

"He Won't Die"

Of consumption is a remark often made of a fleshy man. The remark expresses the popular recognition of the fact that the sign of consumption is emaciation, loss of flesh. On the other hand, a gain in flesh is a sure sign that wasting diseases are being cured.

Emaciated people with obstinate coughs, bleeding lungs, night-sweats and weakness, have been perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The several steps of the cure were recorded in ounces and pounds of increasing weight. When there is gain in flesh the wasting disease is being surely cured.

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HER SECOND LOVE.

A Story of Love and Adventure.

She had not known it, for she was too much engrossed to retain any inward self-possessions in her observation of him. He was too close to her now; he interested her too deeply; she could neither observe rightly, nor judge him truly. Till that evening, she had never thought it possible that he should really care for her; though a far duller person than she was might have discovered it.

There was no truer proof of how much he had loved Constance, than this sudden transition of feeling. This was not heroic; perhaps not sentimental; but it sometimes happens in this world. Insensibly, his resolution had been formed, although the acting upon it that evening was a sudden impulse. Now a calm future lay before him, and love which was to be freely given, not earned with difficulty. Now the deed was done, and the longing for the home and the friends, which a wife alone can gratify, was to be satisfied. He was very happy, but quietly happy, and rather thought that that was the best state of mind in which to enter upon matrimony.

As he turned to leave the room, his eye fell by chance upon a picture there, a pretty French engraving, hanging over the chimney-piece. Gisele was the figure's name. Who Gisele was, mattered little to him; he had once bought it, because it had really a striking likeness to Constance Everett. Now, he felt provoked with himself for having ever put it there. The picture sobered him, and brought a involuntary thought, "I am not young." Who is young before the recollection of a dead passion?

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Georgy was disappointed, when, in the middle of the day, the hour for their departure arrived. James said that he would write to his mother; or, if Georgy liked it better, should he wait till, in a few days he was able to go to Millthorpe Grange, and join them?

She wished that he had done it already; but it was almost with indifference that she replied: "It should be as he liked," and did not even reiterate her preference for waiting till the came. She startled him a little by her indifference.

"But what do you wish?" he said again, impatient for an answer.

"Well, then, I should like better to wait till you come—much better—Mr. Erskine."

"Why you never call me by my name?"

"Very well, James," she said, laughing and coloring, but coming a little nearer to him.

She had begun by committing a capital error, very early in love. She had not will apart from his, and never reflected how much this might make her lose. He was her god, but she did not remember that he could not read her heart; and she was not always careful enough to answer to his far more demonstrative nature; and towards a lover, such a nature is often a misfortune.

All this did not apply, however, that day, for they were both happy, and both talked and laughed at every moment which could be disposed of; and then, at last, came the time when they must separate. That morning was the first time that Georgy had ever been in James' sitting-room downstairs, and one of her first exclamations was:

"Oh, that engraving is very like Mrs. Everett!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; how pretty and graceful she is!"

"Very," he said, coldly.

"Poor thing, she had a melancholy fate; it is well that she is a widow now."

"Was she unhappy with her head or her heart, I wonder?"—and one of his rapid changes of expression passed quickly over his face; he seemed about to speak again of her, but did not, and went on quickly to talk of something else.

"What are you looking at?" he asked, as she bent down to one of the lowest shelves, where she had taken out a thick, purple-colored book—"Oh! that is the Bible which my father—"

"I want it," she said, laughing, but very shyly—"I want it—give it to me—I remember it, a long time ago."

"Where?"

"In that little old room at Monklands, where you found me that day you drove me home so late."

"Poor old Monklands! Yes, I remember very well the day I found you there, and how pleasant you were," he answered, in a loving, courtly way.

That day Mrs. Erskine and Georgy set off; James went with them to the station. All these days he had taken a thousand little cares of Georgy—towards those whom he loved he was almost womanly in the service and attention he lavished on them; and a short time had so accustomed Georgy to this, that it was not only James that she missed, but his care and protection. She was still confused with happiness.

Mrs. Erskine talked of Julia, about whom she was very anxious; the more so as she was still forbidden to see her. Each time Georgy looked at the old woman, something weighed upon her heart, which she only stifled by the thought that surely her love was worth something to James; but how would Mrs. Erskine, who had been kind to her, take the consequences which that kindness had brought forth? Georgy was softened by happiness, which brought, too, its own revelations. She had not so much pitied herself, as grown listless and apathetic all these years. The old teaching of her childhood, which had grown cold and meaningless to her, returned. Why had she done this? Why had she let those feelings slide out of her heart which it is often a woman's part to keep alive in man? Why had she so lost them only through her earthly love? She felt everything through that, and now could only so repent. If she had sometimes said within herself that she had done nothing to deserve her fate, she felt that she certainly had done nothing beyond others to entitle her to have her whole mind so granted. She saw things now that she had never seen before; only recognized them amongst the moral commonplace which we repeat ourselves, and which have no real meaning to us. She did not love her lover because of his intellect—she had long felt that. None ever truly loved who did not quickly shrink from the blasphemy of such a definition.

And now the last stone of the altar where she had worshipped intellect had fallen, and she wished herself a higher, better nature to offer him; but not of mind—of soul. She had never cared for herself as she did then, or wished more earnestly that she were better worth.

CHAPTER XVII.

The two ladies spent several days at Millthorpe Grange without any incident of note occurring. Some other guests arrived; Mrs. Lumsden, who recalled to Georgy her long former visit at the same house, and how different all things were to them—some or two gentlemen, whose names and attributes are of no consequence here—and then Mrs.

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many friends. "Very few, I have nothing nearer, and perhaps never shall have: I have very few friends, Georgy. Have you heard any music lately?"

"None; I wish you would play now."

"I will, for it will be something to do."

They went in, and she played a little while, and then began to talk again: "How strange it is to look at any one soberly, with the eyes of the flesh, when once upon a time you have loved him."

"Your brains are wool," gathered to-day; but I like to hear you of the same."

She sang again, then talked and sang, beginning almost before the tears were out of her eyes. Georgy listened and admired. That quiet woman was always involving him in a fit of wonderment, and those words of Currier Bell's recurred to him—"Impressionable, but not impressible,"—she was changing as yet true.

"For surely they're sincere. Who are strongest acted on? What is nearest?"

"You must cling to Mrs. Erskine," said Georgy, when Mrs. Everett had finished a recital of her own, half-singing, half-acting.

"Because she has such admiration for your acting?"

"Does she think you're a clever?" asked Constance, a little and anxiously as if it were a questionable fact.

"Who would not? Is the idea a new one?"

"Like admiration as she might, she was not fully aware of her own resources; she was genius in her nature, and she knew it. It was not one of the least winning characteristics of her sensitiveness to praise, and her genuine respect and gratitude for doing even from those who were not her equals, but whom it pleased her sincerely to rank as above her in capacity."

"Dear Mrs. Erskine," said Georgy, when the party were sitting in the drawing-room; "you shall not wear that abused gown any longer."

They had united in endeavoring to put her of conceit with it.

"Why, we does the color of my gown signify? I'm an old woman and we no husband to please; you young women all care far too much about dress."

"I do think that any one can be dressed without any effort," said Mrs. Lewis, "I should like to set up an elaborate dress or woman's love of dress; I think that it is natural and becoming. I used really to act upon the principle of indifference, far more than I do now; but my lofty theory concerning trifles have faded away, and I don't much believe even a woman's mission to set man's pride right."

"My dear, nobody asks you to believe in such a thing. I had rather that you spent all day dressing yourself, than fall into such a dreary, unenthusiasm."

"But, Constance," said Mrs. Lewis again, who was always drawn out by her friend's neighborhood, and who was half-laughing, half-serious, "Do you know, I think nothing would teach woman love of dress more than love for a clever man; which, you know, ought to raise one."

"Oh! love for any man would, I suppose, but perhaps your instance is especially right."

"I think," Mrs. Lewis went on, rather eagerly, "I think that a woman never feels her own littleness so much as by the side of a man, and he (at first) would forgive a crime more quickly than any ungracefulness in a woman."

"Of course, we are taught that it is our business to please; small blame to us if we follow it up," laughed Constance.

"Dress does make a difference, and when women who have intellect learn that they must give way before a pretty woman, I think it is natural that the mania of dress should possess them."

"You come out very eloquently upon 'Evangelie de la toilette,'" said Constance. "I did not know how well you could advocate the cause; and, after all, a great lack of beauty is a misfortune in a woman. Only, there is one thing that I often feel; if intellect avails a woman almost nothing in the battle of love, goodness is of itself more worth to her than, than to a man."

"Yes, indeed, I do," she repeated. "In a man's earliest dreams of perfection, goodness and beauty go hand and hand; a woman dreams of good-

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Results from eczema, coars clothes, shru

SUN SOAP

Ask for the HER SE

Continued

ness as a matter not always on the with the utmost strength and it would we not for cowardice?"

"My dear, I should do to the c and Mrs. Erskine. No, no; I was but simply that I hold so prominent man's first ideal, very faulty and, you may say, but that."

"Well, you are really I cannot care for dress. I many other passion mawkish," said M. returning in such a manner."

"Only one other child," said Constance, unaffected regret. "Children, yes; harsh manner cha spoke of children, at her best."

"How differently children," said Constance, at a loss for through the pure ally, and others, their devotion to wish,—they wish, the mother of Cas the two Casars, and the maternity, are not they laughed at

"Mrs. Everett qu she really knows chined in Mrs. L entered the room. Lashed more.

Margaret and talking, working Casar's wife, a wonderful situation never all of in the despatch of Margaret's exas as the French bo return upon her how different Mar been before she gr

came Mrs. Lewis. In love with Cas when she was legi tal, and did not warm remnants of sometimes strikes of it do not always sure to die; which course all the mo not take the com ment and the Pre perhaps, suggest excellent peop the duties of the Mrs. Lewis was woman, so with v private taste need Georgy's reflecti rimony had wroug her. "Why could have married a M as marriage as th Georgy's panacea ments; and she f thought of the su lot over that of a

CHAPTER

The next morning Mrs. Lumsden was drawing-room, an turning over some not interested in but startled at th

"And will Jim himself to comfort Everett, do you be a capital match

"These are earl late, and a poor allowed breathing rushes a second money."

So they chatted time James and missed. Georgy v ing a past of whi

"Who had he lo more than one pe haps I oh, of cou for nothing in al. But she still cor pliness; still felt s that name of Con real ungracious.

The next morni went suddenly to had received perm daughter, and Ge pointed to think t yet meet the moth gether, and be so ease.

Letters and lun day as usual; the every one; an ang Randon, who still lation with Georg

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