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BABY'S SKIN. Freed from all Eruptions. Made Pure and White by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

CANCER! Tumors and all Blood Diseases orders conquered! Settle at home. No knife or plaster.

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 Queen's Avenue. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers.

THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY; or, Rejected for Conscience's Sake.

BY CHRISTINE FABER. CHAPTER IV.

The meeting of Aunt Deb and Miss Hammond had taken place leaving with each a most unfavorable impression of the other. Aunt Deb conceived at once a fierce hatred for her guest because of her beauty and its probable effect upon her brother, while Miss Hammond could not repress an inward shivering at the piercing little black eyes, and the cold, thin, shrill voice.

Prudence Liscome did not belie her name; she prudently sought to turn everything to her own interest, and had she not over-reached herself in the matter of her beloved virtue she might not have arrived at her present mature age without having entered the matrimonial state.

Her appearance gave so much mirth to Florence, the girl was in an agony trying to repress it, and at length, in order not to disgrace herself, she began to tell funny stories that they might afford her a pretense for laughing.

Wilbur with perfect gravity, conducted her to the little old-fashioned piazza, while his niece pinched herself until she felt the pain sharply in order to compose her face; but just as she had succeeded, Miss Liscome's song nearly sent both her and Agnes into another convulsion.

Mother's take a pride in having their infants' skin of that delicate pink and white—soft as velvet. When torturing and disgusting eruptions seize upon the little body, they want a remedy that will not disappoint now fail.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Mothers take a pride in having their infants' skin of that delicate pink and white—soft as velvet.

commenced, that she should explode, and right in the face of Aunt Deb, instead of looking at the singer was threateningly watching both her and Agnes.

Even Agnes had her more self-control, for after the first violent disposition to laugh caused by the song, she had quite composed her countenance and sat looking dignified and respectful enough, and Sydney's control seemed marvellous.

The next day, when Aunt Deb found herself not invited to make one of her brother's company into an interesting excursion about the city, she consulted herself by sending for Miss Liscome, and treating that lady to all she would like to have said to both Miss Hammond and her niece.

"I think, Sydney, you have troubled Miss Hammond quite enough. Suppose you let us hear Florence's voice." Florence, on whom the least sweet pathetic strains had the effect of banishing her disposition to mirth, immediately disclaimed.

"Hear me, Aunt Deb, after those exquisite songs—the effect would be most uncomplimentary to me. I must beg you to excuse me this evening." That little speech seemed to enlighten Miss Liscome with regard to her own musical performance, more even than Miss Hammond's singing had done, and she hated both speaker and singer as intensely as the latter was hated by Aunt Deb.

In their room that night and before either had begun to remove her dress, which, according to the modest convent fashion—in direct contrast to Miss Liscome's—was made extremely high in the neck and long in the sleeves, the two girls were exchanging merry confidences.

"As I live, Prudence Liscome, if there isn't one of their Romish spells—don't touch it!" as Miss Liscome hurrying to the table, was about to lift the little case that partially opened, disclosed the silver crucifix attached to Miss Hammond's pearl rosary.

"Don't touch the abomination," she repeated. "I shall get the duster and brush it to where it ought to be—these people even if one of them is my own niece have no right to touch a good thing that partially opened, disclosed the silver crucifix attached to Miss Hammond's pearl rosary."

"What events sometimes hang upon our trifling actions! Could Aunt Deb have foreseen that which would happen one day to the hated rosary, lost though it then seemed to be, she would have left it undisturbed on the dressing-table."

"Will you, Agnes?" "I will write to you, Aunt Deb, when I am only here myself on surveillance," replied Agnes in a very questioning tone.

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Florence. Who cares for Aunt Deb when we have Uncle Sydney on our side, and any one can see you have him on yourside. You don't know him. From my childhood I have heard about his firm will; that when he was a mere lad at school his firmness was the mark of his wisdom, and I confidently acknowledge to you that he is quite my hero.

"Half past eleven, as I am assiner!" she exclaimed, springing up with a vigor that was laughable considering her previous indisposition to do anything but talk, and Uncle Syd means to begin to-morrow morning to show us some of the city sights. Nice looking pair we shall be, losing our night's rest in this manner. I insist that you prepare for bed immediately, Agnes Hammond," using a very peremptory tone, and beginning a hasty disrobing of herself as she spoke.

"When I say my rosary," replied Miss Hammond, taking from her pocket the little pearl gift of the morning. It was enclosed in an old-fashioned case which had the name, Agnes, engraved on a tiny silver plate, and opening the case drew from it the beads, and proceeded to kneel in a very straight, mortified manner in the middle of the room in order not to be tempted by the proximity of a chair to any reclining position.

awoke her with a very warm goodnight kiss, at which she aroused herself sufficiently to say:

"You are such a good, pious girl, Agnes—surely God must love you very much."

And Agnes' heart responded to the praise by a secret, very secret, but conscious throbbing of vanity at her superiority in the matter of piety to her friend. Alas! pride goeth before a fall.

"She has a pretty face, certainly," admitted Pru, "but don't you think Deb—(whenever Miss Wilbur got into a Pru, Miss Liscome in flustering imitation abbreviated to Deb)—that she is very forward; at least it so struck me last night, the way she kept on singing, and that after I, mindful of the rest of the company, had sung only once."

"Forward! the creature is odiously so; but come up stairs and see the way I have fixed their room. They say that the Romanists never read the Bible, so I thought I'd make them take a few of its texts as folks are said to get small-pox, without any special effort."

And Miss Wilbur smiled at her little effort of wit, while Miss Liscome laughed, and rejoined that Deb's sayings were so good they ought positively to be kept in writing. And thus smiling, and laughing, and flustering, the two found themselves in the text-adorned bed chamber.

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little twinge of self-reproach for having been so wanting in recollection all day, remembering with a sigh that not once had she repeated her wonted daily little aspiration, and in her secret heart she felt that her neglect had been all owing to the charm which she experienced in Sydney Wilbur's company.

No matter into what recess of her pocket she thrust her fingers, she could not feel the little case, and at length, shaking forth her handkerchief and turning her pocket inside out without any better result, she exclaimed in dismay:

"Oh! Florence, I have lost it—the little pearl rosary with my name on its case that dear Madame H— gave me just before we came away. What shall I do? I would not lose it for anything in this wide world!"

"Don't look so distressed, dear!" rejoined the practical Florence, "if it is really lost, you can say your rosary on your little brown beads, as you have been in the habit of doing. But you are not sure that it is lost. Perhaps you did not take it with you this morning, and that it is lying here somewhere in the room."

And she proceeded to look for it quite energetically. "No; it is not in the room, for I am sure I put it into my pocket this morning the first thing. I wouldn't I couldn't forget it. I value it too highly."

But even while she so vehemently declared her recollection of it, her secret conscience was telling her how she had, for that morning, first thing, her thoughts had been full of Sydney Wilbur, and when her search joined to that which Florence was making, revealed nothing of the missing treasure, tears of vexation and regret welled up in her eyes, and she said to herself:

"I deserve the loss: I have forgotten my pious resolution and the Blessed Virgin did not think I was worthy to retain dear Madame's gift."

A thought which made her feel not quite so much the superior in piety of Florence as she had done the previous night.

Matthias Mallaby was the fixture, stand-by and oracle of Mrs. Denner's modest boarding-house. Nobody there thought of so much as smiling at his singular dress, for if they had done so, Mrs. Denner, Mr. Denner, all the little old-fashioned hand, a characteristic belonging to Mrs. Denner, and all the large Denners, belonging to Mr. Denner by a former spouse, would have gone in a body to smite the person so smiling.

Indeed, the children not alone of the house, but of all the houses on the block adjoining made them a sort of bodyguard for Mr. Mallaby, for never was he seen going to the street or coming down the street, but that there was seen also a little army of children about him. They seemed to consider his hands, arms, and legs their to hold, hug, twist, and pinch, if they would, and how their good-natured victim ever succeeded in reaching his own doorway was sometimes a matter of surprise even to himself.

His business was the collection of bills, and for that avocation he seemed to have a very special and decided talent. No reluctant debtor who once encountered Matthias Mallaby would be willing to repeat the meeting.

It was said that his eyes enforced the payment as much as ever did his tongue, and that, to get away from his peculiar, hard, persistent, following stare, a man would pay any bill no matter how unwilling he might be just then to meet it.

It was also said that he enforced the presentation of his bill by a sort of threatening presentation of his great cotton umbrella, which he carried on all occasions, and that when he met an unwilling or dissenting debtor, he was wont to accompany every word he uttered with a—i—, which long drawn out, and having the r very much trilled, produced a most ludicrous effect. On one occasion he had even tracked an escaping debtor, and had succeeded in capturing him, to the discomfiture and envy of the detectives engaged in the pursuit, and to the congratulations and delight of the firm by which he, Mallaby, was employed. And his cleverness had been made the subject of a long newspaper article in which was included even an accurate description of his own appearance; but Matthias bore the printed honor with great modesty.

mond's. One hasty perusal of it caused Mr. Mallaby to let it drop from his trembling hand, to sit staring straight before him with a very helpless and bewildered look, after which his lips compressed so tight in the effort to stifle some mental agony that a blue line formed about his mouth. For the space of an hour he remained that position looking straight before him, and with the letter lying open at his feet. Then Mrs. Denner, her anxiety aroused, (he had not responded to the dinner bell) knocked at the door saying very loudly at the same time:

"Mr. Mallaby; aren't you coming down, or would you like as a bit sent up to you?" Mr. Mallaby started, picked up the letter, and hastily thrusting it into a drawer which he locked, answered:

"Yes; yes, Mrs. Denner, I'm coming down as soon as I read Miss Hammond's letter."

"As soon as he reads Miss Hammond's letter?" Mrs. Denner soliloquized. That statement simply and unsuspectingly made was proof that the letter had its usual effect, for instead of reading the dear child's letter he had taken the other one up and had brooded over it ever since, and the good woman felt almost as if she would be willing to give her right hand to know the contents of these mysterious letters; not through curiosity she assured herself, but just for the sake of "that blessed man."

While she was ascending, Mr. Mallaby perused Miss Hammond's very warm note of invitation. It was so different from her wonted brief, cold manner of writing to him, that before he finished he looked at the signature to be sure it was written in her name; and then he read it again, and smiled a little, as if somewhat incredulous still, after which he put it away, not however, in the drawer with the other. Despite its warm tone he was a little doubtful about accepting the invitation. When, however, he had his dinner, and in response to Mrs. Denner's inquiry for the dear child, Miss Agnes, he had acquainted her with the object of the note, Mrs. Denner strongly pressed him to accept the invitation that his doubt was quite shaken, and when she added that it was his duty to accept it in order to see for himself something of the family with whom the dear child was staying, his doubt entirely disappeared; and before he went forth on the business of the afternoon, he dispatched in his still old-fashioned hand, a characteristic belonging to Mrs. Denner, and all the large Denners, belonging to Mr. Denner by a former spouse, would have gone in a body to smite the person so smiling.

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That none of the pugnacious qualities which distinguished his daily avocation were suffered to appear in his leisure moments, was attested by the attraction which he had for children. They hailed his coming and deplored his going, when, as it sometimes happened he was obliged to go to some distant locality in the interest of his business.

From all this the reader will infer that he was neither an obscure, nor unfamiliar figure in business circles, and that it was not unlikely Sydney Wilbur in his business intercourses—which he even he, retired as he was, was sometimes obliged to hold—should have heard of him.

Mrs. Denner loved the ground upon which he walked, and she frequently called him "that blessed man," a term of praise that was hardly to be wondered at, as she being a very affectionate mother was naturally touched by Mr. Mallaby's attention to her offspring.

On the day that Miss Hammond's invitation arrived by post for him there came by the same post, another letter also for Mr. Mallaby, and as Mrs. Denner placed them both in conspicuous position in his room, while she smiled over one, recognizing Miss Hammond's penmanship, she shook her head very dubiously over the other.

GOOD SE

Dear Father— correspondent with the Church. I hope you will enee for me to a cases in which I was not Jeann by good and true not others? I mention he ceally made on independent on one munication a Daouency and s and old-willing to adm Orieans" was a yet I think I thing I am pos the writng, wa agency, as the light was turne place while the taking place; veltous nature that it was mo with which the at all acqui

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Do You Want Consumption? Are you really looking for it? Inviting? Then pay no attention to your hacking cough, and your weak throat. You can prevent it, though. Take Scott's Emulsion early, when the cough first begins.