

May Molesworth's Manoeuvres.

"Now, Kit, you don't mean to tell me that you are still hankering after Tom Carroll?"

"I'm afraid I am, May," returns Kitty Nesbitt with a sigh.

"But how was it that he didn't come up to your expectations last year at Ryde?" enquires Mrs. Molesworth.

"Very likely," says May. "Jessie always was a jealous sort of girl, and just as sure as anyone else got any attention she invariably tried to get her out. Well, go on! What did she do?"

"Oh, she didn't do anything for a little while," said Kitty. "She soon saw he wasn't going to take any notice of her, so she just left us alone, and I thought how nice she was about it, and how perhaps we had said undeservedly hard things about her. I was soon undeceived though. You know there were a lot of us at Ryde last summer, the Collis girls and their brother, who was home on leave from India, Mr. and Mrs. Retter and her sister, Miss Gratiot, and the Warrens had a party on their yacht, the *Daphne*. Well, it got to be so at last that Tom Carroll was never away from my side, and I didn't know quite what to do. If I submitted I had to bear people's remarks, and if I sent him off he is just the sort of man to think I didn't want him, so I was perplexed to know which was the wisest course for me to take.

Finally, I let things go just how they would, for I knew he cared for me and I thought it would be all right in a few days. And so he did, it would only for Jessie. I noticed first one and then another came up and congratulated me on being engaged to Tom, and though I of course denied it strenuously, they wouldn't believe me because Jessie had told them, and, naturally, as she was my cousin she must know, they said. At last, the evening we had all been to hear the band on the pier, and Tom walked home with me as usual. When we got in I ran upstairs to put away my hat and when I came down I saw him looking like a thunder cloud in the hall, and he never spoke to me again all evening except to say good night, and then he went to his room, and I thought he never once came near me, but used to go off with Jessie or one of the Collis girls.

"Had Jessie said anything then to make mischief?" asked Mrs. Molesworth. "Did you ever find out what it was?"

"Yes," answered Kitty. "Mrs. Warren spoke to me about it, and she heard Jessie and Miss Gratiot congratulate Tom on his engagement to me, and when he denied it, Jessie laughed and told him not to talk nonsense, as Kitty had told them all about it. He asked if I had really said I was engaged to Tom, and I had said I would be married at Christmas, and asked her to be bridesmaid. Mrs. Warren said he looked so angry and said to the girls: 'I request, young ladies, that you will deny this report. I have not the honor to be engaged to Miss Nesbitt, nor is it likely now that I ever shall,' and then he walked off, and Mrs. Warren was so bewildered she didn't know what to think, for Jessie had told her just the same."

"Well," says May Molesworth viciously, "I just won't do my best to get even with Jessie Nicholson for your sake. I don't care if she is forty times my cousin!"

"But what can you do?" asks Kitty. "Never your mind," says May. "I don't know what I'll do yet, but I'll do something you may be sure."

"If you could get back Tom for me," says poor little Kitty, "that would be the thing. If I could once see him and explain, or you explain, I feel sure it would be all right."

"I don't know," says May slowly, "I haven't much faith in explanations unless they are imprudent ones; they never turn out the way you want them to. And now don't ask me any more questions, I am going to think this out."

The immediate result of Mrs. Molesworth's intimation was a short conference with Mr. Molesworth, and a small pile of innocent looking letters on the hall table waiting for post time.

"Dear me," said Kitty next morning, as she noticed these last, "what a scribble you are getting to be, May; you'll want a secretary soon. Whom are they all to?" and she began turning them over.

"Oh, I am just making up the party for our shooting box this autumn," said May carelessly. "Why, you've asked Tom Carroll," says Kitty in an astonished voice. "I didn't know he was in England. Oh, and Jessie Nicholson?" and she looked doubtfully at her cousin.

anything but that most bewitching gray gown, which brought on her an approving glance from Tom Carroll's dark eyes. However, she consoled herself by thinking she would have Tom all to herself on the back seat of the dogcart during their nine mile drive to Inverlathie, but Tom somehow didn't seem as interested as she could have wished. He appeared to be listening to the merry chatter going on between Kitty and Johnny Walsh, May Molesworth's brother, in the front seat.

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"Kit," said Mrs. Molesworth, in an impressive though heavy whisper, "if you will only look like that for the next month, I'll undertake to promise you your heart's desire at the end of it!"

Kitty bravely tried her very best during the next week, and a very good "best" it was, thanks to her naturally happy disposition and her pretty frocks. Besides, Kitty had had a long and taken counsel with herself. She had realized that she was as one who plays a skillful game for high stakes, the said stakes being her life's happiness, and it behooved her to be well prepared against surprises, as any betrayal of her real feelings would certainly cause her to lose ground, so she was as cheery to all, and treated Tom Carroll in a most admirable, unconsciously friendly fashion, ignoring the past as though it had never been. He was a little puzzled, and at the same time somewhat relieved, for he had not promised himself anything, and he agreed to arrive when he heard of Kitty's expected arrival. Jessie, too, was a little at a loss. She had not looked for it that Kitty would take things quite in this fashion, and there was no use trying to make war with such a cheerfully indifferent young person as she was proving herself. At first she tried to elicit some expression or depression of feeling from her by cleverly annexing Tom on various occasions, but she did, she only chattered away to the next person that came along, and so Jessie was toiled again. Only two persons understood the real state of affairs and anxiously watched the game the two girls were playing so silently and warily—Jessie for vanity and desperate advantage, and Kitty with a desperate earnestness for love. These two were May Molesworth and her brother Johnny Walsh. And what about Tom Carroll himself? He of course being the person most interested was the most in the dark. Kitty's natural modesty and her complete oblivion of the former state of things, began to shake his faith a little in Jessie's remarks about his supposed engagement in Ryde. Not that he thought Jessie untruthful, but a doubt sometimes crossed his mind as to whether she might not have mistaken some joking rejoinder of Kitty's and misconstrued it; and then he would go over all the circumstances in his mind, and tell himself that that was impossible.

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At the end of the first week more people began to arrive, and the sportsmen speculated on the possible bags they would make, and began to pay more attention to the game than to the girls, in the day-time, at all events. At last the Glorion came, dawned, and Tom, like all the rest, forgot all other interests than those of sport, for the main part. Jessie was an enthusiastic sportswoman, and tramped over moor and heath, regardless of torn, muddy skirts and boots along with three or four other ladies. Kitty, to her own disgust, could not share delights, but unknowingly she scored considerably when she appeared in her pretty, blue serge with the rest of the luncheon party, looking so fresh and neat and womanly in contrast to the sporting ladies' rather dishevelled appearance. When they came home at night, too, dirty and tired, it was a pretty and cosy sight to see May and Kitty with their femininely minded friend, round the dainty tea-table, and on chilly evenings (for even in August there are chilly evenings sometimes in the Scotch moors) round the blazing logs on the wide old hearth.

After a few days the excess of zeal for sport became a little modified and the men began to think of something else beside shooting exploits and little by little they in the evenings, and little by little they eyed Kitty noticed that Johnny Walsh, hitherto her favorite cousin and sworn comrade, began to desert her a little for Jessie. It likewise surprised and embarrassed Jessie a little, for she found it not so easy to make good play with Tom, as Johnny generally sauntered up at the wrong time, but Johnny was so pleasant and confidential, and helped her on two or three awkward occasions so nicely, and rather to Kitty's detriment, that she began to net so warily laid for her by, need it be said, May Molesworth, aided and abetted by that designing Johnny. And so the little drama with its unseen plot played on, till May saw that the time for action was coming and decided to make her final coup, none too soon either. Jessie, realizing that she could never make more out of Tom Carroll than a passing flirtation, had begun to cool off a little and smile sweetly on Johnny. Kitty's spirits were flagging a trifle under the strain of seeming indifference which grew more and more difficult as Jessie appeared restless and uneasy, and he got into a way of looking sideways at Kitty when she was not observing him, and May noticed sometimes that he appeared to be listening more to some desultory conversation of Kitty's than to her or whatever lady was claiming his attention. No, it was evident to her that however he might talk to or flirt with others, Kitty in reality held his heart still, but he was too proud a man to ask a girl that had vaunted her conquest over him to strangers before he had given her the assurance of it. That being so, it was necessary to deceive him, May thought, even at the cost of Jessie's feelings. There were two

or three other shooting lodges in the neighborhood, and one or two nice people were staying in the village, so altogether May found it was possible to get up quite a nice little dance, and this she accordingly proceeded to do with her usual room with a polished floor, which they used as a drawing-room at Inverlathie, and opening out at it at one side a little morning room, back seat of the dogcart during their nine mile drive to Inverlathie, but Tom somehow didn't seem as interested as she could have wished. He appeared to be listening to the merry chatter going on between Kitty and Johnny Walsh, May Molesworth's brother, in the front seat.

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all I had to do was to congratulate him on his engagement to Kitty and intimate pretty plainly that the information had come from her, and the thing was done. Of course he wouldn't look at Kitty after that, and I had it all my own way."

"Rather rough on Kit, I should think," remarked her confident, who was inwardly telling Jessie what he thought of her, "and, by Jove, I will yet," he said to himself.

"Oh, well!" replied his fair companion nonchalantly, "she shouldn't have got in my way, then."

"There's the next dance beginning," said Johnny, who was dying to get away from her now that he had got all out of her he wished.

"All right," said Jessie, "my partner will be looking for me, I suppose," and they returned to the dancing-room. But there was no thought of dancing on the minds of the two in the conservatory. Tom Carroll took Kitty's unrestrained hands in his and tried to read her downcast face. "Kitty, is this true?" he asked.

"Yes," was Kitty's almost inaudible reply, "quite true."

"What a fool I've been," said Tom earnestly. "Kitty, can you ever forgive me, or have you quite ceased to care for me?"

Kitty raised her sweet little face with a light shining in the soft gray eyes and no other answer was needed. In a moment she was clasped in Tom's arms and the past was forgotten.

Some little time after May Molesworth was standing at the door of the dancing-room saying good night to some of her guests when Johnny approached.

"May," said he exultingly, "the game is won. Order your wedding garments tomorrow."

"Johnny," said May, "you're just the very best and cleverest boy that ever was invented," and just then up came Tom and Kitty.

"Won't you congratulate me, Mrs. Molesworth?" said he in a tone that betrayed his happiness.

"With all my heart," said May joyfully, kissing him on the cheek, "Ah, here comes Jessie. Jessie, come and hear our news," she cried, "and add your good wishes to ours."

"I don't understand," said Jessie, as she looked from radiant May to proud Tom and blushing Kitty.

"Congratulations to me on my long-delayed happiness come at last," said Tom, looking straight at her, and he added in a low tone: "Next time you divulge your secrets look behind the curtains."

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International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING Nov. 2, the 8 steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston on MONDAY, Nov. 2, at 7:25, standard. Returning will leave Boston same days, at 5:30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

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"Face Paints" FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS. Vaseline Face Paints, Odorless & Harmless. R. W. McCARTY, Druggist, 188 Union Street.

VOL. I A WOMAN

MAUD LINDY

Other Cases Vindicated for Maud Lindy's Innocence and the Evils of the law rarely been met with, on the death of her lover, a well-known Mr. Moneybags breakfast when nature of which height of the fork at her husband's precision trip, resulting in this rash act. place on the 17th. The parties were Maud Lindy, Moneybags, Partrout, drawing Nancy was tried circuit court and found guilty of tence was that the letter thumb. It is the sentence was of all the parties and its sequel part of the matter. E of the mayor's such information more, save that the jury.

Since that time murder has been and exceptional A hall-crazy fort charged with will neglect which child in 1825, but was a well known ago, and died in Convictions of been even more as 1826, Maria and tried at St. Andrews for child-murder on the 12th of Aug to the death of the 16 long ropes—and times—sometimes

The last execution province was in G 20 years ago. A M at St. Andrews in Ward tragedy at ally was afterwards fully pardoned Maud Lindy, a der of Longon, th front at the present criminal in an other respects about the case to interest in her. some peculiar features told, the dead man was supported by her and shot him, rep moment she had d sisted in saying th injury on himself, death days later, fired the pistol. I guilty of wilful m are trying to find out And Thursday she fixed their ears for the life lived by her and nights in Mau Walker's wharf, at the moment Jessie stand that Mr. Carl hough every minute after the shot was fr

The members of only ones interested withstanding the fact given before. Lo opened the space was crowded, while with men discussing prisoner or enjoying in to force their way to the rail.

"When the prison the space between ings held as man possibly be squeezed thing giving way. I seats were filled by p take a special deli struggle for position side.

But when Maud Li she was the great att room. All eyes were and the fight for good crowd outside was gr

Sitting in the prison type of women usu though few have ever justice in St. John stances. A woman o years of age, wearing a fur hat that pite on without th she showed no evi