

# EVA'S AMBITION.

Eva Norrington inserted her latch key into the keyhole of a Bedford square boarding house, and entered. It was a dismal, windy, rainy November evening, and ever since lunch she had been paddling about London, climbing grimy stairs of newspaper offices, and talking to people who did not seem especially pleased to see her. Her skirts were wet, and a wisp of damp hair was tumbling over her eyes.

On the hall table, disclosed by the flickering gas jet, were some letters.

"A year ago to-day!" said Eva to herself as she closed the door against the wind. "Has he written, or has he forgotten?"

He had not forgotten. Eva picked up the letter from the hall table, looked quickly round at the closed hall door, and at the baize door that led to the kitchen stairs—and kissed it. Then she went upstairs to her bed sitting-room with the letter in her hand and joy in her heart.

"Hateful little room!" she murmured to herself, as she struck a match and lit the gas. "But it's the last time, thank God!"

The room was not really bad; a bed in the corner, a wash-stand, a ward robe, and here and there a picture on the walls, and a table by the window, rather rickety, on which lay a heap of manuscript—a half-finished story.

"I will burn that before I go to bed to-night," said Eva, as she caught sight of it. Then she took off her hat and cloak, drew the only easy chair under the gas jet and sat down; fingering the letter—she did not open it at once. Now that happiness stretched in front of her it was pleasant to linger on the confines of misery, to look back on the life she was to leave.

"It is not every one," said Eva reflectively "who can make experiments in life—without expense."

Eva Norrington had been the pride of the provincial town which gave her birth. At the high school no girl could stand against her. Her former governess, who now and then asked her favorite pupils to tea, even said she might be a head mistress one day. To Eva this seemed absurd. But when, at the age of 20, she gained a guinea prize for a story in a weekly paper she began to think that at least she might be a great novelist. At any rate she felt sure that somewhere ahead of her stretched a career; and as her 21st birthday approached she announced to her startled parents her intention of going to London in search of it. Thereupon ensued a series of domestic scenes such as have been common of late in the homes of England, wherein the parents play the part of the apprehensive hen, the daughter that of the adventurous duckling. The duckling invariably gains its point; and so it was with Eva Norrington. Having refuted argument and resisted persuasion for a certain number of weeks, Eva obtained a grudging consent to her departure. The townspeople knew not whether to approve or disapprove. But they had read in novels of young ladies who took their lives and latchkeys into their own hands, become famous, and marry respectably after all. So during the weeks of preparation for her campaign Eva became something of a figure in local society, and more than one dinner party was given in her honor, as well as plentiful advice as to the necessary precautions against London guile, and many recipes for guarding against the colds induced by the fogs that invest the metropolis.

Eva was almost happy; for she had the hopefulness of youth and beauty, and all the exhilaration of taking her life into her hands and fashioning it as she would, with none to raise objections to the process. She would have been quite happy but for Allan Craig. For Allan Craig, whenever he heard that Eva was bent on going to London to make a name for herself, promptly offered her his own for a substitute. It was a good enough name, and at the foot of a check it was generally respected, as Allan Craig had lately stepped into his father's business as estate agent and was prospering. Eva was disturbed, but she turned not aside from her project. Eva had mapped out her life and Allan Craig was not included in the scheme.

As she sat fingering her letter in her bed-room, she went over the parting scene in her mind. The details of it would only increase the delight of the letter. For Eva had learned during the last year that happiness is so rare that it deserved to be rolled on the tongue and not swallowed in haste. It was at a dance on the night before her departure—her last dance, so she thought, before she started life in earnest. They were sitting out a dance together, for Eva was not disposed to think unkindly of Allan, though she might resent his intrusion into her scheme of life. She remembered how there had been silence between them for some moments, how Allan had leaned his elbows on his knees and dug the heel of his dancing shoes into the carpet.

"And so you are quite determined to leave us?" said Allan.

"Of course," replied Eva. "My boxes are all packed."

"Full of manuscript novels and other things?"

"One novel and several stories."

"I cannot understand why you want to go when—"

"I want to—well—to live a larger life."

"You mean you want to live in a bigger place?"

"Well, not exactly. I don't think you quite understand."

"I quite understand that there is not enough scope for you here, and that I am a selfish brute for trying to keep you from your ambition. Look here, Eva, can you honestly say that you don't love me a little bit?"

Allan had risen and was standing over her. Eva looked up at him. She could see him standing there now—big, comely, with something in his eyes that thrilled her, half with fear and half with pleasure. She rose and faced him.

"I shall be sorry to leave you—very sorry."

"Then why—?"

"Can't you see, Allan? I know I have it in me to do good work, and I must be where good work is wanted. Here I am hampered; in London—"

"You may fail," said Allan, with a note of hope in his voice. Then Eva spoke: "I shall succeed—I know I shall."

"Will you write to me?"

Eva hesitated. She was half inclined to give in to that extent. Allan had mistaken her hesitation.

"No," he said. "There shall be no selfishness in my love for you. I will wait a year from to-night, and then, if London is no go, you know there will always be me. You can't expect me to pray for your success, can you?"

Eva, placed on her mettle, looked him in the face.

"I am bound to succeed," she said, and turned to go. The waltz had ceased in the room below, and a rustle of skirts and a ripple of tongues had taken its place.

"Eva—once—the last time, perhaps."

She turned again, laughing.

"Quick!" she said; "some one will come."

A woman may forget many things, but a lover's arm never forgets the first time a lover's arm was around her waist and a lover's lips upon her own. And as Eva sat in the corner of a third-class carriage in the London train next morning, looking forward to the career before her, the remembrance of the support of Allan's arm persisted in obtruding itself. Having got what she wanted she had already begun to doubt if she wanted what she had got. For a career, after all, is rather a lonesome sort of a thing.

Such small success as may come to the inexperienced girl upon her first incursion into literature came to Eva. She lived sparingly, worked hard, and never made the mistake of refusing invitations on the ground of work. She staid up a little later or got up a little earlier instead. A weekly column on "Health and Beauty" placed at her disposal by the youthful editor of a new woman's paper, who had met her at the Writer's Club and thought her pretty, paid her weekly bill at the boarding house. Her stories found frequent acceptance and occasional welcome in the minor periodicals, and a happy meeting with an editor at a dinner party paved the way to her appearance in a widely read magazine.

By the end of the year Eva Norrington had got so far toward the realization of her ambition that when people heard her name mentioned they wrinkled their brows and tried to remember where they had heard it before. At home, of course her fame was great. The papers in which she wrote circulated freely in the town, her stories were discussed at afternoon teas, and townstrolls were glad to think that they participated to some extent in the literary work of the century.

All this time Eva was horribly lonely. She knew plenty of people and liked them; they were kind to her, some of them because they liked her for herself, others because they saw that she was marked for ultimate success. Having advanced a certain distance along the road she had longed to travel, she could judge better whether it would lead her. It would lead her to a place in the newspaper paragraphs, to a place on the bookstalls, to a place in the photographer's windows, and to a place at Bayswater or Kensington. This, then, must be the end of the struggle and the turmoil of the fight. And how she hated the fight! A fight where in victory would bring her no nearer the actualities of life; for she had come to learn in the year's struggle that our social system by no means places women on an equality with men, and that whereas men can buy the coveted fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil by the pot, women must buy the tree outright, and pay cash. It was terribly unfair. And the most unfair thing about the whole business was that, while success was almost within her grasp, success was not what they wanted. There is no fun in living your own life when that is precisely the life you do not want to lead.

It was not as though Allan Craig had never kissed Eva Norrington.

She opened the letter—cutting the envelope with her nail scissors. For some distinction must be made between your first love letter and your shoe-maker's bill. She felt like one who has held his breath to feel what suffocation is like. The letter was long. Eva read quickly at first, then slowly, knitting her brows as she turned the pages, and came at last to the signature, "Ever your friend, Allan Craig."

The letter lay for some minutes in Eva's lap, while she looked vaguely round her room.

"He is afraid of spoiling my career—my success put an insuperable barrier between us," she murmured. The phrases of the letter had burned themselves into her brain. "O Allan! I wish I could tell you—or do you want to hear?"

When the dinner bell rang an hour afterward Eva rose wearily from her writing table, where she had been toiling over her half-finished manuscript. She had not burned it.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected—at the exit of the theatre where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife, to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan, in answer to Eva's polite question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Eve—my wife's name, curiously enough."

He stood by the hansom as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the address, he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—you owe it all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes; I owe it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron closed upon her, and the attendant constable grew impatient. "Come and see me—Tuesdays."

"I can't think why I should be so silly,"

For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.

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said Eva to herself, as she stuffed her handkerchief back into her pocket and felt for her latch key, when the cab drew up before the hall door of her flat at Kensington.—Black and White.

**INSTANT DEATH**

from

**HEART DISEASE.**

Heart Disease Kills.

Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation, or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, swelling of feet or ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger or exhaustion. The brain may be congested, causing headache, dizziness, or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, or tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased and treatment is imperative. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has saved thousands of lives. It absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and to cure radically.

OLD EDINBURGH.

The Scotch City at the Close of the Last Century.

The Edinburgh of the early years of George III. was very different from the prim, regular spic-and-span, reputable city of to-day. It was still mainly hemmed within the Edoon wall, hastily thrown up after the defeat as a defense against English invasion. Thus it consisted of High street on the steep ridge to the Castle rock; of the Cowgate in the hollow to the south; of the narrow and tortuous wynds and vennels running up to High street on one side, and on the other down to the edge of the Nor Loch; of the grass market; and, beyond the ancient limit, of the Canongate, which continues the main thoroughfare down to Holyrood. Some 6,000 indwellers were squeezed into these narrow (one by, one and a quarter miles) limit.

The town grew upward, not outward. The houses were high 'lands,' from six to ten stories high, where poor folk huddled at the top, while the wealthier citizens dwelt below. Scarcely a room in the city but held its open or concealed bed. Sanitary arrangements were conspicuous, even for that era, by their primitive rudeness. Water was scarce, and was laboriously carried up those endless stairs on the backs of caddies, as the curious and distinctive class of water-bearers (though the title was not theirs alone) was called. But shops, house refuse, filthy bits of all sorts, were hurled on the street. 'Gardy-loo,' (a corruption of the learned affirm, of Gare a l'eau!) yelled the housewife into the night as she stood at her lattice high, the odoriferous bucket poised in her hand. And, when that voice from the clouds smote the ear of the belated wayfarer, how it sped his lagging steps! 'Hand year han, guidwife, till I win by,' was his piteous entreaty. All too often the splash froze his speech with sorrow and amazement, and he needs must stagger onward, an unsavory admonition of the need for wary walking.

The streets were horribly unclean.

**HARD WORK**

**DRUDGERY**

**CLEANING**

**WASHING**

**PEARLINE**

It robs them of their terrors—by taking away that clothes-de-stroying, back-breaking rub, rub, rub. What does the work of washing amount to, when all you have to do is to put the things in to soak and boil—and then just rinse them out? That's the Pearline way of washing—easy for women and easy for clothes. In all kinds of cleaning, too, you get rid of that tiresome rubbing. Any one can see what it saves. And remember, no matter how you use Pearline, it's absolutely and entirely harmless.

**Millions of Pearline**

to have agreed with anyone, it he could help it. It is not dogs alone who delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to—there are plenty of human beings whose natural language is a growl. They don't bite, indeed, for nobody gets near enough to them to be bitten—but growl they do, perpetually. The weather never suits—the times are always bad—no fish ever comes to their net—they are as badly off in life as was the old lady in whist, who complained that she had played for years, and never held a trump. 'Why you must,' said a sympathetic listener, 'when you dealt, you know.'—'Oh! dear, no,' she said—'I always made a misdeal.'

GOOD ADVICE TO ACT UPON.

Never despair. Don't give up. Try, try again. Hope on, hope ever.

These are good bits of advice, yet sometimes rather hard to act upon. Still, we must act on them; if we don't we are sure to make a final failure. To lose courage, to lose hope is to have your last candle blown out in the darkness. If we must go down let us go down with our colours flying. Inspired by this spirit the chances are commonly with us. You never can say when or how help may come. Look for it. Expect it.

"One Sunday morning," writes a lady, "the doctor told me he had done all he could for me. He held out no hopes of my recovery."

Probably he thought it was his duty to tell her so. We won't find fault with him for it. Yet she did recover, and in a short letter (here quoted) she lets us know in what way.

"In July, 1890," she says, "I fell into a low weak state of health owing to constant sickness. After eating the lightest and simplest food my stomach rejected the nourishment, and I vomited everything I had taken. I tried every kind of diet, and even liquid food, such as soups, gruel, &c., would not remain on my stomach—all came up."

"I soon began to waste away and got so weak I could not walk. My heart gave me much trouble. I had palpitation so bad that I was afraid to move. I lost a deal of sleep, and both day and night I was completely bathed in perspiration. My linen was wet with it."

"I was soon so weak and helpless that I could do nothing for myself, and had to engage a nurse to take care of me. In this condition I continued for five months. During this time, you will please understand, I was attended by a doctor who did his utmost to relieve me. But his medicines had no effect. After this five months' suffering and vain efforts to reach the source of the disease, the doctor told me one Sunday morning that he had done all he could for me, and held out no hopes of my recovery."

"Upon this, and seeing that I was thus given up to my fate, my husband wished me to try a medicine he had read about, called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I consented, and we obtained the Syrup from Messrs. Ireland & Son, chemists, at Egrement. Of course, not knowing this remedy by experience at that time, I began taking it without any particular expectations as to what it might accomplish—if anything. It might help me or it might not. I could only hope that it would do for me what it had done for others."

"And we were not disappointed. In three days I could take food and retain it on my stomach. From this time I gained strength, and was soon able to go to St. Bees for a change of air."

"I continued taking the Syrup and got stronger and stronger, gradually and steadily. I could now eat any kind of food, nothing disagreeing with me; and was able to walk three miles. I have since been well. I tell everyone of the wonderful things Mother Seigel's Syrup did for me, and that but for the timely use of it I should have died. April 12th, 1894."

For private reasons the lady who writes the above letter does not desire us to publish her name. She resides near Egrement, Cumberland, and Mr. Edward J. Ireland, chemist at that place, vouches for the truth of all the facts set forth in her statement. She will gladly answer inquiries sent through him. The case is well known in the district. Her ailment was profound indigestion and dyspepsia, with the usual results upon the nerves, the heart, and the blood. In curing the cause Mother Seigel's Syrup dispersed these symptoms.

With such illustrations of the power of this celebrated remedy constantly coming before the public, nothing can be more unreasonable than to despair of a cure. We say this for the benefit of those only who have not yet tried it or seen it tried. Others do not require such assurance.

Sure to Succeed.

Original men are not contented to be governed by tradition. They think for themselves, and the result often is that they succeed where others fail.

A cert in Paris photographer never says to a lady customer, 'Now look pleasant, madam, if you please.' He knows a formula infinitely better than that.

In the most natural manner in the world he remarks, 'It is unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise.' Then click goes the camera, and the result is never in doubt.

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Nerviline—nerve pain cure—is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known, Nerviline never fails to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. Unequalled for all nerve-pains.

Breaking it to Her.

Mrs. Gayburd (whose husband is ill from drink)—'Well, doctor—tell me the worst.'

Dr. Dorem—'Well, madam—he will recover.'—Judge.