

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Walter did not stay on at Willowbank till dinner time on this occasion. His host dropped no word, as before, of there being no necessity for evening dress; the coming of Sir Reginald Selwyn, baronet of the United Kingdom (which he was not, by-the-by, but his father-in-law had picked the phrase up and found it pleasant, like a sweet morsel rolled under the tongue), and of Her Ladyship, his wife, was a circumstance that seemed to Mr. Christopher Brown imperative of evening dress; so Walter went home to attire himself. He found a letter awaiting his arrival, inclosing a cheque for fifty pounds and a few lines from the captain:

MY DEAR LITTON,—I inclose the pair of ponies, for which accept my best thanks. You are, of course, aware that the old gentleman has come round; that it is a case of "Bless you, my children," and "Welcome home." This all comes, as I told you it would, of my having become a baronet. Only an Irish one, it is true; but then, you know, with some people, even "Lord Ballyraggum is better than no lord at all." My wife desires her kind regards.

Yours faithfully, REGINALD SELWYN.

P.S.—Think of your having struck up an acquaintance upon your own account with my new papa! How small the world is, after all!

Walter read this missive more than once, and with much more attention than its contents would have seemed to deserve. It was not a gracious letter, nor, though its style was so familiar, did it smack much of ancient friendship. If the captain knew that his friend was intimate at Willowbank, he must surely also know how that intimacy had come about, and therefore must be aware that the reconciliation was by no means solely due to his fine new title. Walter was not a man to look for "a return" for any good service, even in the shape of an expression of gratitude, but this total ignoring of what he had done in the matter was not quite pleasant. The phrase, "struck up an acquaintance," and especially the words which followed it, "on your own account," seemed indeed almost offensive. He studied the epistle thus carefully, in order to learn from it, if possible, whether little Red Ridinghood had told Selwyn from whose lips she had received the information that had disappointed his designs. Upon the whole, Walter thought that she had told him, or if not, that he had guessed the truth. There was a "stand-at-guard" air about the letter, which was not in his friend's usual style, though it was not absolutely hostile. He was less indifferent to this than he would have been at the time he bade Nellie use his name, not only because time had mitigated his wrath against the captain, but because he did not wish to have an enemy at Willowbank. He deemed it probable, as I have said, that sooner or later he would be banished thence, but he wished to put off that banishment as long as possible. What seemed very strange, even to himself, was that this was the first conversation that occurred to him, and not the reflection that within an hour or so he was about to meet Lotty for the first time since her marriage, and in her father's house.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR REGINALD PROGRESSES.

There is many a dinner party that is not a party of pleasure, although our inviter may have designed it to be so, in all good faith. It is not pleasant, for example, to be asked to meet a creditor, who is rarely at the same time one's friend; nor a man to whom, from any cause, it is necessary to make one's self civil, if one is not inclined to be so; nor some very great personage indeed, the satisfaction of meeting whom consists solely, if there be any, in the being able to boast of it afterwards; nor one's old love as a newly married woman; nor one's old friend, with whom there is a feeling of estrangement. Perhaps these last two are the most unpleasant to meet of all, and they were both awaiting Walter Litton that evening. He was to meet them also in the presence of a host who was unconscious of his acquaintance with them, and from whom he had designedly concealed that circumstance. He would have to act a part, and one that he felt he was ill adapted to fill, throughout that evening, and perhaps for many evenings to come. It seemed to him that this was infringing the laws of hospitality, and soiling by ignoble use that name of gentleman of which he had hitherto thought himself worthy.

Without having any exaggerated opinion of himself, he had, up to this time, found himself perfectly at ease in any society to which he had been admitted, and had imagined, and with reason, that so it would have been in all cases; he was not dazzled by rank and show, though it was intuition rather than experience which had convinced him of their emptiness; his very simplicity made him natural in his manners; and natural manners—when the nature is good—are the best in the world. But on this occasion, while he attired himself for that little party at Willowbank, he felt like a girl who is going to her first ball—flurried, and nervous, and excited, and rehearsing to himself those little speeches, which are so certain not to be remembered when the time comes for their due delivery. His difficulty, like hers, was that he could not foresee what others would say to him; he did not know what attitude the captain might adopt towards him, nor how far either he or Lotty

would assist him in feigning a mutual ignorance of one another. So embarrassing was his dilemma, that he actually found himself considering whether it would be better for him to arrive late or early at Willowbank; in the end, he determined on going early, since he could then have no surprise sprung on him by the gallant captain—of whom he had suddenly grown unaccountably suspicious—in the way of judgment being passed against him by default. It would be clearly a disadvantage to him to enter the drawing-room without knowing what had passed at the first meeting of Sir Reginald with his "papa." This plan turned out even better than he had anticipated, for his cab drew up at the front door at the same moment as the very respectable brougham which conveyed the baronet and his bride, and the three met in the hall. Their mutual greeting was sufficiently guarded not to excite suspicion in the servants, yet warm enough to establish an understanding between themselves; and they entered the drawing-room together, like guests who have already made one another's acquaintance, and who need no further introduction. That was the ordeal, indeed, from which Walter had shrunk from most of all—the moment when his host should say: "Mr. Litton—my daughter," or "Mr. Litton—Sir Reginald," because it would necessitate an overt act of hypocrisy, as it were, on his part, whereas up till then he had only deceived by silence. This unpleasantness was now altogether avoided, partly by the circumstance I have mentioned, and partly because the position was too grave and peculiar to admit of mere conventional observances. The old merchant was standing stiffly by the fireplace when the three guests were announced; but the sight of his daughter was too much for the dignity he strove to maintain, and he stepped quickly forward and embraced her tenderly; then he offered his hand to her husband with a frank "I am glad to see you, Sir Reginald," and almost immediately afterwards to Walter himself. The ceremony of reconciliation was, in fact, made as short as possible; but for all that, it was plain that it was not without its effect upon the host, who, disinclined, or perhaps unable, to speak more, gazed with tears in his eyes at his two daughters as they rushed into each other's arms. It was only natural, therefore, and in accordance with good taste, that Selwyn and Litton should affect to ignore his emotion, and enter into conversation together.

"If he asks you, Litton, whether you have ever met 'Sir Reginald' before, you can say so, with truth," whispered the captain hastily; "and the same holds good with regard to her ladyship yonder." This specious method of evading the difficulty had certainly not occurred to Walter, and did not recommend itself to him now, but, nevertheless, he replied: "All right, old fellow; I'll do my best." And then they fell to talking aloud upon indifferent topics. While they did so, Walter could scarcely keep his eyes off Lotty. Cloaked and hooded as she had been on her arrival, he had had no time to observe her fully; but now, in the brilliantly lit drawing-room, he noticed with pain how cruelly care had dealt with her brightness and beauty; so cruelly, indeed, that knowing what he did, he could not but suspect that not only care, but neglect and unkindness, must have had their share in effecting such a change. Her face had lost its rounded lines, its delicate tints, and had become sharp and wan; her eyes were red, which could scarcely have been accounted for by the tears that she was weeping then; her trembling lips smiled, indeed, but as though smiles were strangers to them; nay, the burden of sorrow seemed to have weighed upon her very frame, for her carriage had lost all the grace of girlhood.

He had feared for her some fate of this sort, and, under the apprehension of it, had portrayed her, as we know, from imagination; but so far had the actual change outstripped his fears, that, forgetting for a moment that the old man, like himself, had made a picture of her in his mind more consonant with the portrait than with the original, he almost marvelled how his picture could have recalled her to her father's remembrance. It was evident that the old merchant perceived this change himself, for he regarded Lotty with an expression of wistful tenderness that he took no pains to conceal; but, in all probability, he set it down solely to her long exile from home, and loved her, we may be sure, no less, that absence from his arms and roof had wrought such woe with her. He did not even apologize to Walter, when, upon dinner being announced, he offered his own arm to Lotty, and Selwyn of course taking Lillian, the young painter was left to bring up the rear of the little party alone. Except, however, in these tacit evidences of his affection and forgiveness, the host seemed resolved in no way to allude to the cause that had led to the dismemberment of his family; and his guests were only too glad to maintain a similar silence upon that topic.

The conversation at first was somewhat scanty and constrained, but never so much as to become embarrassing; and as the good wine circulated which had been so long a stranger to the captain's palate, it moved his always fluent tongue to animated talk. His native sagacity taught him to avoid jesting under what he afterwards described as those "rather ticklish" circumstances, and even to sink that tone of careless frivolity which was habitual to him; but he narrated incidents of his military career in a cheerful and entertaining style. Instinct told him that the army was not a profession that was popular with his new found father-in-law, and therefore he confined himself to such anecdotes as would be most likely to interest an outsider. Had he been but a mere captain in the Heavies, he might not have succeeded so easily in gaining Mr. Brown's attention; but that gentleman's ear, like those of many others of his class, was particularly formed to receive the narrations of persons of quality; and though he made some considerable resistance to the voice of

the charmer, in the way of interruptions and objections—as if in protest against injured fathers-in-law being placed at once on too familiar a footing—he, in the end, accorded him a sufficiently gracious hearing. The story that pleased him most, and the one which the cunning captain had kept in reserve with that very object for after dinner, was the one known in military circles as "The Tale of the Golden Lions," a sort of typical narrative which shifts its date to suit the times, and which, since the captain's day, has been permanently attached to the taking of the Chinese emperor's Summer Palace; but it does, in fact, pertain to an earlier epoch of British warfare, namely, that of the first Chinese war, in which the captain's colonel was engaged, and who (unless we are so bold as to disbelieve a baronet) told it to him with his own lips.

"It was about that opium business, as you doubtless remember, sir," said the captain, addressing himself to his host, "that the war was begun which ended in the opening of the ports."

"I remember it well, Sir Reginald," observed Mr. Brown. "I was stopped on my way to business, for the first time in my life, from mere curiosity to see the waggons that brought home the Chinese indemnity pass along the street. There were twenty-one millions of silver dollars—twenty-one millions," repeated the old gentleman, smacking his lips, for the mention of a large sum of money was always music to him.

"That was the precise sum," said the captain deferentially; "though I should not have ventured to state it from my own recollection."

"Ay, but I don't forget such things," said the other, much pleased to find his own memory so complimented. "It was the only war in which this country has been engaged through which we ever reaped a pecuniary advantage; that is one of the reasons why I am a peace-at-any-price man, and am not ashamed to own it, Sir Reginald."

It was probable that the captain's opinion of peace-at-any-price was not a very high one, but you will never have supposed so, had you seen his polite and almost assenting bow.

"Well, I was about to observe, sir, that large as that indemnity was, my present colonel—Markham—then a lieutenant in a foot regiment, had it once within his power (had he but known it) to have returned home with even a larger sum to his own check—I mean, at his private account at his banker's," added the captain hurriedly. His speech was apt to be garnished by slang terms; and though, as he had proved, he could put a restraint upon himself in all important matters, these little verbal eccentricities would occasionally escape him. "It was just before the preliminaries of peace were signed, and while the troops were before Canton."

"It was Nankin, if it was anywhere," observed Mr. Brown severely, for that notion of "one's own cheek," as being synonymous with one's banker's account, had savored to him of something like profanity.

"I daresay you are right, sir; but, at all events, Markham himself, with a company or so of his regiment, found themselves separated from the main body of the army; they were on a foraging expedition, or more likely a marauding one, for Markham's captain had always an eye for 'loot,' and had ventured much farther into the interior of the country than he had any authority for doing. They know that the war was at its close, you see, and that if anything valuable was to be got, it was to be picked up at once."

"Upon my life, Sir Reginald," said the old merchant, "your tale, so far as it is gone, is not very complimentary to your cloth."

"Well, you see, there are soldiers and soldiers: with some, all is fair in love and war—that is, in war."

The slip was terrible. Most men in the speaker's position would have thought it irreparable, and given up their anecdote altogether; but the captain was made of cooler stuff.

"Of course it's wrong," he continued; "but there will be soldiers of fortune as long as the world lasts, like Major Dalgetty."

"Is he in your regiment also?" enquired Mr. Brown, with severity.

"O no, sir; I merely instanced him as the sort of man I am talking about. They are often good soldiers, and serve the state as well as themselves, we must remember. Look at Clive, for example, and—and—oh, a lot of fellows."

It was now Mr. Brown's turn to bow, which he did in very qualified adhesion to these sentiments.

"Well, Bob Markham and the rest marched a good way up the country—the people fleeing before them—till they reached a certain imperial residence of which they were in search. It was very splendidly furnished, and of course they sacked it. The walls of one room were lined with silver plates of half an inch thick—with the proceeds of some of which, by-the-by, Bob afterwards purchased his company. There had been hopes of jewels, I believe; but these had been removed, in anticipation of their visit; but altogether it was a great haul, and very glad they were to get back to camp with it—those, that is, that managed to do so, for they were cut off by the imperial troops, and had to fight their way through them. But the curious thing was that the Chinese themselves could never be persuaded that our men had reached the palace. They showed their silver plates; but those carried no conviction. 'Such splendors,' they said, 'were to be found in the house of many a rich mandarin. Had you really been to Bong-gata-boo (or whatever its name was) you would certainly have brought back its golden lines.'"

"What golden lions?" asked Markham, rather irritably, for he did not relish not being believed about such a matter, for the expedition had been a very smart thing.

"Why, the lions that guard the gates; you must have passed between them, if you ever got inside." Then he remembered that upon each pillar was a lion, in brass, as they had all supposed, about eight feet high, which some of the soldiers had pricked with their bayonets.

"Well, what about them?" he asked. "I saw the lions, of course."

"Only, that they are of solid gold, and the richest prizes in all China," was the reply.

"Perhaps he could never have got back alive with them; he always protests that he could not; but he and his men had beasts of

burden with them, and other means of carriage; and he has often told me in confidence that it could have done, had it ever entered into his mind that the images were of the precious metal. Then he tears his hair (what little is left of it), and proclaims himself the unluckiest dog alive, since he is only a colonel of Heavies; when he might, but for the merest chance, have been a millionaire, Mr. Brown, like yourself."

The last shot was a bad one, for it inspired no little risk to the shooter, but, fortunately for the captain, it went home. The story, with its flavor of gold about it, had greatly recommended itself to the old merchant; and this concluding hint at his own wealth, so far from making him suspicious of the captain's motives, was received with uncommon favor.

"Well, well; I don't know about being a millionaire, Sir Reginald," answered he complacently; "but I have reaped the usual reward of much frugality and toil. If you won't take any more wine, young gentlemen, we will join the ladies."

(To be Continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "P.P.F.'s."

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—I see by the Herald of the 24th instant that a branch of the Printers' "Protective" Fraternity has been organized in this city, composed of employees of the Herald. The notice of the organization also contains extracts from their constitution, as follows:

Article 2.—OBJECTS: To bring into closer relation the employer and employee and to unite them under one fraternal bond.

The mutual protection of its members in their business relations and the AVOIDANCE OF STRIKES."

Now, the Fraternity being composed almost entirely of members of Typographical Unions who have been expelled for violation of their obligation, what guarantee has an employer that they will not also violate their obligation in the Fraternity when it suits their purpose to do so. One of the objects, as stated above, is the avoidance of strikes, and in the same paragraph it is stated that they are organized for mutual protection. If they are true to the above obligation there will be times when they cannot avoid a strike, because in the mutual protection of its members it must protect them against any unreasonable demands of their employers.

The International Union, also, is opposed to strikes, and the following extracts from their constitution and by-laws will show:

"The International Union, recognizing strikes as detrimental to the best interests of the craft, recommends subordinate unions not to order a strike until every possible effort has been made to settle the difficulty.

Subordinate unions are recommended to annually present their scale of prices for the employers to sign, which scale, when signed, shall be binding on both parties during the year."

Now, Mr. Editor, "any reasonable minded person" to quote their own words, can decide which of the parties they would prefer to trust, the Union man, who has always lived up to his obligation, or the Fraternity man, who keeps his obligation only as long as it is more to his interest to keep it than to violate it.

Yours, etc.,

UNION MEMBER.

"WOMAN IN THE WORKSHOP."

"EMILIE" REPLIES TO "L.J.L."

To the Editor of THE ECHO:

SIR,—As "L. J. L." appears to be very grateful for my criticisms, I would like to explain a few items that unfortunately must have confused him, judging from his letter; and as it is always best to be as explicit as possible in such a "controversy," where some one is sure to be benefited, I will make an effort to enlighten him.

In the first place he holds that after having kindly told me it was because they work for less than the men, he is afraid that I have misunderstood him. I am pleased to inform "L. J. L." that I have not misunderstood one word of his information, but I fail to agree with him even now that he has repeated the reason. Let me ask him if individual ambition is not the first and most important consideration to himself and to every person that is obliged to work for their living? Would any person refuse a more remunerative position than they have (if the work and hours suited them as well) simply because the salary was less than the previous employee received, notwithstanding it would be a great advancement to him? I very much doubt it. That will be better proved if there were a few vacancies of the kind. Would they then care who occupied their late position any more than they cared who the generous person was that made room for them. They would evidently start to their business thinking "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." I therefore affirm that woman has every right to compete in the vast field of labor, for surely the demand is equal to the supply, and if a young girl finds herself competent to fulfill her duty, it still fails to see any reason why she should not compete. "Oh, of course," he says, "the source of trouble is that she works for two-thirds of what a competent (?) man receives." Let me add that there are several grades of salaries in all establishments, even where females are not employed, and there seems to be no trouble or discontent about it, and if you asked them how it was that some received \$8 a week, some \$10, some \$12 and so on, they would frankly and contentedly tell you, "Oh, that man is only a year or two at the business, it would be absurd to give him as much as the experienced men," and think that all men were on an equal footing. Yet, if a young girl accepts a position, although she is inexperienced—that seems to have little weight with him—he evidently thinks she ought to command as high a salary as if she had several years' experience. Failing to take this important step, he intimates that she must be ruin-

ing labor; a man must have a beginning though, oh, yes, that is absolutely necessary. Let me ask our manly correspondent if he could conscientiously ask the same salary in a firm where he had no experience as if he had five years or so? Yet the girls ought to do it. Yes, it seems they ought to, to prevent undermining men's wages. Girls, as men, must have a beginning, and in time they receive well, considerably more than two-thirds of what a man commands. "L. J. L." seems anxious that we should get that from the first. He evidently forgets that a foundation must first be laid, then the walls, and lastly the roof to complete a building. If a man's business does not satisfy him financially, can he not make an attempt to rise. Are there no avenues of industry open outside of his chosen, though ill-paying one? My correspondent forgot to mention whether men's salaries were lower than before their fair competitors introduced themselves. He states that I have entangled myself because I remarked, in a very dependent way, that there were few fathers who had their children's interest at heart because they were obliged to send them to work, and yet that was exactly what I meant to say, so I cannot extricate myself, even with his assistance. I am sorry that I have such an opinion of the majority of fathers, but facts are stubborn things. If those fathers that have such an intense yearning for the education of their children are content to go on as they started, without any further ambition outside of their poorly paid competitive profession, let them think and study the lines they learnt at school, i. e., "Where there's a will there's a way."

"L. J. L." informs me on good authority that drunkenness is far more prevalent among the poorly paid class. Why, in reason, ought this to be? Is it because he receives a small salary that he can afford to spend a great proportion of it in liquor? I imagine that would make it still smaller; don't you? And if he received a large salary he would probably spend less. These seem to be very contradictory assertions. Let me here remark that if high salaries could buy drunkards, prohibitionists would achieve their highest aim, and the Scott would have little opposition, I imagine. "Just think, where there are comfortably furnished homes there are less drunkards," he says. That is, indeed, an excellent item of information for the workers of temperance. They may take advantage of it, too.

"L. J. L." very touchingly remarks that there are gentlemen and men who are not gentlemen, drunken as well as sober men there, too. Let me inform him that he will find a mixed community of this kind everywhere, and if a girl cannot be distant with those unfitted to associate with her she is indeed to be pitied.

Lastly, I do say that a girl who knows the value of every dollar would be the most economical, as she has to make it go as far as possible for housekeeping. Does "L. J. L." think she is ignorant of the price of provisions or clothing because she is engaged during the day? If so, he is laboring under a sad mistake, and I am sure they could compete favorably in a darning or mending contest with their more fortunate sisters at home, as it saves them many a dollar which the former could not appreciate. If my correspondent is suffering from those severe spasms of the feet on account of badly-mended stockings, it may be the means of curing them to ask some female usurper to attempt them for him. It is surely worth the trial.

I trust that there will be no wilful misunderstanding, as I have explained myself as explicitly as possible. I have no wish to continue this argument, as I can never be convinced, notwithstanding that "L. J. L." has wonderfully magnified the grievances of the workmen, that woman is illegitimately taking the place of man or ruining his labor.

Yours, etc.,

EMILIE.

EDISON WAS RIGHT.

In a few years, says Mr. Edison, the world will be just like one big ear, it will be unsafe to speak in a house until one has examined the walls and furniture for concealed phonographs.

It is also quite safe to assert that in a very short time the justly celebrated Diamond Dyes will be so universally used throughout the world, that steam-dyeing establishments will almost cease to exist, and families will do their own dyeing with Diamond Dyes, which are pure and unadulterated. If these dyeing establishments wish for a continuance of existence, they will have to discard the crude and dangerous mill dyes, and use the Diamond Dyes.

Hundreds of ladies in Canada, who a few years ago had their dyeing done in City and Town dye shops now use the Diamond Dyes, as the work is done much better and at one tenth the cost of dye shops.

Diamond Dyes to the ladies are as great a boon as is the Telephone and Telegraph to the business man.

An Attractive Window.

"I hear you want a good window-dresser?" "Yes sir," replied the draper. "Can you make a window attractive?" "Attractive! I should say I could. I can dress it so a woman can't get by it 'thout looking in." "Very well, sir, you may try." "In half an hour the pavement in front of the shop was crowded with women, all waiting to get a chance to peep in. The merchant couldn't understand it, since nothing but a solid piece of black velvet was hanging in the window. "I didn't know a simple piece of black velvet was so attractive." "Tain't that," said the new clerk. "They ain't looking at the velvet." "What then?" "Why, don't you see, that black background surrounds a capital mirror."

150 pieces of black and colored fancy cloakings to be sold at cost next week at S. Carsley's, being late delivery.

It is very satisfactory to S. Carsley, Notre Dame street, to see so many short jackets and dolmans sold every day.

The census returns taken by the Brooklyn police show a population of 855,945. The federal census made the total 808,000.