WHAT CAN SHE DO?

By E. P. Roe.

(*Continued.*)

Then in contrast, as the alternative to labour, Gus Elliot continually presented himself.

"If he were only more of a man," she thought, "but if he loves so well as to marry me in view of my poverty, he must have some true manhood about him. I suppose I could learn to love him after a fashion, and I certainly like him as well as anyone I know. Perhaps if I was with him to cheer, incite and scold, he might become a fair business man after all."

And so Edith in her helplessness and fear of work was tempted to enter on that forlorn experiment which so many energetic women of character have made—that of marrying a man who can't stand alone, or do anything but dawdle, in the hope they may be able to infuse some of their own moral and intellectual backbone.

But Gus Elliot was not man enough, had not sense enough, to give her this poor chance of matrimonial escape from labour that seemed to her like a giant taskmaker, waiting with grimy, horny hand to claim her as another of his innumerable slaves. Though a life of lonely, ill-paid toil would have been better for Edith, than marriage to Gus, he was missing the one golden opportunity of his life, when he thought of Edith Allen in any other character than his wife. God uses instruments, and she alone could give him a chance of being a man among men. In his meditated baseness toward her, he aimed a fatal blow at his own life.

And this is ever true of sins against the human brotherhood. The recoil of a blow struck at another's interests, has often the vengeful wrath of heaven in it, and the selfish soul that would destroy a fellow-creature for its own pleasure, is itself destroyed.

False pride, false education, helpless unskilled hands, an untaught, unbraced moral nature, made strong, resolute, beautiful Edith Allen so weak, so untrue to herself, that she was ready to throw herself away on so thin a shadow of a man as Gus Elliot. She might have known, indeed she half feared that wretchedness would follow such a union. It is torment to a large strong-souled woman to utterly despise the man to whom she is chained. His weakness and irresolution nauseates her, and the probabilities are that she will sink into that worst phase of feminine drudgery, the supporting of a husband, who though able, will not work, and become that social monster, of whom it is said with significent laugh,—

"She is the man of the house."

The only thing that reconciled her to the thought of marrying Gus was the hope that she could inspire him to better things and he seemed the only refuge from the pressing troubles that environed her and a lonely life of labor; for the thought that she could bring herself to marry among the laboring classes had never occurred to her.

So she came to the miserable conclusion on the afternoon of the second day.

"I'll take him if he will me, knowing how I am situated—

If Gus could have been true and manly one evening he might have secured a prop that would have kept him up though it would have been at sad cost to Edith.

On the afternoon of Friday, Zell returned from the village with radiant face, and waving a letter before Enith where she sat moping in her room, exclaimed with a thrill of ecstacy in her tone—

"They are coming. Help to make me irresistible."

Edith felt the contagion of Zell's excitement, and the mysteries of the toilet commenced. Nature had done much for these girls, and they knew how to further every charm by art. Edith good-naturedly helped her sister, weaving the poor shimmering pearls in the dark heavy braids of her hair, and arranging all about the fair face that needed no cosmetics. The toilet-table of a queen had not the secrets of Zell's beauty, for the most skilful art must deal with the surface, while Zell's loveliness glowed from within. Her rich young blood mantled her cheek with a color that came and went with her passing thoughts, and was so unlike the flaming and unchanging red of a painted face, as sunlight that flickers through a breezy grove differs from a gas-jet. Her eyes glowed with the deep excitement of a passionate love and the feeling that the crisis of her life was near. Even Edith gazed with wondering admiration at her beauty, as she gave the finishing touches to her toilet, before she commenced her own.

Discarded Laura had a sorry part in the poor little play. She was to be ill and unable to appear, and so resigned herself to a novel solitude. Mrs. Allen was to discreetly have a headache and retire early, and thus all embarrassing third parties should be kept out of the way.

The late afternoon of Friday (unlucky day for once) brought the gentlemen, dressed as exquisitely as ever, but the visions on the rustic little porch almost dazzled even their experienced eyes. They had seen these girls more richly dressed before and more radiant. Indeed there was a delicious pensiveness hanging over them now, like those delicious veils that enhance beauty and conceal nothing. And there was a deep undertone of excitement that gave them a magnetic power that they could not have in quieter moods.

Their appearance and manner of greeting caused secret exultation in the black hearts that they expected would be offered to them that night, but Edith looked so noble as well as beautiful, that Gus rather trembled in view of his part in the proposed tragedy. As warm and gentle as had been her greeting, she did not appear like a girl that could be safely trifled with. However, Gus knew his one source of courage and kept up on brandy all day, and he proposed a heavier onslaught than ever on poor Mrs. Allen's wine. But Edith did not bring it out. She meant that all that was said that night should be spoken in sober earnestness.

They sat down to cards for a while after tea, during which conversation was rather forced, consisting mainly of extravagant compliments from the gentlemen, and tender, meaning glances which the girls did not resent. Mrs. Allen languidly joined them for a while, and excused herself saying,—

"Her poor head had been too heavily taxed of late," though how, save as a small distillery of helpless tears, we do not remember.

The regret of the young men at being deprived of her society was quite affecting in view of the fact that they had often wished her dead and out of the way.

"Why should we shut ourselves up within walls this lovely spring evening, this delicious earnest of the coming summer," said Van Dam to Zell, "Come, put on your shawl and show me your garden by moonlight."

Zell exultingly complied, believing that now she would show him, not their poor little garden, but the paradise of re-united love. A moment later her graceful form, bending like a willow toward him, vanished in the dusky light of the rising moon, down the garden path which led to the little arbor.

Gus having the parlor to himself, went over to the sofa, seated himself by the side of Edith and sought to pass his arm around her waist.

"You have no right," again said Edith with dignity, shrinking away.

"But will you not give the right? Behold me a suppliant at your feet," said Gus tenderly, but comfortably keeping his seat.

"Mr. Elliot," said Edith earnestly, "do you realize that you are asking a poor girl to marry you?"

"Your own beautiful self is beyond all gold," said Gus gushingly.

"You did not think so a month ago," retorted Edith bitterly.

"I was a fool. My friends discouraged it, but I find I cannot live without you."

This sounded well to poor Edith, but she said half sadly,—

"Perhaps your friends are right. You cannot afford to marry me."

"But I cannot give you up," said Gus with much show of feeling. "What would my life be without you? I admit to you that my friends are opposed to my marriage, but am I to blight my life for them? Am I, who have seen the best of New York for years, to give up the loveliest girl I have ever seen in it? I cannot and I will not," concluded Gus tragically.

"And are you willing to give up all for me?" said Edith feelingly, her glorious eyes becoming gentle and tender.

"Yes, if you will give up all for me," said Gus languishly, taking her hand and drawing her toward him.

Edith did not resist now, but leaned her head on his shoulder with the blessed sense of rest and at least partial security, Her cruelly harassed heart and burdened-threatened like could welcome even such poor shelter as Gus Elliot offered. The spring evening was mild and breathless and its hush and peace seemed to accord with her feelings. There was no ecstact thrilling of her heart in the divive rapture of mutual and open recognition of love, for no such love existed on her part. It was only a languid feeling of contentment moonlighted with sentiment, not sunlighted with joy, that she had found some one who would not leave her to labor and struggle alone.

"Gus," she said pathetically, "we are very poor, we have nothing. We are almost desperate from want. Think twice ere you engage yourself to a girl so situated. Are you able to thus burden yourself?"

Gus thought these words led the way to the carrying out of Van Dam's instructions, for he said eagerly,

"I know how you are situated. I learned all from Zell's letter to Van Dam, but our hearts only cling the closer to you, and you must let me take care of you at once. If you will only consent to a secret marriage I can manage it."

Edith slowly raised her head from his shoulder. Gus could not meet her eyes, but felt them searchingly on his face. There was a distant mutter of thunder like a warning voice. He continued hurriedly,

"I think you will agree with me that such a marriage would be best when you think of it. It would be hard for me to break with my family at once. Indeed I could not afford to anger my father now. But I would soon get established in business myself, and I would work so hard if I knew that you were dependent on me."

"Then you would wish me to remain here in obscurity your wife," said Edith in a low, constrained tone that Gus did not quite like.

"Oh, no, not for the world," replied Gus hurriedly. "It is because I so long for your daily and hourly presence that I urge you to come to the city at once."

"What is your plan then?" asked Edith in the same low tone.

"Go with me to the city, on the boat that passes here in the evening. I will see that you are lodged where you will have every comfort, yes, luxury. We can there be quietly married, and when the right time comes, we can openly acknowledge it."

There was a tremble in Edith's voice when she again spoke, it might be from feeling, mere excitement, or anger. At any rate Gus grew more and more uncomfortable. He had a vague feeling that Edith suspected his falseness, and that her seeming calmness might presage a storm, and he found it impossible to meet her full, searching gaze, fearing that his face would betray him. He was bad enough for his project, but not quite brazen enough.

She detached herself from his encircling arm, went to a book-stand near and took from it a richly bound Bible. With this she came and stood before Gus, who was half trembling with fear and perplexity, and said in a tone so grave and solemn, that his weak impressible nature was deeply moved,—

"Mr. Elliot, perhaps I do not understand you. I have received several offers before, but never one like yours this evening. Indeed I need not remind you that you have spoken to me in a different vein. I know circumstances have greatly altered me. That I am no longer the daughter of a millionaire, I am learning to my sorrow, but I am the same Edith Allen that you knew of old. I would not like to misjudge you, one of my oldest, most intimate friends of the happy past. And yet, as I have said, I do not quite understand your offer. Place your hand on this sacred book with me, and as you hope for God's mercy, answer me this truly. Would you wish your own sister to accept such an offer, if she were situated like myself? Look me, an honest girl with all my faults and poverty, in the face, and tell me as a true brother."

Gus felt himself in an awful dilemma. Something in Edith's solemn tone and manner convinced him that both he and Van Dam had misjudged her. His knees so trembled that he could scarcely rise. A fascination that he could not resist drew his face, stamped with guilt, toward her, and slowly he raised his fearful eyes and for a moment met Edith's searching, questioning gaze, then dropped them in confusion.

"Why do you not put your hand on the book and speak?" she asked in the low, concentrated voice of passion.

Again he looked hurriedly at her. A flash of lightning illumined her features, and he quailed before an expression such as he had never seen before on any woman's face.

"I—I—cannot," he faltered.

The Bible dropped from her hands, they clasped, and for a moment she seemed to writhe in agony, and in a low, shuddering tone she said,—

"There are none to trust— not one."

Then as if possessed by a sudden fury, she seized him roughly by the arm and said hoarsely,—

"Speak, man, what then did you mean? What have all your tender speeches and caressing actions meant?"

Her face grew livid with rage and shame as the truth dawned upon her, while poor, feeble Gus lost his poise utterly and stood like a detected criminal before her.

"You asked me to marry you," she hissed. "Must no one asked your immaculate sisters to do this, that you could not answer my simple question? Or, did you mean something else? How dare you exist longer in the semblance of a man? You have broken the sacred law of hospitality, and here in my little home that has sheltered you, you purpose my destruction. You take mean advantage of my poverty and trouble, and like a cowardly hunter must seek out a wounded doe as your game. My grief and misfortune should have made a sanctuary about me, but the orphaned and unfortunate, God's trust to all true men, only invite your evil designs, because defenceless. Wretch, would you have made me this offer if my father had lived, or if I had a brother?"

"It's all Van Dam's work, curse him," groaned Gus, white as a ghost.

"Van Dam's work!" shrieked Edith, "and he's with Zell! So this is a conspiracy. You both are the flower of chivalry," and her mocking, half-hysterical laugh curdled Gus' blood, as her dress fluttered down the path that led to the arbor.

She appeared in the doorway like a sudden supernatural vision. Zell's head rested on Mr. Van Dam's shoulder, and he was portraying in low ardent tones the pleasures of city life, which would be hers as his wife.

"It is true," he had said, our marriage must be secret for the present. You must learn to trust me. But the time will soon come when I can acknowledge you as my peerless bride."

Foolish little Zell was too eager to escape present miseries to be nice and critical as to the condition, and too much in love, too young and unsuspecting to doubt the man who had petted her from a child. She agreed to do anything he thought best.

Then Edith's entrance and terrible words broke her pretty dream in fragments.

Snatching her sister from Van Dam's embrace, she cried passionately—

"Leave this place. Your villainy is discovered."

"Really, Miss Edith"—began Van Dam with a poor show of dignity.

Leave instantly!" cried Edith imperiously. "Do you wish me to strike you?"

"Edith are you mad?" cried Zell.

"Your sister must have lost her reason," said Van Dam, approaching Zell.

"Stand back," cried Edith sternly. "I may go mad before this hateful night passes, but while I have strength and reason left, I will drive the wolves from our fold. Answer me this; have you been proposing secret marriage to my sister."

Her face looked spirit-like in the pale moonlight and her eyes blazed like coals of fire. As she stood there with her arm around her bewildered, trembling sister, she seemed a guardian angle holding a baffled fiend at bay.

This was literally true, for even hardened Van Dam quailed before her, and took refuge in the usual resource of his satanic ally—lies.

"I assure you Miss Edith, you do me great injustice. I have only asked your sister that our marriage be secret for a time—"

"The same wretched bait—the same transparent falsehood," Edith shrieked. "We cannot be married openly at our own home, but must go away with you, two spotless knights of New York. Do you take us for silly fools? You know well what the world would say of ladies that so compromised themselves, and no true man would ask this of a woman he meant to make his wife. These premises are mine. Leave them.

Van Dam was an old villian who had lived life long in the atmosphere of brawls and intrigue, therefore he said brazenly—

"There is no use of wasting words on an angry woman. Zell, my darling, do me justice. Don't give me up, as I never shall you," and he vanished on the road toward the villiage, where Gus was skulking on before him.

"You weak, unmitigated fool," said he savagely, "why did I bring you?"

"Look here, Van Dam," whined Gus. "that isn't the way to speak to a gentleman."

"Gentleman! ha, ha," laughed Van Dam bitterly.

"I'll be hanged if I feel likc one to-night. A pretty scrape you have got me into," remarked Gus.

"Well," said Van Dam cynically. "I thought I was too old to learn much more, but you may shoot me if I ever go on a lark again with one of your villains who is bad enough for anything, but who hasn't brains enough to get found out. If it hadn't been for you I would have carried my point. And I will yet," he added with an oath. "I never give up the game I have once started."

And so they plodded on with mutual revilings and profanity, till Gus became afraid of Van Dam, and was silent.

The dark cloud that had risen unnoted in the south, like the slowly gathering and impending wrath of God, broke upon them in sudden gusts, and then chased them with pelting torrents of rain and stinging hail, into the village. The sin-wrought chaos—the hellish discord of their evil natures seemed to have infected the peaceful spring evening, for now the very spirit of the storm appeared abroad. The rush and roar of the wind was so strong, the lightning so vivid. and the crashing thunder peals overhead so terrific, that even hardened Van Dam was awed, and Gus was so frightened and conscience smitten, that he could scarcely keep up with his companion, but shuddered at the thought of being left alone.

At last they reached the tavern, roused the startled landlord and obtained welcome shelter.

"What!" he said, "are the boys after you?"

"No, no," said Van Dam impatiently, "the devil is after us in this infernal storm. Give us two rooms, a fire, and some brandy as soon as possible, and charge what you please."

When Gus viewed himself in the mirror, as he at once did from long habit, his haggard face, drenched, mud-splashed form awakened sincere self-commiseration; and his stained, bedraggled clothes troubled him more than his soiled character. He did not remember the time when he had not been well dressed, and to be so was his religion—the sacred instinct of his life. Therefore he was inexpressibly shocked, and almost ready to cry, as he saw his forlorn reflection in the glass. And he had no change with him. What should he do? All other phases of the disastrous night were lost in this.

"There is nothing to be bought in this mean little town, and how can I go to the city in this plight?" he anxiously queried.

"Go to the devil then," and the sympathetic Van Dam wrapped himself up and went to sleep.

Gus fussily worked at his clothes till a late hour, devoutly hoping he would meet no one that he knew before reaching his dressing-room in New York.

CHAPTER XVI.

BLACK HANNIBAL'S WHITE HEART.

Edith half led, half carried her sobbing sister to the parlor. Mrs. Allen, no longer languid, and Laura from her exile, were already there, and gathered with dismayed faces around the sofa where she placed Zell.

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Allen tremblingly.

Edith's self control, now that her enemies were gone, gave way utterly, and sinking on the floor, she swayed back and forth, sobbing even more hysterically than Zell, and her mother and Laura, oppressed with the sense of some new impending disaster, caught the contagion of their bitter grief, and wept and wrung their hands also.

The frightened maid stood in one door with her white questioning face, and old grey-haired Hannibal in another with eyes streaming with honest sympathy.

"Speak, speak, what is the matter?" almost shrieked Mrs. Allen.

Edith could not speak; but Zell sobbed, "I—don't— know— Edith — seems — to have—gone—mad."

At last, after the application of restoratives, Edith so far recovered herself to say brokenly—

"We've been betrayed—they're—villains. They never—meant—marriage at all."

"That's false," screamed Zell. "I won't believe it of my lover, whatever may have been true of your mean little Gus Elliot. He promised to marry me, and you have spoiled everything by your mad folly. I'll never forgive you,"—When Zell's wild fury would have ceased cannot be said, but a new voice startled and awed them in silence. In the storm of sorrow and passion that raged within, the outer storm had risen un-noted, but now an awful peal of thunder broke over their heads and rolled away among the hills in deep reverbrations. Another and louder crash soon followed, and a solemn expectant silence fell upon them, akin to that when the noisy passionate world will suddenly cease its clamor as the trump of God proclaims the end.

"Merciful heaven, we shall be struck," said Mrs. Allen shudderingly.

"What's the use of living?" said Zell in a hard, reckless tone.

"What is there to live for?" sighed Edith, deep in her heart. "There are none to be trusted—not one."

Instead of congratulations received with blushing happiness, and solitaire engagement rings, thus is shown the first result of Mrs. Allen's policy, and society's injunction—

"Keep your hands white my dears."

The storm passed away, and they crept off to such poor rest as they could get, too miserable to speak, and too worn out to renew the threatened quarrel that a voice from heaven seemingly had interrupted.

The next morning they gathered at a late breakfast table with haggard faces and swollen eyes. Zell looked hard and sullen, Edith's face was so determined in its expression as to be stern. Mrs. Allen lamented feebly and indefinitely. Laura only appeared more settled in her apathy, and with Zell and Edith, was utterly silent through that forlorn meal.

After it was over, Zell went up to her room and Edith followed her. Zell had not spoken to her sister since the thunder peal had suddenly checked her bitter words. Edith dreaded the alienation she saw in Zell's face, and felt wronged by it, knowing that she had only acted as truest friend and protector. But in order still to shield her sister, she must secure her confidence, or else the danger averted the past evening, would threaten as grimly as ever. She also realized how essential Zell's help would be in the struggle for bread on which they must enter, and wished to obtain her hearty co-operation in some plan of work. She saw that labor now was inevitable, and must be commenced immediately. From Laura she hoped little. She seemed so lacking in force mentally and physically, since their troubles began, that she feared nothing could arouse her. She threatened to soon become an invalid like her mother. The thought of help from the latter did not even occur to her.

Edith had not slept, and as the chaos and bitterness of the past evening's experience passed away, her practical mind began to concentrate itself on the problem of support. Her disappointment had not been so severe as that of Zell, by any means, and so she was in a condition to rally much sooner. She had never much more than liked Elliot, and now the very thought of him was nauseating, and though labor and want might be hard indeed, and regret for all they had lost keen, still she was spared the bitterer pain of a hopeless love.

But it was just this that Zell feared, and though she repeated to herself over and over again Van Dam's last words, "I will never give you up," she feared that he would, or what would be equally painful, she would be compelled to give him up, for she could not disguise it from herself that her confidence had been shaken.

But sincere love is slow to believe evil of its object. If Van Dam had shown preference for another, Zell's jealousy and anger would have known no bounds, but this he had never done, and she could not bring herself to believe that the man whom she had known since childhood, who had always treated her with uniform kindness and most flattering attention, who had partaken of their hospitality so often and intimately that he almost seemed like one of the family, meditated the basest evil against her.

"Gus Elliot is capable of any meanness, but Edith was mistaken about my friend. And yet Edith has so insulted him, that I fear he will never come to the house again," she said with deep resentment. "If I had declined a private marriage, I am sure he would have married me openly."

Therefore when Edith entered their tiltle room Zell's face was averted and there was every evidence of estrangement. Edith meant to be kind and considerate, and patiently show the reasons for her action.

She sat down and took her sister's cold, impassive hand, saying—

"Zell, did I not help you dress in this very place last evening? Did I not wait against my judgment till Mr. Van Dam came? These things prove to you that I would not put a straw between you and a true lover. Surely we have trouble enough without adding the bitter one of division and estrangement. If we don't stand by each other now, what will become of us?"

"What right had you to misjudge Mr. Van Dam by such a mean little scamp as Gus Elliot? Why did you not give him a chance to explain himself?

"Oh Zell, Zell, how can you be so blinded? Did he not ask you to go away with him in the night—to elope, and then submit to a secret marriage in New York?"

"Well, he told me there were good reasons that made such a course necessary at present."

"Are you George Allen's daughter that you could even listen to such a proposal? When you lived on Fifth Avenue would he have dared to have even faintly suggested such a thing? Can he be a true lover who insults you to begin with, and instead of showing manly delicacy and desire to shield, in view of your misfortunes, demands not only hard but indecent conditions? Even if he purposed to marry you, what right has he to require of you such indelicate action as would make your name a byword and hissing among all your acquaintances, and a lasting stain to your family? They would not receive you with respect again, though some might tolerate you and point you out as the girl so desperate for a husband, that you submitted to the grossest indignity to get one."

Zell hung her head in shame and anger under Edith's inexorable logic, but the anger was now turning against Van Dam. Edith continued,—

"A lady should be sought and won. It is for her to set the place and time for the wedding, and dictate the conditions. It is for her to say who shall be present and who absent, and woman, to whom a spotless name is everything, has the right, which even savage tribes recognize, to shield her self from the faintest imputation of immodesty by compelling her suitor to comply with the established custom and etiquetta which are her safeguards. The daughter of a poor laborer would demand all this as a matter of course and shall the beautiful Zell Allen, who, has had scores of admirers, have all this reversed in her case, and be compelled to skulk away from the home in which she should be openly married, to hunt up a man at night who has made the pitiful promise that he will marry her somewhere or sometime or other, on condition that no one shall know it till he is ready? Mark it well, the man who so insults a lady and all her family, never meant to marry her, or else he is so coarse and brutal in all his instincts, that no decent woman ought to marry him."

"Say no more," said Zell in a low tone, "I fear you are right, though I would rather die than believe it. O, Edith, Edith!" she cried in sudden passionate grief." My heart is broken. I loved him so. I could have been so happy."

Edith took her in her arms and they cried together. At last Zell said languidly:

"What can we do?"

"We must go to work like other poor people. If we had only done so at first and saved every dollar we had left, we would not now be in our present deeply embarrassed condition. And yet Zell, if you, with your vigor and strength, will only stand by me, and help your best, we will see bright days yet. There must be some way by which two girls can make a livelihood here in Pushton, as elsewhere. We have at least a shelter, and I have great hopes of the garden."

"I don't like a garden. I fear I couldn't do much there. And it seems like man's work too. I fear I shall be too wretched and ignorant to do anything."

"Not at all. Youth, health and time, against all the troubles of the world. (This was the best creed poor Edith then had.) "Now," she continued, encouragingly, "You like housework. Of course we must dismiss our servants, and if you did the work of the house with Laura, so that I had all my time for something else, it would be a great saving and help."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! that we should ever come to this!" said Zell despairingly.

"We must come to it, and must face the truth."

"Well, of course I'll try," said Zell with something of Laura's apathy. Then with a sudden burst of passion she clenched her little hands and cried.

"I hate him, the cold-hearted wretch, to treat his poor little Zell so shamefully!" and she paced up and down the room with inflamed eyes and cheeks. Then in equally sudden revulsion she threw herself down on the floor with her head in her sister's lap, and murmured, "God forgive me, I love him still—I love him with my whole heart," and sobbing till her strength was gone.

Edith sighed deeply. "Can she ever be depended on?" she thought. At last she lifted the languid form to the bed, threw over her an afglian and bathed her head with cologne till the poor child fell asleep.

Then she went down to Laura and her mother, to whom she explained more fully the events of last evening. Laura only muttered, "shameful," but Mrs. Allen whined, "She could not understand it. Girls didn't know how to manage any longer. There must be some misunderstanding, for no young men in the city could have meant to offer such an insult to an old and respectable family as theirs. She never heard of such a thing. If she could only have been present—"

"Hush, mother," said Edith almost sternly. "It's all past now. I should gladly believe that when you were a young lady, such poor villains were not in good society. Moreover, such offers are not made to young ladies living on the Avenue. This is more properly a case for shooting than management. I have no patience to talk any more about it. We must now try to conform to our altered circumstances, and at least maintain our self-respect, and secure the comforts of life if possible. But we must now practise the closest economy, Laura, you will have to be mother's maid. for of course we can keep no servants. I have a little money left, and will pay your maid to-day and let her go."

"I don't see how I can get along without her," said Mrs. Allen helplessly.

"You must" said Edith firmly. "We have no money to pay her any longer, and your daughters will try to supply her place."

Mrs. Allen did not formally abdicate her natural position as head of the family but in the hour of almost shipwreck, Edith took the helm out of the feeble hands. But the young girl had little to guide her, no knowledge and experience worth mentioning, and the sea was rough and beset with dangers.

The maid had no regrets at departure, and went away with something of the satisfaction of a rat leaving a sinking ship. But with old Hannibal it was a different affair.

(*To be Continued.*)

A SAD NEGLECT.—Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and Bowels.

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HANLAN'S DEFEAT.

The Contest on the Paramatta River, Sydney, N. S. W., in August.

[From the South Australian Advertiser.]

The race was witnessed by upward of 10,000 spectators, and the greatest excitement prevailed. It was 4½o'clock when Hanlan, wearing a blue sleeveless guernsey, steppedinto his boat. Beach, who stripped to his waist shortly afterward rowed up from his training quarters. Hanlan's weight was within half a pound of 11 stone. Beach's weight was 12 stone.

Both competitors appeared in splendid condition. The umpire was P J Clark, one of the best judges in Australia. They made a splendid start, both catching water at the same moment, and taking almost stroke for stroke from 32 to 35 per minute. Hanlan's stroke was cleanest and neatest. Beach, though equally effective, being somewhat flurried for the first hundred yards. Hanlan from the first appeared to settle down to his work as a very serious business, showing his teeth closed firmly and his lips parted in such a peculiar way that it gave the impression at a distance that he was smiling. From the start he kept closely watching Beach, with whom he kept almost on a dead level for some distance, After a quarter of a mile's level pulling. Hanlan quickened his stroke and went a length a head. He then slowed down in accordance with his ordinary custom and just about maintained the same lead, going a little faster when his opponent drew closer, and easing off again when he seemed getting too far ahead. After passing the first point on the southern side and getting into comparatively open water, where the full force of the breeze caught both, they became rather unsteady, an occasional splash showing that the wind and the somewhat rough water inconvenienced them.

About this period of the contest a most unfortunate incident occurred. The steamer Tomki, which had been chartered by Beach's supporters for the visitors, was heading right across Hanlan's track in midsteam. Hanlan pulled right up to within a few feet of the steamer's side being slightly ahead of Beach, whose course just enabled him to miss the steamer's bow. As Hanlan came up close a thousand voices called to him to beware of being swamped, and, as he turned in his seat and looked ahead, he saw the danger in a moment, and resolved to cut Beach right out of the race. Heading the boat right across Beach's course, he put on a magnificient spurt that passed the bows at a marvellous speed. He had then put between four and five lengths between himself and his opponent. To the spectators this seemed to give the race to Hanlan to win as he liked and a few incidents which occurred in the rowing just afterward were interpreted as acts of bravado, when, as Hanlan now states, they were signs of distress. Shortly after he had finished his great spurt he half dropped his left scull, but recovered himself almost immediately. He had not gone a quarter of a mile before he made a partial stoppage, entirely missing his stroke. This gave the impression that he was pulling well within himself, that he had gauged Beach's powers, and he had satisfied himself of his own ability to keep in front by responding whenever Beach spurted, and that he could play with his opponent.

Hanlan's explanation after the race was over is that in that big spurt, when he cleared the steamer, he exhausted himself, and that, so far from showing off, he was in a distressed condition. This statement is borne out by Beach, who states that when Hanlan went so far to the front on that occasion he began to regard it as a hopeless contest until he turned and saw Hanlan's face, and the sight of his opponent's face showed clearly that Hanlan was giving out. This sent the thought through Beach's mind like a flash of lightning: "The race is mine." Acting under that impulse, as well as in accordance with his trainer's directions, he put on just such a spurt as Hanlan had done. With half a dozen quick and powerful strokes he brought the boat right down on Hanlan, who had worked across into Beach's water, and was so exhausted that he could not respond to Beach's pace and pull out of the way, the consequence of which was a foul. The boats did not touch, but Hanlan's left scull and Beach's right scull crossed each other and prevented both from sculling. For a moment both boats were on a dead level, and either man had an equal chance of getting away first; in fact, when they freed their inter-locked sculls they could have restarted on exactly equal terms, but Hanlan was not equal to the emergency, and held up his hands to claim a foul, by which act he clearly lost a stroke. Then he halted for a few seconds, as if hesitating whether to go on or give up the race. This gave Beach a lead of five or six lengths, which he never really lost during the rest of the race. Once Hanlan made a fierce attempt to overtake Beach, and actually got within three boats' lengths, but his condition then appeared to give out, and he fell away. Beach pulled hard, but, as he was never nearly pushed, there is every reason to credit his statement that he could have pulled much harder. He certainly finished in a fine condition, which is more than can be said of Hanlan.

Beach passed the flagboat nearly six lengths ahead, and as soon as the umpire's boat came up Hanlan pulled alongside and said: "Mr. Clark, I claim a foul." Mr. Clark promptly responded: "You got over into Beach's water; that caused the foul, and I gave the race to Beach."

Afterward the two men met in the most friendly manner. Hanlan looked a little careworn and discouraged, as was only natural under the circumstances. The conversation, of course, turned upon the race, and Hanlan, in a manner which it was pleasant to see, said, shaking hands with Beach: Well, you are a better man than I am, and I hope you don't blame me for the foul, which was principally caused through the steamer coming down on us. I could not help it."

Halifax Girls and the Army.

Halifax Letter in N. Y. Express.

The soldiers are great beaux. The hearts of female Haligonians, high and low, beat faster in the presence of these uniformed gallants. Her Majesty forbids common soldiers to marry without a permit from their superiors. There are nine laundresses to each company, and they are always soldiers' wives, mothers, or daughters. Fifteen extra wives are allowed to a division. The unhappy martial Romeo is obliged to put his name on a list, and wait his turn for leave to marry. He may have acted his part to a dozen Juliets before the time comes when his sweetheart can be appointed a regimental washerwoman. Special privileges in the pay of marrying are allowed to old soldiers and to those who have distinguished themselves by bravery. Many of the soldiers marry without permission. The officers discipline the unlicensed bridegroom a little while, but the punishment is not sufficiently severe to prevent the practice. The wife, however, suffers when her soldier husband is ordered to some distant station of the British Empire and she is left to follow him as best she may.

AN EX-ALDERMAN THIRD IT.—Ex-Alderman Taylor of Toronto, tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil for Rheumatism. It cured him after all other remedies had failed.

A RARE PLANT.—The wild Strawberry Plant possesses rare virtue as a cleansing cooling, astringent, antiseptic, and healing medicine, and when combined with other valuable vegetable extracts, as in Dr. Fowlers Extract of wild Strawberry, it is an unfailing remedy in all Bowel complaints.

MacCill's Hotel.

THE Subscriber wishes to return thanks to the patrons of this Hotel for past favors, and begs o inform the Public that she will continue the usiness of the above named hotel. She is prepared to receive boarders at rates CHEAPER THAN AT ANY OTHER PLACE IN THE CITY.

There is also in connection with the Hotel good stable accommodations.

MRS. JOHN MacGILL,
Regent Street.

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BITTERS!

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OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL,

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AND A BEATIFUL LINE OF

Wool Shawls,

FOR EVENING WEAR.

STILL SELLING

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All Sizes, for $1.50.

Sale of Remnants, Summer Dress Goods, Carpets, Clothing, etc., will be continued until they are cleared out.

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ELEGANT FANCY GOODS

In great variety,

Selling at Cost,

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My stock is very complete in every department and anyone requiring goods in my line will find it to their advantage to give me a call before buying

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SILKS, SATINS, VELVETEENS,

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Corsets, Satchels, Hose, Gloves Scarfs Parasols, Laces, Fringes. Crimps and Frillings.

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READY-MADE CLOTHING! A large Stock,

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