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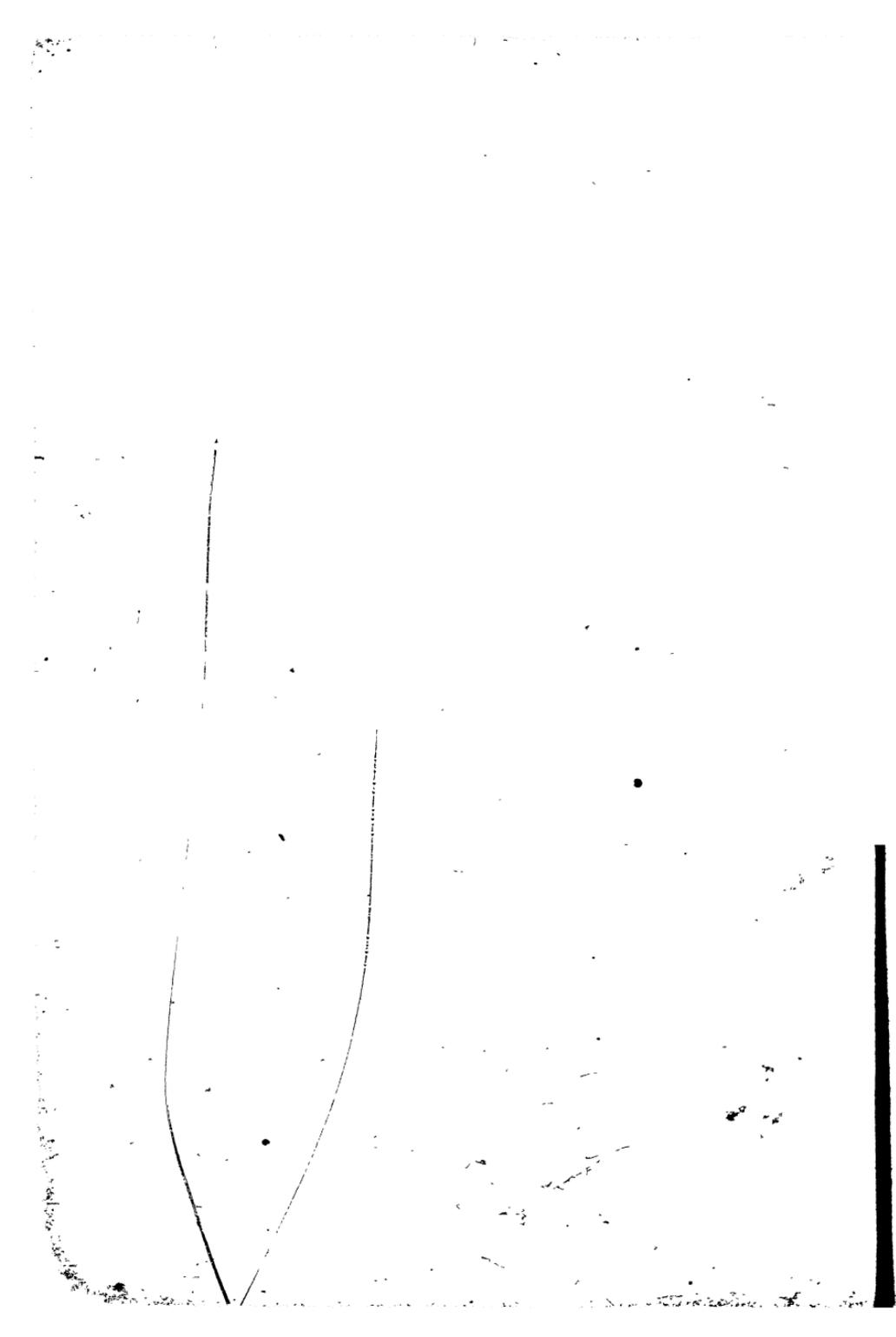
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TALES OF A GARRISON TOWN.

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ACADIAN LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE TORY
CLERGY OF THE REVOLUTION.

LETTER WRITING, ITS ETHICS AND ETIQUETTE.

BOOKS BY CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS.

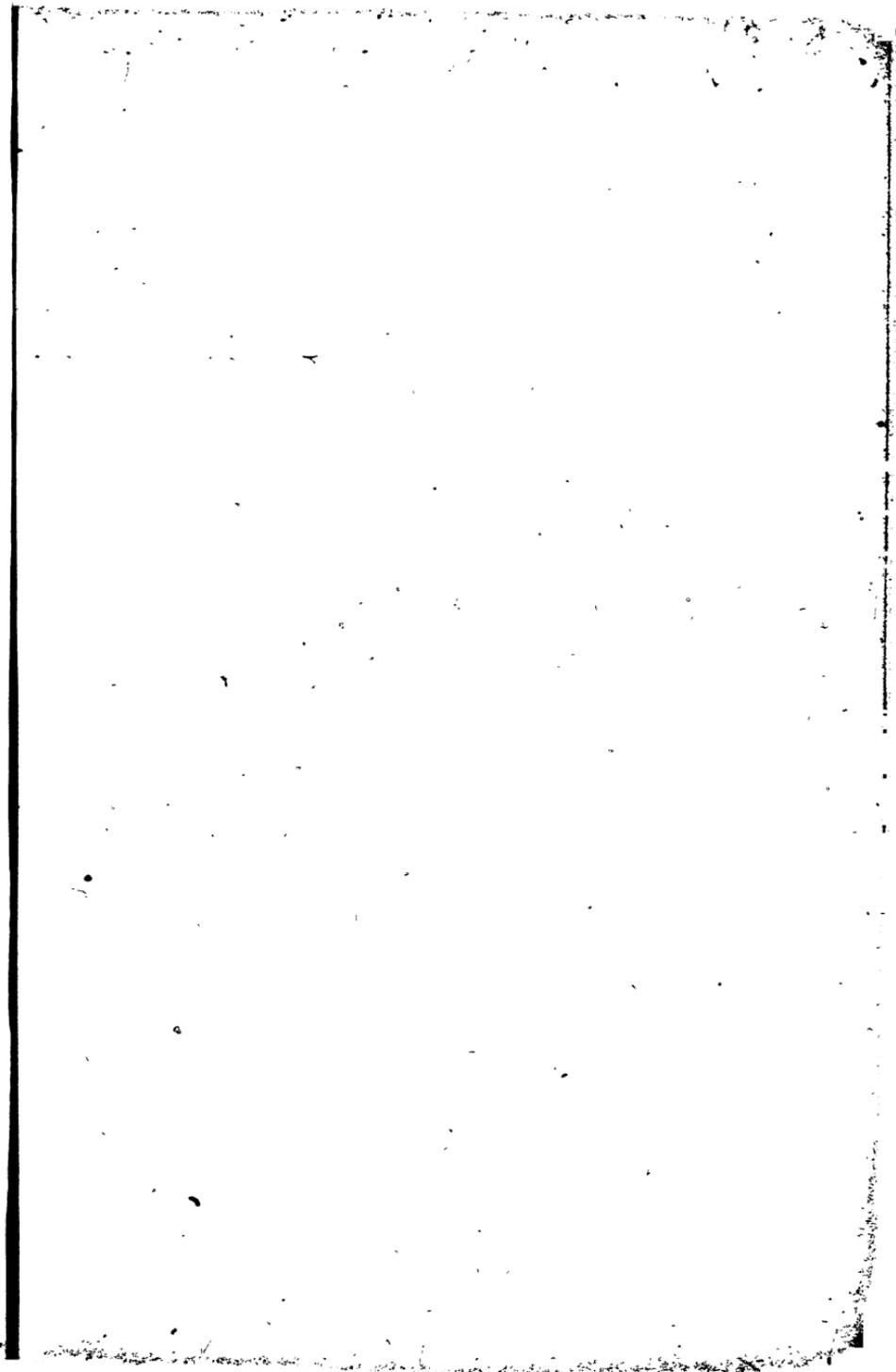
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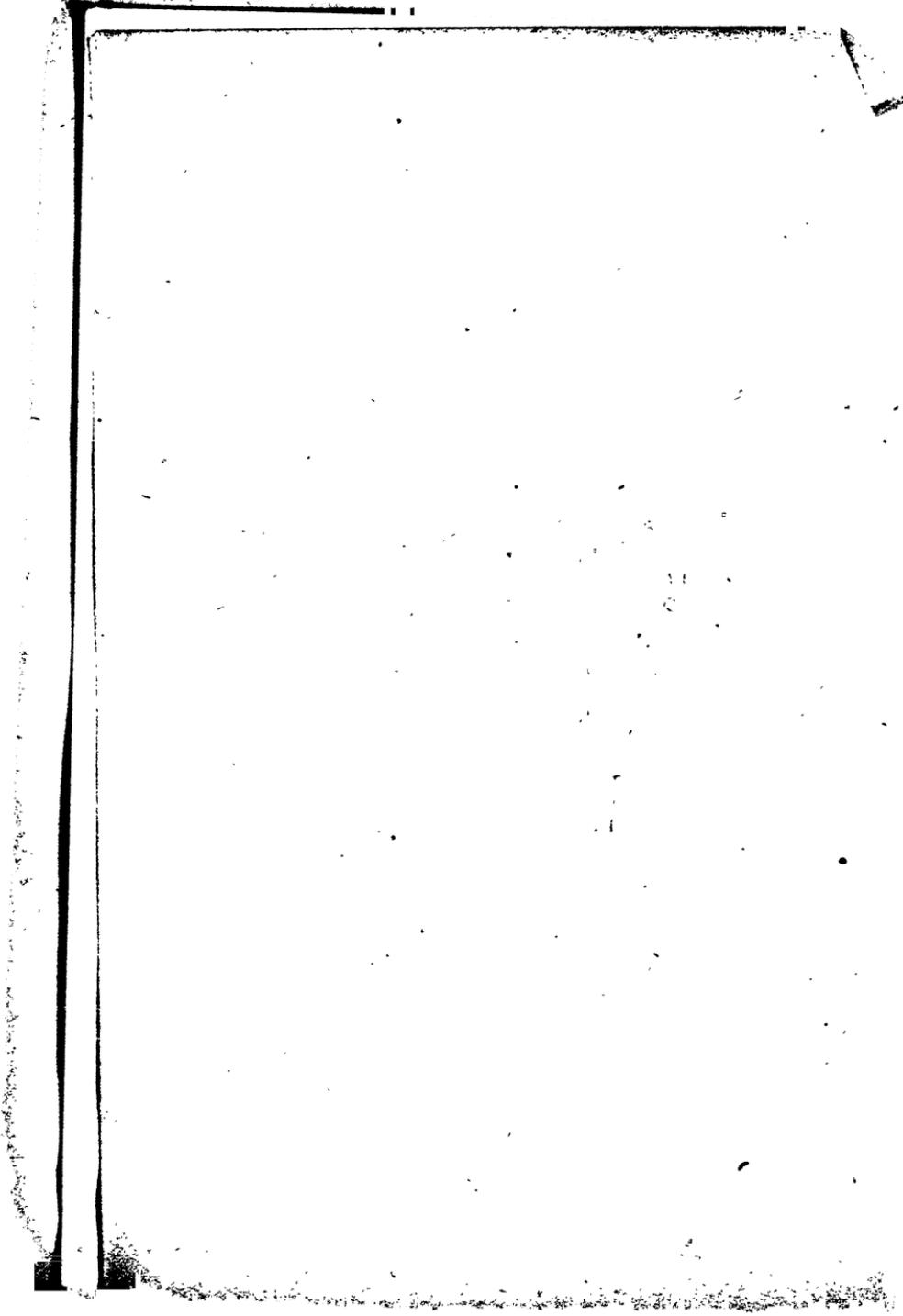
THE PERFUMÉ HOLDER : A PERSIAN LOVE POEM.





“ He deftly caught her by the wrist, wrung the dagger from her hand, and trampled it to bits beneath his feet.”





1410

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TALES

OF A

GARRISON TOWN

BY

ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON

AND

CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS

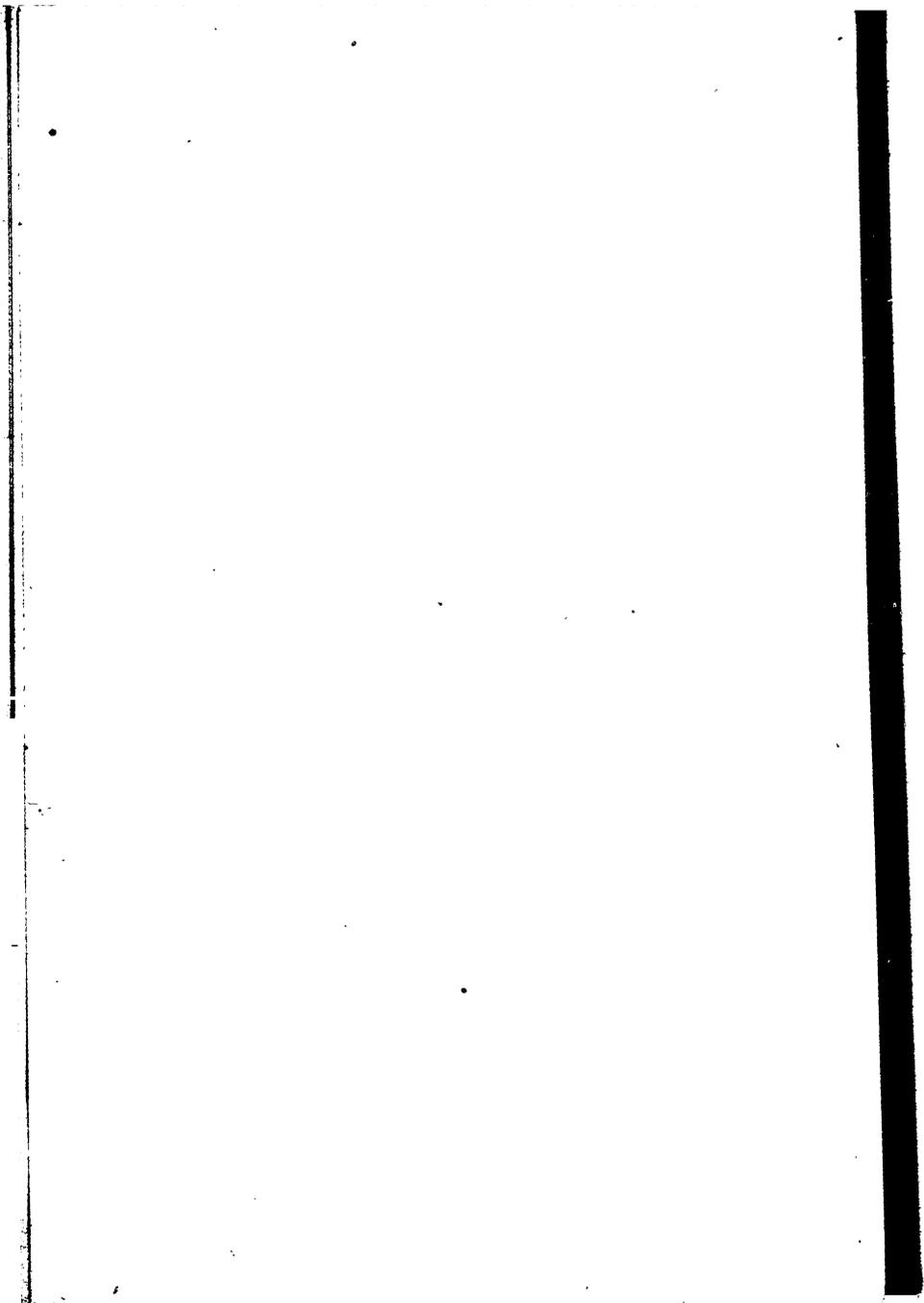
NEW YORK AND ST. PAUL

D. D. MERRILL COMPANY

1892

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To
ELIZABETH B. CUSTER,
OUR GENIAL COMRADE OF THE LITERARY CRAFT,
WE DEDICATE THESE
Tales of a Garrison Town.



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9



TALES OF A GARRISON TOWN.

HOW CROSSAWAY BETRAYED HIS FRIEND.

"So life's year begins and closes,
Days though short'ning still can shine.
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine."

—MOORE.

TIPTON was only three-and-twenty when he came to Halifax with the Slashers. He had gone into the army for no other reason than that of friendship. His father was immensely rich and could afford to gratify any of his son's whims; and when Jack Crossaway, Tipton's old college chum, bought a commission in the Slashers, Tipton prevailed on his father to do the same for him. Crossaway was three years the elder, and had knocked about the world a good deal, while his friend had seen little of life outside of school and college. When the Slashers left Southampton old Tipton came down from London to see his son off. Before the regiment embarked he

button-holed Crossaway, whom he knew and trusted, and asked him to lookout that no designing person should get Tipton, Junior, into his clutches—"for, to tell you the truth," he said, "Ned's a little fresh yet." Crossaway readily promised, and though he never told his friend of his colloquy with the old gentleman, which would hardly have done, he kept a silent watch over Tipton. That young man was not exactly inclined to be wild, though he loved fun, and there was no telling what he would do under a sudden impulse. He had a lively spirit, and the knowledge that he had a large bank account at his back made him at times rather reckless and imprudent. Crossaway was a thorough soldier, a born leader of men. He was over six feet in height, splendidly proportioned, and accounted the best swordsman in the regiment. He cared little for society, but read historical and military works continually, and was so well posted that Colonel Preston used to say in confidence that there was no officer under his command he would so readily trust in an emergency or consult in a difficulty as Crossaway. The latter had gained his captaincy at the time of the regiment's arrival in Halifax while Tipton was still first-lieutenant. The reason for that was that Crossaway had made a business of his profession, for he had joined for life. while Tipton

had entered the army merely to be with Crossaway, and intended leaving the service after a few years. They continued to be chums however, and Tipton often carried his good-natured friend away from his studies on junketings around the country, on which occasions Crossaway would throw off his graver air and be as much of a boy as his friend. Crossaway was fond of a hard gallop, and would get up at five in the morning for a spin on horseback around the North-West Arm, and come back to quarters hungry as a wolf and glowing like a furnace. Tipton, however, was more of a sybarite, and did not like early rising. Crossaway did not care a button for the fashionable life of Halifax, and mixed with it only on his friend's account, who, it must be admitted, was inclined to flirt, for which he had numberless opportunities. In company he was always the centre of a circle of young ladies, for the gold of the millionaire cast a halo around the head of the First-lieutenant. In fact, he divided with Simpson, of Company A, and Creighton, the dandy of the regiment, a large share of the favor which the girls of Halifax bestowed upon the Slashers.

Crossaway, on the other hand, was a puzzle to the fair sex. At times he would be marvellously brilliant in conversation, and throw himself heart and soul into an apparent effort to please, and then

suddenly would grow as glum and unsociable as a Burmese idol. Women who had been delighted with him on one occasion left him with despairing perplexity or indignant pique at another. One could never be sure of him in company, for he never took the trouble to be complacent when he did not feel like it. Tipton used to say to him jokingly: "Jack, if you would only keep up steam, you would run away from us all with the women." But Cross-away would only smile under his mustache and hum:

"My heart s in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer"—

and then go on reading Napier's "Peninsular War." But after a time an incident occurred which in no small degree affected the relation of these young men to one another.

There came to Halifax one day a Mrs. Vermilye. She was a widow, though quite young—not over thirty at most—and beautiful. She had the air and look of a well-bred Frenchwoman, though she declared she was English. Nobody knew her, but letters which she casually showed from distinguished persons abroad, and her evident acquaintance with polite society, brought her recognition in the best society of Halifax. It was supposed that she was wealthy, but nobody knew about that, as Mrs. Vermilye never spoke of her finances. She soon became

acquainted with the officers of the garrison, one and all of whom pronounced her charming. She had rooms at the Beverly, and gave delightful little receptions, piquantly French in tone. She was a slender brunette, with an oval face and dazzling black eyes, and a tinge of olive in her complexion, and with a beautiful neck and arm, which she took no trouble to conceal.

Now, what must Tipton do but fall head over ears in love with Mrs. Vermilye. From the moment that he first put eyes upon her he was completely captivated. To him she was Rosalind, Ophelia, Desdemona, and Imogen in one. He exhausted his vocabulary in praising her, raved about her to all the garrison, and tired Crossaway to death by singing her charms. He haunted the Beverly constantly, and spent money lavishly upon his inamorata. It took a small fortune to pay his bill at the florist's alone. He was a devoted slave to her on all public occasions, and nobody could get near Mrs. Vermilye without stumbling over Tipton. Crossaway at first seemed to take but little notice of the woman; but the truth is, he watched her narrowly. Then he quietly began to ask questions about her.

Suddenly Crossaway was seen on the streets with Mrs. Vermilye. Then it was rumored that a rivalry had sprung up between him and Tipton for the lady's

favor; and many things occurred to strengthen the rumor. Crossaway, the student; Crossaway, the nonchalant man of the world; Crossaway, the stern soldier, who had always been proof against the fascinations of women, was actually attempting to cut out his friend, and by appearances seemed likely to be successful.

Tipton at first regarded this move of the Captain's as one of his whimsical freaks, but he soon became alarmed. Crossaway gained favor rapidly, for he exerted all the power of his intellect to shine in Mrs. Vermilye's eyes. It was a marvel to see how the usually grave and matter-of-fact fellow went on. He appeared in high spirits, and his conversation became brilliant and witty. Mrs. Vermilye was simply overwhelmed, spell-bound by the deferential yet daring manner in which Crossaway conducted his campaign. As for poor Tipton, he was distanced in the race almost from the start. He could no longer appear at his best, and whenever Crossaway was present, which was now almost always, sulked in silence. Mrs. Vermilye at first seemed disposed to struggle against this new influence, and still to countenance Tipton, but it was of no use. Crossaway laughed and talked Tipton down till the latter was almost beside himself with vexation and despair. Gradually, with a burning heart, his soul

full of bitterness against his former friend, he was driven from the field by the victorious Crossaway. The inevitable consequences of such a rivalry followed. Tipton broke off all communication with Crossaway, though the latter strove to keep on good terms with him. In fact, one of the extraordinary things about the Captain was his imperturbable good humor. Despite his keen competition for Mrs. Vermilye's favor, he always treated Tipton with consideration and made many friendly advances to him. These Tipton put down in his account against Crossaway as impudent, barefaced, deceitful. At length things reached a crisis. Mrs. Vermilye openly cast Tipton off and showed herself completely under the influence of his rival. This determined Tipton, and he hung moodily about quarters waiting for a chance for revenge.

A pretext for a quarrel soon occurred. The officers of the Slashers were to give a dinner, at the Halifax Hotel, to one of their comrades who was going home to England to be married. It was to be a highly convivial affair, and each officer was to pledge the would-be Benedict in a bumper of champagne and make a congratulatory speech.

The evening of the dinner all the young officers were in high spirits, except Tipton, who sulked, and would do nothing to help the thing along, except

to pay his quota. The Colonel presided, and the dinner went off with great *éclat*. After a number of toasts had been drunk, the Colonel and the Major took their overcoats and went home, but the drinking and speech-making went on. Each of the officers had to respond in a short speech as his health was drunk. Tipton had imbibed freely, tossing off glass after glass in a fierce, reckless manner, and growing noisier every minute. At length it came Crossaway's turn to have his health drunk. Every one drank it standing as usual, except Tipton, who turned his glass down. "Hang it, Tip, don't be a fool!" whispered Addington, who sat on Tipton's right: "fill up and drink Jack's health like a man." But Tipton never budged. He stared defiantly at Crossaway over his upturned glass. The officers of the Slashers had been true to one another through thick and thin, and, please God, would continue to be, Crossaway was saying, when "You lie!" was suddenly shouted from the other end of the table. All eyes were instantly turned on Tipton, who was regarding the speaker with a flushed face and an angry stare. "Shame! shame!" was heard around the board. "The devil, Tip," muttered Addington, nudging the Lieutenant in the ribs, "can't you keep your quarrels out of the mess? Shut up, why don't you, and let Jack finish his speech." Crossaway's

How Crossaway Betrayed his Friend. 19

cheek turned pale, and he paused for a few seconds and then went quietly on to a conclusion. But Tipton's angry interruption cast a damper over all. As the party broke up, he walked forward to his former friend, who was putting on his overcoat. "I will meet you, Captain Crossaway," he said, "any time or anywhere that may suit your convenience. It is not necessary to waste words; we understand each other. You may select what weapons you please." Crossaway looked at him earnestly for a moment or two, then bowed coldly and turned on his heel.

"The fellow is a coward," said Tipton, loud enough for the Captain to hear. At the last word the latter wheeled half round, and a couple of officers started forward to prevent a scrimmage, but Crossaway smiled faintly, turned again and walked away. "Blast you, Tip! it's a wonder Jack didn't put his sword through you for that," grunted Melville, one of the interfering officers; "you know blamed well that Crossaway is no coward, and why do you try to provoke him? If it came to cold steel, you would be but a baby in his hands."

"Hold your tongue!" retorted Tipton angrily, and deigning no further words went off to his quarters.

The news of the quarrel got abroad and was freely commented on. The opinion of most of the officers was against Crossaway, though they blamed

Tipton for his intemperate language. But they excused him in their hearts on the ground that the provocation had been great, and that Tipton had drunk too much wine, as had most of them. To steal a fellow's girl, they argued, was bad form and clearly against the ethics of good comradeship. Meanwhile Tipton did not fail, whenever possible, to annoy Crossaway by sneers and innuendoes; but he did not have much opportunity for these, as the Captain studiously avoided him and kept through all an impassive countenance. Even the other officers began to look with a little contempt on Crossaway for not showing some spirit, though nobody really believed that he was afraid of Tipton. He still continued his visits to Mrs. Vermilye, and a report got about that the two were engaged. Tipton gnashed his teeth and waited his chance. He would catch Crossaway alone some time and force him to a duel. He practised assiduously with the rapier until he was sure he was a match for his rival; then he would slip out of an evening with a pair of rapiers under his surtout and lie in wait for Crossaway. It was some time, however, before he got an opportunity for a meeting, for he could not fight his enemy in the open streets, and he felt sure that Crossaway would carry a challenge straight to headquarters. So he waited and watched the Bev-

erly, intent on forcing the quarrel to an issue as soon as possible.

One afternoon Tipton saw the Captain and Mrs. Vermilye leave the hotel for a walk. They took the road toward Point Pleasant, and he followed them. The couple, after a while, entered the park and were lost to view. He hastened on, and again saw them moving off toward a little-frequented part of the grounds. With his brain on fire Tipton, taking advantage of the trees, drew close upon them. At length he noticed Crossaway halt abruptly and make a slight gesture with his hand, at which the lady paused also. There seemed to be a surprised, perplexed look on her face. The Captain, too, for a lover, did not appear to be over-gracious in his attention. He stood calmly facing his companion, with the nonchalance which of old he was so much accustomed to assume. Tipton could think of nothing but that his hated rival stood before him. He unbuttoned his coat and belt, the rapiers in his hands. Then he moved almost close enough to touch Crossaway with the point of one of the weapons. He would fight his enemy in the presence of the woman who had cast him off. He did not much care which should be killed, he or the Captain, but he ground his teeth and swore to himself that it should be one or the other. He paused for a min-

ute, however, for the two were talking earnestly, and he wanted to get an idea of how far the relations between Crossaway and the lady had gone. Mrs. Vermilye was speaking. By Heaven, there were tears in her eyes!

"You are very cruel, Captain," she said with tremulous little gasps, and with that peculiar foreign intonation Tipton had thought so charming. "You have forced me for your sake to throw over a young fellow who loved me, and now you yourself have suddenly turned upon me. I do not know what you mean."

"Come, come, Mrs. Vermilye; you know you did not care a rush for Tipton. It was only the boy's money you were after. You have told me so in effect a dozen times."

"But I cared very much for his money, you simpleton!" said the lady with a return toward her old spirit. "I have given the best proof of my regard for you by giving it all up when the young fool was in my power. All for you, Captain, who are treating me now so shamefully. Few other women would have made the sacrifice."

"And few men, perhaps, would have made the sacrifice for a friend that I have done," returned the Captain quietly.

"What do you mean?" The lady suddenly changed color.

"I mean this, woman. I have been insulted, called a liar and a coward by the dearest friend I had, for the sake of freeing him from your influence. I know your history, Mrs. Vermilye. I have been making investigations into your past life, and I find you an adventuress of the worst type."

At these words the face of Mrs. Vermilye grew pale as death. If she could have killed Crossaway with a look, he would have fallen dead at her feet. She threw her right hand up to her breast, which was heaving painfully, and as Crossaway uttered his last word she gave a shrill cry, jerked a small dagger from her corsage, and quick as a flash sprang with it at the Captain. But he deftly caught her by the wrist, wrung the dagger from her hand, and trampled it to bits beneath his feet.

She threw herself upon the ground and began to weep hysterically. He waited till she had grown quieter.

"You will leave Halifax in twenty-four hours, Mrs. Vermilye," said Crossaway in a firm and quiet tone.

She sprang to her feet with an angry countenance. "I will not!" she cried vehemently.

"Very good. Then I will have you indicted for forgery, and in less time than that you will be in jail. Come, I am inclined to be merciful, for you

are a rather interesting woman despite some tigerish propensities. But I must put you beyond the reach of further mischief here. You must not come any nearer Halifax than New York. I will have you shadowed, and on the first breach of faith you will be arrested. You see you are absolutely in my power."

"You are an inhuman wretch!" sobbed the widow.

"It may be so, but I am a true friend, and you were not quite smart enough in your game. Mrs. Vermilye, you ruined one good man, but you shall not ruin Tipton. Do you consent?"

"I cannot help myself. But what guarantee have I that you will not continue to persecute me?"

"The word of a gentleman, which you are not in a position to doubt. I care not where you resume your operations so long as you leave my friends alone. Come, Mrs. Vermilye, we understand each other. Let us go back to the hotel. Please take my arm, for it is growing dusk and the distance is considerable."

Her face flushed. "I hate you!" she said. "I could drive that dagger to your heart with satisfaction, but you are worth as much more in brains than that shallow fool, Tipton, as he is worth in cash more than you."

"You will oblige me by making no reflections,"

answered the Captain, raising his cap with a deferential smile.

She made a spiteful little *moue* at him, but took his arm and they walked off toward the city.

That evening Captain Crossaway, with a "hot Scotch" before him, was writing a letter, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door. He opened it, and there stood Tipton.

"Damn it, Jack, forgive me!" said the latter in a husky voice, standing motionless in the doorway.

"Forgive you, Tip? Come in, you rascal!" Crossaway's face was radiant. "Hang it, boy! don't look so shamefaced. The best of us get fooled sometimes, particularly with women. Take old Weller's advice, Tip, 'bevare of the vidders.' How did you get your eyes opened?"

"I heard it all," replied Tipton, looking down.

"Tip, I wouldn't have believed it of you!"

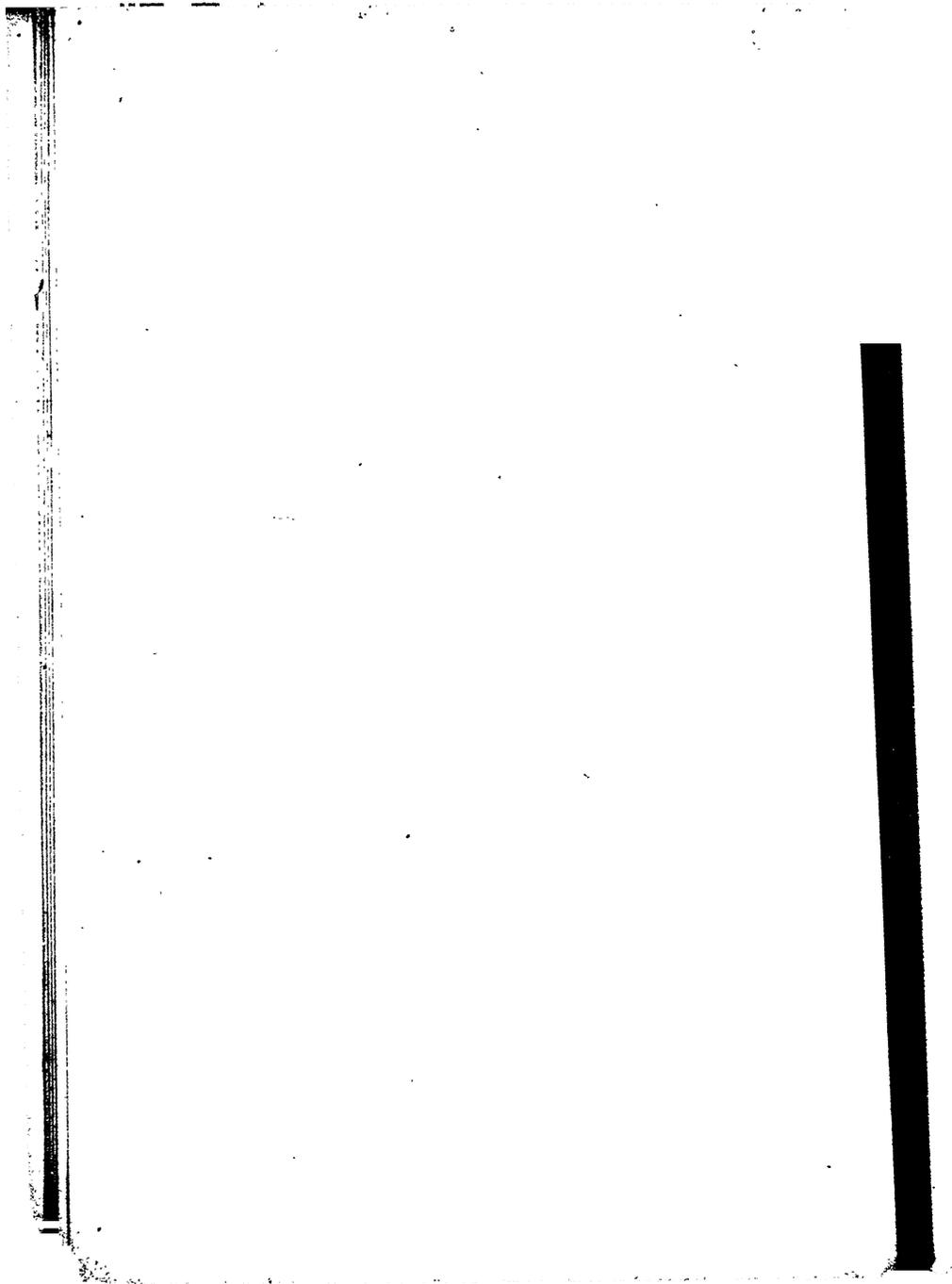
"I had a pair of rapiers with me. I was going to force you to fight me, so I followed you out. What a confounded fool I was!"

"I see. Poor chap! Don't blubber, for Heaven's sake, Tip! I knew it would all come right in the end. You're cured, aren't you? No more Mrs. Venus for Mars, hey? Well, well, I was bitten myself once almost as badly as you have been, and

took longer to find out my mistake; I'll tell you about it some day. So you see I can feel for you, my boy. 'Pon my word, Tip, if that woman had had a right training, hang me if I wouldn't have cut you out in earnest. Begad, sir, I'd have married her. She's got brains—plenty of 'em—and a devilish fine figure. But whew—she's a Tartar! Did you see the dagger business? I half-suspected she had something of that kind about her. It wasn't show; the little vixen meant it. And now we'll cement the peace with a good glass of hot whiskey. Come, Tip, drink to the health of Mrs. Vermilye, and may she have a safe and pleasant journey to New York!"

Crossaway filled his friend a bumper of the smoking liquor and drew a chair to the table. Tipton sat down and grasped Crossaway's outstretched hand. For a minute the two men looked at each other; then they touched glasses and drank to Mrs. Vermilye's health.

THE FALL OF THE DARCYs.



THE FALL OF THE DARCYs.

"Down the old house goes!"

—E. C. STEDMAN.

THE lines of social distinction are nowhere more arbitrarily drawn than in English garrison towns. This is certainly true of Halifax. Its first families have always been as secure in their superiority to common humanity as the English nobility themselves. In pride that distinguished gentleman, Lucifer himself, could not have excelled the Darcys. The family was launched into greatness in Sir John Wentworth's time, its founder, a handsome young fellow, having enjoyed the favor of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent when that distinguished personage held his court at the Prince's Lodge, near Bedford; and having been honored with the especial notice of the Duke's companion, the vivacious Madame de St. Laurent.

This man became a successful merchant, and before his death amassed a large fortune, which, descending to his children and grandchildren, enabled them to live quite as people of such distinguished ancestry should have lived, with butlers, coachmen, footmen,

cooks and valets innumerable. For the latest Darcys there was indeed almost no society in Halifax good enough. Only the officers of the army and navy were considered by them at all worthy of full social recognition. That old and very respectable visitor, Death, would have been tolerated only by reason of his complete insensibility to slights. If there was any one's door he would have been afraid to enter, it surely would have been theirs. Yet when they deigned to unbend they could be most agreeable, and could dispense hospitality in a gracious and lordly way. Their family arms were stamped on all their possessions, from lodge-gates to table-napkins. Their coach was decorated with the familiar heraldic device. I am not sure but that their wine-cellar contained eighteenth-century Burgundy and Johannisburg. And yet, with the force of their favorite tradition behind them and with the possession of large wealth to lift them above "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," they were destined to meet with a "sea of troubles," against which they would be unable successfully to take arms. After the death of Mr. Howard Darcy, who had increased the family fortune by a large and lucrative shipping and commission business, the property was divided among a number of sons, all of whom kept up in their respective households the

same lavish expenditure as their father before them had done. Mr. Archibald Darcy, the second son, inherited the old family mansion, and shortly after coming of age married the daughter of an English barrister, named Carstairs, who was more exclusive even than the family into which she had married. There was but one child from this union, a daughter named Ethel, for whom her parents intended a distinguished career. She was carefully educated abroad, and though of a sweet and charming disposition, inherited not a little of the family pride. After her return from boarding-school, she met one evening at a party a young bookkeeper, named John McPherson, the son of respectable Scotch parents in Prince Edward Island. But the blind archer, who is ever upsetting the plans of cut-and-dried wisdom and running us counter to our prejudices and traditions, was unluckily also present, with his arrow at the bent. Ethel and John McPherson at first sight were mutually attracted, and the pride of the Carstairs' and Darcys threatened to become but a paper shield between them and the plebeian McPhersons. The young man was a bright fellow, in every way worthy except that he was not in the Darcys' set. But when he ventured to call on Ethel at her father's house he saw only Mrs. Darcy, who sent him off with what is popularly known as "a flea

in his ear." Ethel was strictly enjoined under no circumstances to recognize Mr. McPherson again, and as she had been taught always to regard the family view of things as law, she tearfully assented.

Young McPherson was a lad of spirit. He took every convenient opportunity to meet Ethel, and persistently followed up his suit, until the irate father threatened to horsewhip him. Ethel, becoming alarmed, sent him a note begging him as a gentleman to cease his attention, and saying that she had irrevocably decided to obey her parents. This was a floorer to poor McPherson, who moped a good deal at first, then packed his trunk for New York, where he had an uncle in business, and so was seen no more in Halifax.

But the Darcys began to lose money. Mr. Archibald invested in speculations and lost a great deal of his property. An expensive lawsuit further wasted it, and his growing habits of dissipation did the rest. The other branches of the family were almost equally unfortunate. After eight years of reckless expenditure and bad business management Mr. Darcy died, insolvent. The famous old family mansion, in which four generations of the Darcys had lived and died, was sold under the hammer, and was bought in by a Halifax lawyer for a client in New York, who intended it for a summer residence.

After the sale the lawyer called upon Mrs. Darcy, and said that as his client did not want then to take possession he had offered to let her remain in the house, not caring either to have it lie empty or be occupied by people who might deface it and injure the grounds. The lawyer further said that the owner prescribed no conditions, and that Mrs. Darcy would be free to come and go as she pleased, and to use the property as if it were still her own.

Mrs. Darcy's haughty head was thrown back, and all her pride flashed in her eyes as she looked at the lawyer.

"You may tell your client," she said with frigid emphasis, "that my daughter and I can accept nothing from him; that his offer is highly impertinent," and she bowed the astonished lawyer out of the room.

But pride will rarely content the butcher and baker—two individuals of a dreadfully democratic stripe who may be kept in the background when money is plenty, but who always come to the front when money is scarce. The Halifax butcher and baker and their brother tradesmen were more inexorable than even the pride of the Darcys, and the claims of long descent were of little account in satisfying the claims of present necessity. Mrs. Darcy and Ethel, with sorrowful hearts, packed their now slender belongings and set out for New York,

where they had a number of relations. These, in time of the Darcys' prosperity, had received individually and collectively the cold shoulder, and they therefore did not now welcome the mother and daughter with any extravagant enthusiasm. The snubs long ago given were in some instances returned, and they told. Mrs. Darcy got back with full interest all the slights she had put upon her humbler relatives. In dudgeon she stopped communication with them all, and the big modern Babylon swallowed her and her daughter. They drifted into a quarter where decayed respectability still held a serried front against invading Jews and Italians. It is not necessary to enter into a detailed account of their hardships. Piece by piece their jewelry went, their fine clothes wore out, and they came down to what is known as "hard-pan." Whatever they could get to do they did. They copied manuscripts, they addressed envelopes, they sewed at all kinds of articles, from a baby's shirt to a stage-curtain. Their view was bounded on one side by a dusty street and on the other by a paved court usually filled with drying clothes. "Croton" regaled them instead of "Johannisburg," and meat twice a week became a luxury. It was tough, but human nature has great staying qualities. It is wonderful how easily ne-

cessity teaches us to adapt ourselves to circumstances.

One day they saw an advertisement in a paper for a decorative painter on china. Ethel had a natural gift for such work and had been well trained in it; but the women, ignorant how to seek such employment, had hitherto been unsuccessful in obtaining it. Mrs. Darcy answered the letter for her daughter, with little hope of a favorable reply. To her surprise and joy an answer was returned, requesting Ethel to call at a well-known establishment in Broadway.

Mrs. Darcy, who always conducted the outside business, as she wished to shield her daughter from the world of trade, entered the office of the firm with a fast-beating heart. A tall, bearded man received her and respectfully handed her a chair. The business was entered into and a commission was readily obtained, the terms of payment being surprisingly liberal. The man appeared a little constrained, and once or twice glanced at her keenly. At first she paid little attention to this, but finally his answer to one of her questions rather startled her. She had asked, for future reference, his name. He hesitated a moment, and then said, looking at her squarely, "John McPherson." If he had said "Mr. McPherson" or "McPherson" she might not have noticed his significant tone, but "John McPherson" recalled

Ethel's old lover to her mind in an instant. She looked sharply at him, and felt sure that it was he—only, of course, bearded and grown older-looking. Their eyes met in mutual recognition, yet neither spoke a word. Eight years, insult, and family pride lay between them. Mrs. Darcy's color rose and she turned to the door. Mr. McPherson opened it with ceremonious politeness. She bowed as haughtily as in the proudest day of her prosperity and walked away.

Ethel was overjoyed at the new employment. She had been ailing and was pale and thin, but this congenial work brightened her amazingly. Her mother, however, had far different feelings. She hated to go back to Burgess and Company's. "Why?" asked Ethel.

"He—the manager there—is not a gentleman," snapped her mother.

"What is his name?"

Her mother did not answer the question. She said she would try and get Ethel work at some of the other china-stores. Ethel said no more, but resolved to go herself to Burgess and Company's and relieve her mother of a distasteful duty. Her mother, however, insisted on taking the plates back herself. "Better I than you," was the only reason she would give to Ethel.

Mrs. Darcy came back with an increase of pay. "The man evidently thinks we are paupers," she said pettishly, throwing the money into Ethel's lap. "He insisted on paying double—said that the work was so good that he could not offer less. It is a mere pretence to put us under obligation."

This speech of her mother's puzzled Ethel. The unknown man who paid so liberally, and yet was no gentleman, excited her curiosity. "Well, mother," she said, "you know I do paint well, and I did the plates very carefully. I really believe they were better done than those that most china-artists do." Her mother only said, "I don't want to go back again if I can help it."

The next day Ethel quietly put on her hat and went to Burgess and Company's. She had a good excuse, for her mother was not feeling well. The girl was shown into the manager's office, but that person had just gone out. She wished she had asked for his name, and was about to question a clerk, when the manager himself entered. Ethel glanced up and their eyes met. There was an eager, expectant look in the man's face, and in an instant she recognized him. It was all she could do not to betray her surprise. The blood of the Darcys flew to her face, and then left it pale again, but her family pride rallied to her aid. He should not think that she

was come there to beg a favor of him. Each felt the position keenly, but neither made a sign of recognition. Ethel strove to look calmly past his shoulder. As he waited for her to speak she said: "I have come here for more plates, in place of Mrs. Darcy."

McPherson bowed without a word. She saw by a side-long glance that he bit his lip, and that his brow darkened. "Is your mother ill?" he asked after a pause.

"Mrs. Darcy is not very well to-day."

He said no more, but went and selected the plates with his own hands, brought them into the office, and carefully wrapped them in paper. She put out her hands to take them, but he said: "I will send a boy with these to your house. They are too heavy for you." He was looking at her pale cheeks and the thinness of her hands.

"Thank you," she said simply, without looking at him, and bowed slightly as she stepped out of the office.

The boy trotted along by her side carrying the plates.

"How do you like Mr. McPherson?" she asked of him.

"How do I like him? He's a daisy! He minds his business and lets you mind yours. I've always

found him as square as a nail," said Young America, shifting his burden to the other arm.

Ethel smiled. "But is he kind and pleasant?"

"Yes, miss, that's his failin'. He's too all-fired kind. Lets all the old men and women beggars gull him. He's soft as a girl. I'd clear 'em out quick. An' they say he's awful learned and writes for the papers. I've seen some of it, but I can't make it out. Give me a bully story—that's what I like."

"Is—is he married?"

"Oh, no, miss! I heard his uncle—him as owns the store—say somethin' about his gettin' spliced; but Mr. McPherson he only half laughed and said he hadn't got any time. But I guess that's all blow. I know I would if I was him."

"Indeed! and who would you marry?"

"You, miss," answered the audacious urchin with a sly grin.

"Come, sir, don't be impertinent," said the young lady severely, with a quicker step and a heightened color.

"You asked me, and why shouldn't I answer?" grumbled the boy.

"Mother," said Ethel, as she entered, "how do you feel?"

"Better, thank you, Ethel. Where have you been?"

"To Burgess and Company's."

"And you carried back all those plates?"

"No. Mr. McPherson sent a boy to the door with them. Isn't it strange to meet him there?"

"Then you renewed acquaintance with him, Ethel?" asked her mother sharply.

"No; I did not give him any chance to recognize me."

"Quite right! You must not go there again, Ethel."

It was Ethel's turn to say nothing.

Mrs. Darcy grew worse again that evening. Two days elapsed before Ethel could take back any of the new plates she had painted.

She met Mr. McPherson, and they bowed ceremoniously to each other.

"Is Mrs. Darcy still ill?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Worse?"

"Somewhat worse, I think."

McPherson did not answer, but his brow contracted. He evidently wished to say something more, but Ethel's repellent manner deterred him. He showed her out with as much ceremony as at her first visit, but there seemed a compassionate gentle-

ness in his manner not apparent before. The sense of it set her cheeks in a flame. She hurried away lest he should observe her embarrassment.

That evening, while Mrs. Darcy was sleeping, there came a rap at the door, and a basket of fruit and other delicacies was handed in.

"This is not for us?" said Ethel to the grocer's boy.

"Yes, 'tis, miss. The gentleman give p'tic'lar d'rections."

"Did he send his name?"

"No, miss."

"You may take these back; we do not want them."

"Can't, miss; my boss 'ud be mad. 'Sides, I got a lot o' other things to deliver. Can't carry these all 'round this time o' night."

"Very well. Leave them here."

Next day she called at Burgess and Company's.

"Here are the rest of the plates," she said. She paused, and then added with a flush on her cheek: "There came a basket of fruit to us last night; I presume we have to thank you for it."

He smiled. "How is Mrs. Darcy to-day?"

"She is not any better, I am sorry to say."

"May I send my physician—a very excellent one, I can assure you?" he asked somewhat diffidently.

"No, thank you. I do not think she needs one yet."

"May I not send around to-night to see if anything is wanted?"

"Please do not trouble yourself," she answered a little haughtily, and walked off.

She had not gone ten steps before she repented of her words. She came back and said, with a slight effort and in a low tone, "I beg your pardon, sir. I do not wish to appear rude or ungrateful. I believe there is nothing you can do for us."

Her own words seemed to strike back upon her. The memory of all the misery she and her mother had endured for the last year rushed upon her and took the strength out of her. She sat down and buried her face in her hands. The tears trickled from between her fingers, but she made not a sound. There was perfect stillness in the little room. It was anguish to be humiliated in this way before him, but for the life of her she could not restrain her tears. Suddenly a light, timid touch fell upon her shoulder. The sobs that she had kept back till that moment, at the touch of his hand, shook her uncontrollably, and with a streaming face she made an effort to rise and hide her mortification. But he took her two hands tenderly and drew her toward him.

"Ethel," he said. Gentle reproach, undying love, all those long years of waiting, struck in that one word to her heart. She raised her eyes to his face with the trust and adoration of a saved soul to its benefactor, and he clasped her to his breast.

It was June, the latter part of June—the time when, in these days, summer tourists crowd into the old rusty, rock-based capital of the Acadian province by the sea. The tall flag-staff of the citadel stood like a bare ship's mast against the star-lit sky. The echoes of the sunset-gun that every native Haligonian has heard each day since he was born had long ceased, and the gas-lights on Granville and Hollis Streets flared and flickered in the soft breeze that blew up the narrow side streets from the dingy wharves. On the wharf of the Cromwell Line a mixed crowd were watching the red lights of the New York steamer as she moved up past George's Island to her weekly landing-place. Nearer and nearer came the puff of the engine and the plunge of the paddles, until the ghostly outline was close upon them. On deck, a little way removed from the throng of passengers, were three persons—a young couple, who stood arm in arm, and a tall, elderly woman, with marks of recent sorrow and sickness on her face. In a few minutes they had

landed, and entering one of the comfortable cabs whose clamorous Jehus lined the gangway of the steamer, were rapidly driven off. The lights of the city flared past the windows and were left behind, yet on went the cab. Where are we going, John?" exclaimed the younger woman, peering out into the darkness. "We are certainly a long way past the hotel. Are you sure that the cabman understood you?"

"Yes, Ethel," said John quietly; "we are just there."

At that moment the cab turned into the deep shadow of a narrow, overarched driveway, and before either Mrs. Darcy or Ethel had time to ask another question, the brilliantly-lighted windows of their old home confronted them.

"What does this mean?" they both exclaimed at once. "Why have you brought us here?"

"Because," said John, "it is our own house."

As they went up the steps the familiar hall-door flew open, and old Simon, the Darcys' butler, his red face shining with pleasure, his cracked voice quivering with emotion, came toward them.

"Bless the Lord! the Darcys have come back to their own," he exclaimed fervently.

The ladies stepped into the house too overcome to say a word. Nothing was changed. The familiar

mahogany furniture flashed back from its rich polish the blaze of the light fire that had been kindled for their reception. The family portraits looked down their welcome from the walls. The sideboard glittered with the ancient Darcy plate. Even Brian, the great mastiff, Ethel's old companion, from whom she had parted with bitter tears, and whose care she had unwillingly committed to the family of a gardener on the place, sprang up to meet them, his intelligent eyes gleaming with joy.

Ethel turned, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "You dear old John!" was all she said, as she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

Mrs. Darcy stood for a minute with her back to the young couple. Then she turned, and with a voice whose tremor she strove vainly to conceal, said slowly, with an air of blended pride and humility: "John McPherson, you are well revenged!"



THE STORY OF YOUNG GILSBY.



THE STORY OF YOUNG GILSBY.

"What a strange thing is man!
And what a stranger is woman!
What a whirlwind is her head
And what a whirlpool, full of depth and danger,
Is all the rest about her!"

—BYRON.

"When a pretty woman laughs, it is certain that a purse complains."—
ITALIAN PROVERB.

THE Slashers having left Halifax for Bermuda, their place was taken by the Derby Rifles, who had recently been sent home from Capetown. A young South African, named Gilsby, had accompanied them from the Cape to England, and then to Halifax. He was the son of a rich and prosperous ostrich-breeder who had recently died and left his property to the young man, who had thus become sole heir to a considerable business. In Africa young Gilsby had made the acquaintance of a number of the officers of the Derby Rifles, and so strong was his regard for them that when the regiment was ordered home he resolved to accompany them. He sold the ostrich-farm at a sacrifice, and, with all his property converted into cash, went forth with a joyful heart to see the world. When the Rifles reached Halifax

Gilsby put up at the Halifax Hotel, occupying two of its best rooms. There never was a fellow more bent on enjoying life than Gilsby. He gave suppers to the officers of the army and navy and the men about town, grew wildly intoxicated with the social gayeties of the civilians, and entered into cricket and tennis with the zest of a neophyte. In short, all was fish, in the way of pleasure, which came to Gilsby's net. He was a fair musician, a very good amateur actor, and did some excellent shooting, in which latter accomplishment he had had splendid practice in South Africa. A fortunate star seemed to have shone on Gilsby's birth, for he was twenty-three, good-looking, wealthy, and had not a care in the world. Under such conditions most people imagine they could enjoy life. So did Gilsby. But we shall see.

Just three months before the Derby Rifles came to Halifax, a lady had put up at the Halifax Hotel—a Mrs. Lydia Buckingham, the grass-widow of an *attaché* of the British Legation at Washington. The uncertainty of her matrimonial relations, together with one or two rumors of a somewhat compromising sort regarding her, kept the most respectable people of Halifax from calling upon Mrs. Buckingham. She was, however, a general favorite with the fashionable men of the town and the officers of

the Rifles. Never since the disappearance of Mrs. Vermilye from Halifax had one woman been so constantly the theme of conversation as was she. The two women, however, were entirely unlike. While Mrs. Vermilye was dark, slender, and vivacious, Mrs. Buckingham was a generous blonde, with a bust like Juno's and a carriage stately as Diana's. Her large brown eyes wore the most innocent expression possible, and her movements were usually deliberate, often languid. She looked like a Saxon, but a certain richness of tint in the gold of her hair, the lithe grace of her step, the pungency and emphasis of her speech, and the occasional flash of her eye indicated Southern blood. It was said that her mother had been a Spaniard, married to an English wine-merchant; but this was not certainly known. Mrs. Buckingham hardly ever referred to any part of her past life, except to the time she had spent in Washington.

Though the character of this lady was regarded as a little shady, she took good care to give gossip no real cause for accusation. No one could lay finger on a single act of hers which could be considered compromising, so skilfully did Mrs. Buckingham manage herself. She could never have been taken in as was Mrs. Vermilye in the affair with Captain Crossaway, of the Slashers. She was too

able and calculating for that. She was a strange combination of opposites, and in that lay her power over men. She could talk politics intelligently (the highest test of a woman's ability), drink champagne without losing her head, smoke cigarettes like a Cuban, and ride horseback with a grace and a dash that any woman might have envied. She wore a wide-brimmed Gainsborough hat with a large swirling ostrich-feather, which set off admirably her bold, handsome features. Her stately figure was always robed in plain, soft materials, that draped to advantage. Then, too, whatever might have been the superiority of their morals, the women of Halifax could claim no intellectual superiority over Mrs. Buckingham. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that she was a great favorite with the men and not especially adored by the women.

Gilsby was not three days at the 'Halifax Hotel before he was on intimate terms with Mrs. Buckingham. She fascinated him at once, though she took no pains to conceal her contempt of his mental abilities. She laughed at him before his face and behind his back, teased him unmercifully, and when he rebelled at such treatment, used him like a spoiled child, and sent him on some of her errands. It was marvellous to see the bold and confident sway she held over him. In her presence he was as sub-

missive as a lap-dog. Nothing was too much for him to do for her. The more money he spent upon her the more infatuated he grew. He bought her a phaeton and a span of black ponies to draw it. He hired a villa for the summer at Bedford, furnished it elegantly, and spent a fortune upon the grounds, that Mrs. Buckingham might have a country resort. He even had a yacht built expressly for her. If Gilsby had had a Fortunatus' purse, he would have taxed it to the utmost to supply Mrs. Buckingham's fancies. But though that lady might in some sense have resembled Danaë, Gilsby did not in the least fill the rôle of Jove. A more hopeless infatuation was never seen. In vain his friends attempted to open his eyes. Gilsby, like a hashish-eater, could only view his situation through the lens of a disordered imagination. He threw counsel to the winds and plunged recklessly into fresh excesses. He fuddled himself daily with drink and prostrated his slender intellect at the feet of his Circe, who calmly and smilingly pursued her relentless course. The knowledge that she despised him only made the wretched youth the more desperate. People began to wonder what would be the outcome of all this.

The end came soon enough for Gilsby. The fortune of the South African ostrich-farmer melted like snow under an April sun, and as it disappeared

Mrs. Buckingham grew still more splendid and alluring. Her Gainsborough hat now carried a diamond buckle to fasten down the sweeping ostrich-plumes. Her cloak was beautifully embroidered and edged with the richest thread lace. Bracelets of heavy, antique design and glittering with jewels adorned her arms. An aigrette of pearls and diamonds sparkled nightly in her hair. "She looked a goddess and she moved a queen," while Gilsby, the source of all this efflorescence, would sit gaping in ecstasy at the splendid idol he had set up, who condescended to give him the crumbs of her gracious consideration. But this sort of thing could not last forever. One day Gilsby awoke to the consciousness that he was ruined. He had gone to the bank to draw out money for a large garden-party which he was about to give to his friends at the Bedford villa in honor of Mrs. Buckingham. He found that he had barely two hundred pounds left to his credit. He went home dazed. The money had seemed such a large amount when he left Africa, he had acquired it so easily, that he fancied it well-nigh inexhaustible. He wondered how it could have slipped through his fingers. Somebody, surely, must have cheated him. He tried to reckon up his expenses, but his brain became confused. It was useless now to calculate, and he gave up the attempt. What in the name of

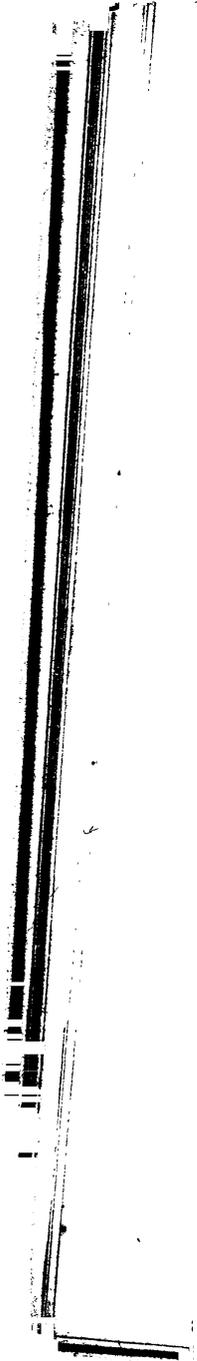
Heaven was he to do when his two hundred pounds was gone? He knew nothing of business, and he had no friends whom he could ask for money. The garden-party must come off, however, happen what might. What was two hundred pounds to a man who had no more? Let it go with the rest. It would afford him one royal day's sport and give Mrs. Buckingham a chance to shine more splendidly than ever. She carried a little too much dash for a drawing-room, but at a garden-party she would be supreme. But after that—what? He looked up significantly at a pair of ornamental Turkish pistols crossed above the mantel. Then he went out and set about preparing for his party.

Gilsby laid out his two hundred pounds. All his military friends were present on the occasion. There was also a good sprinkling of civilians, but the best sort of women were conspicuous by their absence. Mrs. Buckingham was resplendent. She came dressed as Diana, with bow and quiver, a silver crescent above her brow. Her Greek costume of soft white cashmere edged with gold fell gracefully around her shapely form and left bare her molded, tapering arms and magnificent neck and throat. Her eyes sparkled with animation, and the current of her speech flowed with many a ripple of laughter, many a glittering bubble of wit. She was unusually

gracious to Gilsby, complimented him on his good taste, and affectionately patted his cheek. The moth even with his wings gone was fascinated by the flame which had scorched him. When the supper-hour arrived, Gilsby, in an ecstasy of delight, escorted Mrs. Buckingham to her seat at his right hand. The tables under the trees glittered with plate and cut-glass and were loaded down with every obtainable luxury. The branches were hung with hundreds of Chinese lanterns, whose variegated lights illumined the cut-glass goblets, filled with amber or ruby-colored wine, with ten thousand points of fire. The scene was like a Midsummer Night's Dream or a banquet in Fairy-land. It rivalled in effect the lavish splendors of the "Arabian Nights." The guests were in a flutter of surprise and delight. "Superb!" "What a bold conception!" "Our host has outdone himself," were some of the enthusiastic criticisms heard on all sides. And, like a veritable Queen of Revels, supreme amid the glitter and festivity, sat Mrs. Buckingham in her Diana robe, the silver crescent nodding above her brow, while the shuttle of her speech traversed the web of conversation with sparkling threads of wit. Never in Halifax had such an entertainment been more daringly conceived or successfully carried out. Congratulations were showered upon Gilsby. He was



“ He rose to his feet, flushed and excited, and pledged Mrs. Buckingham in a bumper of champagne.”



the Napoleon of good fellows, the Haroun-Al-Raschid of garden-parties. He was wafted by adulation into a seventh heaven of delight. He rose to his feet, flushed and excited, and pledged Mrs. Buckingham in a bumper of champagne. The supper went off with great *éclat*, and the festivities were kept up until late in the evening. Gilsby drove Mrs. Buckingham home. He was in reckless high spirits all the way, for the glamour of the evening was still upon him. But as they neared the hotel his gaiety suddenly gave way to a fierce and hard manner. He whipped the horses furiously and drew them up foaming and panting at the hotel entrance. He followed Mrs. Buckingham to her parlor, shut the door quietly, then turned the key and put it in his pocket. Mrs. Buckingham noticed the action and looked at Gilsby. She saw with the quick eye of a woman of the world that there was something dangerous in his mind. He was nervous and excited, and his eye had a furtive, uneasy look. "Sit down," she said quietly, and herself dropped into a chair. "I am tired. What a day we have had, to be sure! Thanks to you, my friend!"

Gilsby did not answer a word, but shifted his position on the chair and cast a strange glance at Mrs. Buckingham, while his fingers twitched nervously. The lady grew uneasy and turned up the

gas. "You have overdone yourself, too," she said carelessly, though she darted a covert look at the young man. "I would advise you to go to bed and get a good night's sleep." Still Gilsby did not answer. His eyes had grown bloodshot, and for one so young his face looked old and haggard. He muttered something to himself and rose slowly to his feet. His right hand was in the pocket of his overcoat, and he looked at Mrs. Buckingham across the centre-table with a fixed, dogged expression. "Do you know," he said in a hoarse, unnatural voice, "what I have come here to do? I am going to end this little game now. A precious lot of satisfaction I have got for all the money I've spent. I tell you, woman, every cent I was worth in the world is gone, and you've had it, and you've used me like a dog through it all! Now I'm of no more use to you, and I suppose I may take my *cong e*. I can go shoot or drown myself, for all you care. Is that the word? Very well; but why should I face the consequences alone? Why should I let you enjoy my money with that new chap you seemed so taken with to-night? Yes, I'm jealous if you like—jealous, ruined, desperate! The jig's up, Mrs. Buckingham;" and he drew a six-shooter from his pocket, cocked it, and pointed it at her breast. Mrs. Buckingham turned deathly pale, though she never

flinched, as Gilsby stood with his finger on the trigger staring at her with wild eyes. She looked back calmly at him and smiled.

"You foolish boy!" she exclaimed with admirably-feigned good-humor and with a faint touch of scorn. "You are too young, my dear, to carry such dangerous weapons. Quit that nonsense and come here; I want to whisper something to you."

She cast an alluring glance at the youth, and clasped her hands at the back of her head. The loose, white tissue bordered with gold fell back and left bare her beautiful arms, which circled her golden hair like an ivory frame. The effect upon Gilsby was instantaneous. His face flushed, and rising he went over to her and bent down his head, holding the pistol loosely in his hand. Suddenly Mrs. Buckingham's grasp fell upon the weapon, and, wrenching it from his hold, she sprang to her feet. "Stand off!" she cried imperiously, and levelled the revolver at the astonished Gilsby.

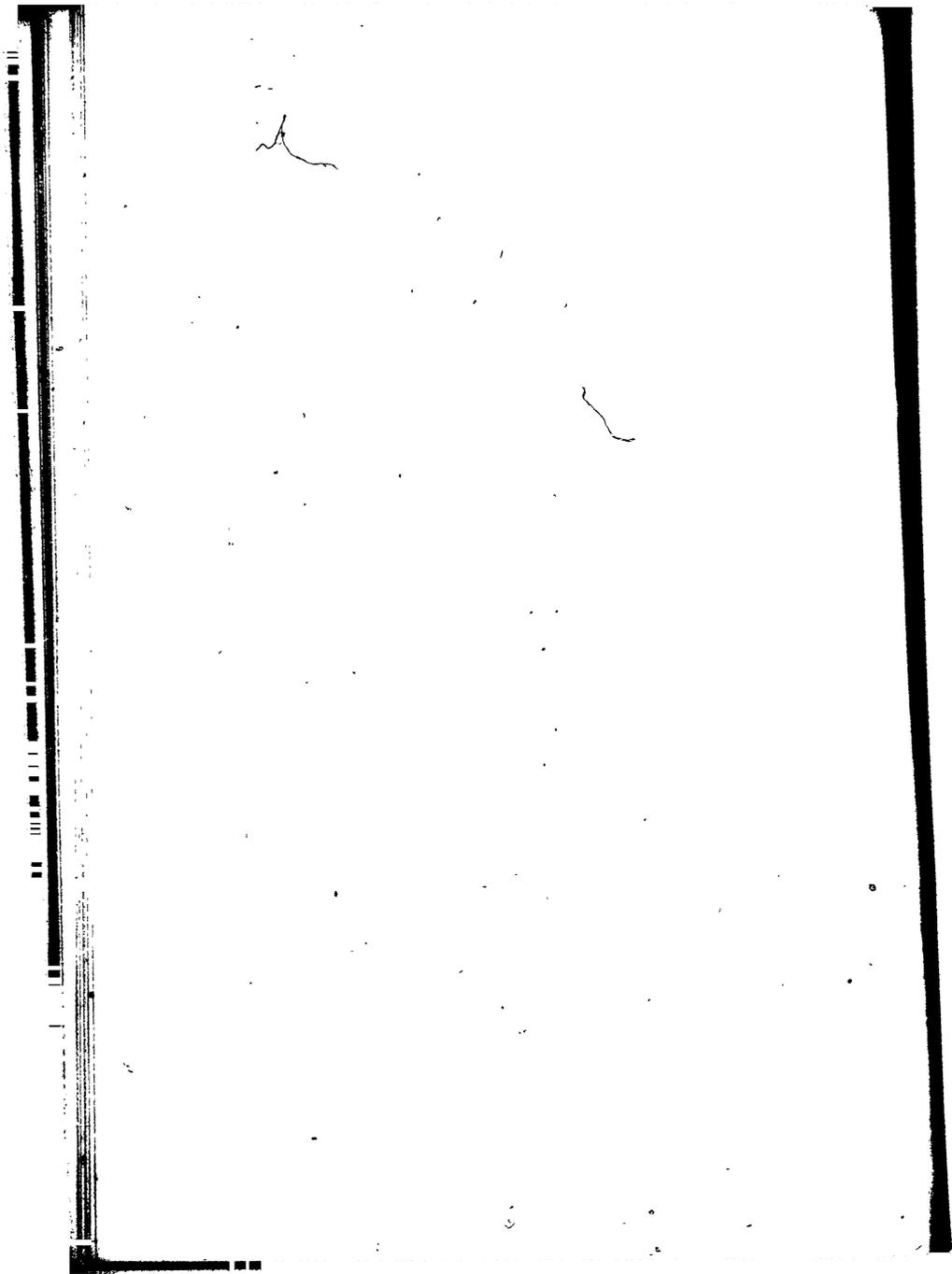
"What!" she said with a slight laugh; "*you*, the little Gilsby, play at murder and suicide! Utterly absurd! What can you have been thinking of? And now you look as scared as if you had seen a ghost! Leave such high tragedy to the criminal classes. Now, not a step nearer! I am not going to give you another chance to play the despairing

lover. How ungrateful you have been for all my favor! Haven't I introduced you to all my friends? Haven't I kept you from throwing your money away at the gambling-table and over the bar? Haven't I counselled you, kept you respectable? Did I ever encourage you to squander money upon me? And now you say you are ruined! Well, ruin is a relative term. You are just coming to your senses. Money has been your ruin, and you may thank me that it hasn't landed you in a drunkard's grave. Why, man, I have a conscience! You say this last little affair was in my honor? Very good; I will pay the piper. Two hundred pounds, I think you said. Rather an expensive day's pleasure! It will take just half of my year's income. But go—take it! Be off with you! Here is a draft on my banker for the amount. Now, I warn you to leave Halifax as soon as you can settle up your affairs. Go to the States and take a new start. On no account persecute me any more; for if you do I tell you plainly it will be the worse for you. You know when I say a thing I always keep my word. With two hundred pounds and industry you may succeed anywhere. Unlock that door if you please. Here is my photograph. You can keep it as a souvenir. It is high time for you to be in bed. I think we understand each other *now*. Did you hear? Open the door!

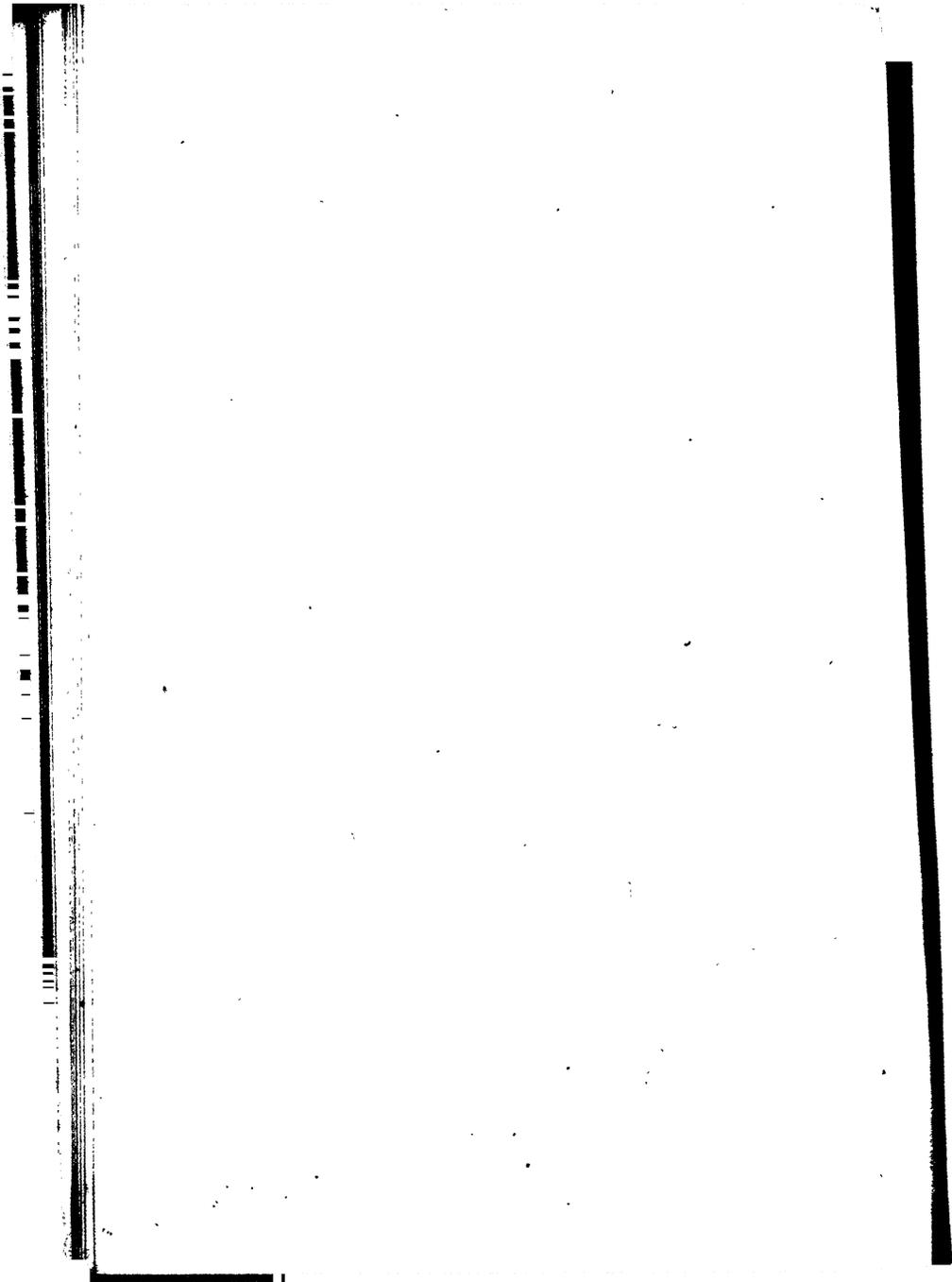
I don't want to be harsh, little Gilsby, when parting with an old friend; but it is late and I can't have you longer in my rooms—there! Good-by!" She held out her right hand with the air of an empress, the pistol still cocked and ready in her left. Gilsby, dazed and unable to speak a word, put his lips to her hand and then slowly walked out of the room. Mrs. Buckingham stood holding the revolver until she heard him shut his door in the hall above. She gave a sigh of relief and then laid down the weapon.

"I declare," she said to herself with a little laugh, "I was really frightened. These weak creatures are so uncertain. Poor fool, I believe he really loved me. I have got far beyond that sort of thing myself," and she gave a little sigh, and something like a tear glistened in her eye.

Two days after Gilsby was on his way to Boston, and Halifax saw him no more.



AN INCREASED ALLOWANCE.



AN INCREASED ALLOWANCE

"All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women."

—VOLTAIRE

It is very well known that many fellows who go into the British army have pretty hard scrambling in a financial way. Unless a man has a little private income or great expectations, he had better keep out of the service. So many a one has thought and said. It is difficult for a young officer to live on his pay; and as to marrying on it, unless he marries money, as every officer (and possibly now and then a civilian) would like to do, why, that's absurd.

Lieutenant Cranston was one of my best friends. I had met him in England before he came out to Halifax, and after seeing more or less of each other for six months in London, where he was spending a furlough, his regiment being in Bermuda, we had parted with many assurances of mutual liking, and a little sinking of heart on both sides at the thought of seeing each other no more. Once during our acquaintance I went down with him to Devon-

shire to see his people, whom I found no whit lacking in the charm that belongs to English country gentle-folk. Their home was a quaint, rambling, ivy-wreathed mansion, built in the sixteenth century, with noble grounds, a well-stocked deer-park, and every sign of wealth and aristocratic tradition. Accustomed as I was to the newness and comparative lack of cultivation of American colonial life, I shall never forget the rapturous days I spent there. Mr. Cranston, senior, was a stern man, accustomed to be obeyed, of whom all his servants stood in awe, but a man whom I soon saw had not only high breeding, with that courtly manner which belongs, in the old world or the new, to a true aristocracy, but a tender, generous heart as well. At first I was afraid of him, but I soon grew so fond of him, as well as of Mrs. Cranston—who was a tall, gentle, white-haired, old lady, proud as an empress, but sweet and motherly—that I almost forgot I did not belong to the family. As Bob's friend I believe they themselves hardly knew while I was there that I was not one of the family. There were two splendid girls in the house, Lieutenant Cranston's cousins, from some other part of Devonshire; but the Miss Cranstons, of whom there had been three, had all been married within the last two years—one to Sir Charles Mills, a

member of Parliament for Surrey, one to a son of Admiral Barker, and one, the youngest, to the heir prospective to a Scottish barony. When Bob Cranston's furlough was about up, his regiment, the 18th Grenadiers, was suddenly ordered to Halifax. This was some four months after we had parted in London and I had sailed for the Nova Scotia capital. So, unexpectedly, we were together again; and I am foolish enough to think that Bob was a good deal happier in coming on the station because he knew he would find me there.

One of the most winning girls in Halifax was Mollie Deane. She had good blood in her veins; she had about three hundred pounds a year in her own right; she had a handsome face, a tolerable figure, and plenty of sense. I did not wonder that Bob Cranston fell in love with her. Why on earth shouldn't he have done so? I should have been head over ears in love with her myself if I had not known her as a child, and seen her grow up, and been on the *brother* list of her friends ever since she became a woman. Mollie Deane—why, I believe I should have thrown Cranston over if he hadn't fallen in love with her. I always expected every fellow to lose his heart to her; she was so sensible, so comradish, in every way such a splendid girl. Bob did fall in love

with her, and they became engaged; and the young Lieutenant forthwith, in high feather, wrote the news home. Three successive mails carried letters to England about his engagement, about the girl, about his desire to marry soon, and all the rest of it.

To Bob suddenly came a letter from Mr. Cranston, in which the boy was called a fool and was rather authoritatively ordered to give the whole thing up. "I am not going to have you marry a girl in the colonies," his father wrote. "If you are bound to marry, which, until you are at least thirty [Bob was then twenty-four], it is sheer nonsense for you to want to do, you must marry in England. I won't have any such foolery, Bob! I don't approve of this; and I warn you that if you persist in it I will cut your present allowance down to a figure that will make it impossible for even so *romantic* a young man as you to think of such a thing."

Of course Bob Cranston at once broke his engagement? Not a bit of it. He went straight to Mollie and showed her the letter, and acted more like a fool than ever over her; and when she said, "Bob, you had better give me up; your father is clearly very resolute and means all he says," he replied with a little dignity: "Mollie, if I was coward enough to do that I would throw my commission to the winds,

for I should not be worthy the name of a soldier. What sort of a son, in the name of thunder, does my father think he has got?"

It so happened that Mollie Deane was then on the eve of departure for England, where she had been invited to spend three months with Lady Lines, the wife of an officer in the last regiment, with whom she had been a great favorite. The same steamer that took her across the Atlantic took a letter to Devonshire, in which Lieutenant Cranston dignifiedly, respectfully, and yet most firmly declared that he was not going to give Mollie Deane up; that she was worth a dozen English girls; that he would never love any other woman, and much more to the same purpose—ending with: "Miss Deane sails for England on the steamer that carries this letter, to visit her friend Lady Lines in London, and I greatly wish, my dear father, that you would go up to London and call on her."

This was a modest request, and when Mr. Cranston, senior, read it he was almost dumfounded. "I go to London to see this girl that I have positively forbidden Bob to marry! He dare to ask me such a thing! Why, Bob is taking leave of his senses." The old gentleman thought about it a week or two, however, and then sat down and wrote Mollie Deane the following letter:

MY DEAR MADAM: My son, Lieutenant Cranston, writes me that you are a friend of his and are visiting in London. If you care to see Mrs. Cranston and me, you may come and spend a few days with us. The house is quiet; but perhaps, since (as my son tells me) you have always lived in the new world, you may find some things here to interest you.

I have the honor to be, madam,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT CRANSTON, SR.

Cranston Hall, Devonshire.

Mollie Deane, with Mr. Cranston's peremptory letter to Bob fresh in her memory, was in no mood to receive a summons like this. He was evidently regarding her as an ignorant, spiritless little savage, who had no claim to be regarded as a woman, much less as a lady, and for whom any kind of treatment was good enough. If Bob had been present she would no doubt have been counselled to a different course from the one she took, but Bob was the other side of the Atlantic, moreover, Mollie was accustomed to act for herself. At once she took the letter to her room, and sitting down wrote the following reply:

MY DEAR SIR: I am, as you know, the affianced wife of your son, Robert Cranston. I am sorry that

you do not approve of me, and with matters as they are you must excuse my not visiting you in Devonshire. If I am not to be received by you as your son's wife, I cannot of course become a guest at your house.

Believe me, dear sir,

Very sincerely yours,

MARY DEANE.

This answer took Mr. Cranston wholly by surprise. "She is at least a girl of spirit," he said, "and I like spirit. But she is probably ignorant, although this letter, spicy as it is, seems like the letter of a somewhat cultivated person; and since she will not come to us, there is nothing else that I can do nor anything that I shall try to do."

There was, however, something else that Mr. Cranston made up his mind in two or three days to do, and that was to run up to London and call on the young woman. On Monday Mollie wrote her letter, on Thursday a card was handed her, on which was the name of Robert Cranston, Sr. Her knees shook a little as she went down, but Mollie was a brave girl and moreover she was a little angry, and when a woman is angry she can do very heroically things that in softer moods she could not do at all. That day she had on a gown of soft,

fine, white cashmere, simply but artistically made—a gown, in fact, that had just come home from Lady Lines' dressmaker, one of the best in London. It was a rich, drapy costume, with dainty folds up and down the waist, into one of which she had fastened a bunch of creamy roses that Lady Lines had that morning ordered for her at a florist's near. Her soft brown hair was simply coiled, and her color was exquisite. If any girl was ever fitted to win her way to an obdurate prospective father-in-law's heart, it was certainly she; and she did win her way. The old gentleman had clearly made up his mind to overawe her; for as she entered the room he rose with haughty dignity, and before speaking looked at her in a keen, searching way, not at all calculated to soothe her ruffled spirits. Usually, Mollie would quickly have resented such treatment, but, as she afterward told me, the likeness between Mr. Cranston and Bob was so strong that she at once lost all sense of her own dignity and found her heart going out to her stately visitor. However resolute Mr. Cranston had beforehand determined to be with the young woman who had stolen his son's affections, before five minutes were over he was deeply repentant for having written as he had done to his son and to her. "Miss Deane," he said at length, after trying in vain to talk about indifferent



“ If any girl was ever fitted to win her way to an obdurate prospective father-in-law’s heart, it was certainly she.”



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things, "I believe I am in my dotage. I might have known that Bob would choose right. He has chosen right. I should have been ashamed of him if he had not fallen in love with such a girl as you are. Give you up? Why, when I was his age, if all the fathers in the world had bidden me give up a girl like you I should have laughed in their faces. And I tried to make him do what he would have been a cowardly fellow to have done! Permit me, Miss Deane, to tell you that it is my candid opinion that I am an old simpleton. Will you do us the honor, now that I have called on you, to come down to Cranston Hall for as long as you can stay—and very soon?"

Mollie wanted to put her arms round the old fellow's neck and kiss him for Bob—and for herself; but he looked so proud and stately she was afraid. When he left it was, however, with a promise from her that she would come to Devonshire in a few days for a visit of at least a week.

All that Mr. Robert Cranston's next letter to his son, Lieutenant Cranston, contained was: "Bob, I have seen her; she is a glorious girl! I ask your pardon! I hope you will not delay matters long; I dislike lengthy engagements. The day you are married I shall increase your allowance two hundred pounds. Can you live on that? God bless you!"

Last week I gave Mollie away, for she has neither father nor brother; and much as I love Bob, I was half-jealous of him. Going out of the church, I felt a little as if I had lost them both.

SIMPSON OF THE SLASHERS.



SIMPSON OF THE SLASHERS.

"He could spin a stiff yarn, could this bloomin' top-sawyer.
He was fly as a barmaid and slick as a lawyer ;
Two mottoes he had—never pay till to-morrow,
And, while ye've the chink never borrow a sorrow."

—THE DANDY OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT SIMPSON of the Slashers was hard up. The pay of a junior commissioned officer in the British infantry is not large enough to warrant reckless expenditure in magnums of champagne and Havana cigars at a shilling and upward apiece. It will not even serve for a three-hours' nightly spin at billiards or a sixpenny ante at poker when one is not an expert with the cue or at cards. Yet Simpson of the Slashers took to all these gentle pastimes as readily as does a Newfoundland pup to water. There was not a confiding retail tradesman in either of the stations where the Slashers had served during the last five years who was not familiar with Simpson's name on certain narrow slips of paper, which, whatever may be their expectant value, in the end too often come to have a merely auto-graphical interest. Simpson's lodgings contained a miscellaneous assortment of prints, foils, novels,

toilet articles, clothes of a variety of styles and textures, and a portrait of the girl to whom he had been for three years engaged. Her name was Georgianna Jackson; she lived in London with a respectable old maiden aunt who kept lodgers, at whose house, in his salad days, the susceptible Simpson had once had rooms; and she was waiting patiently for Simpson to get his promotion, which now, in the nature of things, she thought, could not be long delayed.

Simpson himself, however, had been in no particular haste to marry. He had been having a rather comfortable time, so long as tradesmen were not importunate and were willing to take the little slips of paper before mentioned, of which he always seemed to have a liberal supply. Simpson of the Slashers was one of those easy souls who very faithfully and literally obey the Scripture injunction, "Take no thought for the morrow." Duns were somewhat unpleasant to him; but where is the mortal who can long have unalloyed pleasure? The Second-lieutenant accepted the duns as one of the inevitable nuisances of life, like sewing-machines, babies, and the daily parade, and therefore paid as little attention to them as possible. It must be confessed, however, that the attitude of the Halifax shopkeepers was becoming most disagreeable. The

regiment had now been stationed here two or three years, and one year was usually sufficient to exhaust Simpson's credit in a garrison town. He had latterly been under the necessity of borrowing from his friends, which is usually an irksome thing to a man of spirit, but which to Simpson was made easier by the fact that he had not only high connections, but high expectations. These expectations seemed somewhat doubtful to his fellow-officers, but to Simpson's sanguine mind they had all the value of reality; and he was accustomed to say, when he found it necessary to ask his friends for money: "You know it won't be for long. I shall come into my fortune soon."

The truth was that Simpson was next heir but one to his uncle, old Sir Cholmondeley Byng, in the west of England; and if his weakly cousin Herbert should die, as Simpson had always felt that it was likely he would do before long, he would of course succeed to the estates. In any case, he believed that his uncle would provide liberally for him in his will, and the old gentleman was now seventy-six and very feeble.

The good-nature of the regiment, however, at last became sorely taxed with Simpson's frequent loans—"benevolences," as they were facetiously termed in the garrison; and when Simpson one day asked

Captain Crossaway for the fourth time for an advance of twenty pounds on his expectations, the Captain twirled his long mustache, and, looking a little sourly at Simpson, said: "Hang it, my boy, aren't you carrying this thing rather far?" and then turned on his heel without a word and walked away. Simpson looked angrily after him, cursing him under his breath for a miserly hunk, and then went off to try for a loan somewhere else. Before long Addington, of the next company, and Tipton, whose father was a millionaire, and little Creighton, the dandy of the regiment, who spent more on his clothes than any other three officers, had all refused similar requests; and then Simpson saw that something must be done.

Simpson was really mildly attached to Georgianna Jackson, and if he could have helped it would not for a moment have dreamed of throwing her over; but his tastes were expensive, and his means for gratifying them excessively inadequate. In such a state of things men do various things. One goes out decently and quietly and perforates his brains with a bullet, or drops accidentally into the town reservoir, or goes to the bad with drink. Another, of a more provident turn of mind, trifles with his employer's till, or forges somebody's name, or, if he be of an adventurous disposition, cracks a house,

and perhaps a skull at the same time. But Simpson, always careful of his person, objected to the former ways of solving his difficulty; and for the latter, while he was willing to live as long as he gracefully could at other people's expense, he was not desirous of being provided with Government board and lodging and of wearing an unhandsome suit of striped clothes, which assuredly would not be cut in the latest fashion. But these temptations he was happily beyond, for our Second-lieutenant was one of those upright souls who exhaust all honorable expedients before resorting to doubtful ones. There was only one way he could imagine of getting out of his scrape. It was simply to throw over his Georgianna and marry a rich girl.

A gay, good-looking young officer in his uniform is, as we all know, a decidedly pleasant object of contemplation to the average feminine eye. Simpson had a good figure, and his uniform fitted him to perfection, while in plain clothes he was not less attractive. So, the "scarlet fever" being alarmingly and disastrously prevalent among the fair sex, it was natural that he should have ardent admirers. One of the richest uncaptured heiresses of the city was the daughter of old Mr. Portway, a retired West India merchant; and upon Miss Anetta Portway Simpson cast his amorous and speculative eye. The

chief drawbacks in the case were not the unwillingness of the maiden, but the facts that, like the fair Katherine of the play, the florid Miss Portway was known to have a most uncertain temper, and that she was a maiden of such problematic age that the irreverent youths about town were wont to call her alliteratively, "Perennial Pepper Grass." But Simpson was in no position to be particular about trifles such as these, and he accordingly began to lay close siege to the heart of Miss Portway. That citadel of fair femininity, after a decent delay, gave unmistakable signs of a breach in its defences, and Simpson had no great difficulty in urging the fortress to surrender.

Things now began to go more smoothly with the Second-lieutenant. Tradesmen again grew indulgent to him, and his brother-officers were not so chary of their loans; for it was well understood that old Peter Portway's settlement on his only daughter, if she was ever lucky enough to marry, would be liberal and would be in hard cash. Now that his immediate necessities were provided for, however, Simpson was not in a hurry to plunge into matrimony; and in truth he infinitely preferred Georgianna Jackson to Miss Portway. So, when the latter hinted that six months would be a suitable length of time to be engaged, expecting that her ardent

lover would insist on reducing the time to two or three months, he nervously pulled his mustache, and said that there were military reasons, which she must excuse him from then explaining, which would make it impossible for them to have the wedding under a year. It was most unfortunate, and he deeply regretted it; but though he would try hard to get the obstacle removed, with a sigh, he feared he should not be successful. The truth was he felt quite confident of securing his prize, at any time he wished, for maidens of Miss Portway's uncertain age are not too eagerly sought, and do not easily let go their hold on an attractive young fellow like Simpson of the Slashers. The situation, however, was extremely complicated. He had by no means yet cut loose from Georgianna Jackson, though his now less frequent letters to her were marked by an unwonted coldness; and he had bound himself by a tender vow to Miss Anetta Portway. Still, he felt quite easy in his mind. Simpson was one of those men who are never much worried so long as their present needs are met. There soon came reproaches, however, from the loved one across the sea, and the delicately-scented note-paper bore unmistakable marks of tears. Simpson twisted the letters up and lighted his cigars with them, and, partly in excuse to his own conscience, replied with

virtuous indignation that if Georgianna doubted him she was in no sense worthy to become his wife, etc., etc. So there for a time the matter hung.

The year of waiting which Simpson had declared unavoidable was fast drawing to a close, and the Lieutenant was meditating the final *coup* in the issue between him and Georgianna, when the news came suddenly from England that his cousin Herbert, while riding to the hounds, had fallen and broken his neck. This put a different aspect on Simpson's affairs. His infirm uncle could not possibly last more than a year or two at most, and Simpson would then come into possession of the ancestral estate. The prospect of marrying Miss Portway grew all of a sudden extremely distasteful to him, and the prospect of marrying Georgianna once more alluring. But how was he to get things straight? He thought of many expedients, but dismissed them all as impracticable. At length a happy though desperate thought struck him. He would not break his engagement with Miss Portway, but he would have it broken by her family. Accordingly, he went out and got what in a person of a lower grade would be called gloriously drunk, and then proceeded to call on his affianced, at a time when he knew her eminently respectable and somewhat puritanical parent would be at home. The

sober old West India merchant himself happened to open the door to the inebriated Simpson, and of course took in his condition at a glance. "What does this mean, sir?" with emphasis he said. "No man has ever dared to cross my threshold in this condition before. You have insulted my family, sir! Never presume to show your head here again!"

The episode made a tremendous sensation. Miss Portway herself, on being told of it by her father, went into violent hysterics, took brain fever, and had three physicians to attend her. Simpson went to his Colonel, laid his own version of the facts before him, and, careful not to inculpate himself too deeply, asked for six months' leave. The Colonel cursed him for a fool, but granted him the required furlough, and Simpson the next week got on board an Allan Liner and set out for England. He was going now to be virtuous, as became a prospective country gentleman of large fortune, marry Georgianna, and probably quit the army and set up for Parliament.

As soon as he arrived in England he hastened to Russell Square to see Miss Jackson. He would take her back to his heart, and would not reproach her with a single word for her suspicions and her tears. He was doing a magnanimous thing, he thought, in keeping to his old love now that his

prospects were so improved. Had this all come about a few years earlier, perhaps he would hardly have felt like engaging himself to a person in Miss Jackson's rather humble circumstances. But, much to his surprise, Simpson found his Georgianna glibly entertaining a tall man with blond side-whiskers, who dropped his h's ruthlessly, and, quite monopolizing the young lady's attention, persistently stayed the Second-lieutenant out.

As for Georgianna, her manner toward her old lover was so changed that Simpson, instead of figuring, as he had fully expected, in a tender little love-scene, found himself playing second fiddle to an unexpected rival, and at last went away feeling decidedly cut up. Before he went, however, he told Georgianna, with some show of pique, that he would call again next morning, at which announcement she did not seem particularly well pleased.

Next morning he did call, and then Miss Jackson explained. She had got tired of waiting for his promotion, had been exasperated at his last letter, and moreover had lately heard a rumor of his engagement to Miss Portway; and so she had just engaged herself to the man with the blond side-whiskers and the scanty supply of h's, and had made up her mind to marry him instead. She indignantly denied that she was fickle, but charged him fiercely with having

been cruel to her. Then she relented, burst into tears, and declared that she would never forget him; but again bridled up and told him that she had a lover now who was worth a dozen of him; that he loved her to distraction, and that that was the end of it.

Wounded in his tenderest sensibilities, the Second-lieutenant at once took the train for the West Counties.

He had never been much of a favorite with his uncle, but he felt sure of a royal welcome now that he was next heir to the estate. His heart warmed with pride and gratification as the fly he had hired at the station entered the ample park gates. In his hour of triumph he forgot even his unfortunate love-affair. He jumped briskly out of the fly, ran up the steps to the big oak hall-door and knocked with an air of proprietorship. In a minute or two he was ushered into the presence of his uncle, who received his condolences with marked taciturnity. When the Lieutenant had got through his little set speech, the old gentleman rang a small hand-bell and gave an order in a low voice to a servant.

In a few minutes a pleasant-faced, lady-like young woman in deep mourning entered the room, holding a three-months'-old infant in her arms.

"Effie, this is my nephew, Alfred," said Sir Chol-

mondeley. "My son's widow, nephew Alfred; and this is the heir of the estate," said he, taking the child from its mother.

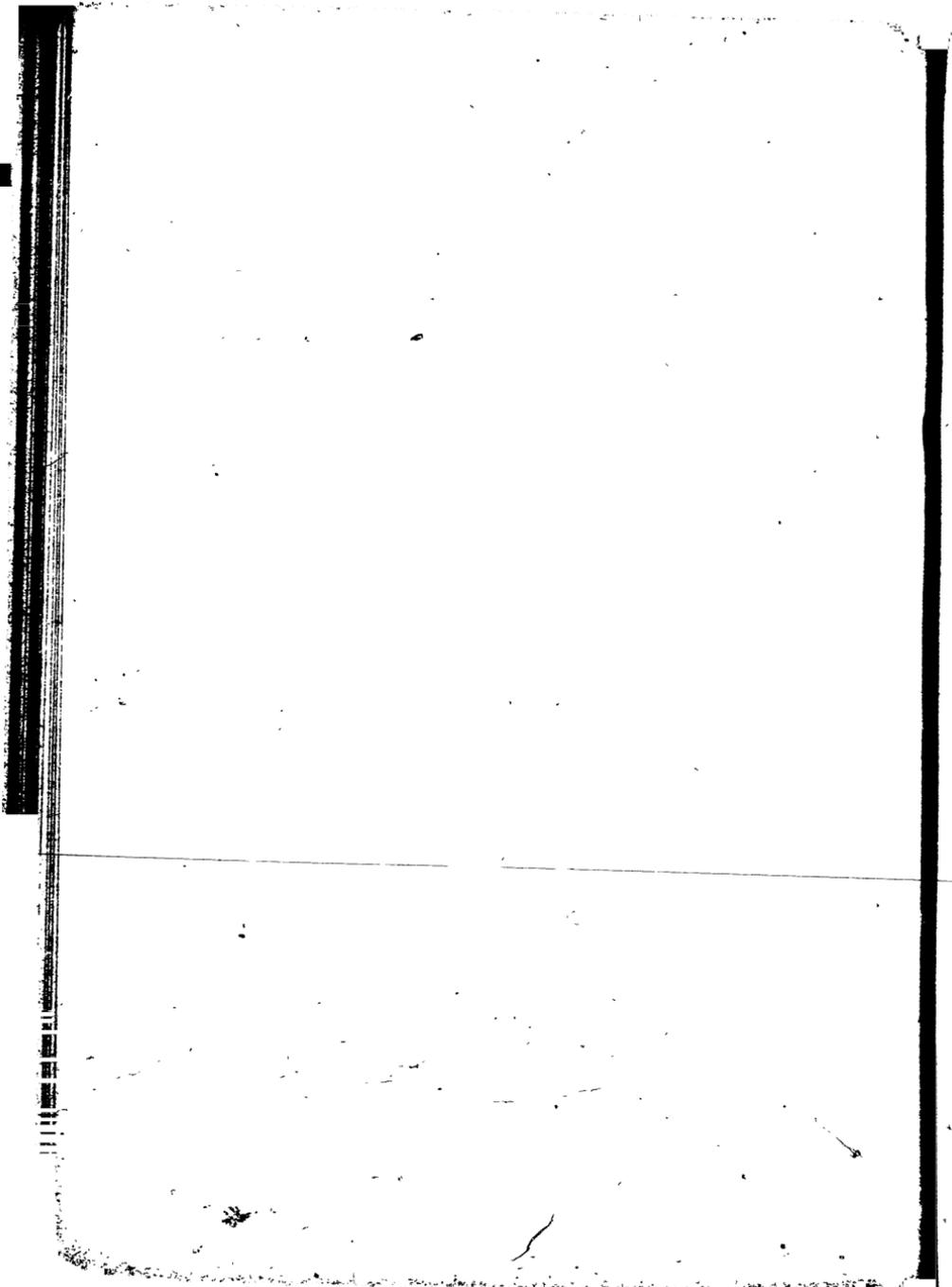
"I was not aware that my cousin was married," stammered Simpson, aghast.

"Really! You hadn't heard of it?" said Sir Cholmondeley, a touch of something like irony in his tone. "Oh, yes—more than a year ago! You will stay and dine with us, nephew?" he added, with a little more cordiality than he had hitherto shown.

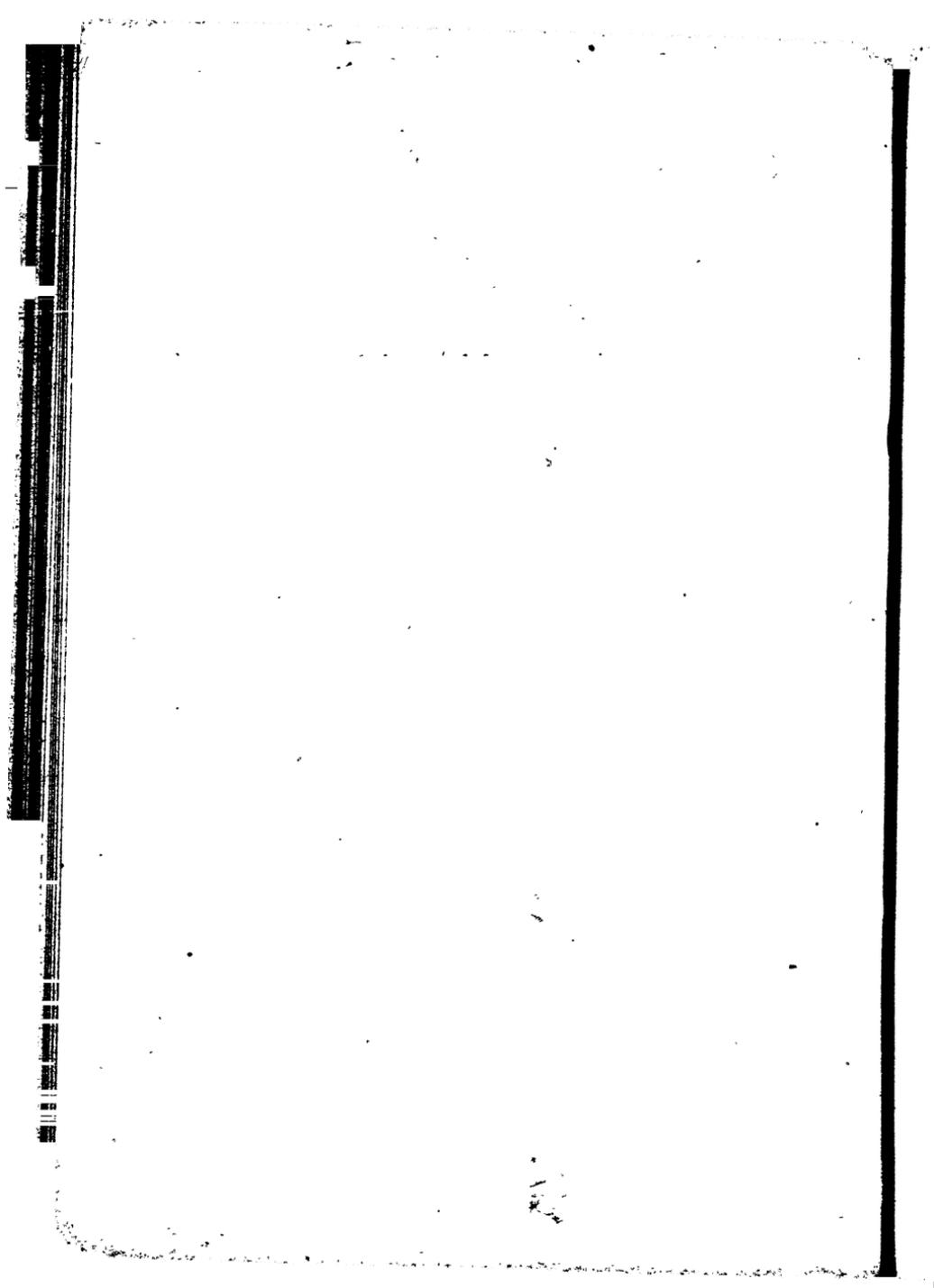
Simpson stayed, and swallowed his mortification along with his dessert. He hadn't the faintest idea what to do with himself, so he eagerly accepted an invitation to stay a week or two at the hall. All his hopes, however, had not been shattered by the blow. Though he could not return to Halifax, since his creditors would be on him like a pack of wolves, and his companions in arms would also be urging him to liquidate his "benevolences," like the master of circumstances that he was, he set to work in a new way to repair his ruined fortunes. He began to lay close siege to the affections of his cousin's widow; and, early as it was in her widowhood, proposed, but unexpectedly met with a point-blank refusal. By the aid of a friend in the Government, he then exchanged from the Slashers

to a regiment going out to Burmah, where he was sent up country chasing Dacoits. This, however, after a while became tiresome, so he conveniently took a malarial fever, which did its business most effectually, soon putting an end to Simpson for all time.

Now, I ask, Was not this a lame and impotent conclusion to an interesting career? Here was a fellow who had made the most of his opportunities, and yet was utterly thrown away for need of a little ready cash. Verily, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong!



HOW GROSVENOR GOT HIS
CHURCH.



HOW GROSVENOR GOT HIS CHURCH.

She saw their blind, unchristian souls
Enslaved to chasubles and stoles;
No high-church notions could content her.
She took her cue from the dissenter;
Then turned schismatic, and with pelf
Endowed a chapel for herself.

—THE SQUIRE'S WIDOW.

BEFORE the Durston and Tremlow families knew anything about the matter, Wilfrid and Alice were engaged. You may well believe that the news kicked up a pretty row in the respective households. Mrs. Arabella Tremlow, Wilfrid's mother, said she "would not allow anything of the kind;" and when Mrs. Arabella put her foot down, it meant something. She was an aristocrat to the back-bone and an Episcopalian to the finger-ends; so how in the world was she going to put up with a Baptist daughter-in-law—a girl whose ancestors had not had the best social standing, and who, in the old days, when the great defection from the Church to the Baptists occurred in Halifax, had almost forfeited what they had by joining that movement? This

apostasy had never been forgiven by many of the old families who still adhered to the English Church, prominent among them the Tremlows and their near connections, the Sterlings.

It would have been bad enough for Wilfrid to have taken up with a Methodist or a Presbyterian; but with a "Baptist recusant!"—that was almost beyond endurance! The Durstons were nearly as set on their side. The Church of England had now become an abomination in their eyes. They would as soon their daughter had forgathered with a papist. Alice received a stern admonition. But the Durstons, assisted by all their connections, couldn't persuade her that Wilfrid was not the handsomest, wisest, wittiest, most agreeable young man in Halifax; and all the loud objurgations of the Tremlows, together with the solemn protests of the Sterlings (who were Wilfrid's mother's people), could not prevent the contumacious young man from maintaining that Alice was the sweetest, loveliest, daintiest, brightest, dearest girl in town.

Now, when two young people get such ideas of each other firmly fixed in their minds and hearts, there is going to be a "tug of war" should an attempt be made to separate them; and this the Durstons and Tremlows soon found out. But the two principals in this affair were under an awkward

disadvantage. Both of them were absolutely dependent on their families, and neither understood anything of business. Alice had been brought up to be a good housewife, but she knew very little about battling with the world. Wilfrid, who had been delicate in his youth, had never been put to work, and was absolutely dependent on his mother, who, though wealthy, held the purse-strings with a tight hand.

Mrs. Tremlow's first suspicion of her son's wanton disregard of the traditions of his house came from seeing him on Sunday evenings forsaking the ministrations of that excellent Low Churchman, the Rev. Dr. Dole. Mrs. Arabella herself (except when the weather was very stormy) had never neglected either of the Sunday services, and she was always punctual at week-day prayers as well. She had sat for the last forty years in an old-fashioned, straight-backed square pew, with horse-hair cushions on the seats—covered with faded majenta repp—and a little crimson cloth-covered table in the centre to hold the books. To this pew she had brought Wilfrid, during all his childhood and youth, to the time of his coming of age. Now she heard with horror and indignation that after partaking for a score of years of the pure milk of the Word as administered by the Rev. Dr. Dole, Wilfrid had

been stealing off of a Sunday evening to the Baptist Chapel to listen to the effusive and heretical exhortations of Mr. Deering, the dissenting minister. But when, on being brought to book, Wilfrid had boldly declared his preference for the expositions of Mr. Deering, and capped the climax of audacity by asking his mother's consent to marry Alice Durston, the lady's indignation knew no bounds. She set her mouth rigidly, and the lace and lavender bows on her old-fashioned cap shook angrily. She told Wilfrid roundly that not a penny of her money should go to him if he married a Baptist, and asked him in irony if there was no young lady in his own church worthy of the honor of his alliance. To this Wilfrid gave the only answer he had ready—the answer of all accused lovers—that it didn't make any difference who might be in the world besides, his affections were unalterably fixed on this one woman, who was all in all to him. His mother sniffed and pooh-poohed him and called him a simpleton, and as neither side would give in, they came no nearer an agreement. Alice, on her side, was enjoined by her family never to see Wilfrid more; and as she was a good girl, for a week she managed to obey. After that she frequently met her lover—by accident, of course—at the chapel on Sunday evenings. But finally, like a woman

of spirit, she resolved to take matters into her own hands, and one Sunday night, perfectly conscious of the risk she was running, without ceremony asked Wilfrid to the house. The Durstons, hospitable people, were constrained to make themselves agreeable, and Wilfrid on his part, by his modest bearing and courteous manners, rather prepossessed them in his favor. Knowing, however, the determined opposition of his mother, the Durstons with proper spirit kept from any demonstrations of pleasure in the match, though they now withdrew open objection. But a new turn in events entirely changed the aspect of this love affair.

Dr. Dole was getting old, and the active work of the parish fell upon a young and zealous curate, fresh from college. This "new broom," the Rev. Pascal Hodgkins, was for doing away with many of the old methods of St. Jude's, and substituting for them what he called more churchly ones. He advocated a more elaborate ritual than had heretofore been in use, for the first time introduced the surplice in the pulpit, and appeared in richly embroidered colored stoles. Then, dismissing the old choir from the gallery, he had the music rendered by vested choristers instead. It was even thought he wanted to make processions a feature of the service. He used the eastward position in

the creed, and sometimes read evening prayer in a way that to the uninitiated sounded strangely like intoning. These important changes gave great offence, particularly to Mrs. Arabella Tremlow, who saw Jesuitical guile and papal sophistry in them all. But when the zealous curate persuaded the Doctor to put in new chancel furniture, replace the old altar-rail with one of improved design, and for the time-honored reading-desk substitute a brand-new, costly eagle lectern, the older members of St. Jude's held up their hands in holy horror. Mr. Hodgkins, too, rigorously observed the saints' days, and was accused by some of offering prayers for the dead; but this latter serious charge was not established.

Mrs. Tremlow looked upon Mr. Hodgkins with an eye of growing disfavor. "Let him carry his reforms somewhere else; they are not needed in St. Jude's," she said to those who defended the curate as a reformer. She even absented herself from the week-day services, and only her attachment to St. Jude's and her respect for old Dr. Dole kept her at her familiar post on Sundays. But a crisis came when Mrs. Tremlow took a severe sickness. She had expected her old pastor to call upon her, but in his place came Mr. Hodgkins, with a gold crucifix pendent from his watch-chain, and with his con-

versation decidedly smacking of ritualism. Mrs. Tremlow gave word that she did not wish to see him again. She grew worse, however, and Wilfrid became alarmed. He loved his mother dearly, for though she had opposed him in his choice of a wife, she had always been a kind and considerate mother to him. Wilfrid at length went to her room and said: "Mother, Mr. Deering has asked after you a number of times. He would come to see you if you would let him. He is a very excellent man—so attentive to the sick and so good to the poor! I know Dr. Dole has a great respect for him, though of course Mr. Hodgkins does not like him. He is liberal-minded and one of the fairest men in his opinions I ever saw—not narrow and bigoted like some in our own church. If I asked him to call you wouldn't mind seeing him, would you? He doesn't talk like a Baptist at all."

But Mrs. Tremlow shook her head. "Why doesn't Dr. Dole come?" she answered.

"He's not well, he says; and you know, mother, he's getting old."

"H'm! not too old, I should think, to make an effort to see a member of his church who has done her duty under him for thirty years! I'm afraid, Wilfrid, the Doctor has fallen under the influence of that whipper-snapper of a curate. How I detest

the fellow, with his airs and new-fangled notions! Why doesn't he go over to Rome? That's the place for him! Turning the heads of silly young people till they don't know whether they are Protestants or not!"

Next day Wilfrid repeated his attack. "Mother," he said, "Mr. Deering, you know, is acquainted with me, and he called to inquire for you, but knowing you were a Churchwoman didn't ask to see you. He said he would call again to-morrow. Isn't that kind of him?"

His mother answered nothing.

Mr. Deering called the next day, and it was duly reported by Wilfrid.

"If he calls to-morrow, Wilfrid, show him up," said Mrs. Tremlow. "One can't be put under obligation without making some return, even to a dissenter."

So the next day Mr. Deering called and saw Mrs. Tremlow. He talked cheerfully, stayed but a few minutes, and avoided religious topics. Mrs. Tremlow was favorably impressed. "No cant about your Baptist, anyway!" she remarked to Wilfrid; "and in that respect he's an improvement on that Mr. Hodgkins."

Mr. Deering called again, and although she declared that he was trying to make a proselyte of

her, his attention flattered the self-esteem of the proud old Churchwoman. After his visit she was in a most gracious mood. "Wilfrid," she said, with apparent pettishness, "how is it you are not leaving me to run after that little Baptist girl? One would think, you deceitful fellow, that your old mother was the only person in your thoughts; but I know better. I am convinced your mind's running to the Baptists continually, if your legs are not. I believe you are secretly inviting Mr. Deering here."

"Mother!" answered Wilfrid reproachfully.

"Oh, of course you are a great big innocent! Such a thought never entered your mind! Well, you've been very faithful and constant to your poor old mother, and she is feeling much better. I've a mind to give you a little indulgence for being a good boy. You can tell the Baptist girl that she can call to-morrow and see me. Now don't kiss the cap off my head! I'm not making any promise to you—mind that! I'm only curious to see the girl who has been leading you astray. Go away now, and send the nurse; I'm tired."

The next day Wilfrid brought Alice to the house. The young girl was timid and constrained at first, for she stood much in awe of Wilfrid's mother; but Mrs. Tremlow unbent and chatted to Alice in such

a kind and motherly way that the latter soon threw off her reserve and showed herself to the elder woman the possessor of all the good and charming qualities that Wilfrid had enthusiastically credited her with. She unostentatiously paid the sick woman a hundred small attentions, and being as dainty and light-footed as a bird, was an admirable attendant. It is generally the case that stern and proud natures form quicker and stronger attachments than those of a gentler and more yielding sort; and Mrs. Tremlow was no exception to the rule. She grew at once attached to Alice, and kept her continually near her during her convalescence. Tacitly she gave assent to Wilfrid's engagement, and took no trouble to keep the young people apart. "She can't help being a Baptist, Wilfrid; she was brought up to know nothing better—the more shame to her relations, who had the bad taste to leave St. Jude's! But her good qualities are all her own. I won't find fault with you for liking her; I like her myself."

So next day when Alice came as usual, Mrs. Tremlow called her to her chair.

"You love Wilfrid very badly, my dear?" she asked.

Alice blushed carnation.

"No need to answer; I see. Well, you shall have

him, dear, for you are a good girl. We'll have to make a Churchwoman of you, though."

And so the matter was settled.

The Tremlows and Sterlings, however, heard of the engagement and came to the house. "Preposterous!" they said.

"I have taken a fancy to Alice," was all Mrs. Arabella deigned to answer.

"Oh, but a Baptist!" they said. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"She will make Wilfrid a very good wife. I am quite capable of attending to the dignity of my family," retorted the old lady, drawing herself up.

"But what a narrow, Puritanical set!"

"There are worse people than the Baptists," was Mrs. Tremlow's sententious reply.

Wilfrid's mother got well and laid her plans. Alice was her son's affianced, and as such was under her protection. "They shall receive her—yes, every one of them!" she said to herself. She spared no pains to make the engagement known, and she took Alice with her everywhere. At the least sign of a slight to the girl, the old lady made the quarrel her own; and it was no light thing to offend Mrs. Tremlow, who could boast of the best connections in Halifax, knew the family secrets of

most of the people in the town, and had a caustic and fearless tongue.

But the church question was a real difficulty. Wilfrid's mother would not go to St. Jude's, now that Mr. Hodgkins had come to exercise almost undisputed sway there, and yet she could not consent to Wilfrid's marrying until Alice became a Churchwoman. There were other churches to go to, it was true; but the Rev. Howard Singleton, of St. Alban's, was also very high church—in Mrs. Tremlow's opinion almost a papist—and St. Peter's, where the Rev. Philo Briggs ministered, was for several reasons quite out of the question.

As luck would have it, there came just at this time to St. Barnabas' Mission a young clergyman from New Brunswick, by the name of Grosvenor. He was liberal-minded and zealous, had a winning manner, and was a decided Low Churchman. Mrs. Tremlow went directly to hear him. "That's the man for us!" she said to Wilfrid, and on being introduced to the young clergyman at once invited him to tea. She had a long talk with him on Church doctrine, and while he went further than she in liberality of opinion, his way of looking at things on the whole pleased her.

"You need a church badly, Mr. Grosvenor," she said,

Mr. Grosvenor admitted the fact. "But the Church people of Halifax generally, and even the Bishop, are not in sympathy with me," he added, smiling.

"*We* are in sympathy with you, sir," replied the old lady, in a stately manner, and with her lips tightening. "The Bishop—h'm! Half the Episcopalians of Halifax are fools, I am compelled to say. Mr. Grosvenor, you shall have a church, and the first members of it will be *my* family. I have a son who has been straying away to the Baptists, but you must bring him back. You will perhaps call here and see his intended wife? She is at present a Baptist, but very sensible and open to reason. The marriage is conditional on her becoming a Churchwoman. You are the man I have been waiting for to convert her."

Mr. Grosvenor called and saw Alice. Zeal for his church, ambition for the powerful aid of the Trem- lows, and interest in the pretty young woman, who opened her mind to him freely, incited the young clergyman to his best. He made the case so clear to Alice by his arguments, and Wilfrid looked at her so wistfully, that when he finished the Baptist faith had not a leg to stand on, and Alice, much to the joy of her affianced, was willing to become a Churchwoman.

Wilfrid carried the good news to his mother.

"Alice may get her things ready as soon as she likes," said the old lady. "Ask Mr. Grosvenor to call and see me."

"Mr. Grosvenor," she said, when that gentleman had come, "you have done well. You need no longer be over-considerate of the ritualists of Halifax or the Bishop. I will pay for your church, and you shall have free scope. I think this ought to give you a respectable building, but if you need more come to me. I have, sir, every confidence in you," and she put into the astonished clergyman's hand a check for twelve thousand dollars.

This is how Grosvenor got his church.

MRS. BUCKINGHAM'S REVENGE.



MRS. BUCKINGHAM'S REVENGE.

"By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle."—SCOTT.

SINCE the day when young Gilsby, the South African, made such a fool of himself over her, Mrs. Buckingham had been more talked of than any other person in Halifax. The officers of the Derby Rifles were her staunch friends, and many of the married and single men of Halifax admired her exceedingly. But the Halifax women could not bear her. Prudery fled affrighted from her presence, immaculate respectability shunned the touch of her garments. But what did Mrs. Buckingham care for the Halifax women so long as she could captivate their husbands and lovers and in dress outshine them all? She had more admirers among the men than any dozen of them. She laughed at them and caricatured them, to the vast amusement of her admirers. On one occasion, however, Mrs. Buckingham was startled quite out of her usual good-natured disdain, and it came in this way.

There was a grand military ball given in Halifax the winter after her arrival, and Mrs. Buckingham

was there. As she was a splendid dancer she had been much sought after as a partner by the gay young bloods at the various hops and social festivities to which she had managed to get invited. She had always been tolerated in mixed assemblies, and up to the time of the military ball had never received a public slight; but on the evening in question she was engaged for the lancers by Captain Martin, of the Rifles, and was just entering the set on that gentleman's arm, when the lady who was her *vis-à-vis* refused to dance and precipitately retired. Mrs. Buckingham shot a keen glance at her, smiled a little, and fingered her bracelet. Then there was an awkward pause, until Mrs. Bertram's place could be filled. Mr. Bertram, the lady's husband, who was in the same set, blushed and frowned at his wife's actions, and bit his lip with vexation. His wife's conspicuous prudery nettled him, though he had never been a friend of the woman she had insulted. When the dance was done he took an early opportunity to attempt a smoothing over of the situation. Mrs. Buckingham received him graciously and with perfect ease, and when he made a delicate attempt at an apology, merely lifted her eyebrows and remarked how well Mrs. Bertram looked, and how fortunate Mr. Bertram was to have a wife with such taste in dress. This

calmness and generosity filled Mr. Bertram with admiration, and he mentally declared that Mrs. Buckingham was a much-abused person. He asked permission to call soon upon her, and Mrs. Buckingham nodded a pleasant assent.

"Rash man! you would see the ogress in her den? It is very dangerous," she said, extending her shapely fingers and giving him a bewitching smile. Then she bowed and left him. She never granted a new admirer more than a few minutes' conversation at a time, but always cut the colloquy short at its most interesting point. A shrewd woman was Mrs. Buckingham!

Bertram called, and Mrs. Buckingham exerted all her power to captivate him. The upshot of the matter was that in a few weeks his infatuation was the talk of the town. Mrs. Buckingham had him almost as much under her thumb as that poor chough, Gilsby. He would be at the hotel two or three times a week, and nothing that any one could do or say would stop him. When once a man got into Mrs. Buckingham's hands he was never his own master again till she grew tired of him. And now that lady was intent upon gaining complete control of Bertram, and there was little likelihood that she would drop him until she had ruined him and his household. She was not ordinarily vindic-

tive, but no woman will be snubbed or insulted in public without trying to get even with the offender; and Mrs. Buckingham was by no means a person when smitten to offer the other cheek. "I will teach these prudes of Halifax a lesson," she said to herself.

She took just the opposite course with Bertram from that she had taken with Gilsby. This conduct showed her to be a woman of keen insight. She treated Bertram with respect, even deference, and with him discarded for the time her free-and-easy air. This in so regal a personage tickled the man's vanity. Mrs. Bertram sighed and sulked, and shed tears, and put herself in every way at a disadvantage. She was not as fine-looking as Mrs. Buckingham; but she had a sweet, pure face, with a complexion that tears did not improve. This sniffing annoyed Bertram. He was not conscious that he regarded Mrs. Buckingham in any other light than that of an uncomplaining woman who had been unjustly treated by the public and insulted by his wife. He would have liked, he said to himself, to have Mrs. Bertram make the *amende honorable* by calling and apologizing. He did not, however, venture to ask her to do so. If she really felt aggrieved, why did she not speak out, instead of moping around the house? These silent, reproachful angels were insufferable. He was always sure of

smiles at the other place. If his wife had either a little more spirit or a little more good-nature, he and she could soon come to a satisfactory explanation. He was intensely virtuous in his indignation at his wife. Come what might, he was not going to give up Mrs. Buckingham's society for a silly woman's unjust whim. Bertram was touchy on points of personal conduct, and none of his friends dared say more to him than to hint that he was being talked about. This only made him more set in his resolution. But poor Mrs. Bertram grew more and more distressed. She saw her husband gradually falling completely into the power of this dreadful woman, who was visiting upon her such an exquisite revenge. She felt that complaints to him would be useless, and she was almost in despair. She trembled lest he should go so far as to compel her to sue for justice in a divorce court. There was no telling what tragic thing might happen. How could she stop this strange infatuation? Desperate projects, which she had not the courage to carry out, flitted through her brain. She had read of women's denouncing their rivals in public—even, in extremity, of their horsewhipping them; but such expedients were of doubtful efficacy, to say nothing of the scandal and disgrace they would occasion.

She thought the matter over carefully, and at last

made up her mind. She took advantage of her husband's absence for a day in the country, and as soon as luncheon was over, slipped on her bonnet and veil and took her way to the Halifax Hotel. She sent up her card to Mrs. Buckingham and was shown to that lady's parlor. Trembling visibly, she drew aside her veil and stood before her rival. Mrs. Buckingham was sitting dressed in an exquisite pink cashmere wrapper, with pink flowers tied into the loops of her heavy golden hair, and a pearl and diamond star glittering pendent from a heavy gold necklet on her breast. As her visitor entered she laid down a new French novel and, rising, made her a sweeping courtesy. Mrs. Bertram gazed at her in astonishment. She had wondered how a woman of forty could so have fascinated her husband. The secret was explained. This Mrs. Buckingham was an artist. Even while she dreaded and hated her, Mrs. Bertram was forced to admire the consummate skill, even splendid audacity, with which her rival's toilet had been composed. Mrs. Buckingham waved her gracefully to a chair. "Pray be seated, Mrs. Bertram," she said in her sweetest voice. "I am so glad you have called! Your husband has often spoken of you."

This bold thrust quite disconcerted the wife. Her lips trembled and she sank into the chair pant-

ing, and then, putting her hands to her face, burst into tears.

"Will you use my vinaigrette, dear Mrs. Bertram?" The lady addressed made a mighty effort to check herself, and looked up. Mrs. Buckingham's face was as calm as if it had been carved out of stone. She was holding out a silver-mounted cut-glass vial with the air of a benignant goddess. Mrs. Bertram pushed it away with her hand. "You ought to admire it, it was the gift of your husband," said the other sweetly.

The words seemed to sting Mrs. Bertram almost beyond endurance. "How dare he?" she exclaimed excitedly, and with rising color; "how dare he? This is infamous! Why do you add insult to injury? Have you no pity, woman? Can you not see that you have driven me almost to despair?"

"Really? Your husband told me that you had very little spirit. We are often deceived in the characters of those we love. But you forget, dear Mrs. Bertram, that it is I who ought to complain of being insulted. You remember the military ball, do you not?"

"I came to ask your forgiveness for that—I did, indeed! O Mrs. Buckingham! you have been a wife; listen to the prayer of a heart-broken woman! Give me back my husband!"

The words "have been a wife" seemed to electrify the grass-widow. She flashed a fierce look at the suppliant and drew her lips hard over her teeth, but her wonderful self-command asserted itself. Next moment she was the same calm, smiling, nonchalant woman as before.

"You make a strange plea," she answered, slightly raising her eyebrows. "You are quite mistaken. Your husband is nothing to me—not the value of that little bottle!" and she gave a contemptuous laugh as she held up the vinaigrette daintily between her thumb and finger.

"But he is much to me," cried the wife, her face streaming with tears. "Indeed, he was a loving husband till he met you, Mrs. Buckingham. He would not have left me if you had not lured him away. O woman, if you have ever had a child, listen to the prayer of a wife who is soon to be a mother! Would you embitter a husband's heart against his wife and alienate him from her in the midst of her suffering? Would you lay a burden of reproach upon an innocent child? You are a terrible woman, but you are said sometimes to have a generous heart. You have a thousand admirers. I had but one, and he was my all. I worshipped him—worship him still. If I did you wrong I am truly sorry for it, and you have paid me back a hundred-



“Mrs. Buckingham rose. ‘Please let go my gown,’ she said, in a quiet tone.”

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fold. You can do with him what you will. Then give him back to me, or I shall die!"

The wife's voice was choked with sobs. She knelt at Mrs. Buckingham's feet, and in an abandonment of entreaty buried her hands in the soft, flowing pink robe. Mrs. Buckingham rose. "Please let go of my gown," she said in a quiet tone. She walked up and down the room with swift, panther-like steps, laughing a little to herself; but mixed with her triumph there was evidently some feeling of compassion for the helpless victim at her feet. Mrs. Bertram, with the intuition of despair, had used the only plea which could have been successful. Mrs. Buckingham was proof against the appeal of the wife, but that of the mother was irresistible. No woman not utterly depraved could resist it. Suddenly she paused in front of the still kneeling wife, and her eyes softened. "I understand that you apologize for your wanton insult to me at the ball?" she said quietly.

"Indeed—indeed I do! I have regretted it for a long time."

"That is well. Now promise me you will not torment your husband because he has been friendly with me! No reproaches, you understand!"

"I will forgive and forget all if he will only come back to me!"

"That is well, too. Now for the third condition. When you hear the name of Mrs. Buckingham aspersed, you will say that whatever her faults may be she is not devoid of generosity and womanly feeling?"

The wife silently assented, and Mrs. Buckingham gave her her hand. "We have been quite melodramatic," she said, in her half-mocking tone, as she helped the young wife to her feet. "I suppose you will not want me to name the baby? Never fear!" she added, laughing, as she saw an alarmed look come over Mrs. Bertram's face. "You know I am a great stickler for the proprieties, and perhaps it would hardly do. Make your mind easy about your husband. I give him back to you as a Christmas present," and she showed the bewildered and happy wife to the door. "Since I am to act the part of good fairy, you must remember my conditions, or *next time* I will not let you off so easily. *En avant*, you good little soul! and don't tell your husband that you have been here!"

"Was ever such effrontery!" said Mrs. Bertram to herself when she had got over her bewilderment; "but there *is* something grand about the woman. I don't wonder men admire her. If she will only keep her word!"

Next day came Bertram to pay his usual respects

to Mrs. Buckingham. He had brought her a splendid bouquet of flowers. She received him very coolly.

"Really, my friend," she said, looking out of the window, "aren't you troubling yourself about me a little too much?"

Bertram's face grew red. "What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Oh, my friend, this Platonic affection has gone far enough. Very interesting and delightful while it lasted, but I assure you I am tired of it. By the way, when did you last present your wife with such a bouquet as this?"

"My wife? Why do you ask the question?"

"Oh, simply because I suspect that sweet little morsel of femininity has been somewhat neglected of late! Is it true that she is soon to become a mother?"

Bertram winced. "Who told you this?" he said.

"My dear man, can you do nothing but ask questions? I suppose I heard it along with other gossip. But seriously, I cannot afford to be talked about in connection with you, Mr. Bertram."

"You have suddenly come to that conclusion."

"Suddenly, as you say. But go! You weary me! You men are all alike! Trying to be Bohemian and respectable at the same time, you get into a

false position and grow dull. Now, I am a thorough Bohemian. I dislike compromises. Go home to your little wife and be respectable! By all accounts she is much too good for you. If you let her cry her eyes out over your neglect I will find means to punish you. Adieu! If the baby is a girl you may name her after me. I trust it will be agreeable to your wife. Of course I expect now to be cut dead. Well, well! We may all meet in heaven, you know," and Mrs. Buckingham bowed him out.

THE REVEREND WASHINGTON
HAM'S TRIUMPH.



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THE REVEREND WASHINGTON HAM'S TRIUMPH.

"De mud-turtle have no cause to stick up his nose at de frog."

—NEGRO PROVERB.

THE REVEREND WASHINGTON HAM was a colored Baptist revivalist. He was born some time in the "thirties," at the Joggin, some two or three miles from the town of Digby. He was stout-built, bull-necked, bossy-faced, and as black as the ace of spades. His wool, tightly corkscrewed to his bullet head, was at the period of this story already becoming grizzled by advancing age. Uncorrupted by the schools, the Reverend Washington expounded the Scriptures with most literal exactness, and swore especially by the Pentateuch and the Song of Solomon. He had a predilection for mixing up the Mosaic record with his favorite doctrines of "Predestination" and "Immersion" in a way extremely gratifying to his congregations. He was in the habit of draping his discourses in the pictorial splendors of Revelation, and constructing therefrom a theology as unique as it was entertaining. He

was accustomed to travel from one end of the province to the other, tarrying for longer or shorter seasons with his colored brethren of both the Baptist and Methodist persuasions, at Hammond's Plains, Windsor Forks, the Pine Woods, and the Joggin. He was a powerful exhorter—a very Boanerges—and his deep bass tones could be heard of a Sunday a quarter of a mile from the scene of his ministrations. So emphatically did he thump the pulpit Bibles that in one or two visitations they became pitiful wrecks, and their places had to be supplied by new ones. It therefore became the custom, whenever the fervent revivalist appeared, to put an old book before him in place of the new and let the Reverend Washington thump it to his heart's content. He was very popular with his brother clergymen, except with those who strongly opposed his two cardinal doctrines of Predestination and Immersion. On these points the Reverend Washington was inexorable; and in almost all cases his feelings were considered, and he was allowed to speak his mind freely without open opposition.

There was one pastor, however, who, by the importance of his position, once ventured boldly to oppose the favorite doctrines of the revivalist. This was the Reverend Persimmons Jones, a Methodist, who presided over a very aristocratic colored

church in Richmond Street, Halifax. The Reverend Persimmons had been to an academy, and therefore looked down with lofty disdain on the learning of the Reverend Washington Ham. But however much he despised the lack of erudition of his Baptist brother, the Reverend Persimmons was obliged to yield to the voice of his congregation, who clamored for a visit from the noted revivalist. The invitation was at last given, and the Reverend Washington promptly responded. He ascended the pulpit of the Richmond Street Church with a feeling of pride in his prophetic function, which was not lessened when he saw the scowling face of the Reverend Persimmons Jones in a conspicuous place in the front row of seats. The building was packed, and expectation was on tip-toe. The revivalist, in a deliberate tone, skirmished awhile with the Book of Genesis, rapidly passed on to Exodus, dwelt at some length on Leviticus, next made a plunge into the sensuous imagery of the Song of Solomon, and then began to enlarge on his two favorite doctrines.

"I's come here to ax yuh," said the Reverend Washington, letting his eye glance across the scalp of the Reverend Persimmons Jones, "what de Scriptures means when dey says dat two wimmin will be grindin' at de mill an' one'll be tucken an' de udder left? Dat pints to de great doctrin' uv Predestina-

tion. Der ain't no gittin' aroun' a cornder 'bout dat! We's predessined—some to be saints an' some to be sinnahs, just like one year o' corn is to be full an' anudder all shrivelled an' mildewed, or one calf a poor shoat an' anudder de makin' uv a skrumptious cattle. Yuse got to b'lieve; an' when de Lawd comes yer way, if yuse got de right bran' on yuh he's goin' to take yuh, anyway. Yo needn't hab no fear uv dat! Yo may a bin ez wicked as ole Harry hisself all yer life, but if yo repents yuh's all right. De Lawd ain't takin' no notice uv afterclaps what's gone afore; all he's lookin' arter iz what yo are now. An' I tells yuh, yuh's predessined to repent like yuh wor befoh to sin, an' dat's de reason why de Lawd's got some 'scuse foh takin' yuh. Iz dat cleah in yuh minds, breverin?"

Many of the brethren nodded emphatic assent, but the Reverend Persimmons Jones knitted his brows and moved uneasily on his seat. The orator again took up the thread of his discourse.

"De great doctrin' uv Predestination bein' settled, let us take a squint at de nex' great pint in de scheme uv salvation. Yuse repented, but how's yuh goin' to get de papahs as shows yuh repentance iz done accordin' to order? BY BAPTIZZUM! But what kin' uv *baptizzum*? Yuse got yuh papahs, but how's yuh goin' to show yuh papahs is in ordeh?

Dat's de pint I'm axin' uv yuh! What's de kin' uv baptizzum yuse a-goin' foh? Breverin, dere's only one kin' uv baptizzum dat's wuth shucks. Dere's only one kin' uv baptizzum dat'll give yuh clean papahs foh de skies; an' dat kin' uv baptizzum am Immershun!"

At these words there was quite a sensation in the meeting, for the Reverend Persimmons Jones had been inculcating an entirely opposite doctrine. There was a craning of necks to catch a glimpse of the pastor, and a whispering and nodding all over the congregation. The Reverend Washington cleared his throat and proceeded:

"I's prepared to back up de doctrin' uv Immershun by superstanshul Scriptur' prufhs. What foh why wuz Jonah frew inter de sea an' de whale swallered him, if it wa'ant to pint de argermint uv Immershun? If de Lawd wanted Jonah sprinkled, wouldn't he a-sent de spray a-flyin' all ober de wessel? Cose he would! De Lawd don't take no trouble foh nuffin. An' how much watah do yuh s'pose de whale swallered alongside Jonah? Hogsheads an' hogsheads! An' Jonah swum around dere in de whale's belly tree days an' tree nights, an' got baptized all troo, an' den he war fit to go to Ninevar. An' den didn't de prorfit tell dat Sy-re-an captain to have sebben times in Johdan? What wuz

dat foh? It wuz to hyperbolicize de great doctrin' uv Immershun. De feller wuz all pock-marked wid lepersy, which in youh case, my breverin, significations sin. Dere yuse got it in black an' white. But I's gwine to gib yuh stronger prufhs dan dat. Yuse all learned to line out dese yere verses taken frum de Sams uv de bressed Apos'le Daniel:

"Der iz a fountain filled wid blood
 Drawn frum Immanuel's veins,
 An' sinnahs plunged beneaf dat flood
 Loose all der guilty stains."

"What does dat signify? De great doctrin' uv IMMERSHUN!"

But here the orator was suddenly interrupted. The Reverend Persimmons Jones had been seething with indignation and fierce mental protest while these extremely subversive doctrines were being expounded from his own pulpit to his chosen flock. At this part of the address he had reached the exploding point, and professional courtesy could no longer hold sway over his feelings. He snorted with indignation, started excitedly to his feet and faced his people, who sat open-mouthed, drinking in the words of the Reverend Washington Ham.

"I denounces sich doctrin'!" he called out. "It's a subvertin' uv de faith uv dis yere church. I calls upon de Reverind Washington Ham to waycate de pulpit uv dis church! De Reverind Washington

Ham quotes de Scriptur', but what does his Scriptur' 'mount to? It's no more appliiable dan haulin' mud to men' a road! I kin quote Scriptur' dead agin him. What does dis mean?

" 'Wash me an' I will be whiter dan snow.'

"De Reverind Washington Ham would say **it** meant Immershun! All humbug! It don't mean nuffin uv de kin'! Do yuh s'pose we cullud pussons is a-goin' to be washed *white*? No, sah! De cullud pussons is goin' to be cullud pussons in heaven as well's here. How do yuh s'pose yurd know yuh friens if it twarn't so? No, my breverin, don't run away wid sich foolish notions as dese uv de Reverind Washington Ham's! How wuz it dey honorized folks in de Chillun uv Isrul's day? Why, dey poured ile on der heads! But ile's mighty expensive wid us, an' so we chooses water. We jus' drops water nuff to keep from wettin' de close, an' dere yu have yuh baptizzum! Reverind Washington Ham, come down out uv dat yer pulpit, an' don't be preachin' Anti-Christ to dis yere Richmond Street Church!"

But the famous revivalist was not to be so easily silenced. His heavy bass voice rang out and overwhelmed the penny-trumpet tones of his rival, and it was clear that he had the majority of those present with him. He reaffirmed his cardinal doc-

trine with immense emphasis, till the leaves of the pulpit Bible flew broadcast over the congregation. His fervent and sonorous oratory completely drowned the protesting voice of the Reverend Per-simmons Jones. He ended in a triumphant peroration that shook the house, in the midst of which the opposing clergyman stalked out of the building, followed by a faithful few. Like a prudent general, the Reverend Washington pursued his advantage and grasped at the fruits of victory. He saw the heads of the congregation waver to and fro and bow before the blast of his oratory like ripened wheat before a northwest wind. He knew by long experience that the flood-gates of a revival were opened, and he rushed triumphantly into the dazzling mysteries of Revelation. He piled metaphor on hyperbole and hyperbole on metaphor, and then toppled the gorgeous structure upon the heads of the congregation. The effect upon his audience was indescribable. Some started to their feet, their eyes rolling in a kind of frenzy, spun round in the aisles, and fell fainting on the floor; others clapped their hands in ecstatic fervor, wagging their heads from side to side, and shouting "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" "Bress de Lawd!" and other exclamations of religious joy. Through and above all this grotesque confusion the bass voice of the Rev-

erend Washington Ham thundered and bellowed like the last great trump of the Apocalypse itself. Then, suddenly, he stopped and stretched out his arms at full length, and silence gradually settled upon the congregation.

"I calls on all who wishes to be saved accordin' to de principles uv Baptizzum and Predestination to hol' up deir han's!" An almost universal showing of hands followed. "Now, who's willin' to be baptized accordin' to de 'bove formerluh?" A goodly number responded. "Well, breverin, I fin' yuh here like as sheep as hasn't got no shēpherd, an' my heart trabbels over yuh in fear an' sufferin'. I's willin' to stay an' see yuse out uv dis yere fix. I's gwine to hol' a baptizzum down on de shoh nex' Toosday, an' all uv yuse as wants to be baptized in de true way will meet me here at two o'clock in de arternoon, to jine in a persesional." Then the Reverend Washington Ham came down from the pulpit and received the congratulations of his friends.

The eventful Tuesday came, and a large concourse of the colored brethren made their way to the shore. At the head of his contingent, surrounded by his candidates for baptism, majestically marched the Reverend Washington Ham, Bible in hand. At least two-thirds of the church-members followed

him, and like Joshua of old the heart of the great revivalist was mightily lifted up as he led with a stentorian voice the singing of this revival hymn—

“De Lawd is a-comin' to take yuh home :

Oh, come Lawd soon !

Where yuse got no chance no more to roam :

Oh, come Lawd soon !

Wid his spankin' hosses an' chariot o' fire,

A-comin' in his mussy an' a-comin' in his ire,

An' he'll whip de wicked darkeys wid de scorpion an' de brier :

Oh, come Lawd soon !

“De lion an' de unicorn dey's lyin' wid de lamb :

Oh, come Lawd soon !

We's gwine wid de Reverind Washington Ham :

Oh, come Lawd soon !

We's gwine to get our papahs foh de skies,

On de wings uv salvation to wobble an' to rise

An' to wash away de teahs from our black an' sinful eyes :

Oh, come Lawd soon !”

—which his enthusiastic followers accompanied with a vigorous clapping of hands and wagging of heads and an ecstatic rolling of eyes as the strains rose and fell. But just as they reached the little cove where the baptism was to take place, another party, led by the Reverend Persimmons Jones, appeared upon the scene. All silently they filed down to the shore to watch the proceedings of the rival band. Many fierce looks were exchanged between the opposing factions, but no overt act of hostility was attempted. The party of the Reverend Persimmons seemed to be in an expectant mood, as though looking for something unusual to happen.

Into the water marched the Reverend Washington Ham, his black bombazine robe floating proudly around him, while after him followed the candidates for baptism. One by one they were dipped under by the powerful arm of the revivalist, and as each came out dripping and sputtering, the little army of enthusiasts broke forth in a hymn which owed its inspirational fervor to the gifted Washington himself:

"Yuh's candy-dates fur de udder worl':
Bredderin, bress de Lawd!
De man an' de missus, de boy an' de girl:
Bredderin, bress de Lawd!
On Johdan's banks yuh've taken yuh stan',
An' yuh's waitin' fer de ferry to de udder lan':
Oh, come, my brudder, give us yuh han':
Bredderin, bress de Lawd!

"Ole Moses he trabbel a lonesome way:
Bredderin, bress de Lawd!
De chillun uv Isrul dey go astray:
Bredderin, bress de Lawd!
Dey's got no use fer mistakes in hebben,
But dey'll let ye in if de hour's elebben
Out of de furniss bake sebben times sebben:
Bredderin, bress de Lawd!"

The concluding notes of the hymn had died away, and up to this time the party of the Reverend Persimmons Jones had not moved nor said a word. The last candidate had been dipped, and the baptizer himself had come out of the water and was standing with his drenched devotees under the wall of a large untenanted house which stood near the

water's edge, when the Reverend Persimmons Jones stepped out from among his followers and said to the other party:

"I s'pose yuh's in de odor uv sanctity now, breverin? But de true baptizzum is still waitin' foh yuh. Yuse got now to get dem clean papahs fer de skies dat de Reverind Washington Ham talks about."

The words were no sooner said, than from a frameless window of the old house the contents of a bag of flour were dexterously sifted upon the heads of the Reverend Washington Ham and his newly-baptized converts. A yell of triumph arose from the party of the Reverend Persimmons Jones, and a howl of rage from the party of the Reverend Washington Ham. A rush into the building was made to seize the perpetrator of this effective practical joke, but whoever he was he had prudently decamped in time. Meanwhile, the baptized brethren were grotesque objects, for the flour had turned to dough and stuck like wax to their wool, faces, and garments. A scramble was made for the water, and a tremendous clawing and scrubbing took place, accompanied by the taunts and revilings of the rival faction, who wisely kept at a distance. But the Reverend Washington Ham was too dignified to cleanse himself in the presence of his enemies. He said

majestically: "Breverin, I's not goin' to scratch one gob uv dis yere flour offen, me till I gets back to de church. I's goin' to show de Reverind Persimmons Jones dat I ain't afeard to suffah foh de Gospel." So, besmeared as he was, he took up his position again at the head of his party and proceeded back to the church, leading his followers in the hymn—

" O children, ain't ye glad
You've left that sinful army?
O children, ain't ye glad
The sea gave away?
When Moses smote the water,
The children all passed over;
When Moses smote the water,
The sea gave away."

—while behind came a chorus of voices of the opposite party, led by the Reverend Persimmons Jones, singing these significant lines:

" See the hosts of sin advancing,
Satan leading on !"

In appearance, the Reverend Washington might indeed have stood for the Prince of Darkness, if hideousness is an attribute of his Satanic Majesty. The flour, turned to dough, had dried on his face and in his wool and had run down in streaks over his bombazine robe. The blackness of his skin set these patches of dirty-white in glaring contrast, and never did a more frightful-looking being parade

the Halifax streets. Amid a hooting crowd the Reverend Washington Ham elbowed his way back to the Richmond Street Church, the whole congregation following him—the party of the Reverend Persimmons Jones bringing up the rear.

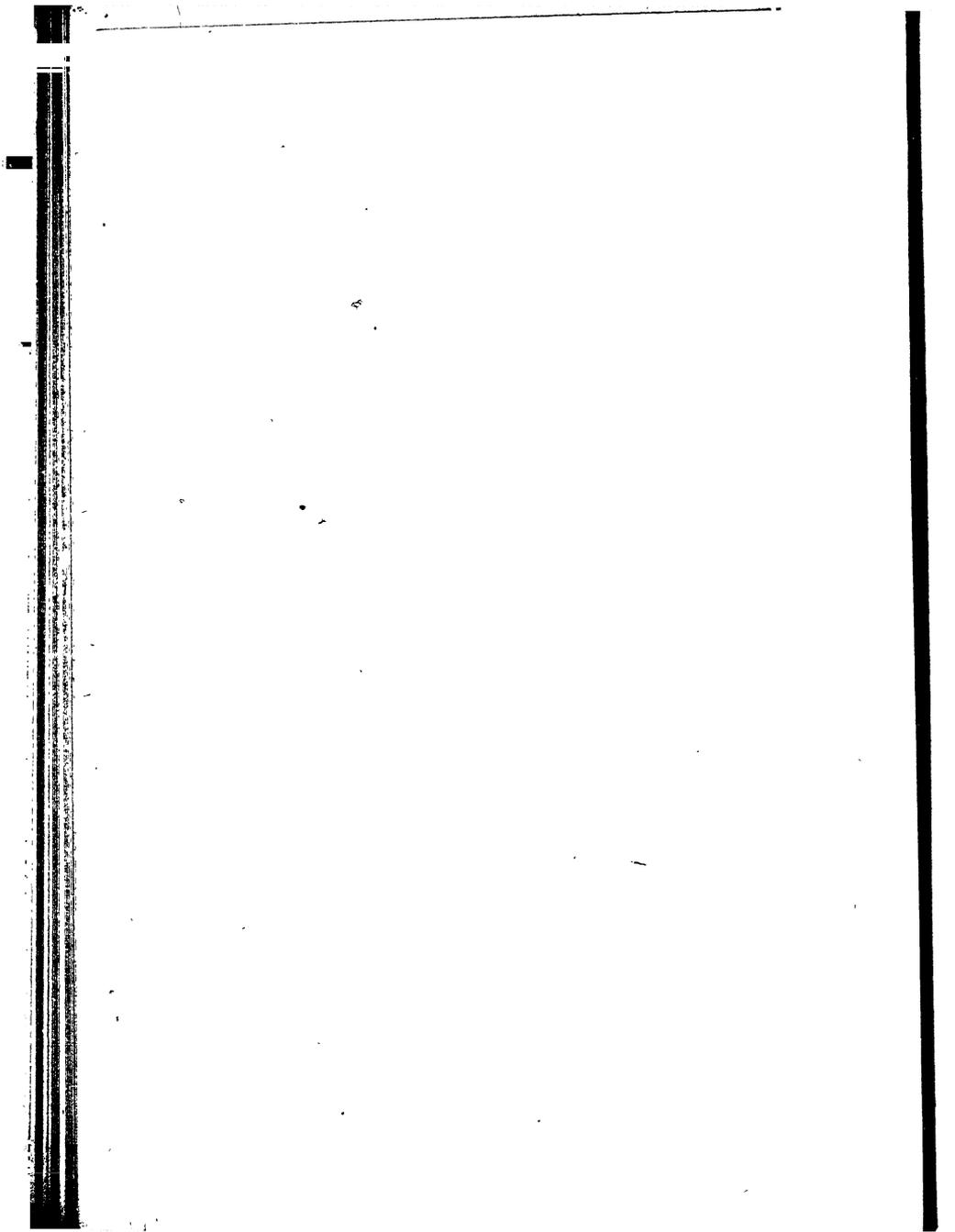
“Yuh sees me here, Reverind Persimmons Jones,” he said, after he had ascended the pulpit and order had been restored, “the wictim uv an’ ondecnt assault; an’ you wuz de fabricator uv it. But I forgives yuh! Take back yuh congregation an’ preach de true doctrin’ uv Predestination an’ Immer-shun! If yuh don’t, dese yere los’ sheep’ll rise up ’ginst yuh on de Day uv Judgmen’, as de chillun uv Isrul did ’ginst Sodom an’ Gormorrer. Brev-erin, I gives yuh my blessin’ an’ departs in de Name uv de Lawd,” and the revivalist stepped down and vanished into the vestry. He was discovered an hour later by the Reverend Persmmions Jones, with his head in the vestry-basin, still engaged in digging the dough out of his wool.

“Foh de Lawd’s sake!” exclaimed the astonished Persimmons Jones.

“Yes, brudder,” replied the Reverend Wash- ington, lifting his streaming face from the basin and complacently regarding the pastor, “foh de Lawd’s sake!”



"'Foh de Lawd's sake!' exclaimed the astonished Persimmons Jones"



COURT-MARTIALLED.



COURT-MARTIALLED.

"His honor rooted in dishonor stood."—TENNYSON.

"SERGEANT O'NEIL drunk again, sir!" says the Orderly, touching his cap to Colonel Knevet, of the Lincoln Greys.

The Colonel swore. "I am tired of this sort of thing, Marcham," he said to the Adjutant, who sat writing at the office table; "the regiment has been disgraced long enough by O'Neil's sprees. They are having a bad influence, too, on the men. No less than five guard-room cases for drunkenness this week! By all the powers of war, I'll stop it! O'Neil has been a good soldier and a useful man, but the devil seems to have got into him lately. You had better order a court-martial for ten to-morrow morning. O'Neil is under arrest, Kinsley?"

"Yes, sir, in the guard-room," replied Kinsley.

"Very well; bring me Captain Jones' report. We'll have to make an example of O'Neil, Marcham. We must be all the harder on him, as he is a favorite with the men."

The Colonel paced with a restless step up and down the office and glanced gloomily out of the window at the driving rain, for the day was cheerless and wet. He was out of sorts, and the state of the weather did not improve his spirits. Besides, he was a strict disciplinarian, and he was annoyed and mortified by the late reports of drunkenness among his men. The Colonel rarely swore, but when he did it was a sign of much perturbation of mind.

Next morning, on the stroke of ten, the Adjutant, as judge, took his seat, with the Colonel and Major on one side of him and three captains on the other. The accused Sergeant was marched into the room, a soldier on each side of him and a corporal in the rear. There was little formality about the proceedings. The Adjutant read to the prisoner a report containing the charge of drunkenness, and asked him if he pleaded guilty or not.

"Guilty," said the offender in a low voice. His eyes were bloodshot, and his hang-dog air showed plainly his present sense of shame, as well as his yesterday's dissipation. The Adjutant stood up to read the sentence.

"Have you anything to say, O'Neil, why sentence should not be passed upon you?" he said. "If you have, it shall be considered by the court. If not,

it has been determined to make an example of you."

O'Neil, a grizzled veteran, looked up for an instant at the Colonel, and then dropped his eyes. "Nothing, sir," he answered dejectedly.

The Colonel stood up.

"O'Neil," he said in a stern voice, "this is the eighth time this year you have been in the guard-room on account of drunkenness. This record for an officer is outrageous. You have disgraced Her Majesty's service in general and your own regiment in particular. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

O'Neil's lips moved, but the words were inaudible.

"Very well, Adjutant, pronounce sentence," said the Colonel.

The Adjutant addressed O'Neil in a calm, formal tone: "It is the judgment of the court that you be degraded to the ranks in the presence of the regiment, which will involve the tearing of your sergeant's stripes from your uniform at this afternoon's parade. Your own captain concurs in the sentence, and it is approved unanimously by the court."

"Oh, God, sir!" replied O'Neil, in a heartrending voice, as the tears gushed from his eyes, "can't it be done in private? Four-and-twenty years have I served under the colors, and twenty of 'em with the

Greys. It'll break my heart, sir, to be disgraced afore the rigimint! I'd rather that you'd shoot me out an' out. I haven't a word to say agin the justice av the coort. It knows best, but the divil'll git me if I lose the respect av the boys."

The poor fellow's lip trembled, and he wiped his face with the cuff of his tarnished uniform.

"I'm sorry for you, O'Neil," said the Colonel, "but the judgment is irrevocable. Discipline in the regiment must be maintained. Had you been of lower rank, your sentence might have been lighter; but I can have no soldier of the rank of sergeant continually getting drunk. Corporal, remove the prisoner!"

O'Neil was marched out, looking as though he were being led to instant execution. The officers in the little court-room looked grave. The Sergeant's appeal was one which touched their hearts as soldiers, and they felt deeply sorry for him, but they had all concurred in the sentence. Discipline must be maintained. The regiment was assembled for the Colonel's parade, and the afternoon had cleared off fair. There was an expectant, awed look on the faces of the men. The Colonel's critical eye glanced over the regiment. Then he turned to his Orderly.

"Kinsley," he said, "order Sergeant O'Neil present under guard!"

In a few minutes O'Neil, white as a sheet and with his head bowed, was placed facing the regiment. The Colonel gave a sign with his hand, and two sergeants stepped from the ranks and stood beside their comrade. With faces that looked as if they did not relish their employment, they slowly tore the straps from the sleeves of O'Neil's uniform. The disgraced soldier did not look up, even when a rifle was thrust into his hands, but silently took his place in the ranks. The impressive hush was suddenly broken by the Colonel's ordering an evolution. Then he gave a few more rapid commands and the parade closed. O'Neil avoided his comrades and slunk off to his quarters. He sat there with his head buried in his hands, his soul filled with bitter despair. That night he could not sleep; the scene of his disgrace was ever present with him, and he tossed restlessly to and fro. He arose in the morning, pale and haggard, and could eat no breakfast. He was put on the early guard, and paced the ramparts all the forenoon. He had but one thought—to end his misery. It was all he could do to carry his head erect and march up and down his beat. He fancied that he was a mark

for all eyes, and if any one came near him his face flushed and a spasm of shame went through him. As soon as he was off duty he made his way through town, and went out upon a wharf near the Dartmouth Ferry. He sat down on the edge of the wharf, with his legs hanging over the water. He put his elbows on his knees and propped his head with his hands. His cap fell off and floated away, but he never noticed the loss. The low, monotonous lap of the tide against the timbers mingled with the melancholy brooding of his thought. He was in that dreamy, half-unconscious state which often comes upon intending suicides immediately before taking the fatal step. He may have sat there half an hour, but it seemed to him an eternity. Finally he raised his bleared eyes and took one last look around. The ferry-boat was at that minute leaving for Dartmouth, and he saw the Colonel's little daughter running about the after-deck, while her nurse sat on a bench near the passageway. No one else was in sight, and he felt that he could take his plunge without being noticed. To die decently and quietly was now his only wish. He threw his arms out and bent forward, when a shrill cry startled him. He looked up and saw the nurse-maid run shrieking to the side of the boat. The little girl had gone too near the edge and had tripped and fallen into

the water. A number of passengers and deck-hands rushed aft in time to see the form of a man plunge from an adjacent wharf and swim with powerful strokes toward the drowning child. A cry went up, and the boat's engines were reversed. The man, who wore a soldier's uniform, was just in time for the rescue. The child was going down when he grasped her long, floating hair and lifted her swooning figure out of the waves. He battled strenuously with his other arm, and his strength was almost gone, when a life-preserver thrown from the boat fell close beside him. In a few minutes more he was lifted with his apparently lifeless burden into the ferry-boat, amid the cheers of the passengers. The boat put back to the wharf, and by vigorous and timely exertions the child was brought to consciousness, and was then rapidly driven to the Colonel's house. Inquiry was made for the soldier, but in the confusion of the arrival at the wharf he had disappeared. Who could it have been? The overjoyed and thankful Colonel asked if the man had given his name, but found merely that he was a private soldier. Whoever he was, he had gone off so quietly that no one had had a chance to ask his name.

"I'll put him in O'Neil's place when I find him!" cried the Colonel. "A fellow as brave and modest

as that deserves some substantial recognition. It isn't usual for a private to neglect such a good opportunity to stand well in the regiment. And, by Jove! I'll give the fellow, when I find him, a hundred pounds, too, out of my own private purse!"

He then turned to fondle his little daughter, while his wife hysterically laughed and cried by turns.

Late in the afternoon the Orderly brought in a military cap soaked with salt water. "A boatman left this at the office, sir," he said. "It may belong to the man who rescued Miss Dorothy."

The Colonel eagerly seized and examined it. "What is that written on the band, Kinsley?" he said; "the water has half obliterated the words."

Kinsley took the cap and went to the window. "The name of Sergeant O'Neil, sir," he answered, handing the cap back to the Colonel.

"By George, it must have been O'Neil! It's just such a thing as the fellow would do! Send for the man, Kinsley. No, let it be till the morning parade." The Colonel walked up and down the room excitedly. "As gallant a fellow as ever put on a uniform! This is returning good for evil quite in the Scripture way," he said.

The next morning the regiment, as usual, was drawn up under the eye of the Colonel. He was

eagerly scanning the ranks. The men all had an expectant look, easily detected by a military eye. Each one glanced sideways at his comrade, curious to see if he was to be the recipient of a reward; for the story of the rescue of the Colonel's daughter by some unknown private had got abroad among them.

"Tention!" Every eye was turned upon the Colonel.

"Private O'Neil, Company C, step out of the ranks!"

Private O'Neil stepped out and saluted.

"Come here, sir!" continued the Colonel sternly. "Does this cap belong to you?"

O'Neil took it, looked at it, and handed it back with a bow.

"How did you lose it?"

"I dropped it into the harbor, sir."

"Where were you when you lost it?"

"Sitting on the edge of a wharf, sir."

"What were you doing there?"

The answer came with reluctance, "I was goin' to drown myself, sir."

"And what right, sir, has one of Her Majesty's soldiers to drown himself?"

The private did not answer.

"O'Neil," said the Colonel, bending his head

toward the man and looking earnestly into his eyes, "was it you who saved my little girl's life?"

"It was them on the ferry-boat as saved us both, sir."

"I see. Private O'Neil, receive this from me."

The Colonel took from his breast-pocket a small package and placed it in O'Neil's hands. "In three months' time, if your conduct is good, you will be reinstated in your old rank. To a brave man, conspicuous praise for such a deed is unnecessary. I will not offer it to you now. Come to my house this evening at eight. My wife and little daughter wish to see you. You may remain acting sergeant, and, if you do not touch liquor in the mean while, in three months you will be given back your stripes."

"I will never drink again, sir, as long as I live!" said O'Neil, in a husky voice, saluting the Colonel. Then, with head erect and with flashing eye, he turned and faced the regiment.

The Colonel's firm, deep voice rang forth: "Greys, salute Sergeant O'Neil for brave and meritorious conduct!"

A low murmur of approval rippled through the ranks at this unwonted honor to a comrade, and the hand of every officer and private in the regiment was raised to the salute.

TOO TRUTHFUL SPIRITS.

Handwritten mark resembling a stylized 'k' or a scribble.

Handwritten mark resembling a stylized 'k' or a scribble.

TOO TRUTHFUL SPIRITS.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."—HENRY IV.

To the Halifax Hotel came one day Professor Suckling and his wife. At least that was the record they left scrawled on the register, which is all we know about it. The Professor's appearance belied his name, for he looked about as well-seasoned as smoke-dried venison. He had long, lank hair, lantern jaws, and sleepy-looking black eyes. He wore a threadbare suit of black and had a generally unkempt and battered air. Even his finger-nails helped on his dilapidated and funereal aspect. His wife, as fat as he was lean, had puffy eyes and a gross, sensual mouth, which wore a continual smirk. She was developed like a pouter-pigeon and walked without any inflection of the body. There were only two callings in which such characters could have been engaged—quack medicine and spiritualism. The Professor and his wife were "mediums."

They hired a second-class public hall and began

their *séances*. These were rather a novelty in the town, and the place was packed nightly. The spirits conducted themselves in the most approved manner, and the gymnastics done upon the stage were marvellous and inexplicable. The Professor would be bound hand and foot in the cabinet, and the usual bell-ringing, chair-thumping, and rope-flinging would instantly follow, when the medium would be discovered, like Samson, free of his bonds. The spirits of any one's ancestors, to the third or fourth generation, would promptly respond to invitation, as if they had all along been waiting for the medium to come and give them a holiday. They showed the most astonishing familiarity with the personal affairs of their inquiring relatives, which posthumous knowledge plainly indicated that, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, they had been keeping all along a weather-eye out on mundane affairs. A stream of gold trickled into the pockets of the cadaverous Professor and his pudgy wife. What was still more alarming, some people got so infatuated with them that they gave up church-going and swore by the gospel of the spirits. The ministers took up arms in defence of their flocks, and loudly denounced Professor Suckling from their pulpits; but the fiercest denunciations came from the zealous and aggressive Young Men's Christian

Association. Its members prayed and exhorted against the new doctrines, which were leading unwary souls so far astray; they gave out tracts on the street-corners filled with warnings in the tone of Jeremiah; and at last, calling a meeting to consider the situation, they appointed a committee to investigate and expose these artful servants of Satan. At the head of the committee was Deacon Smythe, a wholesale provision merchant, a great local light, and a pillar of the association. The Deacon was a man of war, and, like Paul, had often "fought with beasts at Ephesus." The unsanctified, however, were apt to laugh at the Deacon's peculiar business methods, which sometimes required a good tug at the mantle of charity to cover them. But Deacon Smythe's piety was of that sort that does not find shrewdness in business inconsistent with loudness in prayer. In short, the Deacon bargained like a sinner and prayed like a saint, keeping always a self-satisfactory debit and credit account with his conscience.

But, unfortunately for the good brother, in the present instance he had a business enemy, who was somewhat inclined to foregather with the spirits. This was a wholesale grocer, familiarly known as Tom Pinckney—a good deal of a wag, who for a long time had had a grudge against the sharp and

sanctimonious Smythe, on account of a matter of some three thousand dollars, which amount he claimed the Deacon had swindled him out of in a certain business transaction. Pinckney got wind of the anticipated move of the Y. M. C. A. against the mediums, and hearing that the Deacon was at the head of it, quietly dropped round to the hotel and had a word with Suckling. The conversation was an interesting and important one, and bore fruit.

On the night appointed for the investigation the house was unusually crowded, for an inkling of the Y. M. C. A.'s design had got abroad. Exactly at five minutes to eight o'clock, in walked the committee to the body of the hall. They took their seats in the very front row, and the *seance* began. The spirits, under Suckling's supervision, outdid themselves; but the Professor's sleepy eyes every now and then wandered to the front row, where sat the Deacon and his watchful friends. The "manifestations" continued uninterruptedly till the time for "materializing" arrived. Then Suckling stopped proceedings for a minute or two and addressed the audience.

"I understand through the spirits," he said, "that there is in the house a committee from the Young Men's Christian Association who desire to investigate spiritualism. If this committee be present,



“ On the background of the stage, a single figure, dressed in an old-fashioned frock-coat, with high collar, and loosely-fitting trousers, loomed indistinctly out of the darkness.”



will its members please to come forward and take seats on the platform?" and he looked directly at the Deacon and his supporters.

This challenge could not well be refused, so the committee of seven rose and took their seats in a double row on one side of the stage. Then the lights were turned down.

"Now, gentlemen," said Professor Suckling solemnly, "you will have an opportunity of testing for yourselves the reality and efficacy of *spirit manifestation*. Please to keep perfectly quiet until I give the word to speak. The unseen powers are jealous of their prerogative and cannot abide distracting noises."

The medium now began to stride rapidly up and down the stage, gesticulating wildly, at the same time muttering some mysterious words. His face was turned toward the back of the stage, and he was gazing earnestly into the dark shadow. Suddenly he threw up his arms and stood motionless, his form rigid save for the twitching of his long, bony fingers. On the background of the stage, opposite where the committee sat, a single figure, dressed in an old-fashioned frock-coat, with high collar and loosely-fitting trousers, loomed indistinctly out of the darkness. Around it was a wavering, bluish shade, which seemed as if it might be

the atmosphere of Tartarus, still clinging about the paroled spirit. A deep, breathless, expectant hush rested upon the spectators. The committee could almost hear the beating of each other's hearts as the spirit slowly moved toward them across the stage, the medium facing it and retreating step by step as it advanced. Suddenly the Professor raised his arm authoritatively, and the spirit halted.

"Now, gentlemen," said the medium in a sepulchral voice, as he stepped to one side, "the spirit is willing to answer any questions you may have to ask."

The Deacon cleared his throat. "Well, who are you?" he said, throwing an incredulous tone into his words.

The spirit answered in a slow, sepulchral voice, looking all the while fixedly at Smythe:

"After all the years we spent together in the same office, Ebenezer, do you not know me?"

"Not at all," replied the Deacon, with growing agitation; for he recognized the voice as that of James Broderick, his late partner.

"Ebenezer," said the spirit, stretching out a long arm and pointing its finger at the Deacon, "I have come to warn you of the error of your ways. You are all too sharp a bargainer to make proper terms with heaven. How could you, Ebenezer, cheat

that poor Annapolis farmer out of a good price for his apples? How could you open the barrels and put hand-picked fruit on top of windfalls, and sell them as number ones? How could you say to that man from King's County that his potatoes were frozen, when you knew they weren't, and then beat him down to half-price? How could you sell that carload of musty hay, which you got for a song, to your friend William Price for six times its value? Do you remember the Digby chickens and the Yarmouth bloaters which you shipped to Boston as fresh and good, when you knew they were as dry and hard as flint? How was it about that one thousand dozen of eggs you sent to New York? They were stale, Ebenezer—very stale! They provoked more profanity than your prayers will ever atone for. Call to mind the Spring Hill coal you sold to Tom Pinckney and swore it was Old Mines Sydney, and the generously-sanded sugar you sold him afterward. Ebenezer—you, a vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association; you, a deacon of the Hancock Street Presbyterian Church, guilty of such acts! When I was alive, Ebenezer, such things never happened. Deacon, I was a restraint upon you!"

At these words of the ghost a very audible smile went over the audience; for James Broderick, though

his spirit showed such a laudable moral sense, had been known in life to be quite as able to drive sharp bargains as his praying partner.

Then the spirit slowly and solemnly receded into the darkness. The Deacon started to his feet with something suspiciously like an oath upon his lips and rushed at the apparition; but it faded suddenly from view, and he came slap against the back of the stage. The voice of the medium rang out through the darkness, sternly commanding him to be seated, and the Deacon returned to his chair, crest-fallen and bewildered.

Scarcely had he taken his seat when a second spirit, that of a woman, rose into view on another part of the stage. It wore a loose wrapper, and its long black hair, which partly hid a ghastly white face, swept over its shoulders. The Deacon's eyes fairly started from their sockets with astonishment and fear, and he thrust back his chair and stared open-mouthed at the new vision. It was the very image of his late wife, Susannah!

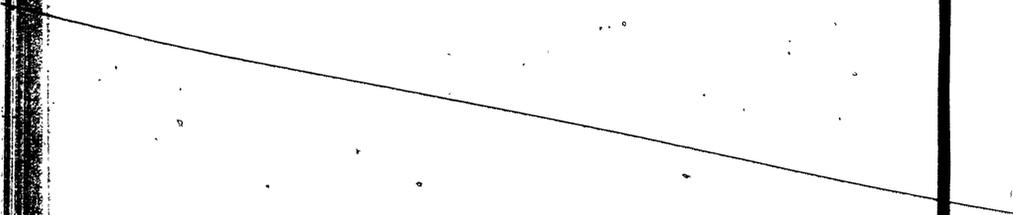
"Ebenezer," it said, in an abrupt, sharp tone (the spirit had even a shriller voice than that of the afore-time Mrs. Smythe), "I hope you will be happy with the new wife you mean to marry; but you must treat her better than you treated me. You were very stingy, Ebenezer, to your poor Susannah! I

had hardly one new gown a year, and that was not enough. You never took me to a concert or circus. You could well have afforded to keep a carriage for me, but you didn't. I often got sour looks from you, and you sometimes said nasty things to me just after morning prayers. But the woman you are going to marry is taking you, Ebenezer, on account of your money; and she will not put up with your stingy ways. She is much too young for you, and she is going to lead you a pretty dance; and you well deserve——” But the spirit did not finish the sentence. The Deacon had heard enough. The last two or three remarks had struck home. A look of mortification and dismay spread over his mottled face, and with trembling legs he rose from his seat. Extending his hands deprecatingly against the spirit, as if to shut out its words as well as its countenance, he made a sudden break for the entrance of the hall. He had got one-third of the way down the aisle, when the spirit disappeared and Suckling turned up the lights. Anthony fleeing from Actium, with the loss of a world behind him, showed no greater rout than did the Deacon, as he hastily beat his retreat with his six discomfited followers close at his heels. The delight of the audience knew no bounds, for the Deacon had few friends among them. They rose in their seats and derisively cheered him to

the echo, and mocking congratulations were showered upon the committee as they scrambled for the door. Never was rout more complete; and amid all, Professor Suckling's long, dark face and sleepy eyes looked over the scene of confusion with wondering simplicity. But in a far corner of the hall sat a man almost shrieking with laughter.

It was Tom Pinckney, the Halifax grocer.

THE CORPORAL'S TROUSERS.



THE CORPORAL'S TROUSERS.

"My loved, my long-lost trousers."—O. W. HOLMES.

CORPORAL McSHANE, of the Surrey Fencibles, off duty till the afternoon parade, on a fine June morning, strolled out toward the North-west Arm. The air was clear and bracing, and the corporal, besides, had his pipe and a good supply of tobacco to while away the time, and a huge sandwich in his pocket to stay the ravages of hunger. As he approached the head of the arm, it struck him that a dip in the water would be an admirable thing. He walked on a little farther and looked round for a convenient spot to undress, and then, as he saw but one old shanty near, took off his clothes behind a rock and plunged boldly in. McShane was a good swimmer, and the distance across the arm at that point was not great, so he determined to swim to the opposite shore and back before coming out. After a gallant struggle he accomplished the first half of his feat: then, resting a bit and sunning himself like a huge stork for some minutes on the shore, he started back; but

when he reached his destination one indispensable part of his wardrobe was missing. He looked round in alarmed perplexity. His regimental trousers, which had encased and decorated his legs so often on parade, were not to be found. Like the carrying away of Helen to Menelaus was the rape of his trousers to the gallant Corporal. He was not only in bitter grief over his loss, but in a sad quandary as to how he should get back to town; and some solution of the problem was, in the nature of things, of pressing importance.

The shanty mentioned above was occupied by an Irish woman, Mrs. Bridget McGinnis, who kept a large flock of barn-fowl for market. Among this feathered live-stock rambled at his own sweet will a goat. He was a brindled, shaggy-bearded, heavy-horned animal, known to the neighborhood as "Timothy," whom long immunity had made a daring disregarder of the rights of others. His predatory instincts often led him beyond the pale of Mrs. Bridget's sway, and once he had been known to enter the kitchen of a neighbor half a mile away and steal a fig of tobacco which was lying on a bench. This he was later detected chewing in a most orthodox manner. The shore of the arm was a favorite stamping-ground of his goatship. On the day in question Timothy wandered as usual

among the rocks and over the sand, sniffing at everything "new and strange that had suffered a sea-change," when suddenly he came upon a heap of red clothes. They were like nothing which Timothy had ever before encountered, and he surveyed them awhile like a veritable Crusoe. The color was attractive, and he turned them over and over with his nose, sniffing at each garment in turn. The last object of examination was the trousers. To this bifurcated husk of humanity the goat's attention was attracted by a peculiar odor. In the rear pocket of the trousers reposed the fragrant tobacco-pouch of Corporal McShane.

The smell of this was not unpleasing to Timothy, and he ended his investigations by picking up the garment and marching off with it in triumph. No Roman with his trophy could have been prouder than Timothy as with the Corporal's trousers grasped firmly by the seat he marched slowly into the widow McGinnis' barn-yard. At the sight of the red-striped garment Mrs. McGinnis' turkeys were filled with indignant fury, but Timothy had no such unreasoning prejudices. He deposited the trousers carefully in a corner and proceeded to make investigations. He explored the garment carefully, but, ignorant of the mysteries of its construction, could not find entrance to the delectable contents. De-

termination, however, was one of Timothy's chief characteristics, so with teeth and hoofs he made a violent onslaught on the rear. Her Majesty's cloth was tough, but Timothy's courage was undaunted, and by dint of pulling and stamping he managed to make a large, ragged hole in the broadest part of the indispensables. All this had consumed time, and meanwhile the Corporal, in full dress with the important exception of his trousers, was running up and down the shore in consternation. His ultra-Highland costume was to say the least inconvenient, for the air along shore was beginning to grow chill, and the wind fluttered the pennon of his shirt a little uncomfortably. McShane, a prey to every dismal foreboding, wandered up and down in ludicrous despair. At length, in his extremity, a thought struck him. He would go and ask Mrs. Bridget for the loan of a pair of the late lamented Mike's small-clothes. This was mortifying to his pride, but there was nothing else to do. For a corporal of one of Her Majesty's crack regiments the position was in truth appalling. However, he started off valiantly for the shanty, but almost as much fear as came upon Godiva in her celebrated ride possessed him as he fluttered into the barn-yard. Suddenly he stopped spell-bound. There was Timothy with his nose in the corporal's tobacco-pouch search-

ing for a "chew!" And, horror of horrors! the Corporal was disgraced forever—his precious trousers had been treated as badly as was Lord Marmion at Flodden Field, for they had been dragged through mud and dust until their resplendent color was dimmed, while in their foundation-part a ghastly rent was visible. The Corporal gave a shout and rushed upon Timothy, which was the very thing he shouldn't have done, for Timothy caught up the trousers and ran with them round the corner of Mrs. Bridget's shanty. McShane gave chase, while the widow McGinnis and her three children stood in the doorway, with open-mouthed amusement, watching. At length the Corporal cornered Timothy and wrested the coveted regimentals from his hold. Alas! how departed was their glory! McShane held them up for inspection, and mournfully shook his head.

"A hole was in their amplest parts,
As if an imp had worn them."

But there was no time for sorrow. In half an hour the Corporal must be back for parade, and it would take him all that time to get to the citadel. He whipped on his trousers and started off as hard as he could go for quarters, the laughter of the McGinnises following in his wake. He fondly hoped to be back in time to brush and tack together his unfortunate

breeches before he should have to appear on drill. But just as he panted up the hill he saw the soldiers turning out for parade. He must e'en go as he was and trust to luck. He hoped that he might not be noticed and so might avoid a severe wound to his reputation. He hurried through the gate and, quaking in every limb, took his position in the ranks. But unfortunately his station at the end of the line made him a conspicuous object. As the line wheeled, poor McShane's back was turned directly toward the Colonel, whose quick eye took in at once the Corporal's demoralized condition.

"Halt!" cried the Colonel sternly. "Corporal McShane will step out of the ranks! Come here, sir! What does this disgraceful exhibition mean?"

"Oh, Colonel, yer honor!" replied the crestfallen McShane; touching his hat, while the knowledge that the whole regiment was secretly laughing at him confused him almost beyond power of utterance, "sure'n it was all along o' that dirty spalpeen av a goat!"

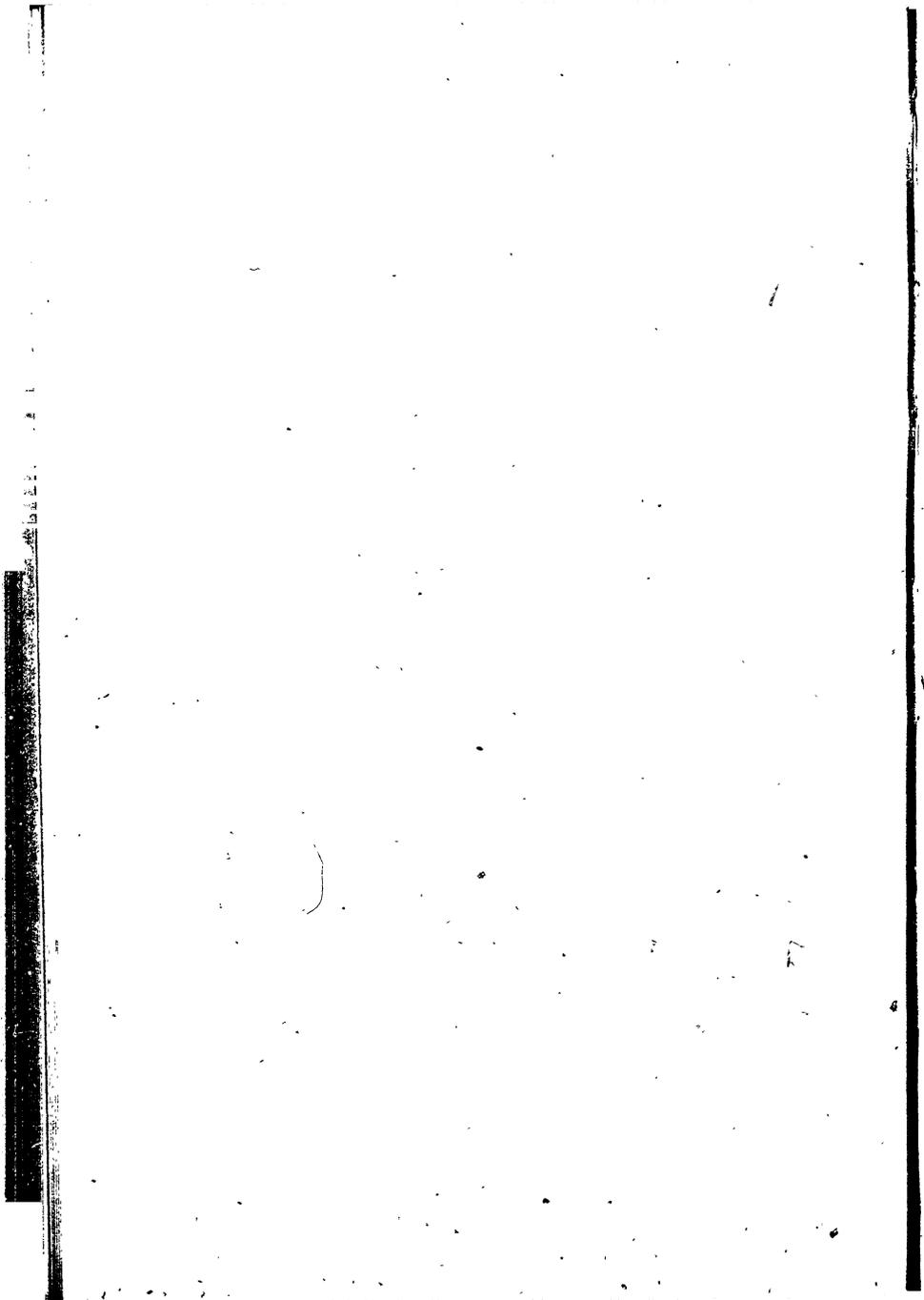
"A goat, sir?" thundered the Colonel, knitting his brow and biting his lips to restrain an almost irresistible impulse to laugh. "What do you mean? Have you been riding a goat?"

"Glory be to the saints, no, sir! I was bathin' in the Arm, yer honor, an' along come Bridget Mc-

Ginnis' goat—may the divil fly away wid him!—and stole me throusers whin me back wuz turned. Phat he wanted wid me britches I haven't no more idee than the snakes had why St. Patrick druv them out av Ireland, but whin I found him he was a-eatin' the whole blessed seat out av im. An' me as niver dishgraced the sarvice yit, an' allus wore as purty a pair av pants as iver shook leg on parade!"

The Corporal's honest eyes were filled with tears of mortified pride, and Colonel Preston's face relaxed its stern look. A smile struggled to gain control of his rugged features, as he drew himself up and looked fixedly over the Corporal's head. He gave a slight cough, and then said, with a blending of military sternness and benignity, "Corporal McShane, go to your quarters and get repaired! Your previous good conduct will excuse you this time, but if I hear any more goat-stories you will make your explanations inside the guard-room. 'Tention, the regiment!"

Poor McShane profusely bowed his thanks to the Colonel, glad to have got off so easily, and quickly retreated from the ground to accomplish the soldier-like duty of closing up the rear.



TOUCHED WITH THE TAR-
BRUSH.



TOUCHED WITH THE TAR- BRUSH.

"The incense vapor curled and swayed
Before the mystic shrine ;
Dark priests for direful vengeance prayed
And poured out blood for wine."

—THE CRIME OF SIRDAR GAH.

MYSTERIES are scarce in Halifax, but the mystery of the O'Beirnes was enough to keep tongues wagging for a generation.

It is a long, queer story, and I could never quite get to the bottom of it. I give you the facts as I know them, and you can draw your own conclusions. Perhaps some day I shall be able to tell you more about the matter.

The O'Beirnes were two brothers, tall, swarthy, and fine-looking, sons, as it was reported, of Major O'Beirne, of one of Her Majesty's crack regiments, long stationed at Bombay. Why they had come to Halifax nobody knew; but in spite of some reserve at first on the part of the Halifax people, in a short time they grew so popular that hardly anybody thought of questioning their antecedents.

Dick O'Beirne, the younger of the brothers, was

one of those fellows who win their way to everybody's heart. He was frank, off-hand, gallant with women, comradish with men, and fond of conviviality and sports. His brother, Charles, two years the elder, was wholly different. At most times he appeared as frank and engaging as Dick, but occasionally he showed a strange, sinister reserve, and then it did not need a very fertile imagination to fancy that a spirit of diabolical cruelty lay hidden in the depths of his coal-black eyes. Yet for all this he was a favorite. His was the stronger character, and the world likes people of strength.

So these dark strangers stayed on apparently at their own sweet wills, hob-nobbing with club-men, messing with officers, and dancing graceful and not unacceptable attendance on pretty girls. It was well known that Colonel Preston, at least, who had been Major O'Beirne's bosom friend when both were captains, knew all about these popular young fellows; and since he had taken pains to be civil to them, and had more than once, indeed, shown marked interest in their affairs, the civilian families felt that it was not incumbent on them to inquire into their pedigree, especially as they showed themselves gentlemen and were supplied with that excellent patent of respectability, a bank account.

Notwithstanding all this, some of the more curi-

ous, who had marriageable daughters, attempted to sound Colonel Preston and other officers regarding the O'Beirnes. But it soon became evident that the history of the brothers was not generally known to the regiment, and that wise old fellow, the Colonel, persistently kept his mouth shut; so there the matter ended.

One of the most popular houses in town was the Honorable Leonard Lingate's. Mr. Lingate had formerly held one of the highest provincial offices, and was now a member of the Dominion Senate. Of the Lingate girls—and there were four of them—Grace was by common consent the most fascinating. She was a tall, handsome blonde, with a fine form, a stately carriage, and a typical Irish beauty's neck. Her grandfather on her mother's side was an Irish gentleman, and Grace showed her origin, even having the least delicious touch of Irish brogue. She had sympathetic eyes, a delicate profile, and a smile that warmed one like a sunbeam.

Before long the O'Beirnes were almost daily visitors at the Lingates', and their admiration for Grace was apparent to every one. They dropped in to afternoon tea and had her always to themselves. They went to balls, and the name of one or the other was on her programme for almost every dance.

"Blast those black fellows," said Lieutenant Hicks one night; "why didn't they stay in India, where they belong? No white man can get a sight of Grace Lingate when they are round; and they are always round!" And others of the young officers and civilians, too, in much more vigorous language frequently echoed the sentiment. That Grace Lingate liked the O'Beirnes was clear enough. If she had not liked them she would have sent them about their business, as she had sent many another fellow before them. But which of them she liked best nobody could for a long time tell. At last it was noticed that Charles seemed decidedly more in favor than Dick; and Dick, who was evidently no less in love than his brother, began to hold aloof, and apparently had made up his mind to resign the coveted prize. His disappointment told on the fellow, however; he lost his spirits; once in a while was found at the club drinking champagne alone—always a bad sign; and there were times when there was hardly a trace of his old frank, open smile to be seen, and when, instead of the affable and winning manner that had won for him so warm a place in the hearts of his acquaintances, there was a brusqueness about him that seemed, however, more the result of preoccupation than of ill-humor.

One night Charles O'Beirne was sitting with

Colonel Preston over a smoking glass of whiskey toddy in the little room the latter called his den in the house he had rented on South Park Street. The two men sipped their whiskey, long wreaths of smoke from their cigars winding upward, meanwhile, until the air was thick with it. At first they chatted about indifferent things, but after a time the Colonel got astride his favorite topic, India. Three glasses of hot Scotch are apt to make the tongue move glibly, especially if the bottle has been freely tipped and the brand is good.

"It is a rather queer thing to me, Charley," said the Colonel at length, looking a little searchingly at his companion, "why you wear that ring so conspicuously. If you did so in India, it wouldn't be good for your health."

"Why so?" asked Charles.

"Well, I wouldn't like to stand an insurance risk on your life."

"Why, what's the matter with the ring?"

"Don't you know?" replied the Colonel, eying him sideways.

"Not in the least."

"Did your father never tell you?" and the Colonel lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "Didn't he tell you that that ring was stolen out of a Buddhist temple at Buhrampoor?"

"You astonish me, Colonel; I hadn't the faintest idea of it! Aren't you joking?"

"I am not. Never was more serious in my life. Take your ring off and let me look at it for a minute. I don't think I am mistaken." Charles drew the ring from his finger and handed it to the Colonel. It was a large opal of a peculiar iridescent hue—a stone very highly prized in India. The Colonel turned the ring and examined the back of the stone where it showed through the gold. "I thought so," he said quietly. "Do you see that faint scratching on the back, almost covered by the setting? That is the mark of the sacred office of Buddha. That sign shows that the stone, like all the others marked in the same way, is the exclusive property of the god. Woe to the person, native or European, Afghan, Persian, or Malay, in whose possession one of these sacred stones is found! Your father never wore this, I think?"

"Oh, yes, for some time before he died."

"For how long?"

"Nearly a year, I believe."

"He died quite suddenly at last, did he not?"

"Yes; his old enemy, the fever, took him off."

"Charles, you had better sell that ring; or, if you don't want to do that, then put it carefully away."

"Oh, come now, Colonel; why all this mystery? What do you know about the ring?"

"Nothing in particular. Only I advise you not to wear it publicly, that is all."

It was no use for Charles to question the Colonel further, so he gave the matter up and thought no more of it.

About two weeks later Charles met, at the house of a friend, a gentleman who had just come from India. This Mr. Coleman had been an indefatigable traveller, having been pretty much all over the world, and having lived among all sorts of people. On the evening in question Coleman was relating some stories he had gathered on his travels, and the conversation gradually shifted to India. This brought Charles and the new-comer into a close conversation, which they kept up for a while after the dinner was over, and again resumed as they set off to their respective quarters, which were near each other. It was still early in the evening, and Charles proposed to his new acquaintance their spending an hour at the Halifax Club, of which the O'Beirnes were members. Coleman agreed, and they sat down together in the empty smoking-room.

"Do you know," said the traveller, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, "queerer things happen in India than anywhere else. Our conversation recalls

a story that I heard at Lucknow, a story which interested me so greatly that I have still a vivid recollection of all its particulars. An officer at an up-country station—it is singular that I have forgotten the name of the place, but I think it ends with 'poor'—formed a connection with a Hindoo girl, the daughter of a Buddhist priest attached to a temple in that town. Now this in itself was a flagrant offence to such intensely religious people as the Hindoos, and their hatred against the woman was shown openly. All communication between her and her race was broken off, and she was thrown entirely on the protection of the officer, who, if I mistake not, was an Irishman of good family and very well able to take her part, which, to his credit be it said, he very faithfully and tenderly did. The woman, cast off by her people and depending altogether on the English, became a baptized Christian and returned the hatred of the priests with interest. Two children were born, and things for a while went on quietly. But—and here comes in the strange part of the story—a plot was discovered through the agency of a faithful native servant to steal the youngest child. In fact, the design was at first successful, and the child, when found after a long search, had been spirited off to a secret place remote

from the officers' quarters. On the nape of the boy's neck—he was about two years old—was discovered an inflamed spot, which when it healed showed a peculiar scar, which the native servant declared was a secret mark of the Buddhist priests. Nothing, however, could be proved against them; but the mother was highly incensed and vowed she would have revenge. The regiment had been ordered to another place, and the very evening before it left a large and fine opal, one of the eyes of the statue of the god, had been pried from its setting and stolen. A tremendous sensation was raised over the business. The English, and especially the Christianized Hindoo woman, were accused of the sacrilege, and excitement ran so high for a time that a European's life was not safe in the town. The thing seemed to blow over after a while, but it was suspected that the Buddhist priests had spies out in search of the lost jewel. So far as I have heard, it was never found; but some three months after the removal of the regiment, the officer I have spoken of coming home one day to his private city quarters, found his wife—for he had married her since she had become a Christian—dying in agony. The symptoms were unmistakably those of poison, but how and by whom it had been administered always

remained a mystery. The implacable resentment of the priests was the only way of accounting for the tragedy."

"You said this happened in Buhrampoor?" asked Charles slowly, shading his face with his hand as if to keep the light of the gas from his eyes.

"Buh—Buhrampoor! I believe that *was* the name of the place. How did you come to hit on it?"

"I made a random guess. It *is* a rather strange story."

"It has been vouched for as true. My Hindoo servant comes from somewhere near the place, and if I had not discharged the black rascal this very day he might perhaps have been induced to give us further particulars. But what is the matter? You look as white as a ghost!"

"That cigar has turned me half-sick—tobacco sometimes affects me that way," and Charles laid down the half-smoked weed with trembling fingers. "It will pass off soon. You said you brought a Hindoo servant with you. How do you know he comes from that locality?"

"By observation. He has a trick of the tongue of that part of India; and once, when I questioned him about this same story, he was reticent as an oyster. Now, had he not already known the facts of the case, he would have asked me about them. I

never knew what to make of him. Sometimes I've fancied he was a man of higher caste than he seemed. He did not act as if he had been brought up a servant, but to the time of landing here I could not have had a more faithful and devoted attendant. When we arrived here he suddenly became saucy and insubordinate. I was, however, inclined to overlook several peccadilloes on account of his previous good behavior, but at last I missed a valuable silver-hilted dagger from my trunk, the existence of which was known only to him. It was a beautiful weapon with a slender, engraved blade waved like a Malay crease. I have heard that it is a favorite weapon with the assassins of India, and as I had never seen one before I prized it highly. I am convinced that Jerry has it."

"Jerry—that is not a Hindoo name."

"Oh, he calls himself Bahlundar Singh. I have nicknamed him Jerry. The fellow is now on the streets the whole time. I have met him poking about the barracks or lounging around public-houses as if he was possessed of an uneasy demon. The fellow, like all his race, is a coward, and I think perfectly inoffensive, or I would suspect him of some knavery. This cold climate plays the deuce with Hindoos. I suppose it will end in my taking pity on the fellow and shipping him back to his

own country. I picked him up in Bombay, and as he had no objection, but rather a desire, to come to America, I brought him along. He is an unusually acute fellow, even for a Hindoo. He says he was educated for the priesthood, though how he got over the bar of caste I can't imagine; for of course, as you are aware all Hindoo servants are of a much lower caste than the priests. Probably, like all the rest of his race, the fellow lies."

After Coleman took his leave, Charles remained sitting for a long time by the club-room fire—for in Halifax the evenings even in early June are often chilly—sunk in deep thought. From words which his father had let fall at different times he had before suspected that there was a mystery connected with his own and his brother's birth. Could it be that this gossip of Coleman's was the solution of it? The story, as told, fitted exactly with the facts of which he was cognizant. Arriving home he went straight to a large desk which had been his father's, opened it, and took from it a marriage certificate, which he unfolded and carefully perused. It stated that Timothy O'Beirne, Major in Her Majesty's Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry, had been married on the 12th day of August, 1854, to Maria Eva Brooks, at the cantonment chapel of Lootofah, while at the bottom, as witness, was the name of George

Preston, captain in the same regiment. Then he turned to an old note-book, and found that his father had been stationed at Buhrampoor just previous to the regiment's moving to Lootofah. He knew that there was a Buddhist temple at Buhrampoor, but none at Lootofah. He sat a long time in deep thought. A hard look passed into his face and the natural swarthinness of his complexion darkened as he slowly arose, and, taking the lamp in his hand, walked to a mirror at the farther end of the room. He stared long and earnestly at the glass, the flush on his cheek growing deeper and deeper under the tawny skin as his counterfeit self confronted him, as it seemed, with a look of silent mockery. Suddenly a burst of pent-up passion overmastered him; with a convulsed face and with a monstrous oath he dashed his doubled fist into the reflecting surface and shattered it to fragments. "Touched with the tar-brush! Touched with the tar-brush! Of all the damnable——" The words came from his lips like the hiss of a snake.

He turned abruptly away and paced hurriedly up and down the room for some minutes, the fierce, wild look of a hunted beast of prey in his eyes. Suddenly he felt something trickling down his fingers, and lifting his hand saw that he had cut it against the edges of the broken glass. "I am a fool!" he

muttered, and hastily wrapped his handkerchief around the bleeding hand. Then suddenly stopping in his walk, he sat down before the desk and again began carefully to examine and compare the papers it contained. He had not finished his task when he heard his brother's step ascending the stairs.

"You are out late, Dick," said Charles as he turned the key in the desk, glancing at the same time at the clock upon the mantel.

"Why, yes, Charley, I was out with the boys on a bit of a time, and we wound up with a supper at Rigg's saloon;" and the handsome young fellow flung himself down on a chair near by. His flushed face showed that he had been drinking pretty heavily. "Hang it, what have you been doing to the looking-glass?" he said, glancing up.

"I accidentally struck it with my hand. You have been drinking again, I see," said Charles with a slight tone of contempt, casting a side glance at his brother.

"Have I? I suppose I have. But what is a fellow to do with himself? It was all your work, our coming out to this infernal hole, where the grass grows in the public streets, begad!"

"You were well enough contented a month ago."

"Well, I've changed my mind; I'm tired of the place."

"You forget that it was you who first proposed our coming here. You know the Colonel is our god-father, and has each of us down for a few thousands. He has done well by us otherwise, too."

"By you, you mean," sneered Dick.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, you know well enough," and Dick stretched himself and yawned. "Don't try to play the innocent with me, Charley; it won't wash."

"Oh, you mean the Lingates! And am I to be blamed for being preferred there to you? I am not in the habit of fuddling my brains over a bar. What do you expect?"

"Never mind; hang it, let the subject rest! I'm tired and sleepy;" and Dick rose, and, slowly undressing, tumbled into bed and was soon in a profound sleep. Charles looked at the sleeper and smiled. His expression was bitter and scornful and his face grew set. "I must get her before the thing comes out," he thought; "they can then say what they will. With Grace and the Lingate money, I can snap my fingers at the whole pack of scandal-mongers. I must have another talk with the Colonel, for, after all, the thing is, so far, little more than conjecture. I must have direct proof." He looked contemptuously down at Dick. "This fool of a brother of mine sleeps like a log. Gad! I wish

I could. My head's too full of all this stuff." Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind. He bent over the sleeper and softly removed the covering from the back of his neck. There was a little scar just above the nape, which bore a resemblance to a small cross or dagger. Charles looked at it earnestly and then drew the cover up again. There was a hard smile on his face. "It must be true, or the devil's in it," he said slowly, staring blankly at the window. "Shall I tell him? No; the young fool would blurt it out the first time he got drunk. But I must make sure—I must see the Colonel."

The discovery that Charles had made weighed so much on his mind that next morning he started for a long walk through the park to think the matter over. He was strolling along abstractedly, when a light touch was laid upon his arm. He turned, somewhat startled, and looked into the dark face of a Hindoo. The man's features were sharply chiselled and betokened keen intelligence, and he was dressed like an Englishman, except that he wore the white turban of his race.

"Sahib live in Hindostan?" said the dark-skinned man in a soft, insinuating tone.

"Yes, I have lived there," answered Charles, frowning,

"Sahib will take me for servant? I serve sahib well."

"What is your name?" asked O'Beirne.

"Bahlundar Singh, sahib."

Charles paused. The fellow was perhaps able to give him some information on the one subject of his thought, but it was clear that to do this he must take him into his service. "Well, Bahlundar Singh," he said, "I will take you on one condition. It is that you prove faithful and obedient and keep your tongue still about me and my affairs. I exact no other conditions, as I understand you are acquainted with the duties of a gentleman's servant. You will put in an appearance at my lodging this evening at supper-time." Charles turned on his heel and resumed his walk, while the Hindoo slipped noiselessly out of sight. It occurred afterward to him that he had not given the man his address; but this was evidently not necessary, for the Indian turned up at his lodging at the proper hour.

Bahlundar Singh proved a jewel. His deft fingers were soon putting the disorderly bachelor apartment to rights. O'Beirne had removed the opal ring from his finger, and it lay on the desk at the farther side of the room. As he stood washing his hands he secretly observed the Hindoo noiselessly

gliding about. With a side glance he saw the servant give a quick look and an involuntary spring toward the jewel, then check himself and busily resume his work. After a minute Charles slipped the ring again on his finger, and when the Hindoo's back was turned he opened the desk and quietly put the ring into the corner of a little drawer that fastened with a spring. "You can go, Bahlundar Singh," he said, "I shall not want you any more to-night. I will leave some errands for you in the morning, so come early." The black bowed silently and withdrew. Charles went out, carefully locked the door after him, and strolled in the direction of Colonel Preston's headquarters. He was soon in the den of the old soldier, and, armed with his new knowledge, gained without much difficulty a confirmation of his suspicions. "I didn't want to tell you, Charley, just how the thing was. It is a confoundedly disagreeable matter and had better be kept quiet, and of course you are only too anxious that it should be. Does Dick know of it?"

"No, nor shall he! One is enough. Why should I dim the fellow's happiness? As for me, it don't much matter; I shall soon leave town."

"Don't take it to heart," answered the kind old Colonel. "It isn't your fault, Charley, nor is it Dick's. There is no need of your ever telling it to

any one" (with a stress on the "ever" and "any one," for the Colonel had Charles' prospective marriage in his eye, and imagined the young man might be quixotic enough to tell his betrothed); "as for me, my mouth is sealed. Go home and take a good night's sleep, my boy—you look as if you needed it."

Charles walked back to his lodgings, deep in thought. Suddenly his brow cleared, and he entered his lodgings with a firm, quick step. Dick, too, had also just come in and was in high spirits. To Charles' surprise he leaped off his chair and seized his brother by the shoulders in joyous excitement. "It's all right, Charley!" he cried. "It was all a mistake. It was me she loved all along. I hope you are not cut up about it," he added with a sudden misgiving. "You couldn't have loved her as I did, Charley; she acted offish to me, and I didn't take the hint—couldn't catch on. Oh, she's just the dearest little girl alive! And I told her, Charley, I wouldn't drink any more, and I won't. Hang it, old man, don't look so glum! I was ready to give in to you when I thought you had the inside track; but we can't both have her, you know, and she's loved me and I've loved her for ever so long. Come, now, you're not angry with me, are you?"

During part of this speech a wild-beast impulse seized so strongly upon Charles to take his brother

by the throat and strangle the life out of him that he dug his finger-nails deeply into the palms of his hands in his efforts to appear calm. The disappointment was a bitter one. That this fool of a younger brother, whose ability to thwart his love he had derided, should now step in between him and his most cherished desire, filled his heart with hatred. But he restrained himself and said quietly: "What makes you think I was your rival, Dick? It was all your own foolish fancy. I admired the girl, of course, as I do a dozen others. I congratulate you on your success," and he held out his hand with assumed warmth.

All that night Charles lay awake, thinking, and round his dark vigil hovered the furies of jealousy and revenge. For the next few days he did not go near the Lingates' house, and, contrary to his usual custom, drank heavily, and carried in his manner a fitful, reckless gayness. He had not seen Dick for two days, when the latter suddenly came rushing into the room in a state of great excitement. "Look here, Charley, did you ever see anything more infamous?" he shouted.

"Hush!" said Charles; "don't let the whole town hear you. What is it?"

"Read that!" cried Dick, thrusting a crumpled note into Charles' hand. "I've just got it from

Grace. Her father suspects me—would you believe it?—suspects me of I don't know what! Who could have concocted such a lie—such an infernal lie? Grace never doubted me, but her father did—actually, almost turned me out of the house! It'll be all up between us if you don't go and tell them it's a lie! Do go, that's a dear fellow, or my heart'll break;" and Dick threw himself down in a chair and burst into a passion of tears. Charles took the letter and read aloud these lines:

TO LEONARD LINGATE, ESQ.—

DEAR SIR: For entirely honorable reasons I must not divulge my name, but I write to warn you against two young men, Charles and Richard O'Beirne, who are frequent guests at your house. There is a rumor—I do not know how true it is—that the younger Mr. O'Beirne is plighted to one of your daughters. If so, I beg to inform you that these young men are the illegitimate sons of a Hindoo woman who was cast off by her own people. Have you never suspected that they were "touched with the tar-brush," as they say in India? If confronted with the fact they will probably deny it; but it is well known to Colonel Preston, who served in the same regiment with Major O'Beirne when his sons were born. The mother of these O'Beirnes,

besides being disreputable morally, was a criminal, amenable to law. She stole a valuable jewel from the eye of the god in a Buddhist temple of her native town—the worst offence known to Hindoos, and one which is punishable with death. It is said she was poisoned by their emissaries. Major O'Beirne, partly on account of the mother's death and partly to conceal the irregularity of his sons' births, sent them at an early age to the south of France to be educated. They have lately been in India, however, and have been made cognizant of their odious family secret. Finding that their story was too well known in English circles, they have come to America to escape the reproach of their debased Hindoo blood.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Respectfully yours,

J. B.

“What do you think of that? Could anything be more infamous?” cried Dick, when his brother had finished reading the letter.

“I am sorry to say,” replied Charles gravely, “that every word of this is true.”

“True!” Dick opened his mouth in horrified astonishment. “True! Why, Charley, you have gone mad! Do you know what you are saying?”

“Perfectly well. I repeat my words—it is true.”

"God in heaven! it can't be possible!" Dick stared at him with an ashen face.

Charles rose and walked up and down the room.

"I wanted to spare you this, Dick, but I have known it for some time. It seems that we have friends who have interested themselves in our affairs to some purpose. Of course, now you know the truth, you will inform Grace that you were mistaken."

"How can I, Charley? How the deuce can I? I'll be cast off like a mangy cur. I can't do it!"

"You're a fool!" said Charles, turning and facing his brother. "If you don't, I will. You couldn't conceal it now if you would. They'll make investigations and the whole matter will come out. As for me, I quit Halifax. You can stay and fight it out with old Lingate and Grace if you care to, but I warn you it won't be of any use. The old cock is proud as Lucifer, and Grace will be the obedient daughter. I will transfer that Hindoo to you. His wages are paid for a month and you can dismiss him then if you wish. I leave day after to-morrow morning for New York. But pshaw! you had better go to bed and forget about it. What is a girl, anyway? There are thousands as charming as your fair one who will not be so particular. Disappointments are the rule in life, and why should you be

exempt? I'm going out for a walk before turning in, and when you go to bed I wish you would leave the door ajar."

Charles stayed out till he finished a cigar and then returned to the house. All was quiet, for the hour was late, and he noiselessly closed the front door and stepped along the carpeted hall to his room. The door of the bedroom was ajar and he was about to enter, when he noticed the reflection of a human figure silhouetted against the wall of the room. The gas was turned low, but Charles detected through the dim light the tall figure of Bahlundar Singh bending over the large desk and trying to open it with some instrument which the watcher supposed was a skeleton key. While the Indian was at work, the sleeping form of Dick stirred and startled the Hindoo, who whipped with a lightning-like motion a silver-hilted dagger or Malay crease from beneath his coat, and cowered into the shadow. In a few moments Charles saw the long, gaunt form of the Asiatic again reflected on the wall, stooping above the desk. This time the Hindoo was successful; for the desk opened, and the fingers of the thief darted to the little drawer in which Charles, the evening before, had placed the ring. Evidently Bahlundar Singh had seen him put the ring there, but had not seen him take it out

again. Charles still watched the fellow with interest. If the man was a common thief he would take the money and other valuables lying in the desk; if not, he must have some special design upon the ring.

But the Hindoo, whatever may have been the object of his search, carefully shut the desk again without disturbing anything, and withdrew softly toward the door. Charles, shrinking back into the darkness, felt his blood curdle as the stealthy, panther-like steps passed him in the hallway and ascended the stairs. Entering the room noiselessly, he locked the door and opened the desk. Everything was there as usual. What could be the meaning of the Hindoo's action? O'Beirne sat down to think. He put together the stealing of the dagger, the man's desire to be employed by him, his suspicious movements on the previous evening, and now this new pantomime. Then he looked at the ring upon his finger. Whatever were his thoughts, before he went to bed he carefully examined the fastenings of the windows and placed a revolver under his pillow.

It was toward the evening of the next day, and Charles had been making his preparations to leave Halifax. Suddenly Dick entered the room. "Thank God, Charley!" he exclaimed, "I took your advice

and owned up to all the disgraceful truth. I saw Grace alone. By good luck her father was out, and I had a chance to talk to her right from the heart. I told her she was at liberty to cut me if she wished. She threw her head up (you know her proud way, Charley) and said, 'I'll never give you up, come what may.' I couldn't do anything but just kiss her. In truth, I never doubted her, and I don't care a penny what the old man says. I'll have her in spite of all. A girl who'll stand to a fellow like that is worth waiting for, and I may have to wait until the old man dies, for Grace says she will not marry without his consent. There the matter rests unless I can win her father over, of which I have hopes, for he doesn't dislike me personally."

Charles walked up and down the room with his head bent. Then he faced his brother with a pallid smile. "Well, Dick, since you have been so successful," he said, "I have nothing to do but tender my congratulations. Bahlundar Singh!" he called out to the Indian, who was in the hallway packing a trunk, and who now entered, "you will from this time forth serve Mr. Richard in place of me, as I shall not return to Halifax very soon. He will be responsible for your wages. And, Dick, I will leave with you *this* as a marriage-token." As he spoke he drew from his finger the opal ring and handed it to

his brother. Dick took it with surprise. "Father's ring, Charley—why, what the deuce—didn't he give it to you as a keepsake?"

"Yes, and I give it to you as a keepsake. It will be in the family still." Charles' swarthy face had grown still paler, though he kept a slight smile.

"Oh, come now, Charley!" cried Dick, throwing his arms about his brother's neck, "don't look so confoundedly like a ghost. You'll come back to the wedding, won't you—that is, if you can manage it?"

Charles' face hardened. "I can't say," he answered, turning away. "Bahlundar Singh, what are you standing there for? The trunk is not half packed."

The next morning Charles took his departure for New York. Dick went to the station to see him off, but his brother bid him a constrained adieu. "I see you are wearing the ring," said Charles; "I advise you to lock it up; opals are called unlucky."

"Not I," answered Dick. "What do I care for old wives' superstitions? I will wear it till the day of my death."

Charles gave an involuntary start, glanced uneasily around, and then turned quickly away. "Good-by," he called back hoarsely without looking at Dick. Then he stepped in haste to the platform of the

car. Dick looked after him a moment in surprise.

"He's not himself; but, begad! how could he be?" he muttered. "Indeed, I don't blame him. I'd be cut up myself under such' circumstances."

Less than a week after Charles left Halifax, Dick and his servant were seen on the train on their way to Bedford, where the O'Beirnes kept a small sail-yacht.

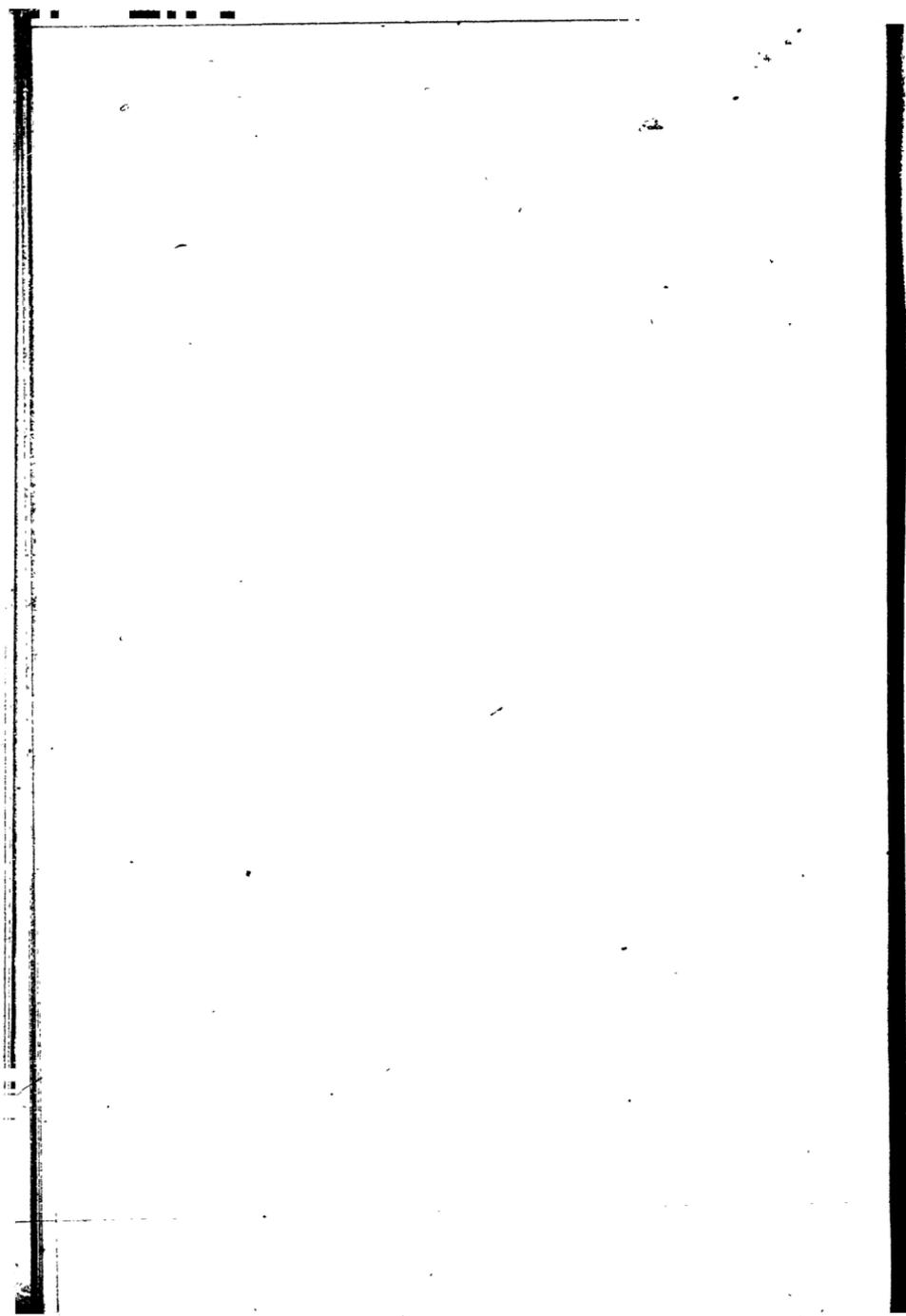
The two must have got off at that station, for the yacht was afterward found drifting loose against the opposite shore. There was no trace, however, of the two men. Inquiries were made about them, but nothing could be discovered. Conjecture, of course, was rife, and the blow fell heavily on Grace Ligate, for she had loved Dick devotedly. Suddenly, after six weeks of waiting, confirmation of people's worst fears was realized. Some boatmen in the basin came across the floating body of a man in the water. The face was much disfigured, but the clothes were recognized as those of Dick O'Beirne. When the body was lifted into the boat the silver handle of a small Eastern dagger protruded from the nape of the neck. It had been driven in to the hilt and the blade had severed the spinal cord. Death must have been instantaneous. There was money still in the pockets of the clothes,

but an opal ring which Dick had been observed to wear the morning he disappeared was gone. Search was made for the Hindoo servant, but in vain. It was supposed he had escaped somehow back to India. Nobody knew where Charles was, and Colonel Preston, after making many inquiries, let the matter drop. Suddenly, about a year after the tragedy, Charles O'Beirne arrived in Halifax. He explained his long absence and silence on the ground that he had been to South America, and but a week before had heard of his brother's death. He visited Dick's grave, had a costly monument placed over it, and carried the silver-handled dagger home to his lodgings, where, however, it was never afterward seen. He now began to pay renewed attention to Grace Lingate; but she, faithful to the memory of Dick, at first refused his advances. Charles' persistency, however, conquered, and the marriage was at last arranged. O'Beirne, who, since his return to Halifax, had shown little of his old light-heartedness, at times, in the sunshine of his expected happiness, grew almost gay, and on the day previous to his wedding was in unusually high spirits. He came home to his lodgings late in the evening and went to his room. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, the other inmates of the house were awakened by the fall of a heavy body on the floor and

the sound of groans issuing from O'Beirne's room. Bursting open the locked door they entered. Charles lay stretched upon the floor, the fatal dagger in his heart. The window of the room was open, and whether he had done the deed himself or had fallen by the hand of another no one could tell.

The mystery of the O'Beirnes was never cleared up.

WHIGS AND TORIES.



WHIGS AND TORIES.

"Ignoble parvenus with wealth content,
What know ye of the claims of long descent?"

—ANNALS OF AN OLD FAMILY.

MISS MARGARET and Miss Priscilla Bingay kept a fashionable boarding-house on Victoria Street. They were relics of the very *oldest* aristocracy of Halifax. Part of their ancestors had come from England with Lord Cornwallis in 1749, part from Boston with General Howe, at that memorable time when the British troops found it convenient to evacuate the contumacious Puritan capital of Massachusetts Bay. They did not regard it as at all necessary to trace their pedigree any farther. If any of us should take the trouble to go back a few generations, we should very likely find among our ancestors some people whom we should not care to invite to dinner. But that is neither here nor there.

The father of the Miss Bingays had held some provincial office or other—Crown Lands, or Fisheries, or Mines; their grandfather had had a musty shipping and commission business down on Water Street—no matter about that, either! The family,

for two or three generations, had been intimate at Government House, and their own house had been one of those that the military most frequented—which facts, you will agree with me, ought to have been quite sufficient to establish their position. The comparative poverty into which the Bingay family had gradually sunk did not, in the eyes of Miss Margaret or Miss Priscilla, at all detract from its present importance, while it did serve greatly to enhance its former splendor. That they themselves were compelled to keep a boarding-house they properly enough regarded as no disgrace. Money, with them, weighed not a feather's weight in the scale with family. They were entirely unable to comprehend how the possession or the non-possession of money could be regarded as in any way affecting an old family's standing. So long as people had ancestors to point to, they might safely do what they liked for the vulgar necessities of life, provided, of course, they always remembered who and what they were and kept a proper sense of dignity on that account.

Miss Margaret, the elder of the Bingay sisters, was short, stubby-featured, and stout; Miss Priscilla was tall, keen-eyed, long-nosed, and slim. Miss Margaret's hair was brown and straight, with only here and there a streak of silver; Miss Pris-

cilla's was a fine iron-gray, and was always dressed in huge cannon curls. Miss Margaret was too short to be stately, but Miss Priscilla always moved as if remembering, as she always did remember, that she was the inheritor of the blood and the pride of generations of aristocratic Bingays. In only one thing had they departed from the tradition of their house: they had, in their latter days, become High Church women, and had left old Low Church St. Jude's, where their fathers had worshipped since 1749, for St. Albans, where there were more of the accessories of ritualism. But to the Halifax churches you have been partly introduced in my story about Mrs. Arabella Tremlow and the good young Grosvenor.

Every summer Halifax gets a great many "American" visitors, as tourists from the United States are called. Some years, indeed, during July and August, the hotels are full of them, and very cool and agreeable do these visitors find the Nova Scotian climate after the great heat of New York, or Boston, Washington, Baltimore, or New Orleans. Occasionally an American wants to spend some months there, and so prefers to find a private boarding-house, in which case he probably settles at the Bingays' or the Dales'—both houses where people regardful of their surroundings may safely take board.

One summer a well-dressed woman, whose card was inscribed "Mrs. Ring," appeared at the Bingays' house and inquired for board. She was dressed in a rich silk, had on a showy bonnet, and wore large diamonds. Her accent was decidedly that of a New England woman, of the peculiar and not wholly unpleasing type that one finds in the country towns of Maine or Massachusetts. It was not an uncultivated accent, but it was unmistakably nasal, and with one unacquainted with New England would very likely have passed for the accent of the best-bred Bostonians. The Miss Bingays were naturally not familiar with localities in the United States, and, truth to tell, while they admitted that they had known *some* very good people from the States, they had none too high an opinion of Americans generally. Mrs. Ring, likewise, represented herself as the wife of Judge Ring, of a well-known town near Boston, so after a hurried consultation Miss Margaret and Miss Priscilla decided that she was probably as bearable as most Americans, and agreed to take her. It must be confessed, however, that they did it with a good deal of reluctance, for they much preferred to know fully the antecedents of the people who came to their house, and in this case strict inquiries were hardly possible.

At dinner the first evening Mrs. Ring appeared in

a gorgeous flowered brocade, with far larger diamonds in her ears than those she had worn in the streets, and with her hands covered with costly rings. The boarders at the Miss Bingays' were generally quiet people, families that had broken up housekeeping, elderly young men who had apparently given up the idea of marrying, and three or four spinsters as proud and withered as their hosts. It was not quite the place for so much display, and it was soon evident that the other boarders so regarded it. When Mrs. Ring appeared there were many significant looks about the table, many shrugs on the part of the elderly young men and sniffs on the part of the spinsters. The lady, however, was wholly at her ease; she chatted familiarly with the people next her, made inquiries regarding the best drives and the best chances for sailing in the harbor, asked the name of the present governor, and finally introduced the topic of the American Revolution. At this the whole table looked up, for if there was a point on which they had pronounced opinions, it was the event which had forced their ancestors to give up their homes and occupations and emigrate to a strange country to begin life anew.

"Are there many people still in Halifax," she asked, "whose ancestors came here at that time?"

"Many!" said a young man near, while frigid silence fell on the whole table; "most of the families who are at all known in Halifax trace to that event."

"Does yours?" she said significantly.

"Yes, madam," he answered with asperity, "I am proud to say it does."

"Proud of it, are you?" said Mrs. Ring. "Why, I can hardly understand that. I had always thought of the people who came here at the time of the Revolution as cowards, who would fight neither for king nor country, and so ran away."

If a bomb had suddenly exploded there could not have been more consternation than this speech raised. The Miss Bingays, one at the head, the other at the foot of their table, simultaneously dropped their knives and forks and looked almost with terror at their guests. On the faces of the latter it was hard to see whether anger or disgust held chief sway. But Mrs. Ring continued, apparently not seeing the effect of her words, her diamonds glittering, and the wine she had brought to the table rapidly disappearing: "I have always felt so sorry for the Tories of the Revolution, they were such stupid, unprogressive people. Now, indeed, I understand what makes Halifax such a very dull and dingy place."

Poor Mrs. Ring! Her doom was sealed. From that time forward she was snubbed and shunned, but as she had paid her board for several weeks in advance, according to the Miss Bingays' inflexible rule, they could not gracefully dismiss her from the house. What these estimable women suffered during this time no pen can portray. The worst of it was that she never seemed to understand that the snubs she received were intended as snubs. She would come to the table and receive the most frigid recognition, or no recognition at all, and at once attempt a conversation with one of the people who had treated her the most contemptuously. Rough-shod she rode over all that select household's traditions. With delicious humor she set off the peculiarities of the town, with every nook and corner of which she seemed to be acquainting herself.

"Whenever any of my friends after this develops into an excessive bore," she would say, "I shall tell him to go to *Halifax*, where he will find no end of people of his own sort." She made fun of the houses, the carriages, the people's pretensions, even the redoubted military. She unearthed all the buried scandals of the town, opened cupboards where the dismalest skeletons were hid, raked up old family and church quarrels, and somehow insisted on people's listening to whatever she

had to say; and the worst of it all was that the men who had begun by openly siding with the women against her soon secretly came to like her. Indeed, she was too dashing and her speech was too easy for men not to be attracted by her.

Now the Miss Bingays had a younger brother, Mr. Russell Bingay, in whom, as the last male scion of the ancient house of Bingay, all their hopes were centred. He was a good-looking, brainless, beefy chap of forty-two who had never done a month's useful work in his life, for the good reason that he was too empty-headed and too indolent to keep a situation. In early life he had been sent to college, where he had wasted three years, taxed the patience of his professors beyond endurance, and squandered the little sum his father had left him. At last, as he could not or would not study, and with his fast life was bringing disgrace upon the college, he had been politely asked by the authorities to leave. This he had generously consented to do, and henceforth had become chiefly dependent on his maiden sisters for his support. He was generally looked upon as the idlest man in Halifax; and his poor, patient sisters were the only persons who kept any faith in him whatever.

Miss Priscilla, the keener-sighted of the two, was not as wholly satisfied with her brother as Miss

Margaret, for the latter never saw a fault in her beloved Russell. To her he was the handsomest and most sensible man in the world, and she was not able to comprehend how any one could think differently concerning him. Miss Priscilla, too, had high hopes of him. She had gradually come to believe that he would never personally shed much lustre on the Bingay name, but she prophesied that by means of his good looks and high breeding he would certainly some day make a brilliant match, and so atone for any lack of credit he had hitherto reflected on the family name. There had been a time when society had received Russell, notwithstanding his lack of brains and his notoriously bad habits; but as he grew in years, corpulence, and baldness, people gradually gave him up, and he found his chief companionship among men. At this period he was lodging at a small house near—an arrangement he himself had insisted on, for obvious reasons—and was taking his meals as usual at his sisters' table. He had, indeed, this much claim on his sisters for his support, that he owned a third interest in the Victoria Street house, which was now, except some worn furniture, all that remained to the family of their earlier fortune.

When Mrs. Ring arrived in Halifax Russell was off on a yachting cruise, but he soon returned, and

then the lady devoted herself almost exclusively to him. It was easy to see that the empty-pated fellow was flattered by her attentions, and before long he and Mrs. Ring were seen everywhere together. Russell was not a person to remonstrate with, so his sisters said nothing to him, but the poor ladies began to be frightened in earnest.

A climax was naturally to be expected to this little comedy of the Bingay household, and it came speedily. One morning some stale Boston newspapers found their way into the Miss Bingays' private parlor, and the sisters sat down to read them. Suddenly Miss Priscilla's brow knitted and her cannon curls shook visibly as she drew the paper closer to her.

"Margaret," she said in a tone that almost frightened her sister, who was looking over the society gossip and fashion notes of the weekly *Transcript*, "read this." Miss Margaret took the newspaper from her sister and read: "Mrs. Ring, of Rosefield, who six months ago made herself notorious by instituting divorce proceedings in the Supreme Court against her husband, Judge Ring, on the plea of incompatibility, has been granted her divorce, her husband offering no objection to the plea. It is understood that the lady is now in the British Provinces."

Miss Margaret looked as if she would faint.

"Outrageous!" said Miss Priscilla, nodding her head emphatically.

"Shameful woman!" said Miss Margaret, echoing her sister's tone.

"She must leave the house to-day!" said Miss Priscilla.

"This very day!" echoed Miss Margaret. "To think of our having a divorced person here! You must go to her, Priscilla," said Miss Margaret.

"Instantly!" said Miss Priscilla with determination, rising and crushing the newspaper which contained the startling announcement in her hand; "instantly!"

They went together, and found Mrs. Ring in her room. "Madam," said Miss Priscilla stiffly, holding out the newspaper, "does this paragraph refer to you?"

Mrs. Ring took the *Transcript* and looked at the place indicated. "Certainly, it does," she replied, without the slightest embarrassment. "I am happy to say I was quite successful in my suit."

"Madam," said Miss Priscilla, "we have never had a divorced person in this house, and never can have. You must leave at once."

A strangely amused look came into Mrs. Ring's face, but she sat still and fanned herself languidly,

displaying, as she did so, her usual dazzling assortment of rings.

"Really!" she said, after a pause. "What sublime virtue! You dear old pair of tabbies, you perhaps don't know that I've got something to say about this as well as yourselves. Hoity-toity! a pretty way this to treat a sister-in-law!"

"A what!" shrieked Miss Margaret and Miss Priscilla in a breath. "Is the woman mad?"

"Not quite," laughed Mrs. Ring carelessly; "perhaps I've less reason to be mad than yourselves. You couldn't turn me out of this house if you tried."

"Was ever such effrontery!" gasped Miss Priscilla.

"You poor old bundles of starch and whalebone, look at that!" and Mrs. Ring triumphantly took a paper from her bosom and opened it toward the astonished spinsters.

They glared at it in horror.

"A marriage certificate!" ejaculated Miss Margaret in a low and trembling voice; "that unhappy boy!"

"You don't mean to say that you have *married* him?" exclaimed Miss Priscilla, sinking into a chair.

"No, he has married me. There is the proof if you can read," replied the other calmly. "Come

now, don't make fools of yourselves. Mrs. Russell Bingay has for a husband as good a Tory as the best of them, and as for herself, she is a Whig of the first water. I'd have you know that Colonel Higglesworth, of Gates' Revolutionary Army, was my great-grandfather. And, what's more, he helped whip old Burgoyne at Saratoga—where, I fancy, some of your ancestors didn't figure to advantage. Pshaw! your plaguy old Loyalists were a lot of simpletons. Much King George cared for them! Left them to starve in this God-forsaken country. Halifax—h'm! Do you know what 'go to Halifax' means with us? But that's not to the point. You see, Russell has a third interest here with you, and I've a considerable interest in him. So it's quite impossible for you to turn me out. Now, let us solve the difficulty without any big bass-drum."

Miss Priscilla's form grew rigid. "Either you or we must leave," she said with frigid emphasis, grasping Miss Margaret's hand, which trembled violently, in her own. "If you have married our brother you must have him, I suppose, but you shall not longer have the chance of insulting *us*."

"Well," said Mrs. Ring, contemplatively nipping the edge of her fan, "I'm sorry you take my little remarks that way. You are quite too sensitive, my dear sisters-in-law. Now your brother is a man of

sense, even if he can't be called brilliant. What do you intend to do?"

At this practical question the sisters were taken quite aback.

"We will buy you out," Miss Priscilla at length managed to say.

"But suppose we *won't* be bought out?" answered the new-made Mrs. Bingay.

"Then I suppose we shall have to give you the house and let you do with it what you like," said Miss Margaret in desperation.

Mrs. Russell laughed. "You poor, unpractical things! Who wants your pokey old house, with its musty furniture? As for your dingy pictures—that you are so proud of—I wouldn't give one of Cousin George Leech's waterscapes for the whole batch of them. But if you make me angry you'll find I'm as good a fighter as my great-grandfather, Colonel Higglesworth. For the present, stay here I *will*, and you can put up with it or not, just as you please." Mrs. Ring calmly took up her novel again and began to read, while Miss Margaret and Miss Priscilla beat a crestfallen retreat.

Poor lone spinsters! Russell's treachery had struck a blow at their tenderest susceptibilities and most cherished hopes. Of course there was nothing for them to do but to vacate the premises.

"I wish we could leave Halifax," sighed Miss Priscilla when they had gained their own room.

"It will be an undying scandal," wept Miss Margaret.

"Is there no way to dispossess her?" she continued after a pause.

"No, unless we go to law."

"And have it all come out in the papers!"

Both shuddered.

The Miss Bingays had never in their lives been in England, but they always spoke of it as "home," and it had always been the dearest wish of their hearts to go there. This wish had been greatly intensified by the marriage, rather late in life, some ten years before, of a favorite cousin on their mother's side to an English widower of means, who had the name of being very generous and who had treated them always, as his wife's relations, with great consideration. "If we could only go to England," they said, "and get away from this dreadful disgrace!"

Then the question of their future course assumed more practical aspects. For two days they discussed plans for engaging as hospital nurses, for doing dressmaking, for opening a smaller boarding-house on credit, but neither of these seemed feasible.

On the third day the difficult knot was cut most unexpectedly by Mrs. Bingay herself. Late in the afternoon the lady called and requested to see her "sisters-in-law." At first they positively refused to come down, but Mrs. Russell Bingay was not to be put aside. "They *will* see me, too," she replied, with determination, and at length, much to their disgust, Miss Margaret and Miss Priscilla were forced to receive her.

"Fine sisters-in-law you are, I must say!" were the first words that greeted them from the new-made bride.

Neither said a word, and Mrs. Bingay continued: "I come from Russell to tell you that he is willing to buy out your interest in the house. He naturally feels that you have acted badly toward him, or he would have come himself."

"Russell buy us out!" exclaimed Miss Priscilla. "Why, he hasn't a cent in the world!"

"And you blame me for taking pity on the poor wretch! You ought to thank me for relieving you of an incubus. If I hadn't had money myself, do you think I would have married him? I didn't marry Russell for his business ability, you may rest assured of *that*. But he suits me very well, notwithstanding, and I suit him. He will never earn anything, but fortunately I have money enough for us both,"

and Mrs. Bingay pursed her lips and folded her hands on her lap.

"And you—you are going to buy us out!" faltered Miss Priscilla.

"Yes, *I*. I put it first in the name of Russell, as perhaps a little more business-like, but *I* am the power behind the throne. You shall have every penny the old rattle-trap is worth and all the rubbishy pictures in the bargain. Now that the trilobites (I mean your boarders) are all cleared out of it, I am going to take the place in hand and improve it. I'm going to paint, kalsomine, and fresco it from top to bottom, and have a conservatory built on the east side, and maybe by the end of next year it will look a little less like a Noah's ark. Don't stare as if you saw a ghost—I mean it! And I don't mind, if you'll only keep your tongues still, giving you rooms there when I get things all arranged. Considering the way you've treated me, I call that uncommonly generous."

"Go back!" cried Miss Priscilla, looking at her sister; "not for worlds!"

"Never!" replied Miss Margaret, returning the glance.

"As you please. I've made the offer and it won't be made again. To tell you the truth, I'd much rather not have you, but you're Russell's relations

and *mine*, and I never go back on my belongings. On the whole, I like your spirit; I wouldn't go back if I were you. You'll have enough money when you get your share of the property to go where you like and live comfortably on the interest. I've been to two real estate agents, and they say that the property is worth about fifteen thousand dollars. That will leave ten for your share. Now I can let you into a good investment that will net you eight per cent secured. I've got twenty thousand in it myself. That will be four hundred dollars apiece. It's not much, but it will be enough for you. And I don't object to Russell's helping it out now and then if you run short. I don't intend to let him have full swing of my money, but on an occasion of that kind I should be willing to have him do something. Well, I guess I'm about through. If you're not satisfied with the price, get your own real estate men and we'll talk the matter over. But ten thousand is, I think, all your share is worth. Good-by, sisters-in-law; if we don't love each other, we needn't snap each other's heads off. And I think it would be decidedly becoming in you to make up with Russell. You had better let me send him round." Then, before the astonished sisters could reply, Mrs. Bingay had bustled from the room.

The Miss Bingays watched the woman, in open-

mouthed silence, as with a bold, quick step she crossed the street and walked up the opposite sidewalk. Then Miss Margaret flung herself into Miss Priscilla's arms and burst into tears. "The vulgarity, the effrontery!" cried Miss Priscilla.

"And the wonder of it is that the wretch has a heart," sobbed Miss Margaret.

"A heart? A gizzard, I should say," sniffed Miss Priscilla, "but"—here she broke out crying in sympathy—"she's got common honesty if she is a *Yankee divorcee*."

"O Russell, you ungrateful boy, how I pity you!" exclaimed Miss Margaret.

"I don't. He will never realize that it serves him right," snapped her sister unforgivingly.

"Will you take her hateful money?" asked Miss Margaret anxiously.

"I don't know. The thought of it almost turns me sick!"

But they did take it and turned their faces toward England. Almost the last thing they saw on leaving was the exuberant form of Mrs. Russell Bingay, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she waved her blue veil to them in adieu.

"She's got him soul and body," said Miss Margaret mournfully.

"Yes," answered Miss Priscilla, struggling hard to hide her tears, "and she's ruined the family!"

After which Halifax saw the Miss Bingays no more.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.



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A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

MIXTER and Moors were chums. All the regiment knew of their affection for each other. They were youngish fellows still, although they had been in the service at least twenty years, and had travelled half round the world under the colors of the Lincoln Greys. For two years now they had been cooped up in the old North Barracks at Halifax, pipe-claying leathers, mounting guard, and going through the daily drill; but they had seen much sterner service than this. Brave fellows they were, as had been proved on many a tough-fought field in Asia and Africa, where they had battled against foes of all complexions and habits of warfare, from the sallow hill-tribes of India and Afghanistan, with their provoking fashion of shooting at you from the top of a rock, to the woolly-haired Soudanese, who, in an opposite yet equally unpleasant way of fighting, disregarding your bullet, rush at you with poisoned spears.

The two men had come from the same village and had known each other almost from birth. Long

before either of them had dreamed of taking the queen's shilling and wearing her uniform, when they were growing boys, they had sworn a sort of callow oath, as young chaps sometimes will, to spend their lives near together. This much all the regiment knew, but there were things between them that none of their fellow-soldiers ever knew until the time at which this story begins.

Now, spared from the bullet of the Afghan and the assegai of the Zulu, having escaped from the deadly tropic fever and the withering heat of the Soudan, Moors; limp as a linen rag, an awful pallor showing through the bronze on his sunken cheek, lay on a pallet in the long ward of the military hospital, and Mixer sat beside him. The doctor said it was consumption, but Mixer knew better. Moors was slowly dying of a broken heart. In the old Warwickshire days, before either had made much of a start in life, both men had loved and courted the same girl—a farmer's pretty daughter, blithe Bessie Beacham. It was the first thing that had ever disturbed the bosom friendship of these lusty, stalwart, honest youths; but when men know themselves to be rivals for the affections of a pretty girl, no matter how good friends they may have been in the past, there is sure to be bad blood, very bad blood, between them. The course of true love

did not run smooth with the girl either. People said she did not know her own mind, but though she seemed to most people to be more strongly encouraging Mixer, at last she gave her promise to Moors, and they were married. Then there were hot words between the men, and an open quarrel with blows struck; after which Mixer went sullenly away and was not heard from again.

Soon Moors found out by accident what, in the blindness of his passion, he had never seen—that his wife really loved Mixer, and had married him in pique. She and Mixer had had a quarrel, and Moors' jealousy had fanned the flame of her wrath; and so, before the fire had cooled, she was Moors' wife. With an anguished heart he saw the color daily fade from her cheek, saw her step grow more and more languid, her eye less and less bright, until, when the time came for her to give birth to her child, she was a mere wreck of her former self.

Nine months after their marriage, her baby yet unborn, pretty Bessie Beacham was dead. The slender, fragrant plant of her womanhood was not strong enough to blossom, and so withered away. Moors buried her and laid all his hope and happiness in her grave. Then his heart went out in yearning to his early friend—the friend whom he had loved with more than a brother's love, but whom

he had unwittingly and, as he knew now, selfishly, robbed of a happiness that was rightly his. Remorsefully he sold his simple belongings, and with a few pounds in his pocket and with a locket on his breast, in which lay hid a braid of Bessie's flaxen hair, went to seek his friend.

Mixer had gone to the Continent. He knew this much; he might be dead—no one could say to the contrary—or he might have found work in some town or city where Englishmen were most in the habit of going. He had no clew, but he resolved if Mixer were living to find him, or if he were dead to find his grave. Mixer had been a fellow of strong passions, and in desperation might have taken to drink. This was what Moors feared most, and the knowledge that if his old friend had sunk into dissipation he was in a measure responsible for it nerved him more than any other consideration for his difficult task.

After several weeks, in the streets of Paris he came one night upon a crowd following two stout *gendarmes*, who were carrying rather than leading a man raving in delirium tremens. In the bloated face and rolling, bloodshot eyes and the tone of the voice, Moors with horror recognized his old companion. Amid the rabble of men and boys he followed to the gate of the *conciergerie*, and there

saw with a sinking of the heart the great, pitiless bars close upon the friend he had come to save. After several unsuccessful efforts he gained admission to Mixer's cell, and found him weak, sullen, and despairing. At first the prisoner turned from him; but the persistent kindness of his friend and the touching story he brought him finally won him, and Mixer left the prison once more a man. Moors took him to his own humble lodging, shared his bed with him, got work for both, followed his friend like his shadow, helped him fight the demon of drink, and so at last brought him back to his old self.

But a restless desire to see more of the world, possessed them both. Bound together as with hooks of steel in the bonds of old association and of a common grief, always poor yet ever together, working at any honest job they could get, and picking up all sorts of knowledge of the world, they travelled from the Tagus to the Vistula. After three years of this aimless life a yearning seized them for home, and back they came to England to kneel together at Bessie's grave. Expending their little united savings almost to the last farthing on a plain marble headstone, planting a rose-tree at her feet, and sprinkling blue forget-me-nots over her breast, with red and swollen eyes they turned their faces

toward Southampton. They had hope of getting work in the dockyards until they should earn money enough to take them to America; but the only person there who wanted men of their condition was Her Majesty. Every one else had laborers enough. So to Her Majesty's scarlet-coated representative they applied, took each his shilling, and were mustered into Company A of the Lincoln Greys, who were then about to embark for the East.

After eighteen years of trying service in that part of the world they came with the regiment to Halifax, having never once been separated, having never had a thought except in common—on them both the shadow of a deep grief which chastened their souls, and made them gentle and courteous in their rude way to each other and to all their fellow-soldiers. They were never boisterous, seldom gay, yet were thoroughly liked the regiment through. No better men had stood shoulder to shoulder at Tel-el-Kebir or had escaped the slaughter of Maiwand. None better deserved promotion for soldierly bearing in barracks or camp, yet neither desired or would take promotion, save with his comrade. So they had remained privates, and privates they were still content to be.

Now Moors was dying of "consumption." Not even the strong ties of friendship could pluck him

from the grave. He lay listlessly on his pillow, and his hand frequently went to the little gold locket on his breast, as if he feared that he would miss his grasp of it when he died. Mixer sat by the narrow hospital pallet where his friend lay, dejected and silent. The Colonel, knowing the affection between the two men, had generously granted him relief from duty while Moors lay upon his death-bed; and so Mixer was constant in attendance at his comrade's side. He almost wearied the regimental doctor with inquiries about him, although he knew the case was hopeless. He spent all his soldier's pittance to buy little delicacies for the sick man, even when he knew that Moors could not eat them. He forestalled the hospital nurses in all the petty attentions which a sick man needs. A mother could not have watched over her child with more assiduous and loving care than did Mixer over Moors. No word of endearment had ever passed between the men; they had never kissed each other, like Germans or Frenchmen. They kept their feelings well in check, as if they were too holy to be openly displayed, but the warm, generous, manly English blood had often surged up in their breasts and choked their utterance, only betraying itself, however, by a warmer hand-clasp or a kindling glance

of the eye. And Moors was dying. Before the day should fade his sands of life would be run, and then for Mixer there would be no more of his friend than six feet of cold clay. A shiver ran through the watcher as he thought of it. Then, looking at Moors, he found him gazing wistfully into his face. The sick man's blue lips parted, and his voice came huskily.

"Ye'll leave her locket around my neck, won't ye, Mixer?" he said slowly. "All the rest o' my kit is yours."

Mixer nodded his head.

"Ye loved her, ye know, boy; an' it might seem to ye that I wouldn't miss it when I'm laid out yonder; but I've worn it night an' day ever since I laid her to rest, an' it 'ud seem to me as I might never find her in the other world if I hadn't my locket with me with her hair. Ye won't mind a poor sick man's notions, Mixer?"

Mixer moved uneasily on his chair. "Noo," he said simply, looking down.

"Ye'll gie me yer han' on that, boy?" said the other, with a dying man's jealous care.

Mixer silently placed his big, strong hand in the weak, fleshless grasp of the other.

"Ye're a trump, Mixer!" replied Moors, as he sank back exhausted on his pillow.

In the waning afternoon Mixer continued to sit motionless by his friend's side while the latter slowly sank. The dying man's breath grew more and more labored, and at irregular intervals a spasm of pain surged over his body and shook rudely the last fleeting sands of life. It was growing quite dusk, when Moors, who had just come out of one of these preliminary death-throes, turned his face toward his still silent companion. His hand, yet in the grasp of his friend, trembled a little.

"Ye needn't mind what I said, Mixer, a little while ago," he whispered. "She's in peace—God love 'her! an' I'll soon be there. An' the locket may comfort ye, boy, in the long days to come. An'—an' she loved ye, she did; an'——" But his head fell back suddenly, and there was a rattling in his throat. The watcher bent down over him and raised him in his arms. The two men took one long look at each other, and then with a sigh the spirit went from Moors.

Mixer tenderly laid the body down and closed the eyes.

Then he rose up with clinched fists, and something like an oath, for the first time in years, passed his lips. Breathing hard, he took his cap mechanically, and with a tearless eye walked slowly out of the room, his head dropped upon his breast.

"He takes it badly, does Mixter," muttered the next patient, eying the corpse askance.

Moors was laid out for burial, and Mixter, who had refused all offers of others to sit out the night by the body, was alone in the room to which the remains had been moved preliminary to the last rites.

A shaded lamp cast a dim glow around, and indistinctly showed the plain coffin and the rigid form in it, dressed in the regimentals he was accustomed to wear on parade. Mixter looked down at the white, placid face. His own face had grown haggard and his hair perceptibly grayer during his long vigil, and the lines around his mouth were pathetically rigid. After a time he bent down and slowly opened the dead man's uniform. There was the locket, yet lying on that breast which had once been so warm to him—that breast which was now insensible forever to either pleasure or pain. No! it was not robbing the dead to take it. Moors had given it to him with almost his last breath. How beautifully it gleamed up at him—the only bright object in that scene of gloom! He put his hand under the little blue ribbon that held it and disengaged it from the neck of the corpse; and as with a thrill of joy he grasped it in his fingers, the clasp opened, and there lay *her* hair—the hair of

her who had loved him, yet had married another. He had not looked upon Bessie's hair for twenty years, and here it was before him as though it had been cut yesterday from her brow. He opened the inner glass that held it in place, and fondled it with his big, coarse, bony fingers; then he quietly replaced it, shut the locket, and put it in the breast-pocket of his coat. Yet as he buttoned again the uniform of his dead friend he felt almost as though he had committed sacrilege.

"He doesn't need it, poor chap," he muttered in excuse, wiping his brow.

Every garrison-town knows well the sound of the muffled drum beating the time of the Dead March to the slow tramp, tramp of the regimental battalion as it follows a comrade to the grave. A soldier's funeral has always a sad and solemn, as well as picturesque, interest for passing civilians, who invariably stop and wait for the simple yet imposing procession to go by. There is something indescribably pathetic in the sight of the low gun-carriage on which a private's coffin is borne, draped simply with the old flag, and followed, with slow, regular steps and reversed arms, by the dead man's silent comrades—men who have perhaps shared with him in past days untold privations and narrow escapes from death.

From the old North Barracks to the military burying-ground in the southwestern part of Halifax marched the sad funeral procession of Private Moors. Close behind the coffin, his bronzed face deathly pale and his eyes sunken and bloodshot, not seeming to heed anything but the low gun-carriage and its melancholy freight, with unsteady steps walked Mixer of the Greys. As a special favor he had been allowed, as chief mourner, to walk by himself and without his rifle. Every now and then his big, brawny chest would heave with suppressed emotion, and his hands would clinch and the lines of his mouth harden as though he suffered intense pain. As the procession entered the cemetery-gates he tottered, but, steadying himself with an effort, walked on to the grave. The Chaplain had just begun: "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery," when a deep groan broke from Mixer, which it was heartrending to hear; and as the committal words were said—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—and the first clods fell on the coffin below, he stretched out his arm. "Stop!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse, unnatural voice and with a convulsed face; and the men paused in their task. With a violent motion he snatched a glittering oval thing from his pocket, and with a trembling hand

held it by its faded blue ribbon over the open grave.

"I must gie it back to him!" he cried passionately; "it's Bessie's hair, an' he's worn it for the last twenty years. He gied it to me; it's mine; but I daren't keep it—I daren't keep it! Will ye not let me gie him back Bessie's hair?" he asked in a strained, entreating tone, looking earnestly into the faces of his comrades. They hesitated, at a loss what to do; but the sergeant in command made a sign, and they lifted the coffin and laid it again on the grass.

"Take the cover off for him, men!" said the Sergeant.

They opened the coffin, and Mixer bent his shaking knees beside it.

"Take it, poor chap!" he said, in an agonized voice, as he slipped the ribbon round the dead man's neck; "take it! Ye said ye'd miss it if ye went to her without it, an' ye shan't accuse me when we come before the face o' God. Ye loved her, man, better than a mother, belike. Ye was good to her. God bless ye for it! Ay, ye won her fairly, boy; ye won her fairly," and his words ended in a great dry sob.

Reverently and with a trembling hand he laid the locket upon the still breast. Then he moved grop-

ingly with his hands, and his sight failed him. A spasm of anguish seized him and he attempted to rise, but stumbled and fell forward over the body of his friend. They lifted him quickly and turned his face up to the sun, but in it was no sign of life. The color had again faded from the worn features and left them ghastly pale. A soldier stepped forward and laid his ear against Mixer's heart.

"How is it, Jervis?" asked the Sergeant in a low tone.

"Dead, sir!" answered Jervis, after a minute's pause.

The Sergeant turned away with a cough that sounded very like a sob. The men crowded around with awe-struck faces, but not a word was said.

Mixer had gone to join Moors and Bessie in the Great Beyond.

