### PLUCK

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, The fact is," said Lucy, in his most con 'The fact is," said Lucy, in his most confidential tones to a group of his brother officers was were gathered round the open window of the antercom in Idlaminster barrack: 'the fact is, I nev-ah was in love with lut one lady in all my life, and she liked me. Her name was Naomi—"
But here he was interrupted by the laughter of several, and the vigorous remonstrance of one of his hearers; that one was

Mi es.
"Now, look here. Lucy; it won't do. Why
can't you let the E. verend Solomon rest in "Yest in his gwrave!" repeated Lucy,
who a wise air of surprise. "Why, I didn't
er—know anything had happened to his

Another burst of laughter followed this simple remark; whether at its very simple remark; whether at its very simple to whather at the disgusted look on Miles' face, would be hard to say; perhaps partly from both causes. Milies' face, would be hard to say; perhaps partly from both causes.

"Oh!" Lucy went blandly on, seeing that the R. versad Solomon, who had succeeded him in the affections of Naomi, was evidently still in the fissh, "you are speaking figuratively, ch! Ahl bad thing to do, that I nevsah do it. As I said, she jilled me. Ah! she was wreally the only lady I ev-ah wished to marwry. I nev-ah altogether got over it."

"I'm afraid you never will, Lucy," put in Harkness, dryly.

"P-whaps not," with a resigned air.
"Still, thewre's no saying. Time heals all wounds, they say; and by the time Mignon is old enough to marwry me—"
"On! then you're going to marry Mignon?" laughed Hartog.
"If she will have me," returned Capt. Lucy, with the utmost gravity. "Pewshaps she won's; things of the gender feminine are so given to change of mind. Naomi, my first love, changed hers. Mignon says now that she will nev-ah marwry anybody but her devoted La!; but when Mignon grows up, and she sees that her La! is getting now that she will nev-ah marwry anybody but her devoted Lal; but when Mignon grows up, and she sees that her Lal is getting middle-aged, stout—although that is a calamity which, let us hope, will not fall upon me—bald—an affliction which, let us pwray, the decwrees of Pwrovidence may long forefend—deaf—a state of things favorm which heaven long pwrotect me (deaf people are such a bore)—why, then Mignon may forget — or, worse still, wrepent — the wresolves and pwromises of her childhood, and go for some fellow who at this moment is flouwrishing about the world in an Eton.

way of the world, and so the world wruns away."

"Well, you know, Lucy," put in Hartog, "you would make rather an old sort of hushand for Miss Mignen."

"It should be all the better able to take sare of her," returned Lucy, promptly. "Not that I expect her to have me for a moment. I know my sister used to swear, when she was young, that she would nev-ah marwry anybody but a clergyman."

"And she did not?" asked Preston.

"No." And Lucy looked wiser than ever. "My wraspected bwrother-in-law, Jim Arkwright digs coals and makes cottons and ralicose; a good fellow he is, too. I was at Harwrow with him."

Harwrow with him."

"Oh, a manufacturer?" some one asked.
"Yes; has coal pits and cofton mills and such like," returned Lucy placidly. "Seems to poy, too. Anyway, his house is one of the pleasantest I know. I wish I was going on thirty days' leave instead of ten."

"Oh, you're going to stay with your sister."

Tyes; and Harkness goes with me," Lucy answered.

I may as well tell you here that Cecil Lucy, of the Scarlet Lancers, and but one near sealitive in the world—that was his sister. Mrs. Arkwright. The name of Arkwright, connected with that of Weyland—Weyland & Arkwright—was one of the best known in and round about the district of which Barmsbury was the center. Well it might be known, for it was to be seen everywhere for miles and miles around—on carts and rolleys and railway was one alleged thousands and thousands of reasts of cotton and calico; on houses and mills; I might almost say, on men as women.

Of the two-selfor parkners of the firm, Murray Weylard was a man under 50 years old, and James—or, as he was invariably called, Jim—Arkwright was quite fifteen years younger.

years younger.
It cannot be said that either of them was a manufacturer of the conventional story book typs. Murray Weyland had been edu-cated at Eton; Arkwright at Harrow. They hunted, and shot, and fished; had grouse moors in Sootland; and most summers one or other of them went off to Norway for

or other of them went off to Norwey for salmon fishing; each had a lovely place in the neighberhood of Barnsbury and combined the life of a country gentleman with that of a man of business.

Well, to go-back a little, Murray Weyland, Lefore he was thirty years old, had married the daughter of an Irish gentleman with just about as much pedigree as the Weylands had money, and about a tenth of as much money as the Weylands had pedigree; a handsome and vivacious woman, with sigular features, and that blue-black hair, just the shade of a raven's wing, which often goes with these gray eyes which look like black ones, because Dame Nature has put them in with a dirty finger.

The result of this marriage was unbroken happiness and one child, a daughter, who was called Givs. And Olive Weyland was not only the richest girl about Barnsbury

Nor was hers common, every day beauty; for she was a girl with an air as distinguished as one might reasonably expect to meet on a fair day's march. It had been said of her that the traditional spoon with which she had been, born had been, not of silver, but of jeweis and gold; certainly she had been lucky in that she had inherited the beat petest of bott father's and mother's persons. Mrs. Weyland was a small, straight-featured, sparkling brunette, full of the and fun and vivanity. Weyland, on the contrary, was big and fair and alow, with what had been a brilliantly fair complexion, though now it was reddened and tamed by much exposure to sun and wind and all sorts of foul weather; and, as large, slow-speaking men often have, Murray Weyland, had a firm, true, steady, tender heart, which had never done a wrong to my man or voman since the day it first began to best.

Olive had got the father's true, steadfast nature, combined with occasional flashes of the mother's wit; she had got the father's large stature, the mother's grace, the father's yellew hair and fairness of skin, with the mother's regular features and grayl livish eyes. She had also got the benefit of the dirty flager, and the effect of the whole was to give to the world just as lovely a young woman as either author or reader could wish for the heroine of a story or to be the darling of any man's heart.

No other child than Olive had come to make music in the pretty did house where the Weylands lived; yet, though there was no boy Weyland to take his places in the firm, Murray Weyland did not make a trouble of the fact. There were enough of the young Arkwrights over at Barnardwistle to carry on hair a domen firms, he was in the habit of saying; and it was true. Jim Arkwright nour arts Barnardwistle to carry on hair a domen firms, he was in the habit of saying; and it was true. Jim Arkwright nour arts at Barnardwistle to carry on hair a domen firm, he was in the habit of saying; and it was true. Jim Arkwright nour arts Barnardwistle to carry

on half a dosen firms, he was in the habit of eaying; and it was true. Jim Arkwright hau imparried when very young, and the old place where his father and his grandfather had lived ishefere him resounded with the noise of at little pairs of feet. Six healthy, happir voices shouted 'Dad, dad, dad?' when he returned from his office, or, in a well-bespattered pink coat, from his Elysian fields of delight—that is, from hunting; and these its were all bya, and two of them had had the andactity to come as a pair.

And as there were enough of the young Arkwrights and to spare, Murray Weyland was well content with his girl. Sometimes he declared in jest he had gone in for quality rather than for quantity, and there were many who agreed with him; among them notably was Edith Arkwright's brother, Cecil Leve, of the Scarlet Lancers, who—in spite of his affectation and his drawl, his air of wise imbectility, and his threadbare story about his first love, who was called Naomi, and had jilted him, and his off-repeated delaration that he meant to marry Bootler little daughter, Miss Mignon—possessed one spot in his heart which was much more soft and tender than any of the fellows in the regiment, or, for the metter of that Edith Arkwright herself, rave him credit for—a spot of which Olive Wayland was queen. It was no new thing. Any time during the last five years Lucy had known perfectly well that she was the one woman whom the world held for him. Any time during the last five years Lucy had known perfectly well that she was the one woman whom the world held for him. Any time during the last five years Lucy had known perfectly well that she was the one woman whom the world held for him. Any time during the last five years Lucy had known perfectly well that she was the one woman whom the world held for him. Any time during the worl

and upon it he acted in this instance as in most others. So long as Olive showed no signs of caring for any one else, he was content to bide his time, to live his soldier's life, to go on his placid, good-natured way, and tell his story of how he nev-ah wanted to marry but one lady in all his life, and how she had thrown him over for an e'ephantine parson, whose name was er-Fligg—the Wreverend Solomon Fligg; how he had met her since as the blooming mother of eleven little Fliggs, all conies in miniature of their estimable paps. He was content to live and act and speak so as to throw dust in the eyes of nearly all who knew him; and, as perhaps he neither expected nor meant, the most effectually blinded of all was Olive herself.

It was Ofive Weyland's twenty-first birth-day—her coming of age.

It had been the invariable custom of her parents to give a summer dance upon that day, a dance following a garden party; but now that she had completed her twenty-first year, fir. Weyland would fain have had an entertainment of a grander sort and of a more elaborate kind, but Olive would have

"No, dear dad," she urged, "let us have everything as usual. My birthday party has always been enjoyed by every one, so why make any change?"

Of course Olive had her way, and invita-Of course Olive had her way, and invita-tions were sent out for the usual thing—a garden party, followed by a marquee dance and a regular ball supper. And when the day came it rose bright and clear, as it be-seemeth a fair August day to do. Olive awoke upon a world which seemed to have no drawbacks, no failures, no disappoint-ments; it seemed to her like a bed of rose

petals.

In the breakfast room a table was awaiting her piled up almost to overflowing with birthday offerings—gloves and bouquets, pearls and diamonds, gold and silver. I had almost said frankineenso and myrrh; nor should I have been very far out of it, for there were perfumes in bottles and flacons of every color and size and form; and the appearance of the whole was more like an array of bridal gifts than of birthday presents.

"A glerious day, Olive," said Mr. Wey-land, when she laid her soft and blooming cheek for an instant against his, by way of cheek for an instant against his, by way of morning greeting.

"Lovely, isn't it, dear dad? I really think I am one of the incitiest girls in the world. Mother, darling, that is from you," holding out a bangle set with rubies. "Nobody else knew I was wishing for such a one."

"Is it exactly what you wanted?" her mother asked. "I was more than half tempted to send for a few that you might choose it yourself, only it seemed more erthodox to let it come in the light of a surprise."

was wishing for such a one."

"Is it exactly what you wanted?" her mother asked. "I was more than half tempted to send for a few that you might choose it yourself, only it seemed more orthodox to let it come in the light of a surprise."

"Oh, much more; it is lovely!" Olive an swered, as she clasped the beautiful ornament upon her arm. "What is that!—Edith Arkwright!" taking a letter from the pile beside her plate as he spoke. "Oh, that is nice! 'Cecil has come,'" she read aloud, "bringing Capt. Harkness, of his regiment; so I shall bring them to you to-morrow afternoon.' That could not be better. Men always improve everything. And Mr. Lucy—log his pardon, Capt. Lucy—always males things go off well; he's such fun."

She was not able to linger very long over the breakfast table, or to examine the many offerings which the day had brought her. There were, she declared, a hundred and fifty things to do and to see after; so presently she went away, singing in a right ringing roje oee a verse of an old ballad which had been haunting her persistently for weeks past:

of all the girls that are so mark.

past:

Of all the girls that are so mark,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my hear.
And lives in our alley,
There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my hear.
And lives in our alley,
Right tenderly did the frash young voice linger over the swall! Saventeenth-century
words, and Tight bravely did she chant out
shift other verse, which tells to any sympathe. 'c ear such a whole, big, wide world of
tenderness and love and patient endurance:
My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her. I'd rather be
A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I'll marry Sally!
And then how happily we'll live,
But not in our alley.

As she crossed the lawn, just below the

As she crossed the lawn, just below the terrace which ran in front of the drawing room windows (seven of them), toward the large marquee in which they were to dance in the evening, and to which several workmen were busily engaged in putting the finmen were busily engaged in putting the finishing touches, her voice rang out as triumphantly as if she were indeed the beloved of the celebrated Sally, who lived up an alley, and kept her 'prentice-love as true to her as the needle to the pole; indeed, with such nerve and dramatic intensity did she sing, that one of her heavers burst out laughing, and made her start visibly.

"Please forgive me for laughing," this person exclaimed, in it tone of apology, which yet had a ring of amusement in it. "It really was so droll, the way you sang, 'Oh, then I'll marry Sally!"

Miss Weyland laughed likewise.

"Yes, of course it was; but I love that old song, and it always makes me feel just as if I, too, had a Sally."

She looked past him, toward his companion, and held out her hand.

"How are you, Capt. Lucy! I'm so glad you have come to Mrs. Arkwright's in time for my birthday party. And this, of course, is Capt. Harkness!" holding her hand out to him in turn.

is Capt. Harkness?" holding her hand out to him in turn.

"Yes." 'Then, as the hand was taken, he went on placidly: "In time for your party, Miss Weyland? Why, I—er—came on purpose for it. A pwretty bother we had to get leave, too—hadn't we, Harkness?"

"Oh, an awful bother!" said Harkness, stroking his mustache, and looking very modestly at lovely O.iva.

"I—er—said my sister had got twins," Lucy continued. "So she has, you know; and I ditin't think it necessary to say it was thwree years ago."

"But if you are found out?" Olive cried, laughing.

"Oh, if I am found out?" shrugging his shoulders, as if that was a very remote contingency, about which he need not particularly trouble himself.

"Well, you did get it, and that's the great thing," said Olive, smiling. "So now come and see the marquee. I was on my way to see how the men are getting on with it. It is where we dance this evening," she added, by way of explanation to Harkness.

Harkness made her a grave little bow, followed by a polite little speech expressive of joy at the good fortune he had to be one of those who were so lucky as to have the chance of dancing in the big marquee that evening.

evening.
"But you are really to dance," she said; "But you are really to dance," she said;
"you are not to get into a corner and look
as if you were simply dying for a cigar."
"Inever smoke cigars," he replied, gravely.
Lucy laughed out aloud. "I should think
not; the very foulest bwriar-wood you ever
saw in all your life," he informed Olive. "I
assure you it sets evewry one in barwracks
coughing as soon as ever he bwrings it out.
Have you got it in your pocket, Harkness?"
"I don't take it to make calls upon ladies,"
Harkness answered. "Now, Lucy, on the
contrary, Miss Weyland, is so devotedly attached to his clay that he goes so far as to
take it to church with him.".
"Take care you leave it behind to-day,"
Olive said, with a laugh, to Lucy; "for I am
going to wear a muslin frock, and if you
happened to set that on fire out in the open
I should not have the ghost of a chance."

'I'll take care never to set your fwrock on
fire," murmured Lucy, in a very low voice,
so that his friend should not hear it;
then added, as Mr. Weyland ap proached
them, "if it were my heart, Capt. Lucy,"
and "Ab! if it were my heart, Capt. Lucy,"
"Yes, dear dad; we are going to see your
"Yes.

"Ah! if it were my heart, Capt. Lucy," ahe answered, gayly.
"Yes, dear dad; we are going to see your beloved horses, certainly."
As the three—Olive, her father, and Harkness—moved away in the direction of the stables, Lucy found himself singing unconsciously, as he followed them; in a very soft woice, a line or two of Olive's song:

But when my seven long years are out, Oh, then I'll marwry Sally; And, oh, how happily we'll live! But not in our alley.

Olive heard him and looked back.

"You don't sing it with much expression,"
she said, turning to walk beside him.

"I would sing it with expwression enough,"
he answered, "if I thought thewre was the
vewry faintest chance of Sally's even—looking at me."

"Poor thing!" remarked Olive, but without any nity in her tones: for she was ac-

READER

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said not a word for full three minutes. It fell rather hard upon him that she should be so ignorant of the truth; for during all these years, whenever he could scrape a few days' leave together, he had almost invariably spent it with Mrs. Arkwright, who was his only near relative. Her house naturally stood to him in the light of a home; and he hardly ever accepted any other invitations, except it was to Ferrera' court, where he always spent some portion of his long leave.

Well for full three minutes Lucy did not Well, for full three minutes Lucy did not say one word; then he remarked, suddenly: "Oh! by the by, Miss Weyland, I ventured to bwing you a small birthday offering. I hope you will do me the honor of accepting

how well set upon his shoulders was his handsome head. "To be sure. It's very kind of you always to remember my birthday. I never make you any return for it; but this year I will send you a present, see if I do not." if I do not."

The iciness of Lucy's tone melted as he

a crinoline.

They had reached the stable yard by that time, and just as Harkness and Mr. Wayland disappeared through the doorway of a loose box Olive made a fresh suggestion.

"Or, suppose we say a nice little locket, that you can wear Sally's hair in and hang on to the end of your watch chain?" she laughed mischievously. "It might make Sally jealous; and there's nothing like jealousy, you know, for hastening on little affairs of that kind. You will be able to say in all bonesty that a lady gave it to you—a

about?" he asked.
"Oh, it's all quite easy, to judge by the story books. A little wholesome neglect.—a little attention to somebody else, who is not supposed to mind or be deceived for a moment, but who sometimes dies of a broken heart—a few gifts of books and flowers to the somebody else; after which the obdurate Sally comes to her senses, or his, with most unladylike and unmaidenly rapidity; after which the whole affair is settled in five minutes, and the two live happy and joyously forever. I assure you that is quite the proper way."

"I'll twry it," said Lucy, solemnly, and with emphasis; "I'll twry it, upon my word I will."

"I would," said Olive, nodding her head

"I would," said Olive, nodding her head "I would," said Olive, nodding her heed and showing her pretty white teeth in a smile. "And pile it up as high as you like about the locket," she added. Yes, she did relapse into slang sometimes, I admit it. "Pil give you a photograph, too, if you had." For a moment Lucy almost forgot his role; then his habitual serenity and his drawl came to his aid, and he recovered

"Will you indeed?" he said, with quie self-possession. "Wreally, Miss Weyland, I'm awfully obliged to you."

Olive began to sing teasingly:

But when my seven long years are out.
Oh, then I'll marry Sally;
And, oh, how happily we'll live;
But not in our alley. "Poor Sally!" she cried; "she little thinks what a plot is being laid against her at this what a plot is being laid against her at this moment."

"That is vewry twrue," answered Lucy, seriously; "but, as—er—all the world knows, 'all's fair in love and war.' Then, what about dances this evening? I hops you are going to be good to ma,"

"Two waltzes," she answered; "that ought to be enough to make even the hardest of Sallys' hearts soften, if only yours could see it."

"I hope no Sally would-" he began; ther "I hope no Sally would—" he began; then broke off short, looked at her in his wise way a moment, twisted his mustache as if seeking for an idea, then said, quite quickly for him, "Two waltz's? A thousand thanks!"

To be Continued.1 LIGHT AND AIRY. English as She Is Wrote. English as one is wrope.

The teacher a lesson he taught;
The preacher a sermon he praught;
The stealer, he stole;
The heeler, he hole;
And the screecher, he awfully scraught.

The long winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran;
The dunner, he dan;
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The fiyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did;
The suer, he sid;
And the liar (a fisherman) low. The writer, this nonsense he wrote; The fighter (an editor) fote; The swimmer, he swam; The skimmer, he skam; And the biter was hungry, and bote.

He Was Grateful. SHE.
I cannot sing the old songs
As once I used to do.

He.

How I rejoice to hear those words!

Now give us something new.

—Harper's Basar.

The ballon d'essai sent up in London lately in order to see how the wind was blowing before sending up the monster balloon of another international exhibition in London in 1891, has clearly shown that the current of public opinion is dead against any so problematical an agent. The organ of the Vatican, the Osservator

Romano, says that if the pope should be forced to exile himself from Italy he would not ask a sovereignty from any power, but would merely request a temporary hospitality, as he would certainly return to Rome before long.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

# CASTORIA

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we Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs throng and Malifax and with the Express going North which lies over at Campbellton.

ousy, you know, for hastening on little affairs of that kind. You will be able to say in all honesty that a lady gave it to you—a young lady. Don't you think you had better say a locket?"

"If you will give me one. And—er—you wreally think"—looking down upon her without so much as the ghost of a smile on his face or the least little twinkle of amusement in his blue eyes, perhaps because he was so very much in earnest and not in the least amused—"and you wreally think thewre's nothing like jealousy for helping such matters on?"

"Oh, nothing?" she answered, promptly.
"But how do you know!" he persisted.
"Oh," said she, wisely, "because every one says so—all the story books—every one, "with an expansive gesture of her arms, as if to include the whole world.
"But how is the jealousy to be bwrought about?" he asked.
"Oh, it's all quite easy, to judge by the locked in the least of the least, the prompt of the least of t

Water Pitchers, Fruit dishes, Cake-Baskets Cruets, Pickle Stands, Butter Coolers, Card Receivers, Napkin Rings, Berry Spoons, Carvers, Knives, Forks, Spoons

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# "Foor thing!" remarked Oliva, but without any pity in her tones; for she was accustomed to Lucy's extravagant love making, and never guessed at the depth of earnest reality which lay behind it. "So it has a Sally, and its Sally is not kind to it? Poor thing! And it looks so dejected and so unhappy over it!" Law looked straight in front of him and the delivery to the house of commons post-office amounts to an average of between 7,000 and 10,000 daily. CERTAIN REMEDY HARD & SOFT CORNS

Legal Aotices.

# NOTICE.

Caution & Notice Thereby caution any and all persons against giving employment to my son, James Walls, a minor, vithout first making arrangements with me in reference thereto, as 1 shall hold them responsible to me for his wages.

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

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Successors to J. S. MACLEAN & CO.

atham July 23rd 1888

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Chatham, May 1st, 1889

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