

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Punctually at ten o'clock Eva presented herself at Westbrook Grange, and was shown into a small room, overlooking a portion of the flower gardens and the park.

On a lawn, at some distance from where she stood, was a young man with a couple of huge mastiffs, and several puppies of the same breed gambled about him.

The parents of the puppies looked formidable animals, but Eva thought how dearly she would like to have a good romp, with the little ones, and so absorbed was she in watching them that she never once noticed their master.

Strictly speaking, I suppose, Eva Randolph was not beautiful. Her face was, in shape, a perfect oval; her complexion was of a rich, smooth, creamy tint, but rarely flushed with a rosy hue, and her eyes were large, dark and liquid, with deeply-fringed, curling lashes that were almost black, though her hair was of a warm, rich brown.

People looking at her critically were wont to pronounce her to be interesting and uncommon-looking rather than pretty; and Ernest Westbrook was wondering who she was and whence she came, when he saw his stately mother join her.

"You are watching my son?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"No; I was watching those dear little puppies," was the reply; "I was thinking how much I should like to nurse them. But I beg your pardon, ma'am," she added, suddenly recollecting herself; "shall I begin my work?"

"Yes," replied the lady; "but take off your hat and cap; you will work in this room to-day."

Eva obeyed, and soon after she was absorbed in repairing some rare old point lace.

Nothing more was said about the puppies, or about the young squire, and not a single remark was made or question put to the girl concerning herself or her dead father.

About one o'clock a servant brought her some dinner. A very nice dinner it was, and very unlike what she was accustomed to; but it was served up to her alone, and youth wants companionship even with the choicest viands.

The weather was hot, the day was wonderfully bright, and Eva began to feel tired and sleepy, and to long for freedom, if only for half an hour, when Mrs. Westbrook again visited her.

"How are you getting on?" she asked kindly.

The girl replied by displaying her work, but she did so with a half-suppressed yawn which betrayed her weariness, and the lady said sharply:

"You are sleepy!"

"It is the warm weather," replied Eva, in an apologetic tone; "and then I am not used to sit at work very long without having to run errands, or mind the children, or do something about the house. If you would let me take a short walk, ma'am, I shall be able to work on till evening."

"We will both go for a walk in the park, and we can talk of something I have been thinking of this morning. Put on your hat and wait for me in the garden outside."

A few minutes later the lady and the orphan girl were walking side by side under the shade of the tall trees.

"How long has your father been dead?" was Mrs. Westbrook's first question.

"Five years, ma'am."

"You remember him, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, very well; and I remember my own mamma, too."

"Ah! What was she like? And who was she?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, with increased interest.

"She was very beautiful, ma'am, and before papa married her, I think her name was Gordon."

"What! Evangeline Gordon? You have no portraits of them, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am; I always wear their portraits in this locket; it was given to me when my mother died."

changed as though a new light had illumined it. "I am only working to make money to put myself to school."

"Then you wish to be a governess?"

"No, I don't," said Eva, resolutely; "I don't think I shall ever know enough to teach others, but I want to draw and paint, or even to go as a clerk. There are many things a woman can do if she is in earnest, and has only a little knowledge."

"I am glad you think so, my dear; I believe you mean to work hard, and, therefore, for your father's sake I will help you."

"You know my father?" said Eva, timidly. "Was it before I was born?"

"Yes, before I was married, and my son is seven or eight years older than you can be. But don't ask me any questions, and don't talk to anybody else of what I say—though, by the way, how old are you?"

"I am just thirteen, ma'am."

"Thirteen; well, I will pay for your education, and I will then give you sufficient to start you in any calling you adopt. No don't thank me," she said, hurriedly, as the girl caught her hand and gratefully pressed it to her lips.

"I am but paying a debt, nothing more."

Then she turned her face toward the house maintaining a reserve and silence which Eva was too timid to break.

When the girl got back to the small room, and was bending over the costly pieces of lace that required all her skill and care in mending, she could not help fancying that she must have fallen asleep over her work, and that that walk and conversation in the park must have been a dream. But happily it was nothing of the kind, and the next day Mr. and Mrs. Church were surprised and somewhat frightened by Mrs. Westbrook coming to see them and offering to take the girl off their hands.

At first they positively refused, but when the lady talked of getting her lawyer to hunt up the late Mr. Randolph's family, and ascertain who was the girl's legal guardian, they gave a hasty, though unwilling assent to the proposed arrangement.

"I wish she was of age, for then I'd make her sign some deed that would leave the property in my hands," growled Mr. Church, when he and his estimable helpmeet were left to themselves.

"If you're wise, you'll let sleeping dogs alone," was her prudent reply.

"Sleeping cats," he retorted disdainfully.

"Well, cats can scratch," returned his better half, "and if ever Eva and her friends find out that you have been taking her father's money, while you kept her in rags, they'll make you suffer for it, you see if they don't."

Mr. Church growled out words too strong to be repeated, and the worthy couple might have come to blows but for Eva's re-entrance.

CHAPTER III.

Eva Randolph had gone away to school. Susan Harper was engaged all the week in the neighboring town, learning dressmaking and hairdressing and the various acquirements necessary for a lady's maid, and when she came home on Sundays she was much too important a young woman to bestow any notice on Lilas Lampier, and poor Lilas was very dull, for Emma Bligh was in London, and Mary Matthews was nursing a sick grandmother.

So pretty Lilas had only Mrs. Flood's children to play with, and as Master Freddy, the baby, was becoming dreadfully heavy, and was too helpless to walk, the task of carrying him was anything but pleasant.

"She will very likely injure her spine with carrying that heavy child," she heard the village surgeon say to a gentleman one day, "and that, with such a lovely face, will be an awful calamity."

The stranger replied with some remark about the children of the poor and the two passed on. But Lilas understood at once that the surgeon's observation had applied to her.

Had she indeed a lovely face? She was still doubtful as to whether the doctor was mistaken, or whether all the rest of the world had been blind when Master Freddy set up a howl and insisted upon being carried home.

"I won't carry him; the doctor says I'll hurt myself if I do. You carry him home for me, Billy Smith," said Lilas, appealing to a neighbor's son, who had just overtaken her and the small brood under her charge.

"What will you give me?" asked the lad, with a mixture of boldness and shyness characteristic of the juvenile rustic.

"I ain't got nothing to give," pouted the girl.

"Give us a kiss, and I'll car' he for ye."

Lilas pouted and hung her head, and pretended to be surprised at the demand, but she would have given a dozen kisses to any lad alive sooner than have carried the heavy child after the doctor's warning, so at length she acceded to the boy's terms, which included payment in advance, and then Billy honestly performed his part of the contract.

But from this day Mrs. Flood's trials increased. Lilas would not carry Freddy, nobody could make do so, and after many quarrels a rude perambulator, very much the worse for wear, was purchased, and in this Miss Lilas did condescend to wheel about the young Moloch.

Lilas Lampier, from that day forward, thought of little but her good looks, and of how she could best use them to her own advantage.

She was a quick, precocious girl. Her French extraction made her feel but little sympathy for the Floods, while the memory of the life she had led in Paris was as vivid to her mind as though she had left the gay city but yesterday, and had even then been older than she actually was now.

Since she had become so dangerously

conscious of her beauty she had ceaselessly wished that her father would come back and take her away from the Floods, for she knew that with him she would live in great cities, and surely where there was abundant wealth and many people a girl with a lovely face need not be dressed in poor, shabby clothing, nor need she spend her life in looking after a tribe of self-willed children.

Not that Lilas had any actual intention of doing wrong, or any clearly-defined inclination for evil, on the contrary, good and evil were very much alike to her mind, provided either would assist her to attain the end she desired to reach.

She had heard her father say that man was only responsible to himself for his actions, and that the wealth of the rich ought to be taken away and given to the poor, and she had accepted these pernicious doctrines as her father had accepted them before her, with the ready belief of one who has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the redistribution of property, and she longed to get away to London or Paris, where she felt convinced she should find some wonderful fortune. But her father did not come, the fortune was far away, and she had become both reckless and impatient when temptation from an unexpected quarter came in her way.

One never-to-be-forgotten day Mr. Flood announced his intention of taking the children to the circus, that had been opened in a field not very far away. Freddy was too young to go, and it was just a question whether Lilas or the child's mother should remain at home, when Mrs. Flood, who would have enjoyed the dissipation as much as any of them, said, good naturedly:

"You shall go, Lilas; maybe I'll afford to go another day."

So Lilas went, and the tinsel and the horses, and the glitter and applause intoxicated her, and she determined, before the evening was over, that by some means or other she would join a troupe of traveling performers. Not a very ambitious aspiration for a girl who meant to be a lady, but then, as she assured herself, all things must have a beginning.

It was not difficult to come to this resolution, but to put it in practice was by no means so easy a matter, and Lilas, for the next few days spent most of her time in wondering how she should take the first step to enter the career she sought to pursue.

Her own carelessness made the opportunity. She was walking alone one morning, pushing the perambulator before her, and looking back to follow with admiring eyes the figure of Mr. Ernest Westbrook when she suddenly found herself and the child struggling in the river. Her shrieks and those of the small children who had lagged behind soon brought the young gentleman and some laborers who were at work in a neighboring field to her assistance, and she and taining much damage beyond a good wetting.

Mrs. Flood's anger, however, was very great; it was nothing but carelessness and dislike to little Freddy, she vowed, and in her rage she struck the girl sharply across the face, and declared that she would send her away to find a better home if she could.

The fact of deserving punishment rarely makes us more ready to bear the lash, and Lilas persuaded herself that she was greatly ill-used, and resolved to take Mrs. Flood at her word. Without giving herself time to think of the probable consequences of what she was about to do, Lilas ran up to her own room, put on her Sunday clothes, and taking with her a few trifles she valued, and a shilling or two which she had hoarded, she crept downstairs, made her way out of the house unobserved, and soon reached the high road.

The traveling circus was still in the neighborhood, and Lilas soon arrived at the field where the large booth in which the performances took place was erected.

At another time she would have felt shy and timid, now she was desperate. Barman's troupe was her refuge, and no sooner did she reach the entrance to the now empty place than she asked a man, whom she recognized as the clown, for Mr. Barman.

"Yes, my dear, step this way," he replied, "and so saying he led her to a sort of hut that had been knocked up for temporary occupation."

"I want to know if you will let me come with you?" exclaimed Lilas, when she saw Mr. Barman himself; "I can dance, and I can learn to jump and ride, and I'm not afraid of anything, and I can speak French."

The proprietor of the traveling circus was not a little surprised at this appeal, and he would probably have answered it somewhat roughly, but for the singular beauty of the girl who made it. His questions elicited her story without gloss or reticence.

Mr. Barman listened patiently, gravely, and when she had finished he informed Lilas that he would take her as his apprentice for three years, if the Floods made no objection.

"If they do, I shall run away to London," was the girl's nonchalant reply; "and I shan't go back to them again now."

Mr. Barman smiled. Lilas, with her beauty and her reckless temper, would be a treasure to him if he only could hold her in check.

So he sent a note to Mr. Flood, who came to him in great perturbation of mind, and insisted that Lilas should return to his roof at once. But Lilas obstinately refused.

Then Mrs. Flood came, and begged and entreated the girl to come back, and the poor woman painted in vivid colors the temptations and dangers that would beset her in the life she sought to lead.

Lilas only laughed. Her mother had been a dancer, why should she expect to be anything better? she asked scornfully; and then finished by declaring that she hated children, and hoped she would never have to nurse one again.

So the Floods went home, saddened

and self-reproachful, and a few days later Lilas left the town with her new protectors.

For three years she was bound to live with Mr. and Mrs. Barman and to serve them, and after that, for three years more she was to give them half her earnings. Hard terms, it would seem, to many, but Lilas would not have grumbled had they been twice as hard.

She would be dressed in gorgeous attire, and crowds of people would see and admire her, and who could say that some great lord would not want to marry her, and that she would not be a grand lady after all?

So her foolish little brain wove wonderful fairy castles for the future, and though in learning to ride and leap, and spring through hoops, and risk her neck on the trapeze, she more than once only barely escaped with her life, she still held fast to the belief that what she now had to go through was all necessary to bring to perfection the harvest which she hoped one day to reap.

To be Continued.

CAGED BEAUTIES.

Mr. William Shark describes in London Literature a visit, while in Algeria, to a street of caged women. It seems it is forbidden to Europeans after dark, but he wandered in, partly through incident, partly through curiosity. He writes:

"Some women were in barred rooms, and some in cages, offered for sale."

"The woman in the first cage I passed was rather pretty, and, though her hair was dark, she had pale blue eyes. Her long, loose tresses were everywhere clasped with little blue brooches, and I noticed that her lips, the end of her ears and her finger tips were stained a dull red. She accosted me in Moorish-French, and asked me if I would not like to take her away from these jackals of Moors and Arabs. I said I was a stranger, a wayfarer, and if here to-day might be far to-morrow. She told me she was not an Arab, 'Allah be praised!' and not a Moor, either, but a Koulourli—that is, the child of a Moorish woman by a Turkish father."

"One girl's face and manner impressed me greatly. She was not beautiful, hardly pretty, but she had a singularly winsome face, with large, fine, gazelle-like eyes. She was a European, a Spaniard from one of the Balearic Isles. Strangely, she was very fair, with blonde hair full of a dusky gold sheen. She had been taken to Oran, at the extreme western end of Algeria, by a Spanish naval officer, and there in a few weeks been deserted. For some months she was a derelict in that old Hispano-Mauresque town. After her child was born she had gone inland, to hill-set Tlemcen, the old Moorish city that stands within sight of the frontier of Morocco. There a rich Moor had taken her to his harem. On his death, a few months later, she had been purchased by a Jew from Algiers, and straightway sold to a young Turk at Bona. The Turk, when tired of her, disposed of his property to an Arab Sheikh, who had grown tired of her in turn and placed her in the street cage, an article for sale. For some minutes I stood talking to the poor, imprisoned creature, when a passing guard took notice of the incident and whispered to me in French to move away at once and return to the foreign quarter. He had passed on before I could see his face. The next moment I described the evil countenance of a Jewish-looking Moor, behind the cage of the Oran woman. He was her owner, and had been listening to our conversation. When he discovered that he had not a purchaser to deal with he came forward brusquely."

"Do you want her or not?" he demanded, sneeringly, in guttural Algerian French. "No? Then be off with you, infidel dog, and by the way you came if you value your skin!"

JEWELS LIVE.

Real jewels, scientists now assert, possess organic life. It has long been known that opals and pearls grow dull when worn by invalids, and latterly rubies and the turquoise are found to share the same sensibility. Pearls are more indicative of the condition of the wearer than any other gem.

Though this delicate stone lives longer than a flower, it seems to have a form of life, which, like that of the flower, loses color and brilliancy and actually dies. Nor is this property unfounded in reason. Science has latterly learned much concerning germs and their influence in the propagation of health and disease. Those invisible emanations which surround the person wearing gems penetrate the interstices of the jewel and actually increase or decrease its brilliancy. The inference is a true one that rings and pins should be laid aside by the invalid. Even in good health it is better to give them a rest. To inclose them in their cases and put them away is to insure an access of luster. Even clothing should also be treated to rest. It freshens up wonderfully the frock or wrap to shake and brush the garment and hang it in a dark closet.

THE RULING PASSION.

Husband, rushing into the room,—Come out, quick!

Wife—What's the matter? The house is on fire, and we will be burnt to death if we hesitate a moment. Run, run for your life!

Yes, I'll be out in a minute. I've got to tidy up the room a little, so that it will look decent when the firemen get here.

EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM. County of Grey, including a valuable Water Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. R. Township of Durham, 100 acres, adjoining Township of Durham. Mortgages taken for part purchase money Oct. 2nd. Apply to JAMES EDGE, Edge Hill P.O.

R-I-P-A-N'S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity. ONE GIVES RELIEF. TRADE MARK

DURHAM MILLS GRISTING AND CHOPPING DONE on shortest notice and satisfaction guaranteed. FLOUR, OATMEAL and FEED THE SAWMILL We are now prepared to do all kinds of custom work. LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATHS always on hand. N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.

PATENTS 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms: \$3.00 per \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and FREE BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

CAMPERS Should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry. Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, eating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhoea. Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhoea and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling a whole summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhoea doctor in your supplies. But that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.

SHE ALSO CHANGED HER MIND. A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the woman: "Sally, I canna marry thee. Hows that? saked she. I've changed my mind, said he. Well, I'll tell you what'll do it: she said she. If folks know that it's thee salk she given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap; but if they think that I've given you up, then I can get another chap. So we'll have banners published, and when the wedding day comes the person will say to thee: 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and thou must say 'I will.' And when he says to me: 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I will. Then the person said to the woman: 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' and she said: 'I will.' Why, said the young man, furious, you said you would say 'I will.' I know that, said the young woman, but I've changed my mind since. Nearly all the omnibus horses in London are imported from the United States and Canada.

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, CARAFRAXA STREET, DURHAM, ONT. SUBSCRIPTION The CHRONICLE will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per year, payable in advance—\$1.50 for 6 months. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the address label. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISING For transient advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion; 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion—minimum 10 lines. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch measure. Advertisements without special directions will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient notices—"Lost," "Found," "For Sale," etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements ordered by strangers must be for in advance. Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office. All advertisements, to ensure insertion in current week, should be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

THE JOB : : Is completely stocked with DEPARTMENT all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work. W. IRWIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The Chronicle Contains Each week an epitome of the world's news, articles on the household and farm, and serials by the most popular authors. Its Local News is Complete and market reports accurate.

FURNITURE UNDERTAKING Prices Cut. A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION. Embalming a specialty. JACOB KRESS.

J. SHEWELL Dealer in all kinds of Furniture Undertaking and Embalming A SPECIALTY DURHAM, - ONT

Farmers, Threshers and Millmen AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY -- WE MAKE -- Furnace Kettles, Power Staw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers' Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and Points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills. -- WE REPAIR -- Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers. Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gummed, Filed and Set. I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

MONSOON TEA THE SWEET TEA IN THE WORLD FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY. "Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best qualities of Indian Tea. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they pick up themselves and sell it only in the original packages, thereby securing its purity and excellence. Put up in 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk. ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT. "Your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., Front Street East, Toronto. The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.