

GERALD'S WIFE.

Your last day? Dear, dear! Must you go to-day, Gerald?" said Mrs. Teale, looking across the breakfast table at her son with affectionate concern.

"Couldn't you have got off for another week?" said his father, breaking his hot roll carefully. "Now that you are a partner though—"

"Now that I'm partner, it's hard work getting off," responded Gerald Teale. "It was all I could do; in fact—"

"What was all you could do?" enquired May.

"Well," said Gerald, laying down his knife and fork with a beaming smile, "here goes! Here's the news I've been saving up for you till the last, from a natural modesty. It was all I could do to get things arranged so that I could go on my wedding trip a month hence. I am going to be married."

May's spoon fell into her saucer with a clatter and Mr. Teale dropped his roll hastily.

"Married!" said Maud, breathlessly.

Mrs. Teale alone remained calm.

She rolled up her napkin and put it in its ring, and looked at her son though her gold-rimmed glasses composedly.

She felt, however, that this was an important crisis.

When Gerald—their only son—had, with commendable independence, left his pleasant home to get a start in a neighboring town, they had all expected great things for him.

He would be rapidly successful; he would distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen and amass a fortune, and he would woo and win some sweet young girl with a long line of ancestors—the Teales, being themselves a good old family, were great respectors of blue blood—a host of accomplishments and a heavy dowry.

Their hopes had seemed likely to be fulfilled. Gerald had proved himself possessed of remarkable business qualities; he had risen quickly and had recently exceeded their wishes by being made a junior partner of the firm.

All that now remained to be desired was his safe conquest of the beautiful and aristocratic young person of their dreams, with her many talents and her substantial inheritance.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the girls were trembling with eagerness, that Mr. Teale fumbled with his watch chain in nervous suspense, and that Mrs. Teale opened her lips twice before she found strength to propound that all-important question—

"Who is she?"

"She is a Miss Laura Fenton, at present," said Gerald smilingly.

"Fenton!" Mrs. Teale repeated and raised her brows inquiringly. "I don't think I have heard of the family."

"Not at all likely," Gerald rejoined. "They are quiet people."

"Fenton!" Mrs. Teale repeated inquiringly. "No, I have not heard of them. Where do they live?"

"In Weyman street," responded Gerald.

Mrs. Teale fell back in her chair with a little gasp, her husband turned a dismayed face upon his son, and May and Mabel gave little screams.

Weyman street! It was miles from the regions of aristocracy; it was peopled with working girls, seamstresses and with small shopkeepers—with street vendors and old apple women, for all the Teales knew.

"Not Weyman street, Gerald?" said his father, appealingly.

"Certainly—Weyman street," Gerald repeated.

"But she is not—she cannot be of good family, living in Weyman street?" said Mrs. Teale, anxiously.

"The family is quite respectable," her son responded quietly. "Laura's mother is a widow. She works for a ladies' tailor, and Laura has been assistant book-keeper in our establishment. That is how I met her."

Mrs. Teale groaned.

"A book-keeper—a seamstress!" she ejaculated. "Gerald, you could not have done worse!"

"A penniless girl," said his father solemnly; "and after all we have hoped for you! No, it couldn't be worse."

"A common working girl," said May in a choking voice; "and everybody will know it! Oh, Gerald, it couldn't be worse."

The young man looked from one to another in astonished hurt, and half-contemptuous silence.

Maud turned to him, with a gentle sympathy mingling with the dismay in her face.

"Perhaps," she said, hopefully, "perhaps there is something to make up? Perhaps she is a wonderful beauty or a great genius or something?"

Gerald gave her a grateful smile.

"I think her pretty, of course," he said. "But, I suppose that's because I'm fond of her. I don't think she would be called a beauty. And as for genius—she's very clever at accounts,

but she doesn't sing or paint or anything of that sort. She's never had the money for such things, poor girl!"

But Maud had turned away with an impatient gesture.

"There is nothing, then?" she said, despairingly. "No, it couldn't be worse."

Gerald rose from his seat with an energy which set all the crockery on the table jingling.

"This is absurd!" he said, despairingly. "It is more than absurd—it is unjust and narrow minded. How sensible—presumably sensible people!"

Gerald corrected, rather bitterly, "can say in regard to a person they have never seen that it 'could not be worse' is past comprehension."

"We will not talk of it," said Mrs. Teale, holding up a restraining hand. "Discussion will not mend matters. And you are to be married next month?"

"On the 9th," Gerald rejoined. "Of course you will all be there?" he added, rather dubiously.

"By no means," said his father, shortly.

"You could hardly expect it," said Mrs. Teale reproachfully.

"Very well: if Mohammed won't come—You've heard the observation. We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding tour, with your kind permission. You must know Laura."

When he left the house an hour later he had the required permission.

His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-bye in an injured and reproachful way, and his father had shaken hands coolly.

But his ears still rang with that odious assertion, "It could not be worse!" and he was thoughtful all the way back to the city.

The Teales were in a state of subdued excitement.

Gerald's wedding tour was completed, and they had received a telegram that afternoon to the effect that he would arrive that evening with his wife.

The dining room table was set for dinner, and Mrs. Teale wandered from one end to the other nervously.

Her husband sat under the chandelier with his paper, but he was not reading it. May and Maud fluttered about uneasily, watching through the window for the return of the carriage from the station.

"I hope," said Maud, with a nervous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be barely decent—presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we're prepared to see her."

"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Teale, dismally.

There was a roll of wheels and the twinkle of the carriage lamp at the door and the bell rang sharply.

May and Maud clasped hands in sympathetic agitation, Mr. Teale dropped his paper and rose, and Mrs. Teale advanced towards the hall door with dignity.

It opened wide before she could reach it, and Gerald entered, his face suffused with genial, blissful smiles.

"This is my wife," he said proudly.

"My mother, Laura; my father, my sisters May and Maud."

And with a caressing touch he took her by the hand and led her forward among them—

What?

Mr. Teale gazed at the apparition with starting eyes, Mrs. Teale dropped the hand she had started to hold out, with her face growing ashy, and May and Maud gasped.

For what they saw was a woman of apparently forty years, with a face powdered and painted in the most unblushing manner, with thin grey hair crimped over a wrinkled forehead in a sickening affectation of youthfulness, and with a diminutive gayly trimmed bonnet perched thereon, with an affected, mincing gait and a smirking smile.

"This is my wife," Gerald repeated.

"Have you no welcome for her?"

"Mebbe they think I ain't good enough for 'em, dear?" she observed tartly.

"Impossible, my pet," Gerald responded and patted her cheek affectionately. "Besides, you were but a shadow—a caricature of your beautiful self—they would not have been surprised. They were prepared for the worst."

He looked at his horrified relatives meaningly.

The truth of his words flashed over them.

Yes, they had all said repeatedly that she could not be worse. But this wretched, wrinkled, bedizened creature—had they dreamed of this?

Gerald watched them with an undisturbed smile, his father turning away at last and rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief weakly, Mrs. Teale gazing at her daughter-in-law with a dreadful fascination, and the girls sinking in chairs in dismayed silence.

"Well, mother," said Gerald, lightly, "of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest, but don't forget that I have an appetite, and getting married has rather improved it. Take off your bonnet, my own. Here, May."

May came forward with a set face and with closed lips to receive the marvellous combination of beads and silk flowers held out to her in a disgusting air of sprightliness. She was afraid to trust herself to speak.

Poor Mrs. Teale, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it and dinner was down presently.

"Turtle soup!" the bride observed looking round the table with a girlish smile. There ain't nothing I admire so! Just pass the celery, father-in-law. Delicious, ain't it, darling?"

"Extremely, my dear," said the bridegroom complacently.

Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful thing would they discover next?

It was an evening they never forgot. The unfortunate parents sat with pale faces and steady hands staring into their empty plates and looking at each other with fresh horror at each smirking, senseless, ungrammatical remark of their terrible daughter-in-law.

May and Maud excused themselves during the second course and flew to their rooms to cry themselves to sleep in an agony of dismay and mortification.

"I shan't think of setting up," said the bride, rising from the table with an apologetic giggle. "I'm too wore out. If anybody calls—of course everybody will call—just tell 'em I'll see 'em to-morrow. Come on, dear."

And she tripped upstairs with a juvenile nod over her shoulder, and with her beaming young husband following.

Mrs. Teale wrung her hands despairingly.

"We said it could not be worse," she said faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it?"

"I shall not endure it," said her husband, whose face had grown almost careworn during the last two hours. "I shall send them packing to-morrow; and if ever he enters my house again—"

He brought his hand down threateningly on the table.

"But that will not help matters," said his wife miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced, and everybody will know it."

There was a silence.

"I had pictured her to myself," said Mrs. Teale, beginning to sob, "as a young girl—a person of suitable age for my poor, misguided boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then when I did not dream that it was such a one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because—because she had not wealth and old name. Surely it is a judgement upon us, Oh, was there ever so dreadful a thing?"

"Probably not," said her husband grimly.

It was a solemn group which waited in the dining-room next morning for the appearance of the newly wedded couple.

There were signs of a tossing night on every face—in troubled brows, swollen lids and pale cheeks—and a general gloom prevailed.

Mr. Teale stood in the front of the fireplace, watching the door with a stern face. He was master of his own house at least and he was determined that it should not be disgraced by his son's wife for another hour.

"Please get them away before any one comes, papa," said May. "It would be dreadful if anyone were to see her."

"Dreadful!" Maud echoed with a groan.

There were footsteps on the stairs. Mrs. Teale turned with a shiver and the girls caught their breath.

The door opened.

The waiting group looked up slowly. Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight—that artificial, smirking horror?

But it was not a sight they were prepared to see which the door opened; it was not a painted, powdered semblance of a woman who came in slowly, with a timid smile and downcast look.

It was a slender, sweet-faced young girl, with her brown hair crowning a charming head, and cheeks in which the color came and went, and soft dark eyes, which studied the carpet with timidity.

"Good morning," she said gently.

Gerald followed her closely.

"Well, Laura," he said looking from one to another of his speechless relatives quizzically, "they don't seem inclined to speak to you."

But Maud had come towards her hastily and seized both her soft hands in her own.

"Was it you all the time?" she cried joyfully. "And the grey hair, was false and the wrinkles you put on and all that dreadful powder?"

"I begged of him not to," said the pretty bride. "I told him it would be cruel; and such a time as I had, saying all those shocking things, he

had taught me and keeping my wig straight and trying not to laugh! Shall you ever forgive us?"

"Forgive you! Oh, my dear girl!" cried Mrs. Teale incoherently.

And she hurried forward with a sob of joy and embraced her daughter-in-law wildly.

"It was rather rough," said Gerald, gaily. "I felt like a villain when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you—that 'it couldn't be worse.' I thought I'd just demonstrate to you that it could. Laura is nineteen instead of forty; she can speak correctly when she makes an effort, and I heartily recommend her for a willing and obliging, good-tempered and thoroughly capable girl—the sweetest in the world, in fact."

Mr. Teale left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, and May kissed her effusively.

"It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Teale, looking up with a tearful smile, "but I think we needed it, Gerald."—Dublin Nation.

CRUTCHES THROWN AWAY.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN WALKERTON.

For Three Years she Could Only Go About With the Aid of Crutches—Had to be Helped In and Out of Bed—Her Restoration to Health Was Unlooked For.

From the Walkerton Telescope.

A couple of Walkerton ladies were recently discussing the case of a mutual friend who, owing to the sudden development of a bad attack of sciatica, had been compelled to take to her bed, when a third lady present, but who was a stranger to the young woman in question, made the remark, "I would advise your friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Asked to give her reasons for making this recommendation she proceeded to give the details of a most remarkable cure that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the daughter of her nearest neighbor, a Miss Rebecca Greenhow, and the story as told by this lady, having subsequently been repeated in the hearing of the editor of this paper, we decided to investigate and find out from personal inquiry all the circumstances of this seeming remarkable instance of the power of medicine over disease. That evening we called at Mr. Greenhow's residence. Both Mr. and Mrs. Greenhow were at home, but their daughter had gone down town. "Yes," replied Mrs. Greenhow in answer to a question in regard to the reported cure, "My daughter has been cured; I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life." She then gave the circumstances of her daughter's illness and cure as follows:—

"Rebecca is now seventeen years of age. When she was eleven she was attacked with tonsillitis and, owing to this for the next three years she never had a moment free from pain. She began to complain of pains all over her body but chiefly in her back. She became so weak and run down that she was unable to walk without the assistance of a crutch. The doctor said she was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism brought on by an impoverished condition of the system. He prescribed various remedies but nothing seemed to do her any good and finally we decided to try another doctor. He also pronounced the trouble to be rheumatism but though he gave her bottle after bottle of medicine, she still continued to grow weaker. By the end of the second year she was unable to leave the house and could only move from one room to another by the use of her crutches. We were advised to get her an electric belt and did so, but though she wore it for a long time it did her no good whatever. During the third winter she became so bad that she had to be assisted into and out of bed, and could not even raise from a chair without assistance. We had given up all hope of her recovery when a Mr. John Allan, who had himself been similarly afflicted, but had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised us to give them a trial. We had tried so many things without success that we hesitated to accept his advice, but he insisted so strongly that we finally yielded. The first five boxes seemed to produce no change, but before she had finished the sixth box we were sure we could notice some improvement, and we felt encouraged to continue their use. From that on she continued to improve steadily, and by the time she had taken eighteen boxes every trace of pain had left her. She threw away her crutches and soon forgot that she had ever needed them. For months past she has been filling a position in the rattan factory and can work as well as anyone. Indeed I do not believe that there is to-day a healthier girl in Walkerton."

Such is Mrs. Greenhow's story of the cure of her daughter through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of suffering. We may add that a day or two later the writer called once more at the Greenhow abode in the hope of seeing the young lady herself. This time she was at home and she came into the room. She presented an appearance of the most perfect health. She repeated the story of her sufferings in substantially the same terms as her mother had done, and, like her mother, gives all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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PHILOSOPHY OF THE EYES. A BOOM IN LUMBER.

Blue eyes are said to be the weakest. Upturned eyes are typical of devotion. Wide open eyes are indicative of rashness. Side-glancing eyes are always to be distrusted. Brown eyes are said by oculists to be the strongest. Small eyes are commonly supposed to indicate cunning. The downcast eye has in all ages been typical of modesty. The proper distance between the eyes is the distance of one eye. People of melancholic temperament rarely have clear blue eyes. Eyes with long, sharp corners indicate great discernment and penetration. The white of the eye showing beneath the iris is indicative of nobility of character. Gray eyes turning green in anger or excitement are indicative of a choleric temperament. When the upper lid covers half or more of the pupil the indication is of cool deliberation. An eye the upper lid of which presses horizontally across the pupil indicates mental ability. Unsteady eyes, rapidly jerking from side to side, are frequently indicative of an unsettled mind. It is said that the prevailing color of eyes among patients of lunatic asylums are brown and black. Eyes of any color with weak brows and long, concave lashes, are indicative of a weak constitution. Eyes that are wide apart are said by physiognomists to indicate great intelligence and a tenacious memory. Eyes of which the whole of the iris is visible belong to erratic persons, often with a tendency toward insanity. Wide open, staring eyes in weak countenances indicate jealousy, bigotry, intolerance and pertinacity without firmness. Eyes placed close together in the head are said to indicate pettiness of disposition, jealousy and a turn for fault finding. When the under arch of the upper eyelid is a perfect semicircle it is indicative of goodness, but also of timidity, sometimes approaching cowardice. All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it does not matter what. Blue eyes are generally considered effeminate, but this is a mistake, for blue eyes are found only among Caucasian nations, and the white races rule the world.—Pearson's Weekly.



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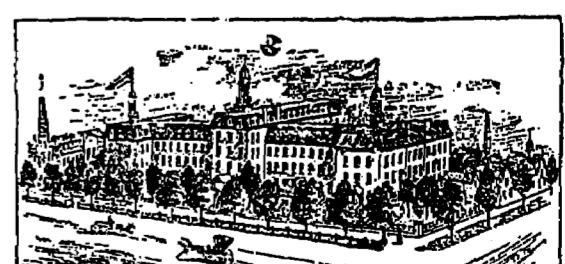
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