

painfully refused several offers of marriage which, though good, were not great enough to satisfy her ambition. It was, as the result proved, an unwise course, for a lady so slenderly portioned as she; for an attack of small-pox deprived her of her beauty, and then she was obliged to ask herself, not whom she should marry, but who would marry her. The question seemed difficult of solution, but at last a suitor appeared in the person of Mr. Macnab of Tulliecadwor. It is true that this gentleman was on the high road to sixty, and possessed certain characteristics Scottish vices in addition to a Scottish length of pedigree and a Scottish shortness of purse; but Lady Barbara accepted him, saying in her own mind that it was better to be a widow than a spinster. Of the intervening stage of existence as a wife, she less said the better.

Within two years, however, Mr. Macnab was laid in the grave of his fathers at Tulliecadwor, and Lady Barbara was a free woman once more. But she was not a rich one, and she was obliged to add to her income by various means. She wrote paragraphs on balls, bazaars, and beauties, for society journals; she was obliging in countenancing and taking the management of the entertainments of rich parvenus, who, of course, gave her a handsome present as an expression of their gratitude, and were privileged to send wine, fruit and game when she gave a party; and every season she introduced a young lady into society. For this too she was—paid is too harsh a word; let us say compensated, by the girl's family, if she were rich, or by the man she married, if she was poor. Lady Barbara demanded three things of her charges: that they should be pretty, obedient to her directions, and ready to marry at the end of the season. She could not stand girls who insisted on flirting with detriments and refusing good offers; they must be sensible and tractable. And, let me tell you, Lady Barbara was very successful in her vocation; she had never had a failure, and she had had several triumphs. Did not her last American heiress become Countess of Bogoak, and relieve the Earl from all future anxiety regarding the caprices of his Irish tenants? Was it not one of her charming but penniless English proteges who married young Ironstone, whose coal mines are the envy of thousands? It was to her care that the Misses Vandersteen were consigned, and her ladyship could not help feeling with modest pride that they could not have had a better chaperone. There was no question that Lady Barbara was an English "institution."

She was delighted with her new charges. She had artistically advertised them by writing in the *Glass of Fashion*, the paper to which she contributed, paragraphs about "The new American beauties who are at present the guests of Lady Barbara Macnab at her charming little house, the rendezvous of the *elite* of the social world. She described their dresses and their diamonds, and the sensation they created when they appeared in the Drawing-room; but she knew well that advertisements do not always bring the success they aim at. In this case, however, they answered their purpose; the Misses Vandersteen were among the most successful of the season's debutantes, and Lady Barbara began to entertain justifiable hopes of a success greater than any of her previous ones.

"Make yourselves look as charming as possible," she said to her proteges one evening in May; "Lady Foxland is one of the best-dressed women in Europe, and she won't stand dowdiness even in a princess."

"And she's very select, too, isn't she?" "Words won't describe it. She draws the line finer than any woman in London. I almost went down on my knees to her to get an invitation to a ball for

James Ironstone after he was engaged to Evelyn Mowbray, but she wouldn't yield. "I believe Mr. Ironstone's father was a collier," she said. "And if Evelyn Mowbray marries him I shall not receive her either," and she has kept her word. Any one who goes to Foxland House is safe; and as the Marchioness never crowds her rooms, your dresses are seen to the best advantage."

Never had Lady Barbara greater cause to be proud of her guests. They were beautiful, exquisitely dressed, and successful. Every man in the room wished to dance with her, and, what delighted Lady Barbara more, Lady Foxland spoke of them as "your charming young friends." "If those girls don't make the best matches of the season, I will never bring out one again," thought Lady Barbara.

"Valeria," said Ermytrude to her sister, "I am almost sure I saw Alice Barclay."

"Impossible! She knew no one in London; how could she get here?"

But even as she spoke she saw Alice, and, with her, Dick Ellis. Lady Barbara noticed only the latter.

"There is a man I must introduce to you," she said, "he who is going into the conservatory with that little dark girl—I wonder who she is—Dick Ellis. I suppose he is staying here."

"Here! in the house, do you mean?" asked Valeria.

"Yes."

"Oh, surely not!"

"Why not? Lord Foxland is his uncle."

"Because he is only an artist."

"An artist! He goes in for painting a good deal, I know; but he is Lord Eastbourne's only son, and heir to the earldom of Sussex."

"But, Lady Barbara, that Mr. Ellis' name is Hugh Roderick Herbert le Marchant."

"Yes, but everybody calls him Dick. He is a charming fellow."

The Misses Vandersteen nearly fainted with horror; but their partners claiming them at that moment, they were forced to subdue their feelings. But the gentlemen who had the honor of dancing with them were surprised to find them so silent. When they returned to their chaperon, they found that Lady Barbara had captured Dick and was questioning him about Alice.

"She is Miss Barclay," they heard him say. "Her parents and she came over in the same vessel as I, and since then they have been staying with my people at Bourne Lodge."

"She looks very charming."

Dick smiled. "I think her so," he answered; "but perhaps my word won't be accepted, as she is the young lady I am going to marry."

"Indeed, I congratulate you," said Lady Barbara, with every correct appearance of delight, but with disappointment in her heart nevertheless. It was a good *parti* lost. "Let me introduce you to the Misses Vandersteen," she added, however, as a duty. The future Earl of Sussex was worth having as a friend, even if he was lost as a husband.

"I am already slightly acquainted with them," said Dick; and with a few words, polite but chilly, he left them.

Then Lady Barbara perceived for the first time the confusion written on the girls' faces.

"Why, my dears, what is the matter?" she cried.

"Let us go home, Lady Barbara. Oh, let us go home!" almost sobbed Valeria; "if we stop five minutes longer I shall begin to cry."

Lady Barbara was alarmed. She carried them off as speedily as possible, a growing anxiety mingling with her bewilderment.

"And now," she said, when they were home once more, "what is the matter?"

So they told the tale of their blunder, Lady Barbara listening with a face on

which bewilderment gave place to gravity and anxiety to horror.

"And, oh!" exclaimed Ermytrude, when all was told, "that I should have said to the girl he is going to marry, that he couldn't give me any information about England that would be of any use to me."

"And that I," sobbed Valeria, "should have refused to take the picture he offered me, and insisted on paying him twenty-five dollars for it!"

"You have ruined yourselves," said Lady Barbara solemnly. "If either he or his fiancée mentions a word of this to any one—and though he may be silent, she won't—it will be all over London in twenty-four hours, and everybody will be laughing at you."

Then Lady Barbara was silent for a time, considering the situation. For the girls' mortification she did not care—indeed she regarded it only a just punishment for not making sure whom they were snubbing before being rude to Mr. Ellis and his betrothed; but the odium which their folly reflected on her filled her with vexation. It was her first failure, and it came when she was anticipating a marked success. After all her skill and care and good management, to come to a fiasco like this! Her reputation as a marriage maker would be ruined if the Vandersteen's mistake, in all its enormity, came to the world's ears, and she would never be intrusted with a *debutante* again. She felt that she detested the poor girls, of whom an hour ago she had been so proud, and now her sole desire was to get rid of them as soon as possible.

"I think," she said at last, "that you have spoken of some friends in Paris whom you meant to visit in the autumn. Under the circumstances, the best thing you can do is to go to Paris at once."

NOTICE TO PRIZE WINNERS.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble.

THOSE TWIN FOES to bodily comfort, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, yield when war is waged against them with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Its use also insures the removal of Kidney and Uterine maladies, and promotes unobstructed action of the bowels. The purity of its ingredients is another point in its favor. As a blood purifier it has no equal. It is also a great favorite with the ladies.

There is, I know not how, said Cicero, in minds a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; this has the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted minds.

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blotches, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia; I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and surliness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

W. W. McLellan, Lyn, N. S., writes: "I was afflicted with rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil recommended. I immediately sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

In love as in war, a fortress that parleys is half taken.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children.

Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars and glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture frames, Jewellery, trinkets, toys, etc.

The most dangerous of all flattery is the superiority of those about us.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitter's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

The sufficiency of the merit is to know that thy merit is not sufficient.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

Pride is increased by ignorance. I'll assume the most who know the least.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity treats the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases there is no equal.

Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good store, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

It is one proof of a good education and of true refinement of feeling to respect antiquity.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Do all you can to stand, and then fear lest you may fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

A virtuous name is the precious only good for which queens and peasants' wives must contest together.

What makes me laugh when others sigh? No tears can ever bedew mine eye. It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires, and in our having only regular desires.

What is it makes me hale and stout. And all my friends can't make it out. I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

As the fire-fly only shines when on the wing so it is with the human mind—when at rest it darkens.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.