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EXTRACT-WILD  
**STRAWBERRY**  
CURE  
**CHOLERA**  
CHOLERA INFANTUM  
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS  
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Love Was Lord of all.

Mrs. Steele was frowning one of her coldest, haughtiest frowns, and her penetrating blue eyes were looking straight in Genevieve's face. A saucy, piquant face, in delicate rose and pale olive tints, with well opened eyes that did not shrink from Mrs. Steele's volubility, bronze eyes, full of resolution and intelligence, for all their lovely liquidness.

She was Steele all over, from her broad white forehead, where the brown hair rippled in its snowy parting down to the dainty pink ears, to the high-arched foot that was a "Steele peculiarity."

Her mother, sitting in a high-backed chair—the chair of estate, Genevieve called it—laid the newly-opened letter down in her lap, took off her gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and frowned at her daughter because her daughter had, after silent reading of the letter, returned it to her mother with this remark:

"I dare say Aunt Juliet means to be very kind, but I shall not accept her invitations on those terms."

"I don't see why, Genevieve, I wish you would remember that every such invitation from my sister diminishes our expenses very materially."

Genevieve's eyes flashed long before her mother's deliberate remark was ended.

"Do not mention it to me mamma; you would not if you knew how revolting it is."

"I am sure you are a very strange child, Genevieve. I certainly feel very grateful to my sister for all she has done for Augusta and Laurence, and no less for the great kindness she displays in inviting you on her summer campaign, and for so very thoughtfully inclosing these two one hundred notes to 'renovate your wardrobe.' I really wish you to obey me in this affair and accept this invitation."

Genevieve began to exhibit more than her usual hauteur, by the way she held her head, so perfect for all positiveness. Mrs. Steele knew there was a battle in prospect.

"I could not think of going mamma, under the circumstances. So far as accepting Aunt Juliet's charity, I have no silly hesitation whatever, for she is rich and can afford to buy the pleasure of young people's society; but—and her father's look came startlingly plain all over her lovely face—"it is because I know to a certainty that Aunt Juliet intends to leave no stone unturned to bring about a match, as she unblushingly calls it, between Lance Fielding and myself, and it shocks, angers and disgusts me. Not under any circumstances will I go, unless aunt positively promises that her pet animal shall not be paraded for my benefit, or I exhibited for his."

Mrs. Steele smiled frostily.

"Quite a dissertation for one so unskilled in society lore. Almost any young lady would feel enraptured at the simple prospect of meeting Lance Fielding— young, rich as Croesus (or will be when his mother dies), handsome as Apollo and so charming, refined gentleman; what I call a thorough-bred society man; the very one above all others, I would rejoice with pride unexpressed to see you married."

Mrs. Genevieve's eyes displayed a sudden mutiny that warned Mrs. Steele, if she intended to carry this battle, her moment had come. So she hesitated a moment in her speech and then took another tack.

"You may consider it settled without any more discussion on the subject. Of course you may use your own discretion in the matter so far as Mr. Fielding or any other gentleman is concerned. But so far as accepting your aunt's invitation goes, I shall write to say we thank her, and that you will be ready on the twentieth."

Of course Genevieve had no choice left her but to obey her mother's imperative command; and as she was uniformly dutiful, for all her resolution and independence, she went on with her arrangements pleasantly and promptly, with the mental reservation that she would not, under any possible circumstances, allow herself to be made a trap to catch a husband.

Two weeks afterward Genevieve was plunged into the most fashionable society at Long Branch, the prettiest, loveliest, most exclusive young belle that had adorned society that season; and Mrs. St. Laurence began to comprehend, as she had never comprehended before, the full meaning of the sisterly warning Mrs. Steele had dropped her in saying that, although Genevieve was most sweet and charming, gracious, obedient and accommodating, she nevertheless could arrive at a point where not even her friends could persuade or influence her— notably in those delicate affairs that would occur in social society— particularly in this case so far as "L. F." was concerned.

As yet the very desirable had not made his appearance at the same season, although his mother was there—a lovely, queenly old lady, who wore black silks and creamy laces and tiny diamond ear-

rings, and whose face was flushed just like a girl's, and who did not have to resort to false hair or teeth at sixty years of age. Very greatly to Mrs. St. Laurence's delight, Lance Fielding's mother was charmed with Genevieve, and she talked to the girl of her boy in her motherly, idolatrous way, until even her rebellious Genevieve's curiosity was excited to see the paragon, and she decided he must be a good son to have deserved half his mother's loving praise.

"I am really anxious to have you two meet," she said the day he was expected.

Genevieve laughed, and declared she was most positive such a mother must have a good son; and then as she went to dress for a drive with Mrs. St. Laurence, she made a definite resolution not to allow herself to be interested in Mr. Lance Fielding.

Aunt Juliet did not drive that afternoon after all, and Genevieve had the barouche all to herself; an exquisitely lovely picture she made, sitting among the claret-colored cushions, with her white dress laying around her, her rosy-lined, white-lace parasol casting a delicious glow on her face. And Lance Fielding, on the way from the depot, looked at her with the strangest stirring of his pulses he had ever experienced in his life before.

"What a glorious face! What a lovely girl!"

While Genevieve had not so much as seen him in the moment of passing.

A few moments later he was greeting his mother, and all her idolatrous love was in her mother-eyes as she talked to him and listened.

"I believe I have met my fate," he said lightly, as he sat beside the window, handsome, self-possessed, manly, refined, truly just such a son as such a mother should have owned.

"I hope not," Mrs. Fielding answered, so earnestly that he smiled back in her eyes. "I hope not Lance, for I've been saving the dearest girl for you. Mrs. St. Laurence's niece, Miss Steele, she is out driving with her aunt now, but I expect them back soon."

Mrs. Fielding, of course, did not know that Mrs. St. Laurence had changed her mind, and Lance shook his head in laughing defiance.

"My charmer was alone. I am afraid it is kismet, mother."

Just then Mrs. St. Laurence tapped at Mrs. Fielding's door, at the same moment that Genevieve returned from her drive.

"Lance is come," Mrs. Fielding said, and the gentleman made his greeting pleasantly. "Now do send Genevieve here," she went on in her light, cheerful way. "I thought you had gone together. Perhaps it was Genevieve after all."

And she turned to her son with a little meaning glance.

Mrs. St. Laurence said she would go for her niece, and a moment later had enthusiastically told Genevieve that Mr. Fielding had arrived.

"And the most elegant, the handsomest man you ever saw in your life, my dear! Don't change your dress, you never looked better than in that white lace and lawn, but come with me to Mrs. Fielding's parlor. She sent the most solicitous message by me to you."

And then Genevieve leaned back in her chair and looked straight in Mrs. St. Laurence's eyes.

"Aunt Juliet, do you for one moment imagine I would allow myself to be taken to Mrs. Fielding's parlor to be introduced to her son?"

Mrs. St. Laurence looked in blank dismay at her.

"But why not? The Fieldings are one of our best families; they are accustomed to be obliged in such—"

Genevieve laughed.

"What nonsense, auntie! I shall not go of course I shall not go. And let me say just this one other word. I not only refuse to go, but I decline Mr. Fielding's acquaintance. Of course an introduction some time will be inevitable, but as for an acquaintance, I do not wish it."

"Poor Mrs. St. Laurence! If a beggar had refused a sack of the golden sands of Potosi she could not have been more utterly dumbfounded."

"I will not lend myself to your plans," said Genevieve, resolutely. "I came here because mamma wished it, and because you were so kind as to want me. But, Aunt Juliet, I will not allow myself to be left to the disgraceful role of a husband-hunter."

So Mrs. St. Laurence went back, more chagrined and confounded than she ever remembered to have previously been, and made some gracious apology about dear Genevieve being indisposed with a slight headache, and Lance Fielding scored one in her favor.

"A modest, sensible girl," he decided. "I am glad she refused to be paraded."

An hour later they met on the hotel piazza, Genevieve, radiant as a star, in lemon silk, with vivid carnation satin ribbon, and her dark eyes shining with nutritious defiance.

"Genevieve, my son; Lance, Miss Steele. How is your poor head now, dear?"

The lovely girl in the carriage! Lance Fielding experienced another of those sensations as he looked into her eyes one second, and then bowed before her.

"My head! My head has not troubled me, Mrs. Fielding," she answered gravely.

And then to a certainty Lance knew that she had purposely avoided him. And it was another stick of fuel to the flame already scorching his heart.

That was how it began. It would have been a rule, if not impossible, for Genevieve to have utterly disregarded him. He was the honored guest of the season, the petted, popular gallant, the "hail fellow well met" among the men; and, over and above all, he paid a certain reverential devotion to Genevieve that it was impossible to resist.

They walked and danced and sailed and rode upon occasions, and to every one it was plain enough that Fielding was most desperately in love with Miss Steele. But there was a limit to her pleasant cordiality which he could not pass. She was merry and fascinating and charmingly friendly—and that was all, until one day he told her, in a passionate eager way, that she was cruel to him—that she must see how he worshipped her, how all his happiness was bound up in her, how he loved her, and wanted her for his wife, his mother's daughter.

Well, Genevieve listened for two reasons. One, because she could not help it; the other—ah, because they were the sweetest words from this lover whom she defiantly turned a deaf ear to when he pleaded so passionately.

"I could have but one answer," she said coldly. "No, I have given you no possible reason to speak so to me."

Nor would she allow another word on the subject, and then locked herself in her room and cried until she was exhausted.

"I love him! I love him!" she told herself tearfully. "But I will not marry a man who has money. I will never join

myself to the army of women to which Aunt Juliet and my sisters belong—mere husband hunters."

The next morning Mrs. St. Laurence looked very cold and stern, and told Mrs. Fielding that Genevieve had persisted in going home on the 6:10 train.

So the sea-side idyl ended—so far as human sight could penetrate. While dark dreary days came to the Steeles, when the pitiful incomes grew smaller, and Genevieve had to work still harder to support them even in plainest comfort than ever a Steele had worked before.

"And to think that you actually threw away a fortune!" her mother would torment.

"Never mind, mamma; you shall not suffer while I can work for you. I couldn't conscientiously marry him, don't you know, mamma."

Mrs. Steele would look like a martyr, while Genevieve went on her dreary, loveless life alone.

One day she met Mrs. Fielding in the street, just as she was coming out of the store where she was employed as bookkeeper.

"My dear, what a surprise! How delighted I am to see you."

Then they walked along several blocks. Genevieve learned that a reversal of fate had come to the Fieldings as well as to herself, and that Lance was working at the same business as herself, only for a salary three times as large as her own.

"He is well?" she ventured to ask, her face flushing.

"Yes, in body," Mrs. Fielding answered gravely. "But I think he has never been quite the same since you treated him so cruelly, Miss Steele. He loved you so well; he will never love a woman again; I know that."

"Mrs. Fielding," said Genevieve, gently, deprecatingly, "because you will please tell your son it was not because I did not love him! Tell him I—wish he would ask me again—now. May I send him such a message?"

"God bless you for it!" she answered.

Then they parted, and Genevieve went home as she had never gone home in her life before. And before twenty-four hours had passed, Lance Fielding asked her again, and took her in his arms and kissed her—his betrothed wife.

They were so happy. They lived all together—Lance and his wife and their two mothers—all that lovely springtime, until the hot June days came; and then, one day, Lance laughingly declared he intended to pack all off to the seaside for a couple of months. Genevieve laughed—a delicious contented little laugh—as she remembered the last June days at the seaside.

"You prefer the seaside to this then?" she said reproachfully, while her eyes shone their love.

"As far as temperature is concerned, very decidedly," he said as he smiled. "Don't you long for the drives on Ocean avenue, and the plunges in the surf, and the Saturday night hops, and moonlight *lets-a-lets* in the summer-houses? Seriously, my darling, it is time the force should end. Genevieve, I am not a poor man. I have played the part to win you my precious, and I thank God for you every day. I am going to telegraph for the old suite of rooms to-day, and I want you to take this check for a thousand dollars and buy your summer outfit and Mother Steele's. Genevieve darling, you are not angry?"

So, although love was lord of all, Genevieve made the grand match after all.

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There seems to be a chronic objection to expend much money in improving the country roads. So long as they remain passable, it is thought by many rural legislators that little further care is called for. If anything is needed to be done to them they say the statute labor should suffice for it, when, as everybody knows, this kind of labor is done after the most perfunctory and indifferent manner. The truth is, that good roads are a paying investment. Land lying along a gravel highway that is well kept up, safe and pleasant to travel over at all times, is much more valuable than that situated on a poor road that is to be travelled with difficulty, and constantly getting out of repair. Good roads attract settlers, and the better the roads the better the class of settlers, the more intelligent and enterprising they are. Manitoba, said Mr. Alex. MacKenzie, a few years ago, is "cursed by the lack of communications." The curse on this account is everywhere but a matter of degree. If the lack of roads can be called a curse, poor ones are little better than such, and good ones are a blessing. The Pennsylvania road is an illustration that may be quoted. It was built by the British Government as a military road to Lake Huron. As soon as it was built it became at once thickly settled, "on account," says the *Orillia Times*, "of its being a Government road, and therefore the most carefully constructed road in that part of the country." Because it was a good and reliable road, it was "at once thickly settled." That is a lesson which all may improve. If it is a lesson which all may improve, it is equally true of the town. The most intelligent and wealthy, and those seeking the best conditions of ease and comfort, contrive to live on the best streets, where the roadway is smooth and hard, the grass well attended to, and effective sewers lie underneath. Such improvements and care expended upon them add largely to the value of property lining our streets.

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