

# A FAIR MALDEN'S NO.

## The Story of an Unprecedented Courtship and a Betrayed Trust.

(Not Yet Published in Book Form.)

After a silence Carroll said: "I like you best when you don't try to draw your own portrait in charcoal. The picture you then make is so misleading."

"Ah, you will believe that I'm worth believing in?"

"Believe that you haven't lost belief in yourself?"

"Thanks, Mr. Foss, Carroll would declare that I've never had any."

"Foss?" echoed Carroll. "You've spoken of them before. And you really have Foss, Chalmers?"

"My dear fellow, I show me the man of cities who dares to lift his head an inch above the crowd, and yet who is without them."

Again Carroll seemed to muse. "I should imagine that few important persons have been without them. In rapidly recalling certain lives of such persons I should judge you to be wholly right. Still, what greater praise could be given the best of men than to state truthfully of him that none of his foes were of his own making?"

Somewhat ill at ease and others like it from the lips of his friend recurred to Channing after he was alone that evening, in the silence of his own bed room, listening to the crickets and the katydids as their dreamy cries o'ert the darkness that enigm the lonely homestead.

"Where," he thought, "does Carroll get those bits of wisdom, those jewels, five words long? From his readings, of course; the society here is absurdly restricted. Ah, what a strange destiny for so remarkable a spirit! And what has it made of him thus far? The oddest of anomalies—a man with the brain and culture and learning of a savant, with the innocence, the inexperience of a child, and will he always endure such a lot? Will he not, sooner or later, break his bonds, feeling for the first time that they are bonds? What splendid surprises wait him in the way of travel, society, association, with his peers? How eloquently to a soul like his, should the art of the Old World speak! Good Heavens! one can fancy him agitated and trembling even in the galleries of our own poor little Twenty-third street saloon!"

"And yet," Channing further meditated, "supposing he should go on respecting and obeying that strange desire of his dead mother? Might he not gain in the end more than he lost? Upon my life, I'm half persuaded to decide so! For how would contact with the masses of mankind affect him now? At every ten steps would he not feel like recoiling, shocked, dismayed, horrified? I can imagine the tragic-comic of his novitiate—for surely it would have its fearful side. But, ah! the pathos—might not that, as well, be piercing?"

Carroll was popular in Southmeadow though many of his residents looked on him as a curious impractical, and regarded this last of his two recent bereavements in the light of a completed orphanage. He received plenty of condolences and not a little from young maidens on whom his lavish amiability had dispensed its artless ardors. He had a solar way of bending alike on all these damsels, and some, who held their heads high, resented his unselective urbanity. Others were gratefully glad of it and proud as well. But it had begun to be rather widely credited among what would have been an assemblage of very pretty heads, provided they had all been put together, that Carroll despite richly attractive traits, was not of the falling-in-love kind.

Hearing something of the sort one day from an elderly virgin, who was quite out of the contest, Chalmers Channing laughed and said:

"Not of the kind, perhaps, that falls in love to-day and falls out of it to-morrow. But wait till he meets a woman worthy of his steel, Miss Wigglesworth; only wait!"

"Miss Wigglesworth?" began, tartly, "please understand that we have many girls in Southmeadow who—"

"Are angels; I went it. Only, if you'll pardon my saying so, they seem to me not just the species that he would most admire—not angels with wings of precisely his feather."

A few days after the professor's funeral Carroll told his friend: "You must find me a very gloomy companion. I've never before known what people call depression."

"You're not so gloomy; and to me, my boy, you would always be interesting, no matter what were your mood. But I see the subtle difference of which you speak. The truth is, you need—" and here Channing paused.

"Well?" questioned Carroll.

"Change of scene. When that insidious little evil comes creeping into everything we do or think, when it flutters our morning coffee, and ruffles our mid-night pillow—then the one has come for us to pull up our tent, and drive them into unfamiliar soil."

"Perhaps you're right, Chalmers."

"Trust me, I'm certain that I'm right."

"And yet," said Carroll softly, "that wish of my poor dear mother—I can't forget it."

"But it was not a demand, Carroll."

"No."

"You surely don't propose to spend all the rest of your days at Southmeadow?"

"I'm crying in a voice of consternation, simply because—"

"Those gentle blue-gray eyes of Carroll's turned full upon him, and again he trembled.

"Do you mean, Chalmers, because my dear mother deeply desired it?"

Channing gave a perplexed sigh. To everybody else in the world he was a man of the world. When with Carroll, he often felt as if some bewildering idyllic spell were potent. It made him think of that line at the end of Keats' loveliest poem—

And with these fade away into the forest green.

Openly, and in his joking way, he now said something of this sort. "But, ah, Carroll, how tiresome for us to fade away into the forest green without any vestige of modern conveniences! They've civilized the Adirondacks, more or less. Suppose we get there. I imagine we could get there without seeking a place bigger than Southmeadow."

Carroll rather promptly consented. The autumn weather was magnificent; the mountains were bannered with gorgeous splendors of leafage. Channing was no sort of a shot, but fishing delighted him. He spent hours every day at this diversion.

But Carroll would neither shoot nor fish. He was very reticent on these points, but very decided. Nobody at the hotels where they stopped knew of his aversion save Channing alone.

"You prefer never to join me," the latter had said to him one day, "after several hours of fine piscatorial sport. 'I abhor killing things,' came the answer."

Channing suppressed a disrespectful smile.

"But, my dear boy, you eat 'things' after they are killed."

"Yes," Carroll assented, "But getting amusement from their death is another affair. Did you ever read Shelley's essay on vegetarianism?"

"I've read it—and liked it. But Shelley was a dreamer of ideals."

Carroll nodded affirmation. "Are not the dreamers of ideals," he asked, "the real regents of progress, the real guides to human happiness?"

"But, Carroll, do you think it actually wrong to fish and hunt?"

"It would be wrong for me; it would be against my nature."

"No true sportsman wantonly kills. He gives his game a chance for his life."

Carroll's first response was an incredulous smile. "Does not the fisherman play his agonized and maddened fish before he lands it? Does he not secure it by the wildest sort of deceit? Does he not use his hook and bait and netting it afterward? Watch a young child or a cultivated young woman at this pastime, Chalmers, and you will see them recoil from it at first. One gets used to it by hardening a certain humane part of one which had better be kept uncallous."

"Oh, you're quite too severely radical. Hunting has been thought of pleasures from immemorial time."

"So was war for centuries thought the manliest of occupations. In a few centuries, unless I err, gasms and soldiers will be classed together."

"But courage!"

"Ah, mere physical courage, alone by itself, is of slight account. The cruellest barbarians have it, and the lowest beasts. It is futile, it is often harmful, unless bridled and harnessed by conscience. Courage, in its undiluted state, is like strychnine or belladonna. These were rankest poisons till medicine made them curative."

Channing threw back his head with a faint laugh. "What an iconoclast you are!"

"I hope that I only try to destroy false gods."

"It's lucky you don't seek to sow your heresies broadcast in these mountains, my boy, haunted as they are by legions of devout deerstayers."

"They'd stone me like a new Stephen, I suppose. And yet, Chalmers, the slaughter of those magnificent beasts, with their aerial horns, their velvet bodies, their big, dark stars of eyes! Wantonly to destroy such grace, beauty, power, fleetness, and then to chuckle over the message, 'Pah! it smelt of Old Rome and butchered slaves!'"

After a sojourn of three weeks in the Adirondacks Carroll returned to Southmeadow refreshed and enlivened. When he reached home a startling announcement awaited him.

He and Channing discussed it together. "So Van Horn Courtaine is dead, Carroll," said the latter, "and without ever seeing you, has remembered you so gloriously."

"Gloriously!" repeated Carroll as if the word were prickly and had scratched him.

"Why, yes. All your future is altered now. You must leave Southmeadow; you must hob and nob with the civilized millions."

"By no means," answered Carroll. "There is not a shadow of necessity that I shall do so."

Channing gave a cry of astonishment. "Not leave Southmeadow now! I am I am demoted, my friend, or am I the duke of a fantastic dream?"

CHAPTER III.

"Neither," I hope," replied Carroll, soberly. "My uncle's will imposes upon me certain requirements. I need not accept them."

"And you'll lose a million dollars in consequence."

"That would be the penalty, certainly."

"Most certainly it would!" exclaimed Channing. "The message of that New York lawyer, who took the journey here yesterday for the sole purpose of imparting it, could not be clearer. Mr. Van Horn Courtaine leaves to charities the major part of his fortune. To you he leaves \$1,000,000 and his house in the lower Fifth avenue. But the conditions of the inheritance are very distinct. You are powerless to sell this house for ten years, and for the first three years after becoming its possessor you must spend in it three months of residence out of every twelve. Otherwise, you forfeit the whole bequest."

"Right, Chalmers."

"Well, you can't have felt any serious rebellion against such terms, Carroll?"

"They are exacting."

"I like my liberty, you know."

"But, man, in the name of mercy, what will take it from you? Being compelled to live three months every year for three years in a delightful old knickerbocker mansion in as pretty a picture as a quarter as New York contains. 'Down the avenue,' they call it, and it's near Washington Square, some of whose trees would look antiquated even in Southmeadow."

"Yes, yes. It all seems very splendid. Too splendid, I fear. It dazzles."

"And he raised one hand as if to shade his eyes."

"He'll come to it soon," decided Channing, "though his mother's ghost should appear and plead with him, like Hamlet's father's. Curiosity will 'fetch' him, if nothing else. Besides, this whole fortuitous event is enough to stimulate the imagination like brandy. I should feel intoxicated, if I were here, for the next twelve months."

Carroll did come to it, though not by any means soon. November had begun before he finally accepted the terms of his uncle's will by taking a morning train for New York.

No one would have suspected, as he left the Grand Central with Channing, that he had never before now laid eyes on the structures of a large city or but an ear to its tumult. Years ago his mother had directed his tastes in the matter of dress. He had nothing particular about the cut of his broadcloth or the contour of his hat. He garbed himself then, and always continued to garb himself, with the greatest of quiet, and perhaps this perfect simplicity of attire emphasized the distinction of his good looks.

It was one of those exquisite days, cloudless and temperate, by which November often proves herself to be the pearl of all the months in the New York calendar. Carroll insisted on walking after they had quitted the station, though his friend told him that lower Fifth avenue was a good distance away. They passed down Park avenue for nearly a mile in complete silence, and it meanwhile struck Channing that he had rarely seen this airy and prosperous boulevard look handsomer.

At last he said: "Well, how are you impressed?"

"It's very"—Carroll paused, as if for a word, "it's very short in."

"Shut in? Why, except the Bowery, I don't believe we've a more open street than this."

"Really?"

(To be continued.)

### Search for an Expurgated Man.

Once I "dip into the future far as human eye could see," And saw it was not Sandow, nor John Sullivan, but she—The Emancipated Woman, who was weeping here and there for the discovery of Expurgated Man. But the sun of evolution ever rose and ever set. And that saddest of mortals hadn't evolved yet. Hence the tears that she caressed, hence the sighs that tore apart All the sentimental connections of her indurated heart. Cried Emancipated Woman, as she wealed of the search:

"In advancing I have left myself distinctly in the lurch!

Seeking still a worthy partner, from the land of brutes and dudes I have penetrated rashly into man's solitudes. Now without a mate of any kind where am I, that's to say, Where shall I be to-morrow?—where exert my rightful sway And the purifying strength of my emancipated mind? Can solitude be lifted up, vacuity refined?

Calling, calling from the shadows in the rear, for my assistance— From the region of Unprogress in the dark domain of ignorance— Long I heard the Evesque-like beseeching my return. To share the degradation his reluctant to believe. But I fancied I detected—though I fear it wasn't that— A low reverberation, like an echo in a hall. So I've held my way regardless, evolving year by year. Till now you now behold me—or would I if you were here— A condensed Emancipation and a Purification, independent entirely appropriately found!

Independent! Yes, in spirit, but (Oh, woe, woe, woe!) stateful! Doomed to premature extinction by preference, to extinction or reversion, for Unexpurgated Man Still awaits me in the backward if I sicken of the van. Oh, the horrible dilemma!—to be odious With an Unexpurgated Species, or become a Type Extinct!

As Emancipated Woman waited her sorrow to the air, Stalking on her dissolution came a being strange and rare— Plato's Man—bipedal, featherless from mandible to rump, Its wings two quill-like flippers and its tail a plumeless stump. First it scratched and then it clucked, It invited her to banquet on imaginary worms. Then it strutted up before her with a lifting of the head, And in accents of affection and of sympathy it said: "My estate is somewhat 'umble, but I'm qualified to draw Near the eminent, dear and I whisk up my heart and claw. To Emancipated Anything as walks upon he reached home a startling announcement awaited him."

He and Channing discussed it together. "So Van Horn Courtaine is dead, Carroll," said the latter, "and without ever seeing you, has remembered you so gloriously."

"Gloriously!" repeated Carroll as if the word were prickly and had scratched him.

"Why, yes. All your future is altered now. You must leave Southmeadow; you must hob and nob with the civilized millions."

"By no means," answered Carroll. "There is not a shadow of necessity that I shall do so."

Channing gave a cry of astonishment. "Not leave Southmeadow now! I am I am demoted, my friend, or am I the duke of a fantastic dream?"

CHAPTER III.

"Neither," I hope," replied Carroll, soberly. "My uncle's will imposes upon me certain requirements. I need not accept them."

"And you'll lose a million dollars in consequence."

"That would be the penalty, certainly."

"Most certainly it would!" exclaimed Channing. "The message of that New York lawyer, who took the journey here yesterday for the sole purpose of imparting it, could not be clearer. Mr. Van Horn Courtaine leaves to charities the major part of his fortune. To you he leaves \$1,000,000 and his house in the lower Fifth avenue. But the conditions of the inheritance are very distinct. You are powerless to sell this house for ten years, and for the first three years after becoming its possessor you must spend in it three months of residence out of every twelve. Otherwise, you forfeit the whole bequest."

"Right, Chalmers."

"Well, you can't have felt any serious rebellion against such terms, Carroll?"

"They are exacting."

"I like my liberty, you know."

"But, man, in the name of mercy, what will take it from you? Being compelled to live three months every year for three years in a delightful old knickerbocker mansion in as pretty a picture as a quarter as New York contains. 'Down the avenue,' they call it, and it's near Washington Square, some of whose trees would look antiquated even in Southmeadow."

"Yes, yes. It all seems very splendid. Too splendid, I fear. It dazzles."

"And he raised one hand as if to shade his eyes."

"He'll come to it soon," decided Channing, "though his mother's ghost should appear and plead with him, like Hamlet's father's. Curiosity will 'fetch' him, if nothing else. Besides, this whole fortuitous event is enough to stimulate the imagination like brandy. I should feel intoxicated, if I were here, for the next twelve months."

Carroll did come to it, though not by any means soon. November had begun before he finally accepted the terms of his uncle's will by taking a morning train for New York.

No one would have suspected, as he left the Grand Central with Channing, that he had never before now laid eyes on the structures of a large city or but an ear to its tumult. Years ago his mother had directed his tastes in the matter of dress. He had nothing particular about the cut of his broadcloth or the contour of his hat. He garbed himself then, and always continued to garb himself, with the greatest of quiet, and perhaps this perfect simplicity of attire emphasized the distinction of his good looks.

It was one of those exquisite days, cloudless and temperate, by which November often proves herself to be the pearl of all the months in the New York calendar. Carroll insisted on walking after they had quitted the station, though his friend told him that lower Fifth avenue was a good distance away. They passed down Park avenue for nearly a mile in complete silence, and it meanwhile struck Channing that he had rarely seen this airy and prosperous boulevard look handsomer.

At last he said: "Well, how are you impressed?"

### WHY THEY ARE UNBELIEVERS.

Dr. Talmage recently gave his reasons for assuming that newspaper men were unbelievers. He says that the members of the press are all the conventionalists and shams of the world turned out. Other people sometimes see them the same way, but not so frequently not so vividly. He recently expressed his wonder that "journalists" believe anything. We have wondered the same way sometimes.

Doctors see the physical weaknesses of men and women. To lawyers they reveal their hidden intentions. But the newspaper man comes in contact with all the weaknesses, the follies, the humors, the ambitions and aspirations of men and women.

He knows what conceit is—in other people, in his own disposition—in his pursuit of glory, or a little political office; he knows the demagogic and hypocrite, the false hero, the conventionalist and the shams of the world turned out. He sees them as not as through a glass darkly, but under the electric light with wisdom and microscopic precision. He has seen of sin as well as the warts of the saints, and he has touched hands with crime.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN sees the world pretty much as it is—more so than the members of any other profession or trade, for he has a keen eye for the truth and a trade, and the newspaper writer is both an artist and an artisan, a painter with a brush and palette, or a blacksmith with an anvil and a hammer—either at times or all the time, or both.

He is figuratively a literally behind the scenes where the actors are daubing their faces with paint and powder, and where the actresses are putting out their forms to deceive the world in general.

There are moments when he feels a contempt for himself and his profession, because he cannot paint things in their real colors, because he must use the paint of the artist. In the printed columns brides must be beautiful and the dead have the good lives; preachers must be pious and office-seeking politicians men of many "good qualities," and always deserving.—The Fourth Estate.

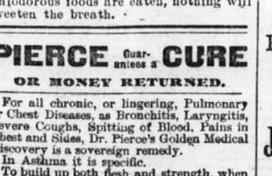
### TO HAVE SWEET BREATH.

Clean the teeth with a brush, pass a flat silk thread between them and rinse the mouth, too, or three times with warm or cool, but never cold water. A few drops of tincture of myrrh or listerine in the water will be found excellent, both as a disinfectant and to remove the taste of foods. Cold waters are a great good, as they shock the teeth, the processes of mastication leaving them sensitive to cold. If the digestion is bad, if the stomach is out of order, if there is a cold in the head, or on the lungs, or if unpalatable foods are eaten, nothing will sweeten the breath.

### PIERCE'S CURE

OR CHRONIC, OR LINGERING, PULMONARY OR CHEST DISEASES, as BRONCHITIS, LARYNGITIS, SEVERE COUGHS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, PAINS IN CHEST AND SIDES, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only remedy. In Asthma it is specific. To build up both flesh and strength, when reduced below the standard of health by pneumonia, or "lung fever," grip, or exhausting fevers, it is the best restorative tonic known.

E. H. NORMAN, Esq., thinks the "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best medicine for pain in the chest that I have ever known. I am a sound and well, and owe it all to the "Discovery."



MR. NORMAN.

THE PLAN OF SELLING MEDICINES ON TRIAL IS PECULIAR TO PIERCE'S CURE.

Canada THE LAND WE LIVE IN...  
Photographed.  
Over 400 Views OF OUR COUNTRY,  
In Weekly Parts Only 10c Each

We have secured the right to issue this valuable and superb edition of Canadian Views for this District.

CUT COUPON FROM THIS PAPER AND FORWARD TO THIS OFFICE. WITH 10 CENTS.

CANADA is without doubt the finest and most superb production of the kind yet issued in this country, and is superior to the great majority of American publications. EVERY CANADIAN SHOULD SECURE IT.

TEN CENTS PER PART COVERS ALL EXPENSES.

**TIMES PRINTING CO.,**  
HAMILTON, ONT.

A CRASH IN PRICES. Coutts' Acetocura, EVERY FAMILY INTERESTED.

Cuts of from 10 to 20 per cent. made throughout our CARPET DEPARTMENT. An opportunity that you should make the most of.

THAT period known to the trade as "The Spring Season" has closed. It has not been remarkable for its brilliancy, and the shelves of our Carpet department are unduly encumbered with an immense stock of new and cheap goods. With a view to relieving them, and permitting us to go into the market with the knowledge that we shall have ample room for our fall purchases, we have made radical reductions in prices. Did space permit, the price would be printed here, but it is hardly necessary to have a reputation for doing just what we advertise. During this opportunity will open to all cash purchasers. Those who avail themselves of its benefits will have reason for gratification. Goods will be reserved for purchasers until they are ready to have them laid down. Japanese Art Matings just received. Store closes at 6 p. m. every evening during Jubilee August.

MALCOLM & SOUTER, 91 and 93 King street west, cor. Park street. Carpets—Furniture—Curtains.

FURNITURE. BRITAM'S HARDWARE. They be and no doubt is of surpassing interest to politicians who shall

PRESENT THE CITY for next four years. In any case the trade of city will go on as usual, and what interest is most is whether or not we shall obtain a good share of

THE HARDWARE TRADE of they and surrounding country. We will endeavor to meet it by having THE RIGHT GOODS AT THE RIGHT PRICE,

and matter to what party in politics you belong ask you to give us a trial, if you are not already amongst the large number of our support.

PEER BERTRAM, 503 KING STREET WEST, HAMILTON.

J. HOODLESS & SON, 61, 63 and 65 King st. west.

LAIBERT'S RESTAURANT, KING WILLIAM STREET. Try Lamb for Good Meals and Oysters

F. V. GATES, JUN., DISTRICT AGENT ROYA INSURANCE CO'Y. ASSE including Capital \$45,000,000. OFFICE 4 JAMES STREET SOUTH. Telephone 88.

Garland & Rutherford, Medical Hall, 7 and 9 King street east, Hamilton.

THE LENOX SPRAY, HOLDS 21 QUARTS, FOR— Potato Bugs, Fruit Trees, Vines, etc. PRICE \$4. GRAPE AND SMALL FRUIT CULTURE. Sprays like a mist. Turn nozzle up, you can spray 15 feet high; release the pressure of your thumb and you stop the spray.

ROBERT EVANS & CO., Seed Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

PORTLAND CEMENT, Water Lime, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Calcined Plaster, Plastering Hair (cleaned), Lath and Shingles and Cedar Posts, H. & J. DOW TEL. 77—81 MAIN ST. WEST.