

THE CHOICE

By E. R. PUNSHON

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I am so sorry," answered Fred. "I am only thinking of something I shall have to say to Mr. Kamf when he returns to-night."

Just then the bell rang and Fred rose quickly. But the cook glanced at Bassett, who also rose, her thoughtful mind open to the prospect of more kippers or other delicacies for the next day.

"Don't you trouble, Mr. Rounds," she said amiably. "I'll go, and Fred sat down again with both his hands upon the table and watched her as she went out of the room and listened as her footsteps sounded on the stairs.

"Did you ever hear," asked the cook archly, "that old saying about 'two's company, three's none'?"

"I have, I have," said Fred slowly. "Yes, I have heard that he should listen so intently for the faintest sound from above."

The cook heaved a great sigh and looked at him meltingly. It occurred to her that she had once heard that a drop of something or another placed in the eyes made them look languishing. She was not sure the stuff could do it, but if the statement were true.

In Fred's mind a tumult raged; love, hate, and good, and evil all tossed and churned together, while slowly from the conflict and confusion a purpose shaped itself with shuddering.

"I remember," observed the cook absent-mindedly, "once I was alone with a gentleman, and he so far forgot himself that he kissed me, so I slapped him on the head with the rolling-pin."

"Did you indeed?" murmured Fred. "What did he say?" and he remembered that now lay in a drawer in the pantry.

"Why, he said," answered the cook brightly, "that if I had only warmed him afore, he would have snatched the rolling-pin away from my reach—as it might be put away on a shelf in the scullery, same as it is now," she added with elaborate unconsciousness.

"The gentleman you speak of," said Fred, his heart almost ceasing to beat with such intensity did he strain to hear the faintest sound from above, "was evidently a well-to-do man, and he was not a little bit of a dandy."

"Well, I don't remember much about that," confessed the cook doubtfully; "but he had a perfect passion for egg dumplings," she added after a thoughtful pause. "I do recollect that."

"He was evidently a fortunate man, and a wise one," observed Fred; and just at that moment the scullery door opened, and he caught sight of a young man, who he recognized as Mr. Rounds, who he had just seen in the hall.

It was only Bassett, however, and Fred experienced a feeling of the most extraordinary relief, for which he could give himself no account.

But Bassett stood in the doorway and gazed.

"Next time," she said, "I'll remember to cough before I come in sudden when you two are alone together, so I will."

"Oh, get along with you, do," requested the cook, giggling also and in high good humor.

"What was wanted?" asked Fred abruptly.

"She just rung the bell for the sake of hearing it sound, so far as I could make out," returned Bassett indignantly. "Couldn't she make out she wanted anything?"

"All of some of 'em is like that, but I will tell you some proper lies about you, Mr. Rounds."

"Did she want me, then?" Fred asked, with a feeling as if he were stifling.

"Yes, but it's all right," replied Bassett reassuringly. "I told a fib or two, and she was quite satisfied. A telegram came for her," she added, showing the yellow envelope in her hand, "just as I was in the hall."

"Who's it from?" asked the cook with interest.

"It's from just to see," observed Bassett, calmly walking over to the fire on the hearth, and then she turned and looked at him. "No, well, you are a slow one. I must have been right after all when I said they had just let you out from the hospital."

"Get away with you," interrupted the cook. "Can't you see it's only his funny-like them stories he told us over the kippers?"

"Oh, I see," said Bassett, pacified, and read the telegram aloud. "Am delayed by business. Shall not return until tomorrow. The conversation was short, so to Italy. I saw you weighing me against Italy. You can't deny you wanted to get away with you, can you?"

"I wanted my wife more," he answered. "Even after she had cleared the things away he still sat in moody and sombre mood, wondering what she was doing, perhaps just a blind, and Nicholas intended to return after he wondered—questioning his thoughts were dropping a saucy to attract his attention, 'now we might perhaps have a pleasant half-hour's social chat after retiring for the night, eh?'"

"Why not?" agreed Fred.

"Wonderful," said the cook, beaming. "How you and me always think the same, Mr. Rounds. Have you noticed it, may I ask?"

I appeared that Fred had not, and, slightly disappointed, the cook tried a new line of attack.

"I ain't one to gossip about upstairs in any of my places, and never was," she remarked. "But these here do seem a queer couple, don't they? Only just got married, too, as I understand."

"Do you understand?" asked Fred, looking at her intently, because I don't."

"Well, it's what I've heard," said the cook; "though they do seem astonishing cold to each other, if it's marriage vows just as long and recent as all that, so to speak."

"I think our social half hour is over," said Fred rising; and if marriage vows last as long—why, they wear well. Good night!"

He went, and the cook did not know whether to be gratified or disappointed.

"The conversation was short," she said, and even in her anguish and despair she was glad a little bit.

She rose and came a step forward, but his eyes darted her.

"I—I," she muttered; and felt she could never explain while he watched her so. "I left you so that you might be free to go to Italy and become a great artist. You called me a difficulty—I wish you to be famous."

"And is that why you have come here?" he asked. "Why do you trouble to lie to me? Do you think I am wholly a fool?"

"Let me explain," she stammered. "A mistress explain to her footman?" he mocked. "Oh, no; that would be most unbecoming."

"What made you do it?" she asked. "I

have been tortured enough . . . to satisfy even you. And it is dangerous for you to be here like this."

He thought she meant danger from Nicholas Kamf's anger, and for the moment he was near to believe her. He felt back upon what some instinct taught him was his best means of torturing her. He put his hands straight by his side, assuming to have the respectful black expression of the servant.

"What orders have you for lunch, ma'am?" he asked. "Shall I lay for one or two, ma'am?"

On a sudden she blazed into fiercest anger; no longer meek and trembling, she raged with a cold fury so intense that even Fred shrank before it.

"If you will be the footman," she cried, "serve luncheon at one sharp. Yes, your master's boots," she asked. "Have you brushed his clothes? Have you done all a footman should do?"

He remembered his old love now as she towered to the full of her great height and sterned upon him, as tall as he, as fierce as he. A fear came to him that he should give her, for indeed he now cherished his hate against her as before he had his love. With a malign look at her, he moved toward the door. As he opened the door, however, he saw that she was through hurriedly and closed it behind him. She flung herself against it in a passion of wild rage, and he saw her, with her hands, wishing she were dead.

CHAPTER IX.

"News."

Though Annie had spoken without any knowledge of his intention, Nicholas did return before luncheon, as she had said he would. He seemed in good spirits as he entered the drawing room, where she sat, but his keen glance detected at once how uneasy and disturbed she was. "Come, come, Miss Ross," he said, sitting down beside her and smiling, purposely using her maiden name in order to reassure her. "You must not look so troubled. Really, I am very sorry for you. But I assure you I quite understand how it is for a good cause, do you not think?" he asked, with a flash in his light blue eyes.

"Yes, I know; there is nothing the matter; I am not troubled," she murmured hurriedly, fearful as she saw how keen and searching was his gaze, and would require some very nearly true words when Fred, waiting and watching all the morning long, heard suddenly behind him a light step he knew well, and next a voice that called him by name.

He was in the drawing room, and turning round he saw Annie standing on the threshold, watching him. She stepped within and closed the door, and at once he put on the blank, expressionless face of the well-trained servant. He stood upright and still, waiting for her to speak, and he heard her come back to her as she watched him.

"Fred," she said, with soft appeal.

"My name is Rounds, ma'am," he answered.

She gave a low gasp, and fell rather than sat upon the nearest chair, whence, huddled up, she watched him beseechingly.

"Have you any orders, ma'am?" he asked.

"Oh . . . still," she muttered, appalled.

"At what hour will you have luncheon, ma'am?" he asked again, and all the mockery of the world mocked her in his voice.

"Oh, Fred," she said again, and this time her voice rose to a wail of agony.

"Will the master be here, ma'am, or shall I lay for one?" he asked, now even wondering a little at his own cruelty.

"Oh, oh," she stammered, and her nervous hands tore at the collar of her blouse. It was evident she breathed with difficulty. "Fred," she said piteously. "Whatever I have done—once you loved me."

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," he said, without pity, "my hope is to give satisfaction in my present situation."

"The conversation was short," she said, and even in her anguish and despair she was glad a little bit.

She rose and came a step forward, but his eyes darted her.

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THE TRAGEDY AT PARRSBORO

Parrsboro, N. S., March 26.—A terrible tragedy occurred here at noon today in the store occupied by Councillor Rufus W. Smith & Son, as a grocery and butcher shop. Two young men, Claude Trahey and James Reiter, entered the grocery department, then in charge of Lewis Smith, the junior member of the firm. Trahey said "What's the matter, Lewis, you look pale?" Smith drew a revolver, pointed it at Trahey and said "Shut up or I'll make you pale."

Reiter then asked the price of an article and Smith gave it. Then Trahey, who was going out of the store, heard a shot fired behind him and Reiter came out, holding his hand to his breast.

Councillor Smith, who was in the butcher shop opened the door between the two, and saw Trahey and Reiter. Reiter walked about 100 yards and fell on the sidewalk unconscious. He was taken to Dr. McDougall's office, where he died shortly after without regaining consciousness.

An inquest was held this afternoon before Coroner Rand. After hearing the evidence of several witnesses the inquest was adjourned until this evening.

Reiter was taken to his father's residence in charge of a constable. The bullet is lodged in his neck and it is thought he will die. Reiter is a young fellow of good character and particularly noted for his kindness to his mother, with whom he had lived when not at sea, since he separated from her husband about two years ago. He was about nineteen years old.

At the adjourned inquest held tonight Reiter's father corroborated the evidence given by Claude Trahey and swore that he saw Lewis Smith fire the shot that killed Reiter. He also swore that he was sent by Smith to buy the revolver and identified the revolver produced at the inquest as the one he purchased.

Reiter was positively that there was no quarrel or provocation so far as he saw or heard.

The jury's verdict was in effect that the deceased came to his death from a shot from a revolver discharged by Lewis Smith and that in so doing he was suffering at the time from an attack of temporary insanity.

TRURO WOOLPICKER TERRIBLY INJURED

TRURO, March 26.—A young man named William J. Stettler, who had been a principal bread winner he was, lost one hand and suffered terrible injuries when he was struck by a wool picker at Stanfield's factory. Both hands were drawn into the picker and he was severely injured. He was sent away under the charge of Major Nobiloff, who has, however, been twice warned that his fate will be if any harm comes to either of the ladies. Nobiloff is at present in command of a district of Hundreds, as they call them, who are spoiling and destroying in the name of the Tsar every one suspected of liberal opinions. But you may trust me, my friends, the Revolution will sweep us over to you and will spare no effort to repay you."

Annie said nothing, but she knew very well that no revolution, however great, would ever replace her. She was not a revolutionary, but she was a woman who had suffered or replaced what she had lost.

"I'll tell you," said Nicholas, "and all goes well there also. He lowered his voice and spoke mysteriously. This very night, he said, "the delivery of a hundred thousand rifles have just purchased with this money you enabled us to recover will be begun in Paphos—each rifle with bayonet and ammunition—back of it, it isn't actually a cure quicker than anything you ever tried. Safe—nothing to hurt even a baby. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's cure. See, No. 21, 212."

MORE INDICTMENTS AGAINST RUEF

San Francisco, Cal., March 26.—Three indictments, each containing three counts against Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways; T. R. Ford, general counsel for the same corporation, and Abraham Ruef, former political boss of San Francisco, were filed with the grand jury last night, were filed with the grand jury last night.

Shiloh's Cure for the worst cold, the sharpest cough—try it on a guarantee. If you don't get better, we'll give you a new one. It's actually a cure quicker than anything you ever tried. Safe—nothing to hurt even a baby. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's cure. See, No. 21, 212.

NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE OF PECKHAM ELECTION

NEW YORK, March 26.—A London cable to the Herald says: "London has been more excited today over a parliamentary by-election than it has been for many years. Peckham, one of London's suburban boroughs, has had the unique opportunity of being the first of the sixty parliamentary constituencies in London to show what it thinks of the present government."

The Peckham district has been factually described in Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "Trial by Jury," as an Arcadian bower. As a matter of fact it is one of the most thickly populated towns in South London, the electors being mainly of the lower middle and working classes. The present government, when it came into power, promised improved laws directly and indirectly affecting the industrial classes, both in relation to others and an amelioration of their social, moral and educational condition.

At the by-election today Peckham was asked to express the opinion of London, and the result of the poll is as smothering a blow as the government could well receive except in the House of Commons itself. Unionists have swept the board in many constituencies at by-elections and Peckham emphasizes the tale, notwithstanding the fact that the radicals fought with the greatest desperation. The majority of 2,339 votes, today the supporter of the government was sent to the right about face with a majority of 2,404 against him. The government never flinched, saying that nothing is dearer to its heart than a free and candid expression of opinion of the nation. Those who are being gratified with a vengeance. Fiscal reform has operated largely in the Peckham election. The radicals assailed with the cry "We want tariff reform. We want employment!" Although much must be attributed

THIS BABY IS WORTH \$3,000,000

Chicago, Ill., March 26.—An event of great importance to the family of the late Otto Young occurred last Sunday night in the birth of a boy to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Martin. The boy is the ninth grandchild to share the millions left by the merchant. Until the birth of this, their first child, the Martins, under the terms of his father's will, had no interest in his income. Now they have an heir whose prospects are worth at least \$3,000,000. The importance of the event to the four branches of the family arises from the peculiar provisions of Mr. Young's will.

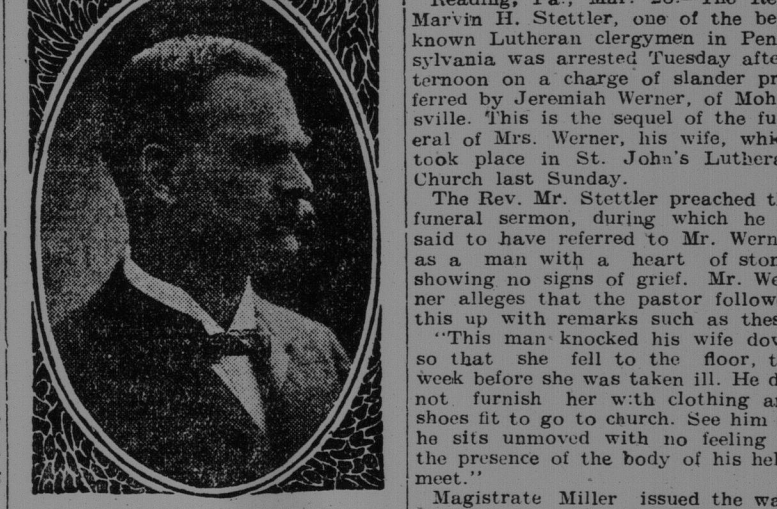
In his testament Mr. Young directed that his widow and four daughters be given practically the entire income of his estate, but the principal itself, amounting at the time of his death to \$25,000,000, he left to be divided equally among his granddaughters. The family with the most children thereby will receive the most money, and the one with none living will receive nothing.

The birth of the Martin baby had the effect of rearranging calculations in the families of the other three daughters. The prospective share of the family of Mrs. Marie Julia Young (Mauphin), of Marquette, Mich., who is in the lead with five children, was decreased by the event from five-eighths to five-ninths of the estate, a sum approximately of \$1,875,000. The future share of the family of Mrs. Cecile Young Heyworth, with two children, declined from twenty-two to twenty-one per cent. While that of Mrs. Catherine Otillie Young Hobart, one child, fell off some \$975,000. An addition to any of these three families will help to regain the loss of prestige suffered through the event in the Martin family. At the same time, a repetition of the Martin family will enhance its prospects and still further reduce the others.

MAINE REPRESENTATIVE RESIGNS

Rockland, Me., March 26.—A sensation was created here by the receipt by Governor William T. Cobb of a letter from Representative Charles E. Littlefield, tendering his resignation as a member of Congress, to take effect on September 30 next.

In the same mail was a communication to the chairman of the Maine District Republican Congressional Committee from



CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD

Use Shiloh's Cure for the worst cold, the sharpest cough—try it on a guarantee. If you don't get better, we'll give you a new one. It's actually a cure quicker than anything you ever tried. Safe—nothing to hurt even a baby. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's cure. See, No. 21, 212.

CANADIAN POETS ON NOBILITY

Of nobility and noble living the Canadian poets have said many suggestive and memorable things. Charles Sangster recognized the fact that unless we live at our best we are as the beasts that perish.

And we Who lead this round of mystery, This dance of strange unrest, What are we at the best? Unless we learn to mount and climb, Writing upon the page of time, In words of joy or pain, That we've not lived in vain.

The yearning for spiritual wealth is probably as deep-seated as any craving for mere material riches, with which the spirit of our times has been so often reproached. F. G. Scott is among the poets who covet earnestly the best gifts. Here is his apostrophe of the mighty dead:

So would I live this life's brief span, Great dead, As ye once lived it, with an iron will, As ye of steel to conquer, a mind fed On richest hopes and purposes.

In what Arthur Lockhart calls the brief and futile interlude of the eternal being there are

Two sovereign moments: One when we settle down To save life—worthy of purpose— One when we grasp the crown.

And the obstacles to the life-worthy purpose are indicated in those lines of James Tucker:

Tis not outward things that mock and taunt thee, As the spectres of thy faults within. All the world must help thy soul to win; But yon legions enemies that daunt thee Are the legions of thy faults within.

But the soul that longs to live greatly Is not alone in his longings. It is as true of each of us as of Gilbert Parker that Since I rose out of child-oblivion, I have walked in a world of many dreams, And noble souls beside the shining streams Of fancy have with beckonings led me on.

There is subtle truth in the following stanza of C. G. D. Roberts, which is full of encouragement to the faint-hearted:

Not in perfection dwells the subtle power To pierce our mean content, but rather works Through incompleteness and the need that irks, Not in the flower, but effort toward the flower.

And if any distrust of our innate nobility should threaten to invalidate effort, we have these splendidly convincing lines of Wilfred Campbell:

The soul of man, Which hopes and trembles, suffers and smiles, Rebukes his pettier moments, its vast dreams Proclaim our origin high, our destiny great, And possibilities limitless like the sea.

We have heard it said a hundred times that wrongdoing leaves a stain, that a sin is left even when the wound is healed, but how seldom are we reminded that our virtues have a similar adhesiveness. Charles Heyessee seems to have been among the first to notice it:

For honor hath that cleaving quality, It sticks upon us, and none may remove it, Except ourselves, by future deeds of baseness.

How easy it is to misjudge people, to say that they have done the unworthy deed because they prefer unworthiness. How can we estimate the force of temptation or the hard struggle of resistance? Mrs. Machar truly says that the longing for the nobler course is often overcome by

The doing of the thing abhorrent. Because the lower impulse rose Restless as a mountain torrent.

One of Miss Machar's best sonnets gives a beautiful picture of a life lived in safety through the roar and din of human passion:

Where the great thundering cataract tows his Its crest of snow, mid thunders deep and dead, A tiny habere from its mossy bed Smiles softly blue to the clear summer sky, And the great, roaring flood that rages by In sheets of foam o'er the grey rocks outspread, But she tender dwells upon its head, And feels the freshness of its purity! So, seeking heaven 'mid this rude earth of ours, Some dwell in safety through the roar and din Of human passion, as in sheltered bowers, Growing in beauty 'mid turmoil and sin, Keeping the hue of heaven like the flowers, Because they keep the cool of heaven within.

And Gilbert Parker says of a life similarly sheltered:

Unworthy thoughts would die within her sight, And mean deeds creep to darkness from her gaze.

Those of us, however, who have not the delicate soul of the habere find that, as Charles Machar says, the fight for what is pure must be won by pure deeds. There are times and cases that make us peculiarly susceptible to our higher possibilities. One glance at "this brave o'erhanging firmament" is a reminder of our littleness and of our greatness. As Bernard says:

Before the noble drama of the skies The daily fare of living shrinks and dies. And Phillips Stewart echoes a mood common to most of us when night comes:

The day is dead. Dear silent day, What have I done in thy winged hours that's worth a thought?

One noble thought!

The old fashioned idea that man is a poor, ignoble creature, the result of dust—its evilly combated in the following lines:

Ye tempests that sweep from the deep, which the night and the light over-span, Assemble in splendor and render the praise of magnificent Man.

In his hands are the sands of the ages, and gold of unperishing faith, On his brow, even now, is the shining of wisdom and justice and truth; His power was the power to prevail, on the lion and dragon he trod, His birth was of earth, but he mounts to a throne in the bosom of God.

Purse for Wolfville Pastor

Wolfville, March 26.—At a meeting in the Baptist church here last night Dr. A. C. Chute read an address and presented a purse to the retiring pastor, Rev. L. D. Morse, who leaves next week to take post graduate work at Newton Theological Seminary.