

# 'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"You have been sitting here precisely fifty minutes," said her companion, in a slightly gloved tone. "It is not a pleasant thing to be told by any one that they are heartily sick of your society after a trial of only one short half hour and twenty minutes. I am sorry you have found the time so tedious, but I suppose Mr. Blount was unaccountably detained. Can I do anything for you? Order your horse, or—"

"The master is just coming across the lawn now, M," interrupted the polite woman, the gray-haired servant at Blount's Grange, putting his head round the door at this juncture. "Thought I'd let you know, 'm, after you'd waited so long."

"Very good; I will come and meet him," Mabel said, hastily, anxious to avoid any greeting that might lead to the usual "naming of names" before this questioning stranger. "Please go and let Mr. Blount know that I am here."

After which she gathered up her riding-skirts once more, took her dog in her arms, and her whip in her hand and, finally turning, made a haughty little bow to the tall young man in grass.

"Good-morning," she said, coldly, albeit gracefully.

"Good morning, Miss—Manvers," he returned, with an equally punctilious inclination of the head, and a covert smile that was half satirical and wholly amused, while he followed her to the door, opened it, and bestowed upon her there another bow that must have somewhat resembled the ancient dignified bow of the "magnificent" Lewis in the habit of dismissing his attendant courtiers.

"Now what was he smiling at, I wonder, in such a hatefully sarcastic sort of way?" pondered Mabel, slowly, as she went down the stairs toward the open hall door to greet the master of the Grange. "Oh, if by any possibility he should be personally acquainted with those Manvers, what in this world will he not think of me? How stupid that the idea should never have occurred to me before. Put, no, it is impossible; I believe that under such circumstances it would not be in human nature to resist betraying the knowledge and enjoying the adversary's confusion for the moment, no matter how consoling and lenient one might prove the next instant. How curious he was! How determined to make me repeat my answers! I don't remember ever before meeting so unpleasant and altogether detestable a young man, and hope I never shall again. Cato, my darling, mix myself up with any fellow gambling debts from this day forth, once I get out of this dilemma, which has been considerably more troublesome than I ever bargained for, and rather more than Eddie himself is worth. How oddly he stared at me—so rude of him—and what a very handsome moustache he has!"

But here she came up with Dick Blount, and therefore it must forever remain a mystery as to whether it was Eddie's or the stranger's moustache she considered worthy of commendation. Still, as Edward Trevanion's hirsute ornaments consisted at this time of about twenty-two low-spirited and wandering hairs, situated in the region of his upper lip, it was hardly probable that it could have been his.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Blount?" Mabel said, with a sudden sense of relief and protection, as she held out her hand to the fresh, handsome gentleman advancing so rapidly to meet her.

Dick Blount, or "old Dick," as he was more commonly called by his friends and acquaintances—whose name was legion—was a man somewhat in the "fifties," tall, strong, athletic, and the master of an income close upon six or eight thousand a year. The Grange was one of the loveliest estates in the county situated about two miles or so from King's Abbott, and why the owner of it had never taken to himself a wife was a question often asked in Clifton, but never satisfactorily answered. No woman's name had ever been connected with his—in the matrimonial line at least—since, on his uncle's death, he had come to take possession of the property. How and where he had lived previously was little known to anyone, beyond the certainty that he had spent much of his time abroad, wandering in a desultory pleasure-seeking fashion from city to city, with probably no ulterior reasons, except those of enjoying the present hour to the utmost.

Had he ever loved and lost? Or wooed and ridden away unmindful of the tear-stained face that watched with passionate despair his gay defection? Or had he through his young days escaped scatheless from the fire of bright eyes and honeyed voices that must have and there have tempted him during life's journey?

None could say in the quiet little country-side where he had elected to spend his later years. One thing was ever known—that when, a long time after this, the new owner was having some furniture in one of the Grange rooms removed, he found behind a bed, sunk deep within the wall, a small framed picture, its face turned from the light. It proved to be an old painting of a bright, fair, yellow-haired girl, small of feature, but exquisitely lovely, who looked out from the canvas with large, mocking eyes, that perhaps were just a little too closely set to be, strictly speaking, perfect. Immediately below the portrait was written, in a man's hand, the two words: "Aged eighteen," but whether at that early period of her existence this blue-eyed lady had proved fair and false, or been carried to a clay-cold grave, there remained no clue to determine.

Blount himself made no mention of this hidden picture, either when living or in the act of dying; and certainly

anything less like a disappointed lover than he always appeared it would be hard to find. Though seldom induced to go anywhere himself, he was particularly addicted to hospitality of all kinds given in his own domain, such as bachelors' parties, picnics, morning entertainments of every description, and usually two or three balls in the year—which latter were conducted on a magnificent scale, and to which the entire county was invited, and went.

Far and near there was no man more universally beloved and respected by all classes. Young men adored him for his genial kindly advice, assistance, and his ready assistance, while every child in the neighborhood had reason to remember the good nature of old Dick Blount.

"Dear me, Miss Mabel," he said, "how am I ever to gain your pardon for keeping you such a time in durance vile? The fact is, I never heard a word about your being here until two minutes ago, when Mason came out in a frenzy of excitement to tell me you had been waiting at least an hour."

"Scarcely so long as that, I think; but—"

"With her eyes bent on Boski's dusky head—"Mr. Blount, I want to speak to you in private, please, for a minute or so."

"So you shall. Come in here," said Dick Blount, and he led the way into his library, the door of which he closed carefully behind her. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"I am going to ask something very dreadful," began Mabel, after a pause, during which she had felt her courage oozing rapidly away—"something that I feel sure no woman should ask; but you must promise not to think too hardly of me for all that."

"I promise you."

"Well, then—desperately—I want you to give me three hundred pounds."

Blount laughed.

"Is that all?" he said. "Why, I thought you were about to confess to half a dozen murders at least. Sit down, Miss Mabel, and tell me all that is on your mind."

And Mabel, sitting down, told him all her trouble—all about Eddie's evil behavior, and her father's ignorance of it, together with his inability to pay so much ready money just then, and her own determination to come over to him, as the only person she could think of likely to help her in her calamity. When she had finished, she looked up at him wistfully out of her beautiful hazel eyes.

"I know I have done a very wrong thing," she said, with quivering lips—"a hateful, unfeminine thing that will make you despise me forever. But what could I do? You were the only one I could think of to help me, and so I came."

"I consider you have done me a very great honor," answered old Dick, promptly, "and I feel proud and glad of it. To whom indeed should you come, if not to your oldest friend? I'll tell you what, Miss Mabel—I'll write you out the cheque now on the spot, and you can take it at once to your naughty brother with your love; and we will never tell anyone—love and I—one word about it."

Mabel's eyes filled with tears. She stooped suddenly and kissed the kindly large brown hand that lay on the table near her.

"Nonsense, child," said Blount, hastily; "what did you do that for? Why, the money is lying idle at my banker's, not doing the slightest good to anyone, and I am only too pleased to be able to oblige you so easily. And now what shall I get you after your ride and long solitary confinement in the drawing-room?"

"Nothing, thank you—especially as it wasn't solitary confinement by any means," Mabel declared—"quite the contrary. There was a stranger there the entire time, a Mr. Roy, I think his name was. And that is another thing I want to speak to you about. Please do not tell that gentleman who I am, as he might let some of the other officers at Bilton know all about my visit here, and it would certainly come to papa's ears in the long run."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Roy—at least so Miss Mabel told me."

"And who told you he was an officer stationed at Bilton?"

"He looked like it," Mabel said, simply. "And, besides, I know all the men at Broughton. Am I not right? Is he not an officer?"

"Quite right," returned Blount; but he seemed strongly inclined to laugh. "And so he spoke to you, I suppose; and you called him Mr. Roy, eh?"

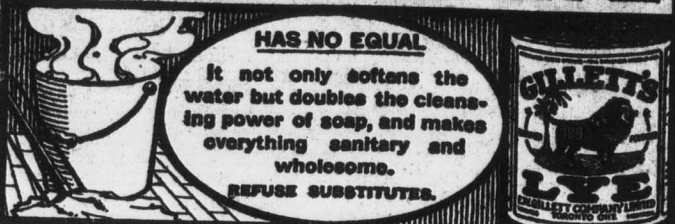
"Just so," answered "the queen."

"And it was very wrong of me, you know. But when, in some way or other, he asked me my name, I said it was Manvers, because, the Manverses being your cousins, people would not think about it if Mr. Roy spoke of his meeting me here."

Dick Blount burst into a perfect roar of laughter.

"By Jove," said he, "that is the best thing I have ever heard! I wonder which he thought you were—Jane or Martha? He must have considered you grown young and wonderfully pretty since last he had the pleasure of seeing you some fifteen years ago."

# GILLETT'S LYE



HAS NO EQUAL  
It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

"You young witch!"  
"And I have been calling him by his Christian name all this time!" declared Mabel, who was almost comical in her despair. "Oh, Mr. Blount, what on earth shall I do? When is he going away? You know I can never look him in the face again, so do say he will be leaving shortly."

"He isn't dreaming of going," said Blount—"not for a full month at all events—not until his leave expires, and then he goes to Dublin to join his regiment. So, you see, you will have to dance with him at my ball the night after next, Miss Mabel, and be sure you are cousinly in your behavior, whatever happens."

"Dance with him!" exclaimed Mabel, indignantly. "How can you go on like that when you know I can never speak to him again? Why, what must he think of my coming here on private business to you, and telling him such a horrid, horrid lie? Mr. Blount—impudently—will you just explain things a little to him, without betraying Eddie—will you? Oh, if you will only be so kind!"

"Of course I will," said Blount. "Yes, Miss Mildred, heaven be praised for it!" said the woman, stopping opposite to her with tears standing in her dark blue Irish eyes. "An' if it hadn't been for you, wherd' he have been now? 'Twas the good word ye had for him with the scullery that got him off, I'm tould; an' if the prayers and blessin' of Kitty Dempsey can do ye good, ye have them. Oh, ashore, 'tis little ye know of the sore heart I had yesterday—an' may the heavens above ever keep ye from knowin'! Patsey—with a sudden and utter change of tone—"tis throublin' the lady ye are, ye spalpeen of the world, come down off her lap this minit, I'm tellin' ye!"

"Ah, please, no," interceded Mildred's soft voice as she pressed her arm round the boy to hold him closer. "I like him here very much, and he likes being here, don't you, Patsey?"  
"I should rather think he did," soiled Denzil, at the open entrance. But the child said nothing; he only glanced up in his protectress' face with rough, sparkling eyes, and laid his head against her shoulder. He was a remarkably handsome lad of about four years old, very dark and bright-complexioned, indeed almost foreign in his style of beauty.

"Tell me, Miss Mildred," began the woman again, with the respectful freedom peculiar to her countrywomen, "is it throublin' what I've been hearin' about ye, that ye're going to be married? Is it throu, alanna? An' to the young lord that's stayin' at King's Abbott?"

"It may be so," said Miss Trevanion, laughing. "Stranger things have happened before now. But I, for my part, have heard nothing about it."

She paused, blushed a little at the woman's earnest, kindly glance, and then Denzil bethought himself that it was high time he should cease to be a listener to this dialogue. Up to this he had been, almost unconsciously, feasting himself upon the girl's sweet, uncommon beauty; but the latter part of the conversation startled him, and betrayed his position to himself as an eavesdropper. He advanced, placed his gun against the lintel of the door, and held out his hand to Miss Trevanion.

"Good-morning," he said. "It seems late in the day for that salutation, does it not? You know we had not the pleasure of your company at breakfast this morning."

"No, Papa, you see, was not going shooting; and, really, all the rest of you chose to get up at such a ridiculously early hour! Have you had good sport?"

## Dynamite.

Dynamite, if carefully made and kept will not explode except by shock or a blow; hence a cap or detonator is affixed to a charge just before firing to set it off. Set fire in open air dynamite burns fiercely with a smoky flame, but does not explode unless several sticks are closely piled together or packed in a box. The most common cause of premature explosion of dynamite is separation of its nitro-glycerin, slight friction or shock causing this to explode and, in turn, explode the dynamite. Separation of nitro-glycerin usually occurs when frozen dynamite is being thawed out; hence so many cases of explosion by careless or ignorant persons who use a perfectly good stove in a course of instruction in how to handle dynamite. The force of a dynamite explosion is usually greatest downward. Thus a stick of dynamite exploded on a rock without being covered will shatter the rock, but will produce little effect in other directions. Like all explosives, dynamite just be enclosed by produce it pleasanter. These last day of the sometimes prepared in granular form for producing certain explosive effects, but its action is too rapid and intense for use in rifles or cannon.

## The Coffee Cup in Persia.

The expression "to give a cup of coffee" has in Persia a somewhat ominous significance. This is due to the fact that the coffee cup is one recognized medium for conveying poison. Some years ago the governor of Aspasania, having long been at daggers drawn with the chief of a powerful mountain tribe, determined in this way to put an end to all trouble. He professed to entertain a great degree of friendship and esteem for the chieftain and invited him to visit him at his palace. The chief unsuspectingly came, accompanied by his two young sons. For a week they were royally entertained. But at last one morning when the chief came into his host's presence he was coldly received, and an attendant stepped forward with a single cup of coffee in his hand, which he offered to the guest. The latter could not fail to understand that he was doomed. Preferring, however, steel to poison, he declined the cup and was thereupon, at a signal from his host, stabbed to death.

The moment of finding a fellow-creature is often as full of mingled doubt and exultation as the moment of finding an idea.—George Eliot.

### You can't beat Old Dutch

for taking rust and stains off knives



## At Twilight.

I love to sit by the embers  
As they sparkle, and fade, and creep,  
While Twilight gathers her children  
And tucks them away to sleep.

When the noles of Day are softened  
To a soothing, mellow croon,  
Ere the reign of Night is ushered  
By her herald, the weird-faced moon.

There's a magic balm in the gloaming  
For the day-racked weary train,  
And my care-free fancy wanders  
In the paths afar from pain.

The visions and dreams of boyhood  
Pass before me clear and bright,  
In the changing coals and ashes,  
As twilight fades into night.

The pillar of fire before me  
Takes a deeper and stronger glow;  
Calling me onward and upward  
As it did in the long ago.

And I know that my heart grows younger  
That my soul climbs nearer Truth,  
For these twilight-hour communings  
With the things of my vanished youth.

So I love to sit by the embers  
As they sparkle, and fade, and creep,  
While Twilight gathers her children  
And tucks them away to sleep.

—David DeMay Farnworth, in Pittsburg Chronicle.

## THE WORD OF A GER. AN.

Your troth was broken ere the trumpets blew;  
In the fight with unclean hands you sinned;  
Your spurs were sullied and the sword you drew  
Bore stain of outrage done to honor's code.

And you have played your game as you began;  
Witness the white flag raised by shattered ranks,  
The cry for mercy, answered, man to man—  
And the swift stroke of traitor steel for thanks.

Once bitten we are twice a little shy,  
And then forget; but with the moon, ing score  
Our old good-nature, tried a shade too high  
Stiffens its lip, and means to stand no more.

So now, when you protest with bleating throat,  
And broiler round your wrongs a piteous tale,  
Urging the neutral ones to take a note  
That we have passed outside the human pale;

The world (no fool) will know where lies the blame  
If England lets your pleadings go unheard;  
To grace of chivalry you've lost your claim—  
We've grown too wise to trust a Boach's word.

—O. S. in Punch.

"Beauty is only skin deep." "I consider that a wise provision of nature." "Why so?" "With that limitation the girls are kept busy enough."—Kansas City Journal.

# MOUNT SIR ROBERT and BORDEN GLACIER



From now on, while Canada endures, the name of its Premier, Sir Robert Borden, will be perpetuated in the topography of the Dominion. This decrees the Geographic Board of Canada, which has just officially adopted the name Mount "Sir Robert" to be applied to the beautiful snow-capped peak illustrated above. On the flank of the mountain is a great glacier, and this has been named "Borden Glacier."

This noble Mountain, whose glittering snow-capped crest rises sharply to a height of between eight and nine thousand feet, is situated 120 miles east of Prince Rupert, to the south of the Skeena River, and nine miles southeast from Doreen Station on the Grand Trunk Pacific line, and is in the heart of the British Columbia Coast Range. Even on the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific, famous for its mountains, there are few more beautiful peaks than the newly named "Sir Robert," and while the pointed peak in itself is considered one of the most graceful and dignified in the neighborhood, the huge glacier, fully a mile in width, lends it additional beauty and interest. This serried mass of frozen snow and ice—accumulating rocks, stones and earth as it moves slowly, inch by inch, down the great sweeping bend of this river, seen in the foreground of the picture, with a fine stretch of the track, indicates the view to be obtained from the railway line. Travellers on the Grand Trunk Pacific get the best view of this lovely peak when two miles west of Doreen Station.