### A CHANGE PROTECTOR.

Hugh Beverley never meant to marry. He had been of that way of thinking for ten years or more now, and he was at present six and thirty. His sister, Mrs. Valentine, was therefore quite safe in counting so confidently upon his portion of the Beverley property going to her two little boys, one of whom was his bachelor uncle's godchild and favorite. Hugh Beverley had no earthly objection to her thus counting. Only he sometimes wished she would not make her anticipations so visible. It would be in better taste to veil them more. However, poor Clara had always been rather worldly. And with this reflection Beverley folded that lady's last letter—scented and sealed with a crest—and walked down the stairs of the little Tyrolese inn, where he was temporarily stopping in his wanderings, and out upon the covered balcony, which commanded a view of the quaintly picturesque village street.

He had been sitting there with a meditative cigar some little time when hurried footsteps roused him from his reverie and he saw a slender slip of a girl, very young and looking very frightened and white, hastily accost the landlord and speak to him. The man gave some reply and the girl turned quickly, almost running up the street. Mine host sauntered into the house and presently re-emerged.

"A bad business—a bad business," shaking his head. "That lady is very ill."

"The mother of that young girl?" asked Beverley, putting two and two together.

"Yes. They've been here some weeks. The mother's been going rapidly. Bad business, bad business. The girl, poor thing, did not seem to fear anything serious. Guess there isn't much money, either," concluded the man, evidently on his own interests intent.

"Who are they—Americans?" queried Beverley.

Yes. They were countrywomen of his. Or, rather, the young girl was. For in the course of the night, very suddenly, the mother, whose name was registered upon mine host's books, "Mrs. Robert Ventnor, New York," passed away, leaving her daughter alone.

Beverley did not learn of the death until the next morning.

He was leaving his room when, in the hall, he came upon the landlord and his wife, talking in slightly lowered voices and with expressive shrugs of the shoulders. A neighboring door stood open, and a stark form covered with a sheet within told the tale. Near the bed sat the young girl of yesterday—motionless, with clasped hands and a rigdit face.

"There's no money to do anything with," said the landlord, with another shrug of the shoulders, to Beverley.

"Good heavens!" The latter stood appalled. "Don't let that stand in the way—I'll do anything that is to be done."

The landlord made a sign to the girl inside the room, and before Beverley could divine his purpose, she stood before them.

"This gentleman says he will pay everything for you," announced the man. "There's something left on the bill, too—" he added in a lower tone. He was really no harder and no worse than many of his fellow-creatures—he simply had the bump of acquisitiveness very largely developed.

Beverley looked at the girl with a sudden deep pity. She stood tall and straight in her shabby black dress. She glanced up at him with her large, mournful eyes.

"Thank you," she said. No muscle of her face moved.

"Poor child! she is stunned!" thought Beverley. The pale, girlish face pursued him all that day. On the next all that was mortal of Mrs. Ventnor was laid to rest in the little graveyard, with its fantastic iron crosses and grotesque beaded wreaths hanging on the same at the end of the village street, thousands of miles from her native land. Perhaps it was a happy release. She had been a wanderer for years, going about from place to place in search of health that would not come at the bidding, hope and courage, and friends, and means, growing less season by season. The slender girl, who now turned away from the new made mound, upon which, by Beverley's thoughtfulness, some fresh flowers had been laid, had been familiar with the makeshifts of genteel poverty ever since she had grown from a joyless childhood into aimless early womanhood. Poor Lucille Ventnor, hers had not been a happy girlhood.

She had not spoken a word as she walked back to the house, and Beverley, who found himself, by the unexpected developments of fate, in some measure constituted this unknown girl's sole present friend and guardian, knew not how to broach the question of her plans and movements for the future which had now become imminent. At length he spoke to the landlady: "You must rouse her from her lethargy. A young girl like that can't stay on here alone in this strange inn. You must ask her whether she has no friends to whom she can write and whom she can acquaint with her condition."

But when the girl was spoken to she answered: "No. There is no one—no one." And pushing back the heavy dark hair from her face with a rapid movement, she seemed to be looking with large, frightened, horror-stricken eyes into the hard, strange world upon which she was thus suddenly thrust.

Beverley went out upon the carved balcony and smoked another meditative cigar, and there, in sight of the blue Tyrolean hills, came to a decision. Clara Valentine was living in Paris since her husband's death, and she had the means to give this girl a home.

No sooner thought of than done. Beverley had himself announced to Miss Ventnor, and in a few kind words offered her his sister's protection. "I am going to Paris myself to-morrow. If you will be ready I will take you direct to my sister's home."

For a moment the young girl stood speechless. Then, raising her eyes to the kind dark ones bent on her, the long tension abruptly gave way, and she burst into an uncontrollable, hysterical weeping fit.

Beverley was horrified. But the young girl came herself to his assistance. She mastered herself after a moment with a violent effort and dried her tears.

"I beg your pardon," she said, simply. "I could not help it. You are very kind to me. Thank you."

The large pathetic eyes looked up at him with a childlike confidence.

"I shall be ready to-morrow whenever you say."

When Beverley turned away there was a lump in his throat.

* * * *

"Well, this is about the most utterly preposterous thing I ever heard of in my life! And Hugh—of all men—to be mixed up in anything of the kind!"

This was Mrs. Valentine's first exclamation when left alone after her brother's arrival with Lucille Ventnor. He had telegraphed to his sister in order to take the first edge off her surprise, and then, when Lucille had been conducted to her room, had stated the case briefly and forcibly to her. Mrs. Valentine was by no means an unfeeling woman under most circumstances, but in this case it distinctly seemed to her that her bachelor brother had been by no manner of means called upon to interfere. Some one else might have taken charge of the girl, she said with irritation.

"Who?" inquired Beverley. She is absolutely alone in the world, poor child. And she was there penniless among strangers."

"Good heavens, Hugh, what if she were? Do you think it was making her lot easier to compromise the girl?"

"Compromise her? What do you mean?" Beverley flushed darkly. Mrs. Valentine knew that look in her brother's face, and generally avoided it.

"Of course it is compromising to her to have brought her here alone with you—a young girl like that—who has no claim upon you," she said, shrugging her shoulders, but speaking with less excitement.

"She is about twenty years younger than I," said Beverley, in a tone he did not often use, "and it is unworthy of you, Clara, to bring in any such word or thought in connection with her or me. Come," he added, dropping again into his nonchalant bonhomie of manner, "you have a better heart than you want to show, Clara. Drop a little of your worldliness and be kind to this poor child. She needs kindness sorely. I'm going back to Germany to-morrow, and I shall leave her here with you."

Mrs. Valentine knew better than to make any further demure, but the irritation remained. "To come all the way here just to bring that girl, and start off again the next day! And then he is indignant because I call it compromising. That a man of the world like Hugh should indulge in anything so crazily Quixotic."

Nevertheless, she was not, in her way, unkind to Lucille. She was even, according to her lights, very generous to her, presenting her with a mourning outfit to take the place of the poor child's scant and rusty black.

"She is very pretty," she said to herself, the first time that the girl appeared in one of those plain, neatly fitting gowns. "Very. I wonder if Hugh noticed it?"

Upon the whole she was not as well pleased that Hugh had gone back to Germany.

Lucille had begged, from the first day, to be allowed to take charge of the little boys, and, as the latter took to her very kindly, there was no objection to her doing so. And gradually she pleaded to have sundry other duties assigned to her, until Mrs. Valentine had perforce to acknowledge that she was most willing, most anxious not to eat the bread of charity, and, that which was certainly not the least good thing about her, considerably useful to herself.

The little Parisian household had therefore settled down upon a calm and comfortable basis when Beverley, with the suddenness which usually characterized his movements, reappeared. He never came to Paris at this season of the year, and Mrs. Valentine reminded him of the fact with some sharpness.

"Oh, I thought I would try it," he said carelessly. And he remained on without any very definite purpose that Mrs. Valentine could see day after day and week after week.

Mrs. Valentine's temper began to grow very uncertain as time went by. Her brother did not perhaps notice the fact, but others did, and Lucille chief among the number.

One day the gathering storm broke loose. Beverley was sitting unconcernedly in his sister's pretty boudoir when the latter, with an uncontrollable irritation, asked him how much longer he thought she should keep Miss Ventnor.

"Why," queried Beverley, looking up quickly, "has she shown any desire to go?"

"She? No!" cried Mrs. Valentine, impatiently. "But you don't expect the girl to go on living in perpetuity this way, do you? I understand, of course, that you thought we might give her a home until other arrangements could be made for her. She must have some one—friend or relation—some kith or kin to whom she can turn for protection?"

"She has no one, Clara," said Beverley, coldly, "and you know it. She is earning her living with you, as the poor girl would have to do elsewhere. You need a nursery-governess for the boys—"

"Let her be nursery-governess somewhere else!" cried Mrs. Valentine, exasperated.

"You have taken a dislike to Miss Ventnor, Clara," said her brother, slowly. "Why?"

"It is you who have taken an unaccountable liking to her. I believe you're in love with the girl!"

"Clara!" Beverley's voice contained a note of warning. He had turned pale. But Mrs. Valentine's prudence had forsaken her.

"Yes, indeed, I do think so. Blanche Conway is forgotten at last, it seems."

The words were scarcely spoken before Mrs. Valentine could have bitten her tongue out for uttering them. She was frightened and sorry. It was a very sore spot in her brother's memory that she had touched. She was going to make such blundering amends as she could when the portierre was hastily drawn aside and they both saw Lucille Ventnor on the threshold.

"I have heard every word," the girl began. There was not a vestige of color in her face, but her voice was steady and her gaze brave and direct. "I did not mean to; but I was going through the next room and I stopped before I knew it. Forgive me and let me go. You have been very, very kind to me. I shall never forget it. But I must not be the cause of misunderstanding. I see now that I should not have stayed so long." She paused suddenly and put her hand to her head.

"Never mind, child, never mind," said Mrs. Valentine, soothingly. She was rather startled at this denouement to the scene she had brought about.

But Beverley said very quietly: "Enough, Clara. Let Miss Ventnor do as she thinks fit." And Lucille turned and left the room.

"Perhaps it is just as well that she did hear," Mrs. Valentine reflected, when her brother, too, had gone, leaving her alone. "If I can only get her away quietly now, and before anything happens.

She did not put her fears into a more precise formula than this of "anything happening." Had she been called upon to particularize, however, she would have said impatiently that "of course it would be extremely trying to have Hugh at this late day marrying an obscure and penniless girl twenty years his junior."

Meanwhile Beverley had gone to the ante-room, which led into his little nephew's school-room, and taking a book had sat down in the window.

A very short time passed before Lucille came hastily through. She started on seeing him, and made a motion as though to escape. Her eyes were red with weeping.

Beverley quickly laid a firm, detaining hand upon her arm.

"I don't want you to go, Miss Ventnor. I want you to stay—as my wife."

The words were spoken. For a minute they both looked in silence into each other's eyes.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Lucille then. "That can't be. Let me go."

But Beverley, in that one moment, had learned her secret, too. He smiled and gently took her hand.

"My child, I have loved you from the very first, since you looked at me with those pathetic eyes the day your mother died. My poor lost lamb, left alone in this black world! Do I seem too old for you, Lucille? Believe me, dear, I will cherish you as the apple of my eye."

What other fond nonsense he whispered over the dark head pillowed on his breast it behooves us not to know. Presently he said:

"There is one thing more, Lucille. You heard my sister mention a woman's name. You have doubtless heard her say, too, that I never meant to marry. Perhaps the two things are connected in your mind. I did love that woman long years ago, dear. But she was unworthy. It was a deep wound. I thought it would never heal—but it is obliterated now—gone—forgotten—since the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tyrolese inn! Is all clear to you now, Lucille mine?"

In words Beverley had no reply, but he seemed to wish for none; her eyes spoke.

Suddenly, blushing rosy red, she disengaged herself from the strong encircling arm.

"Oh, what will Mrs. Valentine say?" she murmured. "She will be so—so—"

"Disappointed?" supplemented Beverley. "Poor Clara, I'm afraid so." And he laughed. "But she is excellent at bottom. She will get over it, dear."

—Disease gathers strength as it advances. Annihilate it at its birth. When the bowels become sluggish, digestion feeble, or the liver torpid, they should be aroused and stimulated with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a medicine foremost in usefulness among alteratives. It should not be abandoned if an immediate cure is not effected, but be used as it deserves, systematically and with persistence. It will then prove that it is thorough.

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—The stomach is the grand central of the living system, the first organ developed in animal life, and the first to suffer from excesses. Regulate its diseased action by Burdock Blood Bitters, which restores health to the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and blood. 246

**Look on This Picture.**

*From the San Francisco Alta.*

Say, you frozen folk in the east, gaze on this. In every part of California this Christmas day the flowers are in bloom, and there is strawberry short-cake for breakfast, while strawberries and cream follow the turkey. The average temperature is above 60°, the grass and grain are a foot high, the almond buds are swelling to bloom, and it is an average California season.

—The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

The retiring Stratford city council, at their last meeting on Monday evening, voted $10 apiece to the reporters of each of the city newspapers. In this way the foundation of deficits is laid.

—Malaria is the action of disease germs in bad air, poor drainage, swampy regions, etc., upon the system, producing chills, fever, neuralgia and many dangerous diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels, liver and blood, and wards off and cures malaria. 246

**Curious Epitaphs.**

In the Episcopal churchyard at Cheran, S.C., is the grave of a wealthy but eccentric citizen of that town, who died many years ago. The following curious epitaph, said to have been composed by the gentleman himself and placed upon his tomb by his special request, is the only inscription above his last resting-place:

My name, my country, what are they to thee,
What, whether high or low my pedigree;
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men,
Perhaps I fell below them all, what then?
Suffice it, stranger, thou see'st a tomb,
Thou knowest it hides—no matter whom
I know a rude grave in a country churchyard with the following brief inscription carved upon a moss-covered stone:
This is the grave of poor Sally McGuire,
Here lies her body—her soul's gone higher.

—Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

—A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P.Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for nine days, bathing the head etc., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

—Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

**The Poetry of Advertising.**

*From the Printers' Circular.*

There is a land of bitter fears and wailing,
A land most like that drear one Dante knew,
Where wan-faced Niobe, with dark robes trailing,
In sad procession moves, brows bound with rue.
It is a land peopled by witless mortals,
Compared with whom the virgins five were wise—
And there is writ above its gloomy portals:
"We did not think it paid to advertise."

There is a land that flows with milk and honey,
Not the condensed, nor yet the sorghum strains,
Each dweller bears a gripsack fat with money,
Bonds, coupons, stocks and various other gains;
Happy are these as, at high tide, the fishes,
No tear doth drown the laughter in their eyes;
For better luck they have no sort of wishes;
The cake is theirs: they learned to advertise.

—Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.


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The undersigned respectfully announce that on the 9th day of April, 1884, Joseph F. Rainer dissolved partnership with Frank Sweetman and John Hazelton as Piano Manufacturers and that said Joseph F. Rainer with his Son will continue to manufacture the original Cross Scale Pianos, of which the said JOSEPH F. RAINER IS THE SOLE INVENTOR. Since the above dissolution the undersigned have commenced to manufacture in connection with their Cross Scale Pianos a new improved Harp Scale Piano of which Joseph F. Rainer is the Patentee of many improvements in Piano Structure and is acknowledged to be the Pioneer Piano Builder of Canada. Joseph F. Rainer's Harp Scale Pianos have been before the public for more than 25 years and have acquired a reputation for excellence far surpassing any other Piano manufactured in Canada. The long and almost unbroken list of Prizes, Medals and Diplomas received at the principal Provincial and Industrial Fairs from 1862 to 1885, being an indisputable evidence of such superiority and are celebrated for quality of tone, great power and durability of action, prompt elastic touch, fine finish and elegant style of Case combined with every known improvement. The great favor with which our Cross Scale Pianos have been received and the reputation they bear has induced others to imitate them. We, therefore, caution intending purchasers and dealers wishing to obtain the original Cross Scale Piano to see that the name of Rainer & Co. is on each instrument. Intending purchasers and dealers will also please take notice that when writing to us for prices they will please state what kind of a Piano they want as the Harp Scale Piano comes a good deal cheaper than the Cross Scale Piano. We also make the Upright and Square Grand Pianos. For further particulars, price lists, &c., &c. Address, RAINER & CO., Guelph, Ont. 3m 6

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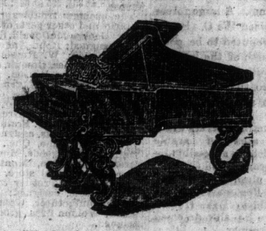

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