

EUNICE: A RUSTIC IDYL.

There was a scent of flowering beans in the air, the vetches were in blossom, and the bees were toiling out their six weeks of existence among them as though life would never end. Eunice South stood at her own door and looked away towards the harvest fields. The house faced west, and she raised her hand to shade the waning sun from her eyes. She was a heavily-built girl, with her colorless, plain face, a face that would have been uninteresting only that the eyes were beautiful and the mouth patient and sweet. Eunice's heart was craving for the open country and the breadths of undulating corn-land, craving perhaps most of all for a little companionship with the young and glad and gay.

Most girls of Eunice's class at Grimpat worked in the fields at harvest-time, and so earned the price of a new gown or a set of ribbons for Sundays; but old Joseph South would not hear of such a thing for his daughter. The manners of the fields were rough, and he had the ideas of people who had seen better days.

Eunice was a lonely creature, reputed proud because she was so shy and humble. What she had to be proud of the neighbors did not know, and so resented the quality they ascribed to her. That she was a good girl, industrious, dutiful, steady as old Time, they would have admitted; but these are not the attributes one looks for at twenty years of age.

There had been a time when the Souths were very well-to-do, when Joseph's shop was well stocked and his work very popular; but the curious kind of decay that sometimes creeps over little hamlets in a single generation had reached Grimpat, and Joseph South's prosperity perished with it.

Eunice was quite an adept in keeping up appearances, in making things do, in saving, and patching and darning; but show is not a sustaining thing when the larder is sometimes as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard and there are three men to cater for. An exclusive diet of bread and tea does not sustain the courage or improve the temper. Old Joseph could stand it; but the boys grew weak and weedy on it; and young Joe, in a fit of rebellion, enlisted. The father said it was a good riddance; but they all had the feeling universal in country districts, that a son sent to the service of the country is a son thrown away.

Eunice was nineteen years of age before she had ever been five miles from Grimpat. Then a friend of hers got married at a distance, and having made a good thing of it, invited her old neighbor to appreciate her prosperity. In succession, Mrs. Gregg's girl-friends were brought from Grimpat to sit in her best parlor and admire the hair-covered furniture and the large-patterned carpet, and to sleep in the close little best bedroom that overlooked the fowl-yard.

Eunice's delight when she was invited must be left to the imagination. Think of your brightest dream made actual, and then you will understand a little of the girl's emotion as she packed her small wardrobe into the old skin-covered trunk that had once held a portion of her mother's trousseau. There was no self-consciousness about Eunice; she never thought how her shabby clothing would strike Mrs. Gregg, or what impression she would make at Tregby.

It was July weather, and the earth was pompously attired, the fields an emerald, the sky a sapphire, and the purple widths of heathland breaking here and there into a blaze of golden gorse. The girl scarcely seemed to breathe as she swept through miles and miles of rural panorama. And then the wonders of the little town when she reached it; the station, that seemed to her so busy and so bustling; the noise of vehicles; the crowd of foot-passengers; and the magnificence of such shop windows as Eunice had never hitherto conceived! She was all eye and ear and parted lips; that now and then gave little gasps of astonishment.

Never had Mrs. Gregg been so successful with a guest; never had she been offered so full a cup of honest admiration. She discoursed of the magnificence of Tregby, and her husband's position and importance there, all the evening; and then with a deprecating "Jane, Jane!" Eunice slept little that night. Perhaps the unaccustomed luxury of Mrs. Gregg's best featherbed had something to do with it, or perhaps she was only resolving the enigma of how an opening could be found for Willie in this prosperous place. She and her father were fixtures at Grimpat; but Willie was young and had a right to opportunities.

Reticence is instinctive with shy people. It never occurred to Eunice to take either Mrs. Gregg or her husband into her confidence, before she had evolved a distinct plan for herself.

Three days after Eunice's arrival, Mr. Henry Watkins stood at the desk in his own shop making out a bill or two. Mr. Watkins was the type of young tradesman that is not infrequent in provincial town—a man who read a little, attended local debating societies, belonged to the cricket club, and wore proper cricketer flannels when he joined the local eleven on Saturday evenings—a man who managed his business thoroughly, nevertheless, and was popular with his neighbors. He was rather a good-looking man, too, not quite 30 yet, with thick dark hair, and the keenest eyes Eunice had ever seen. Eunice passed and re-passed the plate-glass window half-a-dozen times before she found courage to enter.

"I want to see the master," she said, when she was observed.

"I am the master," Henry answered with a little air that was perhaps natural. Eunice blushed through her thick pale skin. She would have liked an older, more everyday master.

"I called to ask about work for my brother." Her eyes were as bright and humid as those of a gazelle; except for that, she was rather ridiculous with her black cotton gloves, her jacket years behind the fashion even of Tregby, and her shabby battered old hat, with the rain-washed feather asserting itself rampantly in the crown.

"I don't know if you need a journeyman," poor Eunice went on, feeling now

on what a fool's errand she had come. "I'm a friend of Mrs. Gregg's; my father is a shoemaker at Grimpat; and my brother, who is nearly eighteen, knows the business. Grimpat is a small place; there is not much work there; and I thought, seeing Tregby so busy and so prosperous, that maybe there might be an opening."

She was pathetic in her crimson confusion, and Mr. Watkins was a little moved by the eyes that had now ceased to look at him. He was not unaccustomed to young persons making excuses to call on him; but he felt that Eunice's errand was genuine.

"I had not thought of an extra hand," he said slowly; "but I required one."

"Thank you. It was a liberty to call, I know."

"Not at all—not at all; and if you will leave the name and address, I will think the matter over."

She gave the address, and then hastened out, her sense of guilt and folly going with her. Nothing had come of her enterprise, and therefore she told the Greggs nothing about it. People like Eunice, when they begin to have a secret, must continue to keep it, explanations become so laborious.

Two days later, Henry Watkins called at the Greggs'; but he did not enter the parlor, and he made no mention of Eunice; he only said that the Tregby cricket club had challenged the Overhill club, and that he could get seats for any friend who cared to look on at the match.

Mrs. Gregg would much rather the invitation had come in Eunice's absence, for though she liked her, she thought her a perfect scarecrow, and did not care to identify herself in public with her; but the invitation was too good to be declined, and the best had to be made of the visitor. Mrs. Gregg trimmed Eunice's old hat tidily herself, and lent her one of her own smart gowns; and when Eunice clambered into the trap that was to carry them to the cricket field, there was not in England a happier creature. The world seemed beautiful to her, all made up of music and motion. The summer hum, composed of voices of winged things, the rustle of leaves; the sighing of the breeze in the tree-tops, was scarcely overborne by the soft footfalls of the pony on the padded dust of the highroad. At that moment Eunice realized the full joy of living. To drive like a lady, to have a seat in the enclosed space like a lady, to be well dressed, and surrounded by kind people—if there was a happier experience in life, Eunice did not know it. It was the white figure in the distance, who was said to be Henry Watkins, and who was said to distinguish himself, was inextricably mingled with the joy of the hour, the girl was quite unconscious of it.

But the best things come to an end. Eunice went home on Monday, and the narrow life at Grimpat, with its dullness and its restrictions, was resumed.

A whole month passed, and it was in that time that Eunice used to stand at the open door and look away towards the harvest fields, desiring she knew not what. Henry Watkins had forgotten what she asked of him; but indeed what right had she to expect he would remember, or to proffer her absurd request.

Johnnie Tollet was the postman at Grimpat, a youth who wore no uniform and had no dignity to keep up, dignity not being expected for the pittance he received. As he came up the street, carrying the three letters that constituted the mail for the entire village that day, he caught sight of Eunice by the window, and tossed the letter addressed to her into her lap through the open sash, saying, "From your sweetheart, Eunice."

Eunice looked up and nodded. She had letters now and then from Mrs. Gregg and others. But this was a different letter—very brief, written in a large, black, school-board hand:

DEAR MISS SOUTH—I expect to be in your neighborhood on Wednesday, and shall call to see your brother, and to settle the matter about which you spoke to me, should he prove suitable.

Very truly yours,

HENRY WATKINS.

The beating of Eunice's heart almost sufficed her. She thought it was joy for Willie, and dreaded lest he should undervalue the opening offered him. She had not spoken of the subject to anyone, perhaps from the thought that premature talk is unlucky—perhaps from some other motive; but she told Willie now, and was provoked that he treated the matter as an every-day occurrence.

When Joseph heard the news, he seemed displeased—said he did not want to lose all his children—that there was work for the boy at home; and that Eunice, like all her sex, was too prone to meddle. But when he saw Mr. Watkins, he was mollified. Prosperity and youth and clear-headedness and self-confidence are elements in a pleasing whole. The old man talked more freely to this stranger than he had done to any one for years, boasted a little of his own ability and past success, and blamed bad luck that his prosperity was over.

Willie was engaged, of course, at a fair salary, to be increased by results, and was to go to Tregby the following week. Things seemed better after Willie went away. He wrote home cheerfully. He was glad of the chance; and then there was more work left for old Joseph, and one less to clothe and feed, which was a consideration.

But a fresh trouble was in store. The Souths seemed doomed to trouble. Joe had tired of the army; the discipline nagged him; he saw no meaning in it, he said; and his pay never seemed to reach him for fines. If he could be bought off he would pay the money back when he earned it; and he hoped his father would do this for him. But old Joseph had nothing saved; not even the few pounds necessary; and if he had, he would probably not have given it. When people took the law into their own hands, as Joe had done in enlisting, they had to abide the consequences, he said. When Joe received this answer, he took the law into his own hands again, and deserted.

They kept him hidden till they managed—heaven knew with what dire difficulty—to scrape together the few pounds necessary for his escape, and then they got him out of the country. When he had gone,

they buried at dead of night the uniform he had worn when he came home, feeling, poor souls, like murderers as they did so.

That visit to Tregby rose up before her now and then like a dream. Surely she only fancied she had had such happy days.

There were times when the girl felt quite old and settled in the groove in which old maids live. Other girls, her seniors by many years, had their lovers; their friends, their frolics; but such things did not come in Eunice's way, and likely never would. Perhaps it was her own fault. There was no one at Grimpat Eunice would have cared to be on intimate terms with. Perhaps she had her ideal; but it was an ideal so remote, so consciously beyond her, that when Willie wrote home, "The master is getting the house done up; he told me yesterday he is minded to marry before the year is out," the curious heart pang she suffered felt only like a deeper depression. It is not likely that she had ever thought of Willie's employer in connection with herself; no one could have contemplated Eunice with more contempt than did Eunice herself at this thought. A man like that! Of course, he would marry someone like himself.

Eunice took it into her head that they should have a hot supper that night; even if Joe's debt weighed on them, there was no reason why they should starve. She did not understand the restless motive that prompted her to do something unusual, to put a good face even before herself, in that curious sick depression that clung to her. When you can make a feast for yourself, you seem to rejoice that other people prosper and that other girls have lovers.

Eunice put on her old hat, and took the little basket with a lid in her hand. She was going to commit an extravagance—to buy some of Mrs. Mallet's famous big eggs, and a bit of bacon at the village shop. There were times when Eunice felt that her blood was thin, and grew hungry for a taste of meat. But once she was out in the sunshine, she forgot her errand and her longing for luxurious living, for the wide landscape was all around her, the irregular fields undulating away to the hills. The air was strong and pure, and fragrant with the breath of flowers. At her feet the myosotis and harebells bent their delicate heads in the breeze that crept out of the distance. Eunice sat down on the fence, the basket in her lap, her eyes misty and far away. It was good to be out here alone, under the shifting clouds, with the sense of silence and vastness and God around her. She did not put this into words; she only felt that her troubles seemed trivial under the remote sky, and she resolved that in the future she would invent errands oftener. And then she stopped thinking, for a man was coming with long swinging strides over the narrow path in the grass. He was not a Grimpat man—no Grimpat man ever walked or dressed like that. She sat gazing at him with the unabashed curiosity of a fearless wild creature, and then she rose with a sudden husky cry. What bad news did he bring?

"Willie," she said breathlessly—"Willie?" The little basket rolled away from her lap and ignominiously buried its mouth in the grass.

"Willie is well," Henry Watkins answered. "Did I frighten you?"

She stood staring at him, plucking a little at her dress, as though something suffocated her.

"There is no bad news?"

"None in the world."

"Then what brought you?"

The young man laughed. "I can't say you are very hospitable. I came for a trip to Grimpat, as I did once before. I am taking a holiday."

"And you were coming to see us?"

"Straight."

Eunice bethought herself of the supper, which was doubly necessary now. She still felt in every limb the shock of his unexpected appearance; but she had no intention of letting him know that. Of course it was owing to her secret about Joe that she was so easily startled.

"I have an errand to do. But father is at home. If you will go straight on, I shall be back by and by."

"Might I not do the errand with you?"

"Are you not too tired?"

"Not tired at all."

He was in excellent spirits; but that was only natural, when she came to think of it.

"Are you pleased with Willie?" she asked after a pause.

"Thoroughly pleased."

"I was afraid when I saw you that perhaps he had got into some mischief."

"Not he—steady fellow I ever had. No. I came on my own account, to see this pretty bit of country again."

"It is pretty. I was just thinking that when I saw you."

"It is a prettier neighborhood than Tregby."

"Well, I don't know that."

"You liked Tregby?"

"Yes." She could not say any more, the slow color rose in her face at the bare recollection.

"I came to ask you—to tell you—He stopped, stammering; and she came to the rescue kindly.

"Yes; Willie told me. I suppose you mean what he wrote about?"

"What?"

"That you are going to be married."

"It all depends on the girl. I have not asked her yet. I don't know that she'll have me when I do."

"I don't think there's much fear that she won't," said Eunice, out of the heart of her conviction and innocence.

"I don't know. I'm not good enough for her—not half good enough."

"I suppose she is very nice," said poor plain Eunice, with a little sigh.

"She is; and as good as gold. How can I praise her more, Eunice, than to say it's you?"

"Me?"

"Yes; it's you. Why, I've loved you since the first minute I saw one, looking at me with your big, beautiful, good brown eyes!"

Nobody ever knew what he had discovered in her, she least of all; but that piece of ignorance on the part of a wife is very conducive to a happy household. To this day the Grimpat people have not recovered from the shock of Eunice's grand marriage; and when they discuss the matter, solemnly assure all listeners that it must be a very lucky thing to be poor and proud and plain.

The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE COSSACK AT HOME.

A Love Scene in Russia Described by a Traveller.

"The Cossack in his village," says a Russian traveller, "lives and works like all other peasants, but he can be distinguished in a crowd of other villagers. The Cossacks and their women have straight, stalwart, wiry figures. In comparison with them the other peasants are angular, undergrown, and flabby. The Cossack's face is beautiful, too, although it is somewhat colorless; but in this regard it is like the face of the average Slav. The Russian countenance is not decorative, so to speak; it is not attractive at the first glance; you must look at it to see its comeliness. Look at the Cossack's face and you find it beautifully oval in form, with large, bold eyes of a bright blue color, with a straight, sharp nose. The whole expresses nobility and determination. It reminds one of a bold beast of prey. The beast of prey cannot easily be tamed; it refuses to submit even to the influence of love, and yields with ill grace to its demands. Such is the case with the Cossack, too.

"I have witnessed a scene of love making among this people. The loving pair stood about thirty feet from one another. She amused herself by throwing stones at him and he retaliated with clumps of dirt. They enjoyed themselves seeing each other's capers at trying to dodge the missiles, and exchanged remarks which would be considered anything but proper in polite society. At last she hit him with a stone on the shoulder so hard that he staggered. He uttered an oath and fired a big clump of dirt right in her breast so that she nearly lost her breath. I thought that she would break his head for that, as he deserved. But she did not. She poured out a volley of abuse on him. He answered in the same strain. I observed them for some time. They were a couple engaged to be married, so my driver told me. Their faces, when they quarrelled, burned with wrath. Their eyes flashed hate."

The Cossack bears himself as if there was always a Kirgheez with a spear before and a Bashkir with a drawn sword behind him. He always appears angry and extremely cautious as if he was on the battlefield watching his enemy and careful of an attack from behind. Coming into contact with a stranger, the Cossack looks at him with a searching scrutinizing eye; his talk is like that heard in a cross-examination at the bar; his interrogations are catching questions. So they are all, the men and the women, the young and the old. The insolence of their young children and aged persons make a revolting impression. Probably all Russia was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as the Cossacks are at present—powerful, harsh, insolent, half savage.

Sports and Games of Society.

These sports, called innocent, generally please young persons of both sexes because they excite an interest, while they require an exercise of the memory and of the mind. It is necessary, however, in this, as in everything else, to manifest attention, delicacy and propriety. We ought not to endeavor to be noticed for our too great vivacity or freedom. We should be satisfied at showing our talent at playing in our turn, and taking part in the common gaiety without pretension or too great zeal. We should especially avoid throwing out any undivine remarks, bestowing misplaced compliments, or imposing forfeits which would cause mortification.

A young gentleman ought never to seize a young lady by the arm, catch hold of her ribbon or bouquet, nor pay exclusive attention to the same person. He should be agreeable and pleasant toward all. The selection of games belongs to the ladies. The person who receives the company should be careful to vary them; and when she perceives that any game loses its interest, she should propose another.

There are, almost always, persons in society who wish to take the lead, and give the *ton*; it is a caprice or fault which should be avoided. We may modestly propose any amusement, and ask the opinion of others in regard to it; but should never pretend to dictate, nor even to urge having our own proposal accepted. If it does not please generally we should be silent, and resign ourselves with a good grace to the decisions of the majority.

Never prescribe any forfeiture which can wound the feelings of any one of the company.—N. Y. Ledger.

Advertising in China.

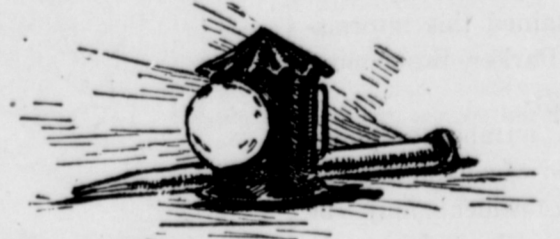
In China proper there are at present four daily papers—one published at Canton, one at Tientsin, and two at Shanghai. Of these, the first is the only one not under foreign protection, and probably for this very reason its advertisement sheet contains little of interest. It is largely occupied, in fact, by the puffs of an enterprising English druggist. The most characteristic advertisements are to be found, for those who have patience and eyesight, in the *Shen Pao* or *Shanghai Gazette*. This paper was started in 1872 by an English resident as a commercial speculation. The native editor was given practically a free hand, while immunity from mandarin resentment was secured by the foreign ownership. In consequence, the new venture, when its merits were once understood, became a *Cave of Adulman* for all Chinamen with a grievance. It took, in fact, the place of the indigenous "nameless placard." What that was (and is) the unfortunate foreign settlers in the Yangtse valley know only too well. If a Chinaman considers himself wronged, and believes that the wrongdoer has the ear of the "parent of his people," the local magistrate, he does not—for that were folly—go to law. Nor does he lie in wait for his adversary and knife him surreptitiously—your true Chinaman is far too prudent for that. Early some morning appears on a convenient and conspicuous wall, by choice in the near neighborhood of the offender, a full and particular, though possibly not over-true, account of his transgression, the whole professedly written by a friend to justice.—Cornhill.

He was the sixth this summer. As they sat in the hammock together his good right arm stole slowly around her slender waist, and he whispered, "this is what I call 'making glad the waste places.'" "Oh, no; I wouldn't call it that," she said softly. "Why not, darling?" "Because—because a waste place is one that has never been cultivated before."—Pittsburg Dispatch.



A Handy Thing

ON WASH DAY—half a cake of SURPRISE SOAP—"just fits the hand" and just takes the dirt out of clothing with astonishing ease and quickness—no waste—every particle does its share of the work. A handy thing to have around to handle the dirt; makes it drop out of the clothing very quick. Why not try SURPRISE SOAP the "surprise way"? Your Grocer READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER. sells it. If not, ask him to get it.



You don't need a Jimmy nor a Dark-Lantern

To Investigate our Business.

Everything is as plain as day. It's just a simple wash, dry and iron in the simplest of ways. They're easy ways, too—easy for you if we do it for you. What seems almost impossible to you is clear sailing to us.

We wash the most difficult jobs and make them look like new. We've often been asked how we wash so cheap; we cannot answer better than by saying that our business now is so large that we can afford to do it for the price we ask.

You might enquire into the way if you're not in it now. Perhaps you don't know it, but we mend the clothes we wash. Wouldn't some of your young men friends like to know this. When there's a button off we sew it on, or a hole in the stocking, we darn it. We'll do it for you if you wish it.

BE SURE and send your laundry to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry, St. John (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, it done at

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