A LIVELY DIALOGUE.

WAITER.

Bi-carbon, N.O.1—Sib beer.

CUSTOMER.

Yes, my dear.

WAITER.

[illegible]

CUSTOMER.

[illegible]

WAITER.

[illegible]

CUSTOMER.

[illegible]

WAITER.

[illegible]

CUSTOMER.

[illegible]

WAITER.

Hasn't—What?

CUSTOMER.

[illegible]

WAITER.

[illegible]

"GOOD BYE, PROUD WORLD."

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

your heroine. She loves too much. The women I have found adorable are those who adore modestly."

"So you would strike out the Hebrew type, the women who have lived but to love?"

"They belonged to the antique, an extinct type out of season, an age too late."

"You speak English learnedly, Mr. Fontana. How have you learned it?"

"I have learned it from Mrs. Ireton," said Fontana, with a low bow.

"You should have seen how our phrases confused him," said Mrs. Ireton, laughing. "'Some one told him that our women throw themselves at the heads of foreigners like himself.' He did not get over it for days."

"For that feat of gymnastics I suffered deeply in my head," said Fontana.

"That was a clever hit in the Portuguese grammar, when the author proposed to teach his young countrymen the idioms of the English language," said Ida Tremaine. "I could furnish professors for that," and she took off Clanricarde for a little while in the corner.

She was very clever; she startled the man of books and thoughts by her bold, her witty, her original remarks. Afterward he asked Lockwood why she put embroidery in her hair, touched up her eyes, and painted her cheeks. She would have been handsome under a regimen of soap and water, he thought. He wondered why she made this mistake.

"Loud coloring," said St. John. "Avoid contrasts of our defective attempts at civilization." Sue had no family, made her acquaintance at school, had a short season of great social success, an unhappy love affair, which had broken her heart she had, and returned to a perpetuity Arab living on society. She paints, thinks, reads all manner of books. Queen of her family, and has to kill him. Just now the Bishop-elect, who is very good-natured, and he yet more, she will hang on them until he pulls their bones, and then she will amuse and comfort herself with some other equally plump bird, of whom she will become the parasite. She is very amusing," continued Lockwood. "So bright, so clever, so full of a certain kind of superiority, that you wonder at the fall one she has made. It is a moral defect. She has no loyalty, no truth, and, curiously enough, while that want often makes the fortune of a man, it wrecks that of a woman."

"I should hope so. Good night."

* * * *

"Tell me Fontana's story," said Clanricarde, as the next day he was, where he liked best to be, in Mrs Ireton's quiet library, before a good fire, and with the soothed of women sitting in the bow window, working away at her embroidery.

"Well, said she, "I shall quote from Owen Meredith:

> "Fortune, I think, is very fond of youth and home,
> (Which comes of his being an orphan),
> For I think of late years I have met, in my roaming,
> Less of the world than of lodgings and lodging-houses.
> And as good, he thinks, I think
> There's a lottery ticket for him.
> Where, in the chapter of luck, I may win a prize."

Here Mrs Ireton paused, and very quiet out a reached from the depth of her inner consciousness. Clanricarde was looking at her, and thought he saw a shade of sadness pass over her delicate face.

"I don't know," she said, rather absently, that when a woman has the great fortune to be adored with all a man's reason and his unreason, she ought not to die to equalize things."

"So she died, did she?" said Clanricarde.

"Yes, the happiness, and the shame, and the mistake; you see, she was another man's wife."

"That does make it awkward," said Clanricarde. "It strikes me that you are more than usually interested in this man's history. Is it not the old, old story of passion, and wrong, and sorrow?"

"No, it is not, there are so many of those perilous things which we call [illegible] and Fontana was everything—rank, fortune, country, away for his love. He did not [illegible] a man's moral selfishness, he showed a woman's lavish generosity, and he mourns his dead with such rare musical despair."

"Then he will not call his novel 'Faint Heart,'" said Clanricarde.

"No, Fontana will write no novels he will live them, and you shall write them."

There is a contemptuous tone in your voice as you say that."

"No, no, I was trying to weigh in my own mind that heavy article we call respectability against that real and true thing which we call feeling. I am doubting if we did not make a false return sometimes in that weighing."

"And yet I know no one more earnest of the respectabilities than Mrs Ireton."

"Yes, I am a conventional person both from education and habit, perhaps from nature. I know I should never dare to do what I know to be true and right if I thought it unpopular."

"Rather say, you would not have an instinct to do wrong."

"For is not the question I may be called upon by every element of truth and courage in my nature to stand by some person who is misunderstood and misrepresented, and I may tell him I may have a shadow of a verdict in my nature which shall make me commit a terrible sin, that sin of bearing false witness. There is a picture of the sin of silence in the story of Forrest, the conflict of two duties. Which shall I save, and which shall I sacrifice? These are the questions which come to a woman's experience. To do right even if it may seem wrong, to be true to her inner most convictions, these are her trials."

"Every life is a poem," said the young novelist, quietly, quoting from Carlyle, "with beginning, middle, and end, with perplexities and solutions, with warfare against Fate, with its clear and battle singing, and everywhere the tragic elements of pity and fear."

"Yes, fear! that is the benumbing element. But, come, we must be off to Madge Melville's tea. Do you know I think she is going to marry Francis Chemworth? There will be a good match, a course of true love running smooth; no tragedy there!"

"Then let us go and look at it, for your talk has been like the shadow of Melpomene. I like Miss Melville; she seems to me to be pure, and true, and calm—so very nice! I envy and hate Mr. Chemworth in advance; I am sure he does not deserve her."

"Yes, she is one to whom you say in your heart:

> "To thee, be all men heroes, every race
> Noble, all women pure, and each place
> A temple; know thou nothing that is base."

* * * *

Madge Melville, in a beautiful Eastlake house, seated in a high Eastlake chair, making tea, reminded Clanricarde of the description of Queen Guinevere:

conspiracy to spoil Clanricarde; and she gave him her soft hand with a smile which knighted him immediately; she gave him a greeting without speaking, which is sometimes the highest compliment. A spell of silence seemed to be on Madge: she made her tea and spoke not. "The chattering pie and the parrot" were done out for her by a group of neighboring beauties.

Belle Brabazon came in with Mr. Fontana and Ida Tremaine. In looking again at the Italian, Clanricarde saw that some unseasonable white hairs mingled with his black ones, and that great waves of trouble had swept over that face, which it was not exaggeration to call beautiful. Fontana floated toward Mrs. Ireton by a sort of natural instinct; and two or three girls leaned over the sofa, or, laughing, kneeled by the all conquering and fascinating little leader who drew all to her side.

Clanricarde felt in his *salon* that subtile air of refinement which he had missed in greater houses. Madge's mother was evidently no cipher. She was a woman of *esprit*, and came and talked to him so well that he even looked away for a moment from the fair, smiling, silent daughter.

"This is a home," he found himself saying to himself, as some rosy boys came in and hung around Mrs. Melville, and then did what all boys should do—disappeared.

Yes, this was a home; fathers and mothers, brave men and true women, had been laying the corner stone and rearing the structure for years; no builder had failed. The lightning had passed over but had not struck it. The angel of peace had spread its wings protectingly over it; prosperity had blessed it; what wonder that the daughter of the house had grown up so pure, so smiling, so good! How shall we dare to contrast the merit of these guarded souls with the faults of those who have had no such atmosphere—with the daughters of foolish, ignorant, worldly mothers—of indifferent, dissipate, and careless fathers!

"I have heard some very interesting news, said Clanricarde to Madge. "Pray, is he here?"

Madge blushed and smiled.

"You must go back and read your own chapter in 'Faint Heart,' called 'The Premature,'" said she.

"If I remember rightly, my heroine had asked for 'time,' and then accepted the happy youth."

"The acceptance was in another chapter, was it not, Mr Clanricarde; and was there not a friendship in between?" said Madge.

"You are bent on my ruin," said he, softly. "To be flattered through one's books is like talking to a young papa about his first-born. But I must not listen to you. There is everything lovely in this house, including beautiful children, whom I love. Cannot taht *enfant d'Edouard* come back? I just saw him vanish."

"My little brother Percy!"

"I suppose so; he had your under lip."

"Oh, here he comes with—with Francis."

So Madge introduced her lover to Clanricarde, a man with a false face, he thought, but then Clanricarde was a prejudiced observer, so he devoted himself to an exquisite boy of five, who, with his velvet suit, square lace collar, and long, flaxen hair falling over his shoulders, seemed to have stepped out of one of Vandyck's canvasses.

Clanricarde was at home with children; he soon had lured Master Percy's attention with a very improbable narrative, in which a dog, a gnome, a fairy, and a pony, played the principal parts. The gnome and the fairy were great successes, but the dog was a failure. Percy knew more of that good animal than Clanricarde did, and corrected him repeatedly, as he made mistakes with his dog, or his dog made mistakes with him.

"You see you are so much safer when you trust your imagination, and let facts alone," said Mrs Ireton, who had drawn up with Belle Brabazon and two or three others, all listening to his story.

"*Conte bien improbable,*" said Fontana, over Miss Annie Blount's shoulder.

"You are not so good at dogs as Brote Harte at bears," said Miss Blount.

"I am not so good as he is at anything," said Clanricarde.

"Do you remember his description of that little bear?" said Annie Blount, who had a famous memory. "'Your caressing hands sank in his fur with a dreamy languor, to look at him long was an intoxication of the senses; to pat him was a wild delirium; to embrace him an utter demoralization of the intellectual faculties.'"

"I want to hear more about that bear," said Percy, who felt that he was being left out of this part of the story.

"Poor boy!" said Chemworth, "you are destined to know about bears and bulls, puts and calls, longs and shorts, soon enough."

Percy considered these as all so many new varieties of animals who were to be described to him. He looked into this fresh zoological garden with that fascinated gaze, the mixture of fear and hope, which we call excitement; that trembling eagerness with which, in youth, we play with the emotions, as in later life we play with the passions, regretting as we go on that the gardens of fancy and fairyland itself are, after all, but turnip-bearing fields, filled with very uninteresting and common-place beasts, very life like.

Ida Tremaine, with her high animal spirits, her heroic determination to make herself agreeable, was an amusing and useful acquaintance in a man's first winter in society. Clanricarde saw much of her, and got to like her. He was touched by the forlorn position, and the courage which she met it; a little astonished, too, to hear her say one day exactly what Mrs. Ireton had said before her:

"I often wonder," said she, "which is to be preferred, the dull stagnation and safety within the walls of the Monated Grange, or the high excitement fraught with danger which exists outside? My friends who are living quiet and guarded lives are very unhappy; they describe their 'dull monotony of days' as something very forlorn. I think they would be very glad to go to the Debatable Ford and fight the enemy, sometimes."

"You are mediæval to-day in your imagery, Miss Tremaine. Pray what would your friends like to do?"

"Oh, nothing wrong, of course," said Ida. "They would like a variety in their lives, would like to know people of different social grades, would like to be wittier and wiser than their neighbors, but do not dare, for fear of offending the heavy weights, who keep society poised. O liberty, thou bird of the air, how graceful thy flight, how I envy thee!" and Ida kissed her small hands gracefully at some imaginary two-winged animal in the blue empyrean, and looked very well as she did so.

"I think there seems to be plenty of scope for individuality here," said Clanricarde, who believed that he looked on one of Freedom's especial children in Ida herself.

She invited him to a gambling card-party after this talk, which struck his unsophisticated mind as an advanced mile-stone on the road toward emancipation. Ida Tremaine, Annie Blount and Belle Brabazon were playing, and playing for money. They were also smoking, in a lady like way, little cigarettes, adding their light cloud to the heavier one which the men were blowing.

Clanricarde had been accused of writing an immoral or "George Sand" story, but he had not put his heroine in any such situation as this. If he had asked the perilous question in his book as to how far men and women can trust their own hearts in each other's dangerous society, he had not painted his women as borrowing the excitements of the stronger sex. A woman was to him "a star very dearly apart." She was men—just as they rush into any pleasure which has had the interdict of conscience, or of habit, with a sudden emancipated fervor, a pathetic assurance of their years of slavery. They cannot regulate that quickly-beating heart, that easily-drying tongue. Ida Tremaine needed no rouge to-night. Belle Brabazon had the General Jaqueminot rose in either cheek—General Jaqueminot who, as Abbout says, has taken the sword of all the generals, all the other roses. Annie Blount's eyes were sparkling, but her more robust physique had sent the blood to her heart and brain, leaving her cheek pale. Ida was losing heavily, and when she lost, Francis Chemworth handed her sheets of greenbacks for fifties and hundreds of dollars yet uncut. Nothing had ever given Clanricarde a greater contempt for a paper currency than to see these promises to pay so lightly handled. The *rouleaux* of gold on the green cloth at Baden-Baden gave a sort of respectability to the most dangerous and deadly of excitements. The paper money looked like a fool's treasure, such as Harlequin revels in. He went often to these parties, found that some women had, like some men, the cool head and slowly-beating heart of the gambler. Some were dashing, bold, and uncertain—all were lucky once, and unlucky twice. These parties were frequented largely by young married women, who, of all classes in America suffer most from *ennui*, for they happen to be rich they have no social cares, and society offers them but partial occupation for their time and brains. Their husbands are down-town gambling in Wall Street, or encountering the fierce excitements of politics, professional battles, and the struggle, however carried on, for the possession of money. They, with brains quite as active and often more highly educated, are left alone, with every want in life satisfied, except the greatest of all wants—something to do; and with but one possible excitement, after worsted, or cretonne, or cross stitch work—and that is flirtation. It is the natural food for some women, it comes less easily to others, and to many it is abhorrent; but it becomes to nearly all of them the only escape from the monotony of an idle, well-to-do existence. But, popular as were the exciting card-parties, they did not cause a lull in the teas, the balls, the dinners, the drives in the Park, the walks on the Avenue, the theatre-parties, the private theatricals, the concerts, the musical *soirées*—all fitted into that mosaic which goes to make up New York, the most brilliant city of America, and perhaps, after Vienna and Paris, the gayest in the world.

Mrs. Ireton's coterie he found the centre of everything. She was artistic, and rather "blue" and musical, besides being fashionable and universally popular. She knew everybody. And after her always came the four or five women whom he most admired.

But he began to lose something of the perfect pleasure he had taken in Mrs. Ireton's society, from the constancy with which he met Fontana near her. She was a rich young widow perfectly at liberty to do as she pleased. Her kindness to him had been excessive, her interest in him flattering—he had no right to be displeased. Yet it grated on him that she should always be studying Italian, and particularly, he knew not why, did he object to the latest fancy, which was a "modeling-class," where Mrs. Ireton, in a linen apron and cuffs and a paper hat, with her hands heavy with brown mud, looked like Titania seeking a situation as a house-maid. Yet even here she had plenty of imitators.

He went to her studio one day by invitation, and thought what a tribute all this was to the underlying necessity in our natures for work as he watched the aspiring sculptors dipping their small white hands into the cold clay, and Fontana, in a blouse, directing them; while Percy, very much bored, was posing for Puck in the middle of the table.

"Now what can I do here?" said Clanricarde.

"Oh, do tell Percy a story!" said Mrs. Ireton, earnestly. "He will go to sleep else."

"Once there was a lion," said the story-teller, beginning immediately, "who was very much frightened—he found he had got into a strange desert (not the one where he lived when he was at home). It was full of pits which had been dugged for him, and he was certain he should fall in. There were a great many pretty honesses about, and he used to stop and talk with them, and they all roared very sweetly at him, and he, poor lion! thought they would tell him where the pits were, and then he should be able to walk around them and not tumble in."

"Why, your lion is just as stupid as your dog was," said Percy, thoroughly aroused. "Couldn't he see the pits himself."

"No; he was a near-sighted lion, and had to wear glasses—green glasses too—so he couldn't see the pits."

"Then he ought to have had a bigger lion to lead him around."

"Percy you are an intelligent boy. That's just what he did. He got a bigger lion to go first, and the bigger lion fell into a pit, and was killed."

"Was this a good lion?" said Percy, unwilling to relinquish so recent an acquaintance.

"Yes, a pretty good lion—not very good, not so good as the near-sighted lion, who was remarkably fine; but, then, if the first lion had not fallen into the pit, you see, the near-sighted lion would have done so."

"Mr. Clanricarde is very fond of lions and all beasts," said Fontana, scraping off a bit of Puck's chin from Mrs. Ireton's rather clever study.

"He has reanimated our subject," said Ida.

"Yes, Puck's cyclids are lighter. You shall come every day to squeeze the juice on his eyelids, Mr. Clanricarde; for Percy is not old enough to enjoy being looked at."

So Clanricarde observed the world as it went on in the "modeling class," and he came to see that Madge Melville was growing pale, and the soft, dewy lustre which he liked was leaving her violet eyes. He had missed her in the gayer scenes of the winter, and now saw her working in the clay, rather as if she were stopping a wound than if she were creating that joyous imp who was to put a girdle round the earth. Ida Tremaine was her guest now, and Ida was in splendid spirits. As she flourished, Madge drooped. No two girls could be more utterly unlike in character than Ida and Madge Melville; yet there had been a schoolgirl intimacy which lasted. The Melvilles were of that high type of generosity which takes into consideration, in judging of a character, the influences and fatalities of early surroundings. So while neither mother nor daughter entirely approved or liked Ida, they were her kindest friends in reality. Those who approve us most do not always like us best. We do not always love those of whom we approve. The questions of attraction and repulsion are settled for us quite independently of virtue or vice. There are repulsive saints and attractive sinners, else the great tragedy and comedy of life had never been written.

A girl whose character has some profoundly attractive sides, but who always contrives to stultify herself, becomes a peculiarly interesting phenomenon to her own sex, and extracts, perhaps, the tenderest qualities from those whose mercy she excites. Those who fall among thieves are generally very apt to have something which is worth stealing. Those Samaritans who go to their rescue have not only the pleasure of rescuing them, but they have the amiable feeling of having come to the rescue.

On this ground, and no other, could Clanricarde account for this intimacy—a real rose and an artificial one were not more unlike than these two. Yet they were much together, and apparently fond of each other.

Then society began to talk of the intimacy between Frank Chemworth and Ida Tremaine; that it was too great, even for the intimacy which existed between his *fiancée* and Ida; and [illegible] too, [illegible] Ireton was approach of a first-class society scandal: how it creeps in at a dinner-table talk; how it is repeated, with variations, at the next luncheon-party, how it swells at a charitable committee meeting; and how it finally culminates at a grand reception, where one passes it to another in all the varieties of conversational exaggeration!

Meantime the objects of the story go on whispering in corners, walking in out-of-the-way avenues, riding in curtained carriages, always believing that they are not seen; while the social policemen and women, whose duty and election it is to see such things, are always finding out this well-guarded secret.

Clanricarde had taken his place among the amusers of society, and occasionally read Browning aloud to a circle of ladies. This had led to his reading aloud to Madge Melville alone, as a sort of continuation of his story-telling to Percy, who always sat gravely on his knee, listening to "Sordello" as if he really understood it—a sort of hypocrisy which his elders have been guilty of sometimes.

Clanricarde grew to like this gentle girl; she seemed to him to be the best product of "society." Her lover's growing indifference, the treachery of her friend, were not sorrows which he could touch upon; and yet he tried to alleviate her growing sadness by an unspoken sympathy, by those kindly lifts to the intellect which sometimes take us away from our regrets.

He had one or two interviews with Mrs. Ireton of a more personal character than the social events which brought them together demanded, and tried to say what he really felt of gratitude, and, perhaps, of a warmer feeling; but she was a baffling woman, and seemed to have a series of veils over her mind and heart which she could let down on occasions.

One day he felt as if he had approached a little nearer, and then, as if they were about to part, he said:

"Let me thank you for your nobility of expectation in me. You never allow me to think that I must fall below my highest ideal."

She looked up surprised and pleased.

"Have I, indeed, been so fortunate as to impress you in that way?"

"Yes; you are one of the women who make men do great things, because you believe that they can; you have taken me at my highest note, perhaps a higher note than I can sound."

"No; there is no note too high.

"And, when one's mentor comes clad in all the charms; when from the high behests of fashion, position; from the court which Beauty holds; from all her recognized servants—she beckons to one from afar off, and allows him to come up and kiss the hem of her garments—"

"Stop, Mr. Clanricarde," said Mrs. Ireton; "I cannot allow you to use this sort of adoring language to me; it would be dishonorable for me to hear it. All that I have done for you, if I have done anything, was because I honestly admired you and your talents; you have been a great deal more than a new sensation; perhaps I am justly called the Lady of Lions—the lion-hunter—Mrs. Leo Hunter, Madame Jules Gerard, anything you like. I know all the pet names which my dear five hundred friends give me. Society has no secrets from me; it is game I know how to play. Perhaps I did begin our acquaintance with the mere hope of a new sensation; if so, it soon changed into an honest friendship; but, if we are talking of love, I shall tell you frankly that I love somebody else. I tell you before you ask me, you see, so as to give you a new chapter for your next novel."

And here gay, pretty, successful Mrs. Ireton burst into tears.

Clanricarde took her hand and kissed it. She had been more than generous to him; she had spared him mortification; she had made him a sympathizer in her sorrow, whatever it was."

* * * * * *

And then it seemed to Clanricarde that the phantasmagoria of society began to dissolve. Frank Chemworth ran away with Ida Tremaine: it was a nine days' wonder, and then everybody forgot it, because Fontana shot himself, and it came out that he was crazed; and then somebody ran off with somebody else's money, and society stopped talking about Fontana; and then he lost sight of all the people with whom he had been so intimate. He had yet to learn that the law of New York society is "Pretext change!" one sensation to-day, and two to-morrow.

Mrs. Ireton went up to a remote country-place she owned, and devoted herself to the culture of orchids; Mrs. Melville took her daughter to Europe. The scene changed; the actors disappeared; the houses where he had visited so intimately were all shut up and yet the great world rolled on, and danced, and drove, and dined, and laughed, as if there was no such thing as ruin death, disaster, crime and misery in their midst.

But, as Clanricarde was new to this sort of thing, it saddened him inexpressibly. He went off in his turn to his remote country home, and wrote another novel, and that being a success, he was satisfied, and went where he could see Nature, and not people.

Two years later he came again to New York, and met St. John Lockwood walking down Fifth Avenue, looking as if it were but yesterday that he had bidden him good-by. There are some people who do not alter, who invest very little emotion in this passing pageant; people whom "the vexed sea of change" does not move. St. John Lockwood was one of them.

"Tell me of the Chemworths, Mrs. Ireton, the Melvilles, the Brabazons," said Clanricarde.

"Well, there is Frank in the club-window," said the Veltairean philosopher. "Ida has gone to her own place; she left him very soon for a German count; she floats around Europe. Frank looks a little more dissolute not much. Mrs. Ireton is in town, fresher and more delightful that ever. I think she mourned Fontana, though, seriously; but she is recuperating. Belle Brabazon has married a lord, and is charming the world of London; the Melvilles are at their house. I met Miss Madge in the park this morning on horseback, prettier than ever. Clanricarde, if I were ten years younger, I should be in love with her."

And so the two men gossipped on, and then walked the length of the avenue. Scarcely a face passed that Clanricarde knew.

But at the close of a lovely spring afternoon he found himself sitting in a bow window with Madge Melville, looking at the sunset. They both had much to tell of the intervening two years. Percy, with his beautiful hair cropped off, and two front teeth wanting, his lace collar and velvet coat changed for a plain linen and roundabout, marked the lapse of time to Clanricarde, more than anything else. The ideal Puck had become the genuine boy.

"Tell me more about the near-sighted lion," said Percy, who retained his fondness for narrative.

"No, Percy, not to-day; go and play ball, and to-morrow you shall have a real story of a buffalo hunt."

"The near-sighted lion wants to talk to you about himself," said Clanricarde to Madge.

"Do you know when you left New York, two years ago, and the circle with whom I was so intimate disclosed as it by enchantment, I said to myself, 'Good-by, proud world, I'm going home!' Society seemed to me like a dream, a vision, an unsubstantial fabric, which had fallen into ruins. But, always, I remember one scene—a fair girl sitting in a high, carved chair, like Guinevere—

> 'In a great silence, which her beauty filled
> Full to the hearts of it.'

I watched this maiden: she seemed to be the ideal woman, pure, and true, and faithful, doomed to suffer because she was a woman. But she was then in the pride of joy, of youth and beauty. She quoted to me from a chapter in my novel of 'Faint Heart' called 'The Premature;' she suggested a friendship which afterward it was tell her that, if her heart can hold a second love, I ask her to give me that *second place*. She shall not wait for my asking; if she refuses me, I at least will write a novel with the full title, 'Faint Heart never won a Fair Lady.'"

"You should have the first love of a woman's heart, and not take the broken pieces," said Madge, giving, as women do, a sort of look into the past.

"They are quite good enough for me," said Clanricarde, looking hopefully at her. "And who is it who says, rather wisely, that our last love, our lasting love, is our first love?"

"What do you intend to call your next novel?" said Madge.

"The Kaleidoscope of Society," said Clanricarde, a little uneasily.

She smiled.

"And will you tell your own romance with Mrs. Ireton?"

He saw that she was fencing; like a true woman Madge wished to postpone the inevitable moment of surrender. She had always liked him, and he looked now, in the sunset light with the bronze of travel on his good face, dangerously handsome and heroic.

"If you accept me, Madge, you shall name my novel," and he knelt down before her like a knight of old.

She bent over him and kissed his forehead; they were an old-fashioned sort of couple, and liked to read "Sir John Froissart" and "The Idyls of the King," and were a little out of place in the nineteenth century. They properly belonged to the fourteenth, but people do stray out of their centuries occasionally, so you must forgive them, dear reader, if they were not "good form" in this our fast age.

"I will tell you what it shall be," said Madge, a few minutes later.

Clanricarde had been so happy that he had forgotten all about the novel and the name; he was thinking only of the woman who sat there in the sunset—for him the realization of romance. "How much better to live than to write it!" thought the happy lover.

"What it shall be?" said he, looking in her eyes, and pushing back the hair from her brow.

"Yes, the name of your next novel, you know. Have you forgotten so soon? It shall be this, and we will write it together:—'Good-by, Proud World! I'm going Home.'"

AN UNDENTABLE TRUTH.—You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault and there is only one excuse for you,—your unreasonable prejudice and skepticism, which has killed thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will soon show you that Green's August Flower will cure you of Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, palpitation of the heart, sour stomach, habitual costiveness, dizziness of the head, nervous prostration, low spirits, &c. Its sales now reach every town on the Western Continent and not a Druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents from S. PERRIN, Lindsay. Three doses will relieve you.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of the digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating round us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets (tabed) "JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle-street, and 170, Piccadilly, London." 790-1y

READ CAREFULLY.

Sydney Swamp, Sandusburg, says: I was afflicted with Dyspepsia or nervous four years, my lungs became affected towards the last. I was induced to try the Shoshonees Remedy. After using three or four bottles I felt much better and gained strength rapidly, my health improved steadily and rapidly, and when I had taken three or four bottles more I was quite restored to health and strength, and have experienced better health than for forty years before. I had been under the treatment of a number of physicians before, but never received any material aid until I used your remedy.

A. McKay, Truro, N. S., says: He was very bad with Liver Complaint, but used the Shoshonees Remedy, and in a month was as well as he had ever been in his life. I am now in business and wish you to send me three dozen by steamer.

A. Wood, Jonesville, says: That he has tried the Remedy for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia with great success. I have also used the Shoshonees Pills and find that they are as good as any I ever tried.

Henry King, Geneva, N. Y., says: My wife was intensely afflicted with dyspepsia for a long time. We consulted physicians of three different schools, and received no relief. She has taken three bottles of the Great Shoshonees Remedy, and is now hearty and well.

Rev. John Scott, says: Mr. McKenzie Botting suffered from an attack of Rheumatism, and was unable to move without help; but after taking a few bottles of the Shoshonees, was able to walk as well as ever. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles, $1; Pills, 25 cents a box. Sold by all medicine dealers.

REMARKABLE RESULTS FOLLOW.

Pain ceases, swelling subside, fever abates, and a natural and healthy state exists after using this great and wonderful preparation known as Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Thousands testify to the happiness resulting from the use of this preparation. We ask perseverance for a bottle at once. The cost is trifling, and effect sure. One dose cures common sore throat. One bottle has cured bronchitis, fifty cents' worth has cured crick in the back, and the same quantity lame back of eight years standing. The following are extracts from a few of the many letters: "I have been received unsolicited parts, which one think, should be sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical."

Thomas' Eclectric Oil, Toronto, writes: "I have been all my life with Rheumatism for the last ten years, and I have tried many remedies without any relief. Some time ago I tried Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and since then have had no attack of it. I would recommend it to all."

See what the Medical Faculty say: Dr. Beaudoin, Hull, P.Q., says: "I have sold 'Thomas' Electric Oil' for two years, and I have never sold a medicine which has given more thorough satisfaction. I have used it in my own case on a broken leg and dislocated ankle, with the best results."

A. H. Gregg, Manufacturer of Mowing Machines, Tonawanda, N. Y., says: "My thumb was caught in a machine and badly injured, tying away from home, for two days, was obliged to apply such remedies as I could get, but without relieving the pain. Immediately upon reaching home I applied the Eclectric Oil, with almost instant relief. I have a large number of men employed, and your Oil has established for itself such a reputation that nearly every one of them uses it."

Beware of Imitations. Ask for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. See that the signature of S. N. *Thomas* is on the wrapper, and the names of Northrop & Lyman are blown in the bottle, and *take no other*. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont., Proprietors for the Dominion.

Note.—*Electric.* Selected and Electrized.

New Butcher Shop.

NEW BUTCHER SHOP.

B. PRESTON

Begs most respectfully to inform the public in general that he has opened a

Morning and Afternoon Meat Market

IN W. M. ROBSON'S BLOCK,

And hopes by keeping a good article and punctual delivery to merit a share of public patronage which will be gratefully appreciated.—984-dm.

R. E. Smith & Co.

THE "SIMONDS" SAWS

Are superior to any others.

Less Power.
Uniformity of Temper.
Better Work.
are Work.

R. H. SMITH & CO., St. Catharines, Ont.
Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion of Canada
Send for Price List.—976-1y.

W. M. Robson.

LINDSAY TEA HOUSE.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN TEAS

W. M. ROBSON

Has just received a

FINE STOCK OF NEW TEAS,

Fresh and Fragrant.

In consideration of the times a special price list has been prepared. Call and see them.

	Previous prices.	
Fine Moyune Hyson	$1.00 per lb.	80c.
Finest Pingsuay Hyson	75 "	60c.
Good Hyson	50 "	40c

Japan, sweet and good, 3 lbs. for $1.00, good things. Good mixed Tea, 4 lbs. for $1.00. Finest Congou, 80c, per lb. worth $1.00.

Scented Orange Pekoe and other grades at reduced prices. Also a complete of stock.

William Howe.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

WILLIAM HOWE

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has opened a Stove and Tin Shop in the premises lately occupied by Malcolm Morrison in the Doheny Block, Kent-st., and hopes by strict attention to business, and by selling at reasonable figures to merit a share of public patronage. He has just received a

Large and Complete Assortment of Cooking, Box and Parlour Stoves.

Which he will sell at the lowest living prices. A large Assortment of Lamps and Chimneys. Best Coal Oil. All kinds of Jobbing, Tin and Galvanized Iron Roofing and Eave-troughing executed on the shortest notice. Orders respectfully solicited. Just received a fine Stock of Coal Stoves, from Gurney, Toronto, which we are confident will give satisfaction in style, price and quality. Inspection solicited.

Lindsay, Oct. 18, 1877.—945.

M. Markham.

SPRING, 1878. SPRING, 1878

M. MARKHAM

Begs to announce that he has received his

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

☞ Ordered work as usual a specialty.

Baker's Block, Kent Street, Lindsay.

James B. Knowlson.

MONEY LOANING & INSURANCE AGENCY.

To Farmers and others requiring money for improving their farms, building houses, or for other purposes.

THE CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

Offer money on very avourable terms either on the sinking fund system or in straight loans.

FIRE INSURANCES

Effected on all descriptions of property at lowest rates consistent with the nature of the risk

LIFE INSURANCE granted in all desirable classes.

For further particulars apply to

JAMES B. KNOWLSON.

28th February, 1878. Lindsay

McLennan & Co.

COAL DEPOT.

Stove, Grate, Foundry and Blacksmith Coal,

At lowest Prices. We have in stock and to arrive a large Stock of

Plaster of Paris, Scotch Dynamite, Blasting Powder.

Also, a full line of

IRON, STEEL AND SHELF HARDWARE.

Bought strictly for CASH. We would solicit inspection of goods and comparison of Prices.

McLENNAN & Co.

Lindsay, Aug 28th, 1878. 949.

John Dobson.

JOHN DOBSON,

KENT STREET, LINDSAY

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Fresh Teas	General Groceries
Tobaccos,	Wines,
Coffees	Liquors
Sugars,	And Cigars.

Keeps constantly in stock a large assortment of the above goods, which being bought in the best markets and on the most advantageous terms, he is enabled to give the very best value to his customers and the public.

Masson Manufacturing Co.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

The MASSON MAN'F'G CO

OF OSHAWA

Would call particular attention to their new

COMBINED SUPERIOR SPRING HOE BROADCAST SEEDER AND DRILL.

With Steel Spring for Hoe, a new and very important feature in their business. It is so constructed that by a very simple contrivance it can be changed from a Drill to a Broadcast Seeder, or from Broadcast to Drill instantaneously, and without stopping the team, making as it were two perfect machines for nearly the same price as formerly charged for a single machine, and it only wants to be seen to strike the farmer at once that he cannot do without it. Of their Single Drills or Broadcast Seeders, very little need be said here, there being over five thousand of them now in use in the Province, which is a sure for themselves the name they bear, "Superior," and have proved themselves to be far ahead of any other machines of their kind in the market.

THE GALLOWAY RAKE.

The best Rake on the Continent is called the Galloway. 1,050 sold the season of 1877. Every one a success. For the trade of 1878 we will build the Galloway Rake with J. B. Armstrong's new patent tapered teeth, all of which will be warranted for the season. Examine the Galloway Rake before purchasing. We can rake the largest winrow, rake the cleanest stubble, and dump the easiest of any Rake in the market.

The Masson Man'f'g Co. have made a specialty of these machines, and having kept the lead in the past are determined to do so in the future, in all the latest improvements.

JAMES FLUREY.

970. Agent at Lindsay

Stephenson & Thompson.

STEPHENSON'S

Patent Furnace.

Geo. Stephenson, Patentee and Manufacturer, Lindsay, Ontario.

Used in the Victoria Co. Buildings, Lindsay.

TESTIMONIALS:

From the report of the Special Committee appointed to consider the Warden's Address, December Session, 1877:—

"With reference to the system of heating the County Buildings recently adopted, your Committee express their approval of the work but feel assured that the matter will be fully reported on by the Special Committee appointed to superintend the work, as well as come under the inspection and report of the Committee on County Property."

From the report of the Special Committee appointed to superintend the heating and ventilation of the Court House and County buildings:—

"Having fully considered the best mode of carrying out your instructions, and having made due enquiry and come to the conclusion that the method introduced by Mr Stephenson had the merit of combining great economy in fuel with an improved ventilation, your Committee thought it in your best interests to adopt it, and gave a contract, which will be laid before you, to Messrs. Stephenson & Thompson, for the completion of the work: As to its success you now have an opportunity of ascertaining by personal inspection.

"Your Committee, however, beg leave to express their approval of the manner in which the contract was carried out."

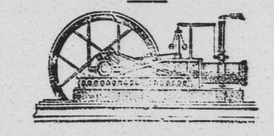
This Heater is admirably adapted for Churches, School Houses, Public Halls and Private Buildings. Prices range from $100 to $200. Orders from all parts of the Dominion promptly attended to. For sale by

STEPHENSON & THOMPSON, Kent Street, Lindsay, Ont.—956-1y.

John Makins

VICTORIA FOUNDRY,

William Street, Lindsay, (Dobson's Old Stand),



JOHN MAKINS

MANUFACTURER OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Iron and Brass Founder.

Begs to inform the farmers of Victoria County that he has made preparations to go

MORE LARGELY THAN EVER

Into the manufacture of

Ploughs, Fanning Mills, Cutting