THE STURY OF A STORY.

BY EDWARD D. CUMING.

CHAPTER II.

"I was so glad to hear that you had suced ited in finding a nice appointment for
Arthur Meadowson," said Mrs. Malden.
"Yen must allow me to thank you for your
kindness, Mr. Wegswood. I take an interest in him, for his mother was a very dear
friend of mine in the old day."

est in him, for his mother was a very dear-friend of mine in the old days."

Mr. Wegswood disclaimed the debt of Mrs. Malden's thanks. To do anything for one of her friends had given him the great-

one of her friends had given him the greatest gratification.
"He goes to B—, does he not?" inquired the lady.
"Gone," answered Mr. Wegswood.
"Poor beggar! Must have been awfully hard up. Jumped at it when I told him he'd get three hundred a year. Positively jumped at it. But I did get it raised a trifle."
"Up. of mid he has had a tarrible struggle."

"I'm afraid he has had a terrible struggie to make both ends meet," assented Mrs. Mal-

It was Mrs. Malden's afternoon 'at home; It was Mrs. Malden's atternoon "at nome;" but the day was wet, and her only visitor so far was Mr. Wegswood, who therefore reaped, in the undivided attention of his hostess, the reward of his courage in defying the weather. Alicia was not present; but from the glances her mother and the caller cast from time to time towards the drawing recover. from time to time towards the drawing-room door, it seemed that her appearance was

r, it seemed that mentarily expected.

I liked Arthur Meadowson," said Mrs. short silence. "But Mr. "I liked Arthur Meadowson," said Mrs. Malden after a short silence. "But Mr. Wegswood"—and she dropped her voice to nearly a whisper—"between ourselves, I will admit that I am greatly relieved at his

eparture. The young brewer was perfectly well aware of the lady's meaning; but he deemed it politic to invite explanation, which he did politic to invite explanation, which he did by raising his chin and arching his eyebrows.

"The truth is," answered Mrs. Malden, who could pardon slight mannerisms in the proprietor of twelve thousand pounds a year

"the truth is, he was very devoted to Alicia. I only obseved it lately, and I hoped he might find employment that would entail separation before mischief was done."

"You surely don't think— Fellow with-out a shilling!"

"You surely don't think— Fellow without a shilling!"

"I am now certain of it, Mr. Wegswood; and I will tell you my reasons. Alicia insisted on remaining at home on Friday last, though I was particularly anxious to take her to Hurlingham. When I returned, I heard that Mr. Meadowson had been here; and the same evening he wrote to tell me that he had obtained this appointment at B.—. Now, ever since Friday, Alicia has been in a state of melancholy and depression from which nothing seems to rouse her. There can be only one reason for this—namely, his going away."

ly, his going away."

"Do you think she really cares—cared—for Meadowson?" he inquired after a pause, looking very hard at his boots as he put the

She always liked him.—Oh yes; I can't

"She always liked him.—Oh yes; I can't doubt that she cares for him."

Mr. Wegswood sighed heavily, and glancing at his watch, rose.

"Going already!" she exclaimed. "Won't you stay and see Alicia? She will be down directly." Mr. Wegswood was serry, but had an en

Mr. Wegswood was sorry, but had an engagement. "I'll look in again soon," he said. "Let's see. Fellow has so much to do in Season, don't you know? Really not his own master. It's impossible to know"—
"Come in any day," urged Mrs. Malden with warmth, as the young man hesitated, seemingly lost in the abyss of "engagements" to which he stood coamitted. "You will always find us at lunch at half-past one, if you happen to be in this direction."
"I do earnestly trust that Alicia has not compromised herself with Arthur Meadowson," mused the ambitious mother, when the bang of the hall door told that the visitor thad gone. "Mr. Wegswood is by far the most cligible man we know. Twelve thousand a year and every prospect of a seat in the House of Lords; for his uncle is certain of his peerage when the present government goes out."

gress of her work. Balls, parties, theatres, social amusements of every kind, faded into nothingness beside the delights of novel-writing; and indeed were regarded by the authoress as tiresome interruptions, to be escaped whenever possible. And then, when the last word had been written, and only a publisher was wanted to launch it upon a career of dazzling brilliancy, to be told in so many words that "it would not print;" that there was no plot, and that the characters were all alike!

The letter she received from him on the The letter she received from him on the evening of that memorable Friday answered no purpose save to strengthen her determination to bury his criticism out of sight. It did nothing to allay the storm that raged against the candid writer, and his delicate hints at her dormant genius appeared to Alicia only grudging acknowledgements of his own lack of discrimination. Nevertheless, her pride had sustained a shock whose effects were evidenced in her changed demeanour; and as she kept her secret reso. meanour; and as she kept her secret resolutely locked in her own breast, Mrs. Malden was perhaps justified in arriving at conclusions which, had she confessed them, would have astonished nobody more than Alicia herself

herself,
Mr. Wegswood, on his side, was not seri-Mr. Wegswood, on his side, was not seriously disturbed by Mrs. Malden's disclosures. Conscious of his eligibility, and serene in an excellent opinion of himself, he found it impossible to believe that a girl brought up as Alicia had been could seriously think of accepting the hand of a poor fellow like Arthur Meadowson while she had the remotest prospect of capturing Augustus Wegswood. She might be fond of him, certainly; she might even love him. But he only regarded Arthur's supposed success as a temporary check, unlikely to exercise any

lasting influence upon his own suit.

Strong in the comfortable conviction that he was the prize to be won by Miss Malden his own time, he was not inclined to press forward with the tensor of the new scheme in glowing colours. But Alicia was not to be thus easily led from her to avail his forward with a tion to self with

regulation day; and not until he saw that Alicia was beginning to recover her wonted spirits did he seek opportunities of ingratiating himself. Though the reverse of clever, Mr. Wegswood possessed as small vein of tact, and one afternoon when the lady had accepted his attentions with less indifference than usual, he endeavored to lay the foundations of a closer understanding by singing gentle praises of the absent Arthur. Somewhat to his surprise, Miss Malden pulled him up short in the midst of his eulogy.

Matten pulled him up short in the lines of his eulogy.

"I never knew you thought so highly of Mr. Meadowson," she remarked.

"Isn't he a great friend of yours?" inquired Mr. Wegswood with an impressive air.

"Not particularly. And if he were, that would be no reason for any one else liking him."

Mr. Wegswood was about to say that Miss

Mr. Wegswood was bout to say that Miss Malden's friendship vas the most certain guarantee of moral worth that mortal man could enjoy, but checked himself in time, and diverged into asseverations of the unspeakable pleasure he hadderived from being the instrument of starting his friend in life.

"I was very glad to get the post for him, poor as it is," said Mr. Wegswood in conclusion, thinking of the emoluments.

"I was exceedingly pleased too," rejoined Alicia, gloating over the banishment of the would be destroyer of her dreams.

"I hope he will ge on," ventured the gentleman.

"I suppose it depends on himself," re-

"I suppose it depends on himself," re-plied the lady coldly; and Mr. Wegswood retired from the attack in a condition of plied th

mystified disappointmen.

The kindly Fate who witches over the inter The kindly Fate who witches over the interests of men without inquiring whether they deserve her aid, solved he difficulty for him the same evening by giving him Miss Gwen Pollock to take in to duner at the house at which he dined. Mr. Wegswood knew his partner intimately, and was well aware that she was Miss Malden', "dearest friend;" he therefore had no hesiation in asking her assistance to understand the riddle. Miss Pollock was a dark eyed little girl with a vivacious, engagin; manner, whose first article of social faith was the praise worthy theory that it is a girls duty to make herself agreeable to all mankind.

When dinner was well advanced, and the roar of conversation around them made con-

roar of conversation around them made confidential discussion possible, Mr. Werswood asked her whether she hada't always looked upon Mr. Meadowson as Mss. Malden's close

"She used to like him very much," ad-

"Doesn't she now? I was under the impression that she was vey unhappy about his leaving town."
Miss Pollock confesse that something had

happened just before M. Meadowson left, which gave Miss Malch very good reason for feeling incensed with him.
"Really?" querid Mr. Wegswood.
"Didn't hear that, o, by Jove! I'd nevah—nevah have given hm that billet—What's he done?"

miss Pollock ws by no means sure shaded any learnings to toll any one; she always made it a point of honor to keep secrets. But on Mr. We wood's representation that he knew the Maldens so very well, and might also be regarded as Meadowson's benefactor, Miss Pollock consented to impart the secret, on the distinct understanding that he told it to nobody—not even Alicia herself. She mean, of course, that he wasn't to let Alicia har he knew about it. Mr. Wegs wood bound himself by sacred promises; and Miss Pollock, after a little further display of unwillingness, acquainted him with the facts.

facts.

Mr. Wegswood listened to the story, inthe story, interpellating only indignant ejaculations until Miss Pollock had finished. Then he gave rein to his wrath; and it required all the young lady's persuasive power to exact from him a promise not to telegraph Arthur's employers to dismiss him summarily the very part day.

"Wonder if she would let me see it? remarked Mr. Wegswood. "Twinkleby the publisher is friend of mine; might be of

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Miss Pollock, who was eager to help her friend, and took natural interest in the work whose

and took natural interest in the work whose development she had watched. "I'll tell Alicia that you know Mr. Twinkleby; and suggest that she should ask you to read the book and arrange for its publication."
"Capital! agreed Mr. Wegswood, detecting in the proposal a royal road to Miss Malden's good graces. "See her as soon as you can, and tell her you have learned that I can command publisher. Then, when she mentions it, I'll manage the rest."

mentions it, I'll manage the rest."

Mr. Wegswood went down to the Club for a pool that night in the highest good-humour with the world, not excluding the audacious Arthur Meadowson, who had thus left him the key to Miss Malden's heart. "How could the man have been such a muff?" be ould the man have been such a muff?" he asked himself for the twentieth time as he stepped out of his hansom. "Deliberately cut his own throat.—Well, I shan't be so foolish; and if money can do it, her book shall come out before the Season is over.

Miss Pollock was as good as her word. On the following morning she paid as early.

ly shrieked; but controlling her emotions with an effort, she sat down with her arm round Alicia and subjected her to a severe but kindly examination. Was she to understand that the authoress proposed to pay that Mr. Meadowson the extravagantly dition of mind as Arthur Meadowson had nursed it in the Brompton 'bus a few weeks opinion as final? opinion as final?

Alicia sighed; she really didn't know

Well, then, to put it in another way—was Alicia going to join hands with Mr. Meadow-son and condemn the novel because he did?

The idea of "joining hands," even in a metaphorical sense, with the brutal critic had its effect on Miss Malden. "No," she answered with decision; "most certainly not."

not."

"Very well," pursued Miss Pollock triumphantly. "You agree with me that the best way to prove your disdain for his judgment is to get the book printed?"

Miss Malden supposed so.

"Then, if you will take my advice, you will ask Mr. Wegswood to give it to Twinkle-oy at once;" saying which, Miss Pollock rose, to signify that she considered she had proved her case. proved her case.
"He will want to read it," objected

"Yes; I should be surprised if he did ot. But you would allow that, wouldn't

"I'd rather he did not see it till it is printed," said Alicia; "things looks so much

better in print."

"I daresay he would take it direct to the publishers, if you asked him," murmured Miss Pollock doubtfully; "but I must say, Alicia, it seems a good deal to ask of any men."

Alcia, it seems a good dear to ask of any man."

How many men, thought the young lady, finding themselves in possession of a manuscript novel, could exercise sufficient self-control to refrain from reading it? It was expecting too much of weak human nature.

"I'll see," said Miss Malden more cheerfully. "Next time Mr. Wegswood comes here, I will mention that you told me of his acquaintance with Mr. Twinkleby; and if he is nice about it, he shall arrange the matter for me."

is nice about it, he shall arrange the matter for me."

And having gained this carefully qualified assent, Miss Pollock took her leave, returning home at once to write news of her achievement to Mr. Wegswood.

That gentleman, having retired to rest at four o'clock in the morning, was still recuperating in bed, when shortly before noon his servant entered with a letter.

"Any answer, sir?" inquired the servitor, observing that his master showed no intention of opening the missive. There was no more patient man-servant in Dover Street than Mr. Barker, but when his employer remained between the sheets till this time of day, he felt that duty compelled him to offer gentle protest.

gentle protest,
"Messenger's waiting, sir," hinted Bar-ker, after an interval of five minutes.

Mr. Wegswood growled sleepily, and tore open the note. Then, to the utter dismay of his serving-man, he bounded out of bed like a galvanized acrobat. "Mail phæton in half an hour, Barker!" he said with energy.—Never mind breakfast. Tell Miss Pollock's messenger not to wait."

"I'll go up to Brook Street at once," he said to himself as he dragged on his dressing-gown; "and I'm much mistaken if I don't walk over for the race now."

son," mused the ambitious mother, when the bang of the hall door told that the visitor had gone. "Mr. Wegswood is by far the most eligible man we know. Twelve thousand a year and every prospect of a seat in the House of Lords; for his uncle is certain of his peerage when the present government goes out."

So far from having conceived an attachment for Mr. Meadowson, Alicia's feeling for the young gentleman just now was not dissimilar to that a tigress may be supposed to entertain for the slayer of her cub. Arthur had, if anything, under-estimated the result his frank criticism would produce.

"At Eden's Gate," had been the loving labour of months; Miss Malden had lingered ed over it with an affectionate all-absorbed interest which grew in ratio with the progress of her work. Balls, parties, theatres, social amusements of every kind, faded into nothingness beside the delights of novel-writ-Forewarned by Miss Pollock, Mr. Wegs consoling Alicia," said Miss Pollock, after Arthur had been reprobated as his crime required. "She is quite disheartened about her book." book of whose contents he was totally ignor-ant; of course, the mere fact that the writ-er was Miss Malden would justify his recom-mending it; but Twinkleby was sure to ask if he had read it himself. Besides, he must confess that he had hoped Miss Malden would allow him to read the book in her own handwriting; it would be doubly interesting to him in its embryo shape. Miss Malden was somewhat perplexed; but finally she compromised by consenting to read a few chap-

ters aloud.

"Mamma is busy this afternoon," she said, "and we shall not be disturbed here: so, if you have no engagements for an hour or two, and have patience to listen, I'll begin at the beginning and read on till you cry 'Hold enough!' Hold, enough !

Mr. Wegswood made the necessary reply, and taking the chair Alicia indicated, composed himself to enjoy "At Eden's Gate."

Whether that novel was one of those whose intrinsic beauties are only patent when read aloud in a musical voice. aloud in a musical voice, or whether Mr. Wegswood's perceptive faculties had acquired preternatural acuteness from being sparely exercised, we cannot take upon say that when from sheer exhaustion Miss Malden ceased reading, her listener's enthusiastic admiration was beyond the power of language to express. If the authors own don'y allow it, he said, he would return at once to his chambers and devote the rest of the day to the perusal of the remainder. To-morrow he would, with his own hands, take the manuscript to Paternoster Row, and arrange for its immediate conversion into three-volume form.

Miss Malden was not proof against these reassuring assertions; she placed the manuscript unreservedly in Mr. Wegswood's hands, and charged him, if he found in the the rehapters anything that needed corrections.

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Previously.

He sat down with the intention of read

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He sat down with the intention of reading the rest of the book; but before he succeeded in finding the place at which Alicia had left off, Barker interrupted him by announcing the arrival of visitors; and the result was that "At Eden's Gate" was laid aside unread, to allow Mr. Wegswood to fulfil his duties to society.

As he had pledged himself to place the book in Mr. Twinkleby's hands on the following day, he was now unable to read is before doing so. Miss Maiden's wished must be considered before his own, and she would be deeply disappointed if he failed to keep his word. So, with rare self-denial, he packed up the manuscript, and took it into the city without having bettered his acquaintance with it by another line. Not that this was of the least importance, as he had made up his mind to give the novel to the world before he had learned its name; we only mention the fact to show how bravely some men can overcome a temptation to which Miss Pollock imagined the noblest must succumb.

oblest must succumb.

He discovered Mr. Twinkleby's office with He discovered Mr. Twinkleby's office with some difficulty, for the purlieus of Paternoster Row were to him foreign ground; and having sent in his card, he was ushered upstairs into a very small room, lighted from above by a skylight, wherein the publisher sat surrounded by little heaps of manuscript.

script.

Halloo, Wegswood!" he exclaimed, nod "Halloo, Wegswood!" he exclaimed, nod-ding at the parcel. "Has your pen run away with you too? Put it down on that chair, will you; there's no room on the table."

Mr. Wegsword did as he was requested and proceeded to explain the nature of his mission. A friend—lady—had written a novel; he wished to oblige her, and had brought the manuscript himself, that he might arrange with Twinkleby for its publication. If Twinkleby would kindly take the business off his hands, and turn out the book in the highest style of art, sending in the bill to himself, that was all he required.

Mr. Twinkleby expressed his willingness to undertake the matter and put it in hand at once. Since the lady was going to publish it at her own expense, all delays contingent on the production of works brought out at the publisher srisk would be avoided.

"How long before it's ready? Two weeks?" Mr. Wegsword did as he was requested

weeks?"

"Hardly. Let's say six weeks for a novel of ordinary three-volume length. I couldn't get it done a day sooner."

"Well, if that's the best you can do, the delay can't be helped. I'll tell her she must have patience. Want any money against expensee?"

expenses?"
"You can give me a cheque for a hundred "You can give me a cheque for a hundred on account," replied Mr. Twinkleby, who, on principle, never declined such an offer; but if you are going to make yourself responsible, and haven't your cheque-book with you, it does not matter."

Mr. Wegswood wrote the cheque, and as the publisher was beginning to evince unmistakable signs of impatience, stood up to go.

go.

"Oh, by the way. Twinkleby," he said as he shook hands, "I almost forgot. Lity particularly requests that no alterations of any kind be made. You'll see to that?" The publisher promised, and Mr. Wegs wood took his departure. The same evening Miss Malden learned from his lips to-a her ladder of fame had been firmly plantte.

Eggs and Poultry in England.

Eggs and Foultry in England.

Mr. John Sanders of Kenptville, Ont, who was sent by the Dominion government to England to make inquiries regarding the egg and poultry business there, has returned. In his report to the Finance Minister he says that the market is practically unlimited for all manner of farm produce, and particularly of the produce of the barnyard. He states that fowls should be prepared for the English market as follows: Both turkeys and geese must, before being killed, be starved 24 hours, or at least until the crop is entirely empty. Turkeys should be bled in the neck and the head and feathers left on and entrails drawn. Geese should be bled in the neck and the head and feathers; should be picked off, except those on the wings, leaving the down on the body and the entrails in. Geese must not be scalded, but simply rough plucked. All poultry should be killed the day before delivery to the Canadian purchaser, so that the animal heat may be completely gone. Fowls should be marked with the number of birds, the weight of the package and whether it contains cocks or hens. Regarding the important question of prices, Mr. Sanders says that geese sell wholesale for 12 cents a pound, turkeys at 16 cents and fowls at anywhere from 30 to 60 cents a pair. Eggs were always in demand and the price laid down invariably higher than rould he got in the States. He says, 41 ing the important question of prices, Mr. Sanders says that geese sell wholesale for 12 cents a pound, turkeys at 16 cents and fowls at anywhere from 30 to 60 cents a pair. Eggs were always in demand and the price laid down invariably higher than could be got in the States. He says: "I observed that nearly all the eggs placed on the British market from European countries were packed in long straw, usually bright and clean, but in a few instances not so. My own opinion is in favor of packing in clean cut straw, and from the experience I had some years ago I intend using it in future shipments. The eggs should be packed in cases large enough to contain 12 long hundreds; that is, 120 dozen. This size of packages necessitates their being handled by two men, and the experience of European shippers shows that there s a much

ged him, if he found in the sything that needed correction.

A Silician doctor named Rieger, who claims to have found a care for diphtheria, offers to sell the secret to the German Government for \$30,000. Emperor William desires Prof. Koch to test the remedy.

The American Indians

A despatch from Omaha, Nebraska, dated Dec. 4th, states that the "hostile Indians of Pine Ridge agency are making use of every moment's delay on the part of the military to move on them by strengthening their now almost impregnable camp in the dreaded Bad Lands. The 500 or 600 squaws with them are working day and night digging rifle pits about the camp. This is something very unusual if not wholly unprecedented on the part of the Indians preparing for war." Evidently these Indians are determined to make a bitter fight when once they begin. If now an explanation be sought for this unfriendly feeling, it will be found to be due to a variety of causes. In the first place, account must be taken of a large body of ugly Indians who have all along continued to exist among these Northwestern tribes, and who, jealous of the progress of civilization, have never become reconciled to the changed condition of things, which, of course, they ascribe to the invasion of the white man upon their domain. Then there are those who look with pride upon their past traditions and ways, and who consequently regard with feelings of mortification their present dependent position. With this class of men the motive for warlike enterprises is never wanting. Moreover, there are many, particularly among the Sioux Indians, the present malcontents, who have conceived the idea, and not altogether without cause, that by assuming a hostile attitude they will be able to extort more money and rations from the government. That this feeling obtains among these North-western tribes would appear from a remark recently made by a member of one of the friendly tribes. "Our people," said the Indian, "are friendly tibes, and many who are ostensibly friendly, continually point to the results of practical benefit to the tribe which have proceeded from their battles with the whites. "See "Uney say to their young men, "see what we have done for you. Look at thoes buildings yonder full of blankets, calico, flour and sugar. See the cattle in the coural there waiti treat him well." It is not difficult to see what effect such arguments, addressed by old chiefs to young braves, would have; and were there no other influence the present difficulty would not be altogether inexplic-But the more immediate cause of the pre

But the more immediate cause of the present excitement is, no doubt, the religious notions which the Sioux Indians have been persuaded to accept concerning a coming Indian Messiah. Recently a so-called prophet has appeared among them, professing to have communion with Heaven, and holding out to the red man the prospects of a veritable golden age. By appealing to their superstitions fears and selfish desires by promising them immunity from the vengeance of the white man against whom he by promising them immunity from the ven-geance of the white man, against whom he assures them the powers of earth and sky will contend until the whole race, with the exception of about five hundred, will be destroyed, he has succeeded in bringing them into a frame of mind in which they are ready to commit almost any atrocity. Hundreds of them cordially believe that the whites are to be buried deen in the earth;

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|---|----------------------------|---------------|----------------|
| | cles, and is as follows :— | | |
| | | Percentage of | Percentage of |
| 1 | | Imports from | Imports from |
| 9 | Articles | Canada 1.97 | United States. |
| 1 | Horses | 1.97 | 1.89 |
| 9 | Cattle | 16.51 | 38.48 |
| • | Sheep | 5.45 | 0.74 |
| • | Mutton | nil. | 0.18 |
| • | Pork | 0.11 | 38,09 |
| , | Bacon and ha | ms 1.75 | 78.25 |
| 2 | Beef, salted | nil. | 99.51 |
| • | Beef, fresh | 0.01 | 94.36 |
| , | Meats, canned | 1.24 | 58.06 |
| 1 | Meats, all other | er 6.11 | 1.63 |
| ŧ | Lard | 0.10 | 96.00 |
| a | Tallow and ste | arine 0.05 | 29.93 |
| 3 | Butter | 1.45 | 2.69 |
| 1 | Cheese | | 36.40 |
| 4 | Poultry | | 0.59 |
| 4 | Eggs | nil | nil |
| ı | Wheat | | 39.04 |
| g | Barley | 0.01 | 2.37 |
| 4 | Oats | | 0.03 |
| 8 | Peas | 49.20 | 0.69 |
| ı | Flour | 2.44 | 78.20 |
| ı | Potatoes | 0.02 | 0.01 |
| 4 | Onions | nil | 0.11 |
| 8 | Apples | 20.35 | 54.76 |
| d | Flaxseed | nil | nil |
| ı | Flax, dressed a | and un- | |
| 1 | dressed | ni? | nit |
| | Wool | 0.04 | - 11 |