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THE ANTIDOTE

RAZE OUT THE WRITTEN TROUBLES OF THE BRAIN
WITH SOME SWEET ANTIDOTE

Vol. I. No. 22.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 11, 1892

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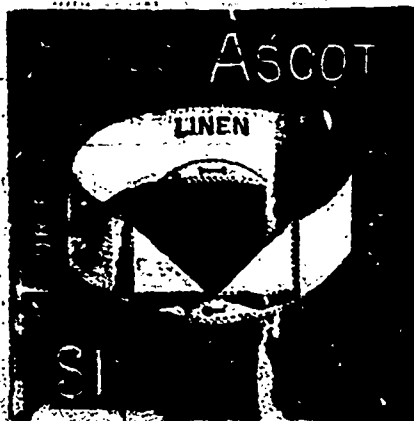
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OUR PRIZE LIST

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Pianoforte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

A MESS OF POTTAGO.

Of course we have all, as children, had related to us the story how Esau sold his birthright, and were taught to look upon that sale as a very grievous sin, which no doubt was strictly proper in the interests of religion and so forth. Nevertheless we will frankly confess, that, in spite of our tuition we had always a kind of pity for poor hungry Esau, and can remember being strongly reprimanded upon one occasion, for calling his smooth-faced brother a mean sneak, and his mother not much better. The days of childhood are now long past, and we do not find ourselves giving way to a foolish ebullition of feeling when the barter for the mess of pottage is re-enacted as it is every day we live. No, when our brother is metaphorically, if not actually, half famished, we take advantage of his condition to drive a hard bargain, without our blood being stirred to scorn or indignation in the least. A man comes down in the world—has a tough time of it so to speak—and we treat him as Esau was treated, taking all he has, and giving him a meagre plateful in return. Who wastes his compassion upon him at whose vitals misfortune is gnawing? It is true we may express sorrow, but if the opportunity offers which make his talents (i.e. his birthright) available, we consider them from a purely business point of view, and present him in exchange the mess of pottage, to which "his

poverty not his will consents." We know the value of his birthright, but we also know the necessities of its owner, and we trade upon the latter, even as Esau was traded with. The fellow is tired and hungry, and as a child we might have taken him by the hand and—but pshaw! when we became men we "put away childish things," and do not hesitate to accept, nay seize, his all for—a mess of pottage.

What is the meaning of this savage allegory, we hear some kindhearted reader exclaim? We answer that perhaps we have the rheumatism, or the weather is bad, and when the pain is over, or the clouds pass away, we may tell another tale showing how virtuous and charitable the world has become, and how when a man steals our cloak we beg of him to take our coat also. Then, we promise that butter will not melt in our mouth, and that nowadays a hungry Esau is never tricked out of his birthright.

Midnight Adventures.

I am a Tom-cat, and my feline feelings have lately been strung up to such a pitch that the unfolding of my tale has been rendered necessary.

I reside in the back garden of No. 10, Caterwaul Crescent, and I feel that my one mission on earth is to annoy the old gentleman at No. 11. There is some spell that causes me nightly to get on to the garden-wall near his bedroom window and disturb his sleep with the best examples of my voice production. What he does during the day I do not know, but he has never slept at night for more than a month. Up to the time of going to press, he has broken in his endeavours to hit me, three large-sized water jugs, a basin, two glass bottles, and a glass. Near the window there stands a valuable old Indian vase, and when he breaks that my end will be accomplished, and my serenade will cease.

It so happened that I kept in attendance at the garden-wall pretty regularly, but one night I caught cold and could not sing, so I stayed away.

All through that night, a friend informs me a figure in a night-cap, holding a revolver, might have been seen peering at intervals round the corner of the open window, anxiously awaiting my arrival.

I was really sorry for him that night, as he might have got to sleep all the time.

My cold got better, my voice came back, and my mission started again; but now that he possessed a pistol I deserted the wall and took up my position on one side of his wash-house roof, where no bullet from him could reach me.

My end is now accomplished. The valuable old Indian vase still stands in the same old place near the window, but the old gentleman has met his fate. One night when I was finishing up a fine movement with a brilliant cadenza, a pistol report put an abrupt termination to my song, and I well knew what had happened.

Two days after they bore him to his grave. Mournful faces followed the hearse to the graveyard, where he now sleeps undisturbed. They say he died of a broken heart, but a bullet in the brain is nearer the truth.

—♦♦♦—
DAVID AND ABSALOM.

Hopkins the father, and Hopkins the son,
Loved blindly the self-same world;
But, although her young heart by the
sire was won,

Yet in vain for her hand he prayed:
"Old Hopkins! Old Hopkins!" in grief
she sighed,

"I would fain be your wife, I swear;
But I cannot—I cannot—through life be
tied

To a fellow with carrot hair!"
So Hopkins the elder was deeply pained,
But it tempered his woe to cry,
"He! she can't by my cub of a son be
gained—

He's more gingery-haired than I!"

But Hopkins the father, with anguish dire,
Heard the news ere a month had run,
That the maid who'd rejected the Hopkins
sire

Was to marry the Hopkins son.
And, on asking what'er had induced the
fair

To become a red-wooled one's pet,
He was told that the stripling had changed
his hair

To the glossiest, shiniest jet!
So Hopkins the elder was quite undone,
And an ocean of tears he shed,
As he blubbered, "Young Hopkins, my
son, my son,

Would Heaven I had dyed in thy stead!"

—Pick-me-up.



HE BOBS UP SERENELY

"THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE PEOPLE GREET'S THE COMING DAY."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO:

Full a hundred years ago times were different you know

Women didn't try to fill the posts of men;

Nor were brains of children oft by o'er cramming rendered soft,

Yet the folks were very happy even then.

There were no quick-rushing trains, nor sweet music-hall refrains

Such as reach me even now within my den;

Ladies didn't deal in slang, nor their prettyresses bang,

Yet the folks were very happy even then.

There was no electric light, and it wasn't reckoned right,

For boys to smoke before the age of ten;

The torpedo wasn't made, barrel organs never played,

Yet the folks were very happy even then.

Those great pills which sell in flocks (worth you know how much per box)

Hadn't come within the British public's ken,

Nor did brassy German bands play in summer on the sands,

Yet the folks were very happy even then.

—Pick-me-up.

Not on the Passenger List.

(By Luke Sharpe.)

The "Gibrontus" of the Hot Cross Bun Line was at one time the best ship of that fleet. All steamships have, of course, their turn at the head of the fleet until a better boat is built. An accident happened on board the "Gibrontus" some years ago which was of small importance to the general public, but of some moment to Richard Keeling—for it killed him. The poor man got only a line or two in the papers when the steamer arrived, and then they spelled his name wrong. It had happened something like this: Keeling was wandering around very late at night, when he should have been in his bunk, and stepped on a dark place that he thought was solid. As it happened, there was nothing between him and the bottom of the hold but space. They buried Keeling at sea, and the officers knew absolutely nothing about the matter when inquisitive passengers,



The Coming Man and his Girl.

hearing rumors, questioned them. This state of things very often exists both on sea and land, as far as officials are concerned. Mrs. Keeling, who had been left in England while her husband went to America to make his fortune, and tumbled down a hole instead, felt aggrieved at the company. The company said that Keeling had no business to be nosing around dark places on the deck at that time of night, and doubtless their contention was just. Mrs. Keeling, on the other hand, held that a steamer had no right to have such man-traps open at any time, night or day, without having them properly guarded, and in that she was also probably correct. The company was very sorry, of course, that the thing had occurred; but they refused to pay for Keeling unless compelled to do so by the law of the land, and there matters stood. No one can tell what the law of the land will do when put in motion, although many people thought that if Mrs. Keeling had brought a suit against the Hot Cross Bun Company, she would have won it. But Mrs. Keeling was a poor woman, and you have to put a penny in the slot when you want the fingers of justice to work, so the unfortunate creature signed something which the lawyer of the company had written out, and accepted the few pounds which Keeling had paid for Room 18 on the "Gib-

rontus." It would seem that this ought to have settled the matter; for the lawyer told Mrs. Keeling he thought the company acted very generously in refunding the passage money; but it didn't settle the matter. Within a year from that time, the company voluntarily paid Mrs. Keeling £2100 for her husband. Now that the occurrence is called to our mind, you will perhaps remember the editorial one of the leading London dailies had on the extraordinary circumstances, in which it was very ably shown that the old saying about corporations having no souls to be condemned, or bodies to be kicked, did not apply in these days of commercial honor and integrity. It was a very touching editorial, and it caused tears to be shed on the Stock Exchange, the members having had no idea, before reading it, that they were so noble and generous.

How, then, was it that the Hot Cross Bun Company did this commendable act when their lawyers took such pains to clear them of all legal liability? The purser of the "Gibrontus," who is now old and superannuated, could probably tell you if he liked.

When the negotiations with Mrs. Keeling had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion by the lawyer of the company, and when that gentleman was rubbing his hand over his easy victory, the good ship "Gibrontus" was steaming out of the Mersey.

(To be continued.)

MATTER-OF-FACT, ANYHOW.

Aristocratic Mater.—Well, Cecil, what do you think of the two Miss Hazeldeans? Aren't they just lovely? Which do you admire more—the dark or the fair one?

Cecil.—I don't see any difference between them.

A. Mater.—No difference! Why? How?

Cecil.—They both want husbands.

EUPHEMISM.

Lady.—You had better wait up for the master to-night, Thomas, and if he is very tired you might help him to bed.

Thomas.—Yes, ma'am, but hadn't John better stay up along with me, 'cause when the master is very tired he's awfully lively and strong.

Lady.—Just as you please, Thomas.



SOCIAL AGONIES No. 5.

WHEN BRIDGET UNEXPECTEDLY ANNOUNCES TEA.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Langtry is having a doll especially modelled to resemble her in face, and to be dressed exactly as she was in "Cleopatra." Mrs. Langtry sends the doll as a contribution to the Chicago Exhibition. Mr. W. Clarkson, of 45, Wellington-street, Strand, has been especially commissioned to model the doll, which is nearly three feet high, made entirely in wax, and also the dress, the latter being exactly like the one Mr. Clarkson made for her to wear as Cleopatra.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is writing a play. Although this will be, says the "Star," her first attempt at writing for the stage, she is already practised in authorship. Some years ago she published a little book called "Voyage d'une Chaise," in which she related her experience in her balloon. Another book—by which she will be more generally remembered—is the notorious "Marie Pigeonnier," which was her

reply to Marie Colombier's attack upon her in a scandalous book called "Sarah Barnum."

Mme. Rosa Bonheur will receive £12,000 for her "Horses Threshing Corn," a commission from an American merchant.

PERFECTLY TRUE.

Louisa—Amanda, my dear, I'm afraid you're a sad hypocrite. You make a boast of invariably telling the truth at all costs and at all hazards.

Amanda.—Yes, my love. And what then?

Louisa.—Why, you also make a boast of being "a young lady in her teens"; and yet you're six-and-twenty if you're a day.

Amanda.—Quite right. Loo; twenty-seven next month, and yet what I say about my teens is no fib. I wouldn't confess it to everybody; but, you see, I never make that assertion except when I'm wearing velve-teens!

TOO BAD.

Wife.—You treat mother shamefully. She would have committed suicide this morning, if she had had money to buy poison with. It is too bad.

Husband.—It 'is' too bad. I'll see she is never without money again.—The Club.

How hard a struggle 'tis to live,
And satisfy our inner cravings;
An actor may live "on the boards,"
A barber must exist on shavings.

And he who kneads our daily bread,
May need his own some day most sadly,
While he who has the cure of souls,
Me, to his boots, want new ones badly.

Yet rich or poor, or high or low,
The end's the same, to all intents,
The beggar lives upon his rags,
The millionaire upon his rents.

RECIPIES.

Haddock stuffed with oysters.—Remove the head, tail, skin, and bone, keeping each half in shape. Lay the fish on a platter and spread oysters between the layers of fish. Dip each oyster first in buttered cracker-crumbs. Press the edges of the fish together to have it like a whole fish. Spread softened butter all over the top and sprinkle with buttered cracker-crumbs. Set the platter across a pan of hot water and bake about half an hour. When ready to serve garnish the dish with red cabbage mixed with butter-dressing.

Escaloped Onions.—To prepare escaloped onions stir together one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, add one cupful of sweet milk and cook in a saucepan, stirring constantly until smooth. Boil the onions until soft, adding a little salt to the water; then fill the baking dish with onions and cracker crumbs, having a layer of the crackers on top. Season with bits of butter and a little pepper, pour the sauce over all and bake until nicely browned.

Hazel Pudding.—Beat two eggs very well, add to them one gill of new milk, two ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of finely shred orange peel and enough pounded nut to form a stiff paste. Bake in a buttered dish for an hour.

French Dish.—Take about two cupfuls each of chopped veal and ham, soak two cupfuls of bread crumbs in one of boiling milk, season and mix together with two well-beaten eggs, put into a well-buttered dish or mold, and bake for half an hour, not allowing the crust to become too hard, turn out on a platter, and serve hot.

A pleasing variety in the turkey line can be had by stuffing a ten-pound turkey with bread and oysters and boiling three hours. It should be served with egg sauce or drawn butter. Cranberry sauce is not an accompaniment. This is preferred to the American roast turkey by the English, and is much more delicate in flavor.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Williams (to Jones).—Why, my dear boy, you haven't the manners of a pig.

Jones (suavely).—No, ah! you have.

PUBLIC OPINION.

"I wonder whether hanging is a painful death? Some people say it isn't at all so."

"It must be. Doesn't everybody say that there's nothing so painful as suspense?"



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

There appears to be a struggle going on in France between the dressmakers and dress-wearers, the former endeavouring to force upon the latter the costumes in vogue in the times of the Empress Josephine and Queen Hortense, and it is to be hoped that victory will rest with the wearers and not the makers, for it is awful to contemplate the enormous chapeaux "cloches" and cabriolet hats, which would otherwise have to be adopted as headgear.

Velvet toques are now in order, a turquoise velvet and silver toque, having a narrow border of sealskin, lined towards the face with maize velvet and silver, has a very pretty effect. Some say that the fourreau robe will continue to hold its own, but in a more accentuated form called "la robe a godet," which has the widths of the skirt, much gored, being narrow at the top but widening out, making the skirt like a case to be pulled over the wearer tight.

Our illustrations represent:—

Nos. 1 and 2, front and back view of the "Queen" Jacket which is very suitable for youthful figures. It is of cloth semi-fitting, sides straight, edged either with black ostrich feathers or passementerie. There is an over vest with five large buttons and a square roll collar on the shoulders, extending round the back. A pleated Watteau

falls from under said collar edged with tawn passementerie at each side. Round the neck is a thick ostrich ruche. The Watteau pleat is entirely separate from the Jacket itself.

No. 3. Blue serge costume, the skirt trimmed with bands of light sea green headed by narrow gold galon. Bodice short at the waist with triple revers trimmed to correspond. A curved piece of the same green, is introduced beneath the arms, as though peeping through an incision. There is a row of gold braid bows down the sleeves, which are no longer high in the shoulders but flat and broad.

FILIAL.

Father (angrily, to his son).—Remember, sir, that I'm your father!

Son (coolly).—Yes, but not by my choice!

"THE QUESTION."

He.—Ethel, my darling! will you be my wife?

She.—Oh, Freddy! fancy asking a woman such a question as that in these days of severe competition!—Pick-me-up.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

Gentleman.—Waiter, I notice this serviette is dirty.

Waiter (newly imported).—O yes, sir, you can wipe your mouth with it; it doesn't matter about soiling it!

The Romance of a Glove.

I

Here on my desk it lies,
Here, as the daylight flies;
One small glove—just her size,
Six-and-a-quarter.
Pearl grey, a color neat,
"Deux boutons," all complete,
Faint scented, soft and sweet;
Could glove be smarter?

II.

Can I the day forget,
Years ago, when the pet
Gave it me?—where we met
Still I remember.
Then 'twas the Summer time;
Now, as I write this rhyme
Children love pantomime,
'Tis in November.

III.

Fancy my boyish bliss
Then, when she gave me this,
And how the frequent kiss
Crumpled its fingers;
Then she was fair and kind,
Now I have changed my mind;
Still some scent, undefined,
On the glove lingers.

IV.

Though she's a matron sage,
Yet have I kept the gage;
Whilst as I pen this page
Still comes a goddess,—
Her eldest daughter fair,
With the same eyes and hair—
Happy the arm, I swear,
That clasps her bodice.

V.

Heaven grant her fate be bright,
And her step very light,
As it will be to-night,
First in the dances;
Why did her mother prove
False, when I dared to love?
Zounds! I shall burn the glove.
This my romance is.

Saville Clarke.

Elsie.—Mamma, I know why auntie dodged so in her bathing suit at the shore.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Elsie.—She didn't want the men to see her hide.—The Club.

Constance—Talk about women's hats. I sat behind a man in the theatre last night and I couldn't see anything for his head.

Clare—What was the matter?

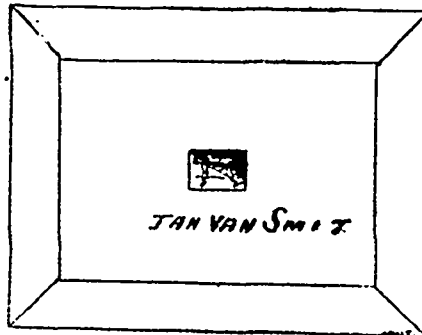
Constance—He was an actor.

If you cannot flatter don't go to the other extreme and be too confoundedly candid.

THE TENDENCY OF MODERN ART.



This is or of Smit's early Picture.



This is Smit's latest.

A Big Columbian Photograph

Baltimore will have the distinction of presenting to public view in her Columbian parade the largest photograph in the world in the shape of a picture, nine feet long and six feet high, of "Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella," after V. Gribayedoff's engraving of Brozik's celebrated painting. This photographic feat will constitute the float of St. Pius's Parish in the parade, and will be furthermore unique as the pioneer experiment of adapting photography to this purpose. The idea originated with Mr. William H. Weaver, of Weaver & Son, No. 1151 E. Baltimore Street, an artist of recognized ability, to whom the whole design for the float was intrusted. The design is remarkable for its artistic grace and beauty. The two colossal pictures on either side of the float will be framed in ornamental panels, also photographed, taken from the representation of "Columbus before the Council," on the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington, the work of Randolph Rogers. Surmounting the float is half of the globe, on the summit of which stands Columbus and his two captains, catching the first glimpse of the New World, one eagerly pointing to land, the other as eagerly gazing towards the goal of their hopes, while they rest themselves; himself stands wrapt in a silent ecstasy of grateful prayer. These figures will be in relief, about five feet in height. Great dragons, with twisted bodies, their tails curving upwards, support the four corners, and at the end is to be a large photograph of Cardinal Gibbons. Four strong lights within the float will illuminate the pictures, thus making them splendidly effective and bringing out every perfection of detail and finish. The entire photographic work of this notable enterprise was done by the Messrs. Weaver themselves, and within the limits of their own studio.—Baltimore American.

Smiles.

Bangs—Who's that man scanning all the ladies ankles?

Editor—That's our weather prophet. That's the way he knows when it rains.

Bluffton—Cholly has Miss Estelle on the brain.

Scrooge—Well, she must be quite an equilibrist if she manages to stick there.

Beams—What do you take after champagne to avert the effects?

Dreams—I eat up the bar check and swear that I have paid it!

Mistress—I don't want those men downstairs, Bridget.

Bridget—If you're jealous, ma'am, I can't help it. I ain't going to invite them upstairs.

I'm a "daily hint from Paris,"
In the Herald is my pose;
I'm adroitly syndicated,
But this is "sous la rose."
I'm a tea-gown, I'm a camell,
Now a box-coat, now a cape,
I'm a dainty little picture,
And I travel on my shape.

Miss Maud—Mr. Softly, you're very tiring.

Mr. Softly—I'm very sorry.

Miss Maud—Yes, even the carpet has a nap when you are here.

Mrs. Earls—Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?

Mrs. Lamode—Yes. You should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them.

Joggs—I think I'll stop drinking. It's telling on me.

Skaggs—Yes, it frequently tells on me when I go home late.

George—Pa, what's a padded cell?

Pa—A padded cell is a such undred and live pound corymbes padded out to look one hundred and fifty pounds.

A MISTAKE.

By Hurkaru.

III.

What a happy fortnight that was in Mahableshwar! Looking back years after Leigh would say he had never spent a happier, though there is a lady who takes him to task for the observation, and wishes to know whether his life has since been very melancholy. "No my dear, certainly not," he responds clasping a hand in a manner more eloquent than any words, "but there was a time ——" An yes, there is a little roughness in the course of all true love, and blessed is he who can recall the days of his courtship without bitterness, and kiss the face opposite him after years of union with a thankful heart.

Henry Leigh was at the General's bungalow morning, noon, and night, and literally basked in Eleanor Grayling's smiles, but there was one who was by no means satisfied with this state of affairs. Walter Meredith had also felt the charm of Eleanor's presence, and as according to his creed, everything was fair in love as well as war, he set his brains to work to see how he could foil Leigh.

One evening General Meredith and Walter were pacing up and down the compound of their bungalow in earnest conversation, when Henry Leigh—coming to dinner as usual—approached the pair. Walter saw him, but pretended to be quite unconscious of the advancing footsteps and raising his voice he remarked quickly:

"Then I have your sanction, father, and you will say nothing about the engagement for the present."

"As you please my boy," replied the General cheerfully, and then seeing Leigh he wished him good evening, and excusing himself on some small pretext, hurried into the bungalow leaving the two young men together.

Had Leigh heard the talk, which had preceded Walter's observation, the words would not have carried the dreadful import to his ears which they did, for they simply had reference to the liquidation of Walter Meredith's debts, at least a portion of them, as what son confesses all until he comes down to the husks? and for this Walter had engaged to drop gambling. But Leigh, like all lovers, had only one thought round which everything else revolved. I presume each of us can remember when the universe appeared to be made for one fair being; Leigh was in that condition just then, and could think of nothing that was not directly connected with a certain Miss Grayling, which Walter was quite wide enough awake to take advantage of.

"Hallo, o'd fellow, did you happen to hear what I was saying to the General?" asked Meredith in apparent surprise.

"Yes, I heard," was the reply in a hard dry tone.

"Well, kindly oblige me by not saying anything about it at present, as neither of us wish the engagement talked of until we both desire to make it public."

"You may depend upon me," replied Leigh with difficulty, for he had a curious parched feeling about his throat and lips. He had been suddenly hurled, as it were, from the seventh heaven down to the dull sodden earth.

The two went into dinner, and Leigh was so silent, so different to what he had been for the past fortnight, that the General could not help remarking that he seemed out of sorts.

"Well you see," he said with an effort. "my holiday is over, and I return to Indore to-morrow." Eleanor's color fled from her cheeks, but Leigh was not looking at her—he felt he could not—and merely added with a sickly smile, "they had treated him so kindly, that he found it harder than he thought to say good-bye."

"I shall not be long after you," observed Walter, trying to make light of the matter, "it will be blazing hot at Indore after this place, but the monsoon will burst before long, which is one comfort."

"I am so sorry you must go, Mr. Leigh; you have helped to make the time pass very pleasantly," said Mrs. Meredith.

"Yes, I am deuced sorry you are off," cried the General. "Cannot you stay another couple of days?"

"No, thanks," was the rejoinder in a stiff decided tone.

Not a word said Eleanor Grayling. She was a little hurt and greatly puzzled at Leigh's change of behaviour, and anyone but a blind lover could have seen that the man had thrown up the sponge at the moment of victory. Eleanor said farewell rather coldly and haughtily, as for the moment she began to fear that Leigh had been playing with her, but no sooner was she gone than she, with a woman's beautiful inconsistency, blamed herself, or rather endeavored to discover how she had offended him. He had been the light of her eyes for two brief weeks, and after his departure the world seemed to have become suddenly dark and dreary. Mahableshwar was no longer the beautiful resort it had hitherto been, the sun had become dim, and she could not take pleasure in riding when he was not by her side. It is very hard that a woman in such a situation can do literally nothing, but has to "grin and bear it" as the saying is. Here was Eleanor loving Leigh with all her heart, and she could not raise a finger to prevent his leaving her. How many silent tears did she weep in secret I wonder? It was pitiful and I do not think I could have written this tale had not the sequel been so bright and happy.

"Oh Harry," said Mrs. Leigh to her

husband the other day, "what a great goose you were in those days at Mahableshwar! Was not Papa a great goose, baby?" she adds kissing her latest in maternal ecstasy.

And upon my word I consider Henry Leigh richly deserved the epithet applied to him, but "nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit," and we all know a lover is very apt to play the fool.

IV.

Harry Leigh was back again at Indore with the regiment of which I have omitted to mention he was the senior Captain. It was that grilling sultry weather which always precedes the burst of the monsoon, everything was baked up and dusty, and the punka-wallas had a hard time of it, as there was not a breath of air stirring. Leigh went about his duties mechanically, but he no longer frequented the cricket field or took interest in the "gymkhana," but walked listlessly round the barracks smoking his solitary pipe.

Three or four days after his return he was somewhat surprised at the arrival of Walter Meredith, for he had not expected him for a week at least, and he could not help observing that Meredith was not in the best of tempers, and very unlike a successful lover. He was however so miserable himself that he did not pay much attention to his friend, who for his part did not seem inclined to seek Leigh's society.

The fact is Walter had played a bold game and lost it. Is it not Dickens who stated that "there is a simplicity of cunning no less than a simplicity of innocence?" Walter Meredith had been simple enough to imagine that, having got rid of Leigh, he had only to push his suit with Eleanor, in order to win her, especially (so he argued) as she would be angry and annoyed with Leigh for his abrupt departure. But herein Walter had blinded himself with that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself," for on making his proposal he was met with a most decided, not to say, disdainful rejection. Indeed Eleanor had been almost indignant in her refusal, so that he could not help seeing that her decision was final, and that there was nothing else left him but to accept his defeat with the best grace he could. He was obliged to admit to himself that he had been beaten, and returned to Indore in a bad temper and cordially hating Henry Leigh. For a man always has a hatred towards one he has injured. Leigh and Meredith were never very intimate, for apart from their characters being so opposed, the former had always been fond of outdoor sports while the latter, to his cost, had been addicted to cards and billiards, and though even in India an extra bottle of Bass or a "peg" may not harm a man; who takes regular exercise, it is very different with one who loaf and sits at whist or poker;

THE ANTIDOTE

and before Walter had gone to Mahableshwar his hand had not been as steady as it should have been in the mornings. He had in fact gone the pace, as we say, and contracted some debts, and though under the purer atmosphere of his parents' and Eleanor's company he had made good resolutions, these had not been sufficient to pull him round after the rebuff he had received. So he fell back into his old ways when the old temptations were placed before him, which Leigh noticed with pain knowing (as he believed he knew) the unhappy future in store for her he loved better than his life, and he thereupon set himself to work to strive to awaken Walter to a sense of duty. At first he was repulsed with satire and even rudeness, but keeping in view what was—as he thought—at stake, he persevered with an unselfishness which did him credit, and finally touched Meredith.

"You are a good fellow Leigh and I really must turn over a new leaf, only this is such a beastly dull hole," Walter said after Leigh had tried to rouse that better self which is in all of us, if we only probe deep enough.

"It is dull no doubt," replied Leigh with that fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind. "But think of your future and —"

"Oh cut that!" cried Meredith savagely, as his dirty behaviour to his friend, and his own defeat, came back upon him. "I can't draw out all at once you know, it would not be fair."

Fair; yes that was actually the term he used; he who had lately acted so unfairly seeing Leigh's face grave and sad again stifled his conscience and pursued his headlong course. Many a time Leigh grew wrath and was tempted to throw him over, but he struggled gamely on, and the reward came at last though a life paid the penalty.

The monsoon burst and the rain poured down in a perfect deluge making the atmosphere, before so hot and dry, chilly and damp.

Then one morning after a night at poker, when Meredith had lost and drank more heavily than usual, he awoke with racking pains and raging thirst. Leigh looking in found him downright ill, so he hurried off for the doctor, his friend Jack Stirling, and before night the latter declared that Meredith had a very bad attack of jungle fever. Leigh set himself to nurse him as well as he could under Stirling's directions. He did not pretend to be very fond of Walter, but he cared a good deal for somebody else, whom he thought he was serving by sitting up through the long weary nights. Meredith's mind wandered for some days and he fancied himself a boy again talking to his mother when he was still innocent. On coming to himself, and seeing Leigh be-

side him, a *spasm* shot through him, and he murmured in a low voice:

"I have been a d-d blackguard old man, but I hope it is not too late. Let me think —"

"Hush, you must not worry. Lie still," was the reply.

"Lie! Yes it was a lie," said Meredith catching at the word, "an awful lie, but I'll speak the truth now if you will only forgive me."

"Wait till you are well again, it will be time enough then," was Leigh's answer in a soothing tone.

"No, you shall know all and leave me for I do not deserve your kindness," and then slowly and painfully Walter Meredith related all his disgraceful deception, hiding his face in shame as he ended.

Leigh's countenance grew stern at the recital and he clenched his fist at the finish, but looking down at the wretched man, as he lay on his bed powerless as a child, he turned away his whole frame shaking with some internal struggle. This then was the man he had tried to save, and had nursed as a brother, the man who had done his best to rob him of all he held dear. It was a hard fight, but at last his ears seemed to catch the words "as we forgive them that trespass against us," and taking the sick man's hand within his own he said:

"Say no more Meredith, you have my pardon, perhaps I had no chance any way, so no harm may have been done."

"Don't despair Leigh, she refused me before I left Mahableshwar, and I honestly believe you were the reason," said Meredith, thus making his confession complete and entire.

Then there came a light into Leigh's eyes, such as had been missing for many a day, but the invalid at that moment claimed all his attention, utter exhaustion having succeeded the unwonted exertion. When Stirling paid his next visit a little later, he did not like the symptoms of the patient at all, and beckoning Leigh aside informed him that he was going to telegraph to the General who was then at Poona.

"So bad as that?" whispered Leigh.

"Yes, I doubt whether he will even last until his father arrives," was the answer.

"His constitution is so undermined that I fear a few days at the furthest will be all he can count on."

Meredith however rallied sufficiently to see his father, and ask his forgiveness for his past sins and follies.

"And father I leave you a better son than I have ever been or could be," said the young man humbly. "Leigh has been more than a brother to me, and if Eleanor will only have him I shall feel I have made reparation for the wrong I did him."

So with repentance in his heart Walter Meredith departed, and we may say that

"nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

V.

I will pass over the next few months, the monsoon has gone and those in Bombay are enjoying the cool November weather; cool that is for India, the thermometer not rising much over 70 degrees at noon, and dropping down to 60 degrees or a little below after sunset.

We are again in the General's bungalow on the Esplanade, the hour half past five in the evening. Henry Leigh is waiting on the verandah evidently waiting for someone, and presently a carriage and pair is driven to the door, out of which the General springs with the agility of a man of half his years, handing out his wife first and next Eleanor Grayling. Henry Leigh's heart beats fast as he advances to meet them.

"What Leigh, how are you my dear boy?" cries the General heartily grasping the young man's hand, which is next taken kindly by Mrs. Meredith, who looks a trifle sad, for women feel certain things longer than men do. Eleanor comes forward more beautiful than ever, if that were possible thinks Leigh, for "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

They enter the drawing room talking of the weather and indifferent subjects, when strange to say the General goes off on some plea or other, and he has scarcely disappeared before his wife calls to him, and hastens after him leaving Leigh and Eleanor alone. Can you imagine what takes place? Leigh comes close up to his fair companion, and trembling all over says in a low voice:

"Miss Grayling I believe when we last met at Mahableshwar I made a mistake; you can correct me if I am wrong. I was beginning to hope that you cared for me just a little bit, and the thought made me happier than I can ever tell you. I had not much to offer, God knows, beyond an honest love which I can still do."

Eleanor is silent, but her eyes which were raised to his for a moment spoke more eloquently than words. She is in his strong arms folded to his heart.

"Then it was a mistake darling," he murmurs.

"A terrible mistake Harry," she replies nestling still closer. "I think—I think, I loved you all the time. How could you ever leave me?"

There, the prize is won at last, sorrow is over and joy reigns supreme. Has not the same story been told over and over again, and do we not always like to hear it? Heart beating against heart, love given for love "till death do them part."

What a pleasant dinner that was in the General's bungalow that evening, and depend upon it the host and hostess were happy in seeing the happiness of their adopted child and the man of her choice. It recalled the days of their own youth before their hairs were gray, when they too were courting.

The wedding took place without much delay, and though that is years ago there is still not a happier couple than Captain and Mrs. Henry Leigh.

The end.

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