

# She Would Be a Lady

## CHAPTER IV.

Eva Randolph was not a quick girl. What she learned she learned thoroughly, but the acquisition of knowledge was always a great labor to her, and what other girls would master in an hour she would sometimes have to spend a whole morning over.

This was not encouraging, and a girl less resolute would probably have faltered in her purpose, but Eva knew that for her there was no looking back. She was like a wanderer in a strange land, who, having crossed a chasm, had thrown down the bridge behind him, and had therefore no chance but to go forward, and often, when she felt weary and faint-hearted, she would repeat to herself this old verse which she had met one day long ago in a neglected album that had been her father's:

"Dream not that the way is smooth,  
Hope not that the thorns are roses,  
Cast no longing eye of youth  
Where the sunny beam reposes.

Thou hast sterner work to do,  
Hosts to cut thy passage through;  
Close behind thee gulfs are burning,  
Forward!—there is no returning."

And she made the purpose of the Christian Warrior her own, and pressed onward bravely in the battle of life.

The first three years of her school days passed uneventfully.

She spent her vacations at school, for she had no home, no friends, and though Mrs. Westbrook wrote to her sometimes it did not suit that proud lady to have a school girl spending her holidays at Westbrook Grange or at her house in London.

Besides, this practical lady never forgot that she did not mean to adopt Eva as her daughter, but simply to enable the girl to make her own way in the world, and in every one of her letters she impressed this fact upon the mind of her protegee.

At the end of four years, however, Mrs. Westbrook thought she would like to see the girl whom she had resolved to befriend.

Moreover, the time for which she had intended to pay for her education had already been exceeded, and it was now desirable to decide upon the girl's future career.

"Dear me, she must be seventeen," remarked Mrs. Westbrook, thoughtfully, as she sat at a writing table inditing a letter to Eva.

"Yes, I suppose she is," replied her son, carelessly; "rather a plain little thing, isn't she?"

This he asked with a purpose. Experience had taught him that he could not injure a girl in his mother's opinion more fatally than by praising good looks.

His mother had a dread of his marrying, and she was also imbued with the idea that every woman that looked upon her son had designs upon his heart, and for this reason she guarded him like an elderly dragon from all the assaults of Cupid. And Ernest Westbrook smiled good humoredly at her tactics.

He was not by any means sensitive to feminine charms. Also he was very proud of his mother, and he often thought that he would have to be very much in love indeed with a woman before he asked her to become his wife, and thus depose his parent from her present position to the secondary rank of dowager.

But he was a good-natured, good-humored young man, always ready to do a kind action, and he felt some pity for the girl, whose story had been told him, and who, despite one or two suggestions he had made on her behalf, had never known what it was to have bright enjoyable holidays.

His mother now looked at him in surprise as he made this observation about Eva's personal appearance, and she said:

"I didn't think her very good-looking myself, but I remember that you once remarked that she had wonderfully fine eyes."

"Did I?" he replied, conscious stricken at having done poor Eva such bad service as to pay her a compliment. "I don't in the least remember it, and I shouldn't know her again if she came into the room at the present moment. After all, no woman could have finer eyes than my spaniel Topsy."

Mrs. Westbrook gave her shoulders an impatient shrug as she heard this; then she dipped her pen in the ink preparatory to resuming her letter.

"I suppose I must ask the girl here," she said, doubtfully.

"Must you?" asked her son indifferently.

"Yes, she has no home, you know, and I accepted a certain amount of responsibility when I promised to pay for her education. You don't object, I suppose?"

"No, it's nothing to me," he replied, carelessly.

"I could let her sit in the housekeeper's room, and take her meals with her," remarked Mrs. Westbrook, dubiously.

"I thought her father was a gentleman, whom you once meant to marry?" said the young man, looking at his mother with unfeigned surprise.

"He was, but what of that?" asked the lady, not quite understanding his meaning.

"Well, you could hardly place his daughter on an equality with your servants," he returned, as he walked out of the room.

The result of this conversation was that a letter was written to Eva inviting her to come to the Grange, and no further remark was made about her being handed over to the care of the housekeeper.

But that chance observation of Ernest Westbrook's changed the whole current of Eva Randolph's life.

She was a tall, reedy girl, unformed, reserved and unassuming, but with a quiet dignity about her rarely to be found in one so young.

still less to address a remark to him, that before she had been at the Grange a week the mistress of the mansion was quite satisfied that there was no danger to be apprehended from her.

Fortunately, also, for Eva Mr. and Mrs. Church had gone away from the neighborhood, and the people of the village, who saw her riding about by Mrs. Westbrook's side, never recognized in the pretty young lady the poorly-clad stepdaughter of Mrs. Church.

So pleased was the lady of the Grange with her young portree that she had more than once felt tempted to keep her with her as a companion and discard any project for training the girl to a life of independence.

But two objections rose against this course; one was that Mrs. Westbrook did not require a companion—not being a particularly companionable woman—and the second was the girl's anxiety to work.

"I should like to become an artist, if you think I have sufficient talent," she said, one day, when the rector and Ernest Westbrook and his mother were looking at some of her drawings. "Do you think I have?" she added, looking up wistfully.

She had not meant to address herself to him, but her eyes encountered those of Mr. Westbrook, and he replied, warmly—too warmly, his mother thought:

"Yes, I am sure you have."

The bright flush of pleasure that came over the girl's face did not escape the notice of her patroness, and she scented danger at once. But she was too well bred to make any comment, and it was not until Eva had retired to bed that Mrs. Westbrook betook herself to her son's room to hold a consultation with him.

"What do you think I had better do with this girl?" she began; "keep her here with us, or gratify her desire to learn some profession?"

"That just depends upon what you mean to do for her in the future," he replied between the puffs of his cigar.

"How! What should I do for her in the future," she asked, suspiciously.

"You must either make some provision for her, or give her the means to provide for herself, I should think," he replied, indifferently. "I don't suppose that she is in the least degree likely to marry, and she must live."

"And why shouldn't she marry?" asked the mother, sharply; "she is as good looking as most girls of her age."

The young man shrugged his shoulders as he asked, indolently:

"Is she?"

"Yes, I think her so; but, at any rate, I will let her learn a profession; then I shall feel she is off my hands and that no further responsibility attaches itself to me. The next question is, how to begin?"

"Mr. Carlyon said, as I walked with him back to the rectory this evening, that if you decided to allow Eva to follow her own inclination in the choice of a profession, he had a friend in London, an artist, who had several daughters, and he thought they might be willing to take Eva to live and study with them."

"London!" said Mrs. Westbrook, thoughtfully; "a girl in London living among strangers will be exposed to great temptations."

"Do you think that temptations are confined to large cities?" asked her son with a cynical laugh.

"No; but London is a dreadful place."

"I don't think you and I have found it so," he laughed; "but I firmly believe that to the pure all things are pure. However, I won't attempt to persuade you. Eva Randolph is your portree, not mine."

But Mrs. Westbrook found the rector's suggestion an easy solution to her difficulty. The worthy man himself was consulted, his friends were written to, satisfactory arrangements were made, and at length a day was fixed upon which Eva Randolph was to go to London and become an inmate of the artist's house.

"You have just one week before you, between now and the time of leaving us, my dear," Mrs. Westbrook said, kindly, when the matter was settled.

"And you may run about the park and the woods, and do just as you like in the interval. Ernest and I are going to town for the season, so I will take you with us, but we shall not see much of you there."

Whereupon Eva thanked her, and felt that she was free to run as wild as any of Ernest Westbrook's four-footed pets, whose freedom she had often envied.

Westbrook Grange is situated near the south coast, a mile from the sea, in a richly-wooded country, and it was Eva's delight, during this first real holiday of her life, to wander about by wood and stream, accompanied by several of Ernest's dogs, with whom she had made great friends. She always carried pencil and paper and water colors with her, and sometimes she would spend hours together in some favorite spot making a sketch of the scene.

She was more clever in drawing faces and figures than in landscape, but she had an artist's eye for beauty, and she was determined to carry with her as many mementoes of Westbrook Park as she could. One picture, that had been carefully studied, and worked upon from time to time, was nearly finished, and she was devoting one morning—the last but one of her stay—to its completion.

Previously she had taken portraits of her canine friends, and also she had made one surreptitious sketch of a very handsome young man, with large eyes, an open countenance and curling, waving dark brown hair.

This sketch she had hidden carefully away; she would not have had Mrs. Westbrook or her son see it for any sum that could be offered her. But she meant to take it to London with her, so that, when the original was far away, she might still gather inspira-

tion from the face, which to her inexperienced eyes, seemed the most perfect, manly countenance that had ever been created.

Having finished her water-color drawing, she took out her hoarded portrait from the secret pocket of her portfolio, and sat, for a time, thoughtfully looking at it. Then she took her pencil, and began to make a line here, and shade off a curve there.

Her heart was in the work. She forgot where she was; she did not observe the expectant demeanor of the dogs, nor did she hear a footstep on the grass, and Ernest Westbrook had stood behind her watching her for some seconds, and wondering whether it was possible for him to escape as he had come, unobserved, when one impudent toy terrier began to bark, and made Eva look up in some alarm.

Ernest coughed, and Eva just had time to cover her drawing with a sheet of paper, when he said, without looking at her:

"I think I shall indict you, Miss Randolph, for stealing the hearts of my dogs. I verily believe that Leo is the only one that remains staunch and faithful to me."

"You mustn't say that," she replied, rising to her feet and feeling assured by his tone that he had not seen or recognized his own portrait. "Leo is the only one of the number that you regularly take about with you, and the others are glad of a little notice even from me, but they are ready to desert me any moment that you will look at them."

"Then you think I have no case against you?"

"Certainly not; you have only to whistle and I should be left quite alone."

"You don't prefer solitude, I hope?" he said, with a smile, "because if you do of course I must go away."

"Oh, no!" she replied, with a bright look that made her usually quiet face appear for the moment beautiful; "but," she added, while her countenance fell, "perhaps your mother may want you or me."

Ernest Westbrook laughed, though he did not feel quite as much at ease as he would have done had he not seen that portrait of himself. Then he said:

"My mother is safe enough; she has gone off to pay a round of farewell calls; she wanted me to go with her, but I thought I would stay behind and have a chat with you."

"With me?" and the girlish heart began to palpitate in a most uncomfortable manner.

"Yes, I want to know if you really care about going to those people in London, and studying to become an artist."

"Oh, indeed I do," she replied, eagerly.

"And there is nothing you would like better?" he asked, the recollection of that portrait still uppermost in his mind.

"No," she replied, promptly.

"You would not prefer to stay here and spend your life with my mother and me?"

She was too childish to see the drift of his question, and she regarded herself too humbly, and looked upon him as far too exalted a personage to think it possible that he should ever ask her to be his wife. And yet it was to this point that his questions were tending.

Not that he had any such purpose in his mind when he saw his mother into her carriage, and then set off to seek Eva.

In truth, he had come out of good nature to a friendless girl, to ascertain what her real wishes with regard to her future were, and to tell her if ever she wanted help or protection to appeal to him as though he were her brother. But the sight of that portrait had upset all his preconceived ideas. It had touched his vanity, and told him he had a heart that this girl in her teens could set palpitating.

More than once this morning he was tempted to ask her to trust her future to him, to let her life's happiness be his care; but something held him back, and she never uttered one word to help him.

Walking by her side, talking tenderly, and sometimes idly, Ernest Westbrook, with this new revelation upon him, could not say all that he meant to say, and so he seemed to have got rid of his mother for an hour or two simply to idle away the time pleasantly with this school girl. But both of them remembered this May afternoon long, long afterward. They had strolled about and talked, then had sat down and talked again, and the afternoon was drawing to a close when Eva described in the distance Mrs. Westbrook's carriage returning to the Grange.

"I think I had better go in," she said, hastily; "your mother is coming back."

"Then let us go and meet her," he said, with a sudden flash of defiance.

"But I have to fetch my portfolio; I must take it indoors."

"Well let me carry it."

She hesitated for a moment, while her eyes involuntarily sought his; then her own drooped, and she yielded passively, while he led the way back to where the portfolio had been left, and, taking it up, carried it into the house.

Eva would have taken the portfolio to her own room, and there have remained till Mrs. Westbrook had alighted from her carriage, but Ernest called her to the door, and there his mother, a few seconds later, found the couple awaiting her.

"What good children you are," she laughed, pleased at the small attention then the possible meaning that might be attached to her words struck her; her face darkened, and she said, pointedly, to her son:

"I have invited Adelaide Grantham to come on a visit to us while we are in town."

"Then I hope you are prepared to entertain her," he replied, "for to me, Miss Grantham is intolerable."

## ABOUT WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

### HAS SUFFERED SERIOUS REVERSES IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Prime Minister Woman's Warmest Advocate—Supporters Will Needs Best Themselves to Recieve the Set-back.

Now that we have before us full reports of the debates in Parliament on the Lords' amendment to the London Government bill, an amendment by which women were made ineligible for the office of alderman or councillor in the new metropolitan municipalities, we cannot but recognize that the woman suffrage movement in Great Britain has encountered a serious reverse. The discussion turned undisguisedly on the question whether even an initial step should be taken toward the bestowal of the Parliamentary franchise upon women, and a negative answer was returned by a large majority in the House of Commons, which, hitherto, on several occasions, has encouraged the advocates of woman's rights; not a few distinguished Conservatives, as well as many Liberals, having declared themselves in favor of the entire political equality of the sexes. It now looks as if the woman suffrage societies would have to put redoubled pressure upon candidates for seats in the next Parliament, if they are to regain the lost ground.

It will be remembered that the London Government bill, which has now become a law, provides for the local administration of the various districts included in the wide area for whose collective needs the London County Council was instituted. When the bill was under discussion in the Commons, an amendment was moved making women eligible for the office of alderman or councillor in the new municipal districts. The Government did not oppose the amendment, and it was carried. When the measure reached the House of Lords, Lord Dunraven, of international yacht race notoriety, moved to expunge this particular clause, on the express ground that, were it allowed to stand, its principle logically must be extended to all municipal councils in the country. Lord Salisbury defended the cause, pointing out that the Commons have merely given women the same right of access to the new councils that they then enjoyed to the London vestries, which were to be superseded. It would be unreasonable, he said, that, under the cloak of a mere change in the name of the local bodies, women should be subjected to a parliamentary condemnation without any proof that they had been unworthy of the trust with which they were already invested. He added that, as a matter of fact, the new councils would have to consider such questions as the housing of the working classes, with which women are peculiarly fitted to deal.

### SHOULD SIT IN PARLIAMENT.

The Prime Minister was supported by the Archbishop of York and Lord Londonderry; and, what is especially to be noted, Lord Kimberley, the leader of the Liberals, asserted that it would be contrary to practice and to ordinary justice to deprive women of a privilege they already possessed, and that no supporter of the clause would be, necessarily, committed to woman suffrage in the broadest sense. The Lord Chancellor, on the other hand, did not hesitate to oppose his chief, on the distinct plea that the question at issue was, at bottom, no less momentous than this: Whether or not, for all purposes, and in respect of all political power, distinction and disqualification of sex should be maintained. The Duke of Devonshire took the same position, holding that, as women were allowed to sit in town councils, the claim would be presently advanced that they should sit in Parliament. The Duke of Northumberland hinted that all the friends of the clause in the Lower House needed to do was to stand firm, for he simply urged that the Commons should have a further opportunity of considering the matter. In the ensuing division, notwithstanding the attitude assumed by the official leaders of both the Government and the Opposition, Lord Dunraven's amendment expunging the clause making women eligible to the district councils was carried nearly 3 to 1.

The bill went back to the Commons, and there is little doubt that, had the professed friends of woman suffrage been inflexible, the Lords would have ultimately acquiesced in their demands. The test was applied on July 6, when Mr. Leonard H. Courtney proposed a compromise, by suggesting that women should be eligible for councillors, but not for aldermen. Had this compromise been accepted, the principle of woman's fitness for political duties would of course, have been upheld. Mr. A. J. Balfour, however, the spokesman for the Government in the House, although he has been supposed to favor woman suffrage, declared that it was not in the interests of the bill that the Commons should enter into a contest with the Upper House upon a minor question.

### EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

No member of the front Opposition bench took part in the debate, and the defense of a woman's eligibility to local offices, corresponding to those which she already filled, was conducted by Mr. Augustine Birrell, the author of "Obiter Dicta," and by two private members. Mr. Balfour, upon his part, found unexpected support from a Radical member, Mr. Labouchere, who insisted that the scheme to get women on the town councils was simply a stage in a general plot to place women on the same political footing as men.

He contended that, as there is a large majority of women in the United Kingdom, the political equality of the sexes would, in the natural course of events, inevitably involve the submerging of the numerically smaller sex by the larger one. It would involve, in other words, the transfer of the Government of the British Empire from male to female hands. Strange to say, Mr. Labouchere, who formerly, in connection with the second Home Rule bill, maintained that the House of Lords had no moral right to revise the judgment of the House of Commons, now complimented the Upper House on having construed accurately the real mind of the Commons. When the motion was made that "the House do agree in the said amendment, that made by the Lords," it was carried by a majority of 69.

It is idle that this reversal of its previous action by the House of Commons augurs ill for the immediate prospects of woman suffrage in Great Britain. It is a coincidence that the incident occurred at the very time when a Woman's Parliament was sitting in London.

We repeat that the woman suffrage societies will need to bestir themselves at the next general election, if they desire to recover the hold which they have hitherto possessed upon the House of Commons.

## A Pioneer's Story.

### WILLIAM HEMSTREET'S HEALTH RENEWED AT SEVENTY.

He was Afflicted With Illness for a Long Period, and Thought His Days of Usefulness Were Past—He Is Again as Healthy and Robust as He Was Twenty Years Ago.

From the Free Press, Acton Ont.

No man is better known to the people of the counties of Halton and Wellington than William Hemstreet, a pioneer and much esteemed resident of Acton. Mr. Hemstreet is a native of this country, having been born in Trafalgar township in 1817. In his younger days Mr. Hemstreet conducted a tanning business. He subsequently engaged in the droving and butchering business, and some twenty-five years ago, owing to his superior knowledge of the value of live stock, he took out a license as an auctioneer. In this calling he became at once popular and he was constantly on the road, driving in all kinds of weather, holding auction sales several days a week. Although possessing a strong, healthy constitution, the continued exposure and hard work of selling some days for six or eight hours at a stretch, he gradually lost his strength and vigor, and about three years ago found himself a collapsed and worn-out man. In conversation with a reporter of the Free Press he said:—"I felt that my days of usefulness were over. My strength had departed, my voice was gone, I was too weak to do work of any kind and I was undeniably useless to myself or anyone else. My symptoms were peculiar and baffled several of the best local physicians, who differed very much in their diagnosis. I took their medicines faithfully but no improvement resulted. I did not suffer much pain but was a very sick man. Had no appetite, no strength, could not sleep, and both myself and my friends concluded that my days on earth were numbered and that my worn-out system would in a very short time lie down in eternal rest. I had to give up all my business interests." When Mr. Hemstreet's condition was most serious his attention was attracted by the published testimonial of Rev. Mr. Freeman, a minister with whom he was personally acquainted, relating to his restoration to health after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He was particularly impressed with this testimonial and concluded that these pills must possess singular merit and healing power or Rev. Mr. Freeman would not lend his name to their approbation. Mr. Hemstreet then decided to give them a trial; he first got one box, then three, then half a dozen, and took them regularly. No very marked effects, he says, were noticeable but with characteristic persistence he purchased a further supply. By the time twelve or thirteen boxes had been taken, he felt that new blood was coursing through his veins; that he possessed renewed vigor and was able to perform all the duties his business calls demanded. "For a year I continued to take the pills," he said. "I knew I was regaining my old time strength and good health and I was determined the course should be complete and permanent, and I gave them the credit for making me the new man I feel myself to be to-day. As evidenced that my recovery is complete I have only to state that this spring I have conducted a number of auction sales in the open air with perfect ease and with entire satisfaction to my clients."

"I am as much averse to making personal matters public as any one could possibly be, but my long continued illness was so widely known and my recovery has been so marked and satisfactory that I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to the simple but effective remedy which cured me, and this is why I thus acknowledge it, as well as to show to those who are up in years and in ill-health what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

Father—You should do as I did—begin at the bottom and work up.

Then why not let me marry Amy, father? You know there's a woman at the bottom of everything.