

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER V.
(Continued.)

"Après Mardi le deluge!" exclaimed her ladyship, dolefully. "Oh, Marie, what a Lenten season we shall be entering after our two months' carnival here! Sackcloth and ashes for nine months, before the dear damp and that sweet north wind come to prostrate me again. Do you know, when I die—at it again, you see—I'm thinking of asking Dick to post me over to Pere-la-Chaise instead of disturbing the ashes of his forefathers. Birdie would be sure of an occasional cotton then, when she came to drop a tear upon my grave. What do you say, mon Capitain? Wouldn't that be a good idea—eh?"

Birdie was of opinion that she would not care to dance a cotillon if her dear mamma were dead, unless indeed for the sake of all the lovely little bouquets the gentlemen would give her, and which she would, of course, immediately carry in a basket to ornament the grave, as she saw the little girls doing the Sunday she went with Louise to the cemetery. Yes, perhaps for that sacred purpose she would like to dance a cotillon now and then, but for no other—if her mamma were dead.

Venus' attire was another source of annoyance to her ladyship, for the maker of the mysterious mailots, about which I had heard so much, suddenly fell ill after taking her measure, and the garment had to be finished by the costumer's sister, who was an inferior artist. At last, however, after many disappointments and delays, the whole classical costume arrived, and one evening when I was busy writing to the convent, Birdie's eyes distended with wonder and admiration, burst into my room and summoned me down-stairs.

"Come down quick—quick, Miss Bernard, and see them both dressed—not dressed 'tactly, but ready for the picture! And you'd never know Birdie was a girl at all—never! She's just like the dear little fat boy with the wings on Jane's valentine. She looks lovely, she does! If I was Birdie, I'd never become a stupid old girl again; I'd grow up a boy, I would. Oh, quick, Miss Bernard—come quick!"

I went down and for one moment stood upon the threshold of the dressing-room, transfixed with admiration scarcely able to realize that the two still figures standing out against a curtain of crimson velvet were real flesh and blood; stood gazing at them in almost reverent delight, as I had often gazed at the solemn marbles in the Louvre, until poor little Cupid broke the spell with a piteous whisp-er:

"Mummy, mummy, I want it sneeze! And then Venus' waven ar dropped, the amorous smile faded from her face, and she burst into a hearty girlish laugh.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous is certainly but a short step with you, Birdie! Well, Miss Bernard, we sh-

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ly await your verdict. Are you satisfied with the effect we produce? Are we up to your expectations—eh?"

I replied haltingly, gaspingly, that the picture was exquisite—classical, artistic—that I had never seen anything like it before—that I was not disappointed—oh, not in the least!

And I thought—thought in sacred bewilderment amazement, can it be possible that she means to appear like that before half Paris—that she, the wife of an honorable English gentleman, the mother of his children, will stoop to exhibit herself like that shameless woman who had so shocked me at my first visit to the theatre a few nights before. Oh, she could not mean it! It was a joke, a rehearsal for my edification alone. Of course, it was that—how stupid of me to have understood at once—how very stupid!

"Well, well," she broke in, with an impatient frown, "are those few hal-objectives your whole stock of appreciation? I say, Marie, did you ever see anything so truly exquisite as that drapery from the left shoulder sn't each fold simply a dream of art? Monsieur actually created every one of them with his own master finger. He took more interest in my appearance than in that of all the others together. He said his Venus was to be the piece de resistance, the chef-d'œuvre of the whole performance. Of what till you see the effect with a background of dark foliage, in a glow of Elysian light!"

"Then—then that is your whole costume? You are to appear like that? Nothing is to be altered—changed—changed!"—with a little shriek!

"Good heavens, Marie, I'd as soon think of chopping off my arms as of changing a single fold, a soupcon of a wrinkle! Oh, it's easily seen that you don't know moustier, nor realize what his dominion is in Olympus! Change indeed!" Then very sharply, "And pray what do you profess to see, Miss Bernard, that requires change or alteration? One would imagine that any one with the faintest perception of love of art would—would—"

"I know, I know; I don't deny it, perfection as—as a work of art," I blundered out. "It isn't that, Lady Nesbitt, at all."

"Then pray what is it? Speak out clearly, Miss Bernard, if you please!"

"It's only—only that perhaps Sir Richard won't like your looking so very—very—"

"So very what—what?"

"So very like a statue."

Her face crimsoned with anger, her low voice was tremulous as she answered:

"—I understand you. I know what you mean now. You dare to insult me again—you, my paid dependant, my servant. You dare to reproach me, your mistress—me, a married woman, to—insinuate that my husband's mind is as narrow, as tainted with false prudery, as—as demoralized as yours! Demoralized—yes, I repeat the word, for I call it a demoralized mind that sees wrong, in-delicacy, sin, in the most innocent harmless things, as yours invariably does, Marie Bernard, judging, condemning, reproving harshly and foolishly, seeing the—the what do you call it?—in every one's eyes but your own, seeing—"

"Mummy, I hear pappy coming up the stairs! Mayn't he come in and see you, too? Oh, he'll want to come in, I know! Birdie told him you were going to dress up to-day."

The color faded from Lady Nesbitt's face, and she bit her lip; then, after a moment's pause, said:

Certainly, Bijou; he may come in, Birdie, to your place, and no sneezing this time, please."

Birdie sprang up on the table, raised her plump, pink foot, and stretched her bow; Venus stood back against the drapery, her hand extended for the fatal apple, a smile of love and triumph on her painted face.

"May I come in, my dear?" asked Sir Richard's voice at the door, which no one answered until his knock was repeated, when the maid called out cheerfully:

"Yes, Sir Richard—yes."

He came in and stood for a moment, as I had had done, silent and absorbed in the middle of the disordered room. I was just conscious of his tall figure there, for I had not the courage so look at him. My eyes remained fixed steadfastly in the same direction as his, and I saw that Venus did not maintain the placid immobility of her first pose. The extended hand betrayed a tremor of life, the bewitching eyes blinked once or twice, and, before he uttered a sound or Cupid showed the faintest trace of exhaustion, my mistress stepped forward with a loud, nervous laugh.

"Dick, Dick, give us a round, won't you? Accustom us to the voice of the public. Birdie and I are quite debutantes, you know."

"Give you a round?" he echoed, sternly and excitedly. "Accustom you to the voice of the public? By heaven, Jessica, I don't understand what you mean!"

I knew then that Lady Nesbitt would never take the apple from Captain Nesbitt's hand, and he publicly pronounced the prettiest woman in Paris. I slipped to the door before another word was uttered, and there jostled against Louise, who was also making a hasty exit.

"C'est fini!" she cried, clasping her hands dramatically. "Oh, how terrible he looked! Did you see his eyes, madoiselle! Oh, la pauvre petite dame—la pauvre petite dame qu'elle etait minonne—mais mignonne!"

Too nervous and too cowardly to

remain on the scene, I hurried to my room and, leaving the children in charge of Louise, went to visit an old school friend, who lived on the other side of the Seine, and who kept me chatting till it was past the usual dinner hour.

Louise, in an unabated condition of sympathy and excitement, accosted me in the hall on my return, and begged me to go in and try to console her poor little mistress, who, she declared, and been lying on her bed in a most pitiful state ever since I left.

"And moustier?" I asked.

Monsieur had gone out like a husband on the stage, and had never come in since, and the cook was at her wits' end about the dinner, and Birdie—la pauvre cherie—had gone to sleep at last, clasping to her heart the little mailot rose, which she said her cruel papa had ordered to be burned in the fire at once! And, oh, it had been a terrible scene; she, and Seraphine the cook, and Cle-mence, and Monsieur William, had not been able to eat a morsel of dinner, they were so enraptured with excitement!

I went into the child's room first, and gently tried to remove the wretched pink rag on which the little tear-stained face was pillowed; but even in her sleep she resisted the movement so energetically that I had to desist.

"No, no; you must not take it, you wicked, wicked pappy! Burn all my toys, my dolly's new house, my tricycle, if you like; but if you take my Cupid things, I'll never love you again—never, never! Oh, cruel pappy, don't!"

In the next room I found my mistress lying, as the maid had described, upon her bed, all the paint washed off her face by her tears, her classical drapery crushed and trampled on the floor. As I stooped over her, she opened her heavy eyes and looked up at me with sullen resentment.

(To be continued.)

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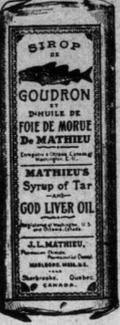
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The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



They say that if you are willing to buy outright, to wait long enough and to take reasonable gains, you can be practically sure of making money on the stock exchange.

I don't know much about that. My one and only experience certainly hasn't given me reason for such an opinion.

But I do know of one direction in which, if you wait long enough, are willing to take reasonable gains, use discretion and common sense, and know what you want far enough ahead, you are absolutely sure of making money—or rather saving it. That is exactly the same thing.

And that is in bargain hunting.

The bargain-crazy woman who will buy anything at all, whether she has any use for it or not, if only it is advertised as a great bargain, is often ridiculed, and I think she deserves all she gets. But there is a sane and legitimate kind of bargain hunting, of which I think every woman of limited income absolutely ought to be mistress.

A neighbor of mine who has had to make every cent of her household money tell, practices this to perfection. Let me briefly describe her methods to you.

This woman devotes a day at the beginning of each season to taking stock of everything in her house, of her husband's clothing, her own, the children's, the bedding, the linen, the furniture, the kitchen utensils, etc.

And at the end of this stock taking, she plans out the family wardrobes for the coming year, and then makes careful lists of all the articles that must be bought during the next few months.

These lists she keeps in her top bureau drawer, and also, to a certain extent, in her head, and with them in view she makes a systematic study of every advertisement that comes within her reach. During bargain seasons, such as January and August, she takes two or three newspapers in order to keep in touch with all the

shops. If any shop has a list of customers to which it sends advertising circulars, she makes sure that her name is on the list.

As a consequence of this systematic bargain hunting, she is able to buy almost everything she uses, at from twenty to thirty per cent under the staple prices.

For instance, at the beginning of this winter, she noted down that she would need half a dozen sheets and a dozen towels in the course of the next year. One day in January, she saw an advertisement of the sheets she always uses at twenty per cent less than the ordinary price, and promptly bought half a dozen. In February, she found an opportunity to buy thirty-seven and a half cent towels for twenty-five cents apiece. Had she waited until her sheets and towels actually wore out in the spring, she would probably have had to pay staple prices.

She had the children's next summer wardrobes mostly planned in the fall, and by careful watching, found a chance to buy gingham for their gingham dresses at fifteen cents instead of twenty-five.

Of course, to do all this requires a small surplus in the bank, eternal vigilance and a good deal of time. But twenty-five or thirty dollars covers the first of these requirements, and as for the second—well this woman says, "That is my trade. It is my husband's business to earn as much money as possible, and mine to get as much value as possible out of it. By this method I make five hundred dollars do the work of six or seven. Isn't that worth while to one who has to count the pennies?"

Of course, any woman would find it simpler, pleasanter and more dignified to go shopping just when she felt like it and pay staple prices.

But then, as for that, might not any man find it simpler, pleasanter and more dignified to work when he felt like it and accept a low salary, instead of working hard for a higher one?

I believe, with my neighbour, that a part of every wife's business is to use her husband's money to the best possible advantage, and surely this systematic bargain hunting is one excellent way of doing that.

Ruth Cameron

Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a cough, or cough, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

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hardly a tenth of this has been secured. The Fortia this trip brought down 2,000 lbs. halibut.

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