MINE SCHILDHOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS."

Der schiltren dhey vas poot in ped,
All tucked oup for der nighdt;
I dakes mine pipe der mantel off,
Und py der fireside pright
I dinks aboudt vhen I vas young—
Off moder, who vas tead,
Und how at nighdt—like I do Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindt me off mine fader too,
Und how he yoost to say,
"Poor poy, you haf a hardt oldt row
To hoe, und leedle blay!"
I find me oudt dot id vas drue
Vot mine oldt fader said,
Vhile smoodhing down my flaxen hair
Und tucking me in ped.

Der oldt folks! Id vas like a dhream
To shpeak off dhem like dot.
Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,
Und haf two schiltren got.
Ve lofes dhem more as nefer vas
Each leedle curly head,
Und efry nighdt ve dakes dhem oup
Und tucks dhem in dheir ped.

Budt dhen, somedimes, vhen I feel plue,
Und all dings lonesome seem,
I vish I vas dot poy again,
Und dis vas all a dhream.
I vant to kiss mine moder vonce,
Und vhen mine brayer vas sard,
To haf mine fader dake me oup
Und tuck me in mine ped.

—Editor's Drawer in *Harper's Magazine for May.*

FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHER AND SON.

"And you owe him?" Rossie asked, her heart sinking like lead at his prompt reply.

"Yes, that's it; you've hit the nail. I owe him and I must pay and that's why I sell my clothes. I owe him money —him—that's capital."

He had told her that he had no debts and she believed him, and had been so glad, and thought he had broken from his old associates and habits, and was trying to do better. And it was not so at all; he had not broken off; he still had dealings with a mysterious Joe, whoever he might be. Some great hulking fellow, no doubt, who drank and raced, and gambled, and had led Everard astray. Rossie's heart was very sad and her voice full of sorrow as she asked next:

"Was it gambling? Was it at play you incurred this debt?"

"Yes, by George, you've hit it again!" he exclaimed, catching at the word play. "It was a play, and for fun I thought at first, but it proved to be the real thing, a lark, a sell, a trap. By jove, I b'lieve it was a trap, and they meant me to fall into it; I do, upon my word, and I feel, and now Joe must have fifty dollars from me."

"Fifty dollars!" and Rossie gasped at the enormous sum.

Where would he get it? Where could he get it? Not from his father, that was certain, and not from her, for her quarterly interest on her two thousand dollars was not due in weeks, and even if it were, it was not fifty dollars. Perhaps Miss Belknap would loan it if she were to ask her, and assume the payment herself. But in that case she must give the reason, and she would not for the world compromise Everard by so much as a breath of censure. Bee must think well of him at all costs, for Rossie's heart was quite as much set on Beatrice's being the mistress of Forrest House, some day, as the mother's had been. She could not borrow of Miss Belknap, but,—Rossie started from her chair as quickly as if she had been struck, while her hands involuntarily clutched her luxuriant hair, rippling in heavy masses down her back. She could do that for Mr. Everard, but her face was white to her lips, which quivered a little as she resumed her seat, and said:

"What is Joe's other name? Joe what?"

Everard looked at her cunningly a moment, and then replied:

"Guess!"

"I can't," she replied, "I have nothing to start from; nothing to guide me; I might guess all day, and not get it."

"Suppose you start with some kind of fruit, say pears. What varieties have we in our garden?" he said; and Rossie answered:

"There are Seckels. Is it Joe Seckels?"

"No."

"Joe Bartlett?"

"No."

"Joe Bell?"

"No."

"Joe Vergelieu?"

"No."

"Joe Sheldon?"

"No."

"There's the Louise Bonne de Jersey. It can't be Joe Bonne de Jersey."

"No, stupid."

"Well, Flemish Beauty? It can't be that."

"How do you know? Joe is a beauty, and a Flemish one, if you change the sh into ng. Now, try 'em again."

"Joe Fleming?" Rossie asked, and with an insane chuckle Everard replied:

"You bet! Rossie, you are a brick! You are a trump! You've hit it exactly,—Joe Fleming."

Rossie had in her pocket a pencil, and on a bit of newspaper wrote the name rapidly, and then asked:

"Does he live in Amherst?"

"No."

"In Ellicottville?"

"No."

"Well, then, in Holburton, where you were last summer. Didn't you board with a Fleming?"

"You are right again. He lives in Holburton," Everard replied, laughing immoderately at the idea of he as applied to Josephine.

Thus far he had answered all Rossie's questions correctly, but when she said, "Tell me, please, his right name. Is it Joel, or Joseph, or what?" the old look of cunning leaped into his eyes, and he answered her:

"No, you don't. Joe is enough for you to know. Besides, why are you questioning me so closely? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to try and get you out of your trouble," Rossie said, and starting up in bed, Everard exclaimed:

"Get out of the scrape! Oh, Rossie, if you only would—if you only could!"

"I can, I will!" Rossie said, emphatically, and he continued:

"Out of every single nit of it?—the whole thing, so I'll be free again?"

"Yes," Rossie answered at random; "I think, I am sure, I will. But you must keep very quiet and not get excited, or talk. Try to sleep, and I'll fix it for you beautifully."

How hopeful she was, and the delirious man believed and trusted in her, and promised to sleep while she was gone to fix it.

"But it may take a few days, you know," she said, "so you must be patient, and wait."

He acceded to everything, and closed his eyes as she left the room and repaired to her own, where she went straight to the glass, and letting out her heavy braids of hair, suffered it to fall over her shoulders like a veil. Then Rossie studied herself, and saw a thin face, with great, wide-open black eyes, which would look larger, more wide-open still with all that hair gone. What a fright she would be without her hair, which was beautiful. Bee Belknap had said so, others had said so, and, if she was not mistaken, Everard had said so too, and for his sake she'd like to keep it, though for his sake she was deciding to part with it. Maybe he did not think it pretty, after all. She wished she knew; and, yielding to a sudden impulse, she went back to his room with all her shining tresses about her, and so astonished him that he called out:

"Halloo, Lady Godiva! Are you going to ride through the town, clothed with modesty?"

Rossie was not well versed in Tennyson, and knew nothing of Lady Godiva, but she said to him:

"Mr. Everard, do you think my hair pretty?"

"Nothing extra," was the reply. I've seen hair handsomer than that. Don't be vain, Rossie. You will never be a beauty, hair or no hair."

Her pride was hurt a little, but her mind was made up, and retiring to her room and fastening herself in, she sat down to write to Joe Fleming.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RESULT.

Reason said to her, "Perhaps there is no such person as Joe Fleming. Mr. Everard is crazy and does not know what he is saying;" but to this Rossie replied, "That may be, but even then there can be no harm in writing. The letter will go to the dead letter office and no one be the wiser, and if there is a Joe, he deserves to have a piece of my mind. I shall write anyway." And she did write, and this is a copy of the letter:

"Forrest House, Rothsay, Ohio,
"August 3rd, 18—.

"Mr. Fleming—Sir: I take the liberty of writing to you, because I think you ought to know how sick Mr. Everard Forrest is, and how much he is troubled about the money he owes you. He was thrown from a carriage and hurt, more than ten days ago, and his mother died that same night, and you wrote for money, and everything together made him very sick and out of his head, and that is the way I came to know about you and that gambling debt of his. I am Rosamond Hastings, a little girl who lives in the family, and Mr. Everard is like a brother to me, and I take care of him, and heard him talk of Joe and money which he had to pay, and he wanted to sell his clothes to raise it, and I found out from him that your name was Fleming, and that he owed you fifty dollars which must be paid at once.

"I suppose men would call it a debt of honor, but Mr. Fleming, do you think it right to gamble and entice young men like Mr. Everard to play? I think it is very wicked, and dishonorable, and disreputable, and that you ought not to expect him to pay. Why, he cannot, for he has no money of his own, and his father would not give it to him for that, and would be so very angry that whatever comes he must never know it,—never.

"Now, will you give up the debt and not bother him any more? If you will please write to him and say so. If you will not write to me, and I shall try what I can do, for Mr. Everard must not be troubled with it.

"Hoping you will excuse me, and that you will reform and be a better man, I am,
"Yours respectfully,
"Rosamond Hastings."

"P. S.—You are not to suppose that Mr Everard knows I am writing, for he does not; nor are you to think that he has spoken ill of you in his delirium. On the contrary, I imagine that he likes you very much indeed, and so I am led to hope that there is much good in you, and that you will not only release him, but quit gambling yourself."

She sealed the letter, and directing it to "Mr. Joe Fleming, Esq., Holburton, Mass." posted it herself, and then anxiously waited the answer.

Three days later, and the clerk in the post-office at Holburton said, in reply to Josey's inquiry for letters:

"There is one here for Mr. Joe Fleming; that can't be you."

"Let me see it," Josey said; and when she saw that it was from Rothsay, Ohio, she continued: "It is for me, and it is done for a joke. I will take it."

Then, hurrying home, she broke the seal and read the curious letter, amid screams of convulsive laughter, which brought both her mother and Agnes to her side.

"Look here; just listen, will yoo?" she said, "somebody thinks I'm a man, and a gambler, and everything bad." And she read the letter aloud, while the tears ran down her face, and she grew almost hysterical in her glee. "Did you ever know a richer joke? What a stupid thing that girl must be," she said.

But Agnes made no reply, and went quietly back to her work, while Josephine read the letter a third time, feeling a little sorry for and a little anxious about Everard. Rossie's postscript that he seemed to like her very much touched her and brought something like moisture to her eyes; but she never for a moment thought of giving up the debt. She must have the fifty dollars, for the brown silk was nearly finished, and the merchant expected his money, so she wrote to Rossie as follows:

"Holburton, Aug. 7th, 18—

"Miss Rosamond Hastings:—

"Your letter is received, and though I am very sorry for Mr. Forrest's illness, and agree with you that it is wrong to gamble, I must still insist upon the money, as I am in great want of it, and Mr. Forrest will tell you that my claim is a just one. I may as well add that twenty-five dollars more are due me, which I shall be glad to have you send. I have written Mr. Forrest about it, but presume he has not been able to attend to it.

"Hoping he is better, I am,
"Yours truly,
"Joe Fleming."

Josephine's handwriting was large and plain, and she took great pains to make it still plainer and more masculine, and Rossie, when she received the letter, had no suspicion that it was not written by a man. Hastily breaking the seal she read with sinking heart, that the money must be paid, and, worse than all, that it was seventy-five instead of fifty dollars, as she had supposed. And she must raise it, and save Mr. Everard from all further trouble and anxiety. He was better now, and very quiet, and had allowed her to remove the satchel of clothes from his bed. Occasionally he spoke to her of Joe, and asked her if she was sure she could help him out of the scrape.

"Yes, sure," was always the reply of the brave little girl; and she must keep her word at the sacrifice of what she held most dear, her abundant and beautiful hair.

Rossie's mind was made up, and, after lunch was over, she started for Elm Park, where Miss Belknap lived. Bee was at home, and glad to see her little friend. She was very fond of Rossie, whose quaint, old-fashioned ways amused and rested her; and she took her at once to the pretty blue chamber, which Rossie admired so much, and which seemed so in keeping with its lovely mistress. All Bee's tastes were of the most luxurious kind, and, as she had no lack of means, she gratified them to the full. The fever, which had deprived her of her hair, had hurt her pride sorely; for the wig which she was wearing until her own hair grew again, was not a success, and she chafed against it, and hated herself every time she looked in the glass; and when Rosamond, who could not wait lest her courage should fail her, said, "Miss Beatrice, you are in earnest about my hair? Will you buy it now?" she answered.

"Buy it? Yes, in a moment."

"And give me seventy-five dollars?" Rossie faltered, ashamed of herself for asking this enormous sum.

But it did not all appal Miss Belknap. Seventy-five dollars was nothing if she wished for anything, and she did want Rossie's hair. It was just the color and texture of her own, and she could have such a natural-looking wig made from it.

"Yes, give you seventy-five dollars willingly;" she said. "But it seems very mean and selfish in me to take it," she continued; and Rossie, fearful lest the bargain should fall through, answered eagerly:

"Oh, no, it don't. I want the money very much indeed. I am anxious to sell it, and if you do not buy it, I shall go to some one else. But you must not ask me why—I can't tell that; only it is not for myself—it's for a friend; I don't think the hair is worth seventy-five dollars, but that is what I must have, and so I asked it. Maybe if you can give me fifty, and loan me twenty-five, I can pay it when my allowance is due.

"You conscientious little chit," Bee said, laughingly, "you have not yet learned the world's creed,—take all you can get. I am willing to give you seventy five dollars, and, even at that price, think it cheap. But you are a little girl, and will not look badly with short hair."

With her natural shrewdness and her knowledge of some of Everard's shortcomings, Bee guessed that it was for him the sacrifice was made, and, when the barber's scissors gleamed among the shining tresses, she saw that they did not cut too close and make the girl a fright. But the loss of her hair changed Rossie very much, and when she went back to the Forrest House she shrank from the eyes of the servants, and stole up to her own room, where she could inspect herself freely, and see just how she looked.

"Oh, how ugly I am, and how big my eyes are!" she said, and two hot tears rolled down her cheeks; but she resolutely dashed them away, and thought, "His mother would be so glad if she knew I was doing it for him."

And the memory of the dead woman, who had been so kind to her, helped her. For her sake she could bear almost anything, and, putting on her hat, she left the house again, going this time to the office of the family lawyer, Mr. Russell, a kind elderly man, who was very fond of Rossie, and at once put aside his papers when she came in.

"Can I do anything for you to-day?" he asked, and she replied:

"I've come to ask you to write me just such a receipt as you would write if somebody owed you seventy-five dollars and paid it in full. Don't ask me anything, only write it, and make it read as if the debtor didn't owe the creditor a penny after the date.

Mr. Russell looked curiously at the flushed face raised so eagerly to him, and in part guessed her secret. Like Bee, he knew of Everard's expensive habits, and suspected that this money had something to do with him. But he merely said:

"What name shall I use? The receipt will read like this: 'Received of—blank—seventy-five dollars,' and so forth. Now, how shall I fill the blank?"

Rossie thought for a moment, and then replied:

"Will it make any difference who writes the receipt?"

"Not at all; the signature is what gives it its value."

"Then you will please give me a form, a true one you know—which I can copy and send, and ought I not to register the letter to make it safe?"

She was quite a little business woman, and the old lawyer looked at her admiringly as he gave her the necessary directions, suggesting that a draft or post office order would be better than to send the money. But Rossie did not care for so much publicity as she fancied drafts and post office orders would involve. She preferred to send the bills, a fifty, a twenty and a five, directly to Joe, and she did so that very afternoon, for, as good luck would have it, Beatrice asked her to drive to an adjoining town, where she registered and posted her letter, and felt as if a weight were lifted from her mind. She had no suspicion of Joe's playing her false. He would, of course, return the receipt, and Mr. Everard would be free, and her heart was almost as light as her head when she returned home and went to Everard's room. That poor shorn head, how it stared at her in the glass, and how she tried to brush up the short wavy hair, and make the most of it. But do the best she could, she presented rather a forlorn appearance when she went in to Everard, and asked him how he was.

He had missed her very much that day, and greeted her with a bright smile, so much like himself that she exclaimed joyfully.

"Oh, Mr. Everard, you are better; you are almost well!"

He was better, but his mind was still unsettled, and running upon the scrape from which Rossie was to extricate him and he said to her:

"Have you fixed it yet? Is it all right?"

"Yes, all right," she answered; and he continued:

"Every single bit right? Am I cut loose from the whole thing?"

She thought he was and soothed him into quiet until he suddenly noticed her head, and exclaimed:

"Halloa, what have you been doing? Where's your hair? Have you taken it off and laid it in the drawer as mother used to do? I thought yours was a different sort from that; not store hair, but genuine. I say, Rossie, you look like a guy."

She knew he was not responsible for what he said, but it hurt her all the same, and tears sprang to her eyes as she answered him:

"My hair was very heavy and very warm this hot, sultry weather. I am sorry you do not like my looks. It will grow again in time."

That was Rosse's one comfort. Her hair would grow again, and she met bravely the exclamations of her girl friends and of the servants, who asked her numberless questions. But she kept her own counsel, and waited impatiently for the assurance that the money had gone in safety to Holburton. It came at last, on the very day when Everard began to seem like himself, and spoke to those about him rationally and naturally. His reason had returned, and his first question to Rossie was to ask if any letters had come to him during his illness, and his second, to interrogate her with regard to her hair, and why she had cut it off. She told him the old story of its being heavy and warm, and then hastened to bring his letters, of which she had taken charge. She was certain that some of then was from Joe Fleming, though the hand writing was much finer than that which had come to her in that morning's mail. Joe had sent back the receipt without a word of comment, but Rossie did not care for that; she only felt that Everard was free, and she had the receipt in her pocket, and her face was almost pretty in her bright eagerness and gladness as she came to his bedside and handed him his letters. Three were from college chums, and three from Josephine. These he opened first beginning with the one bearing the oldest date. She had not then heard of his mother's death, and she wrote for more money, twenty-five dollars more, which were absolutely needed. Seventy-five in all it was now, and the perspiration started from every pore and stood thickly on Everard's forehead and about his lips, as, with an involuntary moan, he dropped the letter from his nerveless hand and turned his eyes toward Rossie, not with a thought that she could help him, only with a feeling that he would tell her, and ask her what to do, and if it were not better to leave college at once, acknowledge his marriage, and hire out as a day laborer, if nothing better offered.

She saw the hunted, hopeless expression in his eyes, and guessed the cause of it. In hers there was a great gladness shining, as she said:

"I am almost certain that letter is from Mr. Joe Fleming, and I have one from him, too, or rather a receipt in full for the gambling debt!" and taking the receipt from her pocket, she handed it to Everard, and watched him while he read it.

There was in black and white, an acknowledgement of $75, and a receipt in full of all Everard Forrest's indebtedness to Joe Fleming up to that date. What did it mean?" What could it mean? Everard asked, while through his mind there flitted a vague remembrance of something about Joe, and money, and the scrape from which Rossie was to extricate him.

"Rossie, tell me, what do you know of Joe? What does it mean?" he asked, and then Rossie told him how he had raved about a Joe, to whom he said he owed money, and how once when he seemed a little rational, she had questioned him and found out that the man was Joe Fleming, who lived in Holburton, and to whom he owed $50 which he could not pay.

"You had your best clothes in your valise on the bed, and were going to sell them to get it," Rossie said, "and I felt so sorry for you that I wrote to Mr. Fleming myself, and told him what I thought about such debts, and how sick and crazy you were, and your mother just dead, and you no way to pay, and asked him to give up the debt."

"Yes, yes," Everard gasped, while his face grew white as ashes; and still he could not forbear a smile at the mistake with regard to Joe's sex, a mistake of which he was very glad, however. "Yes," he continued, "you wrote all this, and what was the reply?"

"Just what you might expect from the bad, unprincipled, grasping man," Rossie said, energetically, shaking her shorn head. "I told him it was wrong to gamble and tempt you to play, and told him how sick you were, and how angry your father would be, and added that, if after all this, he still insisted upon the money, he was not to trouble you, but write directly to me, and he was mean enough to do it. He said he was sorry you were sick, but he must have the money, and that you owed him seventy-five, and you would tell me he had a right to ask it."

"Yes," Everard said again, but the yes was like a groan, and every muscle of his face twitched painfully; "yes. He wrote this to you, and you raised the money; but how?"

Rosamond hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"Do you remember I told you that Miss Belknap once offered to buy my hair?"

"Oh, Rossie!" Everard exclaimed, as the truth flashed upon him, making the plain face of that heroic little girl seem like the face of an angel,—"oh, Rossie, you sold your beautiful hair for me, a scamp, a sneak, a coward! Oh, why did you humiliate me so, and make me hate and loathe myself?" and in his great weakness and utter shame Everard covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a child.

Rosamond was crying, too,—was shedding bitter tears of disappointment that she had made the great sacrifice for nothing except to displease Mr. Everard.

"Forgive me," she said at last, "I thought you would like it. I did not want you to sell your clothes,—did not want your father to know. I meant to do right. I am sorry you are angry."

"Angry!" and in the eyes which looked at Rossie there was anything but anger. "I am not angry except with myself; only I am so mortified, so ashamed. I think you the dearest, most unselfish person in the world. Who else would have done what you have."

"Oh, ever so many," Rossie said, "if they were sorry for you and loved you; for, Mr. Everard, I am so sorry, and I love you a heap, and then—and then, I did it some because I thought your mother would like it if she knew."

Rosamond's lip quivered as she said this, and there was such a pitiful look in her soft eyes that Everard raised himself in bed, and drawing her toward him, took the thin little face between his hands and kissed it tenderly, while his tears flowed afresh at the mention of his dead mother, who had been so much to him."

"Rossie," he said, "what can I ever do to show you how much I appreciate all you have done for me, and all you are to me?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and then said:

"If you will promise never to have anything to do with Joe Fleming, I shall be so happy, for I am sure he is a bad man, and leads you into mischief. Will you promise not to go near Joe Fleming again?"

Everard groaned as he answered her:

"You do not know what you ask. I cannot break with Joe Fleming. I,—oh, Rossie, I am a coward, a fool, and I wish I were dead,—I do, upon my word! But there is one thing I can promise you, and I will. I pledge myself solemnly, from this day forth, never to touch a card of any kind in the way of gambling, never to touch a drop of spirits, or a cigar, or a fast horse, or to bet, or do anything of which you would not approve."

"I am so glad," Rossie said, "and to make it quite sure, suppose you sign something just as they do the pledge to keep from drinking."

He did not quite know what she meant, but he answered unhesitatingly:

"I'll sign anything you choose to bring me."

"I'm going to write it now," Rossie said, and the next moment she left the room, and Everard was free to finish his letters alone.

Taking the second one from Josephine, he read that she was sorry to hear of his affliction, and wished she could comfort him, and that it must be a consolation for him to know that his mother was in heaven, where he would one day meet her if he was a good man.

This attempt at piety disgusted Everard, who knew how little Josephine cared for anything sacred, and how prone she was to ridicule what she called pious people.

Immediately following this mention of his mother, she said she was missing and longing for him so much, and hoped he would write at once, and send her the money for which she was obliged to ask him. Then she added the following:

"I find myself in a rather peculiar position. So long as I am known as Miss Fleming, I shall of course be subject to the attentions of gentlemen, and what am I to do? Shall I go on as usual—discreetly, of course—and receive whatever attentions are paid to me, never allowing any one to get so far as an offer? I ask you this because I wish to please you, and because, since my marriage, it seems as if so many men were inclined to be polite to me. Even old Captain Sparks, the millionaire, has asked me to ride after his fast horses; and as there was no reason which I could give him why I should not, I went, and he acted as silly as an old fool well can act. Tell me your wishes in the matter, and they shall be to me commands."

For an instant Everard left indignant at Captain Sparks for presuming to ride with and say silly things to Josephine, but when he recalled a moment he knew that to the captain there was no reason why he should not do so. Josephine was to him a young, marriageable maiden, and rumor said that the old man was looking for a fourth wife, and as he would of course look only at the young girls it was natural for him to single out Josephine as an object of favor.

"Josey must, of course, hold her place as an unmarried person," he thought, "but oh! the horror of this deception. I'd give words to undo the work of that night."

He thought so more than ever when he read the letter, in which, after expressing her sorrow and concern for his sickness, she told him of her correspondence with Rosamond, and which, as it gives a still clearer insight into the young lady's character, we give, in part, to the reader:—

"Dear Everard:—What do you supposed has happened? Why, I laughed until I nearly split my sides, and I almost scream every time I think of the funny letter I got from Rosamond Hastings, the little girl who lives with you, and who actually thinks I am a man, a bad, good-for-nothing, gambling swearing man, who leads you into all sorts of scrapes, and to whom you owe money. It seems she gathered this when you were crazy, and took it upon herself to write to Mr. Joe Fleming—that's what she called me—and and lecture him soundly on his badness. You ought to hear her once; but I'll keep the letter and show you. She wished me to give up the debt, which she took for granted was a gambling one, but said if I would not I must write to her and not trouble you. Now, I suppose it would have been generous and nice in me to say I did not care for the money, but you see I did; I must have it to pay my bills; so I wrote to her and said you would tell her my claim was a just one, if she asked you about it. In due time she sent me seventy-five dollars, though how she raised it I am sure I cannot guess, unless she coaxed it from your father, and I hardly think she did that, as she seemed in great fear lest he should know that you owed Joe Fleming! She is a good business woman, for, accompanying the money was a receipt, correctly drawn up, and declaring you discharged in full from all indebtedness to me. I wonder what the child would have done if I had not returned it, and just for the mischief of it I thought once I wouldn't, for a while at least, and see what she would do. But Agnes made such a fuss that I thought better of it, and shall send the receipt in the same mail which takes this to you. By the way, you've no idea how much Agnes has you and your interests at heart. I believe, upon my word, she thinks you did a dreadful thing to marry me as you did, and she says her prayers in your behalf, to my certain knowledge, three or four times a day. Verily, it ought to make your calling and election sure.

"Dr. Matthewson was in town yesterday, and inquired particularly for you. I told him of your mother's death, and that I had written to Clarence as he bade me do, and made inquiries about him, and had not received a very good report of his character as a clergyman. He took it good-humoredly, and said that the Gospel didn't agree with him very well. I like the doctor immensely, he is so amusing and friendly. I hope you will not care because I told him of Rosamond's mistake, and showed him her letter. How he did roar! Why, he actually laid down on the grass, and rolled and kicked, and would not believe me till I showed him the letter. He left town this morning, saying he should be here again in the fall, and would like to board with mother.

"How I hate this life—planning how to get your bread and butter—and how glad I shall be when I am out of it; but I mean to be patient and bear it, knowing what happiness there is in future for me. When shall I see you, I wonder? Will you not come as soon as you are able to travel, and spend the remainder of your vacation with me? You will, at least, stop here on the way to Amherst, and for that time I live."

"Lovingly yours,
"Joe."

It would be impossible to describe the nature of Everard's feelings as he read this letter, which seemed to him coarse, and selfish and heartless in the extreme. Couldn't Josephine understand such a character as Rossie's, or appreciate the noble thing she had done? Could she only see in it a pretext for laughing till "she split her sides," and was it a nice thing in her to tell Dr. Matthewson of the letter, and even show it to him, making him roll on the grass, and roar and kick in her presence? Had she no delicacy or refinement, to allow such a thing? Would any man dare do that with Bee or even Rossie, child though she was? Was Josey devoid of that womanly dignity which puts a man always on his best behavior? He feared she was, he said sadly to himself, as he recalled the free and easy manner he had always assumed with her. How many times had he sat with his feet higher than his head, and smoked directly in her face, or stretching himself full length upon the grass while she sat beside him, laid his head in her lap and talked such slang as he would blush to have Rossie hear; and she had laughed, and jested, and allowed it all, or at the most reproved him by asking if he were not ashamed of himself. Josey was not modest and womanly, like his mother, and Bee, and Rosamond. She was not like them at all, and for a moment there swept over the young man such a feeling of revulsion and and disgust, that his whole being rose up against the position in which he was placed, and from his inmost soul he cried out, "I cannot have it so!"

He had sown the wind, and he was beginning to reap the whirlwind; it was a very nervous, feverish patient which Rossie found when she came back to him, bringing the paper he was to sign, and which was to keep him straight. She called it a pledge, and it read:

"I hereby solemnly promise never to drink a drop of liquor, never to smoke a pipe or cigar, never to race with fast horses, never to play cards or any other game for money, never to bet, and to have just as little to do with Joe Fleming as I possibly can.

"Signed by me, at the Forrest House, this, ——day of August, 18—."

"There!" Rossie said, as she read it to him, and offered him the pen: "you'll sign that and then be very safe."

"Rossie," he said, vehemently, "I wish to Heaven I could honorably subscribe to the whole of it, but I cannot. I must erase the part about Joe Fleming. I cannot explain to you why, but I must keep my acquaintance with Joe, but I'll promise not to be influenced in that direction any more. Will that do?"

"Yes, but I did so hope you would break with him entirely. I know he makes you bad. You told me when you came home you had no debts, and I believed you, and yet you owed this man seventy-five dollars, and I was so sorry to find you did not tell me true."

Rossie's eyes were full of tears as she said this, for losing faith in Everard had hurt her sorely, but he hastened to reassure her.

"Rossie," he said, "I did not know of this debt then. It has come up since. What I told you was in good faith. Bad as I am, I would not tell a deliberate lie, and you must believe me."

She did believe him, and watched him as he put his pen through the sentence, "have just as little to do with Joe Fleming as I possibly can," and then signed his name to the paper.

"There!" he said, as he handed it to her with a sickly effort to smile. "Keep it, Rossie, and if I break that pledge, may I never succeed in anything I undertake so long as I live; and now bathe my head with the coldest ice-water in the house, for it feels as if there was a bass drum in it."

He was very restless and nervous, and did not improve as fast as the doctor had said he would, if once his reason returned. Indeed, for a few days he did not seem to improve at all, and Beatrice and Rosamond both nursed him tenderly, and pitied him so much when they saw him lying so weak and still, with his eyes shut, and the great tears rolling down his face.

"It's for his mother," Rossie whispered to her companion, and her own tears gathered as she remembered the sweet woman whose grave was so fresh in the churchyard.

But it was not altogether for the dead mother that Everard's tears were shed. It was rather from remorse and sorrow for the deed he would have given so much to undo; for he was conscious of an intense desire to be freed from the chain which bound him. Not free from Josephine, he tried to make himself believe, for if that were so he would indeed be the most wretched of men, but free from his marriage vow, made so rashly. How was it that he was tempted to do it? he asked himself, as he went over in his mind with the events of that night. He was always more or less intoxicated with Josephine's beauty when he was with her, and he remembered how she had bewitched and bewildered him with the touch of her soft hands, and sight of her bare arms and neck. She had challenged him to the act, and Dr. Matthewson had given him the wine, which he knew now must have clouded his reason and judgment, and so he was left to his fate. And a terrible one it seemed, as, in his weakness and languor, he looked at it in all its aspects, and saw no brightness in it. Even Josephine's beauty seemed fading into nothing, though he tried so hard to keep his hold on that, for he must hold to something,—must retain his love for her or go mad. But she was so unlike Beatrice, so unlike Rosamond, so unlike what his mother had been, and they were his standards for all that was noble, and pure, and sweet in womankind. Josey was selfish and unrefined; he could not put it in any milder form when he remembered the past as connected with her, and remembered how she had ridiculed little Rossie Hastings, whose letter she had shown to Dr. Matthewson. How plainly he could see that scene, when the doctor rolled upon the grass and roared and kicked, and Josephine laughed with him at the generous, unselfish child who, to save him, had sacrificed her only beauty. And Josephine was his wife, and he must not cease to respect her one iota, for that was his only chance for happiness, and he struggled so hard to keep her in his heart and love that it is not strange the great drops of sweat stood thickly on his brow, or that the hot tears at intervals rolled down his cheeks.

It was Rossie who brushed them away, Rossie who wiped the sweat from his face and whispered to him once:

"Don't cry, Mr. Everard. Your mother is so happy where she has gone, and I don't believe she has lost all care for you either, she loved you so much when she was here."

Everard broke down entirely, and holding Rossie's little, brown, tanned hands in his, said to her:

"It isn't that, though heaven knows how much I loved my mother, and how sorrow I am she is dead; but there are troubles worse than death, and I am in one now, and the future looks so dark and the burden so heavy to carry."

"Can I help you bear it?" Rossie asked, softly, with a great pity in her heart for this young man who had given way like a child.

"No, Rossie, nobody man help me—nobody," he said; and after a moment Rossie asked timidly: "Is it Joe Fleming again?"

"Yes, Rossie, Joe Fleming again;" and Everard could scarcely restrain a smile, even in his grief, at this queer mistake of Rossie's.

In her mind Joe Fleming was a dreadful man, through whom Mr. Everard had come to grief, and she ventured at last to speak of him to Beatrice as somebody of whom Everard had talked when he was crazy, and who had led him into a great trouble of some kind.

"And that's what ails him now, and keeps him so weak and low, and makes him cry like a girl," she said.

And then Beatrice resolved to help the sick youth, if possible, and that afternoon when she sat alone with him for a few moments, she said to him:

"Everard, I am quite sure that something is troubling you, something which retards your recovery. I do not ask to know what it is, but if money can lighten it let me help you, please. I have so much more than I know what to do with. Let me lend you some, do."

"Oh, Bee," Everard cried, "don't talk to me that way; you will kill me, you and Rossie together; and you can't help me. Nobody can. It is past all help."

She did not at all know what he meant, but with her knowledge of what money could do, she felt sure it could help, and so she said:

"Not so bad as that, I am sure. You have been probably led astray by some designing person, but there is always a backward path, you know, and you will take it sure; and if you should want any money, as you may, will you ask me for it, Everard? Will you let me give it to you as if I were your sister?"

He did not know; he could not tell what he might do in sore need, for he felt intuitively that the call on him for money, commenced so soon, would increase with every year; so he thanked her for her kind offer, which, he said, he would consider, should the time ever come when he wanted help.

For ten days more Everard kept his room, and then arose suddenly one morning and said that he was able to go back to college, where he ought to have been two weeks ago, for he was getting far behind his class, and would have to study hard to overtake and keep up with it as he meant to do. Nothing could restrain him; go he must, and go he did, early one morning in September, before the people of Rothsay were astir. He had held a short conference with Rosamond, and bidden her tell the postmaster to forward to Amherst any letters which might come to him, and on no account let them go to the Forrest House. And Rossie had promised to comply with all his wishes, and pressed upon him a twenty dollar bill, which she made him take, because, as she said, she did not need it a bit, and should just squander it for peanuts, and worsteds, and things which would do her no good. It was a part of her quarterly interest, and she could do what she liked with it, and so Everard took it, and felt humiliated, and hated himself, especially as he knew just where the money would go. A letter from Josephine had come to him, asking for more funds, with which to replenish her wardrobe for the autumn. They had no boarders now except Dr. Matthewson, who was occasionally in town for a day or two and stopped with them, and Mrs. Fleming did not get as much sewing as usual, and so Josey was compelled to come to her husband for money, though sorely against her will, for she feared she must seem mercenary to him, and she hoped he would forgive her and love her just the same.

It was this letter which had determined him to return to Amherst without delay. On his way thither, he should stop in Holburton over a train, and tell Josephine how impossible it was for him to supply her demands until in a position to help himself.

"If father would only give me something more than my actual needs," he thought; and strangely enough, his father did.

Possibly the memory of the dead mother pleaded for her boy, and prompted the judge to give his son a parting fifty-dollar bill over and above what he knew was needed for board and tuition.

"Make it go as far as you can; it ought to last you the whole year," he said, and Everard's spirits sank like lead as he foresaw the increasing drain there would be on him, and felt how impossible it would be to ask his father for more.

There was still his best suit of clothes; and a little diamond pin and a ring Rossie had given him, and his books, which he could sell, and perhaps he could find something to do after study hours which would bring him money. He might write for the magazines or illustrate stories; he had a natural taste for drawing, and could dash off a sketch from nature in a very few minutes. He could do something, he assured himself, and his heart was a little lighter, when he at last said good-bye to Rossie and his father, and started northward for college and Josephine.

CHAPTER X.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

He had sent no word of his coming, for he did not know just when he should reach Holburton. His strength might fail him, and he be obliged to stop for the night on the road. But he kept up wonderfully, and arrived at Holburton on the same train which had taken him there from Ellicottville on that memorable day, which he would have gladly stricken out. There was no one at the little station except the ticket agent, who being new to the place, scarcely noticed him as he crossed the platform and passed down the street toward the brown house on the common. There had been a storm of wind and rain the previous day, and the hop vine which in the summer grew over the door, was torn down and lay upon the ground. A part of the fence, too, was nearly down, and a shutter hung by one hinge and swayed to and fro in the autumn wind. Taken as a whole the house presented rather a forlorn appearance, and he found himself wondering how he had ever thought it so attractive, and still he felt his blood stir quickly at the thought of meeting Josephine again, and he half looked to see her come flying out to meet him as she had sometimes done. But only the cat, who was chasing a grasshopper, through the uncut grass, came to welcome him by purring and rubbing herself against his legs as he went up the walk.

Agnes let him in—the same sun-bonnet on her head he had seen so many times, her sleeves rolled up, and her wide apron smelling of the suds she had come from.

At the sight of him she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and for a moment her tired face lighted up with something like pleasure; then that expression faded and was succeeded by an anxious, startled look, as she glanced nervously down the road as if expecting some one to whom she would give warning. Mrs. Fleming was in Boston, seeing to some mortgage on the house, and Josey had gone to ride, she said, as she led the way to the little parlor, which, even to Everard's not very critical eye, presented an appearance of neglect unusual in Mrs. Fleming's household. Evidently it had not been cared for that day, for the chairs were moved from their places, two standing close together, just where their last occupants had left them. There were crumbs of cake on the carpet, and two empty wineglasses on the table, with a fly or two crawling lazily on the inside and sipping the few red drops left there.

As Agnes opened the window and brushed up the crumbs, she said she was intending to right up the room before Josephine came home, then bidding Everard make himself as comfortable as possible, she left him alone, and went back to her work in the kitchen.

Taking a chair near the window, where he could command a view of the street, the young man sat waiting for Josephine, until he heard at last a loud, long laugh, which was almost a shriek, and, looking through the shutters of the open window, he saw first a cloud of dust, and then a low buggy coming rapidly across the common in the direction of the house. In the buggy sat Captain Sparks the millionaire, whose *penchant* for young and pretty girls was well known throughout the entire county. Short, fat and grizzly, he sat with folded arms, smiling complacently upon the fair blonde, who, in her brown silk dress of two shades, with a long white lace scarf twisted round her hat and flying far behind, held the reins of the high mettled horse, and was driving furiously. In his surprise and indignation, Everard failed to note how beautiful she was, with the flush of excitement on her cheeks and the sparkle in her eye; he only thought she was his wife and that Captain Sparks lifted her very tenderly to the gronnd, and held her by the shoulders a moment, while he said something which made her turn her head coquettishly on one side, as she drew back from him, and said:

"You mean old thing! You ought to be ashamed!"

Everard had heard this form of expression many times. Indeed, it was her favorite method of reproof for liberties of speech or manner, and meant nothing at all, Everard knew it did not, and Captain Sparks knew it did not, and held her hand the tighter; but she drew it away at last, and ran gayly up the walk, throwing him a kiss from the tips of her daintily-gloved hand. Then she entered the side door, and Everard heard her say to Agnes, who was hurrying to meet her and announce his arrival.

"Upon my word, if you are not in that old wash-dud yet! I'll bet you haven't touched the parlor, and the captain is coming at eight o'clock. *What at?*" and her voice fell suddenly, as Agnes said something to her in a tone too low for Everard to hear.

That it concerned him and his presence there he was sure, and he was not greatly surprised when the next instant the door opened swiftly, and Josephine rushed headlong into his arms. He opened them involuntarily to withstand the shock, rather than to receive her; but the result was the same,—she laid her golden head on his bosom and sobbed like a child. Josey could feign a cry admirably when she chose to do so, and now she trembled and shook, and made it seem so real that Everard forgot everything except that she was very fair, and undeniably glad to see him. Very gently he soothed her, and made her lift her head, that he might look into her face, and hated himself for thinking that for such a thunder-gust as she had treated him to, her eyes were not very red, nor her cheeks very wet. But she was so happy, and so glad he had come, and so sorry she was not there to receive him.

"That old fool, Captain Sparks, had recently taken to haunting her with attentions, and as the easiest way to be rid of him, she had consented for once to ride with him, and had taken the occasion to tell him it could not be repeated. But then it was rare fun to drive his fast horse she was so fond of driving, and Blucher was so fleet and spirited, and had brought them up to the house in such style. Did Everard see them—and what did he think?"

"Yes, I saw you, and thought you were enjoying it hugely," Everard said; and Josey detected something in his tone which made her suspect that he did not quite like the captain's manner of lifting her from the carriage. But she was equal to the emergency, and made fun of the old man, and called him a love-sick muff, and took him off to the life, and then, in a grieved, martyred kind of way, said, "it was rather hard for her to know just what to do, situated as she was, married and yet not married, in fact. She would not for the world do anything to displease Everard, but must she decline all attention and make a nun of herself, and how soon could she let her marriage be known?"

"Not yet, Josey," Everard said explaining to her rapidly how much worse the matter was for them now his mother was dead.

She might, and would, have helped them when the crisis come, but now there was no one to stand between him and his father, who was sure to take some desperate step if he knew of the rash marriage before his son was through college.

"We must wait, Josey, two years, sure," he said; and, because she could not help herself, Josephine assented, very sweetly, though with something of an injured air, and managed next to speak of money, and asked if he hated her for being such a *leech*.

"You mustn't, for I couldn't help it," she said, and she leaned on his arm, and buttoned and unbuttoned his coat, and caressed him generally, as she continued: "Maybe you didn't know how poor the bride was, or you would not have taken her. Mother is in Boston now about some mortgage on the house, and it takes so much to live decently, and my lessons cost frightfully; but you are glad to have me improve, dearest?"

Of course he was glad, he said, but he had no means of getting money except from his father, and if she knew to what humiliation he was subjected when he asked for funds, she would spare him all she could. By and by, when he had money of his own, there should be no stint, but now she must be economical, he told her; and then she spoke of Rosamond, and asked who and what that queer little old-fashioned thing could be.

"Such a lecture as she gave Mr. Joe Fleming for gambling, and leading you wrong generally. Why, I laugh till I cry every time I think of it," Josey said, proving the truth of what she asserted by laughing heartily.

But the laugh grated on Everard, as in some way an affront to Rossie, and he shrank from saying much of her, except to tell who she was, and how she came to be living at the Forrest House.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE'D JINE ANYTHING.

A New Hampshire woman has a husband who is addicted to joining secret societies. One of her exasperated outbursts is thus reported by the Manchester *Mirror*: "Jine! He'd jine anything. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in, and if he had to pay to get in, he'd go all the sudd[illegible]er."

—St. John, N. B., knows how it feels to miss a city treasurer, overhaul his books and find him $40,000 short. The poor man says he is very sorry, but he thinks he will travel for his health.

Electricity as a curative is admitted by the medical profession. It is no longer a doubt after the numerous cures that have been effected by the use of Edison's Electric Belts.

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A TERRIBLE APPETITE.

A Man from Short Hills Who Had a Thirty Cent Dinner.

(From the Elizabeth Journal.)

One day last week, when the trial of Leggett and Leeds was in progress, a rather singular looking specimen of humanity drove up in front of the Court House, and then hurriedly made his way to a front seat in the building, where he could hear and see all that was said and done. When the court adjourned to dinner the lean, lank stranger struck a bee line for the nearest place where he could get a bite to eat, as he called it. The waiter told him that they could furnish him with a complete dinner for thirty cents.

"Well, you see," said the stranger, "I ain't real hungry and I only want a little coffee and a bite of bread."

But the waiter, having an eye to business, insisted on selling a whole dinner, and went on to describe the bill of fare, which consisted of roast beef, potatoes, bread and butter, pie pudding, coffee and tea.

"Well, I suppose you give a man all he wants for thirty cents?"

"Oh, yes; we will fill you up for thirty cents," answered the waiter.

"Well, the fact is I have half a mind to eat with you; the old woman gave me half a loaf of bread and a few dumplings for a bite and I ate them in the Court House, but I thought I would like to have a cup of coffee to kinder wash it down."

The stranger looked thoughtful for a moment and exclaimed: "By gum, I guess I'll take it; I ain't real hungry, but bring on your roast beef, 'taters, bread, butter, pie, puddin' coffee and tea. Bring 'em on I am in for a square meal and my thirty cents' worth."

The waiter hurried to respond, and the way the stranger's knife and fork played between his mouth and plate sounded like a tenor drum in a St. Patrick's day parade, or a bone solo played by an end man of a Common Council. The waiter stood gazing at the grub disappearing, and wondered to himself if the fellow was hollow clear down to his boots. But when he was coming with the third plate of roast beef, the proprietor, as pale as a Massachusetts marble quarry, called the waiter aside and asked "For God's sake who is that fellow, he will eat us out of house and home, ask him if he won't have a drink and maybe he will stop."

"Here, here," shouted the landlord; "take this," placing fifty cents in his hand; "go right up to the depot, they will feed you there till you bust for half a dollar." "Go, my friend," he continued, "and clan them out." "Well," said the stranger, "I don' care if I do; I ain't very hungry, anyhow, and I'll go and buy the old mare some oats, and I will wait till I get home to finish up."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA.

Certain it is that many and perhaps most of the colloquial expressions, which both here and abroad go under the name of Americanisms, are found also in the colloquial speech of the provincial dialects of England. From there they were brought here. There is little originality, so far as we are concerned, in those odd words and phrases which we hear on every side, those peculiar pronunciations, those linguistic changes of every kind, which amuse if they do not edify. Objects and practices, peculiar to this country, are of course to be excluded from any such statement. It must be admitted, moreover, that the special difficulty, already mentioned, attends the investigation of this branch of the subject. It is only within the last six years that a society has been organized in England for the express purpose of collecting and preserving the peculiar words, phrases, and pronunciations still existing in its provincial dialects; and not until that work has been fully completed shall we be in a position here to compare the colloquial language of the two countries, and separate in our own speech what is original from what is imported. At present, all assertions must be based upon the scattered labors of independent observers, possessing, it is to be added, in nearly every case, very imperfect qualifications for the task. Still, even with these defective sources of information, the results obtained are somewhat striking. Let us take, for illustration, a solitary volume—the glossary of words and phrases used in the county of Suffolk, compiled by Edwin Moor, and published in London in 1823. In this one small work, confined to the colloquial speech of a single shire, and embodying that incompletely, will be found much that we have been disposed to consider as peculiarly our own. A rapid glance over its pages will reveal such pronunciations as *cute* for "acute," *chaw* for "chew," *drownded* for "drowned," *hoss* for "horse," *gal* for "girl," *natur* for "nature," *taters* for "potatoes;" such phrases as to "flop in a chair," "to trim one's jacket," "to haul over the coals," "to ride like blazes," "gift of the gab," "in a horn," "in a jiffy," "a tip-top fellow," "before you could say Jack Robinson," "that's a whopper;" such oaths and exclamations as "by gum," "by gosh," "darnation," "dang it," "lawk-a-daisy;" such words as *bobbery* for "disturbance," *gawky* for "awkward," *glum* for "gloomy," *gumption* for "sense," *hullabaloo* for "clamor," *obstropolous* for "obstreperous," *sappy* for "silly," *scaly* for "shabby," and *spree*, with with its wide varieties of meaning; such contributions to culinary speech as "flip-jacks," "apple-fritters," and, indeed, "saace," as applied to garden vegetables generally; the same felicitious description of states of mind conveyed by such expressions as "to be in a tantrum," "to be in a pucker;" such terms of abuse as "dunderhead," "ninnyhammer," "nincompoop," and a whole tribe of vigorous common words denoting personal chastisement, such as "baste, larrup, lather, lick, welt, wallop and whack;" and in addition to all these, that peculiar qualifying phrase, heard often with us, of "kinder" (*i. e.*, kind of) in the sense of "somewhat," as "He is kinder cold." The list of expressions common to the colloquial speech of the two countries, has by no means been exhausted; but enough has been quoted to make it clear that we are not so original as many of us are inclined to think.—*T. F. Lounsbury in International Review for May.*

THE BURNED CHILD AND THE FIRE.

The *Hour* tells a story of one of Chicago's wealthy and liberal citizens which conveys its own moral. He belonged to no religious sect, but was always ready to give largely to the carrying out of spiritual schemes requiring money. Not long ago, however, he happened to have a business transaction with one of the deacons of a certain Presbyterian church, and the deacon got quite six to four the best of him. A few days afterward the pastor of this same church called on the merchant for a subscription toward his schools, but to his surprise the usually amiable capitalist pushed the subscription book aside, with the abrupt remark, "Played out." "Dear me," said the surprised parson, "I really counted on you, Mr. K.; you have always been so liberal that I was in hopes you would head the subscription list!" "I am done," said the merchant. "I have changed my mind—I don't think half the people go to h—ll that ought to!"

Electricity.—The medical faculty have at last been induced to admit the power of electricity for the treatment of disease. The success of Edison's Electric Belt is a striking example.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FENNELL & DINGMAN, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Offices—Over Messrs. Climie, Hay & Co's store, Main street, Listowel.
T. G. FENNELL. D. B. DINGMAN.

SMITH & GEARING, BARRISTERS, Attorneys Solicitors, &c. Office—Opposite Grand Central Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
R. SMITH. J. GRAYSON SMITH.
F. W. GEARING.

DRS. DILLABOUGH & DINGMAN, Physicians, &c. Offices—Over Livingstone's drug store. Dr. Dillabough's residence, corner Main and Livingstone streets. Dr. Dingman's residence, cor. Dodd and Penelope sts.

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., PHYSICIAN Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his drug store, Osborne Block, Main street. Residence, opp. Post Office, Main st.

JOHN A. BURGESS, M. D. C. M., Graduate of McGill University, Montreal, member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office and residence—First door east of Hess Bros' show rooms, Main st., Listowel. 10

W. M. BRUCE, SURGEON DENTIST, late of Toronto. Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Bean & Gee's store, Main street, Listowel. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas. 15

PROCTOR & GALL, ARCHITECTS and Superintendents. Plans and elevations of public and private buildings drawn architecturally and practically, with specifications in detail. Offices Wingham and Listowel, Ont.
J. C. PROCTOR, Wingham.
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T. W. MORAN, ARTIST, LATE of Toronto, begs to inform the people of Listowel and vicinity that he has opened a studio in the Campbell Block, Main street, and is prepared to execute portraits in oil, water colors and crayon, at prices to suit the times. Instructions given in any of the above branches will be given at moderate rates. Please call at his studio—first floor, west room, front, in the above block. 19

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THOS. E. HAY, AUCTIONEER for County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at Climie, Hay & Co.'s store, or at the STANDARD Office, promptly attended to. Money to loan. 7y

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THOS. FULLARTON, NEWRY, Ont, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Deeds, mortgages, leases and all conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Money to lend.

COUNTY OF PERTH.—THE Warden will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's Office, Stratford. 36

DOMINION HOTEL, WALLACE street, Listowel, F. W. Meckes, proprietor. Under the new management this house will be kept in first-class style throughout. Excellent accommodation for guests. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling, etc. Prime lager a specialty.

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DR. J. A. BURGESS
Registrar.

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Granite Monuments Imported and Finished to Order.

English and American Grave Stones, Mantel Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop—Opposite the Commercial Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
31 A. M. Morrow.

L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Reglan street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.
DR. J. A. BURGESS,
Master.