In the Thick of It.

The place was gay and full—and he know hobody. He had come to St. Audiowas because Owen Rashield, had resident Byon his doling so, harping first upon this string, then upon that, now on the air, now on the seener, now on the schedibility, and the kolf worst Scottl there was no gall in the world like it corald. Morthuser was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their he was not a first rate golfer, but their heads with the latest heir heads and he had been been been been also be a large golf and the sound in the content of the sound in the second of the sound in the second of the sound in the second of the

irrend. Nater alphy of mysoli as and any lite.

It certainly sounds rather jolly but "Morthnor hestated" you see live got to go alone. That's nothing, I went alone and dish t know a soal, but I hadn't beet there two lays before I was in the thick of it. All you have to do is to walk on the links—you need the whole world thore—run up ngabet a pal the first thing, he it roduces you fre—in the mick of it," ompiationily and conclust kely.

oly. "All right, I'll go," said Mortimer, "All right, I'll go," said Mortimor. Ho arrived one morning early, having travelled from London by the ingit train, and the change from the laded atmosphere and deserted streets of the metropols in August to the breezy freshness and vivacity of the little northern city in the full swing of its seeson was so exhibitanting as to cause him in his heart to bless the portinacity of his councilor. Certainly Rashielgh knew what he was talking about.

portinacity of his counsellor. Certainly Rashielpik huow what he was a talking about.

And so ho was so soon to be "in the thick of it," it might be as well to take atock of the place before being sucked into the whitipool. Rashielpi had owned that though he knows to the a place of historie though the word of the thing the could nover find time "to rummage round." "Advise you to do the place before you get 'into the thick of it," he nodded sagely, "There are rulps and all that all over the along, but you in noter go near them once you're in the thick of it." Mr. Rashielph was not a young grationan with an extensive vocabulary, and was therefore obliged to work assibuously what he had. Wasdom, however, does not hiways and when Gerald Mortimer, by the add of a guide book had explored litter and thither, owning as he did so that what he saw was muc' more worth seeing than the lions of many a more vaunt of spot, he applanded the perfunctive of his mentor. Now it was free for the artificed.

The following morning dawned

of his mentor. Now he was free for the thirlipool, duty done, conscience of his mentor. Now he was free for the thirlipool, duty done, conscience of the thirlipool duty done, conscience of the thirlipool duty done, conscience of the thirlipool duty done to the thirlipool duty done the thirlipool duty done the thirlipool duty done the thirlipool duty done to the rest of the program to be carrid out; he would be off to the hinks tradding in the steps of his predecesser; and in confident entitlepation of the "pai" against whom he was to run up, off he selected the thirlipool duty done he passed, of course he did not expect to do much if any soft that day, but perceiving that every one carried cluse, he shouldered a knewling build. Sereal "courses" were open to all comers, and it was well prepared. He had taken the precaution of asiang Rashielgh what he would have done had he encountered no one he knew, and the answer had been "Oh, there were lots of fellows in the hotel," drilly delivered.

But in Mortimer's hedgings—for he could not affect hotel prices—there were no fellows; only a middle-aged clergyman with a family of children who made excursions, overan the full desired.

Still, Rashielgh had sald St. Antewe's was the most sociable place in existence, he could afford to dispense with amonities between the locked, hierarch, like the immortal "scroogo" for nothing.

Yof it was this very "nothing" which had had to meet and face day after

red. Her the humortal "Scroop" nothing which nothing to the west this very "nothing" which had to meet and face day after a lone hard to meet and face day after a lone hardly likes of think how telv a human benefit and the deviate of hibliant holiday me had the very side. If there has been no kindly nd extended, no friendly door open, had been a lone with the lone had been and the lone had been a lone had been

ing neutral part nor lot it. One cleak his must have blundered some-how.

Yot the fact remains that at the and of a week Mortiner had a nodding acquaintance with three men—with one of whom he had also an occasional match on the "Inbide Course"—but that none of the three had shown that the none of the three had shown that the control of the three had shown that the control of the course. The third had been seen the prophesion by Rashieigh, and with them began and caded the sociability of St. Andrews so far as he was concerned. What was worse, he caught tautalyting echoes of it, wishing he did not young echoes of it, wishing he did not by the companies to us to-night? "You are coming to us to-night?" "Sorry I can't, but I'm fixed up. Such a lot going on, but I'm fixed up. Such a lot going on, or said, "Can't Mas So-and-So get the I'm fixed up. Such and he was naver "Ixed up." and nover "engaged." He had played the loob by coming to such a place.

Mortimer was so thinking, serted on a bench covolcoking the "Indies" Links," with a hejected men that Links," with a hejected men illat Links," with a hejected men that consender the did the own tail to a felor watcher, for the latter, a) but, ciderly gentleman with a ruble, id counter.

ance, suddenly wheeled around and faced hun. "Hon't do much in that line, ch" indicating a spirited goutest being carried on beneath that line, ch" indicating a spirited goutest being carried on beneath that view. A flush of morthleation corepred has young mans cheeks. He had not onto played in talk gay quarter, no one had asked hin. "It's not such bed flun, you know," said his companion, apologotheally. "I derive say you despise it, but it you look upon the putting you get here as prache, it's not time look. Look you here they have comb their combe on their they have comb their required in the practice—and fun—and flurtation. I dure say you know ah dead it, tongen. "I know nothing whateve about it." C Much as I would like to know," in added mentality. "Ear But I've geen you here before?"

Morthur assented.

"Earl But I've peet you here be foro?"

"Earl But I've peet you here be foro?"

Mortimer assented.
"Don't know many people, perhaps?"

"I don't know many people, perhaps?"

"I don't know any body."
"It see that the seed of the foliagentiemen. Then he wacolod still further around on his own pivot and took a good stare. "You'll think me theor around on his own pivot and took a good stare. "You'll think me the perturbed perhaps but I can't for the life of me imagaine what any body can be (doing at St. Androw's who doesn't know any body. Inless, of course, with a ma ferrithought, "of course you are a swell golfen?—No? You're not? Well then, if, axeuse my saying it, but I ask again, in that case which the denie are you doing hero?"

Mortimer laughed aloud. A month, a week ago, and he would have taken the brusque familiarity in a very different spirit, but it expressed so extert is his own feeling at the moment, that the humor of the colacidence struck him, and he answered joer larly;
"Why, sir, since you put it so, I may

struck him, and ho answered joerlarly;
"Why, sir, since you put it so, I may
as well confess that you have asked
the tory question I was asking mysolf just now. What the dece am I
doing hore? I should be very much
obliged for any person who would
give me a satisfactory answer."
"Ha-hu-hal You are disposed to make
light of it. I see, and quite right, too.
Nothing like keeping up one's spirits.
Still, I fancy you looked a little bit
tio other way, just now? Don't cell
mo if you'd rather not." hastily,
"I do not mind tolling you," said
Mortimer, after a momentary hesitation. "I am here alone and friendless,
I have been here a week. It has been
the drearlest week I ever know;" at
faint, irrepressible bitterness made itself audhhe in the last words.
These my soull's glaculated his now
activated and the last words.
These my soull's glaculated his now
activated and the last words.
The soull state of the selfmovin communicativeness for an aruito his nuture ways reserved, and espocially reserved regarding his porsound affair; but there was a cheerfuluess, a bucyancy in the others and
which insensibly drew him on, "and as
I live in London all the year round
with the exception of my three weaks'
holiday, I had a longing to got as far
fro, it has I could, I had nowhere in
portleular to go, and a friend recommended St. Androw's on account of its
air, its scenery, and its sociability,"
"I hay all little golf, too," he appendod,
"Who doesn't? But you can get
golf anywhere. You say you have to
itve most of the year in London? In the
city; Expil?"
"No, sir, I am in a publishing house."
"I'm a nublishing house."
"To with, Wa, not?" unable to hide
a smue, for the old gentleuan was
brooking fast and turdously, regardting him with cyebrows that stood out
in front till they aimset met, and putting into requisition his favorite cjaculation at intervals under his recall,
"What can be the meaning of all
the two and i longit does not an inton't wash anybody to know about it.
I'm a nobleshing house,"
"You in

for the various small accourtements which went therewith, and, finally, in arraying bimself carefully for Mc. La-

arraying himself carefully for Mc. Lamington's dinner party. It was to be a dinner party. It was to be a dinner party. It was to he a dinner party. It was to he a dinner party. It was to he a dinner party with his now acquaintance he had seen the interpolar of the party of the

you. Woll, you'll play in the 'Ladies' low, I supposed Has she asked you, ch?"
But she had not asked him. "Not?" said her father surprised. "Come now, that's too bad. That girl doesn't appreciate her advantages, she only plays in a indi-hearted way herself, but I thought you would stir her up—at any rate, I thought she'd ask you."
Mortimer was silent.

her up—at any rate, I thought she'd ask you."

Mortimer was silent.

"Site here," continued Mr. Lamington, indicating a chair next to himself. "They are all cracked about it, in an undertone, with a giance at the other men who were now all the other men who were now all the other men who were now all orgerly conversing in a group. "Between ourselves, I'm of my daughter's opinion on one point—I hate the end-less golf talk. I like my game, but whom it's done, it's done' the was no performer, as Mortimer found afterwardh, "and want the deuce does it matter to any one how you bunker, et' or skymied' or 'focaled' your ball' Just hark to them!" nodding at the party from whose lips the words were issuing at the moment, "Murlel says it makes her sick!" appended he with a conte look.

By and by cure the moment for

te makes her stekt" appended in with a comis look. By and by came the moment for which in was imparited. By and by came the moment for which in was imparited. Permitting this others to results the drawing com, he drow his young friend aside into a small room where a lamp was burning; on a table littered with papers. Mortimer's practical eye went at once to a roll of large blue foolscap. "Yes, that's it," Mr. Lumington perceived the glanics. "Not my own writing, in fact, typowritten as you see. You won't object to that?"

He was assured that so far from

ceived the glance. "Not my own wricting, in fact, typewritten as you see. You wen't object to that?"

He was assured that so far from objecting, Mortimer greatly preferred to human something so cupaging in the other's simplicity and molecuty-for directly lie touched upon the subject of his literary effect the old man became as bushful as a child, stammoring and stuttering and excusing himself for what clearly in his eyes was a weak-most and the subject of the control of the control

this such as often did not set his breast. As a rule, he cast something of an oril eye over midden efforts. He was not on the lookout for new geniuses. But for Mr. Lumlitton's self-depreciation and his strict injunctions to secrecy, he would have expected comothing of the common order and been bored by the necessity for having to secrety, he would have expected combored by the necessity for having to sook through it. As it was, it might be worth secuething—who could say? At any rate, he would do the very beet he could for Muriel's father. But hearten to Muriel's father, what was he anying? "Nothing of this on the links you know. Come here when you're ready with your counterful would you be ready with your opinion by Sunday ovening?" Mortimer assured him he would be ready.

Before he went to bed that night

a farrage of stuptl, solution non-sense?

It aimed at boing funny, too, in cluded jokes and puns of the most in-fantife quality. There was no story at all -jet it was certainly supposed to be a story Martinor grained as no tirried. The pages, When he had flushed be set stork still, and the blux dropped from between life fin-gers.

Initially the set stock stid, and the thing dropped from between his furgers.

Then came to temptation. Why not shift the burden on to other shoulders dispate the story and say the best he could for it—make up comething four would pass mater in the mental time, work awaiting too mentilable reliasal from headquarters.

They would wonder, but he could put that straint on his reduce to town Privatedy he would be vo a hugh o -7 thought with the head of the house, who was a friendly and would under still the suit with the head of the house, who was friendly and would make still the suit with the head of the house, who was friendly and would make still the suit with the first work of the still the suit went so far as to display that the suit went so far as to display take in the reliam has the house, and the check afforded him time for that mest would be commodify, a second thought. Gerald Mortlmer was an honest young man and he was about to do a dishonest thing. Should he do it? He set down in his chair again and considered.

Then he reopened the roll and, frown

odown in his chair again and fool.

Then he reopened the roll and, frown ing, attempted another persual. But he had not, harshiy, he had not, as for a minute, he fondly hoped been too hasty and critical. It was worse, absolutely worse, than he is at thought.

position better.
"The old fool" muttered Mortimor.
Ho felt more than aggrieved, insided, it dawned upon him that he must have wern to his tormenter the air of a person likely to swallow anything, and that all the ambability and hospitality shown him resolved itself into this, that it had been hoped that he would bolt the disgusting trush which other plates had resisted with musea.
"But I won" "and the color of the col

"But I won't," cried he.
Indignation supplied a stimulus; he begrang to his feet and flung open the window. Leaning out into the selema telliness of the night, his pulses quicted, he breathed more calmiy and a botter mind returned, roor Mr. Leanington. It was not his fault that heaven dended him both inspiration and perception it was unfult to suspect so worthy and kindly a creature of having failed in other quarters whilst affecting to be now putting forth his first ventura.

Well, then what was to be dono? Nothing but to open the pera mare eyes, and that so effectually that they should never close again.

But at least he could wait before performing the cruci operation; there could be no hurry, and he might improve his acquantanceship with the family, and got to know them botter could be no hurry and he might improve his acquantanceship with the family, and got to know them botter the clutter of the could supply his stand by him them, deeple and individually before the could snap his flugers at puterfamilias.

It would be rather playing it low down on the old gentleman, perhaps, lie would have by fed himself somewhat cheap and mean as the recipient of friendly overtures and good fellowship under faise pretences for he was pardonable. He could sell the truth when it cannot to the scratch. Upon this course he had almost decided when he took up the loathed for argue the case and rapidly. Strange to say it could limself, it in loss for work's could make the house of the house of which is the could surged to the real moderate and rapidly. Strange to say it could limself, it in loss for work's could make the house the hade almost decided when he took up the loathed for a gue the case and rapidly. Strange to say it could limself, it is no loss for work's could make the case and rapidly. Strange to say it could limself, it is no loss for work's could make the case and rapidly. Strange to say it could limself, it is no loss for work's could make the case and reputer to know that it cannot recommend any bathe and canno

GERALD MORTMER."

A brusque offusion. He might have worded it far more delicately and yet have conveyed the required impression; but it was 2 o'clock in the morning and the head was in a butz. His one resolution was not to so mince matters as to permit the sightest misappreciension.

And verify there was none. No one could make out what had put Mr. Lamington into so vile a temper the following forences. He had come down to breakfast genital and happy, but two hours later had reappeared from his private room stapping off the

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good looks and agreeability during oreakiast, and had been complacent by markening to, so was unprepared indeed for the toundering, "No! Non-sentel" that her innocent suggestion gooded.

"Of course, it to has been angerent to you."
"He has."
There was no more to be said. Mortimer in yor went to Gibson Place on Sunday evening, never if he could help it mee the Lanington girls after being twice passed with only the need formal of acknowledgments of his salutation, never went near the Ladies' Links for four of meeting some of the party.

Links for foar of meeting some of the party would have been worse had matter, you further, he tived to comfort thinself. If he had give to care for Muriel Lamington, for instance, or it he lad entangled lituself in a tissue of falsehoods with her father. Or if the had a gnawing conscience. As it was, he thought he would leave St. Androw's.

"Now, my dear boy, there's a clean breast for you, and I'm my own man again."

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indeed for too toundering. No! Non-sence! oant her innocent suggestion ovoked.

Morthmer's a conceited young ass," continued Mr. Limington gruifly, "is sign i had be him alone. This comes of trying to be good natured and being too free with invitations before knowing your ground. I thought he looked nather duil and lonely, and it would be a kindness to mave him here—put a bit of business in his ways too"—choking a little, "and I'm hang-di near the little would be a kindness to mave him here—put a bit of business in his ways too"—choking a little, "and I'm hang-di near the little with a little way too"—choking a little, "and I'm hang-lettle who, with unfeigned surprise no need for you to see the letter," to Muriel who, with unfeigned surprise and disconiliture palitied on her feathers was obviously about to make the demand. "It is hetween M. Mortimer and me, and concerns no one ole, but I'll tell you so much, it is quite enough to prevent my asking him here again; and if you take my advice you'll safer elected of him, also."

"Ol course, if he has been impertinent to you—"
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"Doar papal" Dear papa was really rather too outspoken. Muriel and his sister looked a slade amoyed. Mrs. Lamington was, however, no whit more absched than her husband. She came up to Mortimer and took his hand. "When my High has done anybody an injury be an't be satisfied till he has done him a benefit. What can we do for you Mr. Mortimer?"

mer?"
What they did for him is an old story now, Mortimer was soon as much at home in the great Portland Place maislen as in the St. Andrews lodgings; and by and by ite had anobier cruckal interview with Murich's father, which closed with another outbroak of admiration and exuitation

outbroak of admiration and con-tion. "Charaster for me. Nover mind the rest I'll put that straight. You are an honest young fellow and you shall have my daughter. Once you had the truthfulness to tell me—well, well, we won't hark brok. I had my lesson and I'm grateful to the man who gave it to me.

withfulness to tell me-wen, wen, wen ton't bark brok. I had my lesson and I'm grateful to the man who gave it to me.
"Murlel's yours, God bless you. I say, Gerald, you and sho will go golling with us in the autumn, though, I loope."

And we may be quite sure that thenceforth Gerald Moytimer, whereaver he went, was "in the thick of it."—Saturday Evening Post.

CAN RECONNEND IT. Mr. Ence Bornberry, Tmeastors, writes; "I am pleased to say that Dn. Tnoxas' Ectrorise On: is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both intertually and categorish, and have always recoived benefit from its une. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommercialing it."