

A PROPOSAL.

MADE UP MY MIND to do a really awful thing when I went to the Hay-Thesiger's ball. I am the only daughter of one of the richest commoners in England. I came out two years ago, and I had not been out very long before I began to have offers. I once read a book called "How Men Propose." Some day I shall write a sequel to it. I am competent to do so. What's more, I could add a chapter to say how women do it, too, when they are driven to desperation, though that part is a great secret.

I am not exactly a beauty, but I do know how to dress. A woman who has that knowledge and the means to use it needs no more. I think I can say without vanity that my eyes are good. They are gray and sparkling and long, with very curly lashes. Yet there are plenty of jealous people who say that it is only "les beaux yeux de ma cassette" that make me popular. I do not care any more. I am idiotically happy because I know perfectly well that in the eyes of one man I should be just as charming if the "Bellfield patent" had never revolutionized the eyeing world.

I quote an advertisement, but I don't advise we are not vulgar. In fact, grandpa was a younger son, and did not work for his living, preferring to draw up his family on a small allowance. Papa's tastes were different, luckily for me. He being merely a younger son's younger son, the family dignity had diminished and hardly seemed worth while supporting at such pains.

So Saranna Bellfield is a catch, and might have married a lord—two lords and a knight's eldest son, though that is beside the mark. My advisers said I was cynical, for sometimes I laughed at them. I couldn't help it. I believed at nineteen that I had no heart, and that I would accept the first really eligible party that came along. It sounded easy. It was easy until I went into the country to stay with a great friend of mine, married to a clergyman who was an honorable—as well as well-to-do—man. I was sick of being the Miss Bellfield. I persuaded my friend to let me be a first cousin of hers, down at Cherrington-on-Tarn. She is a good, easy soul. His reverence had gone away to conference. I overpersuaded her, and—well, I had a lovely time as Miss Kitty Bent.

It was such an innocent sort of name. I took no maid, and dressed the part to perfection in pink gingham and muslins. Cherrington-on-Tarn is a very quiet spot; the season there consists of two school treats and a flower show. At all three I met the one man.

He was the doctor's son at home on a holiday, and he fell in love with me directly, though he is tremendously clever; they think all the world of him in his hospital. He is good looking, I think. He did not propose to me, though there were opportunities. Jessie was absorbed with a baby, and she had no idea how often Miss Kitty Bent met Mr. Hugh Maydwell.

At first I did it for fun, but when I got back to London and Major Peile-Farquharson began to be attentive, then I know how much Major Peile-Farquharson was than Saranna Bellfield. I did not give way to my feelings. I refused to realize that I had any. He was surgeon of the hospital, and he was a society. I have said they fell with the nurses—horrid things—but that is all.

Then Major Farquharson came on my horizon. Very soon he was a major at all, and very handsome. His manner to me was perfect. Luckily I found out that he was not married. Dr. Maydwell had apparently forgotten Miss Bent. Major Peile-Farquharson is a kind-hearted thing, and when I announced that I intended to marry Mrs. Hay-Thesiger's wife, he said, "I'll be damned. Mrs. Hay-Thesiger's wife, she's not a bad thing. I told Major Farquharson to be honest, then I told mamma he was going. It was naughty, but one day I got Mrs. Hay-Thesiger to give me a blank check for a friend of ours, and sent it to Mr. Maydwell. I wanted him to see me in glory, and I wanted still more to see if I should like him in a ball-room as much as at Cherrington-on-Tarn. I went waiting to work. I wrote a short note with the invitation; said I should be there, signed it K. Bent, and wrote on plain paper with no address.

Very bold and unwomanly, but what was I to do? I knew he liked Kitty; but Kitty, why not Saranna Catherine? It was his awful pride and independence I dreaded. He had told me very meaningfully that he would never ask a woman to marry him till he could give her a comfortable home. He never apparently contemplated the possibility that she might have means to supply that.

There was a lovely rose at Cherrington in the vicarage garden, rose d'or. I used to wear the buds in my white gowns. I got a dress for the ball of their exact shade. I wore one in my hair, quite in the old heroine style that has come back again, and I had a very simple pose to match, instead of carrying Major Farquharson's big, rather vulgar erection of orchids.

There were not five people who were in society at Mrs. Thesiger's. But the ball was thoroughly well done, and except Major Farquharson, no one appeared to be at all sensible of the fact. There was a girl there who lived quite near his mother in the country; the two families were intimate, I knew. This girl was not very young any longer, though she was certainly pleasing. She had few partners, and I noticed that when Victor Farquharson passed her with a smiling bow she looked disappointed. Years ago that girl had had what people call a disappointment. She had loved someone who did not love her. Perhaps she was all the more pained by the marked neglect of an old friend. I saw a touch of sadness in her eyes, and it made me realize sharply that the attentive cavalier who was asking so humbly what I would give him had no real good nature.

I knew by signs that he meant to be even more expressive than usual. He was so handsome that sometimes my heart had beaten quite fast when he had made love to me. He was standing beside me with that devoted air he can put on so well when I suddenly saw Doctor Maydwell. He looked older and rather jaded; neat enough, but certainly not fashionable at all. He was very grave when he saw me. I suppose the young person in radiant golden brocade was not quite the same as Kitty in her liberty hat. He just glanced at Major Farquharson and was obviously going to pass on without even asking me for a dance! Then it flashed across me that he had found out and that he was angry. He looked quite stern. I dismissed Major Farquharson unmistakably: "Ten and eleven, if I am here."

I did not care for his annoyance. He had made Ellice Wedderburn unhappy, and he was showing Mrs. Thesiger how exclusive and superior he was, by being thoroughly useless. Just to make me a Peile-Farquharson by marriage would be a supreme honor, he evidently imagined. My own opinion was rather different. I was not going to pay for his hunters and other amusements in exchange for that dubious privilege.

"Congratulations?" I said it with a whole string of notes of interrogation. "I mean upon your engagement to Major Peile-Farquharson." He rose as he said this and was turning quickly away when I stopped him. He told me afterward I spoke quite passionately.

"I am not engaged to Major Farquharson or to any one else. People have no right to say such things. Down at Cherrington—"

"Down at Cherrington the village gossip might have fancied that a penniless doctor had been indiscreet enough to ask a penniless girl to wait for him for an indefinite number of years; they were just as far from the truth, probably much further."

All my security vanished. I felt wretched—so wretched that my eyes were full of tears; one even fell on the roses in my hand. He saw that tear, but he was just as obstinate, just as angry; apparently not even relieved to hear I was free, when I might have been Lady Sandellion but for him.

I didn't care what I did or what he thought. "She would have waited all her life." How I got out those seven words I wonder still. More tears fell as I said them and there was an awful silence. Then he began in such a different voice. "You cannot mean what you are saying."

He was standing and looking down intently. He has the best eyes I ever saw, they are so honest, but I could not face them after that deed of daring.

"I meant it with all my heart." "You make it hard for me," he continued. "When I let Kitty guess I cared for her I thought perhaps a time might come when I could claim the right to ask her to be a poor man's wife. You are a great heiress, and if I am poor I am proud. You force me to tell you that I love you, not to put the foolish question that has but one possible answer."

Then I revolted once for all against the tradition of what is maidenly and right. "Hugh, can't you understand—must I tell you that all my money is nothing to me and that I only want you?"

He told me later that it was too pathetic, that he had always dreaded to see a woman cry. But he kissed me and somehow it was all perfectly right and natural.

Half an hour later, just as we were so happy, that horrid Major Farquharson came for his two dances.

"Take care of my roses till No. 12, Doctor Maydwell," I said, "and come here then to find me."

You see, I was reckless and I wanted the Major to see how things were. Hugh took the flowers obediently and I went off. Positively they had put in another barn dance. Major Farquharson wanted to sit it out, but I knew better. He must have been obtuse not to have guessed. I felt so utterly content I thought everybody would notice my face. We danced. There is something hopelessly unsentimental about a barn dance. I was in mad spirits now. Mamma and papa are dears and quite manageable; there would be scenes, but I should have my way in the end. Provisionally the Maydwells are of very old family, and mamma, who came of no family at all, so to speak, is very particular on that point. Hugh's mother had a pedigree that would bear the most searching scrutiny.

To face the parents was a minor affair, indeed, after the awful ordeal I had come through. My partner was very gloomy. He did not respond to my liveliness and was as stiff as a poker in the dance. He took me into the conservatory in the interval and I let him say his say. He said it most condescendingly. Lord Sandellion had been careful to let me realize what an honor he was doing me, but even he was nothing to Major Farquharson. I listened with a sort of satisfaction and then I refused him point blank.

I had no want of fluency in this case, but I have never seen any created being look as amazed as he did. I am no sculptor, yet I absolutely revealed in the prospect of telling Hugh of this occurrence.

I glanced up at him and added coolly: "The fact is, I am engaged already."

"That being the case, there is nothing more to be said, except that you have behaved heartlessly to me."

He tried to put on a disconsolate air, but it was a dead failure. I smiled.

"You never cared for me, so I need not say I am sorry. You must have a wife who will admire you, and I never did."

He was very angry, but far too dignified to show it. And I went back to Hugh.

We were married at the end of the season, and I am the happiest woman in England. I thought I would write this in case any other poor girl is burdened with a fortune as I was. I read a story once about proposals from ladies. One girl in it told her friend that "it simply wasn't done." She was wrong, you see. Black and White.

"Blood was impure." For a long time I was troubled with acrofolia and impure blood. About a year ago I cut my arm, and my blood was in such a condition that the wound would not heal. My friends recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I used three bottles and was well. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all affected as I was."—DANIEL ROBINSON, 521 Trevelyan street, Toronto, Ont.

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MEN OF THE WORLD. They Testify to the Pernicious Effects of Secret Societies.

The following questions on the subject of secret societies were recently addressed by the Toledo Bee to some of the most prominent public men of the country:

1. Do you approve of secret orders on general principles? 2. Are they or are they not inimical to the stability and permanence of our government, and if so, why? 3. Do you think it an advantage or a disadvantage to a man in business, social and political life to be a member of such an organization? 4. Which of the existing orders, if any, do you deem it most advisable for a young man to join?

And the answers received show that, on the whole, secret societies are looked on with suspicion by thoughtful men.

HENRY CLEWS' REPLY. The questions drew from Mr. Henry Clews, the well-known millionaire banker of New York, a lengthy reply, entering closely into the details of the workings of such societies and showing their pernicious influence.

He divided secret orders into three classes, political, agrarian and provident. Of the first class are the Illuminati, Philadelphia, Carbonari, socialists, communists and anarchists who have played an important part in European history, while in this country it has been represented by the Knights of the Golden Circle and Know Nothings. Of the agrarian, we have had examples in Europe from the earliest days to the present, and in the United States were the famous barn-burners of Van Buren's time. The third class embraces the Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Druids and others.

Secret societies are distinguished from other combinations, he said, "by the adoption of an oath of secrecy and fidelity, an initiatory ceremony, and the use of symbols, pass-words, grips, etc. Now, regarding the societies in general, possessed of these characteristics and aiming at the purposes described, with the probable exception of a limited number of the provident class, history has a sad story to tell. No matter how pure their original intentions have been, they eventually degenerated far beneath their beneficent purposes. In many instances they have become so powerful that society, by an instinct of self-preservation, has hurried them from the tyrannical empire that they have usurped in the name of liberty. I do not, therefore, approve of secret orders as thus defined, because I believe them wrong in principle. In any country possessing manhood suffrage, secret orders in politics can hardly prove otherwise than detrimental to the best interests of society and of liberty," and referring to history, ancient and modern, as a proof of the assertion. "The tendency of all secret societies," he continued, "is to lead to the sovereignty of the mob, and that means," says Macaulay (no mean authority), "to the sovereignty of the sword."

Know-Nothingism still exists under various names and is opposed to the nation's best interests, yet of all secret societies "King Caucus," he said, "is perhaps the worst. It is the most insidiously and pretends to simply and harmlessly dispatch business, but really deprives the citizen of everything making it worth while to be a citizen. It robs him of the privilege of taking part in selecting a candidate for any office, but obliges him to register the name of a selfish clique, or more likely that of one man owning and controlling that clique." He drew attention to the republic of Switzerland, that has seen its sixth centennial, where no caucus exists, and asserts if with us "there is to be no retrogression we must eliminate the caucus and every other form of secret society opposed to the spirit of the constitution. For these and many other reasons I deem secret societies inimical to the spirit of our institutions and the stability and permanence of our government."

"Some of our secret societies are now seeking to regulate immigration. Let us see that under that pretence political liberty is not nullified. A 21-years' probation for citizenship, as some of our secret societies propose, would be a practical denial of that citizenship to a large majority of immigrants who are our most profitable producers."

"I trust that in response to your interrogatories," he concluded, "I have now made it plain to you that I do not consider it an advantage on the highest moral and social grounds for a man to be a member of a secret organization."

EX-SENATOR INGALLS. Hon. John J. Ingalls, ex-senator from Kansas, expresses himself thus: "In reply to yours I would say that I am unalterably opposed to secret political organizations for any purpose, believing such organizations to be wrong in principle, un-American and dangerous to civil liberty and constitutional government."

GOOD ADVICE FROM WANAMAKER. "Personally I am not a member of any secret order," replied ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker.

"With regard to the advisability of a young man joining such an organization,

I would say that I have always found the greatest satisfaction in connection with the societies that belong to the church, which I believe are more helpful than any formed outside the church. A young man just starting in life should connect himself with the church and then join some of its societies.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' VIEWS. The well-known opposition of the Catholic Church through all times to all secret organizations, was voiced by Cardinal Gibbons in his appended reply:

"I most certainly do not approve of secret orders on general principles. I deem them most unquestionably inimical to the spirit of free institutions, and they are therefore a menace to the permanence and stability of our American government. No one need accept this statement on my mere dictum. The experience of all nations has proven it to be true beyond the possibility of controversy. With constitutional methods always available, as they are in this country, there can be no possible excuse for the existence of secret orders of any kind. That which is wrong in principle cannot be beneficial, and it must therefore follow, as certainly as the night follows the day, that it cannot be an advantage to a young man just starting in

life, either in business, society or politics, to be a member of a secret order."

DISAPPROVED OF BY A PROTESTANT BISHOP. The Cardinal's views are sustained by Rev. Henry W. Warren, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, who says: "You can best judge of my opinion of secret orders by my own course in life. I have belonged to several such organizations, including the Free Masons. I do not belong to any of them now, and shall never belong to any secret society again, save one which has only two members—namely, myself and my wife. A young man just starting in life, or any other young man, cannot do better than to join such a secret society as that, provided he can find the right girl to share its secrets with him, and he will find it a very great advantage to belong to such a society—financially, socially, politically and every other way. Your question and the answer I have given remind me of a story of a young lady who was urged to join a secret society called the Daughters of Temperance. She evidently regards secret societies as I do, and being engaged to be married at the time, she very sensibly made answer: 'It is quite unnecessary for me to join any organization of daughters, as I am about to join one of the sons in a few weeks.'"

Catholic Columbian.

with a colicky baby or a colicky stomach isn't pleasant. Either can be avoided by keeping a bottle of Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER on the medicine shelf. It is invaluable in sudden attacks of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Diarrhoea. Just as valuable for all external pains. Dose—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

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Leave Dalhousie Square Station for Quebec, \$6.10 a.m., \$5.30 p.m., \$10.20 p.m. Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m. Ottawa, \$8.30 a.m., 6.05 p.m. St. Lin, St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m. St. Jerome, \$7.30 a.m., \$5.30 p.m. Ste. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8.30 a.m., (a) 3 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 6.05 p.m.; Saturday, 1.30 p.m., instead of 3 p.m.

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