

MATT.

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

(Continued.)

This time Monk was on foot. He wore a dark dress, with knickerbockers and heavy shooting-boots and carried a gun. A large dog, of the species lurcher, followed at his heels.

Brinkley was passing by without any salutation, when, to his surprise, the other paused and lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "We have met once before; and I think I have to apologize to you for unintentional incivility. The fact is—hum—I mistook you for a vagrant! I did not know you were a gentleman."

So staggered was the artist with this greeting that he could only borrow the vocabulary of Mr. Toots:

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he said, attempting to pass on.

But the other persisted.

"I assure you, Mr.—Mr.—(I have not the pleasure of knowing your name) that I had no desire of offending you; and if I did so, I beg to apologize."

Brinkley looked keenly at the speaker. His words and manner were greatly at variance with his looks—even with the tone of his disfigured brow, and his mouth twitched nervously as if he were ill at ease.

Regarding him thus closely, Brinkley saw that he had been somewhat mistaken as to his age, but his hair was mixed with gray and his features strongly marked with the scars of old passions. A handsome man, certainly; an amiable one, certainly not! Yet he had a peculiar air and power of breeding, as of one accustomed to command.

Curiously overcome dislike and the young man determined to receive Mr. Monk's overture as amiably as possible.

"I dare say it was a mistake," he said. "Gentleman don't usually travel about in caravans."

"You are an artist, I am informed," returned Monk.

"Something of that sort," was the reply. "I paint a little for pleasure."

"And do you not find this neighborhood suit your purpose? It is somewhat flat and unpicturesque."

"I rather like it," answered Brinkley. "It is pretty in summer; it must be splendid in winter when the storms begin and the uneventful career of our friend, William Jones, is varied by the excitement of wrecks."

How Monk's forehead darkened. But his face smiled still as he said:

"It is not often that shipwrecks occur now, I am glad to say."

"No," said Brinkley, dryly. "They used to be common enough fifteen years ago."

Their eyes met and the eyes of Monk were full of fierce suggestion.

"Why fifteen years ago especially?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"I was told only to-day of the loss of one great ship at that time. Matt told me of the little foundling. You know Matt, of course?"

"I know whom you mean. Excuse me, but you seem to be very familiar with her name?"

"I suppose I am," replied the young man. "Matt and I are excellent friends."

Monk did not smile now; all his efforts to do so were ineffectual. With an expression of savage dislike, he looked in Brinkley's face, and his voice, though his words were still civil, trembled and grew harsh as scannel pipes of straw.

"May I ask if you propose remaining long in the neighborhood?"

"I don't know," answered the artist. "My time is my own, and I shall stay as long as the place amuses me."

"If I can assist in making it so, I shall be happy, sir."

"Thank you."

"Do you care for rabbit shooting? If so, there is some sport to be had among the sandhills."

"I never shoot anything," was the reply, "except, I suppose, 'folly as it flies'; though with what species of firearm that interesting sport is pursued," he added, as if to himself, "I haven't the slightest idea!"

"Well, good-day," said Monk, with an uneasy scowl, "if I can be of any service to you, command me!"

And raising his hat he stalked away.

"Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful does Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst, mean by becoming so civil?"

This was the question the young man asked himself as he strolled away seaward. He could not persuade himself that he had wronged Monk, who was in reality an amiable person, instead of a domineering bully, no, that suggestion was contradicted by every expression of the man's baleful and suspicious face. What then could be the explanation of his sudden attack of courtesy?

An idea! an inspiration! As it flashed into his mind, the young man gave vent to a prolonged whistle. Possibly Monk was—jealous!

The idea was a preposterous one, and almost amusing. It was not to be

A REMARKABLE CASE.

GENTLEMEN,—About five years ago I noticed on my hands a great number of soft, spongy warts, very painful, and which bled when touched. I never witnessed anything like it, and was quite alarmed. We are never without Haggard's Yellow Oil, and one evening my little girl applied it to each wart. They did this several nights and in the morning the pain and itching were so bad I had to cool my hands with snow, but finally the warts dropped out and I have never been troubled since.

Mrs. Wm. Chicago, Brighton, Ont.

conceived, on the first blush of it, that jealousy would make a surly man civil, a savage man gentle; it would rather have the contrary effect, unless—here Brinkley grew thoughtful—unless his gloomy rival had some sinister design which he wished to cloak with politeness.

But jealous of little Matt! Brinkley laughed heartily when he fully realized the absurdity of the notion.

He crossed the sandhills and came again to the path which he and Matt had followed the previous day. A smart breeze was coming in from the south-west, and the air was fresh and cool, though sunny; but clouds were gathering to the windward, and the weather was evidently broken. Reaching the cliffs, he descended them, and came down on the rocks beneath. A long jagged point ran out from the spot where he stood, and the water to the leeward of the same was quite calm, though rising and falling in strong troubled swells. So bright and tempting did it look in that sheltered place, that he determined to have a swim.

He stripped leisurely, and placing his clothes in a safe place, took a header off the rocks. It was clear at once that he was a powerful swimmer. Breasting the smooth swell, he struck out from shore, and, when he had gone about a hundred yards, floated lazily on his back and surveyed the shore.

The cliffs were not very high, but their forms were finely picturesque. Here and there were still green creeks, fringed with purple weed; and large shadowy caves, hewed roughly in the side of the crags; and rocky inlets, covered with slimy weed and awash with the lapping water. A little to the right of the spot from which he had dived the cliff seemed hollowed out, forming a wide passage which the sea entered with a tramp and a rush and a roar.

Towards this passage Brinkley swam. He knew the danger of such places, for he had often explored them both in Cornwall and the west of Ireland; but he had confidence in his own natatory skill. Approaching the shore leisurely with strong, slow strokes he paused outside the passage, and observed that the sea-swell entering the opening rushed and quickened itself like a rapid shooting to the fall, turning at the base of the cliff into a cloud of thin, prismatic spray. Suddenly through the top of the spray, a cloud of rock pigeons emerged, winging their flight rapidly along the crags.

Brinkley knew by this phenomenon that the spray concealed the entrance of some large subterranean cavern. If any doubt had remained in his mind it would have been dispelled by the appearance of a solitary pigeon which, leaving its companions, wavered lightly, flew back through the spray with a rapid downward flight and disappeared.

He was floating a little nearer with an enjoyment deepened by the sense of danger, when a figure suddenly appeared on the rocks close by him, wildly waving its hands.

"Keep back! Keep back!" cried a voice.

He looked at the figure and recognized William Jones. He answered him, but the sound of his voice was drowned by the roar from the rocks. Then William Jones shouted again more indistinctly, and repeated his excited gestures. It was clear that he was warning the swimmer against some hidden danger. Brinkley took the warning, and struck out for the shore, and then back to the place where he had left his clothes.

Watching his opportunity, he found a suitable spot and clambered in upon the rocks. He had just dried himself and thrown on some of his clothes, when he saw William Jones standing near and watching him.

"How are you?" asked the young man, with a nod. "Pray what did you mean by going on in the absurd way just now?"

"What did I mean?" repeated William, with a little of his former excitement. "Look ye, now, I was waving you back from the Devil's Caldron. There's many a man been drowned there and been washed away Lord knows where. I've heard tell," he added solemnly, "they are carried right down into the Devil's kitchen."

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Jones, but I'm used to such dangers and I think I know how to take care of myself."

William Jones shook his head a little angrily.

"Don't you come here no more, that's all!" he said, and muttering ominously to himself, retired. But he only ascended the neighboring crag, and squatting himself there like a bird of ill-omen, kept his eyes on the stranger.

Having dressed himself, Brinkley climbed in the same direction. He found William seated on the edge of a crag, looking the reverse of amiable, and amusing himself by throwing stones in the direction of the sea.

"You seem to know this place well?" said the young man, standing over him.

William Jones replied without looking up:

"I ought to; I were born here. Father were born here. Know it? I wish I know'd as well how to make my own fortune!"

"And yet they tell me," observed the other, watching him slyly, "that William Jones, of Aberglyn, has money in the bank; and is a rich man."

He saw William's color change at once; but, recovering himself at once, the worthy gave a contemptuous grunt and aimed a stone spitefully at a gull which just then floated slowly by.

"Who told you that?" he asked, glancing quickly up, and then looking down again. "Some Tomfool, wi' no more sense in 'un than that gull Rich! I wish I was, I do!"

Brinkley was amused, and a little curious. Laughing gayly, he threw himself down by William's side. William shifted his seat uneasily, and threw another stone.

"My dear Mr. Jones," said the young man, assuming the flippant style

If you are at all curious to try something new, write Percy J. A. Lear, Atlantic Cigar Manufacturing Association, 221 Barrington St., Halifax, for particulars.