

A FRIEND'S HAND IN MINE, LADS.

(Boston Daily Advertiser.)

Sometimes 'tis May, lads,
The day soft and bright;
We sing on our way lads,
With brave hearts and light,
But May cannot last, lads,
With great clouds rolled,
The skies are overcast lads,
The world turns cold.

A friend's hand in mine, lads,
A kind hand and true,
In rough ways and dark days,
It helps a man through.

We've small gifts to give, lads,
A poor purse to show,
But what man can live, lads,
With aught to bestow?
A word of brave cheer, lads,
A warm grasp and strong,
Beats all your gear, lads,
To help hearts along.

A friend's hand in mine, lads,
A kind hand and true,
In rough ways and dark days,
It helps a man through.

Do what you can, lads,
And do it with might;
God isn't man, lads,
To judge by the sight,
Pence pounds outweigh, lads,
When wills are right good,
And, oh! to hear one say, lads,
"He's done what he could."

A friend's hand in mine, lads,
A kind hand and true,
In rough ways and dark days,
It helps a man through.

FREDERICK LANGRISH.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

An Episode of Wiesbaden.

IN SIX PARTS.

II.

"Why, to look you up, my dear boy. I can't say I think you are any the better for the air of Wiesbaden, though; you have not lost your care-worn appearance."

"Not likely," I grumbled, "considering this sweltering weather, and thermometer at something like a hundred. I am thinking of going to-morrow."

"Not a bit of it," returned Jack Manvers, my best friend and former college chum; "you have to stay with me for a few days, and then I mean to carry you off with me to Vienna. Any nice people there?" and, linking his arm in mine, he led the way to his apartment, where his servant was unpacking.

"Funny thing!" he remarked casually, "as I came along from the station I could have sworn I saw a man I met once in Australia years ago."

"Indeed?" I said, with some interest, thinking of the Dalton.

"Yes; he was tried for forgery and got five years; my friend Dale prosecuted him, and I was in court at the trial. He was an awful scamp."

"What was his name?"

"I forget now. No, it wasn't Dalton. I don't suppose it was the man at all, but his face reminded me of him. He was fair, with light hair, I remember; and this chap was as dark as a raven and clean-shaven. But you know my old trick of finding out likenesses."

So the conversation ended, and I thought no more of it; it was hardly likely that a wealthy colonial like Jim Dalton could have any connection with the scoundrel in Australia, yet the coincidence of the likeness (for it was he whom Manvers had seen that morning) struck me at the time as singular. The Daltons left before I was up next morning, so I did not see Ethel again, for they did not appear at table d'hôte the previous evening. I was sorely disappointed and perplexed at her conduct towards myself, and would have given all I possessed to be able to forget her, but that was easier said than done.

III.

We found Vienna somewhat empty; most of the fashionables were away, but as neither of us had ever been there before, we found plenty to amuse us in the bright little capital.

Some of the corps diplomatique still at the Embassy were old acquaintances, so we managed to get through a fortnight pretty comfortably, and without finding time hang at all heavy on our hands.

One evening as Jack, myself, and two others were dining, my attention was attracted by a young man who entered the restaurant; he was tall and dark, with a singularly keen resolute face. I was about to call my friend's attention to him, when, catching sight of Manvers, he came hastily forward, and held out his hand.

"Why, Manvers, can it be you? I am indeed glad to see you!"

Jack returned his greeting with much warmth; a chair was put for him, a fresh bottle of wine ordered, and we were soon on friendly terms with the new-comer.

I was much taken with him; he was a brilliant conversationalist, and thoroughly up in all the topics of the day; and in his agreeable company the evening passed rapidly away.

Just before we separated, he said to me suddenly, "You live in Downshire, I think?"

I assented.

"Do you know anything of the new people who have taken the Priory at Leeford?"

"Yes, strangely enough, I met them at Wiesbaden."

He seemed a little surprised, and muttered something to himself that sounded like, "Is it possible?"

"Do you live near the Priory?"

"No, not very near; about seven miles away."

"It is a charming old place is it not?" he asked.

"Extremely, especially the modern part; the other is only a picturesque ruin, and said to be haunted. I have heard there are extensive subterranean vaults beneath the building."

He started.

"Do you think they know of this?"

"Really I can't say," I returned, laughing; "anyhow I suppose they would not be alarmed at the idea."

"Had they a lady with them at Wiesbaden?" he inquired.

I was on my guard instantly, and replied coldly,

"Miss Dalton was at Wiesbaden."

"A tall handsome girl with dark eyes and hair?"

"No, Miss Dalton has golden hair," I said, rather nettled at his inquisitiveness.

He smiled, and, turning away, addressed himself to Manvers.

"That's a curious fellow," I remarked to the latter, as we walked home together later on; "who is he?"

"As you know my dear Cis, his name is Derrick Chalmers, though doubtless he has several aliases. He was brought up to the diplomatic service; was sent to St. Petersburg on a secret mission, somehow got mixed up with the Nihilists, and disappeared; was heard of later on in Australia; that was some four or five years ago, since that we all thought he was dead, but you see, he has turned up again; what he is now, heaven only knows."

"He seems a very good sort; shall we ask him down to shoot, Jack?—he would keep us alive."

Jack acquiesced heartily. I sent my invitation the next morning, and Chalmers readily accepted it. He and Manvers were to return with me to St. Mary's Cray the following week. I little knew when I asked him of the events that were to result from his visit, and to overshadow all my future.

IV.

It was September when we reached England after five months' absence, and glad enough I was to be home again. I had gone away an invalid, I returned fully restored to health, anticipating with a keen relish many a day's tramp over my own turnip-fields after the wily partridge, in which Jack and Derrick Chalmers thoroughly sympathized with me.

My home seemed doubly welcome to me; the servants were glad to have me back again, and we sat down to dinner that night the cheeriest little party possible. After we had gone to our rooms, I remembered I had left an important letter on the mantelpiece in the billiard-room, so went down again for it. Entering, my feet struck against something on the floor; I stooped and picked it up—it was Chalmers' note-case. I new it, as I had been admiring the silver monogram on it before dinner. I found my letter, and was leaving the room, when my collie, aroused by my entrance, jumped against me, upsetting my candle. In my anxiety to save it, I dropped the note-case, and some of the contents fell to the ground. As I hastily replaced them, cursing myself for my carelessness, a vignette portrait of a lady riveted my gaze.

Could I be mistaken?

Was it possible that my eyes deceived me? It was the photograph of Ethel Dalton!

How well I new the turn of that graceful head, the languid droop of the deep, soul-compelling eyes, the curve of the mouth and chin! I stared at it in silence, agitated at my discovery, puzzled and surprised, yet with a horrible foreboding. At length I replaced it in the note-case, and walked up stairs to Chalmers' room; entering, I gave it him, merely saying where and how I had found it.

"He favored me with one of his curiously keen scrutinizing glances, but I was quite equal to it, and again wishing him good-night, I retired, but not to sleep, for I was haunted by terrible misgivings which I could not shake off, in which Derrick Chalmers and Ethel Dalton were closely interwoven."

The next morning nothing was thought of but shooting; we were up betimes, and out with our guns before the early freshness of the day had departed.

Before starting, I wrote a short note, informing Miss Dalton of my return, and was agreeably surprised to find, upon reaching home in the evening after a first-rate day's sport, an invitation for myself and friends to dine at the Priory the following night, which we gladly accepted.

I had purposely avoided mentioning Chalmers' name in my letter, as I was anxious to see the meeting between himself and Ethel, for I was quite convinced that some secret understanding must exist between them.

The Priory was a fine old building, the ruined part being in the rear of the house, and approached by a bridge and an ancient gateway thrown across what was originally a moat, but was now filled in and levelled, and formed a most perfect tennis ground. The hall was a large one, containing a billiard-table. It was decorated in the modern antique style, and with old brocades, embroidered screens, palms, and Oriental hangings, certainly looked a charming resort.

Miss Dalton came forward to meet us as we entered the drawing-room, seemingly more lovely than ever. She returned my pressure of the hand warmly, and then introduced my friends to her.

To my utter surprise, she greeted Chalmers as a complete stranger, and judging by their quiet unembarrassed manner, they evidently had not met before. Her father made us very welcome; there were no other ladies present, but several of our sporting neighbours, and we sat down to a perfectly appointed table, brilliant with rare flowers and antique silver; the repast itself left nothing to be desired, and our hostess surpassed in beauty and grace every other woman I had ever seen. During the evening I managed to draw her out on to the terrace, where a lovely moon flooded the landscape with silvery light; taking her unresisting hand in mine, I said softly,

"Are you glad to see me again?"

She hesitated for an instant; then,

"Yes, as a friend. You must never speak to me again as you did at Wiesbaden, or our acquaintances must cease entirely."

"You are cruel; why will you not believe that if we love one another, nothing can separate us?"

"Say no more," she replied, drawing her hand away; "now let us return, or we may be missed."

"One moment," I replied; "have you ever met Chalmers before to-night?"

She raised her eyes to mine, as if surprised.

"Never?"

"But I think he must know you."

"Indeed! I have never seen him before, to my knowledge."

"Strange!" I murmured, gazing at her intently. Could she be deceiving me?

"What do you mean?" she asked, as if troubled.

"Do you know that he carries a photograph of yourself in his note-case?"

I can scarcely describe the change that came over her beautiful face at these words. She turned ashy-pale, staggered back, and would have fallen, had I not put my arm around her. "What is it?" I cried, terrified at her pallor. "Are you ill?"

"Ethel, my darling, tell me what is there between this man and you that can unnerve you?"

She recovered herself with an effort; then, with a sudden impulse, turned, and flung her arms around my neck. "Tell me again," she whispered, "that you love me. I am very wretched, very miserable. At times I think I shall kill myself—but then I remember you."

Her voice died away, and her head sank on my breast.

Impetuous, hot-headed young fool that I was I forgot that she had given me no reason for her extraordinary agitation, but, intoxicated by her beauty, I clasped her in my arms, and assured her a hundred times of my undying love for her. After a pause, she continued, "Sometimes I fancy what our life might be if we were together far away from here—just you and I, together—alone."

"And why should not that dream be realized?" I asked eagerly.

"I dare not—I dare not," she replied, looking round fearfully.

"Ethel, I know there is a secret in your life, but I love you so much that I am content to wait until you choose to tell me what it is. You say you are unhappy here; then let me be the one to give you happiness. At any time you like, I will take you away, and make you my wife."

I spoke with impassioned eagerness, and as I ended, her lips met mine. Yet, at that supreme moment, I new I was sealing my own death-warrant, that I was pledging myself to an act of madness against which my inner consciousness, my common-sense, rebelled.

Before she could reply, a figure approached us from the end of the terrace. It was Jim Dalton.

"You will excuse my interrupting you," he remarked curtly, "but Brooke, who wants you for pool, and as my sister is rather delicate, I think it as well she should go in."

His eyes met mine with a glare of unmistakable defiance and hatred, which astonished as well as annoyed me.

However, I said nothing; he drew Ethel's hand through his arm, and led the way to the drawing room. As they entered, I fancied a faint cry of pain escaped her; latter on I knew it to be a grim reality.

We found Chalmers turning over a portfolio of engravings in a corner of the room; some of the men had adjourned for billiards, and, excusing myself from playing, I went over to Derrick, and stood beside him, Miss Dalton having thrown herself in a lounging-chair near us. I thought she looked worried and anxious, and her colour had quite faded. Chalmers was full of admiration at the engravings. I discovered that he was a bit of an artist, and decidedly enthusiastic on the subject. Presently we came to an etching; it was a cottage interior, so finely, so exquisitely finished as to be quite marvellous. Chalmers did not join in my praise of it; he was very silent, and I found that his attention was fixed upon the representation of a florin, most delicately etched in one corner of the paper.

"Who is the artist here, Miss Dalton?" he asked presently, holding it up.

Ethel glanced at it, and started, then, after a slight hesitation, "I did that."

"You?" I exclaimed; "why, you have hidden your light under a bushel. I had no idea that you were capable of such work. It is wonderful."

"You see, you don't know everything, Cis," laughed Chalmers; "I'll be bound Miss Dalton had some good reason for concealing such a gift, for young ladies are not so reticent generally."

I was somewhat surprised at his words, and, on looking at Ethel, saw her flush crimson. She rose, took the drawing from us, and thrust it away beneath a pile of music; then turning, bowed coldly to Chalmers, and wished him good-night. To me she held out her hand, and for the first time I perceived upon her lovely rounded arm a deep crimson mark, as if the heavy gold bangle she wore had been pressed violently into it. My heart swelled with pity and indignation, for I knew that her brother's grasp had hurt her, and it was with difficulty that I restrained my rage and disgust sufficiently to allow me to part with her calmly. As to Chalmers, I could willingly have cursed him for being present, for I longed for a few last words with my darling.

V.

It was after this that Chalmers gave up shooting, and took to long rambles with his sketch-book. I placed a pony at his disposal, and for a week he disappeared every day until dinner-time. He seldom showed us any results of his outings, but gave us to understand that he had Miss Dalton's permission to sketch the Priory for a picture in a magazine in which he was interested. I greatly envied him. I was so desperately in love with Ethel that I was inclined to be jealous of any one who approached her.

But I saw a good deal of her at the time, for scarcely an evening passed that we did not meet either at the Priory or at my house; and I regret to say that a considerable part of my spare cash found its way into the pockets of the Dalton's, pere et fils.

It was after a hot night at cards that we sat in my billiard-room smoking.

I was lost in thought, for we had dined at the Priory, and later on Ethel and I had stolen out into the garden; and there, after a long argument and much persuasion, she had at last consented to fly with me. I myself could not see the necessity for so much secrecy, but she had overruled my objections.

I was aroused by a remark from Manvers, the reverse of complimentary to our late host.

"I can't get it out of my head," said he, "that Jim Dalton is the man I saw convicted of forgery in Australia."

"You mean Reuben Taylor," quietly put in Chalmers from a cloud of tobacco; "there certainly is a resemblance."

"What nonsense?" I exclaimed shortly.

"Certainly there seems to be plenty of money now, but I believe they are nothing but a set of sharpers," said Jack.

He had dropped a considerable sum at cards, and was evidently not in the best of tempers.

"If that is your opinion," I began hastily, quite forgetting that after all he was but endorsing my own ideas about them when at Wiesbaden, "it is a pity you accept their hospitality."

"Now, you boys, don't quarrel," said Chalmers; "they're not worth it. I could tell you some curious things about them, if I chose; however, it will all come out very soon."

"What on earth do you mean?" I exclaimed, my temper getting the better of my discretion. "And now I am on the subject, Chalmers; may I ask you why you carry Miss Dalton's portrait about with you?"

Chalmers seemed somewhat surprised, then a slow smile crept over his keen face.

"So I was not mistaken. You discovered that fact the night you found my note-case in the billiard-room."

"I did," I cried hotly; "it fell out by accident. I insist upon knowing why you have it."

He made no reply, but went on quietly rolling up a cigarette, and his calmness seemed to inflame my temper to boiling pitch.

Presently he said,—

"May I ask what right you insist upon knowing this?"

"Because very shortly Miss Dalton will be my wife."

"Good God!" broke from both men simultaneously. The cigarette fell from Chalmers' fingers, while Jack stared at me as if I had suddenly taken leave of my senses. A silence fell upon us. Then a horrible fear, a nameless, intangible sense of dread seemed to clutch me. I staggered forward, and seizing Derrick's arm, gasped out,—

"For God's sake tell me, what is it? You know if there is anything wrong. Tell me the truth, or by the heaven above us I'll make you!"

"I can tell you nothing now; but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow night you shall know all."

I laughed to scorn the idea of waiting till to-morrow. I felt that long before that time I should be a raving lunatic; but in vain I pleaded, I stormed, I threatened. Chalmers was immovable.

Jack got me away at last, and I spent the few hours before daylight in pacing up and down my room, maddened by conflicting doubts and fears, tortured by vain conjectures as terrible as I found the reality.

(To be continued.)

A reporter for Haycreek Prairiefire witnessed a fine burst of speed the other day while returning from the funeral of the wife of our estimable fellow townsman, Judge Jaybird. Sandy Harrigan, the driver of the hearse, attempted to throw a little dust on the Judge, when the afflicted and grief-stricken widower pulled out in the ditch with his fine bay horse, Three Spot, and easily passed the outfit shouting and aying.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Annual Subscription \$1.50. Single Copies 3 Cents.

THE GAZETTE'S PLATFORM:

Below are enumerated some of the weekly features of the Gazette. It will not be possible to open up all the departments in the first issue but those omitted this week will appear next.

The Saturday Gazette will differ materially from existing publications in the lower provinces, and will endeavour to fill a field long vacant. It will be a paper for the family, and will be conducted with the aim to make it a welcome visitor in every home.

Stories, short and continued, will be provided in each issue and care will be taken, in making selections, to obtain the productions of authors already known to fame, and whose works all will appreciate.

Women and Women's Work, will be dealt with by contributors who understand what women like to know and most want to learn. The household, the fashions, and the progress of womankind in the arts, professions and employments, besides the many different phases the woman question assumes will be discussed from week to week by intelligent writers. Society gossip from various points will be a weekly feature.

The Saturday Gazette will not be a newspaper, in the generally accepted sense, but this will not preclude the discussion of important local and general matters in its columns. Indeed the great aim of The Gazette will be to deal candidly with all questions, in which the people among whom it circulates are concerned. Neither fear of, nor favor for interested ones, will prevent the exposure of any sham, be it either in religious, social or political life. The greatest good to the greatest number, will always be our motto.

In dealing with Political Questions, The Gazette will have nothing to do with political parties. Believing that there are often times when both parties are right, while at others, from a national standpoint, both are wrong; and holding that the length to which party warfare is sometimes carried in Canada, by politicians and journalists, is detrimental to the best interests of the country The Gazette will endeavour to consider all important questions in the light of their effect on the country at large, rather than the ground usually taken, their effect on one or the other political party. Honest government at Ottawa, greater economy and less senseless bickering among Provincial legislators, the simplification and cheapening of Provincial legislation generally, and the union of the Maritime Provinces will be the chief planks of The Gazette's political platform.

Literary, Theatrical and Sporting Matters will be dealt with by competent writers, and the latest news and gossip under these heads will be found in every number. Members of the various Secret Societies will find items of especial interest to them in the columns of The Gazette, from time to time.

In short the Saturday Gazette will be a weekly journal for men and women containing the things they most want to know, written in a breezy, intelligent manner by the best writers on and off the press of the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere. Honest criticism of all things will be the Gazette's king post.

As its name implies the Saturday Gazette will be published every Saturday Morning, and will be on sale at 3 cents a copy, by all news dealers in the Maritime Provinces, as soon after publication as fast railroad express trains and steamboats can get it to the different points.

The subscription prices will be \$1.50 per annum in advance, and may be sent to the undersigned.

JOHN A. BOWES,

Editor and Manager.