Natural Selection.

A Romance of Chelsea Village and Eastern Boston Town.

It was on the way home that Celia exhibited the active effect of these annoyances. A small-basket full of crabs had been spilled in the cockpit, and Claggett was restoring the sputtling wretches to their prison. Celia on the seat, trying not to be seasick. A fold of the white-braided dress hung down to the deck.

"Do keep those dusty things away from my skirt, Mr. Claggett?" she said, with asperity.

"Do not be tharsh with the crabs, Miss Leete," resided Claggett, unperturbed; "they are simple, humble, semi-marine creatures and they have never seen a dress like it before. They merely wish to admire its georgeousness. Give them a chance and make some approach to taste and fashion."

"Well," Celia sturned, "they do seem to be getting my dress from you as hard as they can."

Randolph, who was at the tiller, heard this. A momes later he was called forward to the halyards, and he did not know that Celia, cheered up by her own triumph of witticism, forgot her qualms, and engaged merrily in a prolonged contest of wit with the young man from the West.

Randolph waited until he and Claggett were left to put the boat to rights for the night; and then he unburdened his mind.

"Look here, Jack," he said, kindly but firmly; "I wish you wouldn't talk to Miss Leete in the way you were talking down in the cock-pit. It's all very well, you know, between fellows, and at college, and all that sort of thing; but I think it's out of place with ladies."

"Has Miss Leete said anything to you about it?" Claggett inquired, looking up quickly from his work.

"She has not."

"I thought not. You take things too seriously, old man. She likes it, and so would you, if you had any sense of humor. It's all pure fun and nonsense, and she's quite well able to take care of herself."

"I do not wish," said Randolph, coldly, "that Miss Leete should be obliged to take care of herself. I am the best judge in such matters; and I suppose that you understand the situation."

"I am—" Randolph hesitated—"Miss Leete and I are engaged."

Unfortunately for Randolph, he could never rid himself of the idea that there was a special sanctity attaching to his private and personal affairs. When he was obliged to make even the most indirect mention of them, he assumed the tone which the boy at college tries to assume when you speak to him of his "secret society." It is the tone of stern, self-conscious dignity which some people take on in speaking of the unspeakable things of life. I knew one man, once upon a tims, who used this tone whenever he had occasion to talk of a cold in the head. The members of his family seemed to be peculiarly afflicted with this ailment; and, somehow, I got the idea that they were not "proper" people. Perhaps Mr. Claggett had similar associations with the peculiar tone, for he smiled in a way that greatly irritated Mr. Wykoff. And then he dealt a blow which left his friend paralyzed and dumb with inexpressible indignation.

"Well," Mr. Claggett said, "I don't know of any man more peculiarly fitted to make her unhappy."

He shouldered the sweeps, and walked off to the boat-house. Wykoff stood still for a minute, nearly, and his soul boiled within him. He wanted to do to Claggett many things which he could not do, under the social conditions of our age. Perhaps he came near to attempting some of them. But he checked himself. Instead, he walked for half an hour on the stands, and thought it all over. It may be that he communed with the spirit of his father, for a glimmering of John Wykoff's good sense visited his excited brain. He resolved to wreak no vengeance on the irreverent Claggett, but to establish for him a suitable "place" in the social scale; to put him there, and to keep him there. He carried out his programme to the letter. He put Claggett in his "place" at once, and he kept him there. There was only one limitation to his satisfaction, Claggett never seemed to know what had happened to him.

* * * * * * *

Celia had accommodated herself to her surroundings—how thoroughly she did not know until a little thing set her to thinking.

Old habitled her to rise early, when only the servants were stirring. The mail of the previous night was brought in from the distant postoffice early in the morning, and was spread out on a table in the hall. It was a week after her arrival that Celia came down and found a letter from Dorinda awaiting her—a letter in an envelope of pink, bordered with pale blue, stamped with a huge initial L. and scented. She snatched it up with an involuntary movement of concealment; checked herself, and then walked out into the clear sunshine with a guilty and troubled heart. Was she ashamed of her own people? Or was it only that she was rightly ashamed of her people's ways? Where was she drifting—where had she drifted? Had she turned her back on the little frame house in Chelsea village? What lay before her here in the house of strangers?

* * * * * * *

Poor little Eve! she had to look around Paradise, and ask herself how she liked it. And she tried to confess to herself that only as a mystery was it wholly delightful.

Personalities were not the staple of conversation in the Wykoff household; yet personalities there must be, and these were still Greek to Celia. And even in the employments of every day she found herself set apart from all the others. She tried to play tennis, and gave it up, after a little while. Her muscles were flaccid; her heart rebelled at the least strain; flushing and palpitating, she went to sit with Mrs. Wykoff, a uninterested spectator. It was the same at the afternoon swim—she could not overcome her dread of the pounding surf. She tried to walk with the Curtis girls, and three miles in an hour sent her to bed sore and tired. Indeed, she reflected she had not come there to bat tennis-balls, to swim, to tramp over sandy roads. These things had no charm for her. Perhaps the pleasantest time of all the day was when she leaned back in Mrs. Wykoff's victoria and rolled gently through the streets of the village, when the summer boarders sat on the verandas and stared hard at the plump horses and the carriage.

In August the Curtis girls went to join their mother in the Catskills. Laura went to Celia's room to bid her good-bye. She put her arms around Celia's neck. "Be good to him, my dear," she said.

* * * * * * *

It was a dull day after they went. Mrs. Wykoff seemed to be anxious and apprehensive. Randolph was grave. Claggett was moody and cynical. Celia showed depression of spirits in her dull silence.

"I wonder if Claggett annoys her in any way," Randolph said to his mother, who only shook her head.

He saw her grow more listless day by day; but he loyally waited for the appointed hour. When it came, he sought her out, and found her in a far corner of the old-fashioned garden.

"Celia," he said, "it is time to announce our engagement."

An hour later he walked into his mother's room, very pale, but collected, as became a Harvard man.

"It is all over, mother," he said; "and I am going away on Saturday. I think I shall go to California. I think I can do something there. I have an idea of providing proper homes for the farm-laborers."

He was John Wykoff's son, and there was no arguing with him. Mrs. Wykoff listened to all he would tell her, and then went to find Celia. Celia was in her room, packing clothes in hysterical haste. Mrs. Wykoff took her in her arms.

"I can't help it," Celia sobbed; "I feel mean and wicked, but I can't do anything else. I did love him, and I do think he's the best man in the world—he's just as good and noble as he can be—but I couldn't be happy this way, Mrs. Wykoff—I don't like it—I couldn't get along at all. I've made a mistake—I've made a mistake right from the first; but I won't make any more mistakes, and I won't make his life miserable because I've spoiled my own. Oh, don't be so good to me, Mrs. Wykoff—I don't deserve it—I'm a wretched girl! Just let me go home—that's where I belong!"

Mrs. Wykoff was as gentle as only a wise, kindly, worldly woman can be. She soothed poor Celia, and made her understand that, for the sake of appearances, at least, she must out-stay the broken-hearted philanthropist bound for California. Celia stayed. Randolph made his preparations and went, hopelessly gloomy, but punctiliously courteous and considerate to the last.

After a quick fortnight, Celia knocked at Mrs. Wykoff's room to say good-bye. She tried, with a full heart, to give some measure of thanks for the kindness that was the one real thing to her in the world she was quitting. When she had made her timorous attempt, she blushed and trembled, and grew more timorous yet.

"There's something—you ought to know," she said, huskily; "I—I—I know it seems queer—but—but I couldn't help it. While Randolph—while Mr. Wykoff—while he was here, you know, I wouldn't listen to it; I wouldn't let him—I mean—I wouldn't have let anybody say anything to me, although we both—" Celia's voice was all but inaudible— "understood—how we felt. But now it's different, you know: and—and—Mrs. Wykoff, I'm not a wicked girl, but—I'm going to marry Mr. Claggett!"

[THE END.]

John Quickly Extemporized Five Tow Bags.

This is a meaningless sentence, but it contains all the letters of our alphabet. Five of these letters spell "woman," and large numbers of women believe in the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a strictly vegetable compound, for her use only, and an unfailing cure for the many ills that beset her. It recuperates wasted strength, restores the functions to a normal condition, and fits her to bear and rear healthy offspring; promotes digestion, purifies the blood, and gives activity to the bowels and kidneys. In a word, it is woman's cure and safeguard. Guaranteed to give satisfaction, or its price ($1.00) refunded.

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The devil loves to hear the man who won't pay his debts talk in church.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO JAN. 1, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.	Leave London	Leave St. Thomas.
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:00 p.m
N. Y. Express (daily).....	8:30 p.m.	3:05 a.m
American Express (except Monday).....	9:50 a.m.	11:15 a.m
Atlantic Express (daily)...	9:50 a.m.	1:50 p.m
Mail (except Sundays).....	2:25 p.m.	3:15 p.m
Limited Express (daily)....	6:30 p.m.	2:05 a.m
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily).....	2:25 p.m.	5:05 p.m
Accom'd'n except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m

Canada Southern Division—Going West.		
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	7:23 a.m
Chicago Express (daily)....	8:30 p.m.	5:05 a.m
Chicago L't'd Exp. (daily)..	9:50 a.m.	10:55 a.m
American Express (except Mondays).....	9:50 a.m.	1:35 p.m
Mail (except Sundays).....	2:25 p.m.	3:10 p.m
Pacific Express (daily).....	2:25 p.m.	5:25 p.m
Accom d'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:40 a.m

Trains arrive in London at 8:25 a.m., 12 m and 6:40 p.m.

[NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED MAY 11, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Limited Express (A).....	3:35 a.m.	3:55 a.m
Mail.....	.....	6:00 a.m
Atlantic Express (A).....	12:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m
Day Express.....	10:50 a.m.	2:20 p.m
St. Louis Express (A) (D)..	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
Mixed—No. 28 Freight (C)..	5:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m
Erie Limited.....	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (A).....	5:10 a.m.	5:30 a.m
West End Mixed.....	.....	6:45 a.m
Erie Limited.....	11:00 a.m.	.....
St. Louis Express (A).....	11:20 a.m.	11:30 a.m
Accommodation.....	12:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Pacific Express (A).....	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
Mail.....	9:55 p.m.	.....
Accommodation.....	.....	7:20 p.m

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Limited Express (D).....	3:50 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (D).....	11:45 a.m.	.....
Accommodation.....	2:15 p.m.	.....
Accommodation.....	8:45 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (D)..	11:35 p.m.	.....

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (D).....	.....	5:20 a.m
Accommodation.....	.....	7:35 a.m
Erie Limited (D).....	.....	11:05 a.m
Accommodation.....	.....	2:30 p.m
Pacific Express (D).....	.....	7:00 p.m

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Express.....	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m
Mail.....	6:45 p.m.	4:25 p.m

London and Port Stanley.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mail.....	.....	6:40 a.m
Accommodation.....	7:20 a.m.	9:30 a.m
Mail.....	2:10 p.m.	1:50 p.m
Accommodation.....	6:35 p.m.	7:00 p.m
Mixed.....	6:50 p.m.	.....
Mail.....	11:15 p.m.	.....

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed—Mail.....	10:55 a.m.	7:35 a.m
Express.....	5:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Express—Mixed.....	9:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
	*7:00	9:15	10:50	12:25	4:10	5:40	n*7:00	9:25

Hamilton—Arrive—	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
	12:30	†8:50	†9:09	n†11:10	4:00	6:25	8:15	

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(A) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(B) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(C) No. 38 carries passengers between London and Paris.
(D) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, No. 3 Masonic Temple.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART—			
London.....	4:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	5:35 p.m
Woodstock.....	4:46 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	6:33 p.m
Galt.....	5:40 a.m.	9:50 a.m.	7:30 p.m
Guelph.....	9:20 a.m.	11:05 a.m.	8:40 p.m
Toronto.....	8:15 a.m.	12:00 noon	9:55 p.m
Peterboro.....	11:45 a.m.	.....	12:13 a.m
Kingston.....	4:00 p.m.	.....	9:40 p.m
Ottawa.....	6:45 p.m.	.....	8:00 a.m
Montreal.....	7.55 p.m.	.....	8:15 a.m
Quebec.....	6:30 a.m.	.....	3:00 p.m
Portland, Me.....	8:30 a.m.	.....	8:35 p.m
Boston.....	8:10 a.m.	.....	8:50 p.m
Halifax, N. S.....	11:10 p.m.	.....	.....

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

Going West.

DEPART—			
London.....	7:00 a.m.	11:35 a.m.	7:05 p.m
ARRIVE—			
Chatham.....	10:00 a.m.	1:05 p.m.	8:52 p.m
Detroit.....	.....	2:45 p.m.	10:40 p.m
Chicago.....	.....	10:15 p.m.	7:20 a.m
St. Louis.....	.....	7:45 a.m.	6:15 p.m
Kansas City.....	.....	6:10 p.m.	9:20 a.m

Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 12:15 noon, 5:25 p.m.

E. M. PEEL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.		Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (G. T. R.).....		....	5:10	7:40	....
Courtright.....		....	5:40	8:20	....
M. C. R. Junction.....		....	5:45	8:22	....
Chatham (C. P. R.).....	arr	7:45	10:35	10:35	3:35
	dep	7:45	....	10:40	4:40
Fargo (M. C. R.).....		8:13	....	2:35	5:10
Blenheim.....	arr	8:25	....	11:20	5:32

Trains North.

Stations.		Exp	Exp	Mix
		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Blenheim.....	dep	8:30	2:55	5:45
Fargo (M. C. R.).....		8:43	3:10	6:00
Chatham (C. P. R.).....	arr	9:08	3:30	6:20
	dep	9:13	3:37	....
M. C. R. Junction.....		11:20	....	....
Courtright.....		11:25	3:55	....
Sarnia (G. T. R.).....	arr	12:00	6:25	....

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