SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past."—BYRON.

When Lady Chetwoode, who is sitting in the drawing-room, hears the carriage draw up to the door she straightens herself in her chair, smoothes down the folds of her black velvet gown with rather nervous fingers, and prepares for an unpleasant surprise. She hears Cyril's voice in the hall inquiring where his mother is, and, rising to her feet, she makes ready to receive the new ward.

She has put on what she fondly hopes is a particularly gracious air, but which is in reality a palpable mixture of fear and uncertainty. The door opens; there is a slight pause; and then Lilian, slight and fair, and pretty, stands upon the threshold,

She is very pale, partly through fatigue, but much more through nervousness and the selfsame feeling of uncertainty that is weighing down her hostess. As her eyes meet Lady Chetwoode's they take an appealing expression that goes straight to the heart of that kindest of women.

"You have arrived, my dear," she says, a ring of undeniable cordiality in her tone, while from her face all the unpleasant fear has vanished. She moves forward to greet her guest, and as Lilian comes up to her takes the fair sweet face between her hands and kisses her softly on each cheek.

"You are like your mother," she says, presently, holding the girl a little way from her and regarding her with earnest attention. "Yes,—very like your mother, and she was beautiful. You are welcome to Chetwoode, my dear child."

Lilian, who is feeling rather inclined to cry, does not trust herself to make any spoken rejoinder, but, putting up her lips of her own accord, presses them gratefully to Lady Chetwoode's, thereby ratifying the silent bond of friendship that without a word has on the instant been sealed between the old woman and the young one.

A great sense of relief has fallen upon Lady Chetwoode. Not until now, when her fears have been proved groundless, does she fully comprehend the amount of uneasiness and positive horror with which she has regarded the admittance of a stranger into her happy home circle. The thought that something unrefined, disagreeable, unbearable, might be coming has followed her like a nightmare for the past week, but now, in the presence of this lovely child, it has fled away ashamed, never to return.

Lilian's delicate, well-bred face and figure, her small hands, her graceful movements, her whole air, proclaim her one of the world to which Lady Chetwoode belongs, and the old lady, who is aristocrat to her fingers' ends, hails the fact with delight. Her beauty alone had almost won her cause, when she cast that beseeching glance from the doorway; and now when she lets the heavy tears grow in her blue eyes, all doubt is at an end, and "almost" gives way to "quite."

Henceforth she is altogether welcome at Chetwoode, as far as its present gentle mistress is concerned.

"Cyril took care of you, I hope?" says Lady Chetwoode, glancing over her guest's head at her second son, and smiling kindly

"Great care of me," returning the smile.

"But you are tired, of course; it is a long journey, and no doubt you are glad to reach home," says Lady Chetwoode, using the word naturally. And though the mention of it causes Lilian a pang, still there is something tender and restful about it too, that gives some comfort to her heart.

"Perhaps you would like to go to your room," continues Lady Chetwoode, thoughtfully, "though I fear your maid cannot have arrived yet."

"Miss Chesney, like Juliet, boasts a nurse," says Cyril; "she scorns to travel with a mere maid."

"My nurse has always attended me," says Lilian, laughing and blushing. "She has waited on me since I was a month old. I should not know how to get on without her, and I am sure she could not get on without me. I think she is far better than any maid I could get."

"She must have an interest in you that no new-comer could possibly have," says Lady Chetwoode, who is in the humor to agree with anything Lilian may say, so thankful is she to her for being what she is. And yet so strong is habit that involuntarily, as she speaks, her eyes seek Lilian's hair, which is dressed to perfection. "I have no doubt she is a treasure,"—with an air of conviction. "Come with me, my dear."

They leave the room together. In the hall the housekeeper coming forward says respectfully,—

"Shall I take Miss Chesney to her room, my lady?"

"No, Matthews," says Lady Chetwoode, graciously; "it will give me pleasure to take her there myself."

By which speech all the servants are at once made aware that Miss Chesney is already in high favor with "my lady," who never, except on very rare occasions, takes the trouble to see personally after her visitor's comfort.

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When Lilian has been ten minutes in her room Mrs. Tipping arrives, and is shown up-stairs, where she finds her small mistress evidently in the last stage of despondency. These ten lonely minutes have been fatal to her new-born hopes, and have reduced her once more to the melancholy frame of mind in which she left her home in the morning. All this the faithful Tipping sees at a glance, and instantly essays to cheer her.

Silently and with careful fingers she first removes her hat, then her jacket, then she induces her to stand up, and, taking off her dress, throws round her a white wrapper taken from a trunk, and prepares to brush the silky yellow hair that for eighteen years has been her own to dress and tend and admire.

"Eh, Miss Lilian, child, but, it's a lovely place!" she says, presently, this speech being intended as part of the charming process.

"It seems a fine place," says the "child," indifferently.

"Fine! it is indeed. Grander even than the Park, I'm thinking."

"Grander than the Park!" says Miss Chesney, rousing to unexpected fervor. "How can you say that? Have you grown fickle, nurse? There is no place to be compared to the Park, not one in all the world. You can think as you please, of course,"—with reproachful scorn,—"but it is *not* grander than the Park."

"I meant larger, ninny," soothingly.

"It is not larger."

"But, darling how can you say so when you haven't been round it?"

"How can you say so when you haven't been round it?"

This is a poser. Nurse meditates a minute, and then says,—

"Thomas—that's the groom that drove me—says it is."

"Thomas!"—with a look that had the wretched Thomas been on the spot, would infallibly have reduced him to ashes; "and what does Thomas know about it. It is not larger."

Silence.

"Indeed, my bairn, I think you might well be happy here," says nurse, tenderly returning to the charge.

"I don't want you to think about me at all," says Miss Chesney, in trembling tones.

"You agreed with Aunt Priscilla that I ought to leave my dear, dear home, and I shall never forgive you for it. I am not happy here. I shall never be happy here. I shall die of fretting for the Park, and when I am dead you will perhaps be satisfied."

"Miss Lilian."

"You shan't brush my hair any more," says Miss Lilian, dexterously evading the descent of the brush. "I can do it for myself very well. You are a traitor,"

"I am sorry, Miss Chesney, if I have displeased you," says nurse with much dignity tempered with distress; only when deeply grieved and offended does she give her mistress her full title.

"How dare you call me Miss Chesney!" cries the young lady, springing to her feet. "It is very unkind of you, and just now too, when I am all alone in a strange house. Oh, nurse!" throwing her arms around the neck of that devoted and long-suffering woman, and forgetful of her resentment, which indeed was born only of her regret, "I am so unhappy, and lonely, and sorry! What shall I do?"

"How can I tell you, my lamb?"—caressing with infinite affection the golden head that lies upon her bosom. "All that I say only vexes you."

"No, it doesn't: I am wicked when I make you think that. After all,"—raising her face—"I am not quite forsaken; I have you still, and you will never leave me."

"Not unless I die, my dear," says nurse, earnestly. "And, Miss Lilian, how can you look at her ladyship without knowing her to be a real friend? And Mr. Chetwoode too; and perhaps Sir Guy will be as nice, when you see him."

"Perhaps he won't," ruefully.

"That's nonsense, my dear. Let us look at the bright side of things always. And by and by Master Taffy will come here on a visit, and then it will be like old times. Come, now, be reasonable, child of my heart," says nurse, "and tell me, won't you look forward to having Master Taffy here?"

"I wish he was here now," says Lilian, visibly brightening. "Yes; perhaps they will ask him. But, nurse, do you remember when last I saw Taffy it was at——"

Here she shows such unmistakable symptoms of relapsing into the tearful mood again, that nurse sees the necessity of changing the subject.

"Come, my bairn, let me dress you for dinner," she says, briskly, and presently, after a little more coaxing, she succeeds so well that she sends her little mistress down to the drawing-room, looking her loveliest and her best.

CHAPTER V.

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embowering woods,"
THOMSON.

Next morning, having enjoyed the long and dreamless sleep that belongs to the heart-whole, Lilian runs down to the breakfast-room, with the warm sweet flush of health and youth upon her cheeks. Finding Lady Chetwoode and Cyril already before her, she summons all her grace to her aid and tries to look ashamed of herself.

"Am I late?" she asks, going up to Lady Chetwoode and giving her a little caress as a good-morning. Her very touch is so gentle and childish and loving that it sinks straight into the deepest recesses of one's heart.

"No. Don't be alarmed. I have only just come down myself. You will find us out to be some of the laziest people alive."

"I am glad of it: I like lazy people," says Lilian; "all the rest seem to turn their lives into one great worry."

"Will you not give me a good-morning, Miss Chesney?" says Cyril, who is standing behind her.

"Good-morning," putting her hand into his.

"But that is not the way you gave it to my mother," in an aggrieved tone.

"No?—Oh!"—as she comprehends,—"but you should remember how much more deserving your mother is."

"With sorrow I acknowledge the truth of your remark," says Cyril, as he hands her her tea.

"Cyril is our naughty boy," Lady Chetwoode says; "we all spend our lives making allowances for Cyril. You must not mind what he says. I hope you slept well, Lilian; there is nothing does one so much good as a sound sleep, and you looked quite pale with fatigue last night. You see"—smiling—"how well I know your name. It is familiar to me, having been your dear mother's."

"It seems strangely familiar to me also, though I never knew your mother," says Cyril. "I don't believe I shall ever be able to call you Miss Chesney. Would it make you very angry if I called you Lilian?"

"Indeed, no; I shall be very much obliged to you; I should hardly know myself by the more formal title. You shall call me Lilian, and I shall call you Cyril,—if you don't mind."

"I don't think I do,—much," says Cyril; so the compact is signed.

"Guy will be here surely by luncheon," says Lady Chetwoode, with a view to giving her guest pleasure.

"Oh! will he really?" says Lilian in a quick tone, suggestive of dismay.

"I am sure of it," says Guy's mother, fondly: "he never breaks his word."

"Of course not," thinks Lilian to herself. "Fancy a paragon going wrong! How I hate a man who never breaks his word! Why, the Medes and Persians would be weakminded compared with him."

"I suppose not," she says aloud, rather vaguely.

"You don't seem to appreciate the idea of your guardian's return," says Cyril, with a slight smile, having read half her thoughts correctly. "Does the mere word frighten you? I should like to know your real opinion of what a guardian ought to be."

"How can I have an opinion on the subject, when I have never seen one?"

"Yet a moment ago I saw by your face you were picturing one to yourself."

"If so, it could scarcely be Sir Guy,—as he is not old."

"Not very. He has still a few hairs and a few teeth remaining. But won't you then answer my question? What is your ideal like?"

"If you press it I shall tell you, but you must not betray me to Sir Guy," says Lilian turning to include Lady Chetwoode in her caution. "My ideal is always a lean old gentleman of about sixty, with a stoop, and any amount of determination. He has a hooked nose on which gold-rimmed spectacles eternally stride; eyes that look one through and through; a mouthful of trite phrases, unpleasant maxims, and false teeth; and a decided tendency towards the suppression of all youthful follies.

"Guy will be an agreeable surprise. had no idea you could be so severe."

"Nor am I. You must not think me so," says Lilian, blushing warmly and looking rather sorry for having spoken; "but you know you insisted on an answer. Perhaps I should not have spoken so freely, but that I knew my real guardian is not at all like my ideal."

"How do you know? Perhaps he too is toothless old, and unpleasant. He is a great deal older than I am."

"He can't be a great deal older."

"Why?"

"Because"—with a shy glance at the gentle face behind the urn—"Lady Chetwoode looks so young."

She blushes again as she says this, and regards her hostess with an air of such thorough good faith as wins that lady's liking on the spot.

"You are right," says Cyril, laughing; "She is young. She is never to grow old, because her 'boys,' as she calls us, object to old women. You may have heard of 'perennial spring;' well, that is another name for my mother. But you must not tell her so, because she is horribly conceited, and would lead us an awful life, if we didn' keep her down."

"Cyril, my dear!" says Lady Chetwoode, laughing; which is about the heaviest reproof she ever delivers.

All this time, her breakfast being finished, Lilian has been carefully and industriously breaking up all the bread left upon her plate, until now quite a small pyramid stands in the centre of it.

Cyril, having secretly crumbled some of his, now, stooping forward, places it upon the top of her hillock.

"I haven't the faintest idea what you intend doing with it," he says, "but as I am convinced that you have some grand project in view, I feel a mean desire to be associated with it in some way by having a finger in the pie. Is it for a pie? I am dying of vulgar curiosity."

"I!"—with a little shocked start; "it doesn't matter. I—I quite forgot. I——"

She presses her hand nervously down upon the top of her goodly pile, and suppresses the gay little erection until it lies prostrate on her plate, where even then it makes a very fair show.

"You meant it for something, my dear, did you not?" asks Lady Chetwoode, kindly.

"Yes, for the birds," says the girl, turning upon her two great earnest eyes that shine like stars through regretful tears. "At home I used to collect all the broken bread for them every morning. And they grew so fond of me, the very robins used to come and perch upon my shoulders and eat little bits from my lips. There was no one to frighten them. There was only me, and I loved them. When I knew I must leave the Park,"—a sorrowful quiver making her voice sad,—"I determined to break my going gently to them, and at first I only fed them every second day,—in person,—and then only every third day, and at last only once a week, until"—in a low tone—"they forgot me altogether."

"Ungrateful birds," says Cyril, with honest disgust, something like moisture in his own eyes, so real is her grief.

"Yes, that was the worst of all, to be so soon forgotten, and I have fed them without missing a day for five years. But they were not ungrateful; why should they remember me, when they thought I had tired of them? Yet I always broke the bread for them every morning, though I would not give it myself, and today"—she sighs—"I forgot I was not at home."

"My dear," says Lady Chetwoode, laying her own white, plump, jewelled hand upon Lilian's slender showy one, as it lies beside her on the table, "you flatter me very much when you say that even for a moment you felt this house home. I hope you will let the feeling grow in you, and will try to remember that here you have a true welcome forever, until you wish to leave us. And as for the birds, I too love them,—dear, pretty creatures,—and I shall take it as a great kindness, my dear Lilian, if every morning you will gather up the crumbs and give them to your little feathered friends."

"How good you are!" says Lilian, gratefully, turning her small palm upwards so as to give Lady Chetwoode's hand a good squeeze. "I know I shall be happy here. And I am so glad you like the birds; perhaps here they may learn to love me too. Do you know, before leaving the Park, I wrote a note to my cousin, asking him not to forget to give them bread every day?—but young men are so careless,"—in a disparaging tone,—"I dare say he won't take the trouble to see about them."

"I am a young man," remarks Mr. Chetwoode, suggestively.

"Yes, I know it," returns Miss Chesney, coolly.

"I dare say your cousin will think of it," says Lady Chetwoode, who has a weakness for young men, and always believes the best of them: "Archibald is very kind-hearted."

"You know him?" surprised.

"Very well indeed. He comes here almost every autumn to shoot with the boys. You know, his own home is not ten miles from Chetwoode."

"I did not know. I never thought of him at all until I knew he was to inherit the Park. Do you think he will come here this autumn?"

"I hope so. Last year he was abroad, and we saw nothing of him; but now he has come home I am sure he will renew his visits. He is a great favorite of mine; I think you, too, will like him."

"Don't be too sanguine," says Lilian; "just now I regard him as a usurper; I feel as though he has stolen my Park."

"Marry him," says Cyril, "and get it back again. Some more tea, Miss—Lilian?"

"If you please—Cyril."—with a light laugh. "You see, it comes easier to me than to you, after all."

"*Place aux dames!* I felt some embarrassment about commencing. In the future I shall put my *mauvaise honte* in my pocket, and regard you as something I have always longed for,—that is, a sister."

"Very well, and you must be very good to me," says Lilian, "because never having had one, I have a very exalted idea of what a brother should be."

"How shall you amuse yourself all the morning, child?" asks Lady Chetwoode. "I fear you're beginning by thinking us stupid."

"Don't trouble about me," says Lilian. "If I may, I should like to go out and take a run round the gardens alone. I can always make acquaintance with places quicker if left to find them out for myself."

When breakfast is over and they have all turned their backs with gross ingratitude upon the morning-room, she dons her hat and sallies forth bent on discovery.

Through the garden she goes, admiring the flowers, pulling a blossom or two, making love to the robins and sparrows, and gay little chaffinches, that sit aloft in the branches and pour down sonnets on her head. The riotous butterflies, skimming hither and thither in the bright sunshine, hail her coming, and rush with wanton joy across her eyes, as though seeking to steal from them a lovelier blue for their soft, wings. The flowers, the birds, the bees the amorous wind, all woo this creature, so full of joy and sweetness and the unsurpassable beauty of youth.

She makes a rapid rush through all the hothouses, feeling almost stifled in them this day, so rich in sun, and gaining the orchard, eats a little fruit, and makes a lasting conquest of Michael, the head gardener, who, when she has gone into generous raptures over his arrangements, becomes her abject slave on the spot, and from that day forward acknowledges no power superior to hers.

Tiring of admiration, she leaves the garrulous old man, and wanders away over the closely-shaven lawn, past the hollies, into the wood beyond, singing as she goes, as is her wont.

In the deep green wood a delicious sense of freedom possesses her; she walks on, happy, unsuspicious of evil to come, free of care (oh that we all were so!), with nothing to chain her thoughts to earth, or compel her to dream of aught but the sufficing joy of living, the glad earth beneath her, the brilliant foliage around, the blue heavens above her head.

Alas! alas! how short is the time that lies between the child and the woman! the intermediate state when, with awakened eyes and arms outstretched, we inhale the anticipation of life, is as but one day in comparison with all the years of misery and uncertain pleasure to be eventually derived from the reality thereof!

Coming to a rather high wall, Lilian pauses, but not for long. There are few walls either in Chetwoode or elsewhere likely to daunt Miss Chesney, when in the humor for exploring.

Putting one foot into a friendly crevice, and holding on valiantly to the upper stones, she climbs, and, gaining the top, gazes curiously around.

As she turns to survey the land over which she has travelled, a young man emerges from among the low-lying brushwood, and comes quickly forward. He is clad in a light-gray suit of tweed, and has in his mouth a meerschaum pipe of the very latest design.

He is very tall, very handsome, thoughtful in expression. His hair is light brown,—what there is of it,—his barber having left him little to boast of except on the upper lip, where a heavy, drooping moustache of the same color grows unrebuked. He is a little grave, a little indolent, a good deal passionate. The severe lines around his well-cut mouth are softened and counterbalanced by the extreme friendliness of his kind, dark eyes, that are so dark as to make one doubt whether their blue is not indeed black.

Lilian, standing on her airy perch, is still singing, and imparting to the surrounding scenery the sad story of "Barb'ra Allen's" vile treatment of her adoring swain, and consequent punishment, when, the crackling of leaves beneath a human foot causing her to turn, she finds herself face to face with a stranger not a hundred yards away.

The song dies upon her lips, an intense desire to be elsewhere gains upon her. The young man in gray, putting his meechaum in his pocket as a concession to this unexpected warbler, advances leisurely; and Lilian, feeling vaguely conscious that the top of a wall, though exalted, is not the most dignified situation in the world, trusting to her activity, springs to the ground, and regains with mother earth her self-respect.

"How could you be so foolish? I do hope you are not hurt," says the gray young man, coming forward anxiously.

"Not in the least, thank you," smiling so adorably that he forgets to speak for a moment or two. Then he says with some hesitation, as though in doubt,—

"Am I addressing my—ward?"

"How can I be sure, replied she, also in doubt, "until I know whether indeed you are my—guardian?"

"I am Guy Chetwoode," says he, laughing, and raising his hat.

"And I am Lilian Chesney," replies she, smiling in return, and making a pretty old-fashioned reverence.

"Then now I suppose we may shake hands without any breach of etiquette, and swear eternal friendship," extending his hand.

"I shall reserve my oath until later on," says Miss Chesney, demurely, but she gives him her hand nevertheless, with unmistakable *bonhommie*. "You are going home?" glancing up at him from under her broad-brimmed hat. "If so, I shall go with you, as I am a little tired."

"But this wall," says Guy, looking with considerable doubt upon the uncompromising barrier on the summit of which he has first seen her. "Had we not better go round?"

"A thousand times no. What!"—gaily—"to be defeated by such a simple obstacle as that? I have surmounted greater difficulties than that wall many a time. If you will get up and give me your hands, I dare say I shall be able to manage it."

Thus adjured, Guy climbs, and gaining the top, stoops to give her the help desired; she lays her hands in his, and soon he draws her in triumph to his side.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Hopeful Sign.

The spirit of Christianity as shown by its founder dealt with the evil which walks the streets of every modern city, as it did those of Jerusalem, by sending away the men who had sinned "convicted by their conscience" in shame and confusion of face while the woman set in the midst for punishment departed with the benignant words, "neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Admirable as are the motives and praise-worthy the purpose of the good men and women in Pittsburg, Pa., who have sought to break up the social evil by closing wholesale the houses which shelter the successors of the poor creature who was dismissed with these words, it is possible and altogether probable that if these social reformers had studied a little more closely either the example offered eighteen centuries ago or the conditions which exist today, they would have seen that the first necessity of reform in this great evil is that the men who stand about the woman taken in sin shall be brought to such sense of evil as will lead them to go out one by one and leave her presence forever. These men are all about. The entire social evil will melt away when good Christian women require of them all that they are seeking to secure in society by movements like that in Pittsburg. The open sin which disgraces society is an effect and not a cause. It is a social ill which is not to be cured by attacking its symptoms but by removing its cause. The early Christian Church attacked the moral pollution of the world in which it found itself not by a crusade against the brothel, but by presenting in the lives of its members the rule and reign of social purity and individual restraint. Under the influence of Christianity the entire level of society has been raised in western civilization, the position of woman has been immeasurably advanced and—what is often forgotten—the personal character of woman correspondingly improved. No religion has demanded of woman all that Christianity has, none has placed before the race so high an ideal of feminine purity, and none has so transformed the inner life and outer relations of women. It is the open secret of daily life that Christianity has not accomplished as much for the character and conduct of men. When it does, when men are "convicted by their own consciences," the women they tempt will go and sin no more, and not before. There is no more hopeful sign in the moral life of the day than an awakening to this duty in the Christian Church. There has never been a time when more organized effort was made in this direction, and in such efforts alone can a remedy for the social evil be found and not otherwise. If the Church will begin to make life a burden to the masculine sinners within its gates it will soon be under no need to burden itself over the weak women without its walls.

The safety of the steamship Spree will increase the confidence already felt in the modern passenger vessel. That steamer was three days overdue, and while some anxiety was felt at her non-arrival, there had been none of that panic manifested that was seen twenty-five years ago when a vessel failed to arrive on time. The City of Paris gave in 1890 the most striking demonstration of the superiority of modern naval architecture and proved that travel on the ocean is as safe, if not safer, than on land. The accident to the Spree appears to have been nearly of the same nature as that which happened to the great Inman Liner and her safety is due probably to the same wise precautions. The relief from apprehension will be very gratifying to those who had friends on board and their feeling will be shared by the larger public that is interested in the safety of ocean travel.

"Let's kiss and make up," said the actor to the actress. "Certainly," she replied, acquiescing promptly, "for I know something about kissing after we are made up."

He—"You seem to look upon a proposal of marriage as an everyday affair." She—"Well, no. Hardly that. Every other day. I never give my answer the same day."

"How strange!" said a fond wife; "every time Peter comes home from his lodge he goes to bed with his hat on. But I suppose it is some more of those masonic doings."

Glanders—"It is said that paper can be used effectively in keeping a person warm." Gazley—"That is very true. I remember a thirty-day note of mine once kept me in a sweat for a month."

We pulled the wishbone. Sue and I—
"I wish to kiss you!" my heart's sigh—
She won; but I've since understood
That she was wishing that I would?

Mrs. Fangle—"I've advertised for a servant for a whole week with no result." Mrs. Cumso—"Well, I advertised for a good-looking help-lady and had thirty-four to select from the first day."

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY K. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.