MILES WALLINGFORD

By TAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER Y

Three thousand ducats-Ay, sir, for three mor Shy. For three months—well. Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall become bound. Shy. Antonio shall become bound.

Merchant of Venice

Merchant of Venice' I found John Wallingford in town, awaiting my appearance. He had taken lodgings at the City Hotel, on purpose to be under the same roof with me, and we occupied adjoining rooms. I dined with him; and after dinner he went with me to take a look at the Dawn. The second mate told me that Marble had made a flying visit to the ship, promised to be back again in a few days, and dis-appeared. By comparing dates, I ascerto be back again in a lew days, and dis-appeared. By comparing dates, I ascer-tained that he would be in time to meet the mortgage sale, and felt no further concern in that behalf. "Miles," said John Wallingford, coolly

"Miles," said John Wallingtord, coolly as we were walking up Pine Street, on our way back toward the tavern, "did you not tell me you employed Richard Harrison as alegal adviser?" "I did. Mr. Hardinge made me ac-quainted with him, and I understand he is one of the oldest lawyers in the country. That is his office, on the other side of the street—here, directly oppo-site."

"I saw it, and that was the reason I oke. It might be well just to step in spoke. It might be well just to step in and give some directions about your will. I wish to see Clawbonny put in the right line. If you would give me a deed of it for \$1.00. I would not take it from you, the only son of an eldest son; but it would break my heart to hear of its going out of the name Mr. Harrison is also an old adviser and friend of mine." in ready money, and that his principal business in town was to invest in good

I was startled with this plain-dealing; yet, there was something about the manner of the man that prevented my

manner of the man that prevented my being displeased. "Mr. Harrison would not be visible at this hour, but I will cross to the office, and write him a letter on the subject," I answered, doing as I said on the in-stant, and leaving John Wallingford to pursue his way to the house alone. The next day, however, the will was actually drawn up, executed, and placed in my cousin's hands, he being the sole execu-tor. If the reader should ask me why I did this, especially the last, I might be at a loss to answer. A strange confi-dence had come over me, as respects this relative, whose extraordinary frank-ness even a more experienced man might "Were it out of the family, or even out of the name, I should think some-thing of it myself, Miles," he said, "but a mortgage from you to me is like one from me to you. You have made me your heir, and to be honest with you boy, I have made you mine. If you lose my money, you lose your own." There was no resisting this. My kinsman's apparent frankness and warmth of dispesition overcame all my soruples, and I consented to borrow the money on his own terms. John Walling-This relative, mode experienced man might have believed to be either the height of honesty, or the perfection of art. Whichever was the case, I not only left my will with him, but, in the course of the next week, I let him into the secret of all my couniers affairs (Grace's noney on his own terms. John Walling-lord was familiar with the conveyancing of real estate, and with his own hand he of all my pecuniary affairs; Grace's be-quest to Rupert, alone excepted. John Wallingford encouraged this confidence, telling me that plunging at once, heart and hand, into the midst of business, was the most certain mode of forgetting filed up the necessary napors, which I signed. The money was borrowed at 5 per cent, my cousin positively refus-ing to receive the legal rate of interest from a Wallingford. Pay day was put at six months' distance, aud all was done in due form my causes of sorrow. Plunge into any-thing with my whole heart, I could not, then, though I endeavored to lose my cares in business.

Caree in business. One of my first acts, in the way of affairs, was to look after the note I had given to Rupert. It had been made posits, and I went thither to inquire if it had been left for collection. The following conversation passed between myself and the cashier on this occa-sion:

"Good morning, Mr. ---,"Isaid, salu-"Goed morning, Mr. ----," Issid, sala-ting the gentleman: "I have come to in-quire if a note for \$20,000, made by me in favor of Rupert Hardinge, Esquire, at ten days, has been left for collection. If so, I am ready to pay it now." The cashier gave me a business smile --one that spoke favorably of my stand-ing as a moneyed man-before he answered the question. This smile was, elso a size that money was plent.

"And how much cash would be neces sary to carry out that sch "Some \$50,000, more or less, while I have but about \$10.000 on hand, though

I can command \$20,000 additional by selling certain securities, so I must abandon the notion."

derrick standing before, after the hatches were battened down, in a frat-class ship—a regular A No. 1 ? Bear a hand—bear a hand ; you've got an old sea-dog among you, men." There was no mistaking the person. On reaching the deck, I found Marble, his coat off, but still wearing all the rest of his "go-sshores," fourishing about among the laborers, putting into them new life and activity. He heard my footsteps behind him, but never turned to salute me, until the matter in hand was terminated. Then I received that honor, and it was easy to see the cloud that passed over his red visage, as he observed the deep mourning in which I was clad. "God morning to you, Captain Wal-lingford," he said, making a mate's bow —"good morning si f the ship needed to for a jury-mast. Yes, sir, God's will must be submitted to ; and sorry enough was I to read the oblitery in the news-papers—Grace, etc., daughter etc., and only aister, etc. You'll be glad to hear, however, sir, that Willow Cove is moored ahead and starn in the family, as one might say, and that the bloody mort-gage is cut adrit." abandon the notion." "That does not follow necessarily. Let me think a night on it, and we will talkfurther in the morning. I like quick bargains, but I like a cool head. This hot town and old Madeira keep me in a fever, and I wish a nights rest before I make a hearen " make a bargain.

The next morning John Wallingford returned to the subject, at breakfast, which meal we took by ourselves, in order to be at liberty to converse without any auditors. "I have thought over that sweet sub

"I have thought over that sweet sub-ject, the sugars, Miles," commenced my cousin, "and approve of the plan. Can you give me any further security if I will lend you the money ?" "I have some bonds and mortgages, to the amount of \$22,000, with me, which might be assigned for such a purpose." "But \$22,000 are an insufficient secur-ity for the \$30,000, or \$35,000, which you may need to carry out your adventure." may need to carry out your adventure. "That is quite true, but I have noth

one might say, and that the bloody mort-gage is cut adrift." "I am glad to hear this, Mr. Marble," "That is quite true, but I have noth-ing else worth mentioning—unless it be the ship or Clawbonny." "Tut for the ship 1—she is gone if you and your cargo go; and as for insuran-ces, I want none of them—I am a landed man, and like landed securities. Give me your note at three months, or six months if you will, with the bonds and mortgages you mention, and a mortgage on Clawbonny, and you can have \$40,000 this very day, should you need them." I was surprised at this offer, having no notion my kinsman was rich enough to I answered, submitting to a twinge, as I remembered that a mortgage had just been placed on my own paternal acres; "and I trust the place will long remain in your blood. How did you leave your

mother and niece ?" "I've not left 'em at all, sir. I brought the old lady and Kitty to town with me, on what I call the mutual sight-seeing principle. They are both up at my oarding-house.

I was surprised at this oner, having ho notion my kinsman was rich enough to lend so large a sum. On a further con-versation, however, I learned he had near double the sum he had mentioned "I am not certain, Moses, that I under-stand this mutual principle, of which

"God bless you, Miles," returned the mate, who could presume to be familiar, again, now we had walked so far att as not to have any listeners; "call me Moses as often as you possibly can, for it's little I hear of that pleasant sound business in town was to invest in good city securities. He professed himself willing, however, to lend [me half, in order to help along a kinsman he liked. I did not at all relish the notion of mortgaging Clawbonny, but John soon laughed and reasoned me out of that. As for Grace's securities, I parted with them with a sort of satisfaction; the idea of holding hey afforts heing nainful now. Mother will dub me Oloff, and little Kitty calls me nothing but uncle After all, I have a bulrush feelin' about me, and Moses will always seem th most nat'ral. As for the mutual princi dea of holding her effects being painful ple, it is just this: I'm to show mother the Dawn, one or two of the markets— for, would you believe it, the dear old Were it out of the family, or even

soul never saw a market, and is dying to soul never saw a market, and is dying to visit one, and so I shall take her to see the Bear first, and the Oswego next, and the Fly last, though she ories out agin a market that is much visited by files. Then I must introduce her to one of the Then I must introduce her to one of the Dutch oburches; after that 'twill go hard with me, but I get the dear soul into the theatre; and they tell me there is a lion, uptown, that will roar as loud as a bull. That she must see of

course "And when your mother has seen all these sights, what will she have to show

you ?" "The tombstone on which I was laid

"The tombstone on which I was laid out, as a body might say, at five weeks old. She tells me they traced the stone, out of feelin' likes and followed it up until they fairly found it, set down as the headstone of an elderly single lady, with a most pious and edifying insorip-tion on it. Mother says it contains a whole varse from the Bible 1 That stone may yet stand me in hand, for anything I know to the contrary, Miles." I congratulated my mate on this im-portant discovery, and inquired the par-ticulars of the affair with the old usurer; in what manner the money was received. "I shall not put this mortgage "I shall not put this mortgage on record, Miles," Jack Wallingford re-marked, as he folded and endorsed the paper. "I have too much confidence in your honesty to believe it necessary. You have given one mortgage on Claw-bonny with too much reluctance, to ren-der it probable you will be in a hurry to execute another. As for myself, I own to a secret pleasure in having even this incomplete hold on the old place, which makes me feel twice'as much of a in what manner the money was received, and by what process the place has been so securely "moored, head and starn, in the family."

which makes me feel twice as much of Wallingford as I ever felt before." "It was all plain sailing when a fellow For my part I wondered at my kins-man's family pride, and I began to think I had been too humble in my own esti-I had been too humble in my own easi-mate of our standing in the world. It is true, it was not easy to deceive my-self in this particular, and in point of fact I was certainly right; but when I found a man who was able to lend

"It was all plain sailing when a fellow got on the right course," Marble answered. "Do you know, Miles, that they call paying off one of your heavy loads on land, 'lifting the mortgage'; and a lift it is I can tell you, when a man has no money to do it with. The true way to get out of debt is to 'arn money; I've found that much out since I found my mother; and the cash in I found my mother; and, the cash in hand, all you have to do is to hand it over. Old Van Tassel was civil enough

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

to come to York. In 1803 this country was still in the palmy state of unsophis-tication. There were few, scarcely any, strolling players, and none but those who visited the cities, properly so called, enjoyed opportunites of witness-ing the wonders of paint, patch, and candlelight, as suxiliary to the other wonders of the stage. Poor little Kitty ! There was a day or two, during which the sock and buskin wrought Ritty! There was a day or two, during which the sock and buskin wrought their usual effect on her female nature, and almost eclipsed the glories of Horace Bright, in her own bright eyes. I could not refrain from accompany ing Marble's party to the museum. In that day this was a somewhat insignifi-

that day, this was a somewhat insignifi-cant collection of curiosities, in Green-wich Street, but it was a miracle to the aunt and niece. Even the worthy Man-hattanese were not altogether guiltless of esteeming it a wonder, though the greater renown of the Philadelphia Museum kept this of New York a little in the shade. I have often had occasion In the shade. I have often had occasion to remark that, in this republic, the people in the country are a little less country, and the people of the towns a good deal less town, than is apt to be the case in great nations. The last is easily enough accounted for; the towns having shot up so rapidly, and receiv-ing their accessions of population from classes not accustomed to town lives from childhood. Were a thousand villages to be compressed into a single group of houses, their people would long retain the notions, tastes, and habits of villagers, though they would form a large town in the aggregate. Such, in a villagers, though they would form a large town in the aggregate. Such, in a measure, is still the fact with our American towns; no one of them all having the air, tone or appearance of a capital, while most of them would be paragons in the eyes of such persons as old Mrs. Wetmore and her grand-daughter. Thus it was that the Green-wich Street Museum gave infinite satis-faction to these two unsophisticated visitors. Kitty was most struck with certain villainous wax figures—works of art that were much on a level with certain similar objects that were lately, if they are not now, exhibited for the benefit of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, shove the tombs of the Piantagenets, and almost in conthe Plantagenets, and almost in con-tact with the marvel of Gothic art, Henry VII's chapel! It is said that Henry VII's chapel! It is said that "Misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows." So, it would seem, do shillings and sixpences. To return to Kitty; after admiring divers beauties, such as the New York Beauty, the South Carolina Beauty, and the Pennsylvania Beauty, she fastened her own pretty eves on a num wondering own pretty eyes on a nun wondering who a female in such an attire could be. In 1803, a nun and a nunnery would be almost as great curiosities in America, as a rhinoceros, though the country has since undergone some changes in this

since undergone some changes in this respect. "Grandmother," exclaimed Kitty, "who can ithat lady be—it isn't Lady Washington, is it?" "It looks more like a clergyman's wife, Kitty," answered the worthy Mrs. Wetmore, not a little "nonplushed," her-self, as she afterwards admitted. "I should think Madam Washington went more gayly dressed, and looked happier like. I'm sure if any woman could be happy, it was she !" "Ay," answered her son, "there is truth in that remark. This woman here is what is called a nun in the Roman Catholic quarters of the world." "A nun !" repeated little Kitty. "Isn't that the sort of woman that shuts herself up in a house, and promises

"In 5 that the sort of woman that shuts herself up in a house, and promises never to get married, uncle?" "You're quite right, my dear, and it's matter of surprise to me how you should pick so many useful idees, in an out-of-the-way place, like Willow Cove."

the-way place, like Willow Cove." 'It was not out of your way, uncle," said Kitty, a little reproachfully, "or you never would have found us." "In that partic'lar it was well enough, my dear. Yes, a nun is a sort of she-hermit, a breed that I detest alto-cethear." gether." "I suppose, Kitty," I inquired, "you think it wicked in man or woman to

take a vow never to get married?" The poor girl blushed, and she turned away from the nun without making any reply. No one can say whatiturn the con versation might have taken, had not the repy. No one can say whatturn the con-versation might have taken, had not the grandmother's eye fallen on an indiffer-ent copy of Leonardo's celebrated picture of the Last Supper, receiving at the same time a printed explanation, one got up by some local antiquary, who had ventured to affix names to the dif-ferent personages of the group, at his own suggestion. I pointed out the principal figure of the painting, which is sufficiently conapicuous, by the way, and then referred the good woman to the catalogue for the rest of the lames. "Bless me, bless me!" exclaimed the worthy mother, "that I should live ever to see paintings of such people 1 Kitty, my dear, this bald-headed old man is St. Peter was bald ? And there is St. John, with black eyes. Wonderful that I should ever live to see the likeness of such blessed men !" such blessed men !" Kitty was as much astonished as her grandmother, and even the son was a little mystified. The latter remarked that "the world was making great head way in all such things, and, for his part, he did not see how the painters and authors found out all they drew and reauthors found out all they drew and re-corded. The reader may easily imagine that half a day spent in such company was not entirely thrown away. Still, half a day sufficed; and I went to the Old Coffee House at one, to eat a sandwich and drink a glass of porter; that being the inn then most frequented for such purposes, especially by the merchants. I was in my box, with the curtain drawn, when a party of three entered that which adjoined it, ordering as many glasses of punch, which in that day was a beverage much in request of a morning, and which it was permitted even to a gentleman to drink before dining. It was the sherry-cobbler of the age; although I believe everything is now pronounced to be out of fashion be-fore dinner. As the boxes were separated merely orded. ance.

"Well, Norton," said Rupert, a little affectedly as to manner, "you have got Drewett and myself down here among you traders, and I hope you will do the honors of the place, in a way to confer on the latter some credit. A merchant is nothing without credit, you know." "Have no apprehensions for your gentility, Hardinge," returned the per-son addressed. "Many of the first per-sons in town frequent this house, at this hour, and its punch is renowned. By be seen. From that moment I was all impatience to get to sea. I forgot even the intention of visiting my sister's grave; nor did I feel that I could sus-tain another interview with Lucy has tain another interview with Lucy her-self. That afternoon I told Marble the ship must be ready to sail the succeeding morning.

HOW I CAME HOME

By Lady Herbert

I was brought up in what we should now call the "High and Dry " school of the Established Church of England.

It was utterly and entirely distasteful

But I kept on repeating to myself "verily and indeed taken;" and wonder

ing if those words were to be taken in

sons in town frequent this house, at this hour, had its punch is renowned. By the way, I saw in the paper, the other day, Ropert, that one of your relatives is dead—Miss Grace Wallingford, your sister's old associate."

A short pause followed, during which

A short pause followed, during which I scarcely breathed. "No, not a relation," Rupert at length answered. "Only my father's ward. You know how it is in the country; the clergyman being expected to take care of all the sick, and all the orphans." "But these Wallingfords are people altogether above standing in need of favors," Drewett hastily observed. "I have been at their place, and really it is a respectable spot. As for Miss Wallingford, she was a most charming girl, and her death will prove a severe blow to your sister, Hardinge." This was said with so much feeling that I could almost forgive the speaker for loving Lucy, though I questioned if I could ever truly forgive him for being beloved by her. It was utterly and entirely distasteful to me. I was eager, energetic, and en-thusiastic; and I found myself sur-rounded by cold and formal services, high pews, long puritanical hymns, and intolerably dry sermons. My Sundays were a perfect terror to me. I was made to learn long portions of the Christian Year by heart (some of which, even now, I cannot understand), in addition to the Epistle and Collect for the day: the reat of the time was to be addition to the Epistle and Collect for the day: the rest of the time was to be spent in reading sermons, or in church, where kneeling bolt upright always made me faint. I had the greatest diffi-culty in learning poetry by heart, so that I could never say my lessons, and my evening was consequently generally spent in tears. Even now, I sometimes have the recollection of what I felt on making in the morning when I remem-

"Why, yes," rejoined Rupert, affect-ing an indifference that I could detect he was far from feeling, "Grace was a g.od creature; though living so much with her in childhood, she had less interest in my eyes, perhaps, than she might have had in those of one less ac-customed to see her. Notwithstanding, I had a sort of regard for Grace, I will confess."

"Respect and esteem her, I should "respect and esteem her, t should think all who knew her must," added Drewett, ss if determined to win my heart; "and, in my opinion, she was both beautiful and lovely." "This from a man who is confessedly

"This from a man who is confessedly an admirer, nay, engaged to your own sister, as the world says, Hardinge, must be taken as warm praise," said the third. "But I suppose Drewett sees the dear departed with the eyes of her friend— for Miss Hardinge was very intimate with her, I believe." "As intimate as sisters, and loving each other as sisters." returned

each other as sisters," returned Drewett, with feeling. "No intimate of Miss Hardinge's can be anything but meritorious.

"Grace Wallingford had merit beyond a question," added Rupert, "as had her brother, who is a good, honest fellow enough. When a boy, I was rather in-timate with him."

"The certain proof of his excellences "The certain proof of his excellences and virtues," put in the stranger, laugh-ing. "But, if a ward, there must be a fortune. I think I have heard these Wallingfords were richish." "Yes, that is just it—richish," said

"Tes, that is just it routing, said Drewett, "Some \$40,000 or \$50,000 between them, all of which the brother must now inherit; and glad am I it falls to so good a fellow." "This is generous praise for you, Drewett, for I have heard this brother

Drewett, for I have heard this brother might prove your rival." "I had some such fears myself, once, I will confess," returned the other, "but they are all vanished. I no longer fear him, and can see and acknowledge his merits. Besides, I am indebted to him the set it of " for my life."

No longer fear him." This was plain enough, and was proof of the understanding that existed between the lovers. And why should I be feared ? I, who had never dared to say a word to the object nearest my heart, that might induce her to draw the ordinary distinction between passion and esteed-love, and a brotherly regard ?"

"Ay, Drewett is pretty safe, I fancy," Rupert remarked, laughing ; though it will hardly do for me to tell tales out of "This is a forbidden subject." re-

from the West of England to a property in the midland counties, which had been joined the lover, " and we will talk of Wallingford. He must inherit his sis-ter'sflortune." In the minima countres, which had been left to us by a distant relative. Here I found a scope for my activity in a hith-erto neglected village, which formed part of the property, where there was neither church nor schools. There was Poor Grace ! It was little she had

to leave, I fancy," Rupert quietly ob-

certainty and guidance in matters of faith. These letters inslated, however, sigrest deal on not going by one's taste and inclination, or by one's own feelings in so grave a matter. One of them has been published in his Apologia, and was a follower. runs as follows : TO BE CONTINUED

"This I am sure of, that nothing but a simple, direct call of duty is a warrant for anyone leaving our Church; and no ce for another Church, no deprefer preference for another Church, no de-light in its service, no hope of greater religious advancement in it; no indig-nation, no disgust at the persons and things among which we find ourselves in the Church of England.

"The simple question is; Can I (it is personal, not whether another, but can I) be saved in the English Church? Am I in safety were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in me, not joining an-

It is impossible for me to say the effect It is impossible for me to say the effect which these letters, and many others of the like kind, had upon us. They were copied and treasured up (in secret, of course), and pondered and prayed over by hundred of souls of whom the writer by inducted reamed, but who were going through minor throes of the same agony of doubt and suspense as himself.

A year|later I married, and strangely enough my new home had been St. Edith's old monastery; so that it seemed as if she were to follow and form part of my life. Probably her prayers (in return for the imperfect service I had ignorantly paid her by restoring her ruined shrine) helped me in my coming struggle. Dr. Newman, F. W. Faber, and many others whose names were household words among us, had by that time joined the Church of Rome. I felt that they had carried our prin-ciples to their legitimate conclusion. But I was too full of my new-found hap-piness at that time, and too much en-grossed with the intense joys of life, to give much thought to religious ques-A year(later I married, and strangely have the recollection of what I felt on waking in the morning when I remem-bered it was Sunday. Then came my confirmation, for which I can only say that I was simply not prepared at all. A clergyman came and asked me to repeat the Creed, which I did; after which he shook hands with me, and said he was quite sure I had been too well brought up not to be prepared, and gave me my ticket. I went through the service as in a dream. Then came my First Communion, and I was simply horridly frightened. I did not understand what now I see and feel. But I kept on repeating to myself give much thought to religious ques-tions or duties. However, it soon came back to me that this was an unworthy return to make to the Giver of such un-told blessings, and I resumed my inner life and active works of charity as before. Then began my intimacy with one who so greatly influenced my future iteral or in a non-natural sense; and if the latter, why there were left in the Catechism? For two years after that I

course. I had been married about four months when my; husband one day brought to introduce to me one whom he called his "oldest school and college friend;" adding: "He is the holiest man I have ever met." It was quite true. There was a something about Arch-descon Manning which made one as-hamed of an unworthy thought or a careless word; and yet he was always loving and tender as a woman. We went abroad the following year, and he accompanied us and spent the winter, partly in Rome and partly in Naples. He and my husband used to take long walks together almost daily, and then he would either dine with us or join us in the evening and continue the conversa-I had been married about four months Catechism? For two years after that I recollected no change in myself, or in the dreary round of my religions duties. Then came the "Oxford Movement," as it was called. This was my first view of real religion. I found in the writings of that new school all that my heart and mind had longed for and hungered after for years—I found life, and warmth and practice. But what really attracted me, although I knew it not, was their Cathalthough I knew it not, was their Cath-olicity. I devoured every book of the kind that came out. What I could not afford to buy I borrowed. The son of an old friend of mine (afterwards superior of a religious house), was then at Oxford, and he supplied me with all I required— the "Tracts for the Times," Dr. New-man's and Manning's Sermons. the the evening and continue the conversa-tions which to us all were of such en-grossing interest, relating, as they did. nan's and Manning's Sermons, the Library of the Fathers," and the "Library of the Fathers," and the many lighter contemporaneous works of Faber and Churton, Froude and Moz-ley, Sewell and Yonge, Williams and Paget, Gresley and the like. I began really to pray and watch, and fast, and examine myself, and try and deny myself in little things. I longed, as all girls of my temperament do, for the life of a Sister of Charity. About this time, I was immensely startled and pained at my young Oxford friend and companion announcing to me his intention of joining the Church of Rome. "It would be almost a death-blow to his mother," he said, " and that was what grieved him most. But he could not help him self—he could not remain where he was." My father was very indignant, to the political and religious state of Rome. At that time I was anxious and disappointed at having no prospect of a child; and some cousins of my husband's who were nuns of the Sacred Heart in who were nuns of the Sacred Heart in a convent in Rome, offered to make a novena for us for that intention, which we gratefully accepted. The Arch-deacon suggested that we should ge together and pray at the Ara Cceli for the fulilment of our wish; or rather, he added gently: "That the Will of God may be done in you and by you." He gave me at the same time a little terra-cotta statuette of the Blessed Virgin, with the hands crossed in submission, and the words: Ecce ancilla Domini i underneath; saying: "When you can feel as she felt, when you can give up your will;and have no wish or will but His, then and not till then, will the blessing you was." My father was very indignant, and forbade all further intercourse be-tween us. And so we parted, never to meet again till, twenty years later, I saw him in the cloister of his monasand not till then, will the blessing you seek be granted to you." Another day I recollect tormenting myself with the tery. Soon after this event we removed fear that I was not clever or amusing enough to be a fit companion for my hus-band. His answer I feel should be engraved in every | young wife's heart: "Your business is not to make your

home brilliant but blessed. Our intimacy went on increasing ; he

being under the necessity of leaving town, we discounted it for him."

"Anticipate !- you have discounted

and of bonds and mortgages, drawing in-terest, being on good farms in our own

county. "Well, Miles, what do you mean to do with your ship?" demanded Jack Wal-lingford, that evening. "I understand the freight for which you bargained has been transferred to another owner, on account of your late troubles ; and they tell me freights, just now, are not very high."

"Really, cousin Jack, I am hardly "Really, cousin Jack, I am hardly prepared to answer the question. Colo-nial produce commands high prices in the North of Germany they tell me; and were I in cash I would buy a cargo on my own account. Some excellent sugars and coffee, etc., were offered me to-day, quite reasonably, for car money."

answered the question. This smile was, also, a sign that money was plenty. "Not absolutely for collection, Captain Wallingford, as nothing would give us more pleasure than to renew it, if you would just go through the form of obtain-ing a city endorser." "Mr. Hardinge has then left it for collection," I observed, pained, in spite of all that had passed, at Rupert's giv-ing this conclusive evidence of the in-herent meanness of his character. "Not exactly for collection, sir," was the cashier's answer. "for wishing to "State of all that passed, as Rupert's given "Not exactly for collection, sir," was would just go through the form of obtain-ing a city endorser." than I had hitherto imagined. As for "Mr. Hardinge has then left it for collection," I observed, pained, in spite of all that had passed, at Rupert's giv-ing this conclusive evidence of the in-herent meanness of his character. "Not exactly for collection, sir," was the cashier's answer, "for wishing to anticipate the money by a few days, and being under the necessity of leaving town, we discounted it for him."

soon as he had filled my pockets. On the contrary, he went with me, and was a witness to the purchases I made. The

"Anticipate 1—you have discounted the note, sir?" "With the greatest pleasure, knowing it to be good. Mr. Hardinge remarked that you had not found it convenient to draw for so large a sum on the spot, and the consideration having been re-ceived in full, he was desirous of being put in cash, at once. We did not hesi-tate, of course." "Consideration received in full 1" es-caned me. snite of a determination to be

"Consideration received in full i" es-"Consideration received in full i" es-caped me, spite of a determination to be cool; but, luckily, the appearance of another person on business prevented the words or the manner from being noted. "Well, Mr. Cashier, I will draw a check and take up the note, now." More smiles followed. The check was given, the note was cancelled and handed to me, and I left the bank witha balance in my favor of rather more than to up favor of rather more than to up favor of rather more than to the time state seeing the beautiful semblance of her living friend, watching over her taded form, with sisterly solicitude. John Wallingford left me at the end of the week, after seeing me fairly under way and of bonds and mortgages, drawing in-

over. Old Van Tassel was olvil enough when he saw the bag of dollars, and was full of fine speeches. He didn't wish to distress the 'worthy Mrs. Wetmore, not he; and she was welcome to keep the money as long as she pleased, provided the interest was punctually paid; but I'd have none of his soft words, and laid down the Spaniards, and told him to count them. I 'lifted his oncumbrance,' as they called it, as easily as if it had been a pillow of fresh feathers; and walked off with that bit of paper in my hands, with the names tore off it, and walked off with that bit of paper in my hands, with the names tore off it, and satisfaction give me, as my lawyer said. This law is droll business, Miles; if money is paid, they give you satisfac-tien, just as gentlemen call on each other, you know, when a little cross. Bat, whatever you do, never put your hand and seal to a mortgage; for land under such a curse is as likely to slide one way as the other. Clawbonny is an older place than Willow Cove, even; and both are too venerable and vener-ated to be mortgaged." The advice came too late. Claw-

ated to be mortgaged." The advice came too late. Claw-bonny was mortgaged already, and I confess to several new and violent twinges, as I recalled the fact, while Marble was telling his story. Still I could not liken my kinsman, plain-talk-ing, [warm-hearted, family-loving John Wallingford, to such a griping usurer as Mra. Wetmore's persecutor. Mrs. Wetmore's persecutor.

usually at my sister's side, and it never
happened that I remembered the latter,
without seeing the beautiful semblance
of her living friend, watching over her
faded form, with sisterly solicitude. John
Wallingford |left me at the end of the
week, after seeing me fairly under way
as a merchant, as well as a ship-owner
and ahip-master.
"Farewell, Miles," he said, as he shook
my hand with a cordiality that appeared
to increase the longer he knew me;
"farewell, my dear boy, and may God
prosper you in all your lawful and just
indertakings. Never forget you are as
Wallingford, and the owner of Claw,
bonny. Should we meet sgain, you will
find a true friend in me; should we
never meet, you will have reason to remember me."
This leave taking occurred at the inn.
A few hours after I was in the cabin of
theard a well-known voice on deck;
calling out to the stevedores and
riggers, in a tone of anthority, "Come, bear a hand, and lay aft; off that forecastle; to this derrick—who ever sawa I was glad to see my mate on every ccount. He relieved me from a great

As the boxes were separated merely by curtains, it was impossible to avoid hearing any conversation that passed in the one adjoining my own, especially when the parties took no pains to speak low, as happened to be the case with my three neighbors. Consequently, I re-cognized the voices of Andrew Drewett and Rupert Hardinge in a instant; that of the third person being unknown to me.

"Ay, little in your eyes, Hardinge," added the third person, " but a good deal in those of her brother, the ship-master, one might think. Ever since you have fallen heir to Mrs. Bradfort's estate, a few thousands count for nothing." " Were it a million, that brother would think it dearly purchased by the loss of his sister," exclaimed Drewett. " It's plain enough there's no rivalry between Andrew and Miles," added the laughing Rupert. " Certainly money

nothing." "Were it a million, that brother would think it dearly purchased by the loss of his sister," exclaimed Drewett. "It's plain enough there's no rivalry between Andrew and Miles," added the laughing Rupert. "Certainly money is not quite of so much account with me now, as it used to be when I had nothing but a descriment's salary to glean from. between Andrew and Miles," added the walk to the parish church. I began by opening a school, and by degrees, through painting and selling my school, and selling my owalk to the parish church. I began by opening a school, and by degrees, through painting and selling my sketches, and the kindness of friends, I raised enough money to build on a chancel to that neglected gable-end; and never shall I forget the joy of seeing the first communions and baptisms in that little place—many having come who had a better right to it, than these who now enjoy it."
" Unless it might be your father." said the third man, " who stood before you, according to the laws of primogeniture, I dare say Rupert made love to his venerable cousin, if the truth were known, and induced her to overlook a generation, with his oily tongue.
" Rupert did nothing of the sort ; it is his glory to love Emily Merton, and Emily Merton only. As my worthy cousin could not take her (fortune with her, abe left it among her natural heirs. How do you know I have got any of it?
I give you my honor, my account in bank is under \$20,000."
" A prety fair account, that, by Joye I" erelaimed the other. "I was in the autumn of 1844 that a lowe I" and that a the the that a scheme."

topped. It was in the autumn of 1844 that a "A pretty fair account, that, by Jove !" exclaimed the other. "It must be a rapping income that will permit a fellow like you to keep up such a bal-It was in the autumn of 1844 that a great friend of mine sent me some letters she had received through a mutual acquaintance, written by Dr. Newman. They were of engrossing in-terest to all those who, like myself, were dissatisfied with their present position, and hungered after greater

Why, some persons say my sister has the whole fortune. I dare say that Drewet can satisfy you on this head. The affair concerns him quite as much as it does any other person of my ac-

quaintance.

"I can assure you I know nothing about it," answered Drewett, honestly. "Nor do I desire to know. I would marry Miss Hardinge to-morrow though she had not a cent." "It's just this disinterestedness, Andrew, that makes me like you," ob-served Rupert, msgnificently. "De-The fascination of youth lies in the freshness of the complexion. That charm may be possessed by any woman who takes good care of her skin. Fresh-looking, delicately-colored, clear, smooth complexion, come from the use of CAM-PANA'S ITALIAN BALM. It softens pridement pruchange, head source output

virtually became up for me a plan of life; gave us both prayers to use; directed our spiritual readings; and helped us in all the little

Distress From Indigestion

Tried in Vain to Get a Cure---All **Medicines Failed**

Old Trouble Disappeared When the Liver and Bowels Were Set Right by DR. CHASE'S **KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**

You cannot make a greater mistake than to think that indigestion is con-fined to the stomach. It is a disease of the liver and bowels, and it is only by getting these organs healthy and active that you can ever hope to cure chronic

that you can ever nope to cure enronic indigestion. Here are two cases reported by Mr. Skinner which tell of continued failure to cure indigestion by dosing the stom-ach. Both were cured thoroughly by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mr. 4. C. Skinner, Atlantia St. Hard.

asim. Boon were cured thoroughly by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
Mr. A. C. Skinner, Atlantic St., Hardwoodhill, Sydney, C. B., writes :-" My wife was troubled with indigestion and tried all sorts of medicines in vain. Hearing about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I got her to try them, and to our great delight she was cured. We would not think of being without them in the house for use when the liver and bowels become sluggish.
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