

Eczema Covered Arms of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucedale, Ont., writes—



DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Maddolena's Story

The Cameo Bracelet

CHAPTER IX.

"A ballet mistress, more likely, who takes advantage of her height and stature to play the male parts to these agile nymphs," said some one else. "With what majestic air she leads the way into the hotel! Do come and look at her, Charlie! You lazy fellow; will nothing stir you out of your idleness? This way," make haste, before we lose sight of her!"

"Thanks," said Charlie Ormsby, from the comfortable armchair in which he had ensconced himself; "but I believe, from your description—allowing, of course, for its exaggeration—that the large lady you are discussing is so well known to me that novelty has lost its charm."

"On learning this the young men all turned toward him.

"Is it possible? Who, then, is she?" asked one and another. "Was my guess near the truth?—or mine?—or mine?"

"Not very," the young baronet answered, coolly; "for Madame la Baronne Caspares is the widow of a Prussian noble, and my mother's aunt."

"The faces of his friends assumed such ludicrous expressions that he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Don't be uneasy, my dear fellow, you said nothing that annoyed me, and the baroness has no objection to seeing herself stared at, or knowing that the question, 'Who is she?' is following her wherever she goes. Besides, she has enough womanly vanity to think that all the glances she detects are admiring ones."

"Then she really is not an instructor of youth?" said Captain Harley, who was slow of comprehension.

"Decidedly not, except that she has established on one of her estates a school for orphans, which she maintains with great liberality, and that she generally has two or three poor but well-born girls about her, for whose future she interests herself."

"Then her benevolence is immense, as well as her person?" observed some one, quizzically.

"Yes," said Charlie, "take her altogether she is very well—for a giantess. Her heart is as warm as her head is weak. I wonder what fresh caprice brings her here. At her age she ought to be living quietly in her own house."

"Don't abuse your relatives, Charlie. I'm an orphan myself," said Moncton Gore, turning up his eyes; "and if the lady is rich—"

"She is rich," interpolated his friend; "she inherited money from her parents, and has married well, twice."

"Very good," Gore went on; "if she takes such a compassionate interest in orphans of the other sex, why not in me?"

"I'll introduce you, if you like," Charlie Ormsby told him. She will catechise you for ten minutes, and if you are marriageable, and she considers you an eligible part for one of her proteges, you will be allowed to keep your name on her visiting books for three months. By the end of that time you must have proposed, or made your exit."

"Then don't introduce me. I'm not capable of such energetic proceedings," his friend retorted. "Madame Caspares must be one of the strongest-minded women, in which case I prefer to avoid her, unless the young ladies are pretty—are they, Charlie?"

"Really, I cannot say. Ma tante and I rarely encounter each other. She is an amusing character, and in former days I used to like to accompany my mother when she visited her, and listened while they talked of notable people in the first empire, whom you and I only know from history. But she has been travelling for these last few years. Some months ago there was a report that she was seen crossing the Andes; since then we have heard of her in Prussia."

"Then it's possible," suggested Moncton Gore, "that the damsel now in her train are a couple of fair Turks, or beautiful Georgians, picked up on her travels."

"Or a black Clementina and yellow Rose from Alabama," added Charlie. "The one notion is just as likely to be correct as the other."

"They were both closely veiled and muffled in those shapeless monstrosities women call waterproofs," his friend asserted. "If I had had the sense to slip out into the hall, I might have caught a glimpse of their faces."

"Just as they had landed from a steam vessel, and passed through the agencies of sea-sickness? Would Venus herself be presentable under such circumstances? Besides, you infatuated admirer of the beautiful, my good aunt generally takes pity upon those to whom nature has not been bountiful, so that her proteges are not, as a rule, very attractive."

"In this, however, he was mistaken. Madame Caspares liked pleasant faces about her, and this time had contrived to secure them in the young women who resided with her as half-companions, half dependents, and who were now refreshing themselves with coffee in a room adjoining their parlour, which, to her praise be it recorded, she has taken care to have as comfortably arranged as her own. Both dark-eyed, well-shaped, and healthy, the resemblance went no further. One was vivacious, excitable, her color coming and going with every emotion; her air, whether imperious, wrathful, arch, or sorrowful, always retaining a certain dignity which gave height to her slender figure and the carriage of her graceful head. The other, more strictly beautiful, was also more phlegmatic, rarely suffering herself to be moved from a composure, beneath which lurked a certain sadness, as if sorrowful memories haunted her in her happiest moments. Yet when she smiled, her face was so very lovely, that poets would have dreamed of it, and painters vainly longed to be able to seize and transfer to their canvas the fleeting expression.

While these two young women, who seemed to agree excellently, were resting after the fatigues of a rough passage, Madame Caspares—who was never ill, and rarely died, enjoying such rude health, that peevish invalids were wont to declare she possessed a cast-iron constitution—had given an audience to every official who was to have the honor of waiting upon her. Not content with this, she had also made the laundress repeat to her the names of every one then staying in his house, commenting upon them with that freedom of manner a sense of her own importance had rendered natural to her.

"Captain Harley: one of the Harleys of—shire, no doubt. Fools all; men who have never brains to be more than dandles in their youth, and peevish dotards in their age," mused the baroness. "E. Morton, Esq. Don't know him, unless he's the Morton who won the something scholarship at Oxford last year." Madam's memory was astonishingly retentive, and she seldom forgot a name she had once heard. "Moncton Gore—hem! he's well enough, and would be a clever fellow, if he would be content to let Nature have her way. Who else, more host? Sir Charlie! What, my nephew Ormsby? Where is he? Show me the way to the apartments Sir Charlie Ormsby occupied. I shall be glad to see the boy once more, and congratulate him on his recovery."

And thus, a little to the surprise and confusion of the young men, who—smoking, laughing, jesting—were still engaged in gossiping over the peculiarities of the great lady, the door opened, and she appeared among them.

Captain Harley was silly enough to emit a faint giggle; but the others had the sense to see that, however eccentric madam might be, she was a lady, and would brook no impertinences. She did not appear to have heard the young officer's breach of good manners; yet she kept her eye fixed upon him all the while she was in the room; and in such a manner, too, that he winced and writhed, stared at the ceiling, out of the window, or down at his boots in vain. He knew that the relentless baroness never turned her gaze away, and he was helplessly miserable.

"For nearly an hour she sat conversing with her great nephew and his friends, and talked so well, that no one but the unhappy Harley wished her away. She was on the wing for Paris, she told them, to transact some business connected with the estates of her first husband, and then she proposed to winter in Rome; and if she permitted her auditors to divine that she believed herself to have inherited the beauty of her mother—a French marquise—and the genius of her mother—a German savant—her vanity was of such a harmless description, that they could only smile at it.

When she rose to return to her own suite of apartments, where the cook was to send up a dinner prepared expressly according to her directions, she asked the baronet to give her his arm across the hall, and availed herself of the opportunity to put the question:

"What are you doing with yourself, Charlie Ormsby? It is more than three years since your father died, and I do not hear of your making your mark in the world."

His face clouded, as he retorted: "What is there for me to do? Nothing. Better men than I have filled up all the vacancies."

"Then you are literally wasting your life?"

(To be continued.)

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I'm thinking of a learned physician who's just been sentenced to the pen; and as he's old, in poor condition, he never may come out again—a man who once had high ambition to benefit his fellowmen.

A gifted man who might have risen to any pinnacle of fame, had any purpose true been his, or stern resolve to play the game; and now we see him sent to prison, all heart and burdened by his shame. No doubt he was intent on making, when he was young, an honest roll; the hard earned kopecks he was raking, like any other thrifty soul; but later had a taste of taking when he dug up the southeast pole. He might have been a moral banker, dispensing coin at eight per cent. some hamlet's compass, helm and anchor, by no cheap Utica up-pent; but in his heart there was the canker that one small taste of taking sent. He might have walked with merchant princes, and had a chain of ten-cent stores, dispensing nutmegs, nails and quinces, and shipping prunes to foreign shores; and now the law its might evinces by shutting tight the iron doors. When once a man becomes a faker he'll keep on chasing easy groats until the village undertaker an earnest hour to him devotes; he'll keep on taking till his Maker gives him his place among the goats.

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Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

TAKING THE BABY'S PART
Perhaps I'm wrong—so off it may be. But for a moment let's suppose. Someone took off your shoes and hose. Just when the evening fun began. And very positively said: "Now, little man, it's time for bed. Would you go smilingly from us. Or, like the baby, make a fuss?"

Suppose you did not wish to sleep. Were not yet wearied of the day. But had no power your wish to say. Would you not loudly start to weep. And twist and squirm to overthrow. The will of those who bade you go? How would you like it to be rocked. 'Till sleep at last your eyelids locked?

Let us suppose some stanzas. As large to you as you appear. Unto the baby crying here. Had you in arms of tenderness. But forefetal arms, against your will. And whispered often: "Now keep still!" Would you believe the world all wrong. Or would you listen to her song? Would lullabies, however sweet. Steal from your mind its utmost thought. That sleep was something to be fought. With flying hands and kicking feet? Would you not try beyond a doubt. To wear the lady's assistance out. Yet every night our roughish mis is made to go to sleep like this.

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