THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

Vanessa wavers for an instant; then she says, with ill-concealed agitation:

"Please, Edie, don't press me! I should particularly dislike to meet him."

So Edith goes away alone without another word, and Vanessa sits trembling, her heart throbbing violently, every nerve quivering anxiously and painfully, her hands twisted, and working one in the other. But she is quite persuaded still that all her love, all her power of feeling it, is buried in Brandon's grave.

Edith finds Lord Ravenhold looking as handsome, as debonair, as fascinating as ever. There is no suspicion of the humility and shamefacedness of the returned prodigal about him; he does not look meek and penitent; all she sees in his expression is a shade of well-concealed disappointment at her entrance alone. He greets her very cheerily all the same.

"I heard you were here," he says, "and, as I was not very far off, I rode over."

He does not think it necessary to tell her what brought him into the neighborhood. She is very welcome to guess.

Of course she replies it is very good of him to come. She is so very sorry that being alone here, she cannot offer him any hospitality. And he rejoins that he only rode over on the chance of having half an hour's chat.

"It must be awfully dull for you, here all alone, is it not?" he asks, whereupon Edith answers him according to the desire expressed in his eyes.

"I am not at all dull," she says; "Mrs. Brandon is constantly with me."

Then all his face lights up.

"I called at the Vicarage on my way here, and they told me Mrs. Brandon was with you."

"She is in the garden," answers Edith. "Shall we go and find her?"

This young lady perfectly understands that Lord Ravenhold has come for the express purpose of meeting Mrs. Brannon. She thinks it more than probable that he is here with the intention of proposing, or leading up to a proposal to make Vanessa Lady Ravenhold, and she considers the marriage, in spite of his lordship's vagaries, an eminently suitable and desirable one.

Ravenhold starts up with joyous alacrity, and they go out of the French windows together, and take their way to the old kitchen garden. But when they arrive at the spot where Edith left Mrs. Brandon the bird is flown.

Edith stands still and looks round, in the hope of catching sight of her friend walking in one of the alleys.

"What can have become of her?" she utters, in a vexed tone. "I left her here."

Ravenhold's face falls; a sense of irritation steals across him. The past comes flying back. When did Mrs. Brandon ever do anything but vex and thwart him?

The gardens at the hall are so large that it is somewhat of a forlorn quest to hunt any one there who wishes to conceal himself, but Edith has a good deal of resolution in her character. So she conducts Ravenhold to such places as she thinks it possible Vanessa may have secreted herself in, feeling all the time anything but pleased at that young lady's perversity, and sympathizing heartily with her companion's ill-disguished disappointment. Having unsuccessfully questioned several gardeners, she comes upon one who is able to give tidings of the fugitive. He has just seen Mrs. Brandon sitting in the arbor near the ornamental water. Unconsciously, Ravenhold quickens his pace so much that Edith can scarcely keep up with him. And when at last he comes face to face with the beautiful and adored woman of his dreams, his eyes light up with a look of such joy that no one, seeing him, could entertain a moment's doubt about his feelings for her. Vanessa blushes; her heart beats fast, and then, suddenly, according to an unaccountable impulse only known to her sex, she freezes herself up in a wall of ice, and looks at and behaves to Lord Ravenhold with an indifference which would be somewhat wanting in politeness to an utter stranger. If he addresses her, she just answers him, but she leaves the brunt of the conversation to her friend, who is having as disagreeable a time as a third person generally does when one, a least, of the other pair is a lover.

Miss Vaughan racks her brain for an excuse to leave them, and, seeing a gardener at a little distance, is about to interview him, when Vanessa, detecting her intention, rises also, putting her hand through Edith's arm.

"I shall not be a moment," says Edith, innocently—"I want to speak to Jenkins."

"My dear," returns Vanessa, calmly, "it is an be nothing which will not keep for half an hour."

"Yes, it is," smiles Edith.

"Then we will come, too," replies Vanessa, provokingly.

"But it is a secret," says Edith.

"That decides the matter," answers Vanessa. "I could not think of allowing you and Jenkins to have a secret. Could I, Lord Ravenhold?" with a touch of the old malice.

But Ravenhold is too piqued and angry to answer. His face wears a flush of anger; he bites his nether lip and viciously does to death a spider with his riding whip.

So, perforce, Edith remains, and tries her very best to make conversation. But Mrs. Brandon does not second her, and Lord Ravenhold is distinctly sulky. At last, in sheer despair, he rises to take his leave. But, since he has come all the way from London to see this perverse beauty, he feels it impossible to go back there without any more satisfaction than he has already got. So, holding out his hand in farewell to her, he says, in a tone half wrathful, half pleading:

"May I call upon you at the Vicarage?" and she answers, calmly:

"You are very kind, Lord Ravenhold, but we never receive visitors now."

He bows stiffly. The little mournful emphasis on the "now" exasperates him intensely. It says, as it is intended to say, "Now that I have lost the only man I could ever, by any possibility have cared for." He stalks away toward the house by Edith's side in utter silence, and she feels too sorry for him to attempt anything commonplace. When they are quite out of earshot of the arbor, he stands suddenly still and looks beseechingly at her.

"I know you are sympathetic," he says in a troubled voice. "I am awfully distressed at the way in which Mrs. Brandon has received me. I came all the way from town to see her. I don't mind telling you. I must speak to her. I suppose she thinks me a blackguard; of course she cannot know the truth of that wretched miserable story. I ought not even to allude to it before you, but forgive me, I'm so upset and unhappy!"

And he takes her hand and gives her one of those looks which few women have been able to withstand. As, moreover, the woman does not live who can resist an appeal for sympathy from a very handsome young man whose affections she does not desire personally to engage, Edith ranges herself instantly on his side and says, with the kindest smile:

"Go back to her now."

"God bless you!" utters Ravenhold, with heartfelt fervor; and, needing no second bidding, he retraces his eager steps with a beating heart to where he left the only woman who exists for him.

Vanessa, meantime, has suffered the sharpest pangs of remorse. She has learned in those few moments that the power of loving is not dead in her heart; the sight of Ravenhold has stirred a strange emotion in her, and now she feels as if some insane impulse had made her voluntarily reject the greatest bliss life holds.

For all that, the moment his eager, winsome face appears in the doorway, the same impulse returns with tenfold force, and causes her to greet him with a look of chill surprise, as though he were an unwelcome intruder.

He breaks at once into his confession, unwarned by her look and manner.

"I have come all this way to see you. I could not leave you so, and go away wretched. I want you, at least, to know the truth."

"Pray, Lord Ravenhold, say nothing about it," answers Vanessa, in a voice so cold that she scarcely recognizes it as her own. "Your affairs can have no possible interest for me, and I scarcely think they would bear discussing."

He stands leaning against the side of the entrance, his head thrown back, his mouth quivering visibly under his mustache; one might almost fancy a suspicion of tears in his handsome eyes.

"I suppose," he says presently, with an effort, "it is always to be the same. You never had a kind word for me yet. You never did anything but wound and hurt me."

"I think you are a little unreasonable," returns Vanessa, touched, but unwilling to show it. "I am not the keeper of your conscience, and," with renewed coldness, "there are certain subjects which I think you know I never cared to discuss."

"I know you were always very pharisaical," answers the young man bitterly, "and never made allowances for any one."

"Perhaps in that case," says Vanessa, piqued, "you had better drop the subject."

"No," cries Ravenhold, passionately, "I will not. I shall tell you the truth. Why do you always stir up my angry feelings and make me look an ill-tempered brute? Since almost the first day I ever knew you you have taken a delight in bringing out the worst part of me; only, I suppose, to show your power over me."

"I do not understand you, Lord Ravenhold," says Vanessa, rising and looking angry in her turn.

He takes her by both hands in spite of her resistance. There is a masterful, passionate look in his eyes, which half daunts, half pleases this capricious young lady.

"You shall understand me before I leave this spot," he says. And then the touch of her hands, which he still holds, softens and makes him humble.

"I love you with all my soul," he says, in a voice full of emotion. "If it was a crime to tell you so before, it is not one now. Oh, my love, I love you!"

Vanessa draws her hands away.

"You love me," she utters, scornfully. "Indeed, I feel much flattered by coming after your other loves. Such loves!"—with bitter emphasis.

"You mean that miserable Indian affair," he cries. "I do not know what you have heard, and you will not believe the truth if I tell it you."

"No," answers Vanessa, coldly, "I do not think a woman can understand that sort of thing. And you forget, Lord Ravenhold, that you are insulting me by professing to have had any such feeling for me whilst my dear, dear husband was alive."

Ravenhold turns away from her, and stands looking at the water and trees beyond, feeling perhaps more bitterly disappointed than he has ever done in his life.

"I suppose," he says, after a long pause, "that I must be a most egregious ass. You always hated me. I ought to have known it, if I had not wilfully shut my eyes; and yet I have been building and building upon the thought of seeing you again, and—and what might come of it—and now—oh, my God! how shall I bear it?"

His breast is rent by a bitter groan; he hides his face with his arm. Vanessa sits staring at him, her heart beating, her red lips half parted. Yet she does not speak. Presently he turns, all his face distorted by pain.

"Good-bye!" he says, in a husky, indistinct voice.

And he holds out his hand, with one last look of agonizing appeal.

"Good-bye!" utters Vanessa quite calmly.

And thus he goes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Bitter indeed at heart is Ravenhold, as he walks across the greensward toward the house to take leave of Edith and to confess his defeat. He scarcely knew before how much he had built on the result of an interview with Vanessa; he had bided his time with, for him, superhuman patience, until a more than decent interval from her husband's death had elapsed, and until that other wretched affair had had time to blow over. How disproportionate are rewards to punishments in this world! he thinks, bitterly. There are some loves for which the world might be counted well lost; loves which have held so much of delight that come what will afterward, one may be reconciled to the cost of the joy by the memory of its rapture; but the affair which he can never stigmatize by other names than "wretched," "miserable," into which he had simply allowed himself to drift from a sort of weary disappointment; what anguish and torment it had cost him! It had dragged his name through the dirt; it had exiled him for months from his own country; it had injured him in the eyes of the one woman with whom he was madly anxious to stand well; it had forever, perhaps, killed his chances of happiness. For the only idea of happiness that presented itself to his mind was the possession of Vanessa. The "wretched affair" had cost him, besides, terrible heartburnings, for though he was indifferent, the other factor in it loved him madly, and had threatened to destroy herself if he refused to marry her, and he had halted some time between what is called "a sense of honor" and the spoiling of his life. It had cost him a great deal of money as well, but that was a very secondary consideration, although he was extravagant and not very rich—it had cost him the good opinion of a certain section of society which is extremely ready to lay down the law about what other people ought to do, and which chose to say he had behaved badly in not marrying the unfortunate woman. The same set, however, would have taken very good care to show the "unfortunate woman" that she was a pariah had she ventured anywhere near their charmed circle even as Lady Ravenhold.

Edith was sitting in the drawing-room pretending to read. She had given the pair an hour, perhaps two hours, to make up their differences, and had come to the conclusion that there could be no possible objection under the circumstances to asking Lord Ravenhold to stay and dine. Every now and then a great sigh heaved her breast; she felt envious, though by no means unkindly envious, of their happiness.

She was startled when Ravenhold walked in at the window alone, and with an expression on his face that made any question needless.

"I have got my *congé*," he says, "so I had better go at once. May I order my horse?"

Edith rings the bell, and until the servant has come and departed neither speaks. Then she says heartily:

"I am sorry."

"Thanks," answers the young man, his eyes softening. "You have been very good and kind. You have done all you could for me."

"Are you sure it is hopeless?" asks Edith, gently.

"Quite sure. I was a fool to imagine she had the slightest thought of me. She does not care two straws about me—that is perfectly certain now."

"Don't you think, perhaps, that time ——"

He shakes his head impatiently.

"I believe she hates me," he says, for, to a lover, there is nothing betwixt extremes.

"Oh, no, no, I am sure she does not. If I were you I would not despair."

Then Lord Ravenhold's horse is announced, and the two young people take leave very kindly of each other. Ravenhold walks his horse all the way down the drive, his feelings being rather of the nature of a dull despair than of the passionate disappointment which makes a man want to ride to the devil. When he is nearing the lodge gates he sees a tall, graceful figure in black ahead of him. His heart beats to suffocation as Vanessa turns and comes toward him. He pulls up, and is out of his saddle in a second. There is a lovely bloom on her face; her eyes look soft and melting.

"I am sorry that I was unkind to you," she murmurs.

All the blood rushes madly to the young fellow's head. If he had not his bridle in his hand, if there were not two children playing at the lodge gates in sight of them, by, oh, cursed word that prevents and limits every pleasure the world holds! how he would catch his darling to his heart! But stay, my lord, not too fast! As soon as Mrs. Brandon observes his excitement and the threatening of his eyes, she retires swiftly into her shell again.

"Do not misunderstand me!" she exclaims, almost before he has time to speak. "I thought I had been unkind, and I wanted to say I was sorry—that is all."

He is not to be daunted so soon this time.

"That is not all!" he says, catching her hand with kindling eyes. "I swear it shall not be all!"

"Let go my hand!" says Vanessa, with a warning glance at the infant spectators.

"The children be—blessed!" cries his lordship, gayly. "Let me walk with you to the Vicarage—darling!"

If Vanessa thinks she never heard that charming word so tenderly or delightfully pronounced before, she does not permit her lover to read her thoughts.

"You must not say that, Lord Ravenhold," she utters reprovingly. "And I am going back to Edith at once. She will be looking for me."

"You shall not go, I swear!" he cried passionately, "until you have given me some little gleam of hope."

"Hope of what?" she says innocently, turning her wonderful eyes upon him.

Again the horse and the children interfere to protect Mrs. Brandon from Lord Ravenhold's inclination to demonstrativeness.

"You know quite well," he cries.

But Vanessa only says, irrelevantly:

"I must be going. Good-bye. Lord Ravenhold, you hurt me! Let me go, I desire!"

The last in quite a different tone.

"I will not!" he replies, very resolutely, the color and passion rising simultaneously in his face, "until you tell me when I may see you again. May I come to the Vicarage to-morrow—to-morrow morning?"

"But you have seen me to-day," she replies, perversely. "I dare say we shall meet in London in the autumn."

"By the autumn," he says, and finishes the sentence with his eyes, which, from the awful change of her color, it would seem Mrs. Brandon understands.

"Do not be silly," she murmurs. "And now, please let me go."

"Shall I come to-morrow?" he asks again.

"No—yes. If you like."

And, having regained undivided possession of her hand, she sets her face toward the Hall.

"Good-bye."

"Till to-morrow, my sweet love!" he utters, joyously.

He stands looking after her. Once she turns, smiles, and makes a graceful little gesture with her hand. Then he mounts his horse and rides away with heaven in his heart, whilst Vanessa walks with winged feet toward the garden. How glad she is she acted on that impulse! The moment he left her in the arbor she repented. She told herself that this time he had accepted his dismissal; that in all probability she would never see him again. She had thrown away the chance of immense happiness, had wantonly condemned herself to a lonely, loveless life—had sent him away, doubtless, to Lady Mildred.

The last thought broke down her pride, and she went swiftly out of a side door in the garden toward the drive, where she must intercept him if she were in time. And if, instead of walking his horse moodily along, Lord Ravenhold had put him to a trot, most unquestionably Vanessa would have been too late, and, it is more than possible, would never have had another chance of making her *amends*. A minute sooner or later, a seemingly accidental meeting, some trifling incident, and the whole course of our lives is changed. Truly the dice of Fate are loaded with trifles.

When Vanessa leaves Lord Ravenhold, she betakes herself back to the gardens, and meets Edith, who is looking for her, quite innocently, and as though nothing had happened. Edith is highly displeased with her, and makes no secret of her indignation.

"Really, Vanessa, I have no patience with you. You are too provoking!"

"How?" asks Mrs. Brandon, demurely.

"What have I done?"

"You have sent that poor boy away wretched. He came all the way from London to see you, and then you treat him in this shameful and cruel manner."

"It will do him good," observes Vanessa, unfeelingly. "I think it is quite wrong for every one to receive returned prodigals with open arms as though they were heroes."

"You have sent him away heart-broken!" exclaims Edith. "I dare say he will do something desperate."

"Oh, no, my love," returns Vanessa, lightly—"men don't do desperate things for love in these days. He will drink a glass or two more wine for dinner, smoke an extra dozen cigarettes, and will feel quite happy and comfortable afterward."

"I could never have believed you were so heartless," says Edith, more angry than ever. "And I think you owe him some thing when you were the cause of his getting into that wretched entanglement. He told me so."

"It is very easy for him to say so, isn't it?" says Vanessa. "On the principle that 'a bad excuse is better than none,' I suppose."

Why Mrs. Brandon should behave with this duplicity I am unable to conjecture, but she is quite successful in misleading her friend.

"I have no patience with you!" cries Edith, angrily. "I don't understand you in the very least. You complain of being lonely and wretched, of your life being over, and here you get a chance of a happy and brilliant future, and you toss it away as if there were fifty better ones waiting for you. What on earth would you have? A man who adores you, who is as handsome and charming as a man can be, who has everything else to recommend him, and you treat him with as much contempt as if you were a grand duchess and he were——"

Here Edith pauses, unable to find a suitable simile.

"It will do him good," says Vanessa again, in the same heartless, flippant manner.

"It will most likely send him off to Lady Mildred," returns Edith. "There will be no question as to how she will receive him."

Vanessa smiles in a manner which provokes her friend inexpressibly. Edith's last remark has pleased her extremely, by convincing her how wise she has been in not letting Ravenhold go away in despair. She is so cheerful and bright in her manner all the evening that Edith is goaded into saying:

"After all, women are quite as heartless as men! Indeed, I hardly think any man would gloat over the idea of having made a woman thoroughly wretched and unhappy."

"Is that meant for me?" asks Vanessa, smiling. "My dear child, I would take everything I possess that at this moment Lord Ravenhold is not the least bit unhappy."

"I don't love you," says Edith, as she bids Mrs. Brandon good-night. "I am disappointed in you. No! I don't want to kiss you."

"Yes, you do," returns Vanessa, sweetly, embracing her. "It is you who are unreasonable, and I who am consistent. You know all that you have said about placing confidence in men, and yet the first one who comes, just because" (with feigned contempt) "he is handsome and has pretty manners, you range yourself on his side and are ready to quarrel with me for not rushing into his arms."

"There is a difference between rushing into his arms and treating him in the shameful manner you did to-day," remarks Edith. "And I think they would be very nice arms to rush into."

"Do you?" says Vanessa, with a false and wicked little gesture of distaste.

"Good-bye," utters Edith, in a melancholy tone. "You do not deserve to be happy. And some day you will be very sorry for this."

"Shall I?" asks Vanessa, still in the same smiling, flighty mood, which displeases her friend. "We shall see."

But when she is alone in her room at the Vicarage the smile leaves her mouth, and she looks intensely serious. Her heart beats fast; a sense of rapture at the thought of the future steals over her, but mingling with it is a feeling of remorse. Is this her promised devotion to the memory of her dead husband? How dare she think of love, and passion, and a new life whilst he is lying cold and lonely in his narrow grave? But love of the living is a stronger motive power than fealty to the dead, and Vanessa's first thought on waking in the morning is one of delight that Ravenhold is coming to her to-day. She is unusually careful over her toilet. She fastens a blush-rose in her bosom; she puts on her smallest and newest shoes. She is almost shocked to catch herself humming a waltz tune whilst she dresses.

Somehow, this morning she finds it impossible to settle to anything. Her nerves are in a state of the highest irritability; she starts at every sound; she cannot work, or read, or play. She sits for ten minutes in the rose-bower, and returns to the house thinking she has been there at least an hour. She wanders up and down, rearranges every flower in the big china bowl, eyes herself in the old-fashioned mirror, glances out of the window, takes countless looks at the chiming clock. When at last she hears the loud summons of the bell, her heart beats to suffocation; the crimson blood rushes mantling to her cheeks. For all that, when Lord Ravenhold is ushered in by the shrewdly smiling Susan, who is perfectly satisfied with the way in which she has mylorded the visitor to-day, he finds Mrs. Brandon calmly engaged upon a piece of needlework, as though she had been placidly sitting there for the last hour!

His face was flushed, eager, joyful; he scarcely waits for the door to close behind him when he utters a word of strong endearment, and possesses himself of both Vanessa's hands.

"No, no, Lord Ravenhold, indeed you must not!" utters that lady, trying, not very successfully, to look dignified and displeased.

He draws a low chair in front of her, for, to get near her, he must either kneel or sit, and wooing kneeling is quite an exploded fashion.

"Do not let us have any more misunderstandings!" he says, impetuously, devouring her with his eyes. "Now that we are young, that all is smooth before us, let us be happy."

His tone sinks to entreaty; he has taken one of her hands; his eyes speak volumes.

The words are m[illegible] but with the intuit[illegible] her sex she know m[illegible] error to yield too w[illegible] ments, she tries to withdraw her hand and says:

"I shall be very glad to be your friend. You must not expect anything more of me."

"Do you mean to say," he cries, raising his voice again, "that you do not, that you will not care for me?"

"I could not care for anyone," she answers, turning her eyes away, but acutely conscious of the absurdity and hypocrisy of her words.

Apparently Ravenhold's keen eyes pierce through the pretended mask.

"Could you not?" he says, in an exultant, masterful voice. "But I swear you shall!" And with that, he flings both arms round her, whether she will or not, and presses his eager lips to hers.

"Let me go, Lord Ravenhold. "You hurt me! I am very angry. I do not like you."

He smiles; he does not care, he does not believe her; he is wildly triumphant, madly happy.

"Do not be angry," he says, caressingly. "Why should you? How can I help it? I only wonder how I kept my hands off you before."

"Do not talk like that!" she exclaims, puckering her pretty, smooth brow. "It is wrong and it is silly."

He is not to be abashed.

"Everything nice is wrong, most things at least, and it is silly, I should like to go on being a fool forever."

Vanessa smiles, in spite of herself.

"You are just like a great spoilt child," she says.

With this he grows quite serious.

"Do not let us jest," he says, again taking her hand; "right or wrong, I have worshipped you ever since I first set eyes on you."

"No, you have not," interrupts Vanessa. "When you first knew me, you worshipped Lady Mildred."

"Lady Mildred!" he repeats, with impatient distaste.

"Yes, it is quite true. You know it," replies Vanessa. "And now she is free," adds the young lady, cruelly.

Her eyes take an expression of such deep reproach that she ought to feel penitent. But she does not.

"Do not let us waste time and words on her," he says. "If I cared for her once, you know well enough that it is long since over."

"You have cared for so many people since," remarks Vanessa, unkindly.

"Do you mean to twit me with that miserable affair in India?" cries Ravenhold, passionately. "For Heaven's sake let me tell you the whole story, and then——"

"No, no," interrupts Vanessa. "I do not want to hear it."

But he insists. It is not altogether an easy story to tell, because, although his object is to prove his own utter blamelessness to his mistress, the code of honor (poor enough, Heaven knows, though it is) of our day prevents a man shifting the fault so entirely and frankly on the woman as his first progenitor did.

When, however, a woman desires to condone and forgive, she is most prone to look very critically into the story it pleases her lover to tell her. Vanessa, therefore, affects to accept and to be satisfied with his explanations. He clearly demonstrates that love, not forgetfulness of her, was the cause of this lapse in his morals, and that what he had sought as an anodyne had proved a bitter and nauseous drug. And although Vanessa positively forbids him to allude to his sentiments at a time when she considers them to have been dishonoring to her, he only replies sturdily:

"It is God's truth! I worshipped you then, right or wrong, as I do now. Who could be with you and not adore you?" And then Ravenhold comes to the point about which he is so eager! When will she make him happy?

But Vanessa is obstinately coy; she will not entertain the idea of marriage—no, not for ages, not for two years—certainly not for a year at the very earliest. It would be an indecency—it would be a slight to the memory of the man who had been so good to her; to whom she had been so devoted.

Vainly Ravenhold tries to shake her resolution by the tenderest, most urgent entreaties—she is inflexible. Then, suddenly, with a passionate gesture, he pushes back his chair, strides to the end of the room, and, returning, confronts her with a white face.

"It is the old story," he says, in a hard, rough voice. "From the first moment I knew you it has always been your pleasure to vex and thwart and try me. I tell you frankly, I cannot, I will not, wait a year for you—I should be in my grave. So, if you insist, I will go away and try to forget you. Oh, love!" he cries, his voice suddenly changing to extreme tenderness, as he bends over her, "where is your heart? Why will you fling away happiness? Who knows what may happen in a year? Now we are both in the zenith of our youth and life, we have all the divine summer before us, and there is nothing but your perverse will to prevent our being the two happiest creatures on God's earth."

And Vanessa, seeing that he is so mightily in earnest, allows her scruples to be vanquished.

THE END.

KEGS OF GOLD.

How the Precious Metal is Packed for Shipment Abroad.

Gold is usually packed for shipping in kegs. Each keg holds $50,000 and will weigh in the neighborhood of 200 pounds.

Such a keg is about a foot and a half in diameter. Mr. Shay's kegs are made of the best white oak staves, held in place by four thick metal bands. Two small pieces of pink tape are stretched across one of the heads. To these pieces of tape the banker's seal is affixed when the keg is ready for shipping. The other head is held in place by a few nails until the keg is ready to be filled. After the keg has been packed the head is replaced and sealed in the same manner as the other.

It is very interesting to compare the sizes of a $50,000 gold keg and a cask that will contain $5,000 in silver dollars. One of the latter appears to be many times the height of a gold keg, and proportionately broader. There is but one size made and these are always packed with Mexican silver dollars, which are used in foreign exchange. The dollars are divided into bags each containing $1,000.—*New York World.*

Learning to Walk.

People sometimes ask: At what age can we set a child in a chair? when put him on his legs? how old must he be before we teach him to walk? The answers are easy. He must not be made tosit till he has spontaneously sat up in his bed and has been able to hold his seat. This sometimes happens in the sixth or seventh month, sometimes later. The sitting position is not without danger, even when he takes to it himself; imposed prematurely upon him, it tires the backbone and may interfere with the growth. So the child should never be taught to stand or walk. That is his affair, not ours. Place him on a carpet in a healthy room or in the open air, and let him play in freedom, roll, try to go ahead on his hands and feet, or go backward, which he will do more successfully at first—it all gradually strengthens and hardens him. Some day he will manage to get upon his knees, another day to go forward upon them, and then to raise himself up against the chairs. He thus learns to do all he can, as fast as he can, and no more. But, they say, he will be longer in learning to walk if he is left to go on his knees or his hands and feet indefinitely. What difference does it make if, exploring the world in this way, he becomes acquainted with things, learns to estimate distances, strengthens his legs and back; prepares himself, in short, to walk better when he gets to walking? The important thing is, not whether he walks now or then, but that he learns to guide himself, to help himself, and to have confidence in himself.

The Final Stage.

Mary Ann—I am afraid, Julius, you are tired holding me on your lap.

Julius—Oh, never mind, sit still. I was tired a while ago, but it doesn't hurt now—I'm numb.

Cork is about the most buoyant substance there is, but there are points beyond which even cork cannot go. A cork sunk 200 feet deep in the ocean will not rise again to the surface, owing to the great pressure of the water. At any less distance from the surface, however, it will gradually work its way back to light once more.

"Papa, what is a reception?" "A reception, my son, is a social function where you have a chance to speak to every one but your hostess."

Irate Client—Judge, can you tell me the quickest way to get a divorce in Chicago? Chicago Judge—Yes, sir; get married.

Mr. Gottlieb—I can see plainly that you are fishing for that count; but beware! the worm will turn. Miss Washbustle—I don't get excited. I don't intend to be your bait.

A CORNWALL MIRACLE.

How an Esteemed Citizen Regained Health and Strength.

Mr. William Moore's Interesting Story—His Friends Despaired of His Recovery, but He Once More Mingles With Them as Nearly as of Yore—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

(Cornwall Freeholder.)

In this age there are few persons who do not take one or more newspapers, and it may be said with equal certainty that there are few who have not read from time to time of the marvellous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. But reading is one thing, and believing what you read is another, and no doubt of the thousands who have read of the Hamilton miracle, the Saratoga miracle, the Calgary miracle and others that have appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Freeholder*, achieved through the agency of Dr. Williams' marvellous little pellets, many may have laid aside the paper in unbelief. While, however, these people may not believe what happened at Saratoga or in Calgary, they would no doubt be convinced if one should bring to their notice a case in their own immediate vicinity where a marvellous cure was effected through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every one in Cornwall knows Mr. Wm. Moore, who for years has driven the delivery waggon for Mack's Express Mills, and when it was known last winter that his health was failing rapidly, very general regret was expressed by a large section of the community. His voice grew weaker, his laugh less hearty and it appeared that consumption had marked him for a victim. At last he was forced to give up work altogether and keep within doors. So things were till late in the summer, when he commenced to get about again, and he steadily improved until he was once more able to take up his calling and work as of yore. What worked so marvellous a change? A veritable miracle it was, indeed. Hearing that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had something to do with the case, a reporter of the *Freeholder* called on Mr. Moore at his comfortable home on Eighth street and, fortunately, found him at home. Without any preliminary fencing the reporter said to Mr. Moore: "I am glad to see you so hearty and strong again; the last time I saw you it seemed as if your race was about run. I have heard that your wonderful recovery is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; have you any objection to tell me something about it?"

"No objection at all," said Mr. Moore. "Pink Pills did cure me and I am only too glad to let the world know all about that wonderful medicine. As you know I was a very sick man; indeed my life was despaired of.

MY WORK IS VERY TRYING

and I was forced to be out in all sorts of weather, for people must eat, you know. It often happened that after lifting heavy sacks of flour or grain at the mill, I was in a profuse perspiration, and heated as I was had to drive out in the face of a fierce storm, perhaps with the thermometer ever so many degrees below zero. A man can't stand that kind of thing forever, and after a good many warnings I felt that something had really got hold of me and I was forced to quit work. I had heavy colds all the time, severe pains in the back and loins and no appetite whatever, I lost flesh continually until I was, as I remember, a mere shadow of my former self, and everybody that saw me thought I was dying of consumption. I doctored for a couple of months; had poultices all over me and took a great deal of medicine. I will not say that the doctoring did no good, but it didn't do much, and I felt as if I were never going to get better. At the time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People by reading an account of a case that seemed little short of a miracle. A sister of my wife had used them and found them a valuable medicine, and strongly urged me to try them. I must confess that I did so with some reluctance; I had tried so many medicines without benefit that I despaired of finding anything to cure me, but my case was desperate and I yielded to the solicitations of my friends and purchased a supply of pills from Mr. E. H. Brown, the druggist. I had not been taking them very long when I began to notice a difference in myself, and found my appetite, which had been almost entirely gone, returning. I continued to take the Pink Pills and found my strength gradually returning—something I had despaired of. In a few weeks I had so far improved that I was able to go around, and was constantly gaining strength. I not only relished my food, but it did me good, and I saw that I had at last hit upon the right remedy. Well, to make a long story short, I continued to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until my old-time strength had fully returned and I was able to go back to work. Since then I have been teaming every day, lifting heavy weights as usual, and I never felt better in my life. This is the whole story, and you may spread it freely. I was on the brink of the grave and you see me now. It was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that restored me, and I know them to be a grand medicine, and would urge everybody whose symptoms are like mine to profit by my experience. My case may not be so wonderful as some I have read of, but it is miracle enough for me, and I can never say enough about Pink Pills, they are beyond any praise I can give them. I can only

URGE ANY WHO ARE IN DOUBT

to give them a fair trial and I am confident they will never regret it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

How to Keep the Feet Warm.

A life insurance company, whose advice under the circumstances might may be taken as sincere, tells its clients that the golden rule in cold weather is to keep the extremities warm. The first and most important rule for the carrying out of this idea is never to be tightly shod. Boots or shoes that fit closely prevent the free circulation of the blood by pressure; but when, on the contrary, they do not embrace the foot too firmly, the space left between the shoe and the stocking has a good supply of warm air. The second rule is never to sit in damp shoes. It is often supposed that unless shoes are positively wet it is unnecessary to change them while the feet are at rest. This is a great fallacy; for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole in its evaporation it absorbs the heat from the foot, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. This can easily be proved by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule. The feet will be found cold and damp after a few minutes, although on taking off the shoe and examining it it will appear to be quite dry.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

In the British patent office, where of all places in the world one would expect to find things ordinarily well "up to date," the steel pen is unknown and the antediluvian goose quill absolute and supreme.

When a healthy horse is enjoying perfect rest his pulse beats at the rate of forty times per minute, that of an ox fifty-two times, while in sheep and hogs the average cardiac pulsations are seventy per minute.

Every man has 240 bones. Except the minstrel corner-men, who have $64 each.

IN GLASS.

That's the way Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets come. And it's a more important point than you think. It keeps them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes.

They're put up in a better way, and they act in a better way, than the huge, old-fashioned pills. No griping, no violence, no reaction afterward that sometimes leaves you worse off than before. In that way, they cure *permanently*. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—the smallest in size, the easiest to take, and the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

There's nothing likely to be "*just as good.*"

PARIS IS IN PURPLE,

But Velvet Sleeves are No More, and Each Gown has a Pelerine.

A dressmaker just returned from Paris says in the *Pall Mall Budget* that the fashionable ladies there are all clad in purple. Purple veils, too, are quite general, and the latest millinery novelty is the Napoleon hat.

Purple is used in conjunction with all manner of shades for evening wear. Thus, a dance dress of palest pink bengaline had a bodice of purple velvet edged round the top with a lace frill and sleeves of pink. The skirt was trimmed round the hem with a puffing of velvet drawn through narrow loops of pink cord.

A wonderful dress which a fashionable lady had made specially to be photographed is of yellow crepon with sleeves of purple velvet, and a white velvet pelerine bodice embroidered with silver. It has yellow epaulettes piped with purple, and the back of the bodice is finished at the waist with a bow of the same color.

A novel theatre jacket was of purple silk with black sleeves and trimmings of black lace.

In Paris velvet sleeves went out with the old year. The newest gowns have velvet bodices, but sleeves of the same material as the skirt.

Every really dressy gown now must have a pelerine on the bodice, which may be detachable or a part of the dress, according to the wearer's taste. One of the most remarkable dresses of this kind yet seen was of black figured cloth, with a bodice of purple velvet, finished in front with a sort of cascade edged with mink, and sleeves of black with a band of velvet and fur at the wrist.

The skirt was enormously full and stiffened with a horsehair lining; but the greater part of the fullness was confined to the back. It had a fairly deep border of velvet round the hem, on which was placed a band of mink, and had no darts at the top, but was "easied" into the waist.

The bodice had a detachable pelerine of the black cloth edged with fur, and arranged with much fullness on the shoulders.

Common Uses for Salt.

Concerning the usefulness of salt, there is much to be said. It is one of the most effective remedies for many ills. If used persistently enough, it will cure nasal catarrh. A weak brine should be made and snuffed up the nose, allowing it to run down the throat.

One of the most effective remedies known for a sick headache is to place a pinch of salt on the tongue and allow it to dissolve slowly. In about ten minutes it may be followed by a drink of water.

There is nothing better for the relief of tired or weak eyes than to bathe them with a strong solution of salt and water, applied as hot as it can be borne.

Salt is most excellent for cleansing the teeth. It hardens the gums and sweetens the breath.

A fresh inkstain on a carpet may be removed by immediately applying a layer of salt. The ink will be absorbed, and when the salt is black it should be removed and another layer applied, repeating the operation until all the ink is removed and the carpet returned to its former pleasing appearance.

Salt enters into the composition of a sure cure for a felon. Take common rock salt and dry it thoroughly in the oven, pulverize it and fill with an equal quantity of spirits of turpentine. Keep a rag saturated with this solution applied to the affected part for 24 hours, and at the end of that time the felon will have disappeared.

The colored Japanese straw mattings which are so generally used as floor coverings lately, are best kept sweet and clean by washing them with a solution of salt and water after the weekly sweeping. This treatment has the other advantage of keeping them soft and preventing their tendency to grow brittle and crack in the places most used.

Salt rubbed on the black spots on dishes will