

Literature.

DISFIGURED.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from last issue.)

"You are too graphic, Miss Heath," said Lenthall, seeing Joan's sly face. "Let me take you to a seat, Miss Kennet."

"No, no, thank you," she said, very decisively. "I would rather hear the rest. Is he—is he dangerously hurt, Phyllis?"

"When I came to," she answered, declining to give the conclusion of the story before legitimately reaching it, "mamma being in a great fright, and pouring lots of dreadfully cold water on me, he was down in the dining-room, and the doctor had been sent for—and his father, old Mr. Emerson. Papa wanted him to stay here so as not to be moved, but Mr. Emerson would have him home at any cost. I didn't see him, but I just crept down to the door, and, oh, dear, it was so—so horrid!"

"What was?" Mrs. Kennet gently inquired.

"I heard him groan! It frightened me so, I ran away as hard as I could!" and she shuddered.

"And is that all you know about it, Miss Heath?"

"Almost. Papa went to ask how he was this morning. His head was very much hurt, and the horse had kicked him, but there was no danger. But he will be very much disfigured. Isn't it a pity?"

"I don't know so much about that," said Carter Abbott, pulling his long moustache. "He was too good-looking before. No chance for us poor plain fellows."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Phyllis, with a pensive air. "His mother is fearfully upset. And as for Lottie! Papa said she had cried herself into a perfect fright. There, that's all. Now, let us have some tennis. I see that game is finished. Joan, what do you say to Mr. Abbott and me against you and Mr. Lenthall?"

Joan excused herself and was walking away, when she found Lenthall by her side. He was extremely grave, and certain lines appeared in his forehead, which only showed when he was disturbed in mind. He saw that his companion was preoccupied, and for a little while he said nothing.

But when Joan found that they had strayed to some distance from the rest, she turned about to go back. And though she did not know, Lenthall had almost taken this opportunity to tell her of a hope he had long encouraged in his heart.

If it had not been for her pallor and ill-concealed agitation on hearing of Emerson's accident, he would have spoken the words that trembled unuttered on his lips. As it was, he kept them back, afraid to risk the almost certain "No."

An hour later, Mrs. Kennet signed to her daughter that she wished to take leave, but Phyllis caught Joan by the arm.

"Come up to my room, before you go," she whispered. "I have something to show you."

The two girls walked decorously in at the open French window, but once out of sight ran upstairs at full speed. Inside her room, Phyllis quickly locked the door, and placed a chair for her friend.

"Sit down," she said, "while I get it out."

Joan obeyed, half wondering what was to come, while Phyllis turned the key in a drawer and then pulled it open. The next instant she held up by the brim, with forefinger and thumb, a battered, shapeless thing, hardly recognizably for what it originally was—a hat!

"Look there!" and she waved it before Joan's astonished eyes. "I picked it up, and brought it here, just to look at, and now I don't know what on earth to do with it! I dare not let it be seen—anyone would think I was in love with him. I am—rather. What would you do with it, if you were me?"

"I don't know," said Joan, looking intently at it, without the shadow of a smile.

"Wouldn't you like it, dear?"

"No, thank you. Phyllis, why don't you burn it?"

Phyllis shuddered.

"It could never be any further use," Joan continued. "What a crash he must have come on his head to make that such a shape. Ugh! It makes me feel quite sick."

"You are sure you would not like to have it, Joan? I thought you would want to treasure it up."

Joan laughingly declined the offer, and after the drawer was once more closed and locked, they descended the stairs together.

After this Joan only heard of Emerson at intervals, sometimes through his sister Lottie, sometimes from the Heaths. And now and then she met Fred Lenthall, whose manner to her was completely altered from the time of his friend's accident.

About this time her mother insisted on Joan taking iron, and not being satisfied with the result of a course of that tonic, tried steel. Joan said nothing, but took her doses with apathetic resignation.

Two months passed, and Mrs. Kennet had prescribed plenty of open air exer-

cise. Joan not unfrequently sent little notes to Lottie asking for her company.

One day, in the middle of September, the latter called for her, and asked her to accompany her to the village.

Lottie was in rather low spirits.

"Did your brother ever tell you of the trick he played me here?" asked Joan, pausing at the well-remembered spot on the hill. "He dressed up as a beggar and followed me."

Lottie had heard nothing of the incident, so Joan recounted it for her benefit.

"That makes matters more clear to me," said Lottie, slipping her hand through her friend's arm. "You have not forgiven him, you cruel girl!"

Joan made no reply, but her lips curved into a smile not easy for her friend to understand.

"The house is so gloomy now," sighed Lottie. "It seems as though Kane would never recover his old light-heartedness. Mamma is always grieving over his disfigurement; and papa is so quiet and serious now Kane never makes him laugh as he used to. I do my best, and Fred comes in very often and tries to cheer us all up; but in spite of all we do, the poor boy keeps so thin and dispirited—and the doctor says he will never be better unless we can get over those dreadful attacks of depression."

"Poor little Lottie!" said Joan, tenderly, as the girl's voice became low and tearful.

"My happiness is all clouded," Lottie went on after a pause. "I once thought that if Fred were to ask me to be his wife I should be too happy to live. And things have turned out so differently! Al! Joan, I used to be so jealous of you. He used to follow you everywhere, and was only civil to me. Everyone used to run after you. Who would have thought that both Phyllis and I should be engaged first?"

"Phyllis engaged?"

"To Mr. Abbott. They, at least, seem perfectly happy. When do you mean to follow suit?"

Joan was gathering and eating blackberries. She looked down a high branch with her umbrella, and gathered all the ripe fruit from it before she answered, quietly:

"Not at all!"

Lottie looked at her eagerly.

"Why not? Joan, you might tell me whether you have any reason for saying so—whether there isn't someone you care for? You know it would go no farther."

"No farther than Mr. Lenthall, you mean," said Joan, quietly. "No, Lottie, dear, I have no little romance to tell. I had one once, but it is over—dead and buried. There, now you know all there is to know."

She walk on, so abstracted that it was some minutes before she was aware that Lottie was crying.

Her large eyes became almost round with surprise.

"What is wrong?" and she passed her arm round the weeping girl, and drew her to where the fern bank offered a tempting seat.

"My last hope!" sobbed Lottie, indignantly. "Don't, Joan! Let me alone! I thought better of you!"

"What do you mean? I don't understand."

Lottie dashed away her tears, and drew away from the tenderly encircling arm.

"I would not believe it before. He said you avoided him coming from church but I was sure he was mistaken,—I knew you used to care for him. Why, if Fred were hideous, I should not care. He would be the same to me. Here, let's go back!"

"Go back?" Joan repeated. "I thought you wanted me to go into the village with you!"

"Not now—not that way!" and Lottie, looking nervous and excited, caught Joan by the arm, and tried to drag her back the way they had come.

"Are there some cows coming?" Joan asked, superfluously, for the road here turned a sharp corner, and it would have been impossible to have seen anything until it was upon them. "How absurd you are! I don't stir until you tell me why?"

"Because," stammered Lottie, her cheeks becoming as red as her eyelids, "because—oh, here they are!"

As she spoke Lenthall and Emerson turned the corner, arm-in-arm.

"This was a plan, then! Lottie, I'll never forgive you!" said Joan, in a hasty whisper.

She shook hands in a cold and distant way with each of the young men. Lenthall was unconscious of any stiffness, for he had seen the witness of certain eyes and was all anxiety to learn the cause.

Emerson, however, instantly shrank into himself, for he had become painfully sensitive, morbidly attributing any fancied slight to his changed appearance. Scared, he was, certainly, but his dark eyes had not altered, except in expression.

"Shall we turn back with them, Kane?" Lenthall asked, and received a sign of assent.

There was no help for it! Lottie and Fred must be allowed to linger just out of hearing, and to converse in tender undertone.

Joan felt that she had been trapped, and suspected Emerson of being in the plot, though in fact he was under the impression that the meeting was purely accidental.

"I am glad to see you are able to go

out again," said Joan, formally.

"This is not the first time. I was at church last Sunday," he answered in the same manner.

"Yes, I saw you," and Joan tried to appear unconscious of his quick glance.

"I thought so—though you would not speak to me."

The remark made Joan feel a little choky in the throat. How could she tell him why she had shrunk from the meeting—not trusting her own power to greet him calmly!

"This is the first time we have met," Kane went on, as she was silent, "since I offended you so bitterly. I hardly thought you would nurse that offence so long—after I apologized."

"I did not," said Joan, finding a voice, but rather a harsh one, through the effort to command it. "I was annoyed at the time, but that was all."

Then her coldness and distance was all due to his marred face, Kane thought, and longed impatiently for the interview to end.

"I shall not annoy you in that way again," he began, for the sake of saying something. "I think when I fell on my head I smashed my organ of humor, for I've always felt sober enough since."

Joan's throat was a little troublesome again.

"It is being out of health," she said, after a minute. "That's all I hope."

"What, don't you think it an improvement? I remember your complaining that I was never serious."

"And now I wish you were less so," said Joan, looking away from him.

"If you like," and he looked back to where the lovers followed slowly far behind.

"I never gave you credit for so much vanity, Mr. Emerson," said Joan, breaking the uncomfortable silence.

"Vanity?"

"What is it but vanity that makes a scar or two trouble you so much?"

"It is not the scars, but the difference I find in my friends," he answered moodily.

"You surely don't think such a thing as that would make any difference in your friends?"

"We will take one instance," said Kane, looking her full in the face. "You and I used to be on good enough terms until I offended you. You say you have forgotten that affair and yet—"

He stopped expressly for a minute, then added:

"I met Miss Heath the other day. She was so horrified at the sight of me that she shrieked and almost ran away. These are not pleasant experiences."

They stammered on again.

"You would think them trifles if you were better," said Joan. "You are not really so much disfigured. I was agreeably surprised."

He did not answer nor look at her.

Joan passed a minute, then gave way to impatience, and laid a hand gently on his arm.

"Please don't think—"

Her voice failed, but her swimming eyes said the rest. Emerson gazed into them at first in the most genuine astonishment, which gave place to something very different.

"JOAN!"

Lottie had been watching them all the time, only half attending to Lenthall's remarks. Again and again she had sighed to see so much of the road between the pair.

But now she turned to her companion with a satisfied smile.

"Look there, Fred!" said she, archly, "do you feel jealous?"

Don't shut out fresh air and sunshine from baby's living and sleeping rooms. Sleep is more refreshing at night for the flood of sunshine and air into the room during the day.

Don't feed a child the moment it cries. There are other causes of grief besides hunger.

Don't frighten a child or laugh at its fears. Fear is the result of inexperience, and childish fears are real.

Don't decorate the nursery walls with pictures. They cannot understand.

Don't always trust the advice of a woman who has raised a family. A doctor's advice is sometimes much better.

The Honey Makers.

Bees can endure dry cold, but not dampness.

There are no lazy bees. Queenless bees build drone comb.

Heat does not damage honey, but tends to ripen and improve it. Dampness and darkness do not agree with it.

Honey that remains in the comb for some time after being stored is always the best article when extracted.

In very cold weather bees often die, and, falling, will clog the entrance. They must be removed or the bees will smother.

During the winter care must be taken in removing dead bees, so as not to disturb the hive and arouse them into activity.

It is not so much in understanding the theory of beekeeping that brings success as in the capacity for looking after the details.

If there is too much drone comb in the hive, remove it and replace it with worker comb. In this way the supply of drones is easily regulated.

By having and keeping the entrance to the hives and vicinity clean and convenient for the bees to get in and out many bees may be saved in winter.

When bees receive but little attention and are allowed to build all of their own comb they always have a large amount of drone comb, and this results in an overproduction of drones.—St. Louis Republic.

Extensive System of Dairying.

In describing what may be termed the intensive system of dairying, an English authority tells that the cows should be groomed daily, and in hot weather they are all the better for a cold shower bath in the morning. This can be given where there is a supply of water by gravitation, by means of a rubber hose. The cows are easily kept clean and thrive well under such treatment. They never leave their stalls and when the milk yield falls below eight quarts they are sold.

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"So you are looking for a position," said the merchant to the youth with the high collar and noisy necktie. "What can you do?"

"Oh anything," replied the young man. "Oh course I don't expect the junior partnership at the start but I want to be sure of an early rise."

"Very well," replied the merchant. "I'll make you assistant janitor. You will rise at 4 o'clock every morning and sweep the floors."

"They offered a Bible at our church last year to the most regular attendant. Who got the Bible?"

"The sexton."

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Out grafts before the buds begin to swell.

Plant out a few new fruit trees every spring.

Wood ashes are especially beneficial to onions.

Peaches require a high, dry and moderately fertile soil.

Be ready to make some early garden at the first favorable opportunity.

One advantage in having the ground well prepared and the places for the trees staked out is that the planting of the orchard can be done in much better season.

The best strawberries are borne on the thriest and most vigorous plants. A little well rotted manure put around each plant will aid materially to secure this condition.

One advantage with thrifty, vigorous young trees, with plenty of roots, is that they will make a good start to grow while older, larger trees are recovering from the effects of transplanting.

Dont's for the Nursery.

Don't let a child cry or sob itself to sleep, Josephine Miller writes in The American Queen. Earn the cause. There usually is a cause for the crying or sobbing of a healthy child and remedy it.

Don't comb an infant's hair. Brush it.

Don't force a child to eat if its food is distasteful to it. A little rest to the digestive organs is beneficial.

Don't let the little folks play with domestic pets that are allowed to roam about the streets. Diptheria and other dire ills are sometimes carried into the home in this way.

Don't fail to have all the milk and all the water consumed by the baby boiled. Boiling kills all bacteria.

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