

SELECT STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

—OR—
PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of 'A Forbidden Marriage,'
'That Pretty Young Girl,' etc.

CHAPTER X.

WITH THE CONVERSATION FORGET ALL TIME.

CONTINUED.

The rooms were well crowded when Emmond arrived. The duchess received him with the greatest attention. He could not help feeling a little flattered.

At a little distance he saw his friend Ross, standing by an arched doorway, looking unhappy enough.

"Why are you not dancing, my dear fellow, while so many bright eyes are challenging you from all quarters?"

"I will tell you what I am doing," said Ross, frowning dully. "I am keeping watch. You remember that young lady I was speaking to you about. Well, I have just seen her go into the conservatory with that jackanapes of a French count, Monsieur Ballon, I believe they call him. He's a despicable fellow, always hanging round after her. If he were not such an expert shot, by the Lord Harry, I'd challenge him to a duel on the spot for persistently annoying that girl. I am sure he annoys her."

"I shall stay here until they come out," declared Ross, determinedly; "they must come out soon; why they have been long enough there to have examined every plant in the conservatory twice over. Ah, they are coming at last," said Ross, with a great sigh of relief, as he clutched his friend's arm. "Come, let me present you."

Emmond had not the least desire to be presented to this hour with whom his friend was so desperately in love, but he allowed himself to be drawn forward.

"See how that miserable French count bends over her, smiling like a hyena," cried Ross, savagely, crushing something very like an impatience through his white teeth. "Can't you see how bored she looks?"

"Where are they?" asked Emmond, in no little amazement at his friend's anger.

"Don't you see the two just coming out from that green arch, the young girl stopping to cross the waying crimson blossoms of that India plant? See, they are coming this way; you will have a full view of her face when she turns from that jackanapes to look in this direction."

Following where Ross had indicated, Emmond saw a picture that he never forgot while he lived.

There was a beautiful overhanging plant, green, with rich, crimson flowers that hung down like the tendrils of the jasmine; they formed a beautiful natural arch, and a young girl was standing underneath it. Her face was turned from him. He never saw the man to whom she was speaking, he never thought of him, every sense, every thought, was engrossed in her.

He saw a tall, slender figure, every line and curve of which was full of grace, the draperies of palest green silk and fine white lace were looped up with a simple cluster of white rosettes and long, shining grasses, white rosettes were mingled with the lace on her breast, and a small knot of the same flowers were twisted amidst her dark curls.

"She must indeed be a charming creature if her form corresponds with that face," murmured Emmond.

"Come, make haste," cried Ross, faintly dragging him forward. The next instant they were standing before her.

Emmond drew back with a gasp of joy; as she turned her beautiful face, he beheld the girl for whom he had been searching so long and so vainly, Irene Middleton.

She recognized him, instantly, as he could see from the sudden paling and flushing of her face as they met. He never remembered in what words Ross made that presentation; for the first time in his life Emmond lost the debonair self-possession which characterized him.

"Miss Middleton and I have met before," he stammered, and it occurred to him that Ross did not know under what circumstances (as he had but recently returned to London from college) that he had met this young lady. The count, with a bow, had surrendered search of Victor Ross, much to that young gentleman's intense annoyance, and Emmond's great relief.

"I will return in a very few moments, the next waltz is ours," said Ross, "remember the next waltz is ours," and he bowed himself from her presence, inwardly chagrined at leaving her with so handsome and respectable a man as Emmond, and mentally wondering why Emmond had not told him that he knew Irene Middleton. It had not occurred to him that he had not mentioned her name, in speaking of her.

Left to themselves, Emmond turned to her quickly, "It is warm here," he said, "and there is some little time yet before that waltz, will you try an ice?"

"It is warm," she answered. I shall be grateful for it."

He offered her his arm; she placed her little white hand upon it and they walked off together.

The next half hour that followed passed like a dream to Emmond. By tacit consent neither of them made the slightest allusion to that past which both would fain forget.

For the first time in months, smiles came to the lovely crimson lips as she listened to Emmond.

He was a young man particularly gifted, clever and quick of comprehension; he had the great gift of understanding character, and adapting himself to those with whom he was brought in contact. Never before had he exerted himself to interest and please as he did to-night. Can it be wondered that he took Irene's imagination captive, and charmed her artistic beauty-loving mind? She sat with clasped hands, looking into his noble, earnest face, drinking in each word as if it fell from his lips.

Suddenly the soft, sweet strains of the 'Soldaten Lieber' floated through the open doors. Emmond looked at his companion.

"This is Mr. Ross' waltz with you," he said, "he will be looking for you with the utmost impatience; I sincerely beg your pardon for spriting you away from the ball-room and keeping you away so long. If I were fond of quotations I would use one now, Miss Middleton, I could say, 'with thee conversing I forget all time.'"

He offered her his arm, her face flushed as she took it, and she was vaguely conscious that her hand trembled.

What did it mean? Why should her hand tremble as it touched his arm. "What is coming to me," she thought, impatiently, "surely I am not growing awkward and nervous." She tried to throw off the feeling, she looked up at him with some careless, laughing remark, and then as suddenly dropped her eyes again, while a hot flush seemed to burn her face, for he was looking at her earnestly and something in that gaze made her shudder; her heart beat as it had never beaten before.

They went through the long suite of brilliantly lighted rooms, coming at length face to face with Mr. Ross, who looked exceedingly perturbed as he saw her for whom he was searching, slowly advancing, leaning upon Emmond's arm.

"I owe you many thanks, Mr. Emmond," said Ross, stiffly; "you knew I would be searching for Miss Middleton, that I was to return to her; you forgot all about it."

"I am sorry, I did forget," said Emmond, flushing and smiling.

"I knew you would," said Mr. Ross, driven to desperation by the state of affairs. As he looked at Emmond's handsome debonair face he said to himself, "Surely he has not fallen in love with her too!"

"Before I relinquish you, let me ask for the waltz that follows this, Miss Middleton," said Emmond, and Ross bit his lip with force vexation and jealousy as he saw her hand Emmond her dainty tablet and he jotted down his name, returning it with a low bow.

The remainder of the evening passed like a dream to Irene Middleton, the homage offered her, the countless compliments that she received, the music, the lights, and the flowers, were all parts of a confused dream from which she did not awaken, until Frederick Emmond came to claim her for the promised waltz, and with that waltz, a new life-drama was begun.

Victor Ross stood looking after them with darkening brow and compressed lips. "If he asks her to dance again I shall hate him," he thought.

The way in which they waltzed together was simply perfection, the very poetry of graceful motion; it was rather floating to the sweet strains of music than dancing. Ross turned away with some strong muttered words between his teeth, vowing that he hated waltzing. He had never known a waltz so long and so other.

During the remainder of the evening both gentlemen lingered by the beauty's side; each ignoring the angry looks of the other.

"If it is to be a drawn battle between us to which will win her, so be it," muttered Victor Ross, who was finding out this much, I will never give her up."

CHAPTER XI.

FATE SETTLES THE MATTER.

The grand ball was over at last, and an hour later Irene was seated before the open window in her room, her lovely dark hair all unbound, lying in dark, heavy curls around her. She had laid aside her magnificent dress, and robed in a pale blue cashmere negligee, she looked even more beautiful than in full dress. The duchess had come in to say good night, and ask her how she had enjoyed the ball.

"I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed it," murmured Irene; "I was sorry when it was all over, it seemed like coming from Eden back to this cold, bitter world."

"I think, Irene," said the duchess, "that some one helped to make it very pleasant for you."

"I had a great many very nice partners," returned Irene, her fair face flushing.

"We will not talk about it to-night, or rather, so early in the new year; I see we are in the 'wee-wee' hours, glancing at the ornate clock on the marble mantel; 'you will join me at 10 o'clock breakfast, and we will talk it over then over our chocolate,' said the duchess, kissing her. "Good night, Irene and sweet dreams, and with these words she left her."

Irene must have been tired; but no sleep came to those dark, brilliant eyes; she crossed over to the window, drew aside the heavy silken curtains, and looked out at the stars gleaming in the blue sky.

"For long months the face of Mr. Emmond has haunted me," she murmured; "now, we have met again."

Ringling the sweetest music in her ears was the sweet sound of his voice. How was it? She had heard many voices, yet the memory of one had never lingered with her before; no one accent, not one word was lost upon her, she thought him the kindest gentleman she had ever met.

"Well," said the duchess to her nephew, when she met him in the corridor the next morning. "How do you prosper with your wooing, my dear fellow?"

Ross thrust his hands deep into his pockets and gazed gloomily from the window.

"I do not prosper at all," he answered, brusquely. "How do you expect me to stand any chance of winning so much as a glance from Miss Middleton, when you invite continually such fellows here to meet her as that detestable French count and—Emmond, who is known as one of the wealthiest and most eligible men in London, even without the title which he disdains to wear. How do you expect me only a poor devil of a student, to stand any chance with such men?"

"I am sure you ought to hold your own against any of them, my dear boy," declared the duchess, looking languidly at the handsome, discomfited young student, "but there is one thing I would advise, Victor," she went on, earnestly, "and that is, never allow your impulsive affection to get the better of your judgment. If you see plainly that Irene prefers another to yourself, abandon the field gracefully, that is the best way."

"Do you mean, give up the field easily? Stand quiet by and see another man woo and win the only woman I can ever love? Such advice coming from a sensible woman amazes me. You can depend upon it I am not likely to do anything of the kind."

When Victor Ross sought Irene in the drawing-room that afternoon, he found to his dismay, Emmond was with her.

A group of ladies and gentlemen were examining fine engravings that had just arrived. Emmond and Irene were at the piano quite alone by themselves.

If he thinks to monopolize Miss Middleton's society after that fashion, he will find he has much difficulty to face, thought Ross, biting his lips with vexation.

He bowed directly over to the piano, and after having stiffly to Emmond took his place at the other end of the instrument, and remained there with a pertinacity that was more than annoying to Emmond.

Irene tried to distribute her words and her smiles equally between the two gentlemen. Neither would address one directly to the other, but directed his conversation wholly to her.

"Will you sing to me?" asked Ross, determined that his rival should not have one moment's conversation with her if he could prevent it; already he had begun to call Emmond that in his own mind.

"Certainly," replied Irene, running her slim, white fingers over the keys, murmuring alone to herself than to either of them. "I wonder what it shall be."

"Sing 'My Queen'; that is my favorite song," said Victor Ross.

"Sing 'I have loved thee since the day I met thee first,'" said Emmond, in a low vibrating voice. Both gentlemen had spoken together, the situation was therefore embarrassing to Irene. She was too gentle to willingly offend either.

"Suppose I sing you my own favorite," she said, and both eagerly assented.

"I read these beautiful words the other day, she went on, "and they haunted me so, I set them to music and have been singing them ever since."

The song was a beautiful one and Irene sang in a clear sweet voice, that had an undertone of sadness in it.

"There's an end to toiling some day, But its weary waiting—weary!

There's a harbor, somewhere, in a peaceful bay, Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay.

At anchor, somewhere, in the far away world, But its weary waiting—weary!

"There's an end to the troubles of soul, oppressed, But its weary waiting—weary!

Sometimes in the future, when God thinks best, He'll lay us tenderly down to rest, And roses 'll grow from the thorns in the breast.

But its weary waiting—weary!

"There's an end to the world with its stormy frowns, But its weary waiting—weary!

There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown, And where life's sad burdens are all laid down;

A crown, thank God, for each cross a crown!

But its weary waiting—weary!

"Very beautiful, but very melancholy," said Victor Ross, when the last note died away.

All music should be said, replied Miss Middleton, address is the key-note of nature.

"That song strangely from the lips of a young girl, said Victor Ross, laughingly; what should you know of sorrow such as fills the great world."

The lovely face paled. "Ah, if he but knew," thought Irene, with a shudder.

"I have sung all my spirits away," she said, "but then, I always do."

When she rose from the piano the two gentlemen rose with her; they could together, she should leave them both together, neither would have left her first.

There is nothing the world enjoys more than a comedy of lovers. The world looked on with laughing eyes at the fierce dislike that was growing up in the hearts of these two, who had once been such firm friends.

"Which will she choose?" "How will it end?" were the two questions people asked each other.

It was becoming a serious matter with both Emmond and Victor Ross; both loved Irene, and neither would yield in the slightest degree to the other.

Both decided on the same plan of action: to ask Irene to be his wife, thereby settling this bitter rivalry at once and forever.

Both pitched his rival, being confident she would accept himself.

That very evening fate settled the matter in a strange way for the young student, bringing his dream of love to an abrupt ending.

He had gone out into the rose garden to enjoy a cigar in solitude under the trees. Tempted by the beauty of the night he sat long after his cigar was finished, indulging in fanciful day-dreams, dreaming of a bright future with dark-eyed, sweet Irene by his side. Planning how he should work for her day and night, of the name and fame he should build for himself, all for the sake of the girl.

It was a pity the poor fellow could not have dreamed on forever thus, for those airy day-dreams were destined to be his last.

He was startled at length by the sound of voices.

He did not care to be disturbed; he felt in no mood to be amiable to any of the young ladies, listening to their soft talk, and being forced to pay idle compliments because they were expected.

I will wait here until the young ladies pass by, he told himself, leaning carelessly back upon the rustic bench.

They were very near him; he could see two slender, white-robed forms scarcely ten feet from him, quite distinctly through the green foliage.

One of the ladies was talking in a low, earnest voice, which he readily detected as the duchess.

Victor Ross was no eavesdropper; he displayed anything so mean as to listen to conversation not intended for his ears; he did not make his presence known, believing they would soon pass on.

In this he was mistaken; they stopped short in the moonlight path, so near the secluded rock in which he had concealed himself, that he could easily have put out his hand and touched them.

My dear girl, the duchess was saying, of course you know best, but I should advise you to think twice before you refuse such a lover if he asks you to marry him; he loves you, and the day is not far off when he will tell you so. I tell you this because you are so blind you do not see it, Irene.

Then it was Irene to whom the duchess was talking.

In an instant Victor Ross was painfully alert. He could surely be pardoned for waiting breathlessly for the reply that would fall from Irene's lips; for did not the issue of his whole future depend on what her answer would be?

"A low, sobbing cry answered the duchess. I hope and pray that he may not care for me, Irene said, huskily; for, oh, believe me, it could never be. I do not love Mr. Ross, and I could never be his wife."

You might learn to care for him in time, urged the duchess, he is all that is good and many.

He is all that I grant you, replied Irene, sadly; but were he a king on his throne I could not marry him. Nothing could change that.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A WELL-KNOWN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Of Hamilton, Rev. Father John J. Hinchey, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ontario, bears testimony to the Undisputed Worth of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In the person of the Rev. John T. Hinchey, of St. Joseph's Church (R.C.), Hamilton, is found one of who does the highest credit to the self-suffering work in which he is engaged. His kindly heart constantly prompts to deeds of love and goodness, and in the city of Hamilton all who know him are ready to bear testimony to his high character and active generosity. As a result of neglect, thinking more of others than himself, he has been a sufferer from cold in the head and its almost certain associate, catarrh. Recently he made use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and has found in it so great relief that he deems it a pleasure to tell others of the good it has done him.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3-cent stamps. S. G. Dutton, 44 Chambers Street, Toronto. Sold by W. H. Carten, C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

SEVERED THE JUGULAR.

A sad accident happened to little Charlotte Henverge, Wednesday at Montreal, which resulted in her death. The girl, who was only about twelve years old, lived with her aunt and uncle, W. V. King. While hurrying out on an errand, she in some way fell through a glass door. Her aunt ran to her aid, but in her excitement fell downstairs with her. A boarder ran down and carried the little one across the street to a drug store, where there happened to be a doctor at the time. He found that the jugular vein had been severed, and his aid was of no avail as the girl quickly passed away. Mrs. King was more frightened than hurt by her fall, but she was greatly upset by the death of her niece.

HEIRESS TO \$15,000,000.

A Philadelphia Gardener's Daughter the Lucky One.

A remarkable romance in real life has come to light by the sudden, unexpected inheritance of a fortune of \$15,000,000 by the twenty-five-year-old daughter of a poor gardener, William Kelly, who lives at Philadelphia. Elizabeth Kelly and her father have confirmed the story.

The legacy comes from the estate of a long dead uncle, Peter Kelly, who amassed an immense fortune in the Australian gold fields over thirty years ago.

Peter Kelly was living with his parents in Lancashire, England, when the Australian gold craze broke out, and he went to that land to make his fortune. Nothing was heard of him for many years, until one day, nearly a quarter of a century ago, his mother received word that he would soon return home a millionaire. He did not come, however, but after some months a deaf mute, who had been a passenger with Peter on the vessel bound for England, appeared and told of a violent storm at sea, in which several of the passengers, including William Kelly, were drowned.

Enquiry was begun, and the son's story of his millions was verified, part of the money being in Australian banks. He had never married, and had no relatives living in Australia. The family received the interest on the fortune, which was valued at \$15,000,000.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Word has been received at Moncton from Ottawa that the petition for a Scott Act repeal in Westmorland is passed, and a writ for an election will be issued forthwith.

The St. Stephen town council has passed a resolution urging the adoption of standard time in that town.

THE SMOKING CONCERT.

Given by the Bicycle Club Boys at their Club House Friday Night.

It was an Unqualified Success.

The members of the Cycling and Boat Club, although young as an organization, have already placed the public under obligations for two very pleasant and successful entertainments. The club house was opened early in the autumn by one of the largest and most enjoyable balls and receptions ever given in the city, and last night the club again opened their handsome building for the exclusive enjoyment of their gentlemanly friends. It was a smoking concert and fully deserved the name. Smoke, every pipe constantly sending their aromatic perfumes heavenward. The guests commenced to arrive shortly after 8 o'clock and found the club room looking most cosy and inviting with a blazing log fire in the big fireplace, the rooms brilliantly illuminated with the Auer light and a profusion of comfortable lounging chairs. A committee of the club headed by such agreeable gentlemen as R. S. Barker, D. E. Crowe, G. H. Clarke, A. A. Shute, J. S. Purdie and others welcomed the guests and showed them to the smoking rooms. Then, when the whole company had gathered it was found to be

Constituted As Follows:

Mayor Van Wart Frank L. Cooper

Jermey Taylor R. B. Phillips

W. F. Mitchell C. E. Fenely

C. E. Duffy Thos. Allen

F. C. D. Bristowe H. C. Mackay

E. H. Murchie N. A. Edgcombe

T. Lawson, Andover George Black

A. H. Randolph A. G. Neils

H. H. Risteen J. O. Allen, Jr.

R. S. Barker A. A. Shute

F. R. Randolph J. A. Winslow

H. D. White D. E. Crowe

W. Anderson R. H. Buchanan

J. T. Jennings J. F. Rogers

A. J. Fowle W. Perkins

Gregory McPeak W. Perkins

Louis M. Owens Robt. Chestnut

L. C. Macnutt Ham Kitchen

J. A. Tilton, St. John C. E. Neill

Geo. H. Clark Fred Magee

W. F. Taylor N. Loane, Woodstock

H. V. Edgcombe R. Fry

L. B. Lemont James Tibbitts

Geo. L. Wilson A. C. Creighton, N. Y.

J. Fraser Winslow Bert Wiley

F. H. Hatt Marvin Ross

J. H. Hawthorn F. H. Goldrick

T. C. Doherty J. A. George

Harold Babbitt Fred Peters

L. W. Bailey, jr. J. Holland

W. C. Roberts W. Bailey

A. C. Taber Frank Bayfield

After the usual friendly greetings, pipes were produced from the unfurling club stock, and loaded to the brim with the choicest of fine cut. Many of the guests sat around the tables and played whist, at the same time giving their attention to the musical programme presented during the evening; this was made up as follows:

Vocal solo.....Prof. Bristowe.

Vocal duet.....L. C. Macnutt, Frank Cooper.

Instrumental duet.....L. C. Macnutt, violin.

Instrumental duet.....D. E. Crowe, violin.

Vocal solo.....F. H. Risteen.

Vocal quartet.....L. C. Macnutt, Geo. Wilson.

Instrumental duet.....Fred Magee, piano.

Instrumental duet.....W. Adams.

Recitation.....Dr. J. W. Bridges.

Duet.....L. C. Macnutt, F. L. Cooper.

Instrumental duet.....Thos. Lawson.

Piano solo.....Prof. Bristowe.

Everybody was vociferously cheered and all responded. Mr. Adams made a great hit with his rollicking comic song, "Mr. Risteen's 'Righteous Daniel' kept everybody laughing. Prof. Bristowe's excellent selections, both vocal and instrumental, were admirable. The most unexpected famous French address was well received. The instrumental music of Messrs. Crowe and Buchanan was very much appreciated, and Mr. Lawson's address was very pleasing and complimentary to the club. Messrs. Lemont, Wilson and the others who took part in the programme also came in for a good share of applause. Prof. Bristowe played the accompaniments in a faultless manner, taking the place of Charles Hogg, who was unable to be present.

Just before the close of the entertainment, His Worship the Mayor made a few pleasant remarks. On behalf of the club he thanked most cordially all who had in any way contributed to the amusement and instruction of the company. He thought almost every sense had been satisfied, and he hoped it was but the beginning of a series of such entertainments. His worship closed by proposing three cheers for Prof. Bristowe, who, perhaps more than any other gentleman had aided in the programme, and these were given with a will, the Professor modestly responding.

During the evening the company was served with coffee and sandwiches in abundance by the club, from the Queen hotel larder.

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