PLUCK

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Lacy rode out of the gates and turned his horse's head in the direction of Gaystown, without thinking of going near Barnard-wistle. It would have been of small use had whatle. It would have been or small use had be done so, for Mrs. Arkwright was lingering at Scarborough for the last days of a late season, and if Arkwright chanced to be at home, instead of being out with the hounds, he would be down at one of the mills, or at one of his pits, or somewhere or other where Lucy would have no end of trouble to find him. Moreover, he did not just then feel inclined for conversation, or for intercourse with any of his kind what-

advised that she should remain abroad, on the sun-steeped shores of the Meditteranean, for the whole winter, Olive Weyland, after she had been three months absent from her native country, and—it may as well be owned at once—after having heard from Mrs. Arkwright what regiment had taken up its quarters in Geystown barracks, was seized with such a violent desire to return to Copplethwaite, that, at the beginning of December, her father and mother thought it would be best to bring her home, and did so—only, however, on condition that, should the keen air of that neighborhood prove too much for her, she would come away again without making any fuss whatever. And Olive promised.

without making any russ whatever. And Olive promised.

"I shall not be ill," she declared. "I never was ill at home yet, and I shall not be back again. I am sick to death and weary of foreign houses, foreign food, foreign tongues, foreign men, women and children. Let us go home."

Now, as this happened to be exactly ber father's opinion and state of feeling, he, too, said:

Let us go home."
So home they went; and the first week in December found them again at Copplethwatte, in every-day case and comfort.
So high did Olive's spirit rise that, on the very first morning after their return, she went gayly to and fro about the old house singing, in her sweet lark's voice, her old favorite:

"She is much better for coming home; quite her old self again," observed Murray Weyland to his wife, as the fresh notes rang through the hall.

"Oh, quite; she is much better," Mrs. Wey-

"Oh, quite; she is much better," Mrs. Wey-land agreed.

Better for coming home? Not a shadow of a doubt about it. Olive did not feel like the same person; and indeed when, during the course of the afternoon, Lucy made his appearance, was so delighted to see him, so unreservedly glad and pleased at his presence, thas poor Lucy felt a corresponding flush to that which dyed her cheeks flaming fin his own, and, poor fellow, fondly believed that the little plan for arousing her jealousy to which he had resorted the past summer had worked well—had, in truth, not only grown and flourished, but had borne fruit a hundred fold.
"You have been ill," he said, taking her

"You have been ill," he said, taking her and tenderly in his, and altogether forgetting to let it go again.

"Oh, yes; very ill; awfully bad. I thought I was going to die one week," trying gently to release her hand.

"But you'wre better now?"—holding on to the library death.

Reminded of the hand, and that it was still in his possession. Lucy allowed it to elip from his grasp as far as the tips of the fingers; and then, by a bright inspiration, made a remark which justified him in keeping it for quite ten minutes longer.

"But you'were vewry thin," he exclaimed, in commiserating accents. "Your hand is like a skeleton—nothing but skin and bone."

"Well, it is rather thin, certainly," admitted Oliva, looking down upon it with a comical air, and then langhing outright at the contrast is presented to his strong, well-covered ons."

Lucy was just going to say, "I wish you would give it to me, thin or not," when the door opened and the butler announced "Miss door opened and the butler announced "Miss Smith," so Olive withdrew her hand hastily from his, and he, instead of proposing, said, "Con-found!" to himself.

We'll he might, for he knew Miss Smith no one better, who did not live in her vicinity. And really for that afternoon any pri-

vate conversation was altogether at an end; for Miss Bmith, having caught Olive's hasty movement and the frown upon Capt Lucy's handsome face, smelt a rat, and stuck like a leech or a ferret, on the chance of finding out a fresh bit of news with which to go rand the saighborhard with which

and for knowing that, if it were possible, Miss Smith would contrive to outstay him. He fairly groaned within himself when he saw the lavish afternoon tea which came in Mrs. Weyland's wake. How he would have blessed the sight of the dry bread and butter and thin, watery tea, it was so often his ter and thin, watery tea, it was so often his lot to meet with in the pretentious society of garrison towns. Alas! alas! the tea was fresh and strong, the cream of the thickest, the bread and butter looked delicious, and the cake had come from Buzzard's. When Lucy saw it—the general appearance of the festive board. I mean, not that the cake had come from Buzzard's—he gave up all hope of outing the enemy. However, by dint of almost turning his back upon her, he did contrive to monopolize Olive; and Olive was

"We are going to have a small—a vewry "We are going to have a small—a vewry small—afternoon dance on Wednesday," he told her, in a confidential tone, that was scarcely above a whisper. "You will have the formal invitation to-morrow. You'll be able to come, I hope."

"Oh, yes, and be very grateful for being asked," answered Olive, promptly. "It's a vewry small affair—only about forty," he went on. "You see, so many of the fellows are away."

Olive's tone was distinctly inquiring.
"Yes; about half, of course. And, by the
by, Harkness—you remember him?"
"Yes."

"Yes."
Olive could scarcely speak, her heart began to beat so fast and hard.

"Ah! well, he's away, too; been away there weeks or more."

"Oh, really!"
It was well that conventionality came to

It was well that conventionality came to her aid, as it had done before. Her tone was admirably indifferent; and indeed, no one who heard it would have gathered from it that she took even a passing interest in that officer. And yet what deadly disappointment filled her heart! How utterly all the delight and glory of homeseemed for the moment to have died out! For the time Olive Weyland found herself "alone, and journeying in a land of sand and thorns."

Lucy's voice recalled her somewhat to herself, and helped her to throw aside the effects of her disappointment.

effects of her disappointment.
"You will give me some dances?" he asked,
very humbly. "They are all to be round
ones. Shall we say th-wree waltzes?" ldoking at her imploringly.
"For you to forget, as you did the last I promised you?" said she, with a laugh—a very shaky nort of laugh, but one bravely managed for all that.
"Forget! As if I could forget anything!"

"Forget!" As if I could forget anything?"
he began, passionately.

"No! then you didn't forget them?" thinking the while how utterly he had been taken up, about the time of her birthday, with Evelyn Baumme. "That only makes it worse. By the by, have you heard that Miss Baumme is engaged?"

Lucy laughed.

"Yes; and to Jack Downe. He is quite the best fellow in the world; and how nice

Olive thought he was uncommonly cool about it; but after all, perhaps Evelyn Baumme was not the "Sally" of whom he had told her.

"And how is Sally?" she asked.

"Sally?"
Lucy positively started.
"Yes; the Sally you were going to try
sealousy upon. Don't you remember? Did
it answer? I never gave you that locket, and answers I have gave you take locked, did I?

"No?" He had recovered himself by then, "But you might give it to me now. My birthday is past, you know."

"I will. Pil get it the next time I go to Gaystown," Olive replied, "But you have not told me how is the fair Saily, and how you are getting on?" you are getting on?"
"Oh, she is all right, I think, now, and we

heart like a sword, though it was a sword or triumph, with a sensation that was half pleasure, half pain. I think if the redoubt-able Miss Smith had not been sitting on the

able Miss Smith had not been sitting on the other side of the room discussing a certain matter of gossip with Mrs. Weyland, who was bored to death, but too polite to show it, Lucy would promptly, there and then, have taken the darling of his heart in his arms, and begged her never, never, never, so long as she should live, let him hear her sigh like that again.

But alack! alas! there sat Miss Smith—an exceedingly hard, dry and (to Lucy) melancholy and inconvenient fact—a fact as natural as life, and, like a nightmare or the indigestion, not to be got rid of; and there, too, did Miss Smith remain until he could linger no longer.

too, did Miss Smith remain until he could linger no longer.

"Disagwreeable old person!" he said within himself. It was just like his luck that she should have but five minutes' walk to her own door, and that he should not only have five miles to drive back to the barracks, but should also have a man, one of his old regiment, and but passing through Gaystown with a stay of one night, dining with him that evening. On this account he was reluctantly compelled to decline Mrs. Weyland's invitation to remain for dinner at Copplethwaite.

However, Mrs. Weyland—who was, as she had always been, a very good friend to him,

had always been, a very good friend to him, and in truth would have liked him as a son-in-law-seeing his evident disappointment, asked him very kindly, indeed, to come the following evening; so that he took his way back to Gaystown barracks in a very jubi-

lant frame of mind.

But, oh for the crosses and mortifications of our poor human nature! When he reached Copplethwaite, at seven o'clock the following evening, he found the drawing room full of people, and away went his dream of a long and blissfully quiet evening with Olive, while Mr. Weyland dozed serenely in a big chafr, and Mr. Weyland would certainly remember an all-important letter which he must kindly post for her, which would not take ten minutes to write, though from experience he generally found it take at least an hour.

Poor Lucy! He was quite as disappointed

Foor Lucy! He was quite as disappointed for a few minutes as 'Olive had been the previous day. He hated dinner parties—those where he met the people he did know, and equally as much those where he met people whom he had never seen. He hardly knew which bored him the most wordily. Still, even if it was a stiff, stupid party, Olive was there; and Olive, who had recov-ered her spirits by the aid of a few scalding tears in the seclusion of her own chamber, and had immediately called herself not a few hard names for her folly, was looking lovelier than he ever remembered to have seen her, in a rose-colored gown, with a great knot of stephanotis bloom upon her

He sat beside her, toe—that was no small favor. I fear his own young lady found her cavalier a not very entertaining person, for twice when she distinctly addressed him he answered, with studied politoness and that wise air of imperturbable deliberation which distinguished him in general society, "Encryosi" and three times "Aw—no!" and once "I—er—nev-ah heard of it!" "An awful duffer!" said the young lady, who was of a slangy turn, to her sister, when discussing the party afterwards. "Very good-looking, and with lovely eyes, but such a duffer!"

at dances, if a man waltzes well, you don't think about anything else."

However apparent the real state of Olive's feeling might be to others, Lucy discovered nothing. He drove home with as gay and light a heart as ever beat beneath a manly bosom. He smoked two pipes before turning in for the night—pipes which were so all-satisfactory that the tobacco which filled them might have grown in the fields of Elysium; for in the blue wreaths which

ing in for the niggue-pipes with all-satisfactory that the tobacco which filled them might have grown in the fields of Elysium; for in the blue wreaths which went floating up, up, up, he saw fair and lovely visions of the long, long years which were to come—years in which there was much sunshine and but little shadow. Such shadows as there were only served to throw up into yet greater brilliance the bright colors and tints in which the chief incidents were painted.

Went after him.

Lucy simply dropped his story, having no addience, and turned to speak to some ladies at hand.

"Inver feel so near manslaughter as I do when Lucy begins about that woman," muttered Miles to Preston; "and it's always the same, in season and out of season: 'I was—er—awfully in love with a lary-day, and she jilt-ed me; her name was Naomi,' And so he babbles on to the bitter end, if you'll let him." time or other of our span—the span which, for so many, is made up chiefly of sordid were dancing. ome call them castles in the air!

AN AFTERNOON DANCE.

I do love nothing in the world so well as you.

—Much Ado About Nothing. She was his life—
The ocean to the river of his thoughts—

•
But she in these fond feelings had no share!
Her sighs were not for him.

The Dream

CHAPTER V.

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What a beauty old Lucy's got hold of. "Oh, that's Miss Weyland."
"Weyland—Weyland. Where does she
live? Who's her father?" "Coh, she is all right, I think, now, and we are getting on yewry nicely, thank you; at least, I hope so," he added modestly.

"I am glad to hear it," with a little sigh for her own disappointment.

Oh, that sigh! It went through Lucy's they've stopped. I'm going to get intro-

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Accordingly, he slipped across the ro and murmured a request for an introduct in Lucy's ear. in Lucy's ear.

Lucy turned with a slight start.

"Oh, to be sure! Miss Weyland, allow me to introduce Mr. Hartog."

"May I have the pleasure of the nex dance?" said Hartog, when they had expensed however.

danceiⁿ said Hartog, when they had exchanged bows.

"Certainly," replied Olive, graciously.

Then Lucy put his arm round her again.
Hartog fell back a step or so, and the soft gray gown and the scarlet jacket were in a moment once more in the throng of dancera.

"What a handsome man!" remarked Olive, suddenly, referring to Hartog.

"Yes; and a good fellow, too. Like myelf, he has the cwredit of possessing more inches than bwrains." Lucy answered. "But he wreally is a good fellow—one of the best in the wregiment—and dances divinely. I in the wregiment—and dances divinely. I dare say you'll like him tremendously, and will get along with him like a house on fire; only"—all at once assuming a very tender tone—"only, don't get along too well."

"I am not likely to do that," said Olive,

with a nervous laugh.
She felt the closer pressure of the arm about her waist; and who can say what words might not have followed had not the music at that moment come abrupty to an end? And then Lucy found himself besieged for introductions to Olive. Before he could shake himself and her free of all the men who were anxious to know her, the band struck up again, and martog appeared with a very proprietorial

He was one of those people who at times are capable of standing upon but scant cere-mony, and he certainly disposed then of the half-dozen men gathered around Olive with no ceremony at all.

"Old Tony's fit to back the whole of us," said Miles, with a laugh, to Preston. "What a swaggering chap it is at times."

"Yes."

Then, as Lucy turned away with his most listing a pix asked inquisitively.

a duffer!"
Oh! so taken up with Olive Weyland, "returned the sister with decision. "I was just opposite to you, you know; and really the way he looked at her now and then was quite too killing. I don't think Olive cares a straw for him."
"Never could understand Olive myself," said the young lady who had gone in to dinner with Lucy. "But I can quite understand now that Capt Lucy really is considered the biggest fool in the army. I never sat next to him at dinner before; and really at dances, if a man waltzes well, you don't think about anything else."

"I dare say they do," answered Lucy, with

meidents were painted.

We have all had those fair visions at some

We have all had those fair visions at some

him."

Meanwhile Hartog and Miss Weyland

are dancing. "I told them to play a walts," he said, as they went into the messroom. "Such a comfort, having an informal affair like this. We can have what dances we like."
"But you are not going to have waltzes all through, are you?" she asked, smiling. "If you would promi e to dance them all with me I should try my little best to do so,"

he replied. "But of course you are engaged for all the rest. Just like my luck never to have seen you before this afternoon." "Well, I am engaged for a few," said

"He dances well, does he not!"

"Oh, yes—beautifully."

"Far better than I do," half regretfully.

"I never danced half so well as I should have liked; but so long as I do that, or anything else, so that it will please you, every one else's opinion may go to Jewricho, and—er—stop thewre."

I am quite sure that if any one of the Scarlet Lincers had heard Lucy deliver this lengthy speech, or rather remark, impromptu, straight out of his head, without any hesitation until he reached the very end, they would have believed he was fast getting ready for brain fever, or something "He dances well, does he not?" getting ready for brain fever, or something serious of that kind. As for Olive, she laughed outright.

"Pray, my dear Mr. Lucy," she said, for "Pray, my dear Mr. Lucy," she said, forgetting his rank in her amusement, "do not trouble to make tender speeches to me; it won't de. You see, I know you too well, and what all your pretty speeches are worth. I've heard too many rhapsodies about—well, shall we say Sally, for instances"

stance?"
"Sally!"
Lucy fairly started, but the start was followed by a laugh.

"Come in here," he said, opening the door of a room on the term of the carridor into which they had passed from the mess room, and which was arranged as a man groom.

"Would you like me to tell you," he asked, "who Sally wreally is?" o
"Oh, of course. Who is she? Tell me this

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CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM. 8 30 a m 9 40 " 11 20 " 12 45 p m. 1 50 " 3 20 " 5 15 " 5 20 "

N. B. The above Express Trains will run daily Sundays excepted. The Freight Trains from Fredericton to Chatham will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to Fredericton on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays.

The above trains will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations:—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapilis, Upper Blackville, Blissfield, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

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O^N and after MONDAY; JUNE, 10TH., Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sunday nights excepted) as follows— GOING NORTH. LOCAL TIME TABLE 1.06 p.m. Leave Chatham,
1.55 " Arrive Bathurs,
2.50 " Campbellton,

GOING SOUTH LOCAL TIME TABLE.

NO. 2 EXPRESS. NO. 4 ACCOMPATION
LEAVE, 4.15 a m 1.05 p m
n,Arrive, 4.40 " 1.85 " Arrive Moncton
Leave, 4.50 " 2.50 " " S. John
Arrive, 5.20 " Halifax

s leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs throng ohn, and Malifax and with the Express going North which lies over at Campbellton. connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the International Connections are made with all passenger trains both DAY and NIGHT on the International Connections are made with all passenger trains both DAY and NIGHT on the International Connections are made with all passenger trains both DAY and NIGHT on the International Connections are made with all passenger trains and the connection of colonial.

EEF Pullman Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on Mondays. Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Hakifus
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and from
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The above Table is made up on I. C. Railway standard time, which is 75th meridian time.
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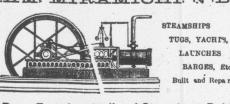
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NOTICE.

Neguac N. B., August 14th 1889.

Caution & Notice

Thereby caution any and all persons against giving employment to my son, James Walls, a minor, without first making arrangements with me in reference thereto, as I shall hold them responsible to me for his wages.

And I further give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by the said James Walls.

DULDEY P. WALLS Chatham July 23rd 1888

CIRCULAR.

Halifax, May 29th 1889 Halifax, May 20th 1889. Dear Sir,—We beg to inform you that we have sold the stook and good will of the business of the late J. S. MacLean & Co., to Messrs, John W. Gorham and Sireaburne Waddell, who intend carrying on the business at the old stand, "Jerusalam Warrings," as successors to J. S. MacLean & Co. In making this transfer, we believe we are doing what was contemplated by Mr. MacLean before his decease.

From the long experience of these gentlemen with Mr. MacLean in his late business, we feel confident in recommending them to your patrohage.

We are, Dear Sir, Yours truly, GEO. CAMPBELL, J. C. MACKINTOSH E, P. T. GOLDSMITH John S. Maclear Co-Partnership Notice.

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Alex. McKinnon.

Chatham, 13th August, 1889. BRICKS

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BRICK MANUFACTURED by them, which are f laage size, 18 to] e' soli foot, and perfect in shape and hardness All orders attended to promptly. Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, o can be got at the stores of Mr. W.S. Loggle, Chatham aus. Mr. Wm. Masson, Newcastle

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