

# THE LADIES' JOURNAL

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the missing girl; so, though she shuddered at the thought of Blake's Court, with a very agreeable sense of her own noble unselfishness and virtue, she ordered her carriage, and was soon on her way to that notorious locality.

Blake's Court differed in no essential from places of the same sort elsewhere. It was the home of poverty and degradation; a hot-bed of disease, moral and physical. By day it was disgusting, by night dangerous; but it was still light when Mrs. Ovington's carriage stopped before the tenement-house where the "friends" of Susie Maxwell resided. In response to the lady's reluctant rap at the first door opening from the common entry or vestibule, a crowd of women and children began to gather from all directions and surrounded her, listening with curiously inimical attention to her inquiries.

At first there was a general protestation of ignorance on all points. Then a coarse, handsome girl, attired in fragments of cheap finery, and with her head bristling with curl-papers, pushed her way to the front.

"Ye say as how it's a matther of importance ye'd be wantin' to see Susie Maxwell 'bout?" she asked, with a sharp glance.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Ovington, with dignity.

"Do you know where she is to be found?"

"I'm not sayin' I does, an' I'm not sayin' I doesn't," scornfully responded the girl. "But if ye've a message for Susie, I'll undertake to deliver it to her, if so be I happens to meet wid her ony time."

Mrs. Ovington regarded helplessly the young woman's cunning, bad face. If she knew Susie's whereabouts, as was highly probable, it would be useless to ask her to reveal it. Besides, it was more agreeable by far to leave the message. "Very well, then," she said, much relieved; "if you see Susie, tell her that the lady she has been living with has been here, and wishes her to know that the little matter which caused the trouble has been explained, and things are all right again. If she will go to the president of the Home Mission, she will hear all the particulars. And"—turning to go, with an uncomfortable sense of a score of pairs of unfriendly eyes upon her, she added loftily—"and you may say that I am very sorry such a mistake occurred. Good-evening!"

The final clause cost Mrs. Ovington a tremendous effort, and it is to be hoped that the recording angel made the most of it.

"It's sorry yo are, ye blarneyin' old Pharisee!" cried the girl, looking after the retreating carriage. Then, with a mocking "Good-evening!" cleverly imitated from Mrs. Ovington's own, she pushed through the slatternly throng, climbed three flights of stairs, and unlocking the door of a small front room under the eaves, entered, closed the door, and stood with her back against it, regarding the figure of another girl who was stretched upon the bed, face downward.

"Susie darlin'," said the girl who had entered.

The figure on the bed did not change its attitude of abandon and despair.

"Susie darlin', I've good news for ye!"

Now the girl turned a tear-stained, miserable face toward her.

"Susie," said the other, coming nearer, "the lady herself has been here, an' it's all right, she says. The matther has been explained, m'anin' belike that the things has been found, an' if ye'll go back it'll be all right agin."

"I'll see her dead first!" cried Susie, passionately, starting up. "She that accused me of stealin', right before the children, too, an' wouldn't listen to a word I said! I'll see her dead first!"

The other girl burst into a laugh. "I like that," she cried. "That's the way to talk, Susie dear. Just give them hypocrites the cold shoulder, an' come back to your old friends as niver wint back on ye. Bad cess to thim stuck-up foine ladies, with their soft spache an' lyin' promises! Didn't we all tell ye how it would be? I tell ye, Susie, 'tain't no use tryin.' Once git a bad name, an' ye won't git shet of it this side o' purgatory. There's always somebody a-turmin' up to throw it in yer face, Susie dear. Now take a friend's advice, an' come back to yer old friends. Yer free now, an' it's Dan Daoces as'll be plased to wilcome ye back the night; an' all the boys an' gals'll be out in full force. Come, thin, darlin'!"

"Oh, I can't! I can't do that!" sobbed Susie, throwing herself back on the bed. "Don't ask me to do it, Nora—don't! You don't know! After livin' where everything was clean and beautiful and quiet, and bein' with those sweet little innocent children, and never hearin' a wicked word! No, no, Nora, I couldn't go back to Dan's after that. Indeed I couldn't. Oh, I'll throw myself off the dock first! And I guess that'll be the end of me yet."

The face of Nora had darkened while Susie was



FIG. 28.—No. 4581—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT.  
PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 12½ yards, or of 42-inch goods, 6½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3½ yards of 42-inch material, 3½ yards of silk, and 3½ yards of fringe will be required for each size.

No. 4582.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32 inches 2 yards; 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36 inches, 4¼ yards; 38 inches, 4 1-2 yards; 40 inches, 5 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2 1-2 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1½ yards of 42-inch material, 1 1-2 yards of silk, ½ of a yard of velvet for revers and belt, and 1 1-2 yards of fringe will be required for the medium size.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32 inches 2 yards; 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36 inches, 4¼ yards; 38 inches, 4 1-2 yards; 40 inches, 5 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1½ yards of 42-inch material, 1 1-2 yards of silk, ½ of a yard of velvet for revers and belt, and 1 1-2 yards of fringe will be required for the medium size.

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Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32 inches 2 yards; 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36 inches, 4¼ yards; 38 inches, 4 1-2 yards; 40 inches, 5 yards.

resigned herself to wait. The half-hour seemed endless, but at last Mrs. Rose came in.

"Why, Fanny, what an unexpected pleasure!" she exclaimed, brightly. Then seeing her visitor's face: "Why, what ails you? What has happened? Is anyone ill at home?"

"Nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Draper forcing a smile. "If there were, I should not be here, of course. Sit down here, Margaret, and let me tell you. No, don't take off your wraps yet. Listen! You remember the things I found in the chiffonier? You were right, Margaret. They were not mine. I was no better than a thief to think of keeping them. I knew it when you looked at me as you did, but I would not acknowledge it. I was troubled and miserable all night, but I could not decide just what to do, and so I delayed. At the ladies' meeting I heard that Mrs. Ovington had accused a servant—"

"Susie Maxwell!" exclaimed Mrs. Rose, changing color.

Mrs. Draper nodded and continued: "Accused her of taking those very articles, and the girl left in great