

# UNREQUITED LOVE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

"I wish he were gone," retorted her ladyship, "and then he would not have brought home that Radical's limp."

"Oh, but if he likes to provide for the little thing, send her to some cheap school or some institution— orphanage—don't you know, he is rich enough to indulge his benevolence."

It was in vain that the great Lady Pitland's daughter protested against her step-sister's folly in adopting a pauper's brat and hinted that the eleven foot of Socialism showed itself in the act.

"I made up my mind as we drove home last night," mother, said Lashmar, "that I should like to see that girl's father again some day."

"No, dear; not now—not to-day. He has gone on a long journey."

"To London?" she asked.

"A longer journey than that."

"Where?"

"To a beautiful country. You shall go there some day and you shall be with him again."

"Let me go now."

"No, dear; not yet."

"But I will go," cried the child, scrambling off Lashmar's lap and running towards the door.

Lashmar followed and stopped her; she cried and stormed and struggled with him.

"I want to go to my daddy; I will go to my daddy."

"He was a quarter of an hour soothing her and arguing with her."

"Tell me your name, little one," he asked.

"Stella. That is a very pretty name."

"It means a star," said the child. Daddy told me.

"Will you be my star? Will you live with me in this house, and play in those gardens out there, and go in my boat on the river?"

"No," said the little one firmly, after she had contemplated that delicious picture for some moments. "I don't want to live with you. I want to live with my daddy."

Lashmar explained how the journey on which daddy had gone must needs last for a long time, how Summer and Winter must pass before he could come back, or Stella go to him, but how they should meet in the days to come.

"And you will leave off crying, and be very good, for his sake, won't you, Stella?" pleaded Lashmar. "Fathers are unhappy when they hear that their children have been naughty. You will be good, and you will try to love me, won't you Stella, for daddy's sake?"

He saw Barber's niece after lunch, and found her a buxom, chubby-cheeked young woman, with a fine, honest countenance, so he engaged her at once to be Stella's special attendant.

One of the two rooms was to be furnished as a sitting-room; the other and inner chamber was to contain two beds for nurse and child.

"She ought to thrive and flourish in such a bower as this," thought Lashmar, and then he gave Barber's niece—in future to be known as Betsy—some broad general instructions as to the bringing up of childhood upon enlightened principles—cold water, fresh air, regular meals, and good nutritious food being the chief points. And to the elder Barber, he entrusted the task of procuring the child an outfit. She might be driven over to Brumm that afternoon, he suggested, and could make all her purchases before the shops were shut, if her ladyship would kindly dispense with her services for a few hours.

"I think I can manage to arrange that with Celestine," said Barber.

Celestine was the Parisian and superior maid, who re-arranged Mrs. Mouson's gowns, and repaired her ladyship's priceless lace.

"Do, like a good soul; and be sure you thank the coachman's wife for lending the little one clothes for today. You will please buy everything of the best, but of the simplest. When she is a year or two older, I may choose her frocks myself, perhaps. For the present I should like her to be dressed always in some cream-colored stuff—some kind of soft-woolen material, and then she need have but very few undergarments, and no weight of clothing to impede her movements."

"Lord a mercy, what a mollycoddle," thought Barber, and then she ventured a remonstrance on economical grounds.

"Cream color so soon gets dirty, my lord," she said, "don't you think now that a neat lilac print, a small pattern, and rather dark, would be better?"

"Good heavens, no! Do you suppose I want her to look like a workhouse child? I want her to brighten the gardens by her presence, like a beautiful human butterfly."

"She is such a plain child, my lord."

She will never pay for dress."

"I will have her in cream color," said Lord Lashmar, decisively; "and you can buy her half a dozen dresses, the broadest you can get—some scarlet and some pale blue. I will write you a check for twenty or thirty pounds before you go. Buy everything at Ponsford's, where her lay-ship deals."

"The dearest shop in Brumm, my lord."

"The dearest shops are apt to be the cheapest in the long run," "Ten pounds ought to be ample, even at Ponsford's," said Barber. "I shall only have to buy materials for Betsy is very clever with her needle, and she will make all the little frocks and things."

Betsy grinned and reddened at this praise.

"What a capital Betsy!" exclaimed Lashmar, "I shall make the check twenty, and be sure you buy soft and fine stuffs; I want my little girl to look pretty."

"That she will never do, my lord," answered Barber with conviction; "but she and Betsy will do our best to make her look nice."

The inquest upon Jonathan Boldwood was held next day and Lord Lashmar was present. No one came forward out of Boldwood's past life to tell what the man had been or to testify to any interest in him. When the coroner asked what had been done with the child Lord Lashmar stepped forward and said that he had adopted her, and would hold himself responsible for her future welfare.

"I don't think there is any one who will dispute that privilege with you," my lord, said the coroner. "I hope the child will grow up to be grateful to you for your noble conduct in saving her life."

Lord Lashmar told the authorities that he would pay for a decent funeral and a grave in the cemetery outside Brumm.

He attended the funeral in person two days afterward, by no means an agreeable duty, since all the rabble of Brumm turned out to do honor to their favorite agitator.

## CHAPTER V.

Boldwood had taught his child a great deal, had talked to her of subjects far beyond her years. He had taught her as a man of large brain and keen habits would be likely to do. He had taken her on his lap and talked to her at random, roaming from subject to subject, now telling her some legend of the old Greek fairyland and now some strange fact about the manners and customs of ancient peoples. There was one subject which he had never touched upon—he had told her nothing about her God. It was left to Lashmar to teach her to pray. That first simple form of prayer which he had learnt years ago from his nursery governess came back to his memory one evening when the child was bidding him good-night in the Summer dusk.

"Stella, I hope you say your prayers beside your little bed every night and morning," he said.

"What are prayers?" she asked.

"Betsy said I ought to say my prayers; but I don't know what it means."

"Did daddy ever teach you to pray, Stella?"

"She shook her head.

"If it was good he would have taught me," she said, "he was always good to Stella."

"Prayer is good for us all, dear. Daddy may have thought you too young to pray—to too young to understand about the God who created you and all of us, and whom we all ought to love and to fear."

"Daddy said there was no God; he said only fools believed in God."

"My little girl, if we want to be happy we must have something higher and better than ourselves to look up to. We want the consciousness of a friend and protector watching over us and caring for us. Happily most of us have that consciousness; it is born with us, a part of our being; it takes strange and various forms in different lands, but it is always the same instinct—a looking upward."

And then, feeling that his words were outside the child's comprehension he drew her to his breast and told her the story of Jesus.

The child listened, her eyes wide with wonder.

"Daddy did not know, or he would have loved Jesus," she said.

And then Lashmar taught her the first four lines of that childish prayer which he had learnt from his governess three and twenty years before. "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child."

Stella repeated the words, after him in her clear, sweet tones; the first prayer those lips had ever syllabled. Other prayers followed—the Lord's Prayer first and chiefest—and Betsy's conscience was relieved of a burden.

Stella had lived nearly a month at the castle before she encountered Lady Lashmar. The dowager had gone up to London with Victorian and taken him to Eton, and had spent a week at Windsor, in order to soften the agony of parting with her idol. She talked to him of his future—his career—emphasizing the word with heroic mean-

## HE TOOK THE PICTURE AFTER ALL.

A certain artist declares that a newly betrothed lover commissioned him to paint a secluded nook in the rocks on the shore, because there he had declared his passion. The picture was painted, but before it was done, the lover said to the artist.

"Of course, I shall pay for that picture as agreed, but my engagement is off, and of course, it would be painfully suggestive to me. If you can sell it to somebody else I will take another picture and be extremely obliged besides."

The painter assented to the arrangement, but within a week his patron again presented himself.

"It is all right, he announced joyously; I'll take that picture."

Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement? the artist asked.

The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession and grinned as he said:

"Well, not exactly. It was the same place, but the girl was different."

## AN ARTISTIC INNOVATION.

Mrs. Nibber—What ails that painting, Mrs. Fadd? It looks so queer, and I can't quite make it out."

Mrs. Fadd—Oh, that's Niagara Falls I've hung it upside down. That everlasting running water made me so tired,

## PICTURE OF BOER TOWNS.

THEY ARE BUILT UP WITHOUT ANY PLAN OR BEAUTY.

The Dwellings Are Nearly All Alike—Compared With English Homes—Plenty of Trees in the Boer Towns.

A Boer town is not laid out on systematic lines, as one sees towns in Canada or Australia. The streets seem to run mazy as they please, or as the exigencies of traffic have caused them to run. I doubt if the plan of a town is ever drawn in this country. People arrive and settle down in a happy-go-lucky manner, and straightway build themselves a home. Their homes are places to live in, not to look at. There is an almost utter absence of architectural adornment everywhere. As I sit writing this episode my eyes can range over a large number of dwellings. They are nearly all alike—plain, square structures, plastered snow white. There is a double door in the centre of the front, and a window at each side of the door. A stoop about six feet wide, rises a foot from the pathway, and there is nothing else to be seen from the outside front. These houses look bare and bald, and are as expressionless as a blind baby. To me, most houses have an expression of their own.

In an English town a quiet walk in the dawn, making a survey of the dwelling places, always leaves the impression that I have gleaned an insight into the character of the dwellers therein.

THE CHEEKY-LOOKING VILLA with its superabundance of ornament is a monument in masonry to the successful mining jobber on a small scale. The solemn-looking, solid dwelling, standing in its own grounds, where every flower bush has its individual prop, where the lawn is trimmed with mathematical exactitude, and not one vagrant leaf is allowed to stray, speaks with a kind of brick and mortar eloquence of a virtue that has never grasped the sublime fulness of the Scriptural text which saith: "The way of the transgressors is hard!" This is the home of the middle-aged Churchman, whose feet from infancy have fallen amid roses. He has never erred; because he has never known enough of human sympathy and human toil and human struggle to feel temptation. The cozy little cottage further on, surrounded by climbing roses and sweet-smelling herbs, where the gate is left just a little bit open as if inviting a welcome, seems to advertise itself as the home of two maiden sisters, who, though past the giddy girlhood stage, still have hopes of being somebody's darling, by-and-by.

But in a Boer town most of the piety is knocked out of a man. You stare at the houses, and they stare back at you dumbly. There is nothing pretentious or rakish about any of them; no matter how riotous a man's imagination might be, he could never conjure up a "wink" from a Boer house, though I have seen houses in other parts of the world that seemed to "cock an eye," at a passing traveler and invite him to try the door.

They have only two styles of roofing to their dwellings, either the old-fashioned gable roof or the still older kind of "lean-to." The latter being nothing but a flat top, high at the front and running lower toward the back, in order that the rain water may carry off rapidly. They paint their doors and windows.

A SOBER REDDISH BROWN, for your true Boer has an utter contempt for anything gaudy or gay. He leaves that sort of thing to his nigger servants, who make up for the master's lack of appreciation in the matter of color by rigging themselves out in anything that is startling in the way of contrasts, for if the white master is a Puritan in such things!

## SPARKS FROM THE WIRES

Newly Items About Ourselves and Our Neighbors—Something of Interest From Every Quarter of the Globe.

CANADA.

Parliament may be prorogued within three weeks.

Over 5,600 children are attending the Public Schools in Hamilton. The Kingston Locomotive Works will be sold by auction on July 11. Hamilton police will receive instead of 10 days holidays in future. Hamilton is making an effort to organize a regiment of Highlanders. Just 137 new post offices have been opened in Canada during May, April and May.

Great quantities of iron are being taken from the Wilbur mines at Kingston.

The T. H. & E. Railway Company have had ten passenger coaches built for the excursion business.

Kingston firms are shipping a cargo of 100 tons of Hay, Lake, Boston and Providence, R. I., to Paris, says that Canada's exports one of the best at the exhibition.

Avila Bourrasa has been found guilty at Montreal of the murder of his wife. He will be hanged at 21th.

Avila Bourrasa was found at Montreal of the murder of his wife last April, and was sentenced to be hanged on August 21.

Proceedings may be taken to qualify two Montreal attorneys receiving "side" money from a transfer of market stalls from Convict Goldsmith, who attempted to murder the assistant warden of Kingston penitentiary, has been extra added to his sentence.

The Synod of Toronto adoption asking the Government to point a Sunday as thanksgiving with the Monday following as a holiday.

Bracebridge is asking the Government at Ottawa for aid in the construction of a railway from the bridge to Baysville, a village on Lake of Bays.

The Hudson Bay Company declared a dividend and bonus of 10-12 per cent of the capital. In addition the company sets aside \$200,000 for the employees' benefit.

The two ferry steamers between Ottawa and Hull have been stopped by Government officials on the ground that the engineers in charge of them are not properly fitted.

At Ottawa Alexander McManis Sparks street Jeweler, was fined and costs for keeping his place business open after 7 o'clock in evening in violation of the ordinance by-law. An appeal will be taken with a view to quashing the by-law.

James Farley a life convict served twelve years in the Kingston Penitentiary, was pardoned on Sunday. He was a circus attendant, when the show was at Peterborough and killed him.

A man named John Fuleze, was working on the inside of the tower of St. Jean Baptiste Church in Montreal, lost his footing when near the top, and was dashed to pieces on the floor below. He was in charge of the Hamilton Bridge Works.

GREAT BRITAIN.

George Meredith, the author of poor health.

David Dwight Wells, author of playright, is dead at Norway.

London newsboys have been prohibited from yelling the latest news.

In three weeks London has had 100 suicides and 100 other suspected suicides.

Earle's Shipbuilding Company, Hull, one of the largest in England, failed.

Creditors of the bankrupt Earl of Yarmouth will get about 50 cents in the dollar.

The chief bleaching firm in London has combined with a capital of \$5,000,000.

London has started an anti-vice crusade against 6,000 organ-grinders and street pianos.

Over 7,000 dock labourers at London are on strike. The employers have violated the arrangements regarding overtime.

Queen Victoria has given orders that St. George's chapel, Windsor Castle, and the Albert Memorial chapel are to be lighted by electricity.

A collision between an express train and a train filled with Windsor goers occurred at Slough, England. Three passengers were killed and about twenty injured.

Christopher Ballan, a member of the London County Council, and a Radical candidate for Parliament, was fined charged with obtaining 25,000 worth of jewellery by false pretences.

On Monday Cambridge University conferred the degree of L.J.D., on Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the United States Ambassador to England, and Prof. John Williams White, of Harvard.

## You Can Have Confidence

in the medicines that have stood the test of years in practice and made famous the name of Dr. A. W. Chase.

Seldom if ever has a physician so thoroughly won the confidence of the people as has Dr. A. W. Chase, through the absolute reliability of his Recipe Book and the wonderful efficacy of his great prescriptions.

SALT RHEUM.

Mr. John Broderick, Newmarket, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled for thirty years with salt rheum. I used remedies, and was treated by physicians all that time, but all failed to cure me. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but all in vain. My son brought me a trial sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the itching immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes: "For twenty years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used

two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I need never more."

"I can say frankly that the first world, while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I felt now I am strong and healthy. I cannot remember a day highly for weak nervous people."

CONSTIPATION.

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Boston, states: "I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for constipation. I was troubled for about nine years, and have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for remedies of all kinds, but they failed to give relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I prepared a box, and they have cured me of this long-standing complaint. I don't think long enough to say more at all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent."

Imitations of Dr. Chase's Remedies don't dare to reproduce his portrait and signatures, which are on every box of his genuine remedies. Be sure at all doctors, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto.