

# A FAIR MAIDEN'S NO.

The Story of an Unprecedented Courtship and a Betrayed Trust.

(Not Yet Published in Book Form.)

They passed westward into a side street as Channing spoke. "Now you see the difference," he resumed. "Oh, yes," the house seemed as if they were looking at the sky, Carroll said. "You'll get over that feeling," laughed his companion. "I have a touch of it now; I always do when I come in from the country after a long stay. The buildings—do they strike you as queer?"

"I somehow can't grasp them," confessed Carroll. "They are like a line of stone stairways on either side of a street. One marvels at their ubiquity in London you enter a house from the sidewalk. Only great places should have flights of steps leading to their portals, and so many of these houses, as you see, are small affairs, hardly more than 25 feet in width at the largest."

"Then you think New York an ugly city?"

"There's no doubt about that. It is horribly ugly. Uptown in the region of the parks things begin to be better. Young architects of taste and ability are working wonders there."

Soon they hailed a cab and were driven to Carroll's own house, near Washington Square. Here for a time he parted with Channing. He had asked his friend most hospitably and sincerely to come and live with him while he remained in New York. But with firm geniality Channing had refused.

"I shall be near you in my Clinton place lodgings," he said, "and will drop in on you often. During my stay at Southmeadow I've economized vastly, as a matter of course. I only wish that I'd worked better there, in that leisurely sojourn. Three fat orders from magazines yet remained unfulfilled, however. But I'm going to scribble in real earnest now. For some reason writing in town is always so much easier to me."

"You said that in Southmeadow," answered Carroll. And then, wondering, he added: "With all this noise? It seems to me incredible."

"You don't find it noisy here, do you?" said Channing. "This is one of the quietest parts of the whole town."

Carroll appeared to listen for a moment. "There's that murmur," he replied, "that low, incessant roar. 'Don't you hear it?'"

"Not as you do; and in a little while you will hear it as I do—that is, hardly at all."

"I can scarcely credit you."

"He felt very despondent after Channing had gone. His friend had told him that they would not meet again till the morrow, and now that he was quite alone he had an almost appalling sense of solitude."

The autumn dusk had begun to descend. There were two old servants in the house, a married couple, of whom he had heard creditable accounts. They welcomed him with timid and respectful cordiality, and asked him at what hour he would dine. This gave him a thrill of cheer. He named 7 o'clock as the hour, remembering that town-folk were said to dine then. And in fact, the house from chamber to chamber he kept telling himself that he was very fortunate not to find it a deserted barn. On the contrary, Mr. Courtaigne's death having been somewhat sudden, and the terms of his will decidedly explicit, everything was comfortable and homelike.

The old house had never been sumptuously furnished. But it contained a fairly ample library, in whose volumes Carroll hoped to find recreation when the mood would permit, and among which he recognized certain old literary friends that brought him back, almost with fearful eyes, to Prof. Dindorff and Southmeadow. Here, too, were arm-chairs, lounges and other aids to comfort. The two big drawing rooms were a blessing of peace and privacy, and the heavy mahogany doors of the old New York dwellings, but the fireplaces were of the open and so-called modern sort, and some good pictures, by famed French artists, were on the walls. The parlors, and the hall, and the entrance, were modern and pretty, the carpets of new design and soft to the tread. There were lamps and a few ornate vases, and a screen or two of colored design, and some rather choice scattered bronzes and bric-a-brac. Beyond was the dining-room, with family portraits (mostly inferior as works of art, but of a huge size), and a set of unadorned but stored silver and china which the coming of the new heir would doubtless unearth from their present repose. Upstairs in the bedrooms, a less winsome atmosphere reigned. Except for his library, which was on the second floor, at the rear of the house, just above the dining room, VanDorne Courtaigne had evidently made no bachelor-like disregard of all apartments in which his friends and guests were not wont to congregate. Still, the two rooms which Carroll was expected to occupy were far fewer than those which he needed, and solemnity than others which he needed.

It was nearly dark when he finished the exploration of his new abode. The lamps in the drawing room had been lighted by old Mrs. Dunstable, which descended thither. She stood before him, yet not in the least feeble. He had already learned that she and her husband were an English couple, whom his late uncle had "brought over" several years before his death. Mrs. Dunstable dropped him a little courtesy and ventured, in her timid, musical tones:

"I take it your servant will arrive directly, sir, to undo your boxes?"

"Servant?" said Carroll. "I have no servant."

"Oh, excuse me, sir," faltered Mrs. Dunstable, in courteous trepidation. "Then, sir, would you be pleased to have my husband, sir, do your valet?"

"My what?"

"Your valet, sir, he did it for the other Mr. Courtaigne, and gave satisfaction. His pressin' of clothes and varnishin' of boots, and such like, sir, was praised by our deceased master. If you will kindly lend me your keys, sir, (as your luggage has arrived), my husband will have things in readiness by the time you wish to dress for dinner."

"Here are my keys," Carroll answered, "but I don't dress for dinner." He let fall the last words with a feeling that they might prove a disreputable sort of thunderbolt to Mrs. Dunstable; she looked so inflexibly general, behind her spectacles, capacious apron and below her scant little official cap.

The dinner proved excellent, and was served him by the spouse of Mrs. Dunstable, who was just as general and faded as she, and just as respectful and efficient. It was a very satisfactory meal, though not a luxurious one, and he ate it with an appetite sharpened by travel.

There was a lighted candelabrum on the table, and a bunch of chrysanthemums in a porcelain vase. But nothing long thing was formal and horribly undomestic, and he fell to thinking, while he sipped a glass of fine claret from the well-stocked Courtaigne cellars, which now belonged to himself, that it would never do at all in the future, and that he would dine hereafter at restaurants or hotels, where there was companionship, if even that of strangers. Provided Channing Channing had consented to come and live with him, it would have been different; those family portraits would not then have stared down at him with half so supercilious an air as though asking him whence he had drifted, and whether, after all, he were really a bona-fide Courtaigne like themselves. He realized just why Channing had refused his offer, and in his better better for having shrunk from dependence and indebtedness, which in similar circumstances he himself would have found distasteful.

During dinner, and for a little space afterward, he talked frankly with Mr. and Mrs. Dunstable, telling them all the good things he had heard about them from Mr. Courtaigne's lawyers, and giving them full liberty to engage strong servants at their own discretion, and generally to make for him the same homelike abiding place over which his uncle had presided in other days. He was wholly undisturbed, too, in his statements regarding his own inexperience of town life and his long residence amid rural enclosures. The pair listened with that delicately reverential head of which the English servant class are so proud, and the welcome secret, and being sturdily honest and good folk themselves recognized in their new lord qualities of mainly gentleness and sincerity which he was quite unaware that he revealed. He could surely have confided himself to no more competent and trustworthy hands, and it may here be recorded that the comforts of service and provision of material, and the thrifty executive detail by which he soon saw himself surrounded were wholly due to the wise tact and fortunate fidelity of these two trained old adherents. After dinner, he talked of the address Channing had given him and saw it by chance he could not relieve his burdensome loneliness by a transient glimpse of his friend. But, as he concluded, Channing had made it only too plain that a hundred claims upon his time would keep him abroad past midnight. So Carroll left his house, strolling along through the dimly lit lamp-lit gloom, wholly unconscious of whether his steps were bent, and wholly fearless of being "lost" in a monstrous city where any one of the numerous passages would doubtless at a word of his own, "show him the way back." Mixed with this feeling of oppressive strangeness and homesickness was a dreary premonition that these coming three months (he had already got into the way of assuming that it would be three months, and not a day longer, before he hurried back to Southmeadow) held in store for him actual martyrdom of ennui. He thought that the city might prove exasperating to-night; its effect was dimly the reverse. In truth, he was now walking through a locality which at night is never stimulating. The electric light about Washington Square merely served to show its lonesome gloom. Forming a curious interspace between prosperity and poverty, between decay and vice, except in summer dwellers in the northern verge, rarely pass its limits, and the citizens who dwell south of it (either shabby or corrupt, or both) choose their nocturnal strolls and diversions among lowly and dingy haunts.

Carroll moved eastward into Broadway, and saw there nothing to attract him. He had no idea that this was a part of Broadway, in which the most important and the least refinement could discern the least attraction. But he had read the name of the street on the lamp, and he had felt expectancy, on this account, of something important and grand. The cluster of shops and the general white-lit blankness and nullity of the region made him wonder if this was really the gay thoroughfare of which he had read and heard. Beyond the broad stretch of Astor Place things looked brighter, and he pushed on. What he discerned was the jaw-dropping splendor of Third avenue, but before he reached this he came upon two young ladies right-angled down the street. One of them must have been past 16, and quite overtopped the other. Carroll abhorred personal violence so heartily that he at once slipped in between the two foes and plucked them with great expedition from the arms of the larger lad at his sides. He then began a quiet, but severe speech of censure, but suddenly received a severe tweak of the ear which made him turn around and advance his captive. "Oh, gent," shrieked a jumping shape 20 yards or so beyond him, "we was only funnin'."

"Yes—we was only funnin'!" shouted another voice, and in a trice Carroll received from behind the most stinging cuff on the same ear which had been tweaked. He wheeled round, but he might as soon have thought of avenging himself on one of the gas lamps in front of Cooper Union as on the scampering form that with uplung arms and a yell of mockery disappeared into the gloom of Lafayette place.

Carroll felt his smacking ear, and presently smiled at the grotesque humor of the whole incident. He soon told himself that he must be near the heart of the town, so ablaze did Third avenue look to him as he approached it, and so remarkably populous. Forty years ago, or thereabouts, this broad, gloom-wrapped Lafayette place which he passed unnoticed had been the heart of the town, a social way, and there was a tint of pathos in his ignorance that some of his ancestors had once lived there, dispensing from certain broad-fronted brick dwellings hospitalities unchronicled and forgotten.

Third avenue dazzled him by its brilliancy. He walked southward, and in a few more minutes had entered the Bowery. He chanced to be Saturday night, and the great street teemed with life. Carroll swiftly concluded that he had struck into a less apathetic part of Broadway, and began diligently to observe all the radiant vulgarities that en-girt him. He reached Canal street before he finally paused. Meantime he had seen sights that perplexed, distressed, even horrified. The meanness and coarseness of the people whom he met were no less disappointing than the cheap flare and flourish of the myriad shop windows.

"And this," he drearily reflected, "is what they call the gayety, wealth and grandeur of a great city!" Before he reached Canal street he had been wrong with compassion by the pleadings, of

three professional beggars, and had given each a dollar bill. That, he kept telling himself, was a larger sum than he would have expected to dispense in street charity, and indeed, street charity had by no means his theoretic approval. But these poor creatures were so pitifully ragged and destitute, and murmured to him such heartrending stories. He did not see the leer of mixed triumph and contempt with which the most pathetic of these three mendicants glided away from him. It was then not long after 9 o'clock. Perhaps by dawn the next morning some haggard woman in some den-like chamber waked to find a reeling shape at her threshold. With one dollar she bought a good deal of savage and even murderous drunkenness.

(To be continued.)

## KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

One Man Loses His Life at a Garden Party, Another While Cutting Grass.

Mount Forest, Ont., July 2.—Albert, son of Mr. Francis Doupe, a young man about 18 years of age, while in a field cutting grass to-day near Woodlands, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Mr. H. Darroch, of Palmerston, while on the race-course here to-day, was severely shocked and his horse was instantly killed by lightning.

Milton, July 2.—A fatal accident occurred to-day at a garden party held at the residence of J. F. Richardson, Lowville. At about 3 o'clock the games started, and all expected a pleasant time, the gate receipts at this time amounting to about \$100. About 4.30 a heavy thunderstorm came on, with forked lightning. The people then flocked to the barn. The lightning struck the barn, passing down an upright post, killing one young man named Joe, Coulson, Kilbride, Mr. Jones, of Kilbride, being on the ground, was summoned immediately, but death was instantaneous. A number of other people got severe shocks. The lightning passed into the lower part of the barn, killing a very fine horse owned by Robert Hart, of Milton, who had driven the Milton Band there. Mr. Harrison had his hand on the horse when it fell, but escaped with a slight shock. Shortly after the excitement subsided tea was served, the remaining part of the programme was dispensed with, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

## GRIMSBY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Grimsbey, July 2.—Phipps Bros. have bought out the tailoring business of W. W. Kidd. They took possession last Saturday.

Miss Gow, who has had charge of Hawke's dressmaking department for some time, left on Monday evening for the Old Country on a visit. She will be away for some time.

Rev. Mr. Andie, the new pastor of the Methodist church here, arrived last Wednesday morning. He conducted both services on Sunday.

The I. O. G. T. still booms. The programme last Thursday night was excellent. Miss Lulu Mabey, of Salt Lake city, is visiting relatives at the Lincoln House here.

Mrs. W. H. Hunt returned on Friday from a visit with her parents in Dunville.

Jas. Livingston, of Dumfries, spent a few days last week with his son, Reeve Livingston.

Rev. J. Metcalfe and family have gone to their summer residence in Port Carling, Muskoka.

A. E. Van Dyke, of Toronto, spent Thursday with his family.

The East Toronto Cricket Club played last Wednesday. The game was a draw as the time was limited, but when stumps were pulled the score stood 117 for Toronto and 48 for Grimsby for nine wickets.

Jos. Taylor is home from Le Roy, N. Y., on a visit.

The Misses L. and B. Wesmer and L. House spent Sunday with friends at Jordan Station.

A large number of Hamilton bicyclists were in town on Sunday.

Mr. Partridge, of St. Catharines, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. J. L. McCallum, of N. Y., is the guest of S. E. Mabey.

E. G. Fisher and wife, of Ancaster, are spending a few days with Mrs. J. Fisher, of North Grimsby.

Rev. W. L. McCallum, of N. Y., is on his way to his new charge, Mount Pleasant.

Thos. Sowerby's dwelling on the brow of the mountain was burned down on Saturday afternoon. It is not known whether there was any insurance on the building and contents or not.

Domination Day passed off very quietly here. The great attraction was Grimsby Park, where the Foresters had arranged to have a big gathering.

C. T. Farrell and wife spent Domination Day with relatives in Hamilton.

Mrs. Baker, who was thrown out of her buggy last Tuesday evening and severely injured, is still lying.

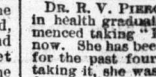
C. W. Kitchen, formerly of this place, but now of Brantford, was in town a few days this week.

A cricket match was played here on Domination Day between the Welland and the Grimsby teams. The home team was victorious by a score of 64 to 55.

J. Leeper and Miss Leeper, of St. Catharines, spent the First with friends here.

## WEDDING BELLS AT CANFIELD.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, June 27th, at Maple Lane Farm, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Connelley, the contracting parties being their daughter, Miss Lizzie Connelley, and Mr. Kendrick Murphy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. Chalmers, of Cayuga, and witnessed by about forty guests. The bride looked pretty in a costume of white serge, richly trimmed with Spanish lace and moire ribbon, and was the recipient of many valuable and useful presents. A pleasant afternoon was spent, and after a sumptuous tea the happy couple took the train en route for Buffalo and other places, and showers of rice and best wishes of all for prosperity and a happy future.



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W. H. Snyder

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Dark and Light Prints, 6, 6½ and 7c, Saturday's price 5c.

Dark and Light Prints, 8, 8½ and 9c, Saturday's price 6½c.

Dark and Light Prints, 10, 11 and 12½c, Saturday's price 8½c.

Prints and Sateens, 12½, 14 and 15c, Saturday's price 10c.

Bleached Cotton, 36 ins. wide, regular 8c, Saturday 5½c.

Parasols and Ladies' Umbrellas, \$1.50 and \$1.75, Saturday's price \$1.

Parasols and Umbrellas, \$2, \$2.25 and \$2.50, Saturday \$1.50.

All-wool Delaines, 25, 30 and 35c, Saturday's price 19½c.

Print Blouses, 35, 40 and 50c, Saturday's price 25c.

White Lawn Blouses, 60, 75 and 85c, Saturday's price 50c.

Black and Navy Serges, 58 ins. wide, \$1.50 and \$1.75, Saturday's price \$1 a yard.

50, 60 and 75c Light Colored Silk Gloves, Saturday's price 25c a pair.

White Lawn, 10c, Saturday's price 7½c.

Striped and Dotted Linen Lawns, 23 and 25c, Saturday 12½c.

Imported Crinkle Muslins, 25c, Saturday 10c.

Lace Flouncings and All-over Embroideries, \$1, \$1.50 and \$1.75, Saturday all at 25c a yd.

Men's Summer Ties and Scarfs, 50 and 60c, Saturday price 20c.

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