

'You'd best have something, for you do look real bad,' the woman persisted. 'But there, if you won't, I s'pose you won't.' Well, she continued, settling herself more in the chair and folding her ample arms, 'I've said this yer Mr Spencer was a skunk, and a skunk he was to her! And she was frisk of him, downright frisk—couldn't abear of him, far's I could see, at yet didn't speak to him hardly, she was that frisk. Well, sir, I told you that they had a child!—she was getting loquacious now, in her placid, drowsing manner, and rocking herself with a steady swing that seemed to stimulate her conversation—'anyway, there was a child with them, though I never could understand exactly whose 'twas, and he was more of a skunk to that child than it's in the natar of man to be to his own, and the child was took sick with the diphthery. That was when he bolted. Sick as sick the child was, poor little mortal! And then Mrs Spencer come out—come out pretty strong, too. I hadn't had much of a notion to her while the man was with her—I don't mind confessin'—with her dolly face and fool ways and no more sp'rit than a chipmunk; but when she come out as she did some out, I kinder changed my ideas of her. Yes, sir! The way she nursed that child, and sat up with her, day and night and Sundays and workdays, and never took no food, so she could buy medicines for the child, and get sick herself, and didn't care, but went on nursin' just the same—well, it was pretty strong! And I—your's just as well change your mind and have something,' the woman interposed earnestly, 'you're lookin' that skered.'

The man shook his head irritably. 'Go on.' 'Well, there ain't much more to tell. She took the diphthery then, as I said, and took it bad. And there was no one to nurse her—cept what I did, and that wasn't much—and she'd sorter taken the griv out of herself with all the nursin' and watchin' and starvin' herself, and she couldn't seem ter stand out against it. And so—she died. That's all.'

There was a long pause. The woman was very quiet. There was a gleam in her eyes, as she looked away across the sunny fields, as though tears were standing there. The man still leaned against the stem of the eucalyptus tree, twirling in his hands a fallen leaf that he had caught as it fluttered down.

'And the child?' he said at last. 'Did she die?' 'No, sir!' the woman answered, still very quietly. 'She didn't die. I guess the nursin' saved her. When she come round,' she continued, presently, 'there was no one left to take care of her, if you understand; so me and my husband considerin' the lonesomeness of the poor little critter, kinder 'dopted her, not havin' any children of our own. And she's settled down with us just wonderful. It's real good to have her. Goldie,' she cried, 'come here, dearie!' The man turned quickly, shaking with a strange spasmodic tremor. 'Goldie!' she called again, softly—'Goldie!'

The little girl who was playing in the hedge by the patch of sandwrens rose and turned toward them. For an instant she hesitated, shyly, wonderingly; then suddenly she stretched out her little arms and began to run across the road.

'Daddy!' she cried. The last tinge of golden light was fading from the crests of the waves. The last faint flush of the sunset was fading from the western sky. A tall, grizzled man and a golden-haired girl, ripening into womanhood, were standing on the hurricane-deck of the ocean steamer, watching the flush as it paled and died away.

He was a rich man from out West, everybody knew. Had been Mayor of Lumberville, some said, and had made a great fortune in livestock and grain. A self-made man, who had risen from nothing, but deserved his success by straightforwardness and hard work. And the girl was his daughter.

The flush faded from the violet summer sky. The stars came out, one by one, shining brightly in its clear depths. The man and girl turned from where they stood on the vessel's stern, and began to walk slowly back—in the direction where the sun, when it rose on the morrow morn, would rise on the rocky headlands and rugged cliffs that the man had last seen from the deck of the Amsterdam, as they faded into the blueiness of the sky, close on fourteen years before.

And as they turned, the clear voice rang out once more over the silent waters: 'All's well!' 'All's well!'

THE DOINGS OF ABSENT-MINDED FOLK.

It is not pleasant to be absent-minded, but incidents in the lives of absent-minded people give rise to a great deal of laughter in this world. Of course no one believes that there is any truth in the story of the absent-minded man who put his clothes to bed, and hung himself carefully over the back of his chair; nor have we found anybody yet who had any confidence in the story of the absent-minded small boy who went fishing, and anchored the boat with his fish-hook, and abandoned his sport because he could not find a worm large enough to bait the anchor with. These stories, however true they may be, seem slightly exaggerated, and more faithful to facts. For instance, there is the story of a man who arranged to give an elaborate dinner to a numerous and distinguished company. The appointed evening arrived; the collation, an elegant one, was ready to be served, but the guests came not. Half an hour passed, and still they did not come, and the host became really uneasy. When the delay had grown to an hour, and not a man of them had shown up, his feelings were indescribable. And who can picture his agony of spirit when, on returning to his room, he chanced to pull open a drawer, and therein

found the whole bundle of invitations which he had forgotten to send out!

And what an absent minded young man that must have been who, while being married, replied to the minister's question if he was willing to take the young lady for his wedded wife, by scratching his head, and saying, 'Yes, I'm willing; but I'd much rather have her sister.'

A WAYSIDE FLOWER.

It grew by the dreary roadside In the sultry summer heat, Where each passing breeze was laden With the dust of hurrying feet, As day by day past it The tide of travel beat.

It had for its sole companion A rugged and gray old stone; Whose heart to love ne'er softened Though hot the sunbeams shone, And for years it had been contented To rest by the wayside alone.

No stream sang in lumberous murmur The song of the far-off sea, Perhaps the dust-laden breeze told Of its journeyings wild and free, But to the wayside flower 'Twas an echo of melody.

Still bravely the flower struggled And lifted its head to the sky, And oft to smile of welcome As it caught the traveller's eye; And many a thought it called forth In the heart of a passer-by.

Though few of life's fair blessings Were granted it by fate, Still, it fulfilled its mission, Resigned to meekly wait. Fall grateful for the gifts received Though neither rich nor great.

There is many a wayside flower Whose lot for life's brief day Is the glare, and heat and turmoil Along life's great highway, Where only the passing breezes From earth's sweet gardens play.

And as the flower at even Felt cooling shadows fall, When gentle star-eyes shone above The blue, celestial wall, So these are soothed and strengthened By Him who watches all.

NELLIE C. DAVIS.

SERVANTS' CHARACTERS.

A good housekeeper would never think of engaging a servant without a character, and she would want that reference from a genuine source, now we (The Homoeo Co.) do not ask the Colonial public to take us on our own statement, but we publish testimonials such as no proprietor of Patent Medicines has ever received; simply because no remedy has ever done the WORK of Homoeo.



Whitehall, London. 'Dear Sir,—Your ointment, called Homoeo, was found to be the most soothing and efficacious unguent that I could possibly have for my fractured limb, as it seems to retain longer than any other, that oleaginousness so requisite for perfect and efficient massage. The fault of embrocations generally, is that they harden and require warmth, whereas yours, besides being particularly aromatic, is as soft as oil, and almost instantly mollifying in the case of severe inflammation.—Yours faithfully, "HENRY M. STANLEY."

LORD COMBERMERE writes:—"Carlton Club, London.—I have tried your 'Homoeo' upon myself for Rheumatism, and I found it do more good than any embrocation I have ever used, and several of my friends have benefited by its use. COMBERMERE."

HOMOECA v. RHEUMATISM. LADY KEANE has much pleasure in recommending Homoeo as an invaluable remedy for Rheumatism, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, &c.; she thinks so highly of it that she would not be without it in the house, as it has entirely cured her of Rheumatism and other ailments. She can also testify to the healing properties of 'Hippoea' for stable use.

HILLSIDE, BRACKNELL BERKS., January 5th, 1894. 'The Veterinary Preparation of Homoeo.'

LADY VINCENT, 8, Ebury Street, London, says it is such an incomparable application for Rheumatic Neuralgia, that she wishes to have two more tins sent.

HOMOECA



INSTANTLY TOUCHES THE SPOT

Afflicted with Neuralgia, Lumbago, Paralysis, Convulsions, Bruises, Strained Muscles, Pains in Joints, Aches and Sprains, Eczema, Burns, Tooth-Ache, Face-Ache, Chilblains, Boils, Ulcers, Stings, Chaps, and all kindred ills and complaints.

LORD CARRICK, of Mount Juliet, Thomastown, writes:—Homoeo cured him of a very severe case of Hemorrhoids in a fortnight, when everything else had failed.

LORD CARRICK writes in another letter that Homoeo is the most wonderful stuff he ever came across. That he had given it to people suffering from scurvy, a severe bruise, bad boil, and a stiff elbow, and in every case it had worked wonders.

"Homoeo" should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, Police-Station, Hospital, and Institution—and wherever a Pain-Relieving, Soothing, and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing remedies has had such high testimony.

MOSQUITO AND JIGGER WOUNDS, &c.



High Barnet. My Dear Old Friend, I distributed a variety of your remedies among afflicted natives, and among missionaries in Sierra Leone, Liberia, Coast of Guinea, Congo Country, and Angola, South of Congo. I have not been over those different and distant fields since, and have no definite information in regard to their curative power. I have used "Homoeo," and have proved its healing virtue both for severe bruises and flesh wounds, and also to kill the virus of mosquitoes and chigoes (jiggers).—Yours very truly, (Bishop) WM. TAYLOR, American Methodist Episcopal Mission.

HOMOECA v. NEURALGIA. THE HON. MRS. THOMPSON desires to testify to the great value of "Homoeo" as a cure for Neuralgia, having received great benefit from using it; Mrs. Thompson therefore has great pleasure in strongly recommending it, and in allowing her testimony to be publicly used.—Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract, February 1st, 1894.

HOMOECA v. RINGWORM. Hoylake, August 10, 1893. Dear Sirs,—I want to thank you for that wonderful preparation "Homoeo," which we use for about everything; but lately my little girl had a bad ringworm on the head, and my doctor said her hair would have to be cut close. But I preferred using the "Homoeo," and in four days it was quite well, and the doctor said I ought to give you a testimonial, and I think so too.—Yours truly, M. ALDRID.

HIPPOEA.—The Veterinary Preparation of Homoeo, for use in Stable, Kennel, and Farm. Recommended by Lord Combermere. AND USED IN THE ROYAL KENNELS. Sold in Tins. Soothing, Non-Irritant, Never Blisters, Checks Inflammation, Leaves no Scar. Endorsed by Many Leading English Trainers.

HOMOECA IS SOLD IN TWO SIZES BY ALL STOREKEEPERS, GENERAL DEALERS, AND CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR NEW ZEALAND—KEMP THORNE, PROSSER & Co.; The New Zealand Drug Co., Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin.