelia," he said, tenderly, "a boy brought a telegram to my office to-day that said 'Lily was dead.'"

Lelia knit her slender hands convulsively together, and repeated the words slowly, as though scarcely comprehending their meaning.

Lily was Lelia's older sister, and Mr. Weldon remembered the grave, pallid girl who was introduced to him at his wedding as "Sister Lily."

And he had wondered how anyone, and especially Lelia's sister, could grow so spiritless.

Her husband was a grave, reticent man that Weldon had admired for his changeless dignity; but he could not help contrasting the impetuous tiger-lily and the white-wilted Lily, as he called the two sisters.

Now Lily was dead.

She had died at her mother's home, where she had been for a month or two, with a mother to care for her.

The first tears that Lelia shed for her sister Lily were when she saw her lying in the hushed room, with its soft perfume of flowers, its white and black drapery and its awful silence.

Not the man who had been called her sister and support in life knelt beside her flower-bathed casket, but the one who of late had cared for the child and guarded the girlhood of the sleeper, watched alone by all that was mortal of poor, pallid Lily.

While Mr. Weldon stood silently by, she stood shocked at the growing likeness between the face of dead Lily and that of his Lelia.

There was a grand funeral next day.

Lily's husband was there, carefully dressed in the excess of mourning; his tears did not moisten the marble face of the sleeper, yet he grieved inwardly for the bird that had flown from him forever.

But he was one of those individuals who console on outside expression of any emotion as an evidence of weakness, so he never betrayed what he really felt.

When the old lady had fallen on all that was mortal of poor Lily, the mourners dispersed.

The bereaved husband went methodically back to his old duties, began life again, and he only thought it was a dispensation of Providence.

Mr. Weldon was kind-hearted and sympathetic, and a strange thought came to him.

What if his Lelia were dead?

And then a great wave of pity moistened his eyes and made his heart ache for Lily's husband.

His wife and mother were with him, and he would make her happy? But instead, he brought her back to me in five short years to die. And she was murdered, my beautiful Lily, not by my crime that the law can punish—that would have been quicker and more merciful—but by the slow torture that killed her, my queen Lily, as we called her, in five years."

Weldon was shocked.

He had never heard of such a thing; and Mrs. Everett continued:

"This drop of pity little Lily that weary away the most invincible barrier, and our Lily was with her then would believe it. But if you had known under what constant suppression our queen Lily was kept, you would not have wondered at the change. When she had only been the bride of half a year she suffered keenly that worst of pangs—the heartache—signs of man's life a part, but woman's whole existence. It was a slow but sure way that Arthur Weldon took to tame his bride, but she could not be curbed. She and Lelia were alike in that respect. When he took away all the joyousness in the end to all nature like our Lily's. There was never a time when Arthur failed to make cynical remarks; in truth, he kept my love-cherished child under a continual cloud of disapprobation. If she laughed, she was frivolous; if she wanted anything pretty, she was just like all the women—didn't care for anything but dress; if a noted person spoke to her, she mentioned the fact, she was vain because those above her noticed her; and if she spoke to any one under the ban of society, she was told that

no lady spoke to such a person. And oh, it was wonderful what an effect it all had on her, our darling! She who had laughed to scorn all restraint from a lover now yielded meekly; but she was crushed, not curbed. She had grown tired of fruitless resistance, and now the sequel of it all is told by the folded hands and silent lips of my murdered child. Murdered the same as many others will be that are on the torture rack to-day; and yet no man ever thinks that he is treating his wife unkindly. But men have such peculiar ways of showing their attention for those that are nearest and dearest. When Arthur began to think that Lily must be killing him, he brought her home to gain strength; but she died, and he, her murderer, is to-day receiving the condensation of scores of pitying friends."

How he remembered now of hearing an acquaintance remark that Lelia was growing delicate, and they thought she'd go just like Lily.

And Weldon could not help admiring that the tiger-lily had changed to a stately cello; but she should not wither and die if he could make any atonement.

That evening when they were alone, he actually kissed her, which was something novel of late, and then said, Lelia, darling, can you ever forgive me? Are my eyes opened for it is too late to make amends? Won't you kiss me, wife? and on this the anniversary of our wedding, we will begin the second year, and all that pleased me in my little sweetheart will doubly please me in my precious wife."

And Louis Weldon never forgot the lesson he learned; and when the royal cello came slowly back to his wife's checks, he realized fully that gravity and decorum will do for business men and the world generally, but love and gaiety are as essential as the breath of life to make a home for those who love.

"Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy."

readable part.

Oh! boarding-house. Oh! boarding-house. The power I know well. A thrill of anguish fills my veins whenever I catch the snail. Or need I say of other lamb, that goes to make my cheer? But king of tongs, to thee I bow, all hail, thou Texas steer.

Mrs. Smith: "Only think what horrid creatures those Arctic voyagers were to resort to cannibalism! I'll take another piece of that steak, please, and another potato."

Mr. Smith: "Horrid! you may well say that, dear. Entirely unjustifiable, too. Mary, bring me half a dozen more buckwheat cakes, dear, please help me to another cup of coffee. Another piece of meat? Thank you, yes; and while you're about it you may give me a potato."

It was saying, I suppose, that the heart, kidneys and bladder. The local and constitutional diseases of women, Obstructed Menstruation, and all Chronic Medical and Surgical cases successfully treated. Free by three Years' Experience. Success in Hospitals, Prisons, Asylums, and all points east and west of Hamilton.

—A complete revolution in the state of a stomach harassed by dyspepsia is caused by Dr. Thompson's Food and Vegetable Discovery, or great blood purifier, a medicine specially adapted to render healthful activity in that organ and in those which most closely co-operate with it, the bowels and the liver. Easy digestion, an increase of appetite and a free secretion of bile, make the radical change which it produces.

—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontario and Quebec, or the Grand Trunk and the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from George Clarke, 285 Yonge street.

—Mr. R. C. Winslow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion, flatulence, or of late suffering for some time, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion, and I feel more comfortable and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fullness after meals."

"Yes," signed Amelia, "before marriage George proposed to be willing to die for me, and now he won't even get his life insured in my favor."

—Rev. J. McLaughlin, Canadian baptist missionary to India, writes: During our stay in Canada, we have used Dr. Thompson's Food and Vegetable Discovery. We are now returning to India, and would like very much to take some with us for our own use and to give to the diseased heathen.

If you compliment a young lady by observing to her that she has "shell like ears," be very careful that you are not at the time watching a boat race.

—Messrs. Mitchell & Platt, druggists, London, Ont., write Dec. 1897: "We have sold Dr. Thompson's Food and Vegetable Discovery, and we can safely say, no medicine on our shelves has had a larger sale, or gives better satisfaction. We all ways feel safe in recommending it to our customers."

Uncle Solomon wags a wise head: "De whitest shirt is sometimes got in de blackest way."

A crusty bachelor's solace: There is one mitigation to our grief—the girls can't wear a Jersey and a Mother Hubbard at the same time.

—A field of corns—Thomas Sabia of Edlington, says: "I have used Holloway's Corn Cure with the best results, having removed ten corns from my feet. It is not a half way cure or reliever, but a complete extirpator, leaving the skin smooth and clear from the least appearance of the corns."

Susan's brother's front name was Jester. And he fixed his fence rails with barbed wire. But we guess he's best. For already we're blushing like scar.

—Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Gray's Worm Expeller, nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Little boy (at the front door): "Is the doctor in?" "Cause if he is I want to see him right away."

Servant: "He's not in."

Little boy: "Well, just as soon as he gets home you tell him to come over to our house and take that baby off that left there last week. It's in the way."

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TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Departure and Arrival of Trains at and from Union Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

7:15 a.m.—Local for Belleville.

8:30 a.m.—Express for Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec.

11:30 a.m.—Express for Kingston and intermediate stations.

4:30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermediate stations.

6:30 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec.

Arrivals, Main Line East.

1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.

4:15 a.m.—Express from Kingston, Ottawa, and Montreal.

11:30 a.m.—Express from Kingston and intermediate stations.

6:30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Great Western Division.

7:55 a.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.

4:00 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.

6:25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and intermediate stations.

11:15 p.m.—Express for Karna and western points, sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

7:55 a.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.

4:00 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.

6:25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and intermediate stations.

11:15 p.m.—Express for Karna and western points, sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Great Western Division.

7:55 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Port Huron, and all western points.

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