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JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR

Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed and furnished, complete.

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Flour, Beef, Pork, Hams Bacon, Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Barley, Peas, Soaps, Lard, Bran and Feed, Rolled Oats and Standard Oatmeal and Cornmeal in bbls. and ½ bbls. Ontario and Moncton Cracked Feed, etc.

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J. A. RUNDLE.

Newcastle, Jan. 8, 1898.

A Fine Line of

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at the

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SEEDS. SEEDS. SEEDS.

I have received my Spring stock of Garden Field and Flower seeds which I intend to sell at a small advance over cost.

FLOUR. FLOUR. FLOUR.

FIVE ROSES,

which has no equal.

JERSEY LILY.

This brand of flour needs no puffing, it gives better satisfaction to the housekeeper than any other brand.

Rolled oat meal in bbls. and half bbls.
Corn meal in bbls. and bags
Shorts and Moncton feed.

Agent for

Bradley's Fertilizer.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Now is the time to purchase your boots and shoes and keep your feet dry. This entire lot must be sold at prices to suit the buyer.

GROCERIES, GROCERIES,

in abundance, quality guaranteed, prices below all other dealers.

M. BANNON'S
Cheap Cash Store.

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I wish to remind my patrons and the public generally that I am still

Carrying on the Tailoring

the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and Creighton's Store. I have a fine LINE OF SAMPLES selected from British and American goods, their own importation, which have than usually up in

GOOD STYLE

Causing this advertisement. Perfect Satisfaction has been given in the past and I can guarantee the same in the future.

J. R. McDONALD.

Newcastle Sept., 1898

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Ask for

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when you order matches. Then you will be sure of having the best.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Agency.

I represent the following Companies for Newcastle.

North British & Mercantile Fire Insurance Co. of England.
Atlas Fire Assurance Co. of England.
Alliance Fire Assurance Co. of England.
Phœnix Fire Assurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.
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Keystone Fire Assurance Co. of Edinborough.
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E. LEE STREET.

April 25, 1898.

New Carriage and Sleigh Works

The Subscriber begs to inform the public that he is now prepared to attend to the wants of all patrons who may require anything in the line of

Carriages or Sleighs.

Repairing promptly performed.

Hoping by strict attention to business to merit a large share of public patronage.

Mitchell Falconer.

Newcastle, Sept 7, 1897.

WANTED.

5000 HIDES for which cash will be paid.

MILLER BROS.

2m.

To Cure an Obstinate Cough

leading doctors recommend "CAMPBELL'S Wine of Beech Tree Creosote." It seldom fails to cure, and is sure to give relief.

Ask your Druggist for it. R. CAMPBELL & Co. Agts., Montreal.

PIG'S FEET,

COOKED

LAMB'S TONGUE,

HAMS

AND

BACON.

JOHN HOPKINS,

St John, N. B.

Sash And Door Factory

The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle,

Window sashes and frames, Glazed and Unglazed,

DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MOULDINGS, Planing and Matching, etc.

H. C. Niven.

Newcastle Jan. 2, 185.

Winter Blooming

BULBS.

Bermuda Easter Lilies, Chinese Sacred Lilies, Tulips, and Hyacinths

AT GEO. STABLES'

Miscellaneous.

Meeks—My wife is nothing if not original. Now, what do you suppose she said when I asked her to marry me?

Weeks—Oh, something about its being so sudden, I suppose!

Meeks—No, indeed! She said: 'Well, I think it's about time. I've been expecting you to make a break for three months!'

BADDECK, June 11, 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

DEAR SIRS,—Minard's Liniment is my remedy for NEURALGIA. It relieves at once.

A. S. McDONALD.

He—Why did you fail to recognize me on the street to-day?

She—I didn't see you.

He—That's strange! I saw you twice.

She—Oh, that probably accounts for it. I never notice a man in that condition.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures colds, etc.

Sweet Girl—Papa, Mr. Poorchap proposed to me last night, and I told him I would marry him if you were willing.

Father—Send him about his business.

Sweet Girl—He hasn't any.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Diptheria.

Bess—I wish that young Softleigh wouldn't stare at me so every time we meet. It's dreadfully embarrassing.

Nell—Yes, poor fellow! He never did have much sense.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Distemper.

A young woman who met a polite young man in a street car of this city missed her watch shortly after leaving him. And again we see that politeness always pays.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures garget in cows.

'That man's fortune was built upon the groans, tears and blood of widows, orphans, old men and struggling women.'

'Railroad monopolist?'

'No; dentist.'

Before. After. Wood's Phosphodine, The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

For sale by Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Newcastle by H. D. Peters—in Chatham by J. D. McKenzie.

Mrs. Bellefield (interrupting her own narration)—Oh, George, is my hat on straight?

Mr. Bellefield—Can't you talk through it unless it is?

Write to DR. BOBERTZ, he is

THE DOCTOR WHO CURES

weakness of men. Expert scientific treatment. Instructive book free. Address G. H. BOBERTZ, M. D., 252 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Laura—I never wishe tb ut once that it was proper for women to smoke.

Flora—Good gracious? When was that?

'When I first got an engagement ring

To Cure a Headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powder. At E. Lee Street's, 10 cts. Aug 30

Grocer—Well, little one, what can I do for you?

Poll'y—Please sir, mamma says will you change $1 for her, and she'll give you the dollar to-morrow.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY PERsons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly $75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Prest., Dept. M. Chicago.

'You and Bogby are dear friends, aren't you?

'Well, he has been dear to me, but I have never cost him anything.'

MADE ME A MAN

AJAX TABLETS GIVE LIVELY CURE. A Nervous Sufferer—Failing Memory, Impotency, Lost Manhood, etc., caused by Abuse or other Excesses and Indiscretions. They quickly and surely restore Lost Vitality in old or young, and fit a man for study, business or marriage. Prevent Insanity and Consumption if taken in time. Their use shows immediate improvement and effects a CURE where all other fail. In that upon, having the genuine Ajax Tablets. They have cured thousands and will cure you. We give a positive written guarantee to effect a cure 50 CTS. per package; or six pkges (full treatment) for $2.50. By mail, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of price. Circular free. AJAX REMEDY CO., 79 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

'How did you feel when she gave you the marble heart?

'Very rocky.'

What a Train of Ailments follow in the wake of a stomach that is out of kilter—what a story of suffering can be saved in the timely use of so pleasant and positive a cure for Dyspepsia and Indigestion as Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. The pineapple is a veritable fountain of vegetable pepsin—Nature's tonic for people out of sorts. One Tablet relieves. 35 cents.—Sold by E. Lee Street.

Feed Grinding Mill.

I have placed one of the latest and best machines in my factory and am now prepared to grind all kinds of grain for feed purposes.

H. C. NIVEN.

Newcastle, Oct. 17th.

Selected Literature

A ROYAL SPORT.

WILD TURKEY SHOOTING AS IT USED TO BE.

Always Called Good Game—A Sly and Knowing Bird—Tricks of the Trade. How Turkeys Are Trapped—Benjamin Franklin's Idea of the Turkey.

The turkey, like Thanksgiving day, with which he is inseparably associated in the American mind, is, in the language of a proud Yankee, "one of the institootions." It had been domesticated and bred in the old world before the pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, presumably by the Spaniards, who captured specimens in Mexico and transported them to Europe. In every part of the American continent except the frigid regions of the extreme north the earliest settlers found the turkey in its wild state. The species of fowl which was regarded as so toothsome at the first American Thanksgiving was the bird of today in his unenlightened condition.

The pioneers of all parts of the United States where there were extensive tracts of forest found wild turkeys in great abundance, and even in the days when deer were plentiful no hunter scorned this bird as unworthy of his prowess. Wild turkey hunting was and yet is a royal sport wherever the bird exists. He is considered noble game and, like the deer and the buffalo, has rapidly disappeared from many of his former haunts before the march of civilization. He is now seldom found in his native state except in the larger forests of the great north and northwest, the brush lands of Arkansas and the Indian territory and the jungles of semitropical Florida.

Within the memory of many sportsmen turkey hunting was considered great sport in southern Indiana and Illinois, and the writer, who is "one of the trade," has brought down more than one of the proud birds by the skillful use of his father's ancient, long barreled rifle. The methods of taking the turkey all require the exercise of ingenuity. The bird is timid and regards man as his natural enemy. It is and has been since the turkeys of the country first observed that a man with a gun produced great noise and much slaughter among them impossible to get near enough to render a shot certain of results without approaching the game under cover.

When turkeys were plentiful in the great wooded tracts of the Ohio and the Mississippi valleys, the hunters in the daytime sought for their roosts, which were easily found by means of the fæces. Then he concealed himself within easy range of the place and awaited sunset, when a large flock would approach the place and one by one fly up to the almost horizontal branches on which the birds prefer to roost. A shot at that time would put an end to the sport. The hunter must wait until the last of the flock has mounted the perch and the twilight has so deepened that he can but just fix by his vision the muzzle sight of his rifle in the little nick of the one nearer the breech. If he remains out of sight, he may be able to secure two or even three birds ere the darkness puts an end to his sport. Then he gathers up his game and goes home to return long before the cock crows, for at break of day his turkeys will leave that roost never to return. If he is careful, he may get two more of the flock as a result of his early morning visit.

Then comes another ruse of the hunter, by the skillful exercise of which he may be able to inveigle two or three more of the turkeys to their death. In the wing of each turkey is a hollow bone that can readily be transformed into a whistle, the note of which, when properly blown, very closely resembles the call of a turkey. Not far away and well concealed lies the "daylight murderer's accomplice." As soon after their flight from the perch as the turkeys discover that all has become quiet and the gobblers have mustered up a little courage, they begin calling for the purpose of collecting the remnant of the flock preparatory to a permanent departure from the scene of the massacre. The second hunter softly answers with his whistle, and the chances are great that he will by often responding to the inquiring cry lure the turkey within range of his gun. A sharp report, repeated over and again by the echoing hillsides, a flutter of wings in a death struggle on the ground, and the forest is again wrapped in silence.

After an hour of waiting the hunter sounds his call, then listens for a faint response. If none is heard, he ventures again. A third effort is likely to elicit an answer unless the turkeys have become so terrified by the last shot that by common impulse they have fled precipitately alone or in very small groups. If they have hidden themselves in clumps of bushes or the tops of fallen trees to which the withered foliage is still clinging, the hunter may get another shot.

The third method is to entrap the birds. A strong pen of logs or rails is erected in the wood, and a trench with an easy descent beneath the foundation piece is dug deep enough to admit the largest turkey without crowding. In the trench a little corn is strewn, and the turkeys walk along eating or looking for something to eat as they go until all of them are within the pen. Then they become alarmed and go tearing around the inclosure with their heads erect and chirping as loudly as they can.

They never lower their heads enough to discover that it is as easy for a sensible bird to get out as for a foolish one to get in, and as the pen is securely covered the turkeys remain there until the clever trapper comes and puts a peremptory end to their dire affright. Benjamin Franklin once deplored the fact that the turkey had not been selected as the bird of freedom, but it is probably best that the Yankees did not make this high headed, foolish creature the emblem of their liberty.—Jeweler.

mother's medicine.

What distress and anguish come to the mother when her little one wakes up at night with a nasty croupy cough. Wise mothers always keep on hand a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It's so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness are such that the cough is checked before anything serious develops.

From one end of the Dominion to the other people are praising Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and all Lung Affections.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

25c. at all druggists.

Of all the nerve-tonics—bromos, celeries or nervines—your doctor will tell you that the Hypophosphites are best understood. So thoroughly related is the nervous system to disease that some physicians prescribe Hypophosphites alone in the early stages of Consumption. Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil, emulsified, with the Hypophosphites, happily blended. The result of its use is greater strength and activity of the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves.

Let us send you a book all about it. Sent free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

HEALTHY, HAPPY WOMEN.

Pain and Weakness Banished through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It's sad to think that so many women suffer from pain, Weak Spells, Heart Palpitation, Sinking Sensations,

Nervousness, Sleeplessness—who could be restored to the full enjoyment of perfect health by a few boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

There can be no question about the efficacy of this remedy. Thousands of women have found it do all that is claimed for it. Here is the testimony of Mrs. Gillen, Wesley Street, Moncton, N.B.

"Before taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I used to suffer untold agony from violent headaches, irregular action of the heart, together with pains or spasms in various parts of my body.

"Sometimes I felt so weak that I was unable to look after my domestic duties. However, I had to endure this worry and trouble, because all the remedies I tried failed to give me relief, until happily I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I had only been taking them a short time when I felt greatly benefited. This encouraged me to continue their use until a complete cure was effected.

"I have not been troubled with a headache since taking these pills. They increased my appetite, invigorated my entire system, and gave me back my old time strength and vigor."

Take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists.

I Am Thankful—

That I never studied football at college.

That I never praised the poetry of my female friends.

That I never was sick more than two weeks at a time.

That a glass of whisky never put me into an exalted state.

That I never bluffed in a poker game at the wrong time.

That I never repeated a poor joke without feeling sorry for it.

That I never abused the trust put in me by my wife or the grocer.

That I never let my neighbors know the extent of my learning.

That I never originated a theory concerning the origin of microbes.

That I never patented anything intended to revolutionize the age.

That I never used a word of eight syllables when one of six would do.

That I never let my tailor wait more than nine months for his bill.

That I never smoked a bad cigar except in the seclusion of my sanctum.

That I never had any leanings toward philosophy, riding breeches or canvas-back duck.—Boston Globe.

FLOWERS AND LEAVES.

Some Appropriate Decorations For Thanksgiving Day.

The woman who converts her house into a sort of green bower, with avenues of palms and the like, may be creating a pretty effect, but she is not arranging an appropriate decoration for Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is an American festival, and exotics are out of place if one desires to preserve the American spirit in her decorations. Those hardy flowers which might grow out of doors in American yards are the best suited to Thanksgiving ornamentation, and of these the chrysanthemum is naturally first.

That obliging flower comes in almost every possible shade now and can be made to harmonize with any scheme of color decoration. It is as white as a snowdrop; it is tawny yellow and pale yellow; it is reddish brown and clear red; it is pink; it is soft lilac. Each of these colors comes in numberless sorts of blossoms—big ones, with tightly curled leaves, and little ones, with straggling, ragged leaves. No woman can despair of beautiful results who uses plenty of chrysanthemums.

A glass bowl full of the starry white blossoms set on a table of polished mahogany or deep red cherry is most effective. A bowl of dark red ones glowing in fine contrast to the polished oak of a library table is beautiful. Mantels on which plants full of blossoms are set are lovely if blossoms of one color are chosen. The deep yellow ones with edges darkening to brown are particularly good for this massed style of decoration.

One woman, who appreciates the value of cheesecloth, has covered the wall above her fireplace and mantelshelf with dark red cheesecloth gathered rather fully. On the center of the mantel itself she has arranged to have a low, big bowl of white chrysanthemums, while old fashioned glass candelabra at each end will add to the glittering, bright effect.

Smilax is not to be despised in decoration. Chandeliers and window frames may be wreathed with it, mantel mirrors half hidden beneath a latticework of it, and streamers of it suspended from available picture frames. Of course the cool, feathery green is not particularly appropriate for Thanksgiving decoration, but it serves as a delightful background for warmer, more glowing floral effects.

Besides chrysanthemums, which by their size and profusion at this season of the year lend themselves particularly to Thanksgiving decoration, there are baradia, with its coral, pink and red blossoms, roses of all descriptions, violets and the like. The woods still have trailing vines of red and bronze pine boughs and cones, brilliant leaves and dusky berries. The clever woman makes use of these profusely in decorating her house at Thanksgiving, and they seem particularly appropriate.—New York World.

How He Got His Dinner.

"As long as my boss hangs on," said the big workman, "I'm sure of just as fine a dinner for Thanksgiving as the market affords."

"Invited to his house?"

"No, of course not. He has too much sense to set me down to a table with a lot of the upper crust. I'd feel like crawling under the board and could no more eat than if I was gagged and handcuffed. He sends the stuff to the house, and we never get it all closed out much before Christmas."

"Does he treat all his men that way?"

"Couldn't afford it. He has hundreds of them, you know. But me and him had what he calls an escapade a good many years ago. You know, I was coachman for old Grinder. He had a daughter, the prettiest woman in the state, and with spirit enough to lead an army. My present boss fell in love with her. Grinder fairly kicked the roof off the house and told me to do the same with the young boss if I ever caught him on the premises. About that time I was—well, rather in love with Miss Grinder's maid, and she told me mighty plain that if I took sides with old Grinder against his daughter I'd have to go away from home to do my courting. It was a warm Thanksgiving day when the young folks planned to elope. The mistress wanted me to drive them, but I told her in a meaning way like that I better drive the old gentleman when he took up the chase. She saw the point and told me not to hurt him serious.

"Sure enough, when Grinder heard the girl had slipped away after dinner he was a cyclone. Away he went in a light buggy with a fast horse. On the creek bottom road I managed an upset and dragged him through slush and mud for a quarter of a mile. He was mad enough to murder some one, but he was too proud to own he was beaten, so he forgave the young folks and set the boss up in business."—Detroit Free Press.

Evolution in Idols.

The hero of the Thanksgiving of these modern days of this modern end of the century is not the chivalrous hero of bygone times, with his hair in a cue and laces dangling from his wrists, but he stands a stocky figure of herculean strength supported on a gridiron pedestal and holding aloft a grimy football in place of the sword of romance.

His face is massive with the force of his purpose. His hair recalls the jagged shreds of Japan's royal chrysanthemum. His muscles are hardened with the power of iron and the strength of his determination to do or die. His armor is an assorted collection of pads and shields and, on the principle that it is impossible to get too much of a good thing, his appearance on the field of honor is strikingly impressive and forceful. The football player rules the land on Thanksgiving day. His voice is loud in the land, and his supremacy is unrivaled. Banners are waved at him, and cheers are shouted. Canes proclaim his victory, and beauty extols his prowess. He is lord of the day.—Chicago Chronicle

The Thanksgiving Pessimist.

"What have I got to be thankful for? Guess the Lord isn't bothering himself much about me, and I won't trouble him with my thanks."

These are the folks with whom things always go wrong

Fall Into Line!

Get ready for Thanksgivin—jest set your table fine,
An put the finest crock'ry out an make the silver shine.
No matter how the country goes—jest carve the turkey's neck,
An while the carvin's goin on be thankful you're on deck.

Get ready for Thanksgivin—jest fall into your place,
An if the preacher ain't along be sure an say the grace.
No matter how the country goes—jest carve the turkey straight,
An with a smile o' thankfulness pitch in an pass your plate.

—Atlanta Constitution.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Arthur Wilson awoke with a vague sense of positive distress. What was it? He knew now. From the room beneath came the tink tink of a piano played—no, not played, thumped in a most atrociously crude fashion.

It was dreadful, awful, unendurable. It would have been bad enough if the tune had been played correctly, for to a man brought up on Boston symphony concerts the tunes of Mr. Sankey are not the most inspiring and satisfactory music, but this performance outrivaled anything Wilson could have dreamed in the way of imperfections. Moreover, there was a certain insistence in the thumping that foretold frequent application to the instrument. The racket would probably be kept up for hours at a time and many times during the day. What should he do about it?

Wilson poked his head from beneath the clothes and looked around. There was his baggage, there was the table especially put in by kind Mrs. Hapgood in order that he might have ample accommodation for his literary work. He might go elsewhere, but he knew that at this one house his needs could be satisfied, and as for going to another town, hadn't his physician told him with great emphasis that Boston was the one spot, by reason of its climatic conditions, where he could hope to accomplish his task without breaking down? Here, then, he must stay, and if he found that he positively could not stand the pounding of that piano he must find a way to stop it.

All through his preparations for breakfast the nerve wrecking attempt at music continued. There was a pause when he opened the door to go down—"probably hunting another tune," thought Wilson—and he hastened his steps that he might look into the parlor and see who it was that was apparently destined to torment him. Just as he laid his hand on the knob of the parlor door there was one solitary thump, as if the performer had unwittingly dropped a book on the keys. Next instant the door was open and Wilson beheld a sight that filled his heart with perturbations quite as exciting but far pleasanter than those that had been caused by the execrable playing.

Upon the piano stool, swinging around to face him and with the Moody and Sankey book in her hand, was a young woman whose fresh, radiant loveliness sent a thrill straight through his breast to the innermost core of his spinal column. So far as Wilson was concerned it was a case of love at sight. How else will you explain the lamentable confusion that beset him? How account for his sudden access of color and his subsequent behavior?

"Excuse me," he stammered, trying to withdraw, but rooted to the spot.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson," she responded, rising with admirable composure and simplicity. I wasn't at home when you came last evening, but, of course, I knew about it. I am Lucy Hapgood, and that saves mamma the trouble of introducing us. I am afraid the piano disturbed you."

"No, no. Not at all! Not in the least, I assure you," fabricated Wilson, with alarming emphasis. What further perjury he might have committed may be left to the imagination, for just then Mrs. Hapgood appeared and announced that breakfast was ready.

All through that bountiful meal Wilson reflected. He hardly dared raise his eyes from his plate, and for that matter he did not need to, because where he should have seen hot buckwheats he beheld the lustrous orbs of Lucy Hapgood, who sat demurely opposite. He answered the commonplaces of Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood in monosyllables and looked up only toward the end of the meal when Molly, a 6-year-old sister of Lucy, came running in from the yard with voluble excuses for being late.

Now, Wilson did not for one instant realize what was the matter. He failed even to suspect that he had gone daft on Lucy Hapgood. It was quite apparent, however, that an unforeseen element had obtruded itself into his life in Boston, and he attributed his discomposure to the impossibility of asking that superb creature to let the piano alone. If she had been a mere child or an ordinary raw country girl, it would have been easy enough, but—the end of it was that Wilson decided upon trying an experiment. He would teach her to play.

Being naturally an honest man, Wilson's first step was to correct his previous falsehood. Finding Miss Lucy dusting in the parlor, he said: "I want to be frank with you, Miss Hapgood. The piano this morning did disturb me a good deal, and I am afraid I could not stand that kind of music right along, don't you know."

"I felt sure of it," she answered, with equal frankness. "It shall not happen again, Mr. Wilson."

"But I should hate to deprive you of the pleasure of playing the instrument," he added hastily, "and I don't mean to. I was just going to make a suggestion."

She was looking at him with such interest and attention that poor Wilson could hardly continue, but he succeeded.

"I'd like to give you a lesson or two. You see, Miss Hapgood, if your playing took the form of regular practice instead of—er—what you were doing this morning I think I could stand it, and I never feel in the least disturbed when—er—the performance is fairly correct."

Lucy turned her gaze to the floor, and her glorious color heightened.

"I don't play so very well myself," continued Wilson, "but I could teach you the elements, and after a time you would be able to pick out tunes with more—er—satisfaction—for yourself."

"I should like to learn," admitted Lucy, looking up with a most engaging smile, "and if you will give me lessons I can manage my practicing so that you will not be disturbed. There's a piano in the church vestry that I can use all I want to, and I can practice there."

"Fine!" exclaimed Wilson, and so rejoiced was he at the promising success of his experiment that he suggested a first lesson forthwith. Lucy hesitated, but eventually put aside her duster, hunted up an old instruction book and sat at the piano beside Wilson, listening with docile attention to his remarks about do, ra, me, the names of the keys and the fingering of the scale. He showed her how to hold her hand, finding it necessary, of course, to place her fingers in position with his own, an operation that so bewildered him that when he went to his writing he couldn't put down a single satisfactory sentence.

Well, such was the beginning. There was a daily lesson for two weeks, much to Mrs. Hapgood's amazement and apparent objection, though she said nothing, and much to the further disorder of Wilson's mind. Lucy evidently practiced long and well, for she improved remarkably, and she continued to be docile until toward the last, when Wilson observed that she was uncomfortably reticent and almost freakish. One day she jumped up suddenly, her face scarlet, and bounded out of the room, declaring that she was done with it all, and that she would never touch a piano again as long as she lived.

Wilson's heart was in a tumult. He had learned days before this what was the matter and the prospect of losing those sweet hours at the piano was intolerable. He followed her, found her struggling against tears in the dining room, and, going straight to her, he told his story. Lucy listened with an expression of unutterable anguish, tried to say "Yes," and "No," at the same time and at length broke away from his tentative embrace and fled back to the parlor.

For one painful moment Wilson remained where he was. Then upon his astonished ears came the sounds of that most beautifully melancholy nocturne of Chopin's, the one in B major, and played, it seemed, with more perfection of technique and feeling than he ever heard it. He tiptoed his way into the parlor and listened there, while he watched Lucy wring from the instrument the expression of her wealth of woe. Presently she stopped in the middle of a passage, put her face in her hands and moaned, "Oh, I am so ashamed!"

"But, Lucy," said Wilson, tenderly, as he caressed her hair, "I love you, dear!"

Then she stood up, reached out her arms helplessly, and their lips met.

"I couldn't help it, Arthur," she said, a little later, "when I saw that you mistook Molly's ignorant pounding for mine, I meant to have a little fun with you, that was all. Mamma scolded, but I wouldn't stop. I am afraid you think I haven't any principle at all."

"On the contrary, dearest," answered Wilson, "I knew that you were impelled and guided by the principle of love. It reminds me of the professor in college in whose hands an experiment went all to smash. 'Gentlemen,' said he to the laughing students, 'the experiment has failed, but the principle remains the same.'"

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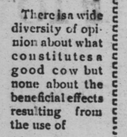

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