The Baby.

The little tottering baby feet,
With faltering steps and slow,
With pattering echoes soft and sweet,
Into my heart they go.
They also go in grimy plays,
In muddy pools and dusty ways,
Then through the house in trackful maze
They wander to and fro.

The baby hands that clasp my neck
With touches dear to me
Are the same hands that smash and wreck
The inkstand foul to see.
They pound the mirror with a cane;
They rend the manuscript in twain;
Widespread destruction they ordain
In wasteful jubilee.

The dreamy murm'ring baby voice
That coos its little tune,
That makes my listening heart rejoice
Like birds in leafy June,
Can wake at midnight dark and still
And all the air with howling fill
That splits the ear with echoes shrill,
Like cornets out of tune.

R. J. Burdette.

THE SISTERS

"My intention," said Patty, firmly, with her little nose uplifted, and a high color in her face, "is to put an end to this useless and culpable waste of time. The man I love and am engaged to is working, and slaving, and waiting for me; and I, like the the rest of you, am neglecting him, and sacrificing him, as if he were no consequence whatever. This shows me how I have been treating him. I will not do it any more. I did not become Miss Yelverton to repudiate all I undertook when I was only Patty King. I am Yelverton by name, but I am King by nature, still. I don't want to be a great swell. I have seen the world, and I am satisfied. Now I want to go home to Paul—as I ought to have done before. I will ask you, if you please, Kingscote, to take my passage for me at once. I shall go back next month, and I shall marry Paul Brion as soon as the steamer gets to Melbourne."

Her brother-in-law put out his hand, and drew her to him, and kissed her. "Well done," he said, speaking boldly from his honest heart. "So you shall."

CHAPTER L.

"THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE."

Patty softened down the terms in which she made her declaration of independence, when she found that it was received in so proper a spirit. She asked them if they had any objection—which, after telling them that it didn't matter whether they had or not, was a graceful act, tending to make things pleasant without committing anybody. But if they had objections (as of course they had) they abandoned them at this crisis. It was no use to fight against Paul Brion, so they accepted him, and made the best of him.

But Patty was dissuaded from her daring enterprise, as first proposed; and Paul was written to by her brother and guardian, and adjured to detach himself from his newspaper for a while and come to England for a holiday—which, it was delicately hinted, might take the form of a bridal tour. And in that little sitting-room, sacred to the private interviews of the master and mistress of the house, great schemes were conceived and elaborated for the purpose of seducing Mrs. Brion's husband to remain in England for good and all. They settled his future for him in what seemed to them an irresistibly attractive way.

When Mr. Yelverton wrote to Paul to ask him to visit them, Patty wrote also to suggest that his precious health might suffer by coming over at such a season, and to advise him to wait until February or March. But the moment her lover had read those letters, he put on his hat and went forth to his office to demand leave for six months, and in a few days was on board the returning mail steamer on his way to England. He did not feel like waiting now—after waiting for two years—and she was not in the least afraid that he would accept her advice.

Paul's answer arrived by post, as he was himself speeding through Europe—not so much absorbed in his mission as to neglect note-making by the way, and able to write brilliant articles on Gambetta's death, and other affairs of the moment, while waiting for boat or train to carry him to his beloved; and it was still only the first week in January when they received a telegram at Yelverton announcing his imminent arrival. Mr. Yelverton himself went to London to meet him, and Elizabeth rolled herself in furs and an opossum rug in her snug brougham and drove to the country railway station to meet them both, leaving Patty sitting by the wood fire in the hall. Mrs. Duff-Scott was in town, and Eleanor with her, trying to see Rossetti's pictures through the murky darkness of the winter days, but in reality bent on giving the long-divided lovers as much as possible of their own society for a little while. The carriage went forth early in the afternoon, with its lamps lighted, and it returned when the cold night had settled down on the dreary landscape at 5 o'clock. Paul, ulstered and comfortered, walked into the dimly-lighted, warm, vast space, hung round with ghostly banners and antlers, and coats of mail, and pictures whereof little was visible but the frames, and marched straight into the ruddy circle of the firelight, where the small figure awaited him by the twinkling tea-table, herself only an outline against the dusk behind her; and the pair stood on the hearth rug and kissed each other silently, while Elizabeth, accompanied by her husband, went to take her bonnet off, and to see how Kingscote junior was getting on.

After that Paul and Patty parted no more. They had a few peaceful weeks at Yelverton, during which the newspaper in Melbourne got nothing whatever from the fertile brain of its brilliant contributor (which, Patty thought, must certainly be a most serious matter for the proprietors); and in which interval they made compensation for all past shortcomings as far as their opportunities, which were profuse and various, allowed. It delighted Paul to cast up at Patty the several slights and snubs that she had inflicted on him in the old Myrtle street days, and it was her great luxury in life to make atonement for them all—to pay him back a hundredfold for all that he had suffered on her account. The number of "soft things" that she played upon the piano from morning till night would alone have set him up in "Fridays," for the two years that he had been driven to Mrs. Aarons' for entertainment; and the abject meekness of the little spitfire that he used to know was enough to provoke him to bully her, if he had had anything of the bully in him. The butter-like consistency to which she melted in this freezing English winter time was such as to disqualify her for ever from sitting in judgment upon Elizabeth's conjugal attitude. She fell so low, indeed, that she became, in her turn, a mark for Eleanor's scoffing criticism.

"Well, I never thought to see you grovel to any living being—let alone a man—as you do to him," said that young lady on one occasion, with an impudent smile. "The citizens of Calais on their knees to Edward the Third were truculent swaggerers by comparison."

"You mind your own business," retorted Patty, with a flash of her ancient spirit.

Whereat Nelly rejoined that she would mind it by keeping her fiance in his proper place when her time came to have a fiance. She would not let him put a rope round her neck and tie it to his button-hole like a hat-string. She'd see him farther first.

February came, and Mrs. Duff-Scott returned, and preparations for the wedding were set going. The fairy godmother was determined to make up for the disappointment she had suffered in Elizabeth's case by making a great festival of the second marriage of the family, and they let her have her wish, the result being that the bride of the poor press-writer had a trousseau worthy of that coronet which she had extravagantly thrown away, and presents the list and description of which filled a whole column of the *Yelverton Advertiser*, and made the hearts of all the local maidens burn with envy. In March they were married in Yelverton village church. They went to London for a week and came back for a fortnight; and in April they crossed the sea again, bound for their Melbourne home.

For all the beautiful arrangements that had been planned for them fell through. The Yelvertons had reckoned without their host—as is the incurable habit of sanguine human nature—with the usual result. Paul had no mind to abandon his chosen career and the country that, as a true Australian, he loved and served as he could never love and serve another, because he had married into a great English family; and Patty would not allow him to be persuaded. Though her heart was torn in two at the thought of parting with Elizabeth, and with that precious baby who was Elizabeth's rival in her affections, she promptly and uncomplainingly tore herself from both of them to follow her husband whithersoever it seemed good to him to go.

CHAPTER LI.

PATIENCE REWARDED.

Eleanor, like Patty, withstood the seductions of English life and miscellaneous English admirers, and lived to be Miss Yelverton in her turn, unappropriated and independent. And, like both her sisters, though more by accident than of deliberate intention, she remained true to her first love, and after seeing the world and supping full of pleasure and luxury, returned to Melbourne and married Mr. Westmoreland. That is to say, Mr. Westmoreland followed her to England, and followed her all over Europe—dogging her from place to place with a steadfast persistence that certainly deserved reward—until the Major and Mrs. Duff-Scott, returning home almost immediately after Patty's marriage and departure, brought their one ewe lamb, which the Yelvertons had not the conscience to immediately deprive them of, back to Australia with them; when her persevering suitor promptly took his passage in the same ship. All this time Mr. Westmoreland had been as much in love as his capacity for the tender passion—much larger than was generally supposed—permitted.

Mr. Westmoreland, being fond of money, as a constitutional and hereditary peculiarity—if you can call that a peculiarity—was tempted to marry it once, when that stout and swarthy person in the satin gown and diamonds exercised her fascinations on him at the club ball, and he could have married it at any time of his bachelor life, the above possessor of it being, like Barkis, "willin'," and even more than "willin'." Her fortune was such that Eleanor's thirty thousand was but a drop in the bucket compared with it, and yet even he did not value it in comparison with the favor of that capricious young lady. So he followed her about from day to day and from place to place, as if he had no other aim in life than to keep her within sight, making himself an insufferable nuisance to her friends very often, but apparently not offending her by his open and inveterate pursuit. She was not kind, but she was not cruel, and yet she was both in turn to a distracting degree. She made his life an ecstacy of miserable longing for her, keeping him by her side like a big dog on a chain, and feeding him with stones (in the prettiest manner) when he asked for bread. But she grew very partial to her big dog in the process of tormenting him and witnessing his touching patience under it. She was "used to him," she said; and when, from some untoward circumstance over which he had no control, he was for a little while absent from her, she felt the gap he left. She sensibly missed him. Moreover, though she trampled on him herself, it hurt her to see others do it; and when Mrs. Duff-Scott and Kingscote Yelverton respectively aired their opinions of his character and conduct, she instantly went over to his side, and protested in her heart if not in words, against the injustice and opprobrium that he incurred for her sake. So, when Elizabeth became the much-occupied mother of a family, and when Patty was married and gone off into the world with her Paul, Eleanor, left alone in her independence, began to reckon up what it was worth. The spectacle of her sisters' wedded lives gave her pleasant notions of matrimony, and the state of single blessedness, as such, never had any particular charms for her. Was it worth while, she asked herself, to be cruel any more?—and might she not just as well have a house and home of her own as Elizabeth and Patty? Her lover was only a big dog upon a chain, but then why shouldn't he be? Husbands were not required to be all of the same pattern. She didn't want to be domineered over. And she didn't like anybody she liked better. She might go farther and fare worse. And—she was getting older every day.

Mrs. Duff-Scott broke in upon these meditations with the demand that she (Eleanor) should return with her to Melbourne, if only for a year or two, so that she should not be entirely bereft and desolate.

"I must start at once," said the energetic woman, suddenly seized with a paroxysm of home sickness and a sense of the necessity to be doing something now that at Yelverton there seemed nothing more to do, and in order to shake off the depressing effect of the first break in their little circle. "I have been away too long—it is time to be looking after my own business. Besides, I can't allow Patty to remain in that young man's lodgings—full of dusty papers and tobacco smoke, and where, I dare say, he hasn't so much as a peg to hang her dresses on. She must get a house at once, and I must be there to see about it, and to help her to choose the furniture. Elizabeth, my darling, you have your husband and child—I am leaving you happy and comfortable—and I will come and see you again in a year or two, or perhaps you and Kingscote will take a trip over yourselves and spend a winter with us. But I must go now. And do, do—oh, do let me keep Nelly for a little while longer! You know I will take care of her, and I couldn't bear the sight of my house with none of you in it!"

So she went, and of course she took Eleanor, who secretly longed for the land of sunshine after her full dose of "that horrid English climate," and who, with a sister at either end of the world, perhaps missed Patty, who had been her companion by night as well as by day, more than she would miss Elizabeth. The girl was very ready to go. She wept bitterly when the actual parting came, but she got over it in a way that gave great satisfaction to Mrs. Duff-Scott and the major, and relieved them of all fear that they had been selfish about bringing her away. They joined the mail steamer at Venice, and there found Mr. Westmoreland on board. He had been summoned by his agent at home he explained; one of his partners wanted to retire, and he had to be there to sign papers. And since it had so happened that he was obliged to go back by this particular boat, he hoped the ladies would make him useful, and let him look after their luggage and things. Eleanor was properly and conventionally astonished by the curious coincidence, but had known that it would happen just as well as he. The chaperon, for her part, was indignant and annoyed by it—for a little while; afterwards she, too, reflected that Eleanor had spent two unproductive years in England and was growing older every day. Also that she might certainly go farther and fare worse. So Mr. Westmoreland was accepted as a member of the travelling party. All the heavy duties of escort were relegated to him by the major, and Mrs. Duff-Scott sent him hither and thither in a way that he had never been accustomed to. But he was meek and biddable in these days, and did not mind what uses he put his noble self to for his lady's sake. And she was very gracious. The conditions of ship life, at once so favorable and so unfavorable for the growth of tender relations, suited his requirements in every way. She could not snub him under the ever-watchful eyes of their fellow-passengers. She could not send him away from her. She was even a little tempted, by that ingrained vanity of the female heart, to make a display before the other and less favored ladies of the subject-like homage, which she, queen-like, received. Altogether, things went on in a very promising manner. So that when, no farther than the Red Sea—while life seemed, as it does in that charming locality, reduced to its simple elements, and the pleasure of having a man to fan her was a comparatively strong sensation—when at this propitious juncture, Mr. Westmoreland bewailed his hard fate for the thousandth time, and wondered whether he should ever have the good fortune to find a little favor in her sight, it seemed to her that this sort of thing had gone on long enough, and that she might as well pacify him and have done with it. So she said, looking at him languidly with her sentimental blue eyes—"Well, if you'll promise not to bother me any more, I'll think about it."

He promised faithfully not to bother her any more, and he did not. But he asked her presently, after fanning her in silence for some minutes, what color she would like her carriage painted, and she answered promptly, "Dark green."

While they were yet upon the sea, a letter—three letters, in fact—were despatched to Yelverton, to ask the consent of the head of the family to the newly-formed engagement, and not long after the party arrived in Melbourne the desired permission was received, Mr. and Mrs. Yelverton having learned the futility of opposition in these matters and having no serious objection to Nelly's choice. And then again Mrs. Duff-Scott plunged into the delight of preparation of trousseau and wedding festivities—quite willing that the "poor dear fellow," as she now called him (having taken him to her capacious heart), should receive the reward of his devotion without unnecessary delay. The house was already there, a spick and span family mansion in Toorak, built by Mr. Westmoreland's father, and inherited by himself ere the first gloss was off the furniture; there was nothing to do to that but to arrange the chairs and sofas, and scatter Eleanor's wedding presents over the tables. There was nothing more possible. It was "hopeless," Mrs. Duff-Scott said, surveying the bright and shining rooms through her double-eye-glass. Unless it were entirely cleared out, and you started afresh from the beginning, she would defy you to make anything of it. So, as the bridegroom was particularly proud of his furniture, which was both new and costly, and would have scouted with indignation any suggestion of replacing it, Mrs. Duff-Scott abandoned Eleanor æsthetically to her fate. There was nothing to wait for, so the pair were made one with great pomp and ceremony not long after their return to Australia. Eleanor had the grandest wedding of them all, and really did wear "woven dew" on the occasion—with any quantity of lace about it of extravagant delicacy and preciousness. And now she has settled herself in her great, gay-colored, handsome house, and is already a very fashionable and much-admired and much-sought-after lady—so overwhelmed with her social engagements and responsibilities sometimes that she says she doesn't know what she should do if she hadn't Patty's quiet little house to slip into now and then. But she enjoys it. And she enjoys leading her infatuated husband about with her, like a tame bear on a string, to show people how very, very infatuated he is. It is her idea of married happiness—at present.

CHAPTER LII.

CONCLUSION.

While Mrs. Westmoreland thus disports herself in the gay world, Mrs. Brion pursues her less brilliant career in much peace and quietness. When she and Paul came back to Australia, a bride and bridegroom, free to follow their own devices unhampered by any necessity to consider the feelings of relatives and friends, nothing would satisfy her but to go straight from the ship to Mrs. M'Intyre's, and there temporarily abide in those tobacco-perfumed rooms which had once been such forbidden ground to her. She scoffed at the Oriental; she turned up her nose at the Esplanade; she would not hear of any suites of apartments, no matter how superior they might be. Her idea of perfect luxury was to go and live as Paul had lived, to find out all the little details of his old solitary life which aforetime she had not dared to inquire into, to rummage boldly over his bookshelves and desk and cupboards, which once it would have been indelicate for her to so much as look at, to revel in the sense that it was improper no longer for her to make just as free as she liked with his defunct bachelorhood, the existing conditions of which had had so many terrors for her. When Paul represented that it was not a fit place for her to go into, she told him that there was no place in the world so fit, and begged so hard to be taken there, if only for a week or two, that he let her have her way. And a very happy time they spent at No, 7, notwithstanding many little inconveniences. And even the inconveniences had their charm. Then Mrs. Duff-Scott and Eleanor came out, when it was felt to be time to say good-bye to these humble circumstances—to leave the flowery carpet, now faded and threadbare, the dingy rep suite, and the smirking Cenci over the mantlepiece, for the delectation of lodgers to whom such things were appropriate; and to select a house and furnish it as befitted the occupation of Miss Yelverton that was and her (now) distinguished husband.

By good fortune (they did not say it was good fortune, but they thought it), the old landlord next door saw fit to die at this particular juncture, and No. 6 was advertised to be let. Mr. and Mrs. Brion at once pounced upon the opportunity to secure the old house, which, it seemed to them, was admirably suited to their present modest requirements; and, by the joint exercise of Mrs. Duff-Scott's and Patty's own excellent taste, educated in England to the last degree of modern perfectibility, the purveyors of art furniture in our enlightened city transformed the humble dwelling of less than a dozen rooms into a little palace of esoteric delights. Such a subdued, harmonious brightness, such a refined simplicity, such an unpretentious air of comfort pervades it from top to bottom; and as a study of color, Mrs. Duff-Scott will tell you, it is unique in the Australian colonies. It does her good—even her—to go and rest her eyes and her soul in the contemplation of it. Paul has the bureau in his study (and finds it very useful), and Patty has the piano in her drawing-room, its keyboard to a retired corner behind a portiere (draped where once was a partition of folding doors), and its back, turned outwards, covered with a piece of South Kensington needlework. In this cosy nest of theirs, where Paul, with a new spur to his energies, works his special lever of the great machine that makes the world go on (when it would fain be lazy and sit down), doing great things for other men if gaining little glory for himself—and where Patty has afternoon teas and evenings that gather together whatever genuine exponents of intellectual culture may be going about, totally eclipsing the attractions of Mrs. Aarons' Fridays to serious workers in the fields of art and thought, without in any way dimming the brilliancy of those entertainments—the married pair seem likely to lead as happy a life as can be looked for in this world of compromises. It will not be all cakes and ale, by any means. The very happiest lives are rarely surfeited with these, perhaps, unwholesome delicacies, and I doubt if theirs will even be amongst the happiest. They are too much alike to be the ideal match. Patty is thin-skinned and passionate, too ready to be hurt to the heart by the mere little pin-pricks and mosquito bites of life; and Paul is proud and crotchety, and, like the great Napoleon, given to kick the fire with his boots when he is put out. There will be many little gusts of temper, little clouds of misunderstanding, disappointments, and bereavements, and sickness of mind and body; but, with all this, they will find their lot so blessed, by reason of the mutual love and sympathy that, through all vicissitudes, will surely grow deeper and stronger every day they live together, that they will not know how to conceive a better one. And, after all, that is the most one can ask or wish for in this world.

Mrs. Duff-Scott, being thus deprived of all her children, and finding china no longer the substantial comfort to her that it used to be, has fulfilled her husband's darkest predictions and "gone in" for philanthropy. In London she served a short but severe apprenticeship to that noble cause which seeks to remove the curse of past ignorance and cruelty from those to whom it has come down in hereditary entail—those on whose unhappy and degraded lives all the powers of evil held mortgages (to quote a thoughtful writer) before ever the deeds were put into their hands—and who are now preached at and punished for the crimes that, not they, but their tyrants of the past committed. She took a lesson in that new political economy which is to the old science what the spirit of modern religion is to the ecclesiasticism which has been its unwilling mother, and has learned that the rich are responsible for the poor—that, let these interesting debating clubs that call themselves the people's parliaments say what they like, the moral of the great social problem is that the selfishness of the past must be met by unselfishness in the present, if any of us would hope to see good days in the future.

"It will not do," says Mrs. Duff-Scott to her clergyman, who deplores the dangerous opinions that she has imbibed, "to leave these matters to legislation. Of what use is legislation? Here are a lot of ignorant, vain men who know nothing about it, fighting with one another for what they can get, and the handful amongst them who are really anxious for the public good are left nowhere in the scrimmage. It is we who must put our shoulders to the wheel, my dear sir—and the sooner we set about it the better. Look at the state of Europe"—she waves her hand abroad—"and see what things are coming to! The very heart of those countries is being eaten out by the cancer-growths of Nihilism and all sorts of dreadful isms, because the poor are getting educated to understand why they are so poor. Look at wealthy England, with more than a million paupers, and millions and millions that are worse than paupers—England is comparatively quiet and orderly under it, and why? Because a number of good people like Mr. Yelverton"—the clergyman shakes his head at the mention of this wicked sinner's name—"have given themselves up to struggle honestly and face to face with the evils that nothing but a self-sacrificing and independent philanthropy can touch. I believe that if England escapes the explosion of this fermenting democracy, which is brewing such a revolution as the world has never seen, it will be owing to neither Church nor State—unless Church and State both mend their ways considerably—but to the self-denying work that is being done outside of them by those who have a single-hearted desire to help, to really help, their wronged and wretched fellow-creatures."

And the man who set her to this good work pursues it himself, not in haste or under fitful and feverish impulses of what we call enthusiasm, but with refreshed energy and redoubled power, by reason of the great "means" that are now at his disposal, the faithful companionship that at once lightens and strengthens the labor of his hands and brain, and the deep passion of love for wife and home which keeps his heart warm with vital benevolence for all the world. Mr. Yelverton has not become more orthodox since his marriage; but that was not to be expected. In these days orthodoxy and goodness are not synonymous terms. It is doubtful, indeed, if orthodoxy has not rather become the synonym for the opposite of goodness, in the eyes of those who judge trees by their fruits and whose ideal of goodness is to love one's neighbor as one's self. While it is patent to the candid observer that the men who have studied the new book of Genesis which latter-day science has written for us, and have known that Exodus from the land of bondage which is the inevitable result of such study, conscientiously pursued, are, as a rule, distinguished by a large-minded justice and charity, sympathy and self-abnegation, a regard for the sacred ties of brotherhood binding man with man, which, being incompatible with the petty meannesses and cruelties so largely practiced in sectarian circles, make their unostentatious influence to be felt like sweet and wholesome leaven all around them. Such a man is Elizabeth's husband, and as time goes on she ceases to wish for any change in him save that which means progression in his self-determined course. It was not lightly that he flew in the face of the religious traditions of his youth; rather did he crawl heavily and unwillingly away from them, in irresistible obedience to a conscience so sensitive and well-balanced that it ever pointed in the direction of the truth, like the magnetic needle to the pole, and in which he dared to trust absolutely, no matter how dark the outlook seemed. And now that, after much search, he has found his way, as far as he may hope to find it in this world, he is too intently concerned to discover what may be ahead of him, and in store for those who will follow him, to trouble himself and others with irrelevant trifles—to indulge in spites and jealousies, in ambitions that lead nowhere, in quarrels and controversies about nothing—to waste his precious strength and faculties in the child's play that with so many of us is the occupation of life, and like other child's play, full of pinches and scratches and selfish squabbling over trumpery toys. The one who has learned that "the hope of nature is in man," and something of what great nature is, and what man should be, there no longer exists much temptation to envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness, or any other of the vulgar vices of predatory humanity, not yet cured of its self-seeking propensities. He is educated above that level. His recognition of the brotherhood of men, and their common interests and high destiny, makes him feel for others in their differences with him, and patient and forbearing with those whose privileges have been fewer and whose light is less than his.

Elizabeth is a happy woman, and she knows it well. It seems to her that all the prosperity and comfort that should have been her mother's has, like the enormous wealth that she inherits, been accumulating at compound interest, through the long years representing the lapsed generation, for her sole profit and enjoyment. She strolls often through the old plantation, where, in a remote nook, a moss-grown column stands to mark the spot where a little twig, a hair's breadth lack of space, was enough to destroy one strong life and ruin another, and to entail such tremendous consequences upon so many people, living and unborn; and she frequently drives to Bradenham Abbey to call on or to dine with her step-uncle's wife, and sees the stately environment of her mother's girlhood—the "beautiful rooms with the gold Spanish leather on the walls," the "long gallery with the painted windows and the slippery oak floor and the thirty seven family portraits all in a row."—which she contrasts with the bark-roofed cottage on the sea cliff within whose walls that beautiful and beloved woman afterwards lived and died. And then she goes home to Yelverton to her husband and baby, and asks what she has done to deserve to be so much better off than those who went before her?

And yet, perhaps, if all accounts were added up, the sum total of loss and profit on those respective investments that we make, or that are made for us, of our property in life, would not be found to differ so very much, one case with another. We can neither suffer nor enjoy beyond a certain point. Elizabeth is rich beyond the dreams of avarice in all that to such a woman is precious and desirable, and happy in her choice and lot beyond her utmost expectations. Yet not so happy as to have nothing to wish for—which we know, as well as Patty, means "too happy to last." There is that hunger for her absent sisters, which tries in vain to satisfy itself in weekly letters of prodigious length, left as a sort of hostage to fortune, a valuable if not altogether trustworthy security for the safety of her dearest possessions.

THE END.

A Traveler Rejoicing.

Summerside, P. E. I., Oct. 10, 1888: Having used St. Jacobs Oil for a badly sprained knee, I can testify to its peculiarly curative properties, as less than one bottle completely cured the sprain." GEORGE GREGG, Traveller for J. C. Ayer & Co.

"C Tea."

Philadelphia *Record*: The following is the wording of invitations sent out for what is termed a "C Tea," in Germantown: "A collation and cheerful collection of cunning caprices will be completely compassed by a comedy circle of charming country cousins, who contract to courteously cater to captivating couples. The cuisine contains a cutely contrived conglomeration of concoctions. Cash consideration, 25 cents, continental currency or copper coins. Considering that our citizens may be confused concerning the character of this collation, the consistent course is to come and C on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th, at the Parish Building of St. Luke's Church. Courses: Cereal compounds, creature cheer, chopped composition, crystally clear, cold carved creature, cucumbers, cider cured, coagulated curd, country cousins' comfort, churned cream, China cordial, curby crisp cuttings, clam chowder and congealed cream."

O, woman, despairing and wretched,
Dreading, yet longing, to die,
Hear the glad chorus that rises,
Filling the dome of the sky:

Sisters, be glad, there's help to be had;
No longer be miserable, gloomy and sad;
Lost health regain," rings out the refrain,
"Poor creatures, be healthy and happy again.'

How? By taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the world's greatest remedy for all kinds of diseases peculiar to women. It brings back tone and vigor to the system weakened by those distressing complaints known only to women, which make life such a burden. It restores relaxed organs to a normal condition. It fortifies the system against the approach of diseases which often terminate in untold misery, if not in death—which is preferable to the pain and torment of living, in many instances. It is the great gift of scientific skill and research to woman, and for it she cannot be too grateful. It cures her ills when nothing else can. It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction or price ($1.00) returned. Absolutely sold *on trial!*

Feathers.

Feather toques are shown with a muff to match.

Many brown and green effects appear in fancy feathers.

Wings are medium in favor and breasts are ignored.

Bandeaus of coques plumes lie around the brim of medium-sized hats.

The pompon, aigrette and plumage effects are almost exclusively noticeable.

Fancy feathers are shown in large quantities, and can safely be promised as good through the fall and winter.

Among the very much fancied designs are the blondine pompons made in the shape of ostrich tips which come in black and colors.—*Dry Goods and Fashions.*

Never Touched Her.

Diggs—I found a pretty caustic mother-in-law joke in the paper and showed it to my wife's mother.

Figgs—What did she say!

Diggs—She laughed, and said she supposed there were just such mothers-in-law in the world.

A neglected case of cold in the head may cost you your life. Why run the risk when Nasal Balm offers you a speedy relief and certain cure. Sold by all dealers. Try it.

VanAll—Say Burton, I've got a new sister. Burton—You don't say! Come let's have something. When did it happen? VanAll—Last night about 11.45. I proposed.

If sassafras bark is sprinkled among dried fruit it will keep out the worms

"'Coarse and abusive remarks,' that's a good phrase. By the way, Mr. Blower is on the other side, isn't he?" City Editor—Oh, no, he's one of our speakers! Editor—So? Let me see. I think you'd better change that to "keen and incisive."—*Boston Transcript.*

CURED AGAINST HIS WILL

After Ten Years of Suffering a Hamilton Man is Restored to Health.

A Case Rivalling the Marvellous Cure of John Marshall.

A good name is more to be desired than great riches." The truth of this scripture quotation is proven every day. Once a person or a firm or an institution achieves a good name its road to success is short and sure, but to achieve a good name is quite a different thing. Not many months ago the TIMES brought to light one of the most marvellous cures that has ever been effected. Mr. John Marshall, after being for years afflicted with locomotor ataxy, supposed to be incurable, and after having been paid $1,000 from the Royal Templars as being totally disabled for life, was permanently cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Marshall may be seen on the streets any day, a strong, healthy man, with no trace of his old trouble. The case gave Pink Pills a name throughout the length and breadth of the land, and vastly increased sales of the remedy followed. The results are being seen on all sides now in wonderful cures wrought.

The TIMES came across two yesterday. At No. 196 York street Mr. W. J. Clark, who is employed in Messrs. John Calder & Co's. clothing manufactory, was seen at his residence and was pleased with the opportunity of saying a good word for the remedy that had put him in a position to enjoy life after ten years of affliction. Mr. Clark is a young man of intelligence, and told the story of his case in an interesting manner. "Ten years ago," he said, "I got a very heavy cold, which settled in the small of my back and has ever since, up to a short time ago, defied all the remedies I could hear of and the skill of many doctors. At times I was so bad that I could not work and was seldom free from pain, whether standing, sitting, walking, or lying. The only thing that gave me relief was an herb I got from an herbalist. For two weeks it relieved me and then the pains returned. I got more herbs, but whether they were the same or not, or whether they simply ceased to operate I can't say, but I got no more relief from herbs. Turpentine applied on hot cloths and taken internally gave me relief for a little while, but I gave that up too. Several doctors examined me and said, 'Oh, it's nothing!' They gave me medicines which they said would make it all right, but which didn't. After almost ten years of doctoring I came to the conclusion that I would never be cured, and tried to resign myself to my lot. Some months ago I went into the country to see my father. He said to me, 'Will, I have something here I want you to take—a box of Pink Pills!' I replied to him:

"'You might as well throw them out the door.'

"'Take them for my sake,' Will, he said, and I said I would do anything for him, though I had no faith in them—'They are not worth that,' I said, snapping my fingers.

I took the box and really felt better. They gave me an appetite, at anyrate, and lessened the pain. So I resolved to continue them. After using three boxes I stopped. That is over three weeks ago, and I am now well and strong. The pain is all gone and I do my work like a new man. I am now working over-time until 10 o'clock, and stand it well. I have gained in weight, and feel better every way. It was no case of faith cure with me, for I had no faith in the pills at all. My mate at work, at my advice, took Pink Pills to build up his system, and says he is much better; he certainly looks it."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Clark as the TIMES reporter was withdrawing, "you may use my name, and if you see any one who has any doubts as to the curing properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills just send him to me."

Another Case.

Mr. James Wright, No. 129½ Bay street north, is another of the great army of witnesses. For a year he suffered from diabetes, but was restored to health under the attention of Dr. Anderson. The disease, however, left behind it a fearful state of nervousness, debility, lack of appetite, sleeplessness and ringing noises in the ears and head, which at times almost drove Mr. Wright frantic. From weighing 180 pounds he came down to 118. He was well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall and knew of his trouble. Hearing of his cure he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so in June last. After taking one box, all these troubles began to vanish and eleven boxes completely cured him, appetite returned and sweet sleep was no longer a stranger to him. In two months he recovered eighteen pounds of his lost flesh and is still gaining. Mr. Wright is confident that the remedy will have the same effect upon any one who is afflicted as he was if given a fair trial.

In connection with the wonderful cures resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it must be gratifying to Canadians to know that they are the discovery of a Canadian doctor, a graduate of McGill College and post-graduate of Edinburgh University. Hitherto the great discoveries in medicine have come to us from abroad, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have conquered diseases hitherto declared by the works of specialists incurable, and have shed a new lustre on Canadian medical science. What is claimed for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is that they are an unfailing blood builder and nerve tonic, supplying the wants incident to over-work, mental worry, or excesses of whatever nature. They stimulate the system, build anew the blood, and restore shattered nerves, removing the fruitful causes of premature decay and insanity. They are also a specific for the ills peculiar to women, such as suppression, bearing down pains, displacements, ulceration, etc. They are a certain remedy for headaches, dimness of vision, palpitation, shortness of breath and by restoring the blood to a healthy condition, bring back strength and the glow of health, where had been pale and sallow cheeks and broken down constitution. That these claims are not exaggerated is borne out by the remarkable cures investigated by the TIMES, as well as by hundreds of testimonials from all parts of Canada in the possession of the proprietor.

One thing in connection with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the comparatively light cost of treatment. They are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail, postpaid, by addressing the Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y.

Prohibited Newspapers.

The postmaster has received notice that the following papers are non-transmissable by mail in Canada, and if any come into his hands they are to be sent to the dead-letter office at Ottawa: *Sporting World, Police Gazette, Household Companion, Illustrated Companion, Welcome Friend*, of New York; *Sunday World*, Detroit; *Our Home and Fireside Magazine, People's Illustrated Journal, Practical Housekeeper*, Portland, Maine; *American Cottage Home, American Fireside and Farm, American Homestead, American Household Journal*, Jersey City; *The Home*, Boston.—*St. Thomas Times.*

"Fat Doctor Bills Make Lean Wills,"

but Sage's Catarrh Remedy costs less than one doctor's visit. Catarrh is a loathsome, dangerous disease, and the time has come when to suffer from it is a *disgrace*. No person of culture and refinement cares to inflict upon his friends his offensive breath, disgusting hawking and spitting and disagreeable efforts to breathe freely and clear the throat and nose—hence the *cultured* and *refined* use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. And no wise and prudent man cares to run the risk of leaving his family without a protector, by letting his "slight catarrh" run into serious or fatal throat and lung troubles, hence the wise and prudent use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this remedy are so confident of its curative properties, that they have made a standing offer of a reward of $500 for a case they cannot cure.

Taking the Stump in Ohio.

Texas Siftings "The campaign must be pretty lively in Ohio."

"Why, what's the latest from there?"

"More than three hundred men, who have never been prominently known in politics, have taken the stump."

"You don't say! Republicans, are they?"

"No; dentists."

A Maine judge recently intervened to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers; and seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case."—*Louisville Journal.*

WALKING IN AFRICA.

Three Women Who Are Not Afraid of Wild Beasts.

Three women footed it in July and August last from the Indian Ocean 200 miles to Mashonaland. They were members of an Episcopal order, says the New York *Sun*, and were trained nurses sent out to take charge of the hospital which has been started in that new country. The bishop of Mashonaland expected that provision would be made to carry these young women into the interior, but the force of porters was unexpectedly small and the women said they would endeavor to walk. With extraordinary courage they set out on the journey. There was no waggon road and for much of the way no paths were found. The party suffered terribly at times from thirst. At night the bush was always alive with lions, hyenas, buffaloes, leopards and other animals. At one time the party observed two lions drinking quietly thirty rods from them. The grass often exceeded twelve feet in height for miles and miles, and some days the little caravan marched through incessant rain. They suffered severely from the desertion of their porters, and of the thirty-two carriers with whom they started only four remained at the end of their journey. The women had no tents to sleep in, and altogether they made the journey under conditions which would have tried the strength and courage of the stoutest men. They safely reached their destination, however, and they are the first white women to have made such a journey into the interior of Africa, the others travelling either on steamboats or being carried on hammocks or chairs.

World's Fair Notes.

Florida, at the recent World's Fair convention, decided to raise $100,000 for representation in Chicago in 1893.

A New York company that manufactures self-winding clocks has offered to furnish free of cost all the time-pieces that will be needed in the buildings during the Fair.

The magnitude of the building operation now going on at Jackson Park can be surmised from the fact that an average of from thirty-five to forty cars of construction material arrives daily. The Exposition buildings are rising with wonderfu rapidity.

Between 340 and 350 men are employed in perfecting the landscape features of the Exposition site. It is the intention to make the grounds exceedingly beautiful by walks, drives, lawns, terraces, fountains, shrubbery and flowers. Several hundred thousand dollars are to be expended for this purpose.

The women of Illinois, who have the spending of $80,000 of the $800,000 which the State appropriated for its representation at the Exposition, have been granted, for their exclusive use, one-tenth of the space in the Illinois Building, which, altogether, is something more than an acre and a half. The women will make a separate exhibit.

The Palace of Music at the Exposition, it is now expected, will stand on the great island formed by the lagoons, and will be surrounded by a magnificent garden of flowers, ten acres or more in extent. This location is desired by Theodore Thomas, Musical Director of the Exposition, but has not yet been finally passed upon by the Board of Directors. The structure wil measure 150 by 250 feet, and cost approximately $100,000.

A mammoth labor congress is to be held in Chicago in 1893, under the auspices of the Worl's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition. John Burns and Tom Mann, who led the great London dock strike to a successful issue in 1889, have promised to be present, as have many other prominent labor leaders. Wm. E. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning have accepted honorary membership and will submit their views in writing. T. V. Powderly, Carroll D. Wright, and numerous others deeply interested in labor questions, are earnestly supporting the movement.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

New York *Herald*: At last we have some data which will prove interesting to the ladies. We can't vouch for them with unqualified confidence because we haven't been able to verify them, but we have no doubt that they are about as near to the exact truth as it is possible to get.