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An Interesting Story of the Life of Sisters whose circumstances varied.

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The inhabitants of Hadleigh were well accustomed to the presence of strangers in their church. In the season there was a regular influx of visitors that filled the lodging-houses to overflowing. Hadleigh had always prided itself on its gentility. As a watering-place it was select and exclusive; only the upper middle classes, and a sprinkling of the aristocracy, were the habitual frequenters of the little town. It was too quiet; it offered too few attractions to draw the crowds that flocked to other places. Mr. Drummond's congregation was well used by this time to see new faces in the strangers' pew; nevertheless, a little thrill of something like surprise and excitement moved a few of the younger members as Nan and her sisters walked down the aisle, with their mother following them. The inhabitants of Hadleigh were ng them

ing them.

"The mother is almost as goodlooking as her daughters," thought
Colonel Middleton, as he regarded the
group through his gold-mounted eyeglasses; and Miss Middleton looked
up for an instant from her prayerbook. Even Mrs. Cheyne roused from
the gloomy abstraction which was her
usual approach to devotion, and looked long and curiously at the three
girlish faces before her. It was refreshing even to her to see anything so
fresh and bright-looking.

Nan and her sisters were perfectly

fresh and bright-looking.

Nan and her sisters were perfectly oblivious of the sensation they were making. Nan's pretty face was a trifle clouded; the strange surroundings, the sight of all those people unknown to them, instead of the dear, familiar faces that had always been before her, gave the girl a dreary feeling of oppression and dismay. Her voice quavered audibly as she sang, and one or two drops fell on her prayer-book as she essayed to join in the petitions.

"Why is there not a special clause in the Litany for those who are perplexed and in poverty? It is not only from murder and sudden death one need pray to be delivered," thought Nan, with much sinking of heart. Oh, have heldest they are need to the control of th how helpless they were—so young, and only girls, with a great unknown world before them, and Dick away, ignorant of their worst troubles, and too youthful a knight to win his spurs and pledge himself to their service!

Nan's sweet downcast face drew many eyes in the direction of the great square pew in which they sat. Phillis intercepted some of these looks, as her attention insensible wandered during the service. It was wrong, terribly wrong, of course, but her thoughts would not concentrate themselves on the lesson the young vicar was reading in his best style. She was not heavy-hearted like Nan; on the contrary, little thrills of excitement, of impatience, of repressed amusement, pervaded her mind, as she looked at the strange faces round her, "They would not be long strange" she thought, "some of them would she thought, "some of them would be her neighbors. What would they say, all these people, when they knew—" And here Phillis held her breath a moment. People were wondering even now who they were. They had dressed themselves that morning, The church-bells were just ringing give, which was now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment, as usual, to put on her hat; but princes who was they were was as inexpensive as a gown could be; her hat was a mode of neatness and propriety; nevertheless, Phillis groaned in spirit as she glanced at her. Where had she got that style? She looked like a young princess who was playing at Arcadia. Would people ever dare to ask her to work for them? Would they not beg her pardon, and cry shame on themselves for entertaining such a thought for a moment? Phillis almost envied Nan, who was shedding salt tears on her prayer-books. She thought who was now motionless, at such a distance, In another moment as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance, and any moment and not her such as distance. In another moment as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment the such as usual not not her such as distance, and another moment as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment the such as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment the such as usual, to put on her hat; but the such as usual in the validation of the such as distance. In another moment distance, another moment as usual, to put on her hat; but the vas now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment distance, which was now motionless, at such as distance. In another moment distance, when the valid we will we to be a woman, before she opened her book and commenced the her book and commenced the brisk sensible Would people ever dare to ask her to work for them? Would they not beg her pardon, and cry shame on themselves for entertaining such a thought for a moment? Phillis almost envied Nan, who was shedding salt tears on her prayer-book. She thought the was absorbed in her doubtions. was absorbed in her devotions she was absorbed in her devotions, while her own thoughts would wander so sadly; and then a handsome face in the opposite pew attracted her attention. Surely that must be Mrs. Cheyne, who lived in the White House near them, of whom Nan had talked—the poor woman who had lost husband and children and who lived in solitary state. The sermon had now band and children and who hved in solitary state. The sermon had now commenced, but Phillis turned a deaf-ear to the sentences over which Mr. Drummond had expended so much-la-bor: her attention was riveted by the gloomy, beautiful face before her, which alternately attracted and rel-valled her.



The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention. In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is

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"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Con ound relieved me of all these distres-og symptoms and made me a we-

facts for sick women. from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulcera-tion, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bear-ing-down feeling, flatulency, indisestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration

been unmindful of the attention her girls had caused, but if people only knew—— And here the poor lady had clasped her hands and put up peti-tions that were certainly not in Lit-

any.

Phillis seemed about to say something, but she checked herself, and they were all a little silent until they reached the house. This first Sunday was an infliction to them all; it was a day of enforced idleness. There was too much time for thought and room for regret. In spite of all Phillis's efforts—and she rattled on cheerily most of the afternoon—Mrs. Challoner got one of her bad headaches, from worry, and withdrew to her room, worry, and withdrew to her room, attended by Dulce, who volunteered to bathe her head and read her to

The church-bells were just ringing

in such matters.

"No, no. And the run will do Laddie good. The poor little fellow has been shut up in this room all day. We need not tell the mother. She would be shocked, you know. But we never have stayed away from church before, have we? And, to tell you the truth," continued Phillis, with an unsteady laugh that betrayed agitation to her sister's ear, "though I faced it very well this morning, I do not feel inclined to go through it again. People stared so. And I could not help thinking all the time, 'if they only knew!"—that was the thought that kept buzzing in my head. If only Mr. Drummond and all those people knew!"

"What does it matter what people

gloomy, beautiful face before her, which alternately attracted and repelled her.

As though disturbed by some magnetic influence, Mrs. Cheyne raised her eyes slowly, and looked at Phillis. Something in the girl's keeneyed glance seemed to move her strangely. The color crept into her pale face, and her bip quivered; a moment afterward she drew down her veil and leaned back in her seat, and Phillis, somewhat abasked, endeavored, fruitlessly to gather up, the threads of the sermon. "There! it is over! We have made our debut," she said a little recklessly, as they walked back to Beach House, where Mrs. Challoner and Dulee were still staying. And as Nan looked at her, a little shrecked and mystified by this unusual flippaney, she continued in the same excited way:

"Was it not strange Mr. Drummond choosing that text, 'Consider the lilies?' He looked at us; I am sure he did, mother.' It was quite a tirade against dress and vanity; but I am sure no one could find fault with us."

"It was a very good sermon, and I think he seems a very clever young man," returned Mrs. Challoner, with as sigh, for the service had been a long weariness for her. She had not

baby waves seem to babble! it is just like the gurgle of baby laughter. And look at Laddie splashing in that pool; he is after that poor lit to crab. Come here, you rogue!" But Laddie, intent upon his sport, only cocked his ear restlessly, and refused to obey.

"Yes, it is loost?" returned be-

"Yes, it is lovely," returned Nan.
"There is quite a silvery path over
the water; by and by the sunset
clouds will be beautiful. But what
is the matter, dear?" as Phillis sighed and leaned heavily against her;
and then, as she turned, she saw the
girl's eyes were wet.

"Oh, Nan, shall we have the
strength for it? That is what I keep
asking myself to-day. No, you must
not look so frightened. I am brave
enough generally, and I do not mean
to lose pluck; but now and then the
thought will come to me, Shall we
have strength to go through with
it?"

We must think of each other, that

"We must think of each other, that must keep us up," returned Nan, whose ready sympathy fully understood her sister's mood. Only to Nan would Phillis ever own her failure of courage or fears for the future. But now and then the brave young heart needed comfort, and always found it in Nan's sympathy.

"It was looking at your dear, beautiful face that made me feel so suddenly had this morning," interrupted Phillis with a sort of sob. "It was not the people so much; they only amused and excited me, and I kept thinking, 'If they only knew!' But, Nan, when I looked at you—oh, why are you so nice and pretty, if you have got to do this horrid work?"

"I am not a bit nicer than you and

have got to do this horrid work?"

"I am not a bit nicer than you and Dulce," laughed Nan, embracing, her, for she never could be made to understand that by most people she was considered their superior in good looks: the bare idea made her angry. "It is worse for you, Phillis, because you are so clever and have so many ideas. But there, we must not go on pitying each other, or else, indeed, we shall undermine our little stock of strength."

of strength."

"But don't you feel terribly unhappy sometimes?" persisted Phillis.
Neither of them mentioned Dick, and yet he was in both their minds. "Perhaps I do," returned Nan, simply; and then she added, with quaintness that was pathetic. "You see, we are so unused to the feeling, and it is over-hard at first; by and by we shall be more used to not having our own way in things."

"I think I could give up that readily; if I could be sure you and Dulce were not miserable," sighed Phillis.

were not miserable," sighed Phillis.
"That is what I say," returned Nan.
"Don't you see how simple and beautiful that is? Thinking of each other
gives us strength to go through with
it all. This evening trying to cheer
you up has done me good. I do not
feel the least afraid of people tonight.
'Looking at that sea and sky makes
one feel the littleness and unreality
of all these worries. What does it
matter—what does anything matter—
if we only do our duty and love each
other, and submit to the Divine will?"
finished Nan, reverently, who seldom thief, and submit the bring with the finished Nan. reverently, who seldom spoke of her deeper feelings, even to Phillis.

Phillis.

"Nan, you are a saint," returned Phillis, enthusiastically. The worried look had left her eyes; they looked clear and bright as usual: "Oh, what a heathen I have been to-day! but, as Dulce is so fond of saying, 'I am going to be good.' I will read the evening Psalms to you, in token of my resolution, if you like. But wait; is there not some one coming across the sand? How eerne it looks, such a tall black figure standing between the earth and sky!"

Phillis had good sight, or she would hardly have distinguished the figure, which was now motionless, at such a distance. In another moment she even announced that its draper-

She almost started when it moved, at last, with a steady bearing, as it seemed, toward them; then curiosity quickened into interest, and she touched Phillis's arm, whispering

reathlessly The Sphinx moves! Look -is not

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Skin in proper working order.

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that Mrs. Cheyne, the lady who lives in the White House near us, who al-ways looks so lonely and unhappy?" "Hush!" returned Phillis, "she will hear you;" and then Mrs. Cheyne approached with the same swift even walk. She looked at them for a moment, as she passed, with a sort of well-bred surprise in her air, as though she marveled to see them there; her black dress touched Laddie, and he caught at it with an impotent bark.

The sisters must have made a pret-

The sisters must have made a pretty picture, as they sat almost clinging together on the stone; one of Nan's little white hands rested on Laddie's head, the other lay on Philis's lap. Phillis glanced up from herbook, keen-eyed and alert in a moment; she turned her head to look at the stranger that had excited her interest, and then rose to her feet with a little cry of dismay.

"Oh, Nan, 1 am afraid she has hurt herself. She gave such a slip just now. I wonder what has happened? She is leaning against the breakwater, too. Shall we go and ask her if she feels ill or anything?"

"You may go," was Nan's answer. Nevertheless, she followed Phillis.

Mrs. Cheyne looked up at them a The sisters must have made a pret-

Mrs. Cheyne looked up at them a little sharply as they came toward her. Her face was gray and contract-ed with pain.

ed with pain.

"I have slipped on a wet stone, and my foot has somehow turned on me," she said, quickly, as Phillis ran up to her. "It was very stupid. I cannot think how it happened; but I have certainly sprained my ankle. It gives me such pain. I cannot move."

me such pain. I cannot move."
"Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" returned Phillis. good-naturedly; and, in the most natural manner, she knelt down on the beach, and took the injured foot in her hands. "Yes, I can feel it is swelling dreadfully; we must try and get your boot off before the attempt gets too painful." And she commenced unfastening it with deft fingers.

fingers.
"How am I to walk without my boot?" observed Mrs. Cheyne, a lit-tle dryly, as she looked down on the girl; but here Nan interposed in her

and quiet while the girls swathed the foot in wet bandages.

"It is a little easier now," she observed, gratefully. "How neatly you have done it! you must be used to such work. I am really very much obliged to you both for your kindly help; and now I am afraid I must trouble you further if I am ever to reach home."

reach home."
"I will go at once," returned Nan, cheerfully; "but I will leave my sister for fear you should feel faint again; besides, it is so lonely."
"Oh, I am used to loneliness," was ne reply, as a bitter expression cossed her face.

the reply, as a bitter expression crossed her face. Phillis. who was still holding the sprained foot in her iap looked up in her eager way.

"I think one gets used to everything: that is a merciful dispensation; but all the same I hope you will not send me away. I dearly like to be useful; and at present my object is to prevent your foot coming into contact with these stones. Are you really in less pain now? — you look dreadfully pale."

"Oh, that is nothing," she returned, with a smile so gudden and sweet that it quite startled Phillis, for it lit up her face like sunshine; but almost before she caught it, it was gone "How good you are to me! and yet I am a perfect stranger!" and then she added, as though with an after-thought, "But I saw you in church this morning."

Phillis nodded; the question certainly required.

Phillis nodded; the question cer-

"If .1 knew you better, I should ask why your eyes questioned me so closely this morning. Do you know, Miss—Miss—" And here she hesitated and smiled, waiting for Phillis to fill up the blank.

Her manner became a little con-strained and reserved as she said this; the charming frankness disap-

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"If you prease, we are dress-mak-rs." Oh, no, such words as these would not get themselves said. It was too abrupt, too sudden, altogeth was too abrupt, too sudden, altogether; she was not prepared for such a thing. Oh, why had she not gone to the White House instead of Nan? Her officiousness had brought this on her. She could not put the poor foot off her lap and walk away to cool her hot cheeks.

hot cheeks.

"Thank you; you are very good," she stammered, feeling herself an utter fool; she-Phillis-the clever one. Mrs. Cheyne seemed rather taken aback by the girl's sudden reserve and combernes means.

aback by the girl's sudden reserve and embarrassment.

"I suppose you think I should call first, and thank you for your kindness," she returned quickly; "but I was afraid my foot would keep me too long a prisoner. And, as we are to be neighbors, I hardly thought it necessary to stand on ceremony; but if you would rather wait——"

"Oh, no," replied Phillis, in despair; "we will not trouble you to do that. Nan and I will call and ask after your foot, and then we will explain. There is a little difficulty; you might not care to be friends with us if you knew," went on Phillis, with burning cheeks; "but we will call and explain. Oh, yes, Nan and I will call."

"Do; I shall expect you," returned Mrs. Cheyne, half amused and half mystified at the girl's obvious confusion. What did the child mean? They were gentle people—one could see that at a glance. They were in reduced circumstances; they had come

ed circumstances; they had come down to Hadleigh to retrench. Well, what did that matter? People's wealth or powerty never affected her; she would think none the less well of them for that; she would call at the Friery and enterian them at the would think none the less well of them for that; she would call at the Friary and entertain them at the White House with as much pleasure as though they lived in a palace. The little mystery piqued her, and yet excited her interest. It was long since she had interested herself so much in anything. To Miss Middleton she had always been cold and uncertain. Mr. Drummond she treated with a mixture of satire and haughtiness that aroused his ire. Phillis's frankness and simplicity had won her for a moment to her earlier and better self; she conceived an instantaneous liking for the girl who looked at her with such grave kindly glances. "I shall expect you, remember," she repeated, as Nan at that moment appeared in sight.

"Oh, yes, Nan and I will come," returned Fhillis, slowiy, and almost solemnly; but an instant afterward a flicker of amusement played round her mouth. It was painful, of coarse, but, still, how droll it was!

"How long yon have been, Nan!" she exclaimed, a little unreasonably, as Nan ran toward them, flushed and breathless from her haste.

"It has not been long to me," observed Mrs. Choven pointedly. She

breathless from her haste.
"It has not been long to me," observed Mrs. Cheyne, pointedly. She
talked more to Nan than to Phillis
after this, until the servants appeared with the wheeled chair; but nevertheless her last words were for Phil lis. "Remember your promise," wa, all she said, as she held out her hand to the girl: and Phillis tried to smilin answer, though it was rather a failure after all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DOROTHY DRINGS IN THE BEST CHINA.

What a fool i made of myself yesterday! but to-day Richard is himself again," said Phillis, as she gathered up another muslin curtain in her arms ready to hand to Nan, who was mounted on some steps. It was only Monday afternoon, but the girls had done wonders; the work-room, as they called it, was nearly finished. The great carved wardrobe and mahogany table had been polished by Dorothy's strong hands. Mrs. Challoner's easy-chair and little work-table at one window looked quite inviting; the sewing-machine and Nan's rosewood davenport were in their places. A hanging cupboard of old china, and a few well-bound books, gave a little coloring and finish, and one or two fine prints that had hung in the dining-room at Glen Cottage had been disposed with advantage on the newly-papered walls. An inlaid clock ticked on the mantel-piece, and some ruby-colored vases stood on either side of it. Nan was quite right when she had glanced round her a few minutes ago in a satisfied manner, and said no one should be asham-

"If I knew you better, I should ask why your eyes questioned me so closely this morning. Do you know, Miss-Miss-" And here she hesitated and smiled, waiting for Phillis to fill up the blank.

"My name is Challoner — Phillis Challoner," replied Phillis, coloring a little; and then she added frankly, "I am "freel you thought me rud."

"I am "freel you thought no rud."

"No, indeed; I want people to see the respectation of the purpose," she are the china in the other room."

"No, indeed; I want people to see the respectation of the purpose, and said no one should be ashameled of living in such a room. "Our pretty things nake it look almost too nice for the purpose," she allowed the purpose, "allowed the purpose," she allowed the purpose, "she allowed the purpose, "she allowed the purpose," she allowed the purpose, "she allowed the purpose, "she allowed the purpose," she allowed the purpose, "she allowed the purpose, "

few minutes ago in a satisfied man ner, and said no one should be asham

and that I stared at you, but my thoughts were all topsy-turvy this pleasure it will give the poor ladies morning and refused to be kept in order. One feels curious, somehow, about the people among whom one has come to live."

"Have you come to live here?" asked Mrs. Cheyne, eagerly, and a gleam of pleasure shot into her dark eyes —"you and your mother and sisters?"

"Yes; we have just come to the Friary—a little cottage standing on the Braidwood Road."

"Her manner became a little constrained and reserved as she said strained and reserved as she said arranging on the chiffonier. The Dres.

—Iar more than the books Phillis we arranging on the chiffonier. The Dreden figures that Dick had given the firm the mother were among them stidd not care for strangers to look at them and appraise their value. The were home treasures—sacred relies their past. The last time she had dusted them, a certain young man dusted them, a certain young man to the racquaintague had well-self. dusted them, a certain young ma her acquaintance had walked thre the open window whistling "bonnets over the Border," and taken up his station beside her, hering her work with his chatter Dulce was in the upper regions, packing a box in her mother's re Mrs. Challoner was coming home next day, and Dorothy and she was hard at work getting things in der.

der. When Phillis made her downright speech, Nan looked down from her lofty perch, and held out her arms for the curtain. "Richard a always himself, my dear," she said softly. "Do you know, when you are down, Phil, I feel as though we are all at a stand-still, and there's no getting on at all? and then at one of your dear droll speeches the sunshine comes out again, and we are all as right as possible." e are all as right as. "Don't talk nonsense,

ed to glide past the windo ounded. "Visitors!-oh. Phillis glanced down at a apron that she wore over

ess. "Don't be afraid; Dorothy willh oo much sense to admit the

too much sense to admit them," returned Nan, quite indifferently, she went up a step higher to har up the curtain.

Phillis was still holding it, but he manner was not quite so well assued. She thought she heard bule, voice in confabulation with the stranger. A moment after, living stranger. A moment after Dulce oriskly into the room.

cend from her perch. "I oug have brought them in here

ony of embarrassment, bl his face like a girl as Nan down at him with much dignit Continued on page 3

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THE SISTERS

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An Interesting Story of Life of Sisters who circumstances

"Gh, Miss Challoner, it is I told Archie that we ougl come so soon--" but Philli her with an outstretched

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welcome.

"What is too bad? I calkind and friendly of you be hardly expected to find someighbors. Nan, if that cofinished I think you had be down. Take care; those spiles, but I got nothing to drickety; perhaps Mr. Brummelp you."

"Let me do the other ones I don't think those steps a exclaimed Archie, with sudd

No one at home would be desuch a thing-of him. Mat grew quite round and fixed tonishment at the sight. He even shaken hands with 2 there he was, mounted in 1 slipping in the hooks with bands, while Nan quietty 1 the curtain. the curtain.

Months afterward the seback on Architald Dramma a current arill half of pun of a few months and the semant flow had be a wondered. What had no all at once act in a way a kimself?—for, with the best he was always a fittle stiff strained with strangers. Yet was laughing as though known them all his life, bee strained with strangers. Yet was laughing as though known them all his life, bee had rebuked him gravely for two hooks into one ring. M terward he recalled it a glancing up at him with qu insed eyes, Phillis standing looking quaint and picturese bib-apron, Dulee with the sunshine lighting up her bre bib-apron, Bulee with the sunshine lighting up her birthe low old-fashioned room, great carved wardrobe, and board of dainty china; the tle lawn outside, with Lacing among the daisies. Wha start up in his memory lifture one has seen and netherostical.

Thank you, Mr. Drumm "Thank you, Mr. Drumm have done it so nicely," said the utmost gravity, as he unwilling to descend to conity again. Duke and Phil busily engaged looping up "Now we will ask Dorothy the steps, and then we can comfortably."

But here Archie interpose "Why need you call any me where I shall put them broke into a lond langly. She help it. It was too droll o She must write and tell Gr

Archie heard the laugh marched out of the room burden, and it provoked h sively. He made some excuadmiring Laddie, and went of lawn for a few minutes, ace by Nan. When they came curtains were finished, and girls were talking to Matt seemed quite at ease with t "We have such a dear of at the vicarage," she was: "We have such a dear of at the vicerage," she was a her brother came into the am not much of a garden but Archie works for hours. He talks of getting a set down from town. We this help bring people together, promise to come and play of an afternoon when you the certage in order."

"Thank you," returned P Thank you, returned then Nan and she exchan,
A sort of blankness came
sisters faces—a sudden dyi
the brightness and fun.
Mr Drummond grew a

larmed:
"I hope you will not disa sister. She has few friend rather lonely, missing so ters; and you are such closes." larmed

ters; and you are such chors."

"Yes, we are close neighturned Phillis. But her wo little less clear than usua Archie's astonishment—for seemed talking comfortably—her face had grown sude "But you must not think if we refuse your hospitt went on, looking straight a not at Mattle "Owing to peumstances, we have mad minds that no such pleasy store for us. We must le without things; must we "Yes. indeed," returned

"Yes. indeed," returned gravely. And then the teat to Dulee's eyes. Was Phill going to tell them? She wan away, only she was a such cowardice.

"I hope you do not m without friends," stammer "That would be too painfu He thought they were exer