

LITTLE WON.

CHAPTER XV. LOST!

"I wonder if I am behaving quite decorously," said Nessa, suddenly seized with a misgiving. I don't think I am, somehow, by the way people look at me. "You must not think ill of me if I'm not so nice as your sister; for, you see, I have only left school about two months, and I have certainly never dined with anybody but a lady before."

"How do you know my sister is nice?" Eric asked.

She could not tell him that she figured his sister with his simple, honest face and delicate kindness; but her eyes betrayed the thought, as she answered with some embarrassment—

"Oh, I know she is sweet and amiable. You told me something about her, and I have guessed the rest about her, and your father."

Eric told of them, and and wholesome surroundings, warmth and unpretentiousness, Nessa, listening, caught glowing enthusiasm.

"Yes; I see it all," she said—sweet and tender evening song."

Then she rested her head with a sigh, and sat silent, her young face.

Despite her ignorance, her confiding innocence, at ease as she thought of the course they were taking, see in what way she was she was oppressed with a possibility, which had never a spirit with a serious onward, it seemed to her already overcast with the doing.

Eric looked at his watch.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"It is past three."

"And no telegram has come?"

"Think there can be any mistake?"

"Mrs. Redmond may have said you were going to."

"You said that a true get."

"Perhaps Mrs. Redmond friend."

"If no message should come, shall I do?" she asked.

"Tell me," he said, "as you will accept my father's friend of my sister in the who forgets you."

"It is too soon to say."

"Yes; we will not be does not leave Liverpool o'clock. I promised my father there. We will wait till for a telegram. Your father you cannot wait at the certain hour. Do not under obligation to us. of business. He will come, and see that you get and you will pay him in have received, and be any one," he said, impress make his meaning clear dropping his voice, and a difficulty, "I must say that you may have no about going with my father shall stay in London, and me for three years."

Had Nessa been a shall girl, she would have replied less graceful compliment, of an embarrassing position felt deeply, and was too for that. She sat silent, with wondering eyes, when mantled in her cheek, as before herself in plain apprehend his meaning.

"He loves me," she said.

"More than his father, and He will banish himself from I may not feel his claim."

"Think," he urged; "is at stake."

"Yes; but that is not."

"Oh, this question is too lightly or hastily. I will think it over."

There was a ladies' room end of the dining hall. I his arm led her there.

"I shall go to Finsbury thing has come. I will wait o'clock. If nothing has hope?"

She did not answer, but pressure of her hand upon that his wish washers. I self, ashamed of her silent the door and gave him his "You make me feel so."

"I have nothing to give kindness—not even a few."

"What do I want more me now?" he asked.

Then he turned away, and fled from the temptation to profit by their tell-tale sweetness.

In less than an hour he returned with a telegram, looking as if he carried his own death warrant—as indeed it was for all the dearest hopes of his heart. He gave it to Nessa without a word, and waited. When she had read it, she handed the trembling sheet to him, her bosom swelling with a sigh.

In the interval both had seen that if Mrs. Redmond were faithful she must not be forsaken.

Eric read:—

"Take the next train to Brighton. You will find me in the waiting room. Can do nothing till you come."

"There is a train at ten minutes past five," he said, with a forced calm, as he returned the telegram, "and the cab is at the door waiting."

He stepped into the hansom after her. Never had moments fled so swiftly or been so precious to them; yet all were wasted. They scarcely spoke a word between Holborn and Victoria. He got her ticket and put her in a compartment.

"The time has nearly come to thank you," she said, forcing a smile, when the collector had nipped her ticket and closed the door.

"Not yet; not yet," he murmured, glancing at the clock in quick dread.

"We are sure to see each other again," she said.

He shook his head, but his quivering lips refused to speak.

"But, if you are not going home for three years, it is quite possible—"

"No, no—I shall never see you again," he said in a broken voice.

"Oh!"

And then dashing away the tears that had sprung in her eyes, she said—

"But I don't understand—you must tell me. We cannot part like this."

"I promised my father—before he would tell me your name, and where I might find you—that I would go back with him if you did not."

In this way he represented his promise never to see Nessa again unless she broke forever with Mrs. Redmond.

"Stand back, there!" cried the guard and then he blew his whistle.

The time had come for Nessa to thank him, and for him to say farewell. They could not speak, for the tears that choked

"I have no need of a cab, thank you."

"But my dear young lady, you cannot find your way in an unknown town alone."

"I expect some one to meet me here."

"Oh, that is better. Then now I have only to wish you 'good-evening.'" He bustled off with the porter, and Nessa saw no more of him until she came out of the waiting room with Mrs. Redmond, whom she found there. There was no one on the platform now except the old gentleman and three porters, who were looking carefully about upon the floor.

"Lost my glasses," he explained, recognising Nessa as he looked up. "Had them in the carriage, you remember. Cord broken; somebody in the crowd must have filched them as I came up the platform. Such a lot of bad characters about here always," he added, addressing himself to Mrs. Redmond.

Mrs. Redmond inclined her head stiffly, her short nose lifted, her long lip drawn down, and hurried Nessa off. As they were getting into a fly, the old gentleman bustled out of the station with the porter grinning

name reminded her painfully of certain cheap novelettes the girls used to smuggle into school and devour in secret.

"Perhaps not; I thought of it for myself. Viola is pretty and uncommon."

Nessa assented timidly. It was a very pretty name, she said.

"Very well, then, Viola it shall be. Viola D' something; it must be D' with an apostrophe; D'Anvers: that will do; Viola D'Anvers. Now come down and let us get some dinner. I shan't be right till I've had some sparkling!"

In the dining room Nessa felt the hot blood mount to the roots of her hair when her friend with the loud tone and peculiar pronunciation affected by persons who wish to be thought better bred and better educated than they are, said, "We will sit here, Viola," and told the waiter to see if there were any "lettahs for Miss D'Anvers." It seemed to her that the gentlemen looking at her from the adjacent table must see that she had not a name like that.

In the drawing room after dinner, Mrs. Redmond seated herself carelessly before the

Diseases from Dairy Farms.

The dangers to which dwellers in cities are exposed are not confined to those which originate within the city itself, through the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants, or imperfect sanitary conditions. Dangers from without likewise threaten. One of these is the possibility of importing diseases from dairy farms. That this is a real and not an imaginary danger, experience has placed beyond all doubt. Many facts go to show that it is possible not only to carry the germs of consumption in the milk of cows infected with tuberculosis, but also the germs of such diseases as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc. The published accounts of the investigations made in or near London, under the direction of the health authorities of that city, concerning the cause of certain localized epidemics are among the most interesting and valuable of recent contributions to sanitary science. Epidemics of scarlet fever have been traced through the milk supply to dairy farms where one or more cows in a herd had the disease or something very closely resembling it, or where found in the dairyman's repeatedly been shown that cases of typhoid have been transmission of germs in milk from farms where persons were his disease, and in some instances has been accounted for that the milk pans were from a polluted well. A the prevalence of typhoid in district of the city of n., caused an inquiry supply to be made. There ty cases, and it was found affected families had been brought into the city from a Dibble, in the adjoining ury. One of the Waterbury "This man Dibble is sick and his hired man was taken one time ago, where he died ase. A brook runs by the possible that some of the led into it, and, as the cattle and the milk cans were produced it, this stream would be nel for spreading the dis-

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which Canada has hitherto been a loss among her herds or of contracting consumption very remote to dwellers in and were this the only disease ers of milk are exposed our ill dismiss their fears. But the importation of typhoid r germs the case is different. we are constantly exposed. ic has arisen from this cause o the good fortune or good ymen than to any measures t such a calamity. But that of this important article of cient hygienic knowledge through a visitation of ir families in such a man- expose their customers to that all have such a lofty duty to their fellow men hem to take extra precau- of this kind, is a view of ew have charity enough to se principle, therefore, that etter than cure, some pro- made by the health authori- ties especially, for frequent the herds and farms from rought into a city for sale. qualified veterinarians and . The owner of the cows or loyes may be ill with infec- the milk may be exposed a polluted wells or streams. at in respect to detecting the use of the lactometer, whether the milk has been cream or adulterated with avail. To protect the com- spect nothing less than fre- of the dairy herds and sur- the milk is obtained will

Dr. Stanley.

Stanley been one of England's rriage could not have been ater social eclat or excited the fashionable world. His at for the man who is true l turns to the best account which nature has endowed obstacle, in England, to ad- any path of eminence for apted. From a station the dr. Stanley has risen with f and advantage to mankind which the proudest in the l by his acquaintance. The que reserve that character- r in England after his first ay well disappear before a rdial of his qualities, abili- ces. The Queen has been iest of his well wishers and kindness to him and his faithfully represented the and of the Empire in he man who has toiled and urred many a hazard in the ion and humanity.

The Balloon in War.

The Russian military authorities who are instructing their soldiers to form into orderly battalions and load and fire their gun while swimming are about to open a school of tuition in the art of ballooning and add a regular aeronautic division to the army. An aeronautic park is to be established where officers and soldiers from the ranks will be taught whatever is to be known about sailing the air with a balloon. Except for observation and the transfer of messages, the balloon has not yet been useful in war. But with the advance of invention in the direction of new and deadlier implements of warfare, a good deal of fighting may be yet done in the clouds. It is a question, perhaps, whether Alexander the Great, Xerxes, and Hannibal would have admired or laughed at these modern innovations in the art militaire. They themselves never made their soldiers fight while swimming or sailing in the air, yet in their rude, simple, and businesslike way they conquered more territory and killed more men than modern generals with all the new military improvements.

Secretary Blaine has written a letter to Senator Frye, in which he points out that Spain has placed on American flour and other products duties which will keep them out of the Spanish West Indies, and insists that the States would be unwise to admit sugar from those islands free. He also urges at length that Congress should endeavor to secure reciprocity with the South American republics.

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Nessa was compelled to acknowledge that she had never yet seen the sea.

"You surprise me. In my young days—forty years ago—it was no uncommon thing for young ladies living in the country to stay at home; but nowadays, with the great facility for traveling, it is quite phenomenal to find one who has never seen the sea—I mean one of that class that can afford to travel first rank. I am almost tempted to ask you why you have never seen the sea?"

Little as Nessa knew of men and manners, it seemed to her that this acquaintance was pushing inquiry to the borders of impertinence; but she accounted for it on the supposition that he must be a doctor, and for that reason accustomed to asking all sorts of strange questions; so she answered him without any resentment that she had lived all her life in a school; and with that took up Punch and opened it with the hope that this perfect stranger would not try to pump her any more.

He took the hint, having perhaps, learnt as much as he wished to know for the present, and dropping the subject, tried again to get through the leader.

"Ah, here we are at last!" he said cheerfully, when the train slackened speed. "You will allow me to get your baggage out of the van, I hope?" he added, as he handed his bag and rug to the porter who came to the door.

"Thank you very much; I have no luggage," said Nessa.

"Well that's a good job. May I call you a four-wheeler or a hansom?"

"And so we shall. There are hundreds of money lenders who'd be glad to do it, and there're not all blackguards like Nichols. Oh, for Heaven's sake!" she added, petulantly, "don't pull such a confounded long face. One would think you had all the hardships to bear. Look at me—I've given up my home, every blessed thing in the world, and I've lost that cob and Victoria into the bargain. What have you lost? Not a farthing. You're better dressed and you're better off every way than when you ran away from school. Look at me? I don't look as if I were going to be hanged. Now look in that glass and tell me what sort of a nice, cheerful companion in misfortune you see there. I call it beastly ungrateful; that I do."

"Oh forgive me, dear," said Nessa; "indeed I am not ungrateful at heart. I know how much you have done for me. I mean to be bright and cheerful, and do my share in bearing the burden. But think, dear, that I am very young and unused to the world, and not able just yet to bear up so bravely as you."

Mrs. Redmond was mollified by Nessa's humility and the compliment to her own strength, and forgave her with a kiss.

"All right, chummi; we shall pull through if you make up your mind to it. Now what name will you take?"

"Any that you think will do," said Nessa with a sigh of resignation.

"What do you say to Gladys de Vere?"

"Do you think it sounds quite like me?" Nessa asked, in a tone of doubt, for the

Nessa thought that nothing in the world could be pleasanter than to live where one could always see the sea and watch the streams of carriages and people on the parade.

"Very well, then; it is understood," said Mrs. Redmond to the highly respectable widow who let the apartments; "we take these rooms for the season at ten guineas a week. If we do not come in to-night, we shall come in on Monday. And now, Viola, dear, we shall go and lunch at the Royal."

The ladies did not come in that night, nor did they make their appearance on Monday morning, and for this simple reason, on Monday morning they were seeking apartments in Spital Square London.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Remedy for Black and Blue.

To prevent the blood from settling under a bruise there is nothing to compare with the tincture or a strong infusion of capsicum annuum mixed with an equal bulk of mucilage of gum arabic, and with the addition of a few drops of glycerin. This should be painted all over the surface with a camel's hair pencil and allowed to dry on, a second or third coating being applied as soon as the first is dry. If done as soon as the injury is inflicted this treatment will invariably prevent the blackening of the bruised tissue. The same remedy has no equal in rheumatic stiff neck.