

Winsome Winnie

Madam Vivian with the utmost pleasure could have boxed her niece's ears with her own white hands, but she restrained herself with an effort, and, clever woman as she was, recovered her smiles and easy, graceful manner in a few moments.

"I am quite sure about the boar and tiger hunting, Millie, dear," she said, with a light laugh, "but I think you may be able to realize your Nile and Mediterranean longings before another year."

"Yes," Mildred muttered, angrily, to herself, "in that odious Lord Mountrevor's yacht! That would just suit him and madam both! They would drive me mad in six weeks—the clever intriguing of the one, and the insane platitudes of the other—a painted, padded top."

"She was alone for a few minutes, while madam superintended some military preparations in an adjoining apartment, and, wearily surveying the dingy houses, the rows of first-floor windows, the trim, flower-covered balconies, the white pavements, the dull, dusty decorousness of the dull, fashionable street, Mildred let her thoughts fly off as birds from a cage to the vista which her own wild, reckless words had conjured up—poor, beautiful, untamed, prison falcon that she was!

"Oh, how I should delight in it," she said, with a passionate gasp—"to be free, to be away from London, and fashionable people, and dusty streets, and crowded ball-rooms, and idiotic partners who wear coronets!"

The speech seemed rather an inconsistent one for a young lady who habitually wore Paris-made robes, and was particular about the shade of her parasol and gloves being in perfect unison. But Mildred Tredennick, loving beauty and beautiful things just for their own sake, and possessing an innate exquisite taste for colors and effects which could endure no outrage of its perception, always chose just as that perfect taste guided her, were the coat little or much. It generally was much; but then as she said in her own girlish phraseology, she had "money enough," and, moreover, Mildred Tredennick was charmingly inconsistent at all times.

"And how I should like to go to India, and ride at daybreak—a long stretching gallop at the seashore, as Bertie told me he used to have!" And then the caged falcon drooped her proud head, and a dreary look clouded her bright eyes. "Bertie, my darling," Mildred whispered with a tender glow and soft flickering smile on her face that peer or coronet never could, never would bring there, "why don't you write to me? Bertie, my own dear love, three long months, and not a line! Oh, Bertie, what would I not give to be free to ramble about the world with you! How happy we should be!"

"You are an exceedingly extravagant girl, my dear," said madam, re-entering the room; "but I must say that that dress, with those graduated shades of blue satin and pout-de-soie, and that exquisite white Brussels lace, is simply perfection."

But exquisite dresses were no novelty to Miss Tredennick; and, besides, she felt weary and low-spirited to-day. She positively refused to "try on" the dress, saying that one annoyance of the kind was sufficient.

"Don't you feel well, Mildred?" madam asked at length, with the air of one who was enduring martyrdom.

"No, I don't," replied Mildred, shortly.

"You had better lie down, and let Morton or Trewhella bathe your head with eau-de-cologne, and take a little red lavender," advised madam, in the same tone.

"Nonsense, madam," said Miss Tredennick, almost rudely; "I never surrender myself helplessly into the hands of servants when I feel out of sorts, to be fussed about and nursed like a sick lap-dog." And the curtained doorway fluttered and the door banged as Miss Tredennick swept out.

"And you have no conception, Stephen," madam said, late that evening to her nephew, who had come to dine with them, and later still to escort them to Hollingsley House, "you have no conception how Mildred has tried me to-day! First about her dress, which she would not try on, though it requires some alteration, and then about Lord Mountrevor, who called at three o'clock and she would not see him! I cannot tell what is the matter with the girl," concluded madam, almost in despair.

"I will not undertake her chaperonage during another season if she does not alter. I must say that she is not much comfort or society to me, either."

At the moment madam would not for her fortune three times over have welcomed her unmanageable ward as her quiet, affectionate, kind hearted nephew's wife, and at the same moment, oddly enough, with her final words, her thoughts went with sudden quick regret to one who had been the most thoughtful, patient, gentle, obedient and agreeable of young companions.

"Poor little Winnie!" she said to herself, with a sigh. "If Mildred were ten times as handsome and clever, she would never be one-half as amiable and lovable as that poor foolish little creature!"

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight," Winnie, departed to an unattainable distance, gone from all chance of exerting the wiles and charms which madam's jealous suspicion dreaded, had become quite a treasure to be mourned over and a standard whereby to measure.

"If the silly petulant little thing had not rushed off to America in that absurd and ungrateful fashion, without even coming to bid me good-bye, I might have taken her back again, perhaps," madam mused.

and I am sure she was sensible and pleasant to talk with from what you say; and I have been wishing all the day that I had her, to chat with me, and bathe my head, or help me to cry, or scold, or something—I wouldn't let Morton hear me. Aunt Vivian has been in terrible dudgeon with me; and, as for that disagreeable, sly, crafty woman, her maid, I should like to see her come nursing me and bathing my head, as madam proposed! I believe she poisoned madam's mind against Winnie Caerlyon, and I told her so!"

"What did madam say?" asked Stephen Tredennick, trying to restrain a yawn. I know she was a nice gentle little creature from what madam says, smile.

"Oh, she inquired in her grandiloquent way," replied Mildred, sarcastically, "what interest I could possibly take in a person of whom I knew nothing whatever. And I told her that cousin Stephen liked her, and that was quite sufficient reason for me to take an interest in her."

"What did she say to that?" Captain Tredennick questioned again.

"Nothing," replied Mildred, with a care less shrug; "she knew that I should keep on saying more and more astounding things, so she was silent. Poor little Winnie! I think she was cruelly used. Stephen, and I meant to let every one know that such was my thought; only that she went away, unfortunately, in that sudden manner."

"Perhaps it was better for her, poor child," suggested Stephen Tredennick, smiling; "she seemed to have a good many friends."

And for a few minutes the last speaker's thoughts went after the exiled little maiden with regret, and vain longing for her presence.

CHAPTER XVII.

At half-past nine o'clock Stephen Tredennick returned from his hotel, and was ushered by smirking, courtiering Miss Trewhella at once into madam's dressing room, where he found his relative robed in black moire antique, point lace crimson velvety roses, and point lappets on her silvery abundant hair, and diamonds scintillating on her white plump hands, her round wrists, her neck, and from her dainty aristocratic ears as if they were dewdrops fallen from the drooping roses in her hair. She was very magnificent, but she was in consternation—almost in tears.

"She won't go, Stephen!" madam cried breathlessly with alarm and excitement and excessive vexation. "There was never any one more tried than I have been this day! I positively declare that Miss Tredennick shall return to my father and mother to-morrow, and let them send her to a strict school or convent, or wherever they like best—I wash my hands of her!"

"Why does she refuse?" Stephen Tredennick asked, in surprise and trouble.

"How can I tell?" Madam exclaimed, sharply, almost beside herself from vexation. "Because of one of her never-ending, abominably obstinate whims, I suppose!"

"Let me see her, aunt," Captain Tredennick said, deprecatingly, "perhaps Millie is not well."

"Perfectly well," asserted Madam, with a stamp of her foot; whereas Miss Trewhella chuckled internally.

That worthy young woman was resolved to endure no rival in her mistress's consideration, and strove in her meek, enduring hypocrisy of affectionate devotion and her power of sly dealing, to aid in widening the breach between her mistress and her haughty niece by every means in her power, were it only by the finest point of a knife-like wedge. Miss Tredennick, who had been an object of fear to her from the first, and of jealous envy had become latterly simply an object of spiteful hatred, since Miss Tredennick's own maid was now the recipient of Miss Tredennick's lavish presents.

"Perfectly well," Madam repeated; "but if you think you can talk that self-willed, unmanageable girl into reason, you are mistaken. You are at liberty to try."

She dropped indignantly down on a seat, almost regardless of her superb moire antique and point lace.

"Trewhella, tell Morton that Captain Tredennick wishes to speak to her mistress."

"Thank you," said Stephen Tredennick, coldly, passing out before the obsequious handmaiden, "don't trouble yourself. My cousin will see me, I have no doubt."

"Oh sir," objected Miss Trewhella, stopping the way with an alarmed curtsey and shake of the head, "you—you can't, sir—really, sir! Miss Tredennick's tout ong dizabbily, sir."

Captain Tredennick put his strong hand on the woman's arm, quietly put her aside, and knocked at Mildred's dressing-room door. The young maid, a neat, pretty girl, with a frightened face and hurried manner, opened it instantly.

"She's there, sir," she whispered, in reply to his query, and, motioning him toward one side of the dimly-lighted room, she gladly escaped for a while from its precincts.

"Millie, my dear girl, are you not well? What is the matter?" The Captain groped his way to the shaded lamp and turned on a bright blaze of gas, lit the extinguished wax-candles at the mirror, and then he saw Mildred lying on the sofa, her face turned away and buried in the cushions—more as if she had flung herself there in pain or misery than for repose, with the voluminous folds of her dinner-dress lying on the carpet, her rich hair all disordered, and one hand convulsively clasped.

The room was filled with light and the beauty of rich, brilliant robes. Stephen Tredennick eagerly knew where to stand or sit or kneel for woe of costly lace-like frost-work, for trailing satin or tulle, for tiny white-satin shoes for jewelcases and bouquet-holders, and essence-bottles, and gloveboxes, and gorgeous cashmere wrappers. Miss Tredennick let none of her eight hundred a year lie idly by.

How to Cure Horse Distemper

An Experienced Horseman Solely Declares Nothing is So Satisfactory as Nerviline.

Says Nerviline is Fine Liment

"After fifty years' experience in raising horses I can safely testify that no remedy gives such good results for an all-round stable liment as Nerviline." Thus opens the very earnest letter of J. J. Evanston, who lives near Wellington. "I had a very valuable horse that took distemper a month ago, and was afraid I was going to lose him. His throat swelled and hard lumps developed. His nostrils ran and he had a terrible cough. I tried different remedies, but was unable to relieve my horse of his pain and suffering till I started to use Nerviline. I mixed a bottle of Nerviline and sweet oil and rubbed the mixture on the throat and chest three times a day, and you would scarcely believe the way that horse picked up. Nerviline cured him. I also have used Nerviline for colic in horses and cows, and earnestly recommend it to every man that is raising stock."

For strains, sprains, swellings, colic, distemper, coughs and colds, no liment will prove so efficacious in the stable as "Nerviline"—it's good for man or beast, for internal or external use. Whenever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Refuse substitutes. Large size bottles, 50c; trial size, 25c, at all dealers, or the Cattarhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

"We are always allies, Millie—my dear cousin, what ails you?"

"Nothing, Stephen," said Mildred, sitting up; and then she burst into tears. "Nothing ails me, I am perfectly well, as Madam has just told me, in a rage; but I would rather be put into a prison cell than go to this hateful ball! I suppose I am over-tired, or something. There is no use in Madam's forcing me to go. I can't dance, or speak, or do anything but sit down and cry; my heart seems like lead, Stephen—something must be going to happen to me."

Stephen Tredennick's kind broad brow darkened.

"Nothing is going to happen to you, my dear," he said, kindly; "it is just what you say yourself. You are over-tired, Millie, dear; and I must say that it is a shame to force any young girl in this mill-round of staying up at night when she ought to be asleep, and sleeping when she ought to be up, as fresh as the flowers. Dress yourself, dear, for this last time, and I promise that you shall have no more ball-going this year. Hurry, Millie, dear; your aunt's quite ready."

"Oh, of course!" cried Mildred, bitterly. "If I were ready to drop down dead, and Madam had said that I should go somewhere, she would just go on with her toilette as calmly and carefully as usual and come in ten minutes too soon, with the last button of her glove fastened, to know if I was ready."

"If you feel ill, my dear cousin, you shall not go," said Stephen Tredennick, decidedly.

"I am not in the least ill, I tell you, Stephen," Mildred reiterated, ringing her bell violently. "There, go away, and tell madam not to suffer any more anguish of mind on account of my obstinacy. I shall go, and she may thank herself for whatever happens."

WASHABLE WINTER COAT FOR LITTLE MISS CURLY-LOCKS



Among the new materials particularly appropriate for children's wear is heavy cotton ratine. It is warm and "comfy" and yet can be laundered easily. The little coat illustrated is white cotton ratine with black collar and cuffs of white rajah silk. The collar, made with long pleated reverses in front, is edged with bands of mouseline plush and the little white bonnet has a band of the same plush on it.

The plush bands on the coat can be sewed on so that they can easily be taken off and the rest of the garment put in the tub when it looks soiled. Children's winter coats are a better investment this year than last, and in some climates where it is possible that they are wearing the half hose even if their coats and bonnets are winter effect.

Her heavy-lidded and pallid cheeks fit up with looking angry determination, and Stephen Tredennick went away unwillingly.

"I am sure Mildred is not well, aunt," he said, as they sat awaiting her coming in the drawing-room—"she seems so feverish and nervous."

"Very!" returned madam, sarcastically, adjusting the wide black velvet and splendid flashing diamond solitaire that adorned her smooth white bare neck above the point lace of her corage. Widow of fifty-seven as she was, she showed a handsome pair of shoulders, albeit a little less of them as she did at twenty-seven. "Very, Stephen! That is, you mean to say, calling things by their right names, that she exhibits a great deal of spoiled-child impertinence and ill temper."

"I think both her temper and manner decidedly deteriorated since she came to town," said her nephew, decidedly. "Mildred was never ill-tempered or disagreeable before; and she certainly seems thoroughly unhappy and dispirited this evening."

"Unhappy and dispirited!" echoed madam, scoffingly—"I dare say. It injures Miss Tredennick's health very considerably not to have her own will and way in everything. She informed me this morning that she wanted her liberty to go where she liked, and when she liked; and she has been sulking the live-long day because she hasn't this privilege, I suppose. Really Marion Tredennick is not to be congratulated on her method of training her eldest daughter."

"She looks ill at all events, and has been crying bitterly," said poor Stephen, feeling himself to be, in a measure, between two fires—for madam appeared to grow more irate.

"I have the prospect of a charming evening before me," she observed, stamping her tiny foot—"to play chaperon to an unwilling young lady, who has been sulking, and complaining of low spirits, and crying—to chaperon her in the rooms of Hollingsley House, before the best people in town!"

Perplexed and distressed, Stephen Tredennick began to wish earnestly, for his own sake as well as for that of others, that the last ball of the season was well over, when to his intense relief, he heard the rustling of silken robes descending the staircase, and presently Mildred entered. She was dressed in her splendid robes of shimmering blue satin, of varied shades of brightness, and clouded over with a delicate, frost-like, misty veiling of snowy lace, with clustering white roses in her rich chestnut hair, and white roses in her jewelled bouquiers. The delicate hues and fresh pure brightness of her costume, like the cerulean tints of the sky, marvellously became the proud girl's beauty, those flushed cheeks and bright dark eyes, those curving red lips and flashing white teeth, the wealth of ruddy golden-brown hair, the lissom, stately, beautifully mobile figure.

"So much for Miss Tredennick's low spirits and ill-health, Stephen, my dear!" said madam, too satisfied and triumphant to retain much ill-humor.

They were sitting together, or rather Stephen Tredennick was graciously permitted to form one of his aunt's little court of admirers and supporters—half a dozen or so—who constantly loitered near vivacious, witty, clever, handsome Madam Vivian wherever she appeared during the season; and madam, with a sarcastic smile, indicated Mildred's blue dress and white roses whirling around in a vase a trois temps with Lord Mountrevor, with a movement of her plumed white fan, encrusted with tiarules and stars of jet and silver, "represent" mourning.

"I am very glad to see it," Stephen

Tredennick returned, earnestly, but with a lurking dissatisfaction still.

He had seen Mildred looking brighter, happier, handsomer, many a time that she looked that opening—a belle and beauty in her glistening azure satin and lace and white roses. He hated to see that hard, arrogant smile on her fresh lips, that supercilious droop of those haughty white eyelids which was becoming so habitual. She looked fevered and restless, for all her beauty and gaiety. He hated to think of gay, high-spirited, proud, warm-hearted, beautiful young Mildred's being transformed into one of those cold, handsome, heartless, fashionable women whom Madam Vivian appeared to consider the perfection of high-bred womanhood. He hated to see Henry, Lord Mountrevor, with his arm around that girlish supple waist—a man he knew to be an effeminate dandy and a rouse of the gracefully-immoral elegantly-knavish type, with not brains enough to be a very great of clever knave, but with inclination enough to be addicted to a great deal of knavery and immorality, of a rose-water-perfumed, rose-colored quality, and with intelligence and ability enough to enable him to keep the outside of his own particular speculacra fairly whitened. There was not any great or particular wickedness worth mentioning, save his intemperance and faithful admiration of Mildred Tredennick. But Stephen Tredennick hated to think of his beautiful young cousin's bartering herself for a share in that man's name, and being crowned with the glory of a coronet from his hand.

Perhaps she knew what was passing in the Captain's thoughts, from that calm, grave, expressive face of his, and the anxious looks that followed her from his kind dark eyes. Certain it is that the three dances she had promised him, Stephen got but one, and then Mildred went down to supper on Lord Mountrevor's arm. Afterwards her cousin caught but an occasional glimpse of the brilliant, excited face, and tall, lissome figure—in pauses of the dance, in momentary, smiling encounters in the large, well-filled saloons, through the flower-laden branches of exotics and the misty perfume air, amid the gleam and glow, and flash and glitter, with the soft, sweet, measured, ringing music throbbing in unison with every pulse of gladness in one's being, until the gray summer dawn crept through the curtained windows and the rolling away of carriages with their occupants left the great saloons more sparsely filled, and bare spaces of floor here and there and deserted niches in corridors and boudoir showed the flotsam and jetsam of the ebbing tide—fallen, faded flowers, scraps of ribbon and lace, long remnants of tulle, a dropped cobweb of a gauzy handkerchief, spangles and trinkets. The tide ebbed away faster with the first tremulous golden rays of the new day, and presently the last ball of the season was over.

(To be Continued.)

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

An eminent scientist, the other day, gave his opinion that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. Just think! As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore, such injury is insured against blood poisoning! Not one species of microbe has been found that Zam-Buk does not kill!

Then again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should never forget this.

Again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures so permanently.

Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delorimier avenue, Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Company and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Buk was introduced to him, and in a few months it cured him. To-day—over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years—he is still cured, and has had no trace of any return of the eczema!

All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box, or we will send free trial box if you send this advertisement and a 1c. stamp (to pay return postage.) Address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

CONDUCTIVITY OF ALUMINUM.

The conductivity of aluminum is about 60 per cent. of that of annealed copper. Accordingly, an aluminum conductor must be considerably larger in cross sectional area than a copper conductor if the two are to carry the same amount of current. Aluminum wire is always coated with a thin oxide which serves as an insulator. This insulation is enough, according to some European manufacturers, to permit of using bare aluminum wire in the coils of magnets. As the oxide film is of inappreciable thickness, a coil of fine wire thus constructed would be no bulkier, if as bulky, as a coil wound with insulated copper wire. H. F. Stratton, writing on this subject in the Electrical World, states that he has been unable to secure sufficient insulation when depending upon the aluminum oxide film as it naturally occurs in the commercial product. In order to increase this oxide, some European manufacturers wet the coil and then heat it. This he thinks hardly sufficient, but he has produced very successful results by passing the wire through sodium hydroxide, and then drying the coil by passing a current through it.

SURE OF HER AGE.

Boston.—Marshall Hatch of Northwell has a hen that is twenty-one years old and still laying eggs. Hatch is sure the hen is twenty-one because her eggs was set the day his mother died.

Wigg Old Grogg made his money in all Wagg-Wagg. Well, I can't see that it has had a soothing influence on him.

Any Headache Cured, Tired Systems Re-Toned

When You're Dull, Tired, Restless Day and Night, Something is Wrong in the Stomach.

A Prominent Publishing Man Says the Quickest Cure is Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Headaches never come to those who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and this fact is vouched for by the Assistant Manager of the Poultry Success Magazine, of Springfield, O., Mr. J. H. Callender, who writes: "No better medicine than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. We use them regularly, and know of marvellous cures that resisted everything else. They cleanse the whole system, act as a tonic on the blood, enliven digestion, help the stomach and make you feel strong and well. For headaches, indigestion and stomach disorders I am confident that the one prescription is Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Being composed of natural vegetable remedies, Dr. Hamilton's Pills possess great power, yet they are harmless. They aid all organs connected with the stomach, liver and bowels. In consequence, food is properly digested, the blood is pure and nourishing, the body is kept strong and resists disease. All druggists and storekeepers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, 5 for \$1, or by mail from the Cattarhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

SINGLE WOMEN.

And the reason they remain so.

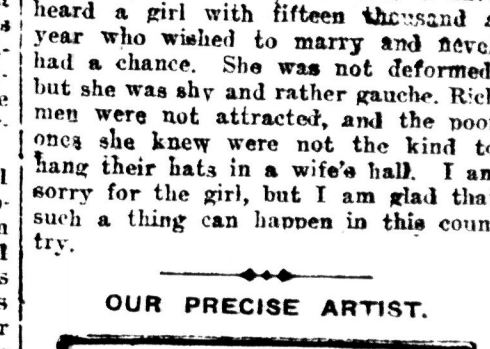
On the whole, women wish to marry, and if they don't it is because the men don't ask them. Men are afraid of the expenses of a household, and you cannot wonder at it, when you consider what even a small, well-managed one entails.

Take an ordinary middle-class family, with a wife, three children and three servants. The man of that family is supporting eight people not to speak of the gardener and the dog. But even if we taxed bachelors into matrimony, some women would still die unwed, since more women than men reach maturity. So the American preacher with the German name (and his like) should know better than to jeer at the innocent victims of human ignorance. Where science can determine sex, many more men will be born than women, and then there will be no "old maids," except from choice, says a writer in the London Chronicle.

The people I want to build a gallows for are the fathers who know they can leave their girls no money, and yet do not have them trained to earn a living. If they happen to marry, well and good; but if they fail, they recruit the ranks of the incompetent, starve, pine and struggle, most helpless, most unhappy. In France, the system of giving every girl a dowry and arranging a marriage for her reduces the number of postmasters, and is more humane and intelligent than our want of system. Yet I hope our boys and girls will continue to marry for love, and not by arrangement, and that it will become a matter of course to give a girl a trade in case she should need it either for part of her life or to the end. In England at present money does not play a paramount part in most matches, and that is wholly desirable and to be praised.

Both in France and in Germany girls suffer untold mortifications from finding that they themselves count for less than the dowry, and that the marriage may be broken off if the financial negotiations go wrong. In England a girl without a penny who has a way with her will have twenty offers, while her neighbor, the heiress, has none. I have heard a girl with fifteen thousand a year who wished to marry and never had a chance. She was not deformed, but she was shy and rather gauche. Rich men were not attracted, and the poor ones she knew were not the kind to hang their hats in a wife's hall. I am sorry for the girl, but I am glad that such a thing can happen in this country.

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



"She spoke at great length."

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may protect them from dust by brushing them with a preparation of white wax and white soap, half a teaspoonful of each boiled with a quart of rain or other soft water. Use when cold, and when they are dried the casts may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury. To harden casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and brush with white wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

IN A FEW DAYS.

Ikey—"This coat is green! You said it was plum color ven I bought it last night. Moses—That's all right, my boy; it ain't turned red yet."

"Did you go to the theatre last night?" "I did." "And what did you see?" "A bow of chiffon, some tortoise shell combs, a couple of black plumes, a velvet knot, and a stuffed bird about the size of a hen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.