

LUCK, OR PLUCK?

"Birch bark, and so heavy that I couldn't lift it, though I tried my hardest."

"Lucia!" the voice was Mrs. Tramlay's.

"Why, mamma, the water wasn't knee deep!"

"Mrs. Tramlay sank back in her chair, and

whispered that if the family ever went to

the country again she would not dare leave

that child out of her sight for a single in-

stant, but she had hoped that a girl 20 years

of age would have enough sense not to im-

peril her own life. As for that former

servant, she had supposed he was sensible

enough to

"You wouldn't have tried that trick if I

had been in the canoe, Miss Tramlay," said

Phil.

"Why not?" asked Lucia. "She knew how

to look defiant without ceasing to be pretty.

"Well, I would have been responsible for

you, you know—your instructor in navi-

gation, so to speak, and it's one of the first

principles of that art not to take any risks

unless something is to be gained by it."

"Good!" exclaimed Tramlay.

"Not bad," assented Marge.

"But I'd have got something if I'd suc-

ceeded in upsetting the boat," said Lucia.

"I'd have got a ducking."

"Then everybody laughed, everybody but

Mrs. Tramlay, who intimated to Marge that

Lucia was simply being ruined by her

father's indulgence.

"The dinner ended, the host and Marge re-

turned to the library to smoke. Phil was

invited to accompany them, but Lucia

declined.

"Phil has been too well brought up to

have such bad habits. He is going to keep

me from feeling stupid, as ladies always do

when gentlemen smoke after dinner."

"She took Phil's arm and led him to the

drawing-room, where the young man soon

showed signs of being more interested in

the pictures on the wall than in the girl by

his side.

"These are very different from the pic-

tures you used to see in our little parlor

in Haynton," said Phil. "Different from

any in our town, in fact."

"Are they?" said Lucia. "But you might

be loyal to home, and insist that yours were

unlike any in New York; because they were,

you know."

"I didn't suppose they were anything un-

usual," said Phil, quite innocently.

"Oh, they were, though," insisted Lucia,

with much earnestness. "I'm sure you

wouldn't find one of them in any parlor in

New York. Let me see; I do believe I could

name them all if I were to close my eyes a

moment. There was 'Gen. Taylor at the

battle of Buena Vista,' 'The Destruction of

Jerusalem,' 'The Declaration of Independ-

ence,' 'Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena,'

'Stock of Ages,' 'George Washington's Fare-

well,' 'Abraham Lincoln and His

'Family and 'Rum's Deadly Upas Tree,'

here!"

"Your memory is remarkable," said Phil.

"I didn't suppose anyone had ever noticed

my pictures at all; for I'm sure they are old-

fashioned."

"You're wrong, why, they're all the

latest fashion now, don't you know?" said

Lucia, with a pretty laugh.

Phil did not reply, for he was quite over-

whelmed by what seemed to him the

elegance of the Tramlay pictures. He could

scarcely see that the engravings were super-

ior in quality to those to which he was ac-

customed, but he was most profoundly im-

pressed by the paintings—real oil paintings, signed

by artists some of whose names he had seen

in art reviews in New York papers. He

studied them closely, one after another, with

the earnestness of the person whose

tastes are in advance of his opportunities.

offended, and Phil immediately tumbled in-

to the extreme depths of confusion.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, quick-

ly. "It was all because of my ignorance. We

haven't any Turkish rugs at Haynton, nor

any other rugs, except those we lay on

floors and use very much as if they were

carpets. I ought to have known better,

though; for I remember that in Eastern

stories, where the rare possessions of

Oriental kings and chiefs are spoken of, rugs

are always classed with jewels and silks and

other beautiful things. Please forgive me."

Half in earnest, half pretending, Lucia

continued to appear offended. Phil repeated

his confession, and enlarged his explana-

tion. In his earnestness he leaned toward

her; Lucia dropped her head a little.

Marge, who had finished his cigar, entered

the parlor at that instant and raised his eye-

brows—a motion more significant in a man

of his temperament than a tragic start

would have been to ordinary flesh and

blood. Lucia started and showed signs of

embarrassment when she could no longer

ignore his presence; Phil merely looked up,

without seeming at all discomposed.

"I think, my dear," said Tramlay to his

wife, who had been turning the backs of a

magazine, "that I'll take our friend around

to the club with me for half an hour, just to

show him how city men spend their time,

and keep away from their families. I won't

be long gone."

"Oh, papa! right after dinner? We've

scarcely seen Phil yet, to ask him any ques-

tions."

"Plenty of time for that," the merchant

replied. "We'll see him often; eh, Hayn?"

"I shall be delighted," said Phil.

"Suppose you drop him at my club on

your way home?" suggested Marge. "I

shall be there."

"Good! Thanks; very kind of you. He'll

be some man nearer his own age; all our

members are middle aged and stupid."

"I think it's real mean of you both," said

Lucia, with a pretty pout.

Phil looked as if he thought so too. At

Haynton it was the custom, when one went

out to dinner—or supper, which was the

evening meal—to spend the evening with the

entertainer. But objection seemed out of

place; the merchant had come for his hat

and coat, and Marge made his adieu and

was donning his overcoat at the mirror in

the hall.

(To Be Continued.)

Too Late.

Perhaps Tennyson has written nothing

which appeals to the hearts of

all who read his poems more than

the lyric of "Too Late." The bur-

den of the dead and the coming home

with telling force to the hearts of those who

have lost friends by that dread disease—

consumption. They realize "too late" the

result of neglect. They feel that the dear

one might have been saved if they had

heeded the warning of the hacking cough,

the pallid cheek and weakening system.

They feel this all the more keenly because

they see others being rescued from the

grasp of the destroyer, and they realize

what is saving others might have saved

their loved one. When the first signal of

danger is seen take steps to avert the

calamity. Be wise in time. Dr. Pierce's

Golden Medical Discovery will drive away

consumption. Do not wait until too late

before putting its wonderful efficacy to the

test. It succeeds where other remedies

fail.

Sentiment is as old as anything else, as is

indicated by the discovery in Egyptian

tombs dated back to B. C. 2000 of wedding

rites engraved with a heart and two clasped

hands.

Cures Wind Colic and Diarrhoea.

"HECKLED" AT DURHAM.

Further Twistings and Turnings on

the Plebiscite.

Sir John Thompson Cornered by a Pro-

temperance Clergyman.

DURHAM, Sept. 30.—In the course of his

speech here yesterday Sir John Thompson

told the people that if the report of the

royal commission showed prohibition to be

practicable, if the evidence produced by

the commission and its report justified that

result and conclusion in the opinion of Par-

liament, it should be the duty of the Gov-

ernment of the day, whether Liberal or

Conservative, to obey the will of the peo-

ple. This statement was not received with

any evidence of favor by the audience, and

the reason was soon made plain, for a large

number of those present, evidently pro-

hibitionists, were quite disatisfied with it.

Rev. A. G. James, the pastor of the

Durham Presbyterian Church, stood up

and said: "Mr. Chairman, may I have the

privilege of making a remark or two in re-

sponse to the expressions which our Premier

has made use of regarding the temperance

cause? If so, I should like to ask our

Premier whether the information received

from the royal commission will be acted

upon as the voice of the people of the

nation. If I understand him right, then

for that such would be the case, that the

report of the royal commission shall decide

in the House of Parliament for or against

prohibition. If I understand him right,

then I have to differ from him as I do not

believe in any way that the result of the

royal commission will express truly the

sentiment of the Canadian people on the

temperance question whatever the ma-

jority of the people may be. The Govern-

ment know what is the feeling of the peo-

ple on prohibition unless there is a

plebiscite, by which every man can lift up

his voice and let the Government know

what the people will do. Another ques-

tion I would like to ask—

Some one on the platform here shouted:

"Oh, we can hear you to-morrow!"

Mr. James then asked the question

whether the Government will do anything

to do with the liquor traffic? (Hear, hear.)

From the remarks which our Premier has

made concerning the question it appears to

me that the Government are not at all in-

clined to do anything of the kind. (Ap-

plause.) Now, I believe, speaking with

all due deference to our Premier, that our

Government should consider first of all the

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THE FALL FAIRS.

Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long,

Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long,

Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long,

Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long,

Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long,

Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long,

Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long, Long,

Long, Long, Long, Long