

First Love.

How does a woman love? Once, no more, though in sorrow or in bliss, she deplores, deep in sorrow or deep in bliss, she deplores, deep in sorrow or deep in bliss, she deplores...

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

A coach from the Blue Lion had been ordered to present itself at a quarter past 5, promptly, and at the time specified it rattled up to the door with much spirit...

Then Mary Anne was sent to announce the arrival of the carriage to Miss Octavia, having performed the errand, came back, beaming with smiles.

"Oh, mum," she exclaimed, "you never see nothing like her! Her gown is 'ev'ning. An' lor! how you do look yourself, to be sure."

"I heard the lace ruffles on her 'best' black silk, and the little cap on her smooth hair, had done a great deal for Miss Bassett, and she had only just been reproaching herself for her vanity in recognizing this fact."

"Is it Miss Octavia's dress a showy one, Mary Anne?" she inquired. "Dear me, I do hope it is not a showy dress!"

"I never see nothing 'n' elegant, mum," said Mary Anne. "She wants nothing but a veil to make a bride out of her—an' a becomin' thing she never has wore."

"They heard the soft sweet strains of music at that moment, and Octavia came in. 'There!' she said, stopping when she had reached the middle of the room. 'Is that simple enough?'"

Miss Belinda could only look at her helplessly. The white muslin was composed of finest and of Valenciennes lace, the blue ribbons were embroidered with field daisies; the air of delicate elaborateness about the whole was something which her innocent mind could not have believed possible in orthodox white and blue.

"I don't think I should do it exactly simple as you said. 'My love, what a quantity of lace!'"

Octavia glanced down at her joints and frills complacently. "There is a good deal of it," she remarked; "but then it is nice, and one can stand a deal of lace."

"As the vehicle rattled past the boarding-school, all the young ladies in the first class ran to the window. They were rewarded for their zeal by a glimpse of a cloud of mullin and lace, a charmingly dressed yellow-brown head, and a pretty face, whose eyes favored them with a frank stare of interest."

"She had diamonds in her ears!" cried Miss Phipps, wildly excited. "I saw them flash. Ah, how I should like to see her without wrappings! I have no doubt she is a perfect blaze!"

"CHAPTER X. ANNOUNCING MR. BAROLD. Lady Theobald's invited guests sat in the faded blue drawing room, waiting. Everybody had been unusually prompt, perhaps because everybody wished to be on the ground in time to see Miss Octavia Bassett make her entrance."

"I should think it would be rather a trial, even to such a girl as she is said to be," remarked one matron.

"It is but natural that she should feel that Lady Theobald will regard her rather critically, and that the 'American' manners will hardly be the thing for a genteel and conservative English country town."

"We saw her a few days ago," said Lucia, who chanced to hear this speech, "and she is very pretty. I think I never saw any one so very pretty before."

"But in quite a theatrical way, I think, my dear," the matron replied, in a tone of gentle correction.

and in tones to be heard all over the room. "Quite well, thank you," murmured Miss Belinda again. "Very well indeed."

"She felt so terribly conscious of being the centre of observation, and rather overpowered by the novelty of her attire, which was plainly creating a sensation, Octavia, however, who was far more looked at, was entirely oblivious of the painful prominence of her position. She remained standing in the middle of the room, talking to Lucia, who had approached to greet her. She was so much taller than Lucia that she looked very tall indeed by contrast, and also very wonderfully dressed. Lucia's white muslin was one of Miss Chickie's fifteen, and was, in a 'genteel' way, very suggestive of Slowbridge. Suspended from Octavia's waist, by a long loop of the embroidered ribbon, was a little round fan of downy, pale blue feathers, and with this she played as she talked; but Lucia, having nothing to play with, could only stand with her hands hanging at her sides."

"I have never been to an afternoon tea like this before," Octavia said. "It is nothing like a kettle-drum."

"I am not sure that I know what a kettle-drum is," Lucia answered. "They have them in London, I think; but I have never been to London."

"They have them in New York," said Octavia, "and they are a crowded sort of afternoon parties, where ladies go in carriage-toilet, not evening dress. People are rushing in and out all the time."

"That is very unlike this," she remarked. "Well," said Octavia, "I should think that, after all, this might be nicer."

Lucia glanced around again—this time at the entrance to Lady Theobald. Then she glanced back at Octavia.

"But it isn't," she said, in an undertone. Octavia began to laugh. They were on a new and familiar footing from that moment.

"I said 'it might,'" she answered. "She was not afraid, any longer, of finding the evening stupid. If there were no young men, there was at least, a young woman who was in sympathy with her. She said: 'I hope that I shall behave myself pretty well, and do the things that I am expected to do. Oh!' said Lucia, with a rather alarmed expression. 'I hope so. I—I am afraid you would not be comfortable if you didn't.'"

Octavia opened her eyes as she often did at Miss Belinda's remarks, and then said: "What are you doing?" she said, disrespectfully. "Would they turn me out, without giving me any tea?"

Lucia looked still more frightened. "Don't let them see you laughing," she said. "They—they will say you are giddy." "Giddy!" replied Octavia. "I don't think there is anything to make me giddy here."

"If they say you are giddy," said Lucia, "your fate will be sealed, and, if you are to stay here, it really will be better to try to please them a little."

"I don't mean to displease them," she said, "unless they are very easily displeased. I suppose I don't think very much about what people are saying of me. I don't seem to notice."

"Will you come now and let me introduce you to Egerton and his sister," suggested Lucia, hurriedly. "Grandmamma is looking at us."

In the innocence of her heart Octavia glanced at Lady Theobald, and saw that she was looking at them, and with a disapproving air.

"But she followed Lucia across the room. She made the acquaintance of Miss Egerton, who seemed rather diverted, and, after the first exchange of civilities, subsided into a monotonous and attentive stare. They were, indeed, very anxious to hear Octavia converse, but had not the courage to attempt to draw her out, unless a sudden query of Miss Lydia's could be considered such an attempt."

"Do you like England?" asked Octavia. "Is this England?" inquired Octavia. "It is a part of England, of course," replied the young lady, with calm literalness.

"Then, of course, I like it very much," said Octavia, slightly waving her fan and smiling.

"Miss Lydia Egerton and Miss Violet Kelly each regarded her in dubious silence for a moment. They did not think she looked as if she were 'clever,' but the speech sounded to both as if she were, and as if she meant to be clever a little at their expense."

even more entertaining than he had found her during their journey. She did not hesitate at all to tell him that she was delighted to see him again at this particular juncture.

"I don't know how glad I was to see you come in," she said.

"She met his rather startled glance with the most open candor as she spoke. 'It is very civil of you to say so,' he said; 'but you can hardly expect me to believe it, you know. It is too good to be true.'"

"I thought it was too good to be true when the door opened," she answered, cheerfully. "I should have been glad to see anybody, almost—"

"Well, that," he interposed, "isn't quite so civil."

"But there she checked herself, and asked him a question with the most naive seriousness. 'Are you a great friend of Lady Theobald's?' she said.

"No," he answered. "I am a relative." "That's all," she remarked.

"It is," he replied. "Very much worse." "I asked you," she proceeded, with an entrancing little smile of irreverent approval, "because I was going to say that my last speech was not quite so civil to Lady Theobald."

"That is perfectly true," he responded. "It wasn't civil to her at all!"

He was passing his time very comfortably, and was really surprised to feel that he was more interested in these simple audacities than he had been in any conversation for some time. Perhaps it was because his companion was so wonderfully pretty, but it is not unlikely that there were also other reasons. She looked him straight in the eyes, she comforted herself after the manner of a young lady who was enjoying herself, and yet he felt vaguely that she was enjoying herself quite as much with Burmiston, and that it was probable that she would not think a second time of him, or of what she said to him.

After tea, when they returned to the drawing-room, the opportunity afforded for conversation was not numerous. The piano was opened, and one after another of the young ladies were invited to exhibit their prowess. Upon its musical education Slowbridge prided itself. "Few towns," Miss Pilcher frequently remarked, "could be congratulated upon the possession of such a fine instrument."

The Misses Egerton played a duet, the Misses Loftus sang, Miss Abercrombie executed a sonata with such effect as to melt Miss Pilcher to tears; and still Octavia had not been called upon. There might be a reason for this. It might be that the moment arrived at length when Lady Theobald moved towards Miss Belinda with evidently felt intent.

(To be Continued.)

Little Items of Interest from the World of Fashion. The fashion in furs next winter may be confidently expected to lean chiefly to the skin of the Bokhara caracul, a kind of lynx, about the size of a fox.

A new light wool fabric is called Austrian serge. It is beautifully fine, and as it does not wrinkle easily, like Henrietta cloth, it is destined to take its place in the formation of utility costumes.

The flat has gone forth in London's best society that bare arms will appear as much at dressy afternoon teas, kettle-drummers, lunches, and other post meridian fetes, as in the evening, by simple flat-crowned straight-trimmed aprons for airy models in net and tulle.

The buff about the economic side. By all means be bold; and although it is not a simple stride, how well it fits the autumn-tide, no russet mane is golden.

Next winter color will be the fashionable red rust color. Zoneau jackets will be a feature of winter fashions. English walking jackets are made a trifle longer this season than last.

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WOMEN DOCTORS.

Dr. McLaughlin on Women as Physicians. At the opening of the Toronto Women's Medical College Thursday, Dr. McLaughlin, a lady physician, delivered an interesting address on the subject.

"Should women engage in the study and practice of medicine?" Dr. McLaughlin inquired. She appeared in academic robe and hood, and read her address on the subject. "Should women engage in the study and practice of medicine?"

"I don't know how glad I was to see you come in," she said. "She met his rather startled glance with the most open candor as she spoke. 'It is very civil of you to say so,' he said; 'but you can hardly expect me to believe it, you know. It is too good to be true.'"

"I thought it was too good to be true when the door opened," she answered, cheerfully. "I should have been glad to see anybody, almost—"

"Well, that," he interposed, "isn't quite so civil."

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A REDHEADED DEATHHEAD.

Little Maggie Stewart, now in the care of Agent Stouck, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is in her own way as much of a record breaker as the City of New York, in which she came to this country two weeks ago, says the New York Times.

"I don't know how glad I was to see you come in," she said. "She met his rather startled glance with the most open candor as she spoke. 'It is very civil of you to say so,' he said; 'but you can hardly expect me to believe it, you know. It is too good to be true.'"

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THE FAIR SEX.

The Effects of Tight Lacing. Now that rational ideas as to dress have acquired a definite place in public esteem, it may be imagined that the practice of tight lacing and customs of a like nature, if known at all, are not what they used to be.

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of eye, an intensity at once to be explained by her deafness. She spends her mornings habitually in the privacy of domestic duties. She looks personally after the education of her children. She speaks English with the English grammar, Italian with the Italian. She reads the best literature in the hours of seclusion with her husband and friends, and as well informed as he about everything that is going on in the world."

Wildness for Women. Homely people make the best friends. There never was a marriage in which one party did not impose on the other. 'To flatter a young woman, ask her about her vicinities; every girl likes to think she has vicinities. Nothing pleases a man so much as to see a fine-looking woman who has been married twice in three months. A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—Napoleon I. There never lived a woman who did not wish she was a man. There never lived a man who wished he was a woman. A sure sign that a girl is going to get married—when she sits around working pillow shams and tidies with an initial that is not her own.

Value of Advertisements. "Do I believe in advertising?" said a prominent lawyer, a day or two ago. "Well, father, and in the hidden advertisement more than in any other. I remember, one day, reading a very interesting story that ended in what I took to be a puff for Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets. I threw down the paper in a rage. Not a week after that I needed some medicine of that kind, and went about looking for it. I found it in a hidden advertisement. I bought it, and it did me good. 'Why, yes,' the best thing of the kind I ever saw, but that has nothing to do with the first question, and I only mention the joke on myself to show that advertising does pay."

Prominent People. There is said to be little doubt in England that Sir Edwin Arnold will be the next laureate. John Burns, the London labor agitator, uses no tobacco and is a total abstainer from all liquors. He is a very studious man and has collected a valuable library of standard works, largely on political and social economy.

Mr. Rider Haggard has agreed to write a book, to appear in 1891, about Queen Esther, for a press subsidy. In order to explore Assyria in search of topographical and archaeological lore he will leave England at the end of the autumn. Mrs. Annie Besant, the English Socialist, is a woman of strongly marked features with soft brown eyes and a handsome forehead from which she combs back her iron grey hair. Although of slender frame and delicate constitution, she works unceasingly.

At first a little, hacking cough. "This nothing but a cold," they say. "Well, very soon wear off." "Alas, the story old!" The cough that is the falling strength. The grief that cannot save. And life was flung gone out, at length, and social economy was left.

If persons would use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when irritation of the lungs is indicated by a cough, it would be an easy matter to avert consumption. Be wise in time. The "Discovery" is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

First-Class Freak. Dime museum manager—What's your specialty? Applicant—I'm the champion writer of letters that don't mention Sullivan. Dime museum manager—Great good step right in. Consider yourself engaged for five years.

Too well known to need lengthy advertisements—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents, by druggists. The Romance of Reality. Bessie—Maggie was out walking with Charlie and they had a quarrel. Charlie gave her a shove and she fell into the lake. Everybody said she would have been drowned if George hadn't been there and saved her. She is going to be married next week. Jennie—To George? Bessie—No; to Charlie.

Misunderstood. Traveller (from Kentucky)—Madame can I get a drink here? Lady of the House—Certainly; there's the well. Traveller (with courtly gesture)—Madame, you misunderstood me. I don't wish to wash my hands; I want a drink. Quite a Different Thing. Old Gen—Little boy, I am sorry to see you smoking. Little boy—I ain't smoking it. I'm just keeping it tight for another fellow what's gone on an errand.

Eating of large quantities of potatoes has been tried as a means of relief from foreign bodies that have been accidentally swallowed. The whole intestinal canal is thus dilated proportionately and the foreign body is carried through. Professor Billroth and Dr. Salzer affirm that many surgical operations might be avoided in this way. Such articles as a twenty gramme weight, a set of artificial teeth and a needle have been successfully removed.—New York Telegram.

The man who claims the right to think for himself should be tolerant toward those who disagree with him. Canon Farrar's visit to the United States a few years ago apparently impressed him pleasantly, since he has sent his son to that country to complete his education. The young man will take a scientific course at Lehigh University, and will afterwards take his degree of civil engineer at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York.

A curious scene was witnessed in Palace yard, Westminster, England. A sparrow was picking up the corn which had fallen from the horses' noses, when a mouse appeared and proceeded to dispute with the sparrow his right to the dainty morsels. A fight ensued, which lasted for some minutes, and then the sparrow beat a retreat. The sparrow had evidently been injured in the tussle, and for a time was unable to fly. At last the sparrow flew up, and a cabman caught the incident by killing the mouse with a whip.—Examiner.

London's immense commerce is shown by the fact that during 1888 an average of 216 vessels entered that port every day in the year. Sundry included, a total of 79,000 ships of 20,000,000 tons burden, carrying \$1,100,000,000 worth of freight.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Speaking of the value of the President of France a correspondent says: "Mme. Carnot is of medium height, olive complexion, Roman features. Her carriage has possibly a suggestion of self-consciousness, which may be wholly due to her intensity