

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

(CONCLUDED).

A little quiet arching of Lettie's satirical eyebrows was the only answer. Mr. Malverson did not appear to have made much progress in his sketching when he returned home. Lettie was in the kitchen, making a cake for one of Mr. Clavering's pensioners, when he came back, and walked coolly up the garden-walk and stood before the window watching her for a moment, as she stood at the dresser with her hands in the flour and her sleeves rolled up.

She was slightly surprised to see him; for instead of a portfolio, he had a brace of birds in his hand and a gun over his shoulder, and he raised his hat, smilingly.

"May I lay my Nimrodian offering at your feet?" he said. "The pencil gave place to the gun this morning, Miss Lettie."

"But I thought you were going to sketch," said Lettie.

"So I was, but the birds tempted me so, I borrowed a gun from a good-natured individual, who was willing to lend it to me for a pecuniary consideration. Will you receive the fruits?"

"With many thanks," she answered. "Bring them into the kitchen, if you please. I can't come out."

Her plump, tapering arms were floured to the elbow, and there was a very sensible-looking white apron tied round her pliant little waist, but the baking operations had brought out all the bright glow on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, that won an admiring glance from the gentleman as he handed her his spoils.

"I have been unfortunate," he said, pointing to a rent in his sleeve. "I must thank your sweet-brier for that."

She gave it a demure little glance of inspection.

"It can be mended," she said. "If you will wait until I have finished my cake, I will come into the parlor and darn it for you."

"A thousand thanks!" was his laughing reply. "My first speech was a mistake. I should have said I was fortunate."

"Frank was right," he said to himself, as he passed up the hall. "Little Miss Lettie is the dash of lemon in the Dallas negus."

She came into the parlor when her cake was baked, and mended his coat, as she had promised. It did not take her very long to do it; but if the truth was told, I think Mr. Malverson would not have been sorry if it had—the long, curling lashes drooped so darkly on the velvety cheeks, and the small brown fingers were so nimble.

The remainder of the day the visitor was absent. He was going to make up for lost time, he said, as he took his portfolio, so he did not reappear until tea-time, and then he found Blanche and Flo discussing the Norrises. They had just received a letter announcing that their friends would be with them the next day, and the subject was in full flow when he entered.

"Norrise, did you say?" he asked, quietly, at last. "Is it possible they are the Norrises of Clitheroe?"

Flo turned round and opened her blue eyes in a surprise which was anything but dignified; but she could not help it. What could a travelling Dick Tinto know of the Norrises?

"Mr. Norris's country-seat in Virginia is called Clitheroe, I believe," she answered.

"Ah!" said Mr. Malverson, coolly, "I believe I know them. Met them at Baden last year. The youngest was quite a belle; they used to call her Lalla Rookh, for the sake of her dark eyes."

Flo looked slightly puzzled, and condescended a well-bred survey of her incubus. Who could he be? Not a common artist, at least. "Travelling artist" had always signified to her something like a sign-painter who would paint your portrait, be paid for it, and "sit below the salt." But persons of that kind did not often spend their summers at Baden-Baden, and would certainly not know so much of Annie Norris. Could she possibly have been making herself slightly ridiculous?

Nothing but the indefatigable Lettie's coolness saved the sudden silence from being absurd. She went on talking, as she loitered over her chocolate, with the easiest air in the world; but for all that, she was barely able to hide the flash of irresistible fun which would dance under her lashes when she met Mr. Malverson's quizzical eyes.

But when the young ladies retired for the night the restrained curiosity broke forth.

"Who in the world is he?" said Flo. "Lettie, have you an idea?"

Lettie was at the mirror, "doing" her hair, and she shook the gypsy-veil over her shoulders.

"He is a 'travelling artist,' my dear," was her somewhat malicious reply. "Don't be too rash, Flo; travelling artists might go to Baden accidentally without being gentlemen; and as to knowing Annie Norris, perhaps he painted her portrait."

"I don't believe him!" said Blanche, who didn't often say anything. "It's arrant nonsense. He knows the Norrises, indeed!"

"Well, we shall find out to-morrow," said Flo, with a dubious expression. And she went to bed, and dreamed that Captain Malmaison had turned out to be an itinerant peddler, and had cloped with the Bride of Abydos to Baden-Baden.

And on the morrow they did find out.

EMERSON'S
"HALIGONIAN"
MAGAZINE.

Mailed at
221 Barrington St.

Mr. Malverson was absent when the Norrises came, and accordingly the young ladies had an excellent opportunity to pursue their investigations. They were sitting together at the parlor-window when Flo broached the subject.

"By the way," she said to Annie Norris, "I believe we have an acquaintance of yours here—a Mr. Malverson who met you at Baden last summer."

"Malverson!" said Annie. "I don't remember him, I'm sure, Maude,"—turning to her sister—"did we meet a Mr. Malverson at Baden?"

"We met Captain Malmaison," said Maude. "Why do you ask?"

"This gentleman's name is Malverson," said Flo, "and he is an—artist."

"Then we don't know him," answered Maude, decidedly. "We met no one of that name."

Blanche and Flo exchanged glances; but before they had time to speak, the door opened and the obnoxious guest made his entrance.

He came forward smiling and with out-stretched hand, and both the fair visitors rose with exclamations of pleasure.

"Captain Malmaison!" exclaimed pretty Annie, gaily. "Who in the world thought of meeting you? Why didn't you tell us, Blanche, or was it a surprise?"

The gentleman shook hands cordially, his handsome face as cool as ever, and then he turned to Flo.

"I must ask your pardon for my unintentional deception," he said, with just a touch of quiet satire in his low voice. "Mr. Clavering made a mistake—though a slight one. I am Pierre Malmaison."

Flo only bowed. She could do nothing more.

Maude and Annie had so much to say that it was fully half an hour before Pierre Malmaison found an opportunity of excusing himself to Lettie, but he managed it at last.

As they passed out of the room to go to dinner, he detained her a moment on his arm. "Ought I to ask pardon?" he asked, mischievously. "You shall judge."

Lettie colored.

"I think you ought," she said, laughing in spite of herself. "But I think it possible you are excusable."

"Frank sent me," he explained, taking the tips of the pretty fingers he had drawn through his arm, and looking down into her brilliant face.

"He told me to come and 'see Lettie.' I came to see Lettie, and behold the result! A friend of Mr. Clavering's had sent word to him that a young artist was coming to Amberside, and would be glad of his patronage, etc., and because I chanced to carry a portfolio, and make some inquiries about the scenery, he arrived at the natural conclusion that I was his friend's protegee. Now, Miss Lettie, am I to blame for Mr. Clavering's mistakes, and the sudden spirit of mischief which prompted me to encourage them? Perhaps I may sometime explain to you that I had a deeper motive—if you will give me permission—but before we go to dinner, say you will forgive me."

Now, it is not a natural thing to suppose that she would say she *didn't* forgive him, so she looked up from under her black eyelashes, and laughed and said, "Yes!"

And Captain Pierre Malmaison led her in to dinner, quite forgetting to release the little finger-tips until the last moment at the dining room door.

Of course you know the end. Without such an end it would not have been necessary to write the story. Six months after the Norrises' visit, Frank came home to hand over Lettie to Captain Malmaison, only one remove from a peerage, and with twenty thousand per annum besides.

Flo and Blanche acted as bridesmaids, and looked beautiful—"real Dallas beauties!" But to this day they have not forgotten the dreadful mistake they made when they entertained an angel unaware.

If you are at all curious to try something new, write Percy J. A. Lear, Atlanta Cigar Manufacturing Association, 221 Barrington St., Halifax, for particulars.

"THE UNRESSED KID."

Hank Barr, the veteran cow-puncher on the range, gave the youth his designation. The kid, who was also referred to as the Brat, the Infant and "That Young Cub," had been playing some prank on the grizzled and testy Mr. Barr, and Hank, by way of delicate reference to the palpable fact that the parental bed-slat or trunk-strap had been allowed to get dusty between "whalings" when the infant had been of yet more tender years, bestowed upon his tormentor the *sobriquet* by which he was ever after known.

It had not been that the Kid's years were so few—he was twenty-two—but he was, oh! such a "kid." He had evidently mingled with men for several years, but the association did not seem to have rubbed off any of the marks of extreme youth, at least in his behavior, and no one ever thought of smiling, even when Shorty Fleming, the boss's youngest brother, aged eighteen, addressed the Kid by one of his numerous diminutives.

One could not help liking the Kid in spite of his pranks, for he was always so good-natured and obliging. If he was ready to cut up a hair brush and scatter the bristles in some tired fellow's bunk about bed-time, he was just as ready to do double duty in case his victim happened to be ill.

On the occasion when he stuck shoe-maker's wax on Hank Barr's

A CONSIDERATION.

GENTLEMEN, My brother suffered from summer complaint and was extremely weak. We tried many remedies but without effect. At last my aunt advised us to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and before he had taken one bottle he was cured. We consider it saved his life.

MISS ADELAIDE CHITTENDEN,
Baldwin, Ont.