

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1996

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes technique et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modifications dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleur image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

	10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X
	12X		16X		20X		24X		28X		32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

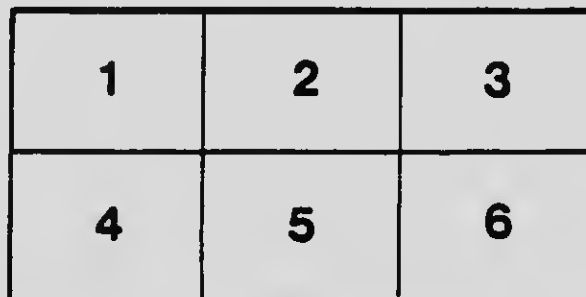
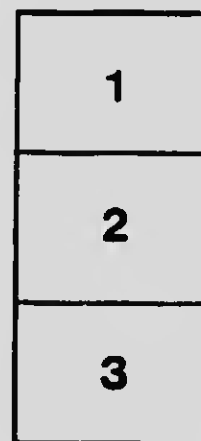
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shell contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaît sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrant la méthode.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

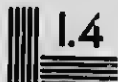
56

63

71

80

90



AFM

IED IMAGE Inc

155 Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 288-0300 - Phone
(716) 288-5989 - Fax

Rosa M. Ward. or.
Margaret M. Haffey
I do not believe
believed



THE SMILEYS
A Tale of Hardwoodlands;
WITH CHARACTER SKETCHES,
BY
GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH.



Hotel Dufferin,

WINDSOR, N. S.



JOHN COX, PROPRIETOR.

THE POPULAR HOTEL for the travelling public and tourists. Within a short distance of the depot, and overlooking the river, with pleasant surroundings and pure air from the water. This house is the largest in town, and has capacious apartments, and every attention is given to guests.

Billiard Room in Connection.

Teams Supplied at Shortest Notice to Convey
Guests to all Points of Interest.

ALL CHARGES MODERATE.



ALICE, BEATRICE AND ALGERNON.

"Algernon declared he never enjoyed anything like those few days in the hayfield."—See page 18.

THE SMILEYS :

A TALE OF HARDWOODLANDS.

—BY—

GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH,

Author of "What a Crow Saw," and other Sketches.

WINDSOR, N. S.:

PRINTED BY J. J. ANSLOW, AT THE HANTS JOURNAL, BOOK
AND NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

1901.

B8487

M52

S64

1901

p***



*Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year
One Thousand Nine Hundred and One, at the
Department of Agriculture.*



00936037

PREFACE.

♦ ♦

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED

TO

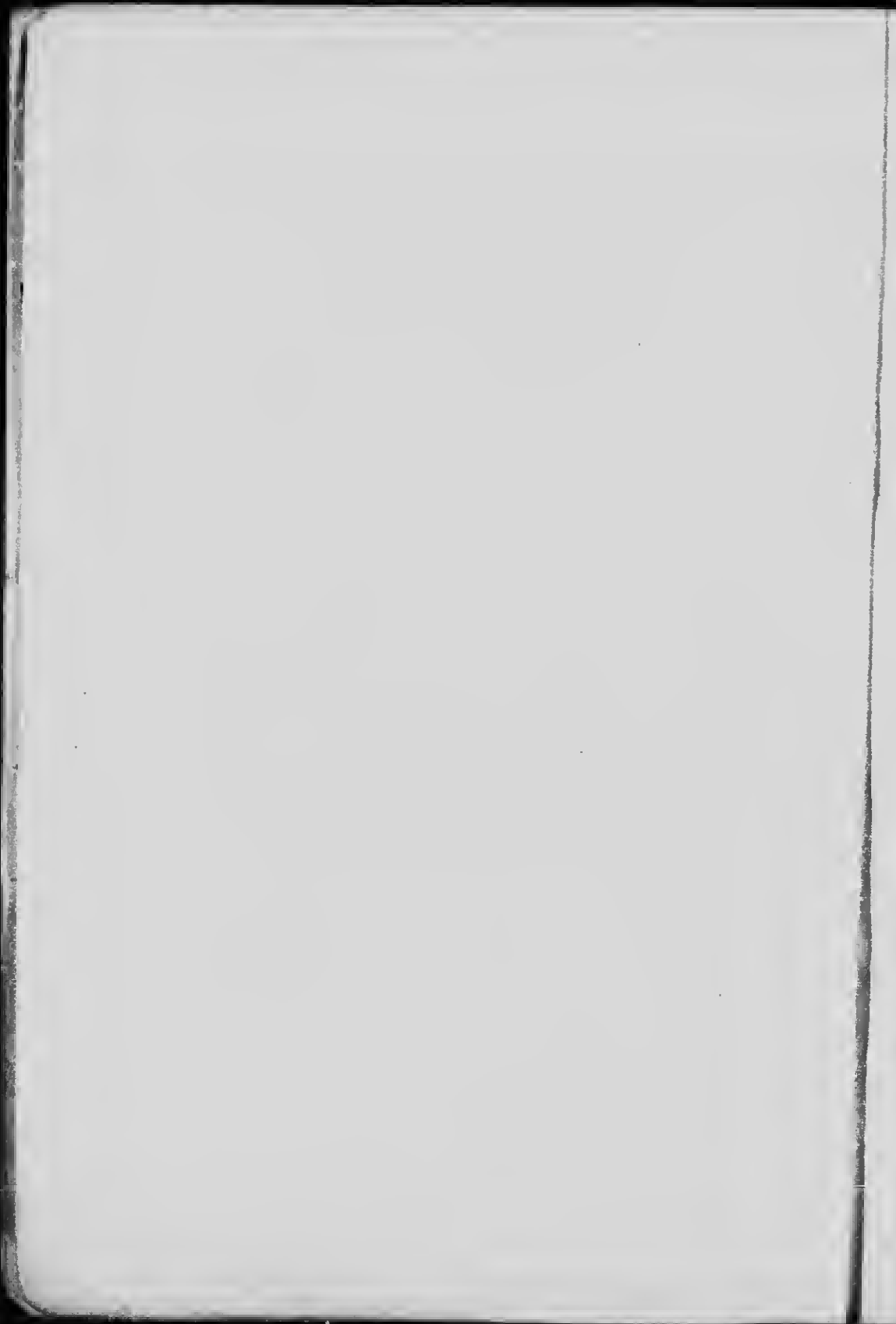
MY LADY: SEA GULL.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE Isle of Haute, floating like a crystal gem in the central waters of the Bay of Fundy; is the home of the Sea Gull.

There my Lady Gull, in the spring, chooses her partner for the season, informing him that he must attend strictly to business and build her a nest. Instead of his cavorting with those very silly gulls, who all summer long flirt and coo up and down the empty and full Avon River, he must remain home and catch fish to feed the family with; and while Lady Gull is sitting on gulls eggs so many weeks to hatch out little gulls, the author thought the reading of this book would help to lighten her cares and while away many lonesome days.

G. W. S.



THE SMILEYS.

A TALE OF HARDWOODLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

HARDWOODLANDS.

IT was in the spring of the year, when the streams were in flood, fed by the melted snow swept along its banks in mad volumes, rushing past woodlands and intervale, irrigating many miles of country in its mad course to the sea. The fragrant, aromatic perfumes from the opening tree buds were filling the air. The sweet warblers were arriving in numbers from the warmer south. The balsams, firs, pines and spruces were adorning themselves with lovely robes of green, filling the land with health and sweet odors. This was the picturesque settlement of Hardwoodlands, a few miles removed from the Intercolonial Railway, a paradise of groves hidden in the centre of the province. Years back this country was covered with giant trees, and the moose, the bear, and the wildcat contested the favorite feeding-grounds with the wild Indian.

To show what perseverance and hard work can accomplish, to-day modern houses and well-stocked farms dot the landscape. The early settler built his log cabin, with the old style ramshackle barn; to-day

the barns are large and capacious, and it is a poor family, indeed, that is not in possession of a piano or organ.

Many miles of zigzag fences divide the lots of the owners ; yet, with all this improvement, large sections of the country are still covered with trees and brushwood, so much so that the cattle still roam with the bell suspended from the neck, making the tinkling of the bells in the woods one of the most rustic and pleasant of sounds to the traveller.

The generation of sturdy yeomanry that did this work lie at rest from their labors over there on the hillside, in the primitive burying-ground, with headstones marking the lots all covered with age, and on many of the slates the occupants' names indistinguishable ; and, like the buried, the headstones have to wait the great resurrection to be classified. Their children have entered into their labors, possessing, by inheritance, valuable farms, well stocked with the choicest of cattle.

What especially attracts when passing by the farms is a long pole, high in the air, from which is suspended a bucket, a simple arrangement for drawing water from the well that was used by the forefather, bringing to mind the past, and adding beauty to the landscape.

CHAPTER II.

A MODEL BARNYARD.

ESPECIALLY interesting is the barnyard in springtime. The pastures may be bare, but the yard is the paradise of the cattle. All winter long they have been confined to the barn; now they are enjoying the warm sunshine. Standing there, looking at the goodly array of Jerseys and Durhams, etc., was the Squire. Ruddy of face, squarely built, he was a picture of strength and good nature. Squire Smiley, the chief man in the settlement; whether of money or advice, he gave to all, and was as a king to the people. He was of Scotch descent, and inherited with his farm the bone and muscle bequeathed by his ancestors. Watching the stock was the inevitable dog, all important, and proud of his responsible position. His duty it was to keep the stock from straying.

A broad smile came over the Squire's face, as in imagination he already beheld his broad acres scarped with many shades of green, where was sown the grains and grasses.

CHAPTER III.

THE SMILEYS.

SQUIRE SMILEY was of the third generation ; his grandfather had, a century since, taken up the land and built the first homestead, and to-day, in the prime of his life, he was contented with his surroundings. Sitting on his doorstep in the twilight, smoking his pipe, he talked with his family. There was his wife, a comely matron, rather fleshy for comfort, but blessed with that clear, fresh skin so attractive in women.

Alice, the oldest, was a blonde, with blue eyes,— a beautiful girl, not too tall, and, like her mother, rather inclined to plumpness. The second was Beatrice, a brunette, with sparkling eyes and a haughty carriage, as much as to say, just keep at a safe distance ; and herding the cattle for the night at the barn was the pride of the family, Cecil, a strapping fine boy of eighteen, strong, and as straight as a poplar tree in the meadow. With such surroundings the Squire felt happy, for there was help for the wife indoors, and a youth growing up to lighten his later years and work on the farm.

The gods had decreed otherwise, for already the forces were let loose, driving the currents contrawise.

The hand of destiny we may call it. Be it what it may, say mighty influences were at work deciding the destinies and shaping the lives of the whole family. They willed that the children should become part of the farm, and in its moral and healthy atmosphere reproduce another such race of Smileys as had for a hundred years ruled and shaped the lives in the settlement. It is our work to trace, step by step, the forces at work, and show that the earth does revolve, and how the fates are all powerful.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRANGER.

"There came a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather."

THE wind always appeared to be blowing in Hardwoodlands. The trees, now well leaved out, were swaying with the wind, and the air appeared to be laden with innumerable small specks as Alice emerged from the Smiley house, and placing a fog horn to her mouth, blew blast after blast, echoing over the pastures until the echoes died away in the hillside cemetery. The sound was, "Come to dinner! Come to dinner!" Instead of the farm hands, a stranger, dropping as it were from the skies, was noticed by Alice to be coming towards her. He was better dressed than the farmers, and had strapped to his back a satchel. She noticed also

his easy gait and rather good-looking appearance as he approached her.

"Allow me to ask you," said the stranger, "if there's a hotel near here where I could get dinner."

"Why," replied Alice, "there is no hotel near here! Are you hungry, sir?"

The stranger did not at once reply, but appeared lost in admiration and surprise, gazing at this young girl as she stood in the sunlight. Coming to himself, he said: "Quite famished, Miss. An early breakfast and a long tramp has made it dangerous for any one to harbor me."

"Well, sir, if you are not a cannibal, and promise not to eat us, mother will be pleased to have you stay here to dinner."

Laughing, the stranger said, "I'll only be too glad to accept your kind invitation, for in this high wind it is like getting into port to have such a harbor to rest in."

Alice said, "Will you please tell me your name, sir, so I can introduce you to the family?"

"Algernon Bentley, at your pleasure, all the way from Boston."

When Alice came into the capacious dining-room, all eyes were turned on the stranger, who was following.

"I think, mother, we can make room for Mr. Bentley, who has dropped in to dinner."

"Certainly, Alice; place Mr. Bentley alongside father."

The table was one to appease the appetite, not

make one. Pyramids of potatoes, stacks of bread cut in thick slices, a large platter of fried ham and another of fried eggs, with many little extras to top off with. You must know that this was a comely dinner to satisfy the appetites of two hard-working farm hands, besides the members of the family.

No foolish apology was offered to the stranger for the goods set before him, as it was a customary thing for folks to drop into the Smiley house for any meal, so proverbial was his hospitality ; all were welcome. A very generous and whole-souled man was the Squire.

Algernon had not got through his dinner before he felt perfectly at home, and was chatting gaily with the family. There was nothing rough in all the arrangement of the household, but a politeness that was not oppressive.

After dinner the Squire invited Algernon out on the veranda, and finding also that he indulged in a pipe, they both settled to a comfortable rest, and smoked and chatted.

The Squire discovered that he was prospecting, and Algernon opened his satchel and displayed some fine specimens of gold in the quartz.

"I had the choice of a tour this summer, and decided to visit this province, and while here have been led by the gold discoveries to visit the mines, and just for pleasure I have been testing the different layers of rock in this settlement. It is said that in Renfrew the best leads are to be found ; yet, of course, it must be mostly chance work."

"Chance or not," replied the Squire, "it is one of my principles to take no stock in gold rock, even if it were peeping out in my barnyard."

"You are right, Squire, for it is only too true that all is not gold that glitters, even if it be good gold stock."

After this Mr. Bentley appeared every Saturday, of course by chance, and was eventually invited to stay over Sunday.

Sunday morning, rain or shine, the family drove to church, three miles distant, in the family carriage that had been the pride of the family in the last generation. It was now rusty with age, but its strength was undoubted, for both Mr. and Mrs. Smiley were no light weights in a carriage.

Algernon and Alice walked when it was fine, as they argued they were better able to digest Calvin and Knox in the sermon. It was in these walks over roads more like beautiful avenues, spread over with overhanging branches from the balsams and pine trees, with squirrels in numbers running up trees and sitting on branches, with their beautiful tails curled up behind them, and the birds answering each other with ditties of love, then it was that Algernon discovered the fine mind and the well-stored knowledge, as well as the good common sense of the girl he was walking with, and there was born a feeling under his vest of desire to appropriate this lovely girl that grew in volume and measure.

CHAPTER V.

CECIL'S VISION.

IT was the Queen's Birthday, and such royal weather. Cecil Smiley gathered together all his fishing gear, and early one Friday morning started for the lake to try his luck with the speckled beauties. When leaving the old post road, he, after a brisk drive, reached the shores of the Grand Lake, and floating a punt-shaped boat, kept there for fishermen, with a stout pair of oars, he pulled to the head waters of the lake, and in the shadow of some overhanging trees, soon was in full swing landing very fine trout, averaging one and a half pounds. He kept this up until the sun was indicating noon, when he had a basket well filled with them. He then thought of his lunch basket. Paddling to shore, he soon had quite a good fire of dry brush burning, heating his tin of tea, and, with ham sandwiches, made quite a hearty meal. Feeling happy, he lighted his pipe, and lolling on the banks of the lake, was interested in watching the dragon-fly.

He never could remember how long he sat there, when, from the bosom of the mirrored waters, there arose and appeared to him a beautiful creature, with dark hair falling over her shoulders, olive complexion, and teeth of pearl; and her eyes, what magnificent eyes! they fairly sparkled, like the costly gems from the rich diamond mines of Kimberley. Was he dreaming? This lovely girl from the waters' depths looked on him fondly and smiled. Cecil jumped to

his feet, running towards her, when, lo! this vision of loveliness disappeared, and lake and woods looked as natural as ever. But a cat-bird up in one of the high trees made those wonderful noises so like the cats that at any other time would have seemed amusing, but now, to Cecil, as in laughing derision. The expression of the beautiful face and eyes were lastingly impressed on his mind, whether awake or asleep, and he wondered if he could, by any possibility, ever meet the original, or was she in heaven.

We cannot always account for these mysterious appearances from the spirit world; but, as we shall show, this vision represented a really live person, making it one of even greater mystery.

Cecil could no longer fish; but, in a kind of could-not-help-it way, sat looking at the beautiful lake waters, on whose surface the trees were throwing weird shadows, until the lengthening shadows told him the day was fast departing. Gathering his traps, he, in a more pensive mood than when he came, harnessed his horse for home.

That night he proudly showed the fish he caught, and described the beauties of the lake, but of the vision he spoke to no one, thinking that possibly he might have slept and it had been but a dream.

CHAPTER VI.

ALGERNON'S WOOING.

THE days were growing warmer, and the beautiful wild strawberries were becoming red in the meadows. The popular strawberry festivals were now in full swing. Hardwoodlands was not behind in the race, for a festival was to be held in the church. Alice and Beatrice were on hand as attendants, dressed in organdie muslin dresses and short, frilled aprons, and, with their blooming complexions, they were the attraction of the evening to the male sex.

On this lovely July evening, when everything was swimming in cream, who should put in his appearance but Algernon Bentley, in a nobby white flannel suit, white shoes, and Panama straw hat. He elbowed his way up to the table where Alice was busy dishing out berries to the crowds around her. With her usual good grace, she turned toward him and asked him if he had dropped from the planet Mars, and if he was famished, as usual, and ready for a dish of those delicious berries.

"Yes," replied Algernon, "I'm hungry, as usual; my cannibal instinct must be satisfied to-night with those beautiful berries."

Alice left him, saying, "I must leave you, but I guess you'll not be lonesome with this bevy of nice girls around you."

The last was said in a whisper.

Later in the evening Algernon was at last able to

converse with Alice and ask her what were her arrangements for going home. "Your mother has asked me to stay over Sunday, and it is such a lovely night, how would you like tramping it in the moonlight?"

"I would not like it at all," replied Alice. "In these wooded roads at night I'm afraid of my own shadow."

"What will I do, then? I cannot hire a team in the settlement."

"Do you suppose we would have you walk? Father has it all arranged for you to drive in the express with Cecil, filled with a lot of boys from the farms; what with horns and yells, I guess you'll not suffer for amusement."

Algernon bit his lips and acquiesced with the arrangement, saying, "I know you are right, Alice, for people will talk, even if they have to manufacture the material."

Next morning, at breakfast, Algernon enjoyed the freshly made rolls and the abundance of cream, with Alice as companion.

Hours before this the family had been up and breakfasted, and were all now busy as bees in the various occupations of farm life. He could hear the dasher of the churn in the kitchen, but Alice sat before him the picture of neatness and freshness.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE HAY-FIELD.

AFTER breakfast Algernon sauntered over the hills beyond the grove, to fields where the Squire and his men were busy at the hay. He took off his coat and waded into the work. What an excitement a hay-field presented. The great hay-rake, drawn by the best horse, was gathering up the loose hay in rows, while the mower, drawn by two horses, was making continuous swaths into the standing timothy, and leaving in its wake the cut hay. The men were turning it over to make what the farmers call hay. The whiz of the mower and the scent of the hay would fire some energy even into a tramp.

From over the hills the horn was heard for dinner, and, with the rest, Algernon had the pleasure of seeing these two bright girls, as waitresses, trying to satisfy the appetites of these hungry men, as their plates were again replenished. A very short time was taken for digesting the meal, when they returned to the hay-field. The oxen were then yoked and attached to the big hay-waggon, and the work of loading on the hay was pleasant to look at, but great drops of sweat oozed off the faces of the men. The atmosphere was laden with the smell of new-mown hay and the fields were white unto harvest. What health-giving work. Algernon felt himself expanding with the use of his muscles, and, with Cecil driving, he drove home like a Caliph on top of the load hauled by the oxen. Arriving at the barn, the big hay fork came into play, and

the load was soon taken from the waggon and deposited in the back end of the hay-mow. Afterward, in the stream, he bathed again and again, until, cool and fresh, he presented himself at the tea table, and looked the veritable farmer, with his full red face and goodly complexion.

Algernon declared he never enjoyed anything like those few days in the hay-field; you are enthused by the surroundings, and if at night you feel tired, the deep sleep, and the dawn, with its accompanying songs from thousands of birds, backed up by the crowing of cocks and lowing of cattle, enabling you to walk out refreshed for another day's work in the hay-field.

The Squire gave Algernon great praise for his help, and said if he could only hire men to work as he had worked, it would certainly pay to farm. So, in the evening twilight, they persuaded Mrs. Smiley to tell them a story of ye olden times, and she related the following.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRANGE STORY.

TO begin with, my father was Captain Anthony, and at the time I speak of, was master of a large clipper ship, sailing most of the time between London and Calcutta. For a while my mother went in the ship with him, but as her family increased, and the children required schooling, she

decided to recommence house-keeping, mostly for the purpose of educating the children. She was nicely settled in one of the seaport towns of this province, and everything went on smoothly save for the long absence of father, who would sometimes get home to see us after an absence of two years, and often he would be away a year and no news from him.

When what I am narrating happened, father had been away one year, and only one letter from him, mailed at Calcutta, in which he stated that he had a most valuable freight, and was about clearing from that port for London. In those days there were no cables, fast steamers, or fast trains, and only a few land telegraph connections. Letters were taxed at exorbitant prices for foreign delivery. The arrivals of vessels were probably published in city papers, but in the small towns we got no news, only at long intervals. We were anxious about father, and tried to find out if the vessel had been spoken or heard from.

This morning I speak of I came down to breakfast with the children, and as I sat at the table I noticed how nervous mother was, and, on enquiry, she asked us if we heard a rumbling noise in the attic. Now, the question being put to us, we all had noticed a peculiar grating sound that was directly over our heads. After breakfast we all followed mother up the attic stairs, and then into the attic. It was an unfinished room, with rafters running up to a peak, a big chimney running up in the centre, and a small window in the gable end. There was the old family cradle, handed down from grandmother, in the centre

of the floor, rocking backward and forward as if it was having a rollicking time all to itself. There was nothing near or in it. It was one of those ash-built, old-fashioned cradles, with a wood awning over the head, and capable of accommodating triplets, if Lady Moon would be so gay as to send them.

Mother shook the cradle as she would a naughty child, and stopped its rocking.

I, with the childreu, played in the front garden all morning, and on being called in to dinner, noticed how very pale mother looked. "Oh," said she, "that cradle has started rocking again; there must be witches in the attic."

We hadn't much appetite, and barely ate anything for dinner, and, after washing the dishes, mother brought her knitting and sat with us out in the front garden until supper-time. If, during the afternoon, any of us went into the house, we heard that awful rumble in the attic, with a weird cadence, as the cradle rocked to and fro with a swish and a swing, swish and swing, until your nerves were all on a tension.

We all went in at dusk. The fire was soon made, and I tell you it was a frightened looking family that sat around the tea table that night. From the attic that horrid rumbling noise appeared to echo in every part of the house.

As night approached we all clung to mother's skirts, and everywhere she moved we followed her. Little as I was, I can never forget the weird feeling that possessed me.

Mother said, "I wish Parson Storrs would happen in, for I know, by prayer, he could dispel the witches."

Gloomy was no name for it; with the deepening of night we were all huddled together in a corner of the kitchen, expecting the ghosts to march down from the attic and gobble us all up, when the kitchen door opened, and a heavy-built man came in, dressed in a reefer and cap, and very red face, all tanned by the winds of the ocean, and whiskers almost to the eyes.

Mother gave a little yell, rushed into the man's arms, and burst into tears on his shoulder. The rest of us began to bawl loud enough to be heard a mile away, when between the sobs mother managed to utter, "Oh, John, I'm so glad you've come home," and the Captain, for it was he, said, "Well, this is a fine reception got up for your old dad! For lands sake, what is the matter?"

Then mother told him that all day long the witches had rocked the cradle in the attic.

"Well," he replied, "I am a grand one to rout the witches at sea, and I guess I'm equal to this one."

So, going upstairs with his candle and axe (not one of us followed), we soon heard a good smashing of wood, and later father came down with his arms filled with pieces of the cradle. He piled the old fireplace full of the wreck, as he called it, and they crackled and splattered like angry witches, indeed, as the flames chased each other up the chimney.

"This is the way they burnt the witches in Salem," said father, "and the only sure way to destroy them."

We soon got jolly after this, and stopped up late listening to the many strange things father had to tell of the places he had visited. But to this day we never could account for the mysterious rocking of that cradle.

CHAPTER IX.

A SET BACK.

ALICE and Algernon were sitting in the summer house on the lawn. The night was a fine one and the most beautiful fragrance was wafted from the fields and the pine and spruce woods adjoining.

"This lovely aroma," said Alice, "brings to my memory that peculiar line in one of Prof. Roberts' short poems, 'Fragrant gusts of gum.' To understand it fully," replied Algernon, "I have heard that when he was Professor at King's College, he lived in a pretty little cottage on the verge of the College woods, and when he opened his window in the morning, the most beautiful aromas would greet him from the spruces that stretched away to the Clifton grove yonder."

"I admire Roberts very much as a writer," said Alice, "especially his short stories of the French Canadians, giving, as they do, such an insight into the trouble that harassed them."

"Yes, Alice, I often wish we could get back to their primitive way of living. In the present hurry

and unrestfulness, we discuss here to-day what took place in Japan yesterday, and we all want to live in the biggest of cities so as to be in continual excitement. The heart cannot stand it; so many drop as snowflakes by the wayside."

"Yes, Mr. Bentley," said Alice, "we sigh for the Boulevards and the Paris of Fashion."

"Mr. Bentley," as Alice pronounced it, grated harshly on his nerves, and he awakened to the occasion.

"Now, Alice, if I may call you so, my acquaintance, I know has been a short one, but I think I may say it has not been without interest. I felt, when I saw you, that my wanderings were over, and that at last I had found my affinity. Be this as it may, my heart has gone from my keeping, and with you it will rest to respond to the great love I bear you."

Alice, with a downward glance, replied, "I fully appreciate your remarks, Mr. Bentley, and I am honored by your offer. At present there is no responsive feeling in my bosom. I must love the man to whom I'm engaged."

Algernon covered his face with his hands, and when he withdrew them he saw only the pale, sickly face of the moon glaring steadily at him; Alice had disappeared from his presence.

After he had left the next day, Mrs. Smiley asked Alice what she had done to offend Mr. Bentley.

"Yes," replied Alice, "I know he looked sad and had no appetite for breakfast, and I myself felt like an Arab with a bad attack of dyspepsia. Well,

mother, the fact is Algernon proposed to me last night, and I just refused him so as to show him, if he is from the city, he cannot take a country girl's heart by storm on so short an acquaintance."

"Oh, well, Alice, probably you did right, for, as father says, we know nothing of his habits and family."

"Only I hope (drawled Alice) that Robert will not bother me with his presence when he hears how our visitor was jilted."

CHAPTER X.

HEIGHO! TO MARKET.

ROBERT LIVELY was one of the neighbours' boys, who had given his attention to Alice from childhood, and being considered the "swell" of the settlement was therefore very prominent on public occasions.

A few mornings later the Squire told his son Cecil, that having more rheumatism than was pleasant, he would have to take the express waggon and go to the city with some products of the farm, and to make it more easy for him he would give him a list of streets and the houses to visit.

Cecil wanted to know if the liniment he bought from the pedlar was not a cure-all, as promised.

"Yes," said Mr. Smiley, so far as he promised. I have rubbed just five dozen bottles of the stuff into my

system and in some places the skin is removed, but not so the pain."

"Anyway, I shall like the trip to the city very much," answered Cecil, "for I get tired of the daily routine of farm life."

It was on a Tuesday morning, in a slight, drizzling rain, Cecil drove the market waggon over the old post road, that eventually led to the city. He had a fine pair of horses, well mated, that answered well to the reins, for a touch of the whip irritated them. He was driving through Bedford, well on in the afternoon, when a shabbily dressed individual accosted him with, "My good man, will you give me a lift to the city?" Cecil replied that the horses had come quite a distance that day with a heavy load, but supposed he would have to accommodate him. They had sighted that noble looking castle called Rockhead, when Cecil noticed that his companion appeared to take a great interest in the horses.

"Well, by jiminy, that's a team to be proud of," said the stranger; "those horses must belong to the Squire."

"If it's Squire Smiley you mean, they are a fine pair of horses," said Cecil.

"Of course, it's my friend Squire Smiley. How is the old gent, and is he still fond of his pipe? It's many a drive I have had with him."

"He is not very well," said Cecil, "so instead of my father, I am taking up the business of trading in the city."

Then shabby genteel began to feel in his pockets,

and finding nothing as he doubtless expected, he exclaimed "By Gosh!" I've left my pocket-book and money on the piano in the front room." Cecil not replying, shabby again informed him, that he was on the way to the city to attend his grandmother's funeral, that after arriving there he intended buying a new suit of black clothes and a new hat just to look respectable. The outfit was to cost twenty dollars, and to think of his leaving his money home! My name is Mark Johnson, of Bedford, and if you will kindly loan me the money, I'll repay you on your return.

Cecil then said, "my good man, even if I wanted to loan you the dosh, I am unable to do so, as I am coming empty handed, my load is my bank, sir." Shabby eyed Cecil suspiciously and said: "You look rocky enough, but I'll bet a sockdollager you're well salted." This was Dutch to Cecil. "What time is it?" Cecil hauled out a handsome gold watch, which showed six p. m. Slapping his hips with his hand, Shabby ejaculated, "just the bob, by gum." Let me have your watch as a guarantee, and to the funeral I will go dressed like a lord, for I'm chief heir of my grandmother and I'll return it with interest." "Not by a jugful, said Cecil; "this watch don't leave my pocket to go to any grandmother's funeral."

Shabby cyed him roughly, but as they were nearing the North End Hotel where he stopped this did not disturb him, and Cecil was glad to get in before dark and get rid of his companion.

As Shabby was leaving he said, "I took you

for a tenderfoot, but I'm flabbergasted if you're not a professional." "Yes, my good man, I'm away up in the Jesse James racket." It was a lesson to Cecil, for he steered clear forever after of tramps on the road to the city.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE CITY DOES FOR CECIL.

THE following morning when Cecil harnessed his horses to the express there was quite a number of purchasers on hand after Squire Smiley's farm produce, and he had sold considerable before he left the Hotel. Being so encouraged he started out on his route, and it was well toward noon, when he thought of the list his father had given him, and he said to himself I would not like to return without calling on some of his customers, as up to this time he had used his own judgment. Looking at his list he read, "Be sure and call on T. V. Binder, Banker, Brunswick St." "Ah!" mused Cecil, I have very little left to sell anyone; and where does this Banker live? So hauling up he asked a youngster where Mr. Binder lived, and the youth pointed to a very fine house the second from the corner. He drove to the door, and with a feeling he could hardly account for walked up the steps and rang the bell. Tra-la-la, he mumbled, but this is a mighty grand mansion, very rich folks must live here, when he heard the light tapping of feet along the hall and the door gradually swinging open,

and lo! to his amazement he saw before him, for the second time, the exact counterpart of the vision of loveliness that he had seen months past, rise from the Lake where he was fishing. As before beautiful tresses of dark hair fell in rolls over a neck of superb symmetry, but above all the same deep sparkling black eyes that scintillated like diamonds. He was speechless.

The lady gazed at him expecting him to state his errand, and he was afraid to speak lest she should as suddenly vanish. At last he managed to say: I am Squire Smiley's son from Hardwoodlands, and he wished me to call not only to sell you from my stock in the waggon, but also to take orders for future delivery." Then the noble one smiled, and he knew the vision was earthly and tangible. "Oh sir," said she, "I will take whatever you have now left, for Ma and Pa are away to-day, and the maids are all busy and I'm housekeeper for the day, and we always buy all we can from the Smileys." She never asked him the price of anything, and Cecil gave her the best of what was left, and taking out his blank book added up the amount. "I have given you a good margin on this stuff," said he, as it ends my work for the day. I will be here again the coming week, and would like to take your order ahead so as to save you the best the farm can produce." "Oh yes," she replied, "there are no better butter and eggs to be had than we get from your farm." So she made him write out a large order. "Will you excuse me, Miss, if I ask you a question?" "Oh certainly." "Well, I know

it is rather pointed, but were you, Miss, in Hardwoodlands on the last Queen's Birthday?"

"Oh, no sir, but on that day father took me up to the Lakelands, and such a lovely day it was and I so enjoyed the country, only after lunch, I sat on the borders of the Lake and slept, (as I suppose) for I was in Fairy Land, and I saw the Prince coming up out of the Lake to claim my hand." Now this happened at least twenty-five miles from Hardwoodlands. Strange are the wonders of the Spirit world and system of working.

"I thank you," replied Cecil, "possibly some other time I may be able to explain what is now a great mystery to me." And then with a grace that surprised this beautiful city maid, he lifted his hat and backing out swung himself into the waggon with a courtly grace, and taking up the reins, drove out of the city for home. As he disappeared from Miss Binder's, "Well," she replied, "I never met a young man before, to make such an impression on me, he must have hypuotic powers, and to think of me talking to a perfect stranger as I did. Well, he is only a country lad, if withal a handsome looking one. Its astonishing how these youngsters in the woods get the manners of a gentleman." It may be here stated as a fact, that the best mannered and the most polite people to be found are in the country, where we find true politeness without oppressiveness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SQUIRE'S PARTY.

THE harvest was well nigh over, when pumpkin pies and spareribs adorned the dinner table of the farmer. The Smiley girls got permission from their parents to give their annual party. If Alice lamented over the absence of Mr. Bentley, she did not show it, as she was the happy one of the family.

Within a radius of twenty miles invitations began to be received for a party at Squire Smiley's. The young girls in the settlement were all in a flutter, going to dressmaker and making up captivators for the occasion. Any one not receiving an invite was classed out of the four hundred, and those out of the set would insinuate:—"Who are the Smileys anyway? They say that their grandfather in the old country used to skin eels for a living." But to those invited it was an acknowledgment of their being classed in the first society. In the city it would be called a ball on account of its magnitude. The women of the family were hard at work for a week before the event, cooking. Everything was in stacks, doughnuts, pies, cakes, rolls, fowls, etc. The house and grounds looked really splendid. The big kitchen frescoed with evergreen for the big supper table, and the stove was moved to the large porch called the back kitchen. The lawn was decorated with flags and Chinese lanterns; hammocks and rustic seats in all kinds of nooks, and evergreens and flowers added to

the beauty of the whole arrangement. The effect was pronounced perfect by Cecil, and the Squire was as much interested as a youngster. The time arriving Alice appeared robed in pink, and Beatrice in goblin blue, with sashes trailing to the ground. Their hair was dressed *a la* pompadour, and two such beautiful girls it would be hard to surpass, even at Ottawa, our Capital.

Then the guests arrived in pairs and triplets. The most spirited horses, harnessed to the finest carriages the settlement could produce, were brought in to requisition for this popular party. There were many noble looking fellows and lots of handsome girls with the brightest of complexions. If the city parvenue would drop away from his accustomed club, and bend his steps to where the aromatic spruces fill the air with their sweet perfumes, they could possibly find partners that not only could cook a breakfast for them, but make their homes so bright and cheerful that the club life would pale in comparison.

The day was warm, and a beautiful sky, as the twilight overshadowed the earth, reflected a bright red from the horizon to the central heavens. There were numbers dressed in white and the fashionable shirt-waist was in requisition. The invited scattered in various directions, and the orchard and lawns were soon resounding with sounds of jest and of laughter. Alice was opposed to inviting Mr. Robert Lively, but as the parents interposed and said, he belonged to an old family, and that his sister Bessie was on the list wise counsel prevailed, and he was there dressed in a

black cutaway coat, a brilliant red tie, and patent leather shoes. He was well worthy of being called the "Chesterfield" of the settlement. When he discovered that Alice was too much engaged receiving and entertaining guests to even look at him, he made himself agreeably entertaining, and surrounded by numbers of girls, he made the viking ring with his sallies of wit, and he also stated that he was destined to fill a high place in the heart of some heiress.

Unlike the city gatherings, the first on the programme was the feast of fat things. The procession to the dining table, the attention the ladies received, and the good things displayed and eaten would tax a shorthand expert to chronicle; suffice it to say that the supper was started with a blessing by the Squire, and ended with a feeling of genteel sufficiency by the guests. The noted Ben Gross, was called to the front, and with violin and banjo was master of ceremonies for the evening. For a while the air resounded with old plantation melodies, but when he started the waltz there was a rush to the floor, and many active feet kept time to the music. The old fashioned Eights, Roger de Coverly, Strip the Willow, etc., followed each other in quick succession, and the floor was well occupied until far into midnight. Ben was up to the occasion, and towards the last was in grand working order, for his violin fairly jumped out of his hands, in its wild effort to respond to the touch. It was well on in the evening when Robert Lively, seeing Alice disengaged, asked the pleasure of a dance. Refusing was not on the programme, so she consented. When in

the gay whirl Robert asked her what had become of the Yankee, Alice replied "that he was probably at home."

"Well," said Robert, "I have invested heavily in the Big Five Gold Mine, and expect in a few weeks to have money to burn. I tell you my wife will be away up with her Parisian made clothes, and fine horses. Say Alice, will you unite with me and help spend all this wealth?"

With a face burning red she would have liked to drop through the floor into the potato bin, but etiquette prevented. Instead she said: "Young man, you have already had your answer; never mention such a subject to me again as long as grass grows and cows come home to milking!" With her second proposal as of the first Alice took the first opportunity to drop into obscurity.

At midnight the lawn was illuminated with dozens of transparent lanterns. Then on tables placed here and there was served the most delicious supper. Ice cream was the favorite side dish, and home brewed ale and wine helped to wash down a joyful repast. So ended the famous "Smiley Party," thus popularly named in the settlement.

As the young men selected their partners and drove home that night with their spirited teams, it is more than probable that many an engagement was sealed, with the bright full moon as a witness.

CHAPTER XIII.

TO THE CITY. (THE GREAT EXHIBITION.)

THE Squire had promised the girls a week in the city, during the Great Exhibition, and the girls were looking forward to it with great expectations. Their wardrobe was prepared to a scale that would challenge the city.

The Squire was proud of his daughters, and therefore very liberal to them in regard to pocket money, thus enabling them to purchase the best and most fashionable materials when starting out on a journey. One fine afternoon in October, a noble looking middle aged man, with two handsome daughters, arrived in Halifax, and engaged one of the best suite of rooms in the Halifax Hotel. It was Mr. Smiley and two daughters. Cecil was at the exhibition looking after a pair of prize cattle brought from the farm.

The following morning the Squire told the girls that they could have the morning for shopping, and that he would in the afternoon take them to the Exhibition and in the evening to the Academy of Music.

"Right, Daddy, your programme is a good one, and we will carry it out to the letter," said Beatrice.

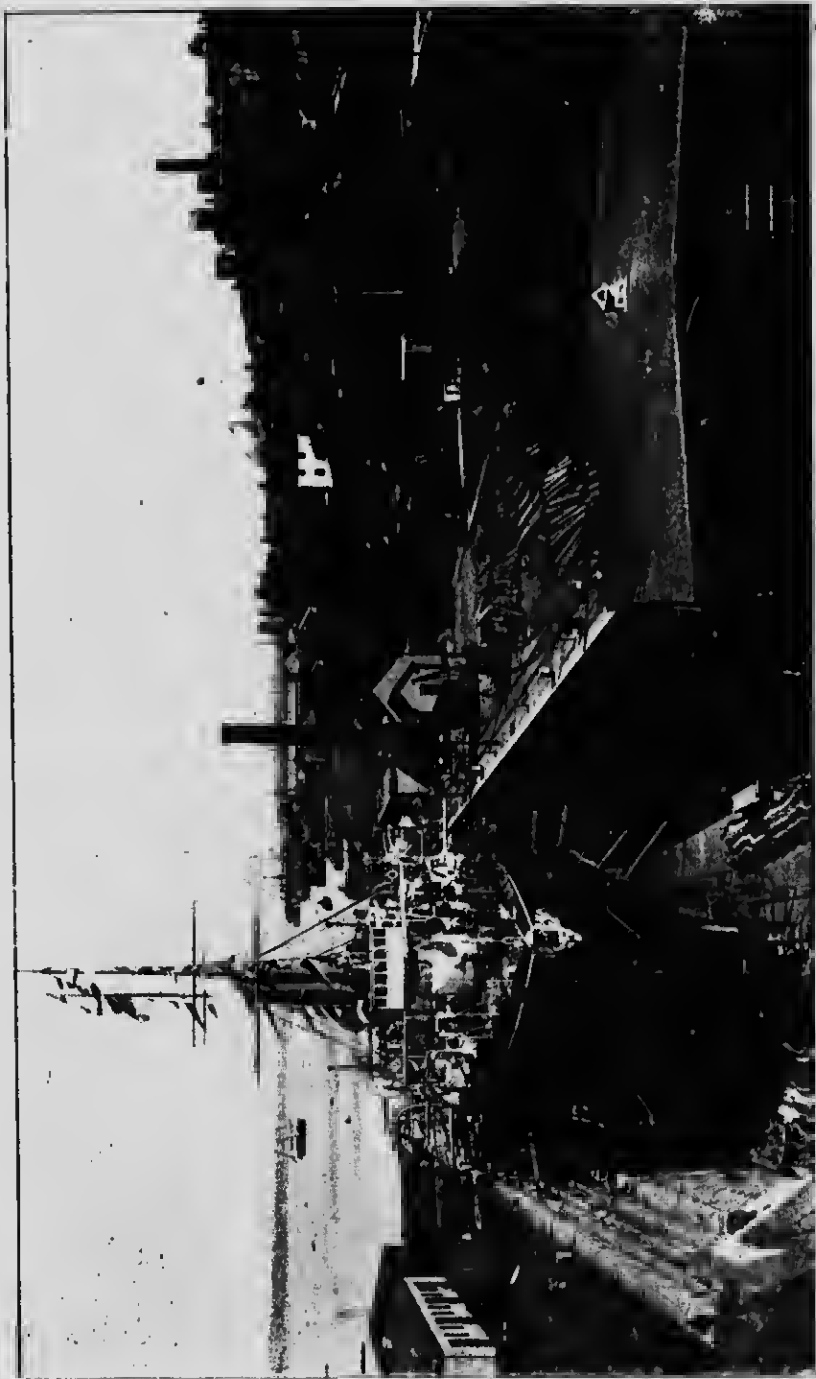
That night after the day's programme had been completed the girls experienced what it was to be thoroughly tired. On the principal streets of the city the crowds were elbowing each other for space, and with the long stay on the Exhibition grounds (where everything was full of interest even to the rag mat that had taken first prize for five consecutive

DN.)

ek in the
the girls
expecta-
to a scale

nd there-
t money,
nd most
journey.
g middle
rived in
of rooms
and two
ing after

he girls
ing, and
the Ex-
f Music.
ood one,
eatrice.
ad been
as to be
of the
r space,
grounds
to the
secutive



THE HARBOUR OF HONG KONG

years) until they tumbled into bed without disrobing it had indeed been a day of perpetual motion.

"Well," said Beatrice, on waking up late next morning, "I'm already dressed, it is disgraceful to tumble into bed as we did."

"Yes," replied Alice, "I never even said a prayer."

But refreshed by such a rest they were all ready for another day's outing, and it was a day full of events. As before they spent the morning shopping, and had just emerged from that splendid dry goods store on the corner of George and Hollis St., when a tall gentleman, breathing hard, ran almost into them and extending his hand he said, "Pleased to meet you, Miss Smiley," and Alice turning beheld Mr. Bentley looking the picture of health, and his face all smiles as he stood there greeting them.

"Down to the Exhibition?" said Algernou.

"Yes," said Alice, "and father is down with us."

"Where did you drop from this time?" continued Alice, "for really this is an unexpected pleasure to meet you."

"Well, you know, I have the reputation of appearing suddenly, but this time I'm direct from Boston, and stopped off here on purpose expecting to go to Hardwoodlands to see you."

"Well, said Beatrice, "we are saving you a nice little trip, for we intend remaining in the City for the week. Will you remain in the City?"

"The fact is," said Algernon, "I'm on my way

to Cape Colony. I never told you that my parents are all English, living in Everett and doing business in Boston. So when this Boer trouble commenced I offered my services, and will not decide what department I will associate with until I get out there."

"Hearing this Alice turned pale and exclaimed,—

"Oh, my, you're going out to fight those horrid Boers."

"My desire is to become a scout, as I don't like the discipline of the Army; anyway I will see on my arrival what is open for me."

"Upon being asked when he intended leaving, he stated that the steamer was due on Saturday, and his arrangements were made to sail in her.

"I hope," said Beatrice, "we will have the pleasure of your company most of your intervening time."

"Remember," said Algernon in a very serious strain, "I am to have the privilege of being your only escort until Saturday."

The Squire just then happened to be passing and was delighted to meet Algernon again, and said it was worth the whole visit to the city to see him. In the evening the Squire said that Algernon was greatly improved in appearance, but yet there must be something on his mind for he stuttered so while talking to him."

Alice blushed when she unfolded to him Algernon's projected trip to Africa to fight the Boers.

The week in the city was one of the most delightful the girls ever experienced. Algernon accom-

panied them to the Park, Public Gardens, etc., and also took them on drives to Dutch Village, Cow Bay, Herring Cove and numerous other places of interest.

The week was fast drawing to a close, when on Friday evening after lunching, Algernon asked Alice the pleasure of her company for a short walk. They sauntered down Pleasant Street, and stopping at the Point, they sat on one of the wooden benches and gazed at the beautiful Harbor almost at their feet. They had not been there long when they noticed two large ocean liners slowly steaming out the harbor to the ocean beyond.

"This reminds me," said Algernon, "that tomorrow I also sail, and possibly this time next year my bones will be bleaching white on an African Veldt. Since I left you I have been unhappy, and father told me at last to travel for awhile, but I prefer the change which I told you of, as it combines travel with excitement. Was your answer to me that night positively no! or will you, if I should return, think favorably of me as a suitor to your heart and hand."

A sob was heard from Alice, and placing her hand on his shoulder whispered, "I have learned to love you; your absence developed a longing desire to see you, and then I knew I cared for you.

"Oh! Alice, you have made me the happiest of mortals; had I known this sooner I would not have gone, but it may be all for the best."

"Write me nice long letters," said Alice, "and that will help while away the time, until you return again as my hero!"

It was darker now, and over the reflux water of the Harbor, mystic ships with sparkling lights shot every wither, and from the Atlantic there wafted inland the salt sea perfumes by the winds of the ocean.

Algernon leaned towards Alice as if to whisper but instead sealed their betrothal by kissing her on the lips with a smack that vied with the report of the 9.30 gun that echoed over the harbor from the citadel.

With feelings far different from anything ever experienced before, they walked back into the City mixing in with the crowds that were thronging the city from different points. Fireworks were ascending and vying with the stars in their chrystal effulgence, and along the principal streets a giant torchlight procession was marching along with bands of music, adding greatly to the general excitement. That night Alice had a whole volume of news to tell the Squire and Beatrice. Algernon was to sail on the morrow.

The next morning all were at the Pier, where the giant Ocean Liner was already spitting out steam preparatory to sailing. The last to arrive was the usual belated passenger. The gang-ways were hauled in, and gradually the steamer hacked away from her moorings.

Algernon stood looking over the hulwarks waving his handkerchief. A sad, sorrowful face looked down from the steamer, and a sad, sorrowful face looked up. The monster propelled by hidden forces majestically steamed down the harbor past McNab's Island until she was but a mere speck on the horizon. Alice stood watching that speck.

The Squire said, "Girls, I guess we will go out to the horse races."

"I'm anxious now to go home," whimpered Alice, "for my fondness for fun is lost for to-day."

"Yes," said Beatrice, "our jolly good time departed with Algernon on the steamboat." So Cupid unites two hearts, only to doubly pierce them through and through with his arrows.

CHAPTER XIV.

CECIL GOES TO COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

AFTER the Smileys returned from the city Cecil showed signs of restlessness. At last mustering up courage, he said to his father: "Father, my ambition is to receive a Commercial education, and if you think well of it I would like to take a course in the Maritime Business College at Halifax during the coming winter months."

"Well, my son, my object in life is to advance the prosperity of my children, and if you desire to go, then I will consider it."

In a few days the Squire went to the city on business, and on his return told his son that the matter was arranged as he had wished it, and he was also to board with a friend keeping a private hotel, where he would feel more at home than with strangers.

In November Cecil commenced his course at the College, and was gradually initiated into the habits of City life. Soon after his arrival he presented a letter

of introduction to a leading Presbyterian Minister. This clergyman by his kindness at once drew Cecil towards him, and finding that the disposition of the young man was good, invited him to Sunday School. So on Sunday afternoon he was inducted into the School and placed in the Young Men's Bible Class.

Before its closing he looked around and noticed its numbers, and great indeed was his surprise to see Irene Binder with a class of small boys in front of her all intent on the lesson, and looking more fascinating than ever. He never remembered that Sunday School Lesson, but never forgot that bright looking girl, with the small boys as a background.

There was no attraction in the City so drawing to him after this as that North End Sunday School.

The Pastor got to like this steady young man, and invited him with the other members of his School Class to a social gathering at the Manse, and with others he was introduced to Miss Binder. The Pastor thought it queer that these two strangers should laugh loudly when introduced, it seemed so comical. Cecil had known and conversed with her before, but never in accord with society rules. During the evening happening to sit alongside Miss Binder, a conversation was started on many of the philosophers of the day and it was during a pause in the discussion of some giant subject, that Irene asked him for the key to his inquiry about her visit to the Lakelands.

"I remember it well," said Cecil.

"What is the solution of it?" said Irene, "

think it mean for a gentleman to keep a lady in suspense."

"Some day it may be possible to give you the solution, but to me also there may be a revelation of my vision. Possess your soul in patience, and I will not keep anything from you a moment longer than necessary."

"I'm in a quandary," said Irene, and there for the present the matter rested.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TEMPTATION.

EGERTON Lewis, a clerk in a Commission and Shipping office at the head of one of the principal wharves, was a boarder at the same hotel with Cecil.

These young men gradually became intimate with one another, and had many a pleasant chat together. One evening after supper Egerton asked Cecil if he had any pressing engagement for the evening, and finding that he had not, invited him out with him to see the boys as he called it.

Cecil accepted and together they strolled downtown. Egerton was very witty, and made his companion laugh at the comical remarks made on the people they met. It was a splendid night for a constitutional, crisp and cold. They skirted the Provincial Building and walked through Hollis St. The windows of the different stores were being gaily decorated for

Miister.
drew Cecil
ion of the
ay School.
l into the
e Class.

nd noticed
rise to see
ront of her
fasciuating
day School
g girl, with

so drawing
y School.

g man, and
his School
, and with
The Pastor
ould laugh
cal. Cecil
, but never
e evening,
onversation
of the day,
on of some
e key to his

Irene, "I

Xmas, the walks were thronged with all classes of people, and like our friends were merely enjoying themselves sight-seeing. Passing one large hotel they came to a second, when Egerton exclaimed "by the way, I want to see a friend in here, come in a moment!" Here was a small world in itself, cigar stands, paper stands, telephone office, telegraph office, barber shop, hotel offices, halls, etc., men lounging sitting, standing, smoking in companies of two or three, and single travellers going and coming all the time.

Cecil was amused at once, and Egerton speaking to this one and that finally found his friend, and turning to Cecil said, "Come along with us." He followed them along the capacious hall, and in a twinkling entered a brilliantly lighted bar-room, ornamented with high art pictures, beautiful pieces of statuary, and large gilded mirrors. Several young men, with white aprons, stood behind the high counter, working with a vim to supply the parched throats lined up in front of them, with hot toddies flavored with various liquors.

"Allow me, Mr. Smiley, to introduce you to my friend, Billy Ross, the light weight sparrer."

"Hardly waiting for reply, Ross said, "No boys, name your poison, as for me I'll take a little Scotch."

"Cecil was in a dilemma, never before having been in a bar-room, and knew not the taste of liquor but had seen its effects on the train and in the city. Not wanting to offend them he took a cigar.

The company repeated the "dose" as they ca

it until Cecil had a pocket full of cigars, and Egerton was talking in monosyllables. The bar was filled with officers, merchants and travellers, and the atmosphere was heavy with the mixed perfumes of pipes, cigars, and cigarettes. Bar-room stories and jokes were now in the ascendant. Cecil expressed his wish to leave as he had a hard study that night before retiring, and was quietly leaving, when another round of the blend was shouted for, and with a voice much resembling a yell, Egerton called out to Cecil to come back and have a "nightcap," when Billy the kid said, "let the tenderfoot go for he might strike a snag and tumble before he got to Hentown."

Cecil heard the remark, and his face flushed with anger, but he kept on his way, and was thankful when he once more breathed the cold, clear air, unadulterated with the fumes of liquor and tobacco. "Ah, I've escaped (he mused to himself) from the worst of temptations, will I ever disgrace myself and family, by becoming a slave of this cursed habit, drinking." It is well here to state that this was his first and last encounter with the evil."

The next morning there was not much to be said. When Egerton came to the table he had the appearance of a man who had been up all night, nursing a sick Indian, who was well stocked with fire water, and Cecil did not feel in a humor to talk to a man who had fallen so greatly in his estimation, and after this there was no friendship between them.

CHAPTER XVI.

CECIL CALLS ON THE BINDERS.

AT the Sunday School Bible Class Cecil became acquainted with Shelley Binder, brother of Ireue, and the intimacy increasing he invited Shelly to his rooms, and in this way they became fast friends and in the evenings were often together. The Y. M. C. A. rooms were found to be worthy of interest, and many hours were spent there in the reading room. At the Academy they would oftentimes be found, for some of the plays were more than attractive, going to shew that in the City a young man could find plenty of legitimate amusement without having to frequent places of destruction. Shelly had invested in a graphophone, and invited Cecil to the Binder mansion to hear it. One evening, after a tired in his best, Cecil was ushered into the sitting room by the lacquey, where he was introduced to the parents of Shelly. Miss Irene soon after appeared on the scene, and Shelly came down from his room, bearing under his arm his wonderful talking machine, which is one of the surprises of the Century. It appeared strange to this young man from the country, as he appeared to be a plaything for the Fairies. A few months back and he saw as in a vision, an angel and to-night in her own home, he was a guest in one of the finest houses in the city.

The banker took quite a liking to this young man, and as is often the case with business men, can pick out character at a glance of the young men who

have the back-bone and sinew for business, and Mr. Binder made a special request to Cecil that as soon as he finished his course at the College, to interview him and possibly he could make a suggestion that would be beneficial to him.

The graphophone was operated by Shelly, and the coon songs and sayings kept them all in relays of laughter. Then at the piano Irene delighted Cecil with music the most touching combined with several Scotch melodies, closing with the old favorite Annie Laurie, and completing an evening in which the Prince was thoroughly enchanted, for that sweet voiced singer was the guiding star of his destiny. It was late when in a reverie he walked down the street, musing of bright eyes and olive complexions when his pathway was stopped by "Massa, fo de good Lord's sake give dis chile a quarter to get something to eat, fo I'se dyin ob hungah."

Cecil beheld a large and powerful negro with black shiny face grinning at him, so handing him the money, he thought it would be probably a liquid repast that would save the negro from starvation.

The moon had come out full and clear and there was another street stoppage. This time two policemen were trying to rescue a drunken man from a lot of toughs who were abusing him. The man was in such a state of intoxication that he had to be carted to the police station, and Cecil walked home comparing the quiet country life to the terrible realities that environed one's life in the city.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHRISTMAS AT HARDWOODLANDS.

THE shortening days indicated that Christmas was approaching. Cecil called on the Binders to get their consent to allow Shelly to go home with him for the holidays, and great was the delight of the young men, when it was satisfactorily arranged, and a note sent to the Squire, that Cecil would be accompanied by a friend from the City. The news created quite a commotion in the Smiley family, and elaborate preparations were made for the reception. Arriving at Milford station the Squire was there with his sleigh to receive them, and a seven-mile drive over the crisp hard snow, through the woods now free of all foliage was a drive full of pleasure for Shelley, and his surprise was even greater when he was ushered into the well furnished farmhouse, and was introduced to two such lovely girls as Alice and Beatrice, for he never even knew that Cecil had any sisters. (Cecil was one of those reserved beings who refrained from talking about his family to anyone.)

Shelly told Cecil before he retired that night that he did not think it fair play to keep him so in the dark about his having two such handsome sisters at home, for had he known he might have purchased some Christmas presents for them in the City, and wound up by saying:—"As it is I'll get even with you."

The life at Squire Smiley's was one which capti-

ated Shelly by its simplicity and kindness. No conventionalities, go and come when you like, everybody at their ease, the girls may have the sleeves of their dresses rolled up making butter, and they were not ashamed of their well rounded arms, or your scrutinizing the kitchen. Life was as you saw it, no plated ware, but solid gold as it was minted. The same good manners and freedom from stiffness in the kitchen as parlor. In twenty-four hours Shelly was accepted as a jolly good fellow by the men of the farm, and had worked himself now into the good graces of all employed about the Smiley family.

After dinner, in a double seated sleigh and two fast pacing horses, Shelly was given an example of corduroy roads, and the big stretch of country for miles—not a house to be seen, nothing but great wooded stretches and then a clearing. He appeared to have monopolized Beatrice, as Alice invariably sat in the front with Cecil, who was driver. Occasionally they would arrive at some neat looking farm house, and stopping would call and introduce Shelly, their visitor. Shelly was absorbed in the number of girls he was thus introduced to; the farm houses all had their quota, no running up stairs to take out their bangs when they called, although it looked as if they were all expecting them. Then the climax of his visit was on Christmas night when the Christmas tree was the chief object of interest. Young men and maidens from the nearest farms were entitled to a present to be taken from the tree, and presented by Cecil with an impromptu speech suited to the occasion.

Shelly got a doll, which when pressed cried "Pa!" and many jokes were cracked at his expense, but when Beatrice was given the old maid's cap highly frilled with the accompanying lecture by Cecil, she placed it upon her head, amid continuous roars of laughter, (a living picture of Rebecca at the well) but where were the camels.

The presents all being disposed of, Mrs. Smiley was called upon to give her usual ghost story, which was as follows :

THE GHOST STORY.

My father, Captain Anthony, for several voyages gave his vessel to another Captain and remained home for nearly two years. During this time he purchased a house and lot. The house was one of those old-fashioned buildings, one and a half stories high, with dormer windows and gable roofs, quite long, with one room running into another and a little hall in the centre, connecting with stairs to second story.

Father never cared much for the house; it was his intention to pull it down and build a modern residence, but he arranged for us to live there for the winter, until the carpenters could get out the lumber for a new house, to be built the following summer. We never felt comfortable in this French house, as there was always an uncanny feeling connected with it; for one thing it had not a good name, as tenants who occupied it, never stayed over a month, and it was currently reported that the house was haunted.

Captain Anthony laughed at such ideas, and said

we would be very comfortable there, and as for ghosts it was all moonshine. We took possession and got nicely settled, and with our nice furniture, made the old mansion look very home-like. There was a long row of bedrooms in the upper story, each with gable of French windows, and below were the living rooms and kitchen. There was something about the house we never could fathom; one of the bedrooms over the front door was so much smaller than by the size of the house it should be, that we often talked over the matter but it went no further. However, we had been in the house three months, and had become quite attached to the old place, and then began to laugh at the people who reported the house haunted, and would say we were only anxious to see the spirits that long had been disturbing honest people, and it was in such a pleasant situation, looking right out into the bay, and the big trees and foliage in front made it look very picturesque.

When the winds increased in the fall a change came over the spirit of our dreams. Going through the upper hall to retire for the night, we at first heard music, the finest of æolian harp music; it did not appear to come from outside, but was apparently under our feet. Then the orchestra commenced, and night after night this kind of weird music would reverberate through the upper hall, and it would stop suddenly and again break forth into fresh cadences. We all began to go to bed in companies and no one would go up to their bedroom alone. Father heard it, but like all rough sea-captains, said "Why, that is fine, any

ghosts that can give us such music as that should be encouraged."

We kind of worried along with this until the big equinoctial gale, when from the noises made and music as from a thousand harps, was more than mortal could endure, so we sat up all night shivering until daylight. Some nights it would cease entirely, but as sure as there was a high wind, then such a rattling and singing in the upper hall, that would make your blood curdle with fear. The rattling was like the noise youngsters make with clappers between their fingers. Father says "we cannot stand this racket, and it is strange that the ghost performs stormy nights to upset everything." He examined the hall and room off it thoroughly but could discover nothing.

We were about giving up and getting ready to move when cousin Arthur came to visit us, and he was one of those mischievous, prying youngsters that are always on the move. Anyway, one night sleeping in the house appeared to be enough for his nerves, when during the day he got upon the ladder that leaned against the house and crawled out on the French roof, and came back and reported that under the rotten shingles on the roof, he had found what he thought was an old window with the glass all broken, and father got a carpenter to go up and inspect it, and he returned with the same story, and said he could locate the room in the upper hall by hammering the plaster, and lo! he found something unusual, by breaking the plaster he found not only laths but an opening, where at one time a door had been. We were all on hand

wild with excitement until a hole was made large enough to effect an entrance, and then the carpenter and father entered the room. The floor was covered with dust, fully an inch thick, and opposite the door was a window with sashes and glass broken out, and the shingles outside very rotten, and the wind blowing on the shingles, and through the broken and rotten shingles you could see daylight. Between the door and window was a very old-fashioned table, and on it was a mandolin, one of those old musical instruments in use two hundred years ago, and it was the wind playing on the strings that made the noise we had heard, and the rattling noise was caused by the decayed shingles slapping on the window.

In the room was an old trunk, covered with dust, that had in it a French officer's uniform, even to his boots and helmet; also, in a small walnut box, a medallion of a beautiful woman, dressed as they did a century ago, and several empty mahogany boxes with brass mountings, that, by their broken appearance, clearly proved that the contents had been rifled, and with other marks showing that this officer had been robbed and probably murdered, and his body was, no doubt, buried about the grounds somewhere; and then, to hide the tragedy, lest these articles would betray them, they were placed in a trunk in this room, and the room sealed up.

It was probably one hundred years afterward that the hands of time and a boy's curiosity brought to light this dark deed. There were some French words scrawled upon the walls of the room, but no name or date to locate anything.

We moved out the next day, and before spring the haunted house was pulled down and cut up for firewood.

The story ending, the close of the evening was devoted to dancing.

Now, here was one of the strictest men in the settlement, never allowing the least departure from a certain principle of procedure in the bringing up of his children; but yet he encouraged the pastime of dancing, arguing that at the home it added to the healthy moral atmosphere of the fireside. The young must have amusement, and dancing brought grace without roughness, with the accompanying fun and the love for good music.

So passed away the Xmas, with nothing more eventful occurring than the death of several turkeys, and sorry enough were these youngsters to return to the city.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOWN LIFE VS. CITY LIFE.

HHELLY never ceased to talk about his visit to Hardwoodlands, and one evening when Cecil was at the banker's, Mrs. Binder asked him what was so attractive to him up at the farm, as her son was forever referring to something or somebody up there decidedly handsome, and also comparing the stiff, set ways of living in the city to the more easy ways of living in the country.

"Oh, I suppose," replied Cecil, "it is this: the

young ladies on the farm are not so afraid of receiving you at any hour in a country farm-house, whether in working clothes or nicely robed in their Sunday best, as work up there is considered quite respectable. But in the city, with your late hours, the ladies do not pretend to see anyone only on their day of the week, and the calls must be made according to the guide book. It is right in both places. In the city a certain reserve must be kept up to preserve a certain decorum, but in the country, where your friends drive long distances to visit you socially, why, if my sisters ran upstairs to fix up their hair and make an elaborate toilet before seeing them, they would soon be boycotted and voted to Balliwack. To imagine your visitors, with the horse hitched to a post, then standing knocking for admittance, and the girls upstairs combing out their locks to the tune of rat-tat-tat on the front door. Society in the settlement would not allow it. Instead, they drive into the barnyard, put up their horse, and walk right in without knocking, and you remark (of course by accident), "Now I know you will stay to tea, so go into the bedroom and divest yourself of your wraps. The city is too full of diners-out to risk introducing such freedom of manners."

The banker complimented Cecil on his argument, and in a pleasant way asked him to tell him more about his family.

"I have," said Cecil, "my father, Squire Smiley, and mother, the kindest of parents, and Alice, my sister, engaged to one of our boys fighting for his country

in Africa, and Beatrice, another sister, who I'm happy to state, likes no man better than her brother."

"Yes," said the banker, "I must make the acquaintance of your father, and probably some day I will formally see that beautiful settlement."

"I know my father will be more than pleased to see and entertain you, but you must remember that the country soon exhausts itself, for farm work is hard, and the farmer and his family must start at cock-crowing to work, and then it is rather tough laboring along with such small returns for your efforts. On the other side of the balance there is good health from pure air, and the work, of course, develops strong constitutions."

Cecil was progressing with his studies, and evidently would pass with high honours.

Southerly currents were breaking up the last evidences of winter, and the wild ducks were returning from the south, heading northward, as the first tourists of the season began to make their appearance at our seaside resorts. It was at the dinner table that the witty Egerton Lewis announced, as an item of news, that he had severed his connection with the big commercial firm on the wharf, and he might, if permitted to remark, say that of all miserable and mean concerns, this especial establishment was the meanest. "I have at last received recognition of my great abilities, and am appointed agent for one of the largest wholesale houses in Toronto as commercial traveller, and I shall have a freedom that no clerk in a store is permitted to have, and no man of spirit would put up with.

A few days after this diatribe of Egerton's, Cecil learned the true story of his leaving. His fastness and extravagance were reported to the firm, but as he attended to his duties, they suggested to him that success was achieved only by self-denial; but as several mornings he arrived in a state which prevented him from attending strictly to business, they, as pleasantly as possible, dismissed him.

This was a great lesson to Cecil, for he was told that if Egerton had proved himself worthy, promotion was sure, and eventually a partnership in the business. Instead, he was on the road as commercial traveller, where temptations were doubled, and experience showed that men of his stamp were soon stranded, and, as wrecks, were seldom rescued to paths of sobriety and usefulness.

Cecil was recognized by his acquaintances as a very clever young man, and received many invitations to fine houses. But such a round of social life he knew would interfere with his studies, therefore he confined his attentions to his church and the home of the Binders.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALGERNON IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ALICE SMILEY'S heart was made glad by a letter from Algernon, postmarked Cape Town, in which he described the pleasant journey and the hot weather of the tropics; that he was in good fighting trim, and, strange to say, had met a

schoolmate of his out there, Mr. Rod McAllister, and together were introduced to General Buller. Both passed a successful examination and were appointed scouts, and would accompany Buller into Natal.

The city of Cape Town was a wonderful city, with its grand hotels and fine mercantile buildings. The harbor was a marvel of activity, steamers arriving and departing, thousands of British troops disembarking every day with horses, guns, ammunition, provisions, etc., on a scale that was really enormous. The greatest excitement prevailed. The Cape Dutch were supposed to be loyal, but they stood around watching the arrivals with a look to him quite forbidding. They talked among themselves the most outlandish gibberish, and looked at the British with what he thought was one of hatred, but hoped, as was said, they would keep from taking up arms and making the war so much more difficult to settle. As it was, reports were not very favorable from the front, and it looked as if it would be a tough piece of work. "I will write you when I reach Durban."

FROM CAMP NATAL, FRÈRE.

MY DEAR ALICE :

You can for the present address your letters to this camp. I am longingly looking for your letter. At present this must be the hottest part of the world, combined with the hottest kind of fighting. This Boer war is something new in the annals of warfare, as I will show you. Rod and I keep together. There are in all two hundred of us scouting, with a picked lot of Kaffirs as guides, for, as you know, they are black, and in such hot weather are not the most pleasant of neighbors. A week ago on Sunday we left camp with the Kaffir guides. The Boers on this day rest, with devotional exercises, eating hully

beef, smoking, singing Dutch songs, and otherwise enjoying themselves. Their laagers are merely hundreds of waggons enclosing thousands of cattle, and they eat and sleep wherever they happen to camp. They do not appear to post sentries, but behind every rock you are sure to be sniped at, as a pleasant reminder of the ambiguous enemy. We worked our way around the station at Colenso, and could see the remnants of the bridge as it looked in the darkness. Crossing the Tugela River in a boat secured from the Kaffirs, we reached the opposite bank, and then in the bush-wood slept till morning.

We this day skirted a Boer laager, and from a kop watched them digging trenches and mounting a gun on one of the hills, secreted as a masked battery. We took different views of them with our camera, and were surprised to see so many women in camp with their children. We were unable to get out of our nest for one whole day, then the Kaffirs reported the route was open for us. The new moon gave us some light, and we made a more circuitous curve for the Tugela, when we walked almost into a Boer camp. They were at rest. The Kaffirs behaved splendidly. Being ahead, they first discovered the enemy, and crawling towards us, showed by their movements some danger ahead. Not a word was spoken, but all faced about and followed another trail, when through the bush-wood we saw a fire kindled in the early morning, which was a grand guide to the blacks, who very soon had us all in sight of the river. There was no boat this time, but the Kaffirs carried all our stuff over dry on their heads, and we waded across, and on the same morning reached a farm-house occupied by English settlers. This was the first good meal we had had in four days, for you know we don't burden ourselves with much camp equipage, and during the day we reached camp and presented our charts and views to the General.

We are learning the lay of the country fast, and have breathed enough "Yankee" air to be able to outwit these rebels. Trusting to receive that longed-for letter soon, I remain,

Your affectionate

ALGERNON.

After this General Buller met with reverse at Colenso, and for weeks was preparing a new advance for the relief of Ladysmith. The scouts, however, were kept busy. This letter from Algernon, after the second advance of the army with Buller, will explain the position, and how tenaciously the Boers kept the army from advancing.

MY DEAR ALICE :

Your loving letter came to hand, and its contents revived all of my drooping spirits. What an interest you must take in this war, for we hear so much about Canadian troops and their bravery. Buller has tried the western branch of the Tugela River. It was a sight to see the procession, three miles of troops, provision and ambulance waggons, and the artillery with their guns to be mounted. General Warren's Brigade arrived at Trichard's Drift and succeeded in crossing. Lyttleton's Brigade had a harder passage, with a higher bank, but accomplished the arduous work of crossing over Potgieter Drift without loss. This is on a direct roadway to Ladysmith, establishing himself on some rising ground overlooking the Boer trenches. Warren, with his cavalry and mounted infantry, kept clearing the country of Boers, and had established outposts as far as Acton Homes. Now, between these two brigades were two formidable hills, called Spion Kop and Sproen Kop, and these kops were the key of the situation. Facing Lyttleton were Boer trenches in every conceivable shape, and behind the kops were the Boer laagers.

Our work was to estimate the number and position of the enemy, so on two Boer horses which we commanded, we worked our way through the enemy's country, even as far as the Dewdrop road, when we could see the good old English flag flung to the breeze from Waggon Hill over Ladysmith. We reported that there was a continual network of trenches and masked batteries for the whole seven miles from Spion Kop to Cæsar's Camp, and with the mobile forces of the Boers, it would

be taking position after position until the city was relieved. The task was indeed a formidable one; the country swarming with the enemy, it was almost impossible to get any communication with the beleaguered city, only by flashlight. Spion Kop was captured and lost again with a frightful loss to our army in killed and wounded.

I am decided in my opinion, that Buller would never have pierced his way through to Ladysmith on this road without a tremendous loss of life. However, this long procession wended its way back to the Camp at Frere; not an officer or soldier was discouraged, but like all the so-called "Bull Dogs" in the British make up, were only the more determined.

I have never yet been wounded, and am enjoying the best of health, trusting you are enjoying the same, and awaiting an early reply, I am,

Your affectionate

ALGERNON.

The next letter was postmarked Ladysmith and was as follows:—

MY DEAR ALICE:

I am in Ladysmith. It is such a dilapidated looking place, and the stench from the Clip River was frightful, for the Boers had dammed up both the ingress and the egress, and the accumulated corruption during the siege was too apparent, and in Caesar's Camp where the great battle was fought, it was covered with shells and pieces of shells from the batteries of the Boers, who had so persistently kept firing. Close by were the caverns where the men crept in when the bombardment was heaviest. The houses of the city had received their full share of the missiles, and as you know there were left in the city, and were there all through the siege, quite a number of the inhabitants. They looked pale and worn and were kept alive by horse soup, as many of the best cavalry horses had gone into the interior. Buller and White met and shook hands, and the best news that Buller had was that waggon loads of provisions were arriving.

I have a lot of mementos of the siege, and will ship them from Durban. Rod is still with me, and as lively as a cricket. He thinks the Boers are not good shots, for the number of escapees we have had show how wildly they fire. Be that as it may I hope for your sake to go through without getting disabled. Believe me to be

Your affectionate

ALGERNON.

CHAPTER XX.

ALGERNON'S OPINION OF THE BOERS.

MY DEAR ALICE :

We are still working ahead of the enemy, and the country is new to us and more difficult to scout. The army is a fine one. Such bravery as they displayed in the numerous engagements shows marvelous courage. You have no idea of the country—it is a succession of table hills from Colenso to Newcastle, and we are fighting the Boers above us, entrenched on natural batteries. It is a sight to see the Infantry in the face of heavy fire, charge up the hill, over it and onto the enemy, but the latter never wait for an introduction, but jump on their horses, and away they vanish to the next kop. They are about the best runners in the world, and fear the bayonet.

All of Natal is now in possession of the British, and we are now in the Transvaal near Standerton, where the Railroad connects with Pretoria. We have scouted as far north as Emelo. The country is now carpeted with green, but at one time of the year it is as bare as a billiard ball, and cold without the invigorating effects of a good snow-storm.

The Boer in his native wild is not an agreeable companion; you may sum it all up in his being pious, treacherous, and dirty. The white flag never deceives us for we often make a mark of and fire at the chimneys, and then the hiding Boers will run out and surrender. We don't often take prisoners, as they are a nuisance to us and interfere with our work. Every

farmhouse through here is an arsenal and every rock a hidden battery, but for them to fortify themselves and stand a siege is not in their makeup.

They prefer to use their legs when the scrimmage gets hot: that's the reason we give them the prize as fast runners. We often have fun when at farm-houses, we always make it a point to pull out a Boer from under the bed; another hiding in the attic, and the stables are sure to have in hiding another. They always declare they never were in battle in their lives but are farmers.

The women look glad to receive you, the same as of all women in the world, there is sunshine in their faces, when there is a deep settled hatred in their bosom.

I hope we are reaching the end of this war for my experience has been a severe one. Many a brave young fellow has given up his life for his country, and many are maimed for life, and will carry these marks with them to the grave as mementos of the war.

I am getting anxious to see you. I often think of the rustic seat on the lawn, and the trees with their foliage, and two happy people discussing their future. With kind remembrance to all the family, I am, as ever

Your affectionate

ALGERNON.

CHAPER XXI.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

PRETORIA HOSPITAL, TRANSVAAL.

DEAR MISS SMILEY :

Algernon wishes me to write you that at last he has been outwitted. I include also the writer of this letter. It happened in this way: There were about twenty of us with Kaffirs, all mounted, working in advance in the vicinity of Lydenburg, when we located General Botha and a large Boer laager. We were on rising ground and well protected from

discovery, but one of the Kaffirs was too venturesome and got too near the front and too near the enemy, when a shot was heard and Kaffir and horse both tumbled. We urged our horses and sought cover and hardly got settled, when the country appeared to be alive with Boers, and to all appearances we were cut off, and a consultation was held, to decide if it were best to surrender. We decided to fight it out. With a scout every man fights for himself, and all who could escape from the trap, were not to consider the others. Then began some fine work, and I can tell you if we had sufficient ammunition there would have been a large number of Boers to bury that day. We kept them at bay until night approached, and nearly every time we fired a Boer would drop from his saddle, so at last they kept out of range, and were, we suppose, waiting for reinforcements. Just imagine over two hundred men around us, and dare not charge, but kept up a desultory firing of their rifles.

Then the Kaffirs' work came into play, for in single file following after the natives, we worked out to the rear, and actually got clear of the rebels, and riding by Algernon, I noticed that he was groaning as if in pain. I asked what was the matter and he told me a Boer bullet had pierced his arm above the elbow. I made him get off his horse, and as well as I could, cut off the sleeves of his coat, and with bandages we always carry, bound up his arm. He had been wounded near the close of the fight, and never let us know for fear it would stop us from firing. He was weak, poor fellow, from loss of blood, and if it was not so dark he could have seen my head tied up with bandages, for although I was uncertain about the extent of the wound, I knew my ear was badly punctured. Out of the twenty scouts twelve were wounded in various parts of the body, but I am glad to say that not one of them proved fatal, but two of the Kaffirs were left dead on the kop. When we ceased from firing we could only guess at the number of the enemy killed and wounded. One scout says he counted twenty-two of them either wounded or dead, he could not tell, as they were carried off the field on ponies by their companions.

We rode at a very slow pace all night long, on account of

the wounded, and at daybreak, struck the camp of the Liverpool Regiment, where we were well fed and looked after and reported as wounded. The Doctor of the Regiment dressed our wounds and ordered us to Pretoria, so you may be glad to know our scouting is ended. When Algernon is more convalescent, we will go to the Cape and take a steamer to England. Algernon wishes me to tell you that the Doctor says he will regain the use of his arm; the bullet has been extracted after a painful operation and he is now on a fair way of recovery. Of my wound it is of a more conspicuous nature as my ear is forever departed.

Although a stranger to you, I seem an acquaintance, for Algernon has told me the history of the Smiley family, and of the beautiful scenery at Hardwoodlands. He will be unable to sling ink for awhile, so I'm to be his type-writer and am going to accompany him home, for I'm looking forward to visit Nova Scotia.

Several days have elapsed since I started this letter, and now I must finish it. Algernon has so much improved, that the Doctor has given him a permit to go to Cape Town to-morrow. Then heigho for England, then home by the first English steamer that will land us at Halifax. Trusting you will find comfort in this lengthy epistle, I remain,

Yours very truly,

ROD MCALLISTER.

This last letter unnerved Alice so that she could hardly go on reading it, and the tears coursed down her cheeks as she thought a bullet wound must be terrible, and just think of poor Algernon in the hospital. How she longed to be there to nurse him. But as she read to the end of Rod's letter, her spirits revived, and to know that even now they were following the letter and on their journey home. Oh, how she pondered over the fact that he was out of the way of Boer bullets at last, and was coming home to stay.

Well, he was her own brave hero, and had nobly offered himself in Britain's emergency.

CHAPTER XXII.

IRENE VISITS HARDWOODLANDS.

UPON invitation, one fine morning in September, Irene hied herself away from the city, and by rail was soon at Milford Station, where Squire Smiley met her with his handsome turnout. For several miles Irene had the pleasure of seeing for herself the beautiful settlement, when the spruces, firs, beeches and birches looked their best and meadow and upland were dotted with hundreds of cattle. "How delightful!" she exclaimed, as dozens of squirrels ran hither and thither as they approached, and the sweet smelling pines threw out their fragrance. "Who would want," said Irene, "to live in the City at this time of the year, when the country is so beautiful."

"Yes, said Mr. Smiley, "give me the Country for health and the City for wealth."

Arriving, Alice and Beatrice almost smothered the City girl with kisses, and took complete possession of her, and not having a sister, she appreciated the reception all the more so complete was it with real, outright affection.

Irene was installed and made to feel that while there she was not to be considered a visitor, but one of the Smiley family, and as such she was quite at

home in kitchen or parlor, or in the barn searching for new laid eggs, as the hens with their cackle sang out "another egg laid for the Smileys."

Irene had brought her bicycle, and as Alice and Beatrice were supplied with a Red Bird, every fine day the trio made trips, visiting all the places of interest. Arriving at Shubenacadie one day at the dinner hour, they dined at the hotel, leaving their bikes on the veranda, and were surprised to see the number of young men who congregated before the window. They told Irene she was the attraction, for they were all gazing at her; and as these young men twirled their moustaches, having great difficulty in getting hold of the first growth of down that was making their upper lips so conspicuous, and with canes and the inevitable cigarette and tan boots, they almost broke in two in their endeavors to look killing.

How the girls did enjoy it! They never let on they saw them, but the mashers no doubt felt that such style and noble carriage must be irresistible. The girls, in telling Mrs. Smiley that night, gave a full caricature of the make-up and gait of the lady-killers. One young man had passed the house often, driving a stylishly dressed young lady in a nobby team with spirited horses, and invariably he looked toward the Squire's house for recognition, so much so that Irene asked for his history.

"Oh, he is Robert Lively," said Beatrice, "and the lady is Mollie McGuire, from Boston, who is on a visit to her folks in the settlement."

Mollie was arrayed in a large hat trimmed with

red and white roses, and, as usual, Robert wore his flashing "red tie," that, combined with Mollie's hat, quite competed with the rays of the red sunset. I expect Mollie had asked him about the Squire's folks, for he was heard telling her that the Smiley girls would be terribly cut up if they *seen* him driving her through the settlement. "That Alice Smiley is completely gone on me; but, as for myself, I don't care a crab-apple for the whole Smiley family," said Robert.

Mollie, who was upstairs girl in a Boston family, was heard to reply, "Good Lord, I should think you would be a fit subject for a *lunartick* asylum, if you ever hitched on to that stuck up thing. Why, in Bosting a hayseed girl is just ridiculed; they have too much rhubarb and skim-milk in their complexion."

Later on Shelly Binder also put in an appearance, with the excuse that he was pining away for a whiff of good country air. But the way he escorted Beatrice to the excursions, picnics, etc., showed that he was pining for something more substantial than thin air.

It was the day after Shelly's arrival that the much-talked-of Surprise Party at Parson Creed's was to come off. It was called a Surprise Party, but the Parson was well aware of the movement on foot, and so he wisely prepared for the coming attack on his larder. Irene took a great interest in the affair, as it was to her a novel way to give the minister his salary. So the afternoon came, and the Squire drove his girls and the visitors early to the Parson's, and were welcomed with a broad smile, as to say, "I expected you." Soon after farmer Broadacres drove up with

his family, and from the back of the waggon handed out two large yellow pumpkins. The Parson carried them in and deposited one on each side of the walk that led from the front gate to the veranda. He had hardly dropped the last when farmer Broadback and family drove up to the gate and alighted, and handed out from the back of his waggon two more of the yellow beauties, with the remark: "Say, Parson, muni knew the pumpkin pie season was now on, and we thought we would help you out with these plump ones." The parson smiled and said it was very thoughtful in the family to think of him. Then they arrived two and three waggons at a time, and almost without exception brought their quota of pumpkins. The Parson was about exhausted carrying them in, when Shelly came to the rescue, so they put them in rows from the gate to the house, making a very picturesque border for the walk. Then Shelly invited the Parson's family of daughters out to see the adornment. They laughed immoderately at the sight, for the oldest inhabitant had never beheld before so many in one lot, and when Alice, Irene and Beatrice viewed the array, they fairly yelled with admiration.

The Parson stood on the steps, and, looking upward to heaven, declared that this was a perfect downpour of pumpkins. The farmers and their wives looked flabbergasted when they saw they had overdone the cheap-goods business. It was so evident that every one of them had chosen the showiest and cheapest product of the farm as an offering to the Lord and to the minister. Then a consultation was held with

Squire Smiley, for it was his duty to make up the purse for the minister. In plain words he told them that in order to retrieve their reputation, they would have to shell out the ducats pretty freely. Hands then went deep into trousers pockets, and dollar bills began to accumulate until one hundred and fifty dollars was collected and handed to the Parson, with these remarks from the Squire :

"A pumpkin is supposed to make twenty-five pies, and out in the garden plot we have brought seventy-five pumpkins, which will average eighteen hundred and seventy-five pies, and which we think will help tide you over the winter. So, Parson, having freely received, we as freely give, and may your shadow long continue in the Settlement."

Then the Parson arising, his face beaming with gladness, replied : "Never before have I received so heavy a donation. God bless you, my flock ; and I make the request that hereafter let your farm offering be the rich yellow pumpkin, and your pocket offering be the fine pile of bank notes on the table."

The next day a trader took the lot of pumpkins off the Parson's hands, for which he allowed him ten dollars, thus adding greatly to his finances. After all the meanness of men was thus turned into a rich harvest for the Gospel. Irene never forgot that Surprise Party and the seventy-five pumpkins set in array like an army going to battle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SQUIRE SMILEY'S STORY.

THE rain was beating against the house with every appearance of a stormy night, so Alice made a special request to the Squire to tell them a story of old times; and with them all sitting around the table, he told them the following story:—

"You must remember, children, that my grandfather, Milburn Swinnerton Smiley, was born in Selkirk, Scotland. It was in the year 1790 that he decided to emigrate to the New Scotland, known as Nova Scotia. He had heard of the land as being very favorable to settlers, and the exodus was a large one from all that part of the country. So he went up to Glasgow and engaged passage on a clipper ship. As you will see by looking at that picture hanging over my head, he was a fine looking man, six feet in height, generally dressed in blue cutaway coat, with buff knee breeches and long stockings with buckle at the knees, as also on his low shoes. Straight as an arrow, I always remember him, with head erect and an air rather inclined to sternness. He had for a whole year been courting the Laird's second oldest daughter, Bettie Burnet Bruce, one of the handsomest damsels in Selkirk. When the Laird, Cunningham Bruce, found out that Milburn was getting ready to go to America, he forbade him the house, and forbade Bettie even to look at his shadow.

"My grandfather, as it appears, was desperately in love, and as desperately in earnest to marry Bettie

at all hazards. Before the embarking Lady Douglas Cathcart gave a candy-pulling party at the castle, inviting all the young folks of her acquaintance, and, according to accounts, it was a rollicking time they had at the party. Bettie kept aloof from Milburn until she was all stuck up with molasses candy, and leaving the rest, she made an excuse to breathe some fresh air, walked into one of the large dormer windows and stumbled nearly over my grandfather, who was gazing abstractedly at the rising moon, and who looked forlorn enough to jump out of the window into the moat beneath.

“ ‘Oh, Bettie, is it you?’ and putting his arms around her, he, in his impetuosity, covered her face with kisses, and his own mouth was covered with the candy. They must have been, indeed, sweet kisses, and, as he whispered to her, ‘the taste of them is quite lasting.’ They then and there arranged an elopement. Grandfather had sent all his goods to Glasgow for shipment in the ship ‘Dreadnought,’ while he was to follow post-haste with his bride, to arrive just in time for the sailing.

“Punctually at nine the next night Bettie was on hand with her trunk she had hidden in the bushes, and driving to the Squire of the village just outside of Selkirk, they were united by marriage. Then, as fast as horses could carry them, they flew on their way, putting miles of distance behind them, and by early morning had reached the town of Lanark, where they rested their horses and called for an early breakfast. The Laird, in the meantime, had found out that Bettie

was missing, and by enquiry learned the particulars. He got his servant to harness up the fastest pair of horses in the stables to the lightest shay and follow the absconders as fast as they could.

"Grandfather and wife were enjoying thoroughly a warm breakfast, after their cold night on the road, when who should walk into the dining-room but the Laird, Cunuingham Bruce, foaming with rage, and sang out: 'Well Bettie, this is a nice kickup for a respectable Laird's daughter to make, sprinting off with a youth who is all shoe-buckles and no money. Come with your father back to your home, and let this poor rover go, and may the devil go with him!'

"'No, father,' Bettie replied, 'I am now the legitimate wife of Milburn Smiley, and where he goes I go, even if it be to be scalped by the wild red Indian.'

"'Good Lord!' cried the Laird, 'am I to be bereft of my most promising and affectionate daughter?'

"'There are still seven at home, and they should keep you from getting lonesome,' said Bettie.

"'And you won't come back to my fireside?' said the Laird.

"'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder,' replied Bettie.

The Laird was completely vanquished by Bettie's reply, and seeing how steadfast she was, and how true she was to Milburn, he softened and said, 'I came here to shoot Smiley, your husband; but, instead, will give you my blessing. Here, Milburn, is my purse,' flinging a purse heavy with gold on the table

before them ; ' write me when you reach those cannibal islands, and if you ever need help, do not fail to inform me, for you are still my own beloved daughter, Bettie, and I will do all I can for you,' and embracing the runaway pair, he gave them his blessing.

" The picture to the right of grandfather is grandmother Bettie's, sent out from Scotland by the Laird after her arrival. She was young and pretty then, as you see ; but, as I remember her, she was old, and nearing the border-land of the New Kingdom. Determined, as a maid, she was the most loving of mothers, and her family and friends actually worshipped her. Beatrice mostly resembles our first noble ancestor," and they all gazed at the handsome girl, dressed in robes of ye olden time, as she looked out of the oil-painting hanging on the wall before them so life-like. The handkerchief around the neck and shoulders, pinned in front by a jewel, the long pointed waist, and the corsage ornamented with frills, and hair combed back, and two beautiful eyes that appeared to roll round in the picture.

The Squire finished his story by saying, " I hope that Alice and Beatrice will be as true to their husbands, and be as well thought of in their homes, as grandmother Bettie was."

Irene's visiting was drawing to a close, when a trip to the lakes was proposed. Shelly accompanied them, and that beautiful sheet of water called Grand Lake was well worthy of the trip. A boat was secured, and they sailed over to the other side of the

lake ; and if Irene had been possessed of the facts, she was near the spot where Cecil had seen the vision of that lovely maiden that so much resembled herself. Returning, they were all anxious to gather some large ferns that grew in swampy ground. So another stop was made, and they carefully trod on the soft earth, and were securing some fine specimens of the fern growth, when Irene, who was not well versed in woodland culture, ventured too far out on what she thought was a mound of moss, to obtain a specimen of fern to complete her collection, and was imbedded up to her waist in a mixture of slime and water. Alice was nearest to her, and called loudly for help, and Shelly and Beatrice soon appeared on the scene. Shelly rolled out a fallen tree to the vicinity of Irene, and then, with a pole, he got Alice and Beatrice to hold on to one end, while he walked out on the tree, holding on to the end of the pole so as to steady himself until he was able to reach Irene. He got hold of his sister with one hand around her waist, and then told the girls to pull on the pole with their whole strength, and, with their assistance, he lifted his sister bodily with his right arm from the Slough of Despond, and brought her safely to terra firma. It would not be wise to describe her appearance, as you all know the color of bog mud ; but she was put in the waggou and driven with all haste to the farm-house, where she was happy to be divested of so much unvaluable real estate. The Smiley girls always teased Irene by calling this the first resurrection.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEATRICE VISITS THE CITY.

WHEN Irene returned to the city Beatrice accompanied her, to the great delight of Shelly. But Beatrice was beyond the comprehension of a mind as shallow as Shelly's. It was like trying to make an impression on iron by pounding it with wood. There was no responsive feeling in Beatrice to any of the attentions that Shelly so assiduously paid her. She was fond of the poet Tennyson, and was enraptured with his tales of King Arthur, of Queen Guinevere, and the great knight Launcelot, and Elaine the beautiful, whose fate was so tragic. Shelly was blank on all these subjects, and as for Beatrice, the only redeeming feature she could see in a male make-up, was where it leaned toward the poetical world. As we are well aware, she had had her experience of the more substantial and commonplace things of life pretty well worked out on the farm, and was sighing for an ideal existence—that Bohemian Paradise which only exists on paper.

I dont think I can give a better description of the events connected with her visit to her friend Irene, than by quoting the letters sent to her sister Alice at home.

DEAR SISTER :

The home of the Binders is so much more magnificent than anything we have in the country, that I cannot understand their admiration for our homely ways. Every luxury that is procurable,—a carriage and driver at your beck and call,—no wish ungratified ; yet, withal, one can get surfeited with so easy

a life, and, as the girls here languidly remark, "I'm troubled with ennui." This latter has no connection with milking a cow, or it would soon cease. Cecil is always on hand after four p. m. to escort us anywhere. He has developed into such a refined young man, I feel proud of him. Cow-hide boots, with the general make-up of the farm, would look out of place on him now, and as long as he don't cultivate the excessive drawl of the young men here, he will be all right. Irene has told me, in confidence, that they are engaged, but that nothing is to be said about the matter until after his promotion in the bank, which is likely to take place soon. Irene's parents thoroughly approve of the match, and as they say, Irene will have wealth enough, and a good husband is preferred above riches. I will be only too delighted to have such a sister-in-law.

We have been everywhere on our bikes. Yesterday we visited what is called the Dingle, on the North-West Arm. Beyond it is York Redoubt, a formidable looking battery which protects the harbor. Then, after a lovely afternoon spent at the Dingle, we had five o'clock tea with one of Irene's friends at Chocolate Lake. It's just heavenly out there. The waters of the Arm flow up to the Margaret's Bay road, and from the look-out on the Dingle you can see over the city to the waters of Bedford Basin, and all up and down on the city side of the Arm are the residences of the wealthy Haligonians, with beautifully laid out and ornamented grounds that terminate at the water's edge. We just have hosts of beaux. Professional, military and mercantile men are our constant attendants, and the most comical, to me, is Gerald, who works in his father's office. He arrived at the lake after we did, in a most excited state. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I have had such a blooming accident, on my blooming bike, on the blooming Margaret's Bay road. I rsn into a wench with a blooming basket of eggs on her head, and as I was spurting—aw!—I took a header right onto the darkey monster, and, 'pon my word, the handle-bar of my bike was broken."

Irene asked him (choking with laughter), "How about Mrs. Darkey? Was she hurt?"

"Yes! yes!! confound the blooming eggs," said Gerald, "I broke the whole blooming lot, and the way the darkey jumped around and swore was terrible. I was brave, and stood my ground. Says I, 'What's the damage?' and she put it at a high jinks figure; so I gave the siren an order on dad, and won't he be raving when he gets it."

We just enjoyed it, but thought that the poor darkey was the one to be pitied.

O'Grady, one of our most entertaining visitors, is always so careful of the creases in his trousers. What a trouble they are to him! And when playing tennis he just wobbles around to save them. Another wears tan boots, with his trousers turned up at the bottom, looking as pa does when he goes out to feed the pigs on a rainy day in the autumn. I think his name is Bessonet. It is not hard to entertain these youngsters, for the want of good farm diet has affected their brains; for, according to their own account, their menu consists of shrimps and periwinkles, washed down with brandy and soda. For instance, one friend, who is really nice, and who has a complexion like a Northern Spy Apple, was asked what his opinion was of Darwin's Evolution of the Species. "Aw!" he replied, "he preferred Tod Sloan, in his evolution as a jockey; he thought Todd was ahead of any others."

To conclude, Alice, I have had such a lot of proposals, they must think father is a millionaire. Four of them were from office clerks, just attaining manhood, with salaries of about five dollars a week, and I wonder if they thought I could live on shrimps and periwinkles. And one was from a lively widower with three children, who actually said I looked motherly, and thought I would be kind to his child who had a harelip. But the most harassing was from Shelly. I told him he was an icicle, and had not felt any sympathy for any person I had yet met. Anyway, Shelly smokes too many of those horrid cigarettes; his brains are getting warped by the habit. Some may like all this attention from the male sex, but when it comes to offers of marriage, it is really destructive to my peace of mind. It is far better for the youngsters to be like the one we

call Trilby, who believes in platonic love, and not wear a high linen collar, with a little head peepug out of it, that reminds one of the early spring roosters trying to crow.

We will all be at the depot to meet you on your arrival in the city. The steamer is expected on Sunday, when Algernon will be with us; and as you will be at the hotel with father, we are looking forward to a good time.

With love to all,

Your loving sister,

BEATRICE.

CHAPTER XXV.

ARRIVAL OF THE SCOUTS.

THE Squire and Alice arrived in the city, and were fortunate enough to secure their old rooms at the Halifax Hotel. Cecil, Irene and Beatrice were awaiting them in the ladies' parlor, and that evening they spent much time in discussing the arrival of the Scouts, and what Algernon's companion would be like, for in all the letters received, Algernon had never given any description of Rod by which he could be recognized; but, from the letters, it was allowed by all that he excelled in generosity and bravery. Beatrice said that as Algernon would have Alice to look especially after his wound, and as a duty, it would be her privilege to look after the wounded Rod, and would say to him, as a joke on his wound, "He that hath *ears* to hear, let him hear."

In the midst of this conversation word was brought in that the steamer had been signalled, and would dock in a few hours. At eleven o'clock the

Squire and his girls drove to the steamboat pier. Cecil and Irene had previously taken a car up north, and although a late hour, there was a great crowd on the pier, and cabs, barouches, etc., were in abundance. They stood watching the monster, with its many lights, looming up into the night, until the immense hull stood up as a mountain in front of them. There was halloing and crashing until the steamer was safely docked. The gangway was run out, and the passengers filed out in rapid succession, some into the embrace of friends and relatives, others were completely surrounded by cabbies. As the passengers were landing, the girls noticed two stalwart, robust-looking men descend, with arms linked, and one with his arm in a sling. The pier lights cast weird shadows over the men, but Alice's heart responded, and suddenly, without expecting it, she was being embraced by Algernon's surviving arm, with the remark, "My dear Alice, it was really good in you to come to meet me." Then followed Rod's introduction to the Squire and daughters, after which the company were driven to the hotel.

As it was so late, not much was said that night, but the real reception was relegated over till the morning. Both Algernon and Rod were the picture of health. The wounded arm was healing, and he would soon be able to use it; and as for Rod's ear, it would disfigure him for life, and that is all there was to it. They still wore the khaki uniform, and were only going to remain in the city for a few days, as they were anxious to see the old folks at home, as

they called them. Alice looked down when she heard this; but Algernon soon put her in good spirits, when he told her he would return in a very few weeks to claim her as his bride. They had considerable to tell them of their experience as scouts, and how often they were in jeopardy scouting over the country. Rod said that Algernon should never have gone to the front, as he was too reckless for that kind of work. But for him he would have been captured many a time, and as a target for Boer bullets, it was not his fault he was not riddled with them, but the fault of the poor shooting of the Boers. So, under the circumstances, he thought it was his duty to land him safely back home before he rushed into some other perilous extremes.

"Yes," said Algernon, "Rod is a thorough born scout, and if bravery is recklessness, I rather think he is entitled to a Victoria Cross."

Rod monopolized Beatrice, and for once in her life she was controlled by a stronger temperament, and felt that within herself there was that which, though incomprehensible, was absorbing her being. At first it was admiration for that brave, robust man, whose face was always serene, like a placid lake, and when aroused with emotion, glowed with the brightness as of a speaker who holds his audience in abeyance. He showed great intellectual power, coupled with the most musical of voices, and a way of demanding your thorough attention when talking to you. Beatrice at first wondered what it was in this good-natured man that so attracted her to him. He did not, like many of her followers, say anything flattering to her, and at

times appeared to be absent in thought, as if on some far-away matter; but at last it dawned upon her gradually that there was an affinity of feeling, combined with the large practical appreciation of her favorite authors, and the high ideal of man's capacity to become noble, good, and generous. All this, and more, Beatrice learned of Rod's disposition in the three days stay in the city, as her constant companion and escort.

Alice and Algernon were full of various schemes for the future, and were drawing out the map of the wedding arrangements. Rod was to be groomsman, and Beatrice bridesmaid. They were to be married at her home in Hardwoodlands, and it was to be as private or as public as Alice wished.

The Scouts left by rail for Boston one morning, and the girls, with their father, remained in the city to do their extensive shopping. As the Squire remarked, he came to the city as an escort, with a limited amount of money, with which he could not buy Alice's wedding trousseau, so he had to call on his banker for funds to meet the emergency, and it is well to state that the funds were not stinted for the occasion, and a trousseau was ordered well worthy of the girls in the city.

ae
er
a-
er
ty
ad
ec
ad

es
ae
n,
at
i-

g,
ty
e-
a
ot
on
is
ne
of



THE SAM SLICK HOUSE, WINDSOR, N. S.

134

CHAPTER XXVI.

WEDDING AT HARDWOODLANDS.

IT was in the fall of the year, when the poplars shaken by the wind, made drifts of leaves by the road-side, and the hemlocks and balsams interlaced by the wide spreading branches, made the landscape beautiful with tinted foliage, and the wild-flowers still in bloom in the woods, with the mosses as carpets, made the whole land beautiful. Poplars and birches were in radiant colors on the highlands, and the oak with its yellow leaves and the maple with red and the spruces always green, stretching for miles, made the landscape almost a palace of colors, and the vines intertwined in trees, and running along fences, created excesses of beauty from woodland to interval.

Algernon, who with Rod was on his way to the Squire's, passed through this road, and Rod exclaimed, "what a beautiful country, the very atmosphere is laden with sweetness. I could content myself here all my days to live in such a Paradise without the addition of other pleasures."

"Remember, Rod," said Algernon, "it is not always autumn here, but soon that wild king of the north will blast the whole country, and instead of this beauty, you will see giant trees, with bare branches, and the earth bare of all verdure."

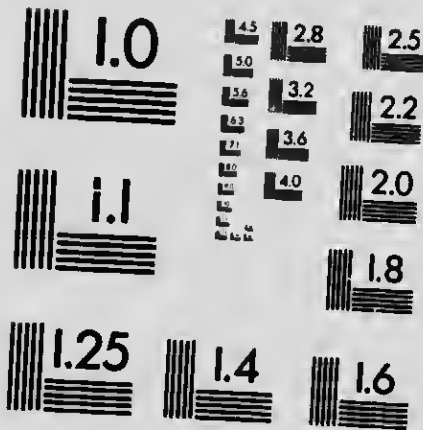
"Oh I know what you say is all true, but there will come the resurrection, when nature will smile again and put on her beautiful garments."

Arriving at the Squire's, the family were on the



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5985 - Fax

lawn to receive them. This day, the prettiest girl in Hardwoodlands was to be captured by Algernon Bentley, whom you might say was a total stranger to the rest of the Settlement, and the United States, as so often has been the case in the past, would rob us of another of Nova Scotia's fair daughters. The homestead was a picture of beauty, nestling in autumn foliage, supplemented by flags and bunting, with the United States and British Flags in conjunction. The capacious parlor was already filling up with the invited from the adjoining farms. Irene and Cecil were also there to grace the occasion. The Squire, dressed in his best, full bodied and straight, looked like a Colonel in a regiment, and his wife, rather fleshy for comfort, had a face which was beaming with health and good-nature. Beatrice and Irene were in exquisite costumes, the pink predominating in their make up, whilst the bride, ushered in on the arm of her father, was dressed in a lovely white satin costume, with bodice almost all lace, and a long bridal veil, that like a cloud, fell in folds from her head, encircling her to the floor, an angel of beauty. Rod as best man, was like an officer on duty, and as dignified as a judge, as he performed his part of the ceremony. Algernon, with the use of both arms, was a noble and happy looking man, and with a deep set love, had at last won the girl he so long longed for.

The ceremony was a short one. The ring was placed on the bride's finger, with the words, "with this ring I thee wed and with my worldly goods I thee endow," and two loving hearts were united.

Then the happy couple accompanied by the guests

retired to the large dining-room, where a repast was prepared, well worthy of an epicure's appetite. Toasts were given with blackberry wine and home brewed ale, that would not intoxicate. It was while at the table—an aged lady of eighty years, named Phoebe Teakettles arrived, after walking five miles, to present the bride with a pair of homemade red woolen stockings. She was of course invited to the table and the best of the fowls and the wine was her portion.

When the bridal pair left for the station, old boots and bags of rice were showered upon them, for good luck, amid the loud "hurrah" of the youngsters. Algernon and bride left Milford Station on the Intercolonial Express, arriving at the junction the bridal couple boarded the Flying Bluenose, that palatial express of the Dominion Atlantic in charge of the popular conductor "Billie" Clarke, and when Alice was ushered into the gorgeously furnished parlor car Haligonian, she was enraptured with the rich furnishings and luxurious equipments provided for the comfort of the passengers.

There were in the car, a few of the more wealthy tourists returning to their homes, after sojourning in cool Nova Scotia during the hot summer months. They eyed the handsome couple, on their entrance to the car with a kind of an expression on their faces as to say, "Well, you need not try to hide the fact, but you are a couple on your honeymoon."

At first, Algernon felt slightly awkward, but as that don't care feeling took possession of him, (we are a happy pair on our bridal tour) he and Alice

soon got in a thoroughly merry mood, enjoying themselves watching the passing show. Arriving at Windsor, they were surprised to see that the town, which only a year or two before was reduced to ashes, now contained handsome brick and stone buildings, worthy of a large city, and they wondered if all the citizens were in so jolly a mood, as expressman Mac. looked, as they gazed on his ruddy face from the car window. The next point of interest was a view of old Blomidon, looming up like a sentinel, watching the welfare of the Basin of Minas, then as a panorama of beautiful landscape, the Grand Pre marshes, bound by a chain work of dykes spread out before them for miles. Passing through Grand Pre they espied a couple in a field, apparently talking seriously, and they could almost imagine that it was the beautiful Evangeline and Gabriel discussing the prospects of peace, so romantic did it look.

Onward the great engine travelled at its highest speed, occasionally her syreu would whoop, making the hills reverberate with the sound of her approach. A stop at Kentville for lunch and off again they speed, as town after town and hamlets nestling in the foliage, were passed and before they could realize the distance travelled the voice of the brakeman announced, "next station Yarmouth," and soon they arrived on the wharf, where all was excitement and bustle in loading the steamer. On the Boston boat, Alice stood alongside of Algernon and gazed on the receding Nova Scotia shore, and she felt that she was leaving the land of her birth, and the happy environments of

many years of her life to mingle with people wholly strangers to her, and she felt sad for the first time, but looking up at the noble face of her husband, she read in the honest look of that face, comfort, and she felt she was safe, in placing her happiness in his keeping.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A STORY OF YE OLDEN TIME.

THE Squire had taken such a fancy to Rod, that he invited him to remain with them for awhile and pay them an extended visit. Rod was easily persuaded, and at once ordered up his trunk from the city, and made up his mind he would investigate the high art of farming.

One evening as Rod and the family were enjoying themselves around the fireside, Beatrice asked her father to tell them something about his Grandmother, and consenting told them the following story:—

“You know the first settlers had to combat with many dangers. The wild animals were numerous in the woods, and only to be surpassed in their savage nature by the wild Indians, but my story does not relate to Indian or Beast, but rather to the rough characters that visited the Settlement.

“Grandfather had cleared away quite a large lot of land and had got together considerable stock, and was considered the foremost farmer in this part of the Province. It was in the fall of the year and he had contracted to deliver so much pork and beef to the

Commissariat at Halifax, and was to be gone five days to deliver the same in the City. He took with him his best help, leaving at home a small boy to look after the barn in his absence.

"The days were very bright and the woods were robed in their beautiful texture, and grandmother never once thought of her isolated position, a mile from the nearest neighbor, alone in a house that contained a goodly amount of wealth in money and valuables. Three days had passed, since her husband's departure, when the silence was disturbed by the barking of a dog, and soon after Capt. Anstruther, of H. M. Regiment, arrived at the house. He asked for refreshments, and upon enquiry, grandmother was informed that he had tramped all day with his dog, partridge shooting, and in his game bag was a fine display of his sportmanship, twenty brace of them all told. His servant, with his horses, was to follow and meet him at Douglas. He did not know his location when he arrived at the farm house. Then grandmother persuaded him to stop over night, so that in the morning he would have but a short tramp to the inn near the river. Exhausted as he was, he decided to accept her hospitality, and putting the game in the barn he fastened the dog alongside to protect it. The Captain was very entertaining, and as his regiment had for a long time been stationed at Glasgow, a pleasant evening was spent in reviewing the places and people in the Old Country.

"His bedroom was the spare one off the parlor, while grandmother slept in what is now known as the family room off the dining room. She had with her a

little boy, my father, two years old, sleeping in a little crib alongside her bed. The beds in their days had high posts with curtains on drawing strings, enclosing the occupants entirely. No noise that she could make would disturb the Captain in his bedroom.

"She had hardly retired when she heard a grating noise at her window, and gradually it lifted, and pulling aside the curtain of her bed, she could see the outlines of a man getting in through the window, and then another closely following, holding in his hand a lantern. She quietly pulled the curtain string and trembling, yet considering, she pretended to sleep. The curtain was roughly pulled from the top, and a masked man, holding a lantern up to her face, stood looking at her. Her first thought was to yell, but on second thought, she kept her presence of mind, hoping that possibly the Captain had spotted them, and would come to her rescue. She pretended to open her eyes as if from sleep, but all the time she had heard them, and saw these rough looking men as I have stated. One had a pistol in his hand holding it toward her, and the other held the lantern over her. Now they supposed that she was alone in the house, and that they could take their own time robbing it, if that was their object.

"The one with the pistol said, 'now, my good woman, don't you make any — fuss. We know you are alone, so get the bag of gold we know is in the house, without any kicking. You make any ado, we'll not answer for consequences.'

"'The money is not in this room,' said grand-

mother, 'but let me go out and I'll bring it to you, if you promise not to molest me.' They consulted a moment, and one of them said, 'By — woman, we will trust you, but play us any tricks and we'll murder you.'

"One of the men got out of the window so as to watch the house, but grandmother knew it was partly to see that she did not slip out of the house in the darkness.

"All this time the child was sleeping in his crib, with a smile on his face, as if angels were guarding his slumbers. 'I will bring you the gold,' said she, 'if you will not make any noise to waken the dear babe there. Stay here, it will not take me a minute to get it.'

Slipping out of bed in her nightrobe and bare feet she passed into the dining-room, and then through a small hall, into the parlor, and tapping lightly on the Captain's door, heard the welcome sound, 'come in.'

"Almost running into the room, she spoke in a whisper to him. 'Burglars are in the house and have demanded my money, or they'll murder me.' Then in a few brief words explained her terrible position, and of the babe she had left in their clutches.

"'All right,' said the Captain, handing her a purse, 'take this and allure them into the kitchen.'

"Grandmother returned to the robbers, and the fellow outside got in at the window again. Trembling, and holding up the bag of gold, she said, 'Come out into the kitchen and we'll empty it on the table, for

there are some heirlooms in the bag, and if you'll allow I'd like to keep them.'

"One man said to the other, 'It's a — safe swipe, for she can do nothing but what we order.'

"They followed her into the kitchen, and placing the lantern on the table, ordered her to put down the purse. This was what was wanted, she was now between them and the dear child in the bedroom. The purse was well filled with gold, and as she poured out the contents with a rattle, as the coins jingled on the table the eyes of the burglars swelled with satisfaction, as in imagination they were already pocketing the specie. They were just in the act of handling the money to transfer it to their pockets, when out of the darkness came a voice as of thunder 'Move one inch you — rascals and I will riddle you with bullets from my rifle. Throw up your hands!'

"Before them stood a man, six feet in height, and a face that was fierce and angry, clothed in boots, pants, belt and shirt, and a rifle at his shoulders.

"Surrender!"

"Two more surprised and frightened looking villains it would be hard to find. As they stood there in their terror the Captain said, 'off with your masks you rascals, and let us have a look at your faces,' and strange to relate grandmother recognized two men that had helped on the farm in the harvest season. The men began to howl, and said if the gentleman would only let them go they would never molest a lone woman again.'

"I am neglecting my duty by not shooting you

now,' said the Captain. 'I'll not promise anything, but if you are ever found within fifty miles of this settlement, I will do my duty.'

"So confiscating their pistols and lantern, and opening the door, he booted each of them out into the darkness.

"Returning, he said, 'Of course it was my duty to arrest them, but I have to report absence tomorrow to the General, and as the shiretown is forty miles distant to take them, it is best as it is, for I guess the rascals will travel.'

"The only laughable part of the intrusion was when grandmother looked at her costume. You know the night robes only reached to the knees, as worn by the genteel folks of those days, but the front was one mass of frills and lace, and like all of her race her limbs were round and plump, as of a perfect Madonna. She looked down at her bare feet and then got behind the clothes horse that was hanging full of newly ironed clothes in the kitchen. She was blushing scarlet when she asked the Captain to light a few candles, to fasten her window down with nails, and also to receive her thanks for his kindness and promptness.

"'Ah!' said the officer, 'I will carry out all your requests, for only one woman in a thousand could have acted as you did, and have carried it out with such bravery. You are a jewel set in gold in this forest.'

"The next morning the Captain was joined by his servant with two horses, and he presented grand-

mother with two brace of partridge and two pistols to protect her from further danger. There on the mantelpiece are the pistols presented by the Captain, and the other is the one the burglar left when he made such a hurried exit. A man was engaged to stay on the farm until grandfather returned, and as for the burglars they never after were seen or heard tell of in the settlement.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ROD'S STORY OF THE BOER WAR.

THE attraction for Rod at Hardwoodlands was becoming oppressive. The Squire was happy in having such company, and Beatrice was beginning to feel an inward drawing toward this whole-souled visitor, that was certainly new to her. One evening he told the Squire that he was greatly impressed with the business of farming, and had almost made up his mind to become a farmer, but that it depended on circumstances, whether the decision would be final or not. Now we can well foretell that it was a favorable answer to a very significant question, that was the pivotal point of his ever becoming a farmer. It was on the same evening he gave the following history of a Boer family, with whom he and Algernon became acquainted, and which will prove that some of them at least are very favorable to the English.

“Algernon and I had quite a lot of scouting to

do, north of Standerton, on the Newcastle and Johannesburg Railway, and we often passed a ranch in possession of Burgher Von Gutzman. He was a noble looking old man, with his well matured wife, and the farm comprised a large lot of land, and contained many cows, thousands of sheep, a large drove of cattle and a few horses. He was a Burgher or chief man in the district. He had given up four sons for the defence of the Transvaal, and of these one son was killed at the Siege of Ladysmith, another at the Vaal River, and a third was at the farm, suffering from wounds received near Johannesburg. The fourth son was then with General Botha at Spitz Kop. The wounded boy had been brought home to be nursed, and he was a fine specimen of manhood. Besides these mentioned there was a grown up daughter, with bright eyes, and that florid complexion peculiar to Boer women. She was one of the smartest girls I ever came across. Quick as a flash from a gun she would judge your motives, and could almost read your thoughts. She was to be married to a Commando with Botha.

Burgher Gutzman of his own free will, came into the British camp and took the oath of allegiance, remarking that with his years he wanted peace, and was opposed to the terrible destruction of life, for he had suffered by the loss of two sons on the battlefield and had one at home wounded. So one of our army surgeons visited the Burgher's farm and dressed the boy's wounds. The quartermaster-sergeant in charge of provisions also made arrangements to take every-

thing the Burgher would sell from his farm at his own figure. But coming and going to camp, when at all possible, we would drop into the Gutzman farm. Frances Gutzman spoke very good English and invariably invited us to partake of their hospitality, and calling so often, we became quite at home with the family, and had lengthy conversations about the war. All were of the opinion that it could only end in one way, the total subjection of the Boers. I think Algernon was the favorite, for her smiles were all for him; at any rate neither of us tried to cut the Boer Commando out, as regards her affections.

"We had been away over the Veldt, and I was finally decided to give the Gutzmans a call. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived there, and Frances was bound we should remain to supper. We accepted the invitation and put our ponies in a shack or kind of leanto, so that stray pedestrians would not purloin them. We had a real jolly time, drinking hot coffee and eating mealie cakes, somewhat resembling the hot johnny cakes our mothers used to make, and were about through supper and listening to some story told by the Burgher in broken English, when Frances put her ear to the floor, and said that a troop of horses were in the vicinity. We heard nothing, but always on the look out for surprises asked them if any English had been seen in the neighborhood, and they replied that they knew of none, except at Standerton. Then Frances reported that the noise of the horses hoofs was getting more distinct. The Boers have wonderful powers in distinguishing sound, more like our Indians of the West.

"Frances told me to place my ear to the sill of the door (this was before I lost it) and I heard distinctly the tap, tap, of many feet. We then held a council of war, and in the end took Frances' suggestion, which was for us to be locked in the bedroom, and if English all would be well, and if Boers, as far as she knew all would be well.

"When we were nicely hidden, and our ponies secreted in the barn Algernon says to me, "We are fools to allow that girl to entrap us as she has." By this time the house was surrounded by about two hundred Boers. The old Burgher went out to receive them and the Commando demanded food for his men, and fodder for his horses. The Boers caught and killed sheep, and Frances went to work with a will, fires were kindled both in and out of doors, and for four long hours, they were killing, cooking and gorging.

"Some of them, strolling around the farm, spotted our ponies and wanted to know if the owners were in the house. Frances soon convinced them that they belonged to their brothers, and that according to General Botha's orders, no English need hang around there. Of course we could not understand their lingo, but Frances gave us the full benefit of the conversation next day.

They then told the Burghers that they would have to take their ponies as two of their own had gone lame. Frances in an angry strain said she would like to see them touch even a strap on the ponies, and mentioning her intended husband's name, who was with Botha, said she would have revenge on

the lot of them if they touched the ponies. Toward midnight we heard our door unlock and Francis appeared, telling us to go to bed and sleep, and that she would see nothing harmed us, to make no noise, for she had told them she was to be up all night to nurse her brother. They were anxious, after prying all over the house, to look into our room, but Frances told them that it was her bedroom, and she would allow no man to pry around it. They appealed to the Burgher, but he said they must allow his daughter to have her own way. They slept on the floors in every possible position until near daylight, when we again heard a great clatter of feet, and looking out of our window in the dim morning light, saw the whole troop gallop away. I tell you we were just dying to have them carry some of our bullets along with them. Afterward we were invited to a splendid breakfast, and Frances with her face all laughter, told us how she had outwitted the robbers, for robbers they were, having killed twenty sheep, cooked a lot and took away the rest and had never paid a Kruger for them. When Von Gutzman heard this he spoke two words which sounded very much like 'Mein Got.'

Rod ended his story by saying that if he could get the Burgher's address he would express Frances Von Gutzman a handsome present after the war, for her loyalty to us.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ALICE WRITES HOME.

DEAR BEATRICE :

Algernon and I have at last settled down to house-keeping in Everett. We have a fine suburban cottage, almost hidden from view with climbing vines and ornamental trees. We have a lawn tennis court, shrubbery, orchard and grove, where, in the hammocks with our books, we spend most of our time. Algernon is the kindest of husbands, and surprised me when he told me the amount of money he had spent on the place, until he exclaimed that he was in receipt of a large inherited income; and to think that I supposed I was married to a poor scout, just from South Africa. So I have, with him, entered into details for further adding to the beauty of this already beautiful place. Rod's parents live but a short distance from us, and I was also introduced to a handsome old couple, reported very wealthy. They just dote on Rod, whose desire for seeing the world has been the worry of their lives, as they say if he would only get anchored, they would cease to worry; but they never will know what excitement will entice him to next. I expected this change of life would have been greater to me, living, as we did, so quietly at Hardwoodlands; but it seems to be so natural to have every luxury to enjoy, that I must have been born to it. The house has been besieged with callers, and my work is cut out for me to keep up to the social position Algernon's money entitles us to hold, and although he is a Methodist, he will not object to some good old dance and card parties. Tell Rod I hope he will be captured in Nova Scotia; for, as his folks say, he has been scouring the earth to meet his ideal. With love to father and mother, I remain,

Your affectionate sister,

ALICE.

Beatrice's letter to Alice will best explain the progress of two fond hearts looking for ideals.

CHAPTER XXX.

ROD IS AGAIN THE VICTORIOUS HERO.

DEAR ALICE :

We were all so delighted to hear of your being safely established in your home at Everett ; if Algernon is ever unhappy it will not be your fault. We do so miss those cream pies and chocolate cakes you used to make. Rod and I have just returned from a pie social and apron sale, and the church made \$60.00. We struck one tough pie, and cut it up for souvenirs. Well, Rod has decided to take up farming, and has at last found his ideal. I expect it is me he calls his ideal, and not the farm, for he would not give me a moment's rest until I consented to marry him, just to save him from going out as a missionary to the heathen, which he threatened to do if I refused him. What could I do but accept him, as I told him, after reading your letter, I felt it my duty to his parents to keep him from roaming all over creation. Well, after I had consented, he had the audacity to say, "Well, now, everything is arranged ; I guess we will spend part of the winter in Florida," and he got around father and mother, and has them almost wild to pack right up for a visit to the Gulf. Father is just gone on Rod. When he spoke of leaving the farm and going to Florida, Rod said, "Just let us put some family we can trust on the farm for the winter, and let us have a rest, so that in the spring we'll tackle the work with renewed energy." I think Rod is just a fraud, and never intends to tackle work of any kind,—only with his head and money,—and he says it is so much more pleasant to hire help to do the work on the farm, and father coincides with him in everything.

Just think, the Smiley farm has been the centre of hospitality for four generations in the settlement, and to close it up appears unnatural ; and, as Rod tells them, with their family all disposed of, what is the use of wearing out your life entertaining outsiders. He says the Boer war was the cause of his landing on these shores, and after he had heard so much about the bravery of the Canadian soldiers, he was determined to see for

himself what the Canadian girls looked like; and now he says to tell the old folks in Everett he has found his ideal girl, and his pilgrimage is ended. We will stay a week with you on our way to Florida, so hope you have room enough for so large a party. Cecil has received promotion, and Irene is getting ready for the great celebration.

Rod, looking over my shoulder, says to tell you that he intends to build a high tower on the farm, so that he can sit there and smoke and watch the work done all over the farm.

Trusting you are still enjoying yourself, I am,

Your loving sister,

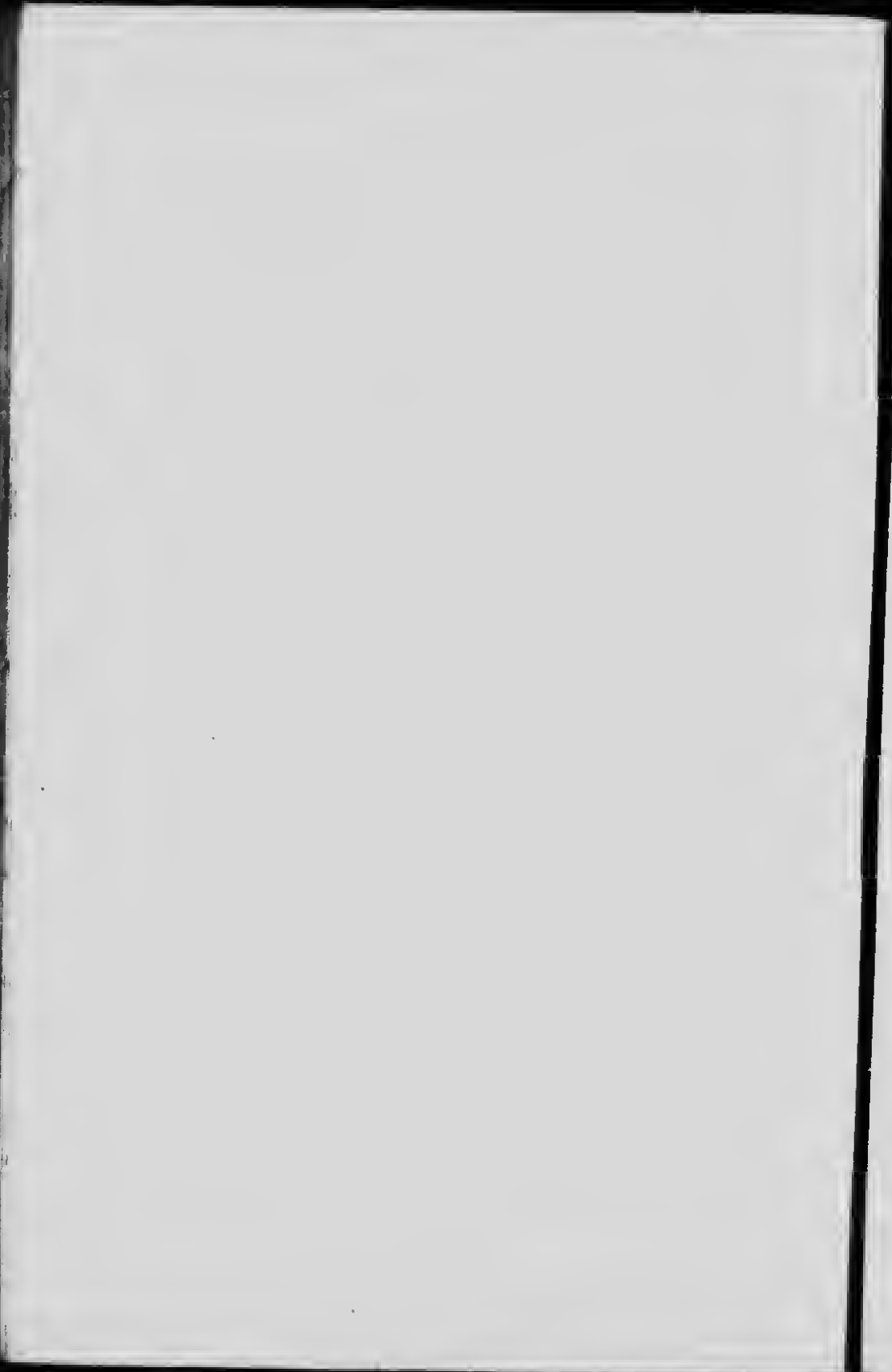
BEATRICE.

From the period when Cecil first saw the vision of the lovely girl on the lake, and the strange influences that led him to seek the higher education, and the more strange associations that appeared to draw Irene and himself together in society, with the offer of the banker, and his complete success, all went to show that he was being controlled by some great spiritual influence that was tracing out the current of two lives, eventually to unite them together.

The birches and pines, with the balsams, still throw out their aromatic perfumes in Hardwoodlands, —hundreds of cattle still feed on the meadow, and in the spring of the year you can still recognize Squire Smiley, standing in the barnyard, pipe in his mouth, and by his side his faithful dog, watching the watering of his stock, while Rod is easily recognized lazily leaning over the fence looking at that beautiful wife of his, who, sitting on the veranda with a book in her hands, with the sweetest of smiles is gazing in return on the manly face of her husband.

In bidding good-bye to the Smileys, of Hardwoodlands, we advise all persons in want of a change to wend their course away from the more public resorts to the settlements remote from the big towns, where the scenery is so superbly beautiful, and with the lovely clear air forming a grand combination both of health and recreation for the tourist.





ROGER DE COVERLEY'S HARD ROAD TO HONOR AND FAME

ROGER DE COVERLEY'S parents were so obscure, that you could not distinguish them even through smoked glass on a fine day. Therefore his early life was passed in investigating ash-harrels and paying extra attention to the cooks at the mansions of the great men. It was an extra luxury for him to sleep in crates of straw or hogsheads, empty of everything hut the straw. Later he became newsboy for the city dailies, when his high pitched voice would be heard crying, "Mailechorecorder" in one strain. "Man killed eating toadstools for mushrooms." "Woman hugged to death by a hear," "Crazy man," etc.

After this Roger was promoted and became collector of small items for the Press, and this item sent into the snake editor, made the proof reader persuade him to seek a higher calling.

"In Blue Beard Alley, Mrs. McCarthy, hy the help of Bill McCarthy, did her washing on Monday. brought into the Alley twins on Tuesday, and sawed a cord of wood on Wednesday. The twins are fine and healthy kids, weighing nine pounds each, and have red complexions, with a tendency to squall. Roger of

course was bounced. After attending Evangelist Wade's meetings, Roger became converted and thought he received a call to the ministry in a dream, in which he woke up one night with the nightmare. A darkey stood over him with an open razor and yelled in his ear, "De good Lord hab called you to go forth and proclaim the glad news to de headen beyond de pole." From this time forth Roger gave all his time to the study of Biblical Theology, and after sitting up night after night at his studies, and thinking himself far enough advanced to offer for the ministry began proclaiming Talmage's Sermons to an imaginary audience in one end of his bedroom. So one fine morning, before a large audience, composed mostly of ministers and young people, who like him were exhorters, he preached a trial sermon to them and took for his text this passage, "And there were giants in those days." As he remarked to bring his subject down to the capacity of his hearers, "Leviathan then commanded the deep and Samson was slaying his thousands with the jaw bone of an ass, and Goliath of Gath was defying the hosts of Israel, when David stood up and slung him with a sling that hit him above the eye-openers, and in falliug he crushed thousands of the Philistines." In a great burst of eloquence, describing the hilly bulwarks around Jerusalem, he gave out either from want of wind or words, and for five minutes was speechless when he managed to utter, "The balance of this sermon was unavoidably left on my table d'hote in the bedroom."

The Clergymen, including two D. D.'s, then

squatted on the sermon and decided that Mr. Roger de Coverley was among the many called but few chosen, and they advised him to take up the business of cobbling boot soles, instead of trying to save human souls.

Not discouraged our friend Roger decided to become a lawyer and study Blackstone and Eddystone.

As he was a very good writer a certain lawyer took him into his office.

He apparently made giant strides in committing hunks of law to memory, when one day the Boss being out one of his best customers called to see Mr. Brinstone. "Sorry he's out," said Roger, but if you'll just state your case to me I will endeavor to give you a few pointers."

"Well," said the farmer, for he was a belligerent farmer, "it was just this way: Hayseed and I swapped horses, with the understanding he was to give me twenty-five dollars to boot. I afterwards bought his new milch cow for thirty-five dollars, and then me and my boy helped him one week fence a three acre lot, then he borrowed my hay-waggon and ran it into a cowcatcher and damaged it so that it cost me twelve dollars for repairs, and the mean cuss refuses to pay damages, and if there is any law in the land, by gum, I am going to force him."

"Why, it is as plain as day," said Roger. "You hustle and borrow something real valuable from farmer Hayseed, and keep it, for if you go to law, before you get through what with lawyers, courts, judges, juries and witness fees, you'll have to mortgage your farm to its full value to pay expenses."

The farmer met Mr. Brimstone as he came in and said, "Smart boy you've got in there, advised me to settle the case mighty quick before the lawyers took my whole farm, for the price of twelve dollars," and then walked off.

Brimstone, red with rage, fired Roger out of the office with the remark, "Nice lawyer you would make, with such fools as you in gowns, the profession would have to hunt rabbits on the mountains for a living."

Roger was beginning to think that this was a cold, cruel world, and that genius must wallow in the mud of indifference, when the cry of an inebriate went up and burst a volcano, and the pent up lava of Vesuvius overflowed his virtuous soul, and he determined to go out as a temperance lecturer.

He was making his name known as Coldwater Coverley, when he was invited to Mapleton to address the male population who had red noses. On the train he partook too freely of prize package candy, and arrived at the Magpie Hotel, almost doubled up with numerous cramps under his vest. The landlady sympathized with him and sent him to his room, saying she had cured Hubby Rehoboam's cramps many a time with a hot drink she mixed for him. As the case was an urgent one, with a big lecture before him, Roger entreated her to soothe his agony that was tying him into a knot.

The good woman soon returned with a glass smoking with microbe destroyers saying, "if you don't feel better after taking this I will leave this square bottle and some sugar and hot water for you to continue the dose until the palpitation ceases.

About eight o'clock the delegation from Bluenose Lodge arrived at the Hotel to escort Roger to the Hall. They were told he was not well, but to run up to room No. 13. They did so, and knocking at the door a voice inside sang out, "Scum in." Walking in one said, "Mr. Coverley, sorry to hear you are poorly, but hope you are ready to accompany us to the Hall; the house is packed already waiting to hear your lecture.

Roger was lying on the lounge, and opening his eyes murmured: "Wishsha well men, man get intoxicated, go into slun shams, kill wife un eat baby, chake a shwig, bottle ishon table."

The delegation smelt the contents of the bottle and pronounced it "Old Tom Gin." One was not convinced until he tasted it, remarking at the same time, "vile! vile!" "Horrible," said one, "audience waiting, what will we do? the lecturer is actually paralyzed." They left Roger in disgust, with the advice, for him to build a tomb and bury himself. Barely daylight next morning Roger was seen making four feet strides for the next town, where he breakfasted on one soda biscuit and a glass of unadulterated water. With his reputation soiled by circumstances over which he had no control, Roger made up his mind to become a politician, knowing that character didn't amount to much in this role, so he attended the political caucuses and took the part of chief spouter. His heavy, nasal voice could be heard away above the rolling mob at his feet, advising them to support the candidate with the longest nose and deepest pocket.

Roger was sent by the committee to address a constituency in the rear end of the County. He had sat up all night writing out his speech and had it nicely rolled up in his overcoat pocket. There was a big gathering that night of both parties, and Roger's turn was after the opposition man had spoken. He was horror-stricken to hear this man give his speech word for word, only changing the names of the men nominated.

When Roger arose to reply, he looked in his overcoat pocket on the back of the chair, and could not find his manuscript. He began to wobble about the knees when he noticed a large smile on a good many faces, and the man who had just spoken said he did not think Mr. Coverley need trouble himself looking for his speech, as he had borrowed it himself for the evening (here he produced the roll) and he himself had delivered it to the best of his ability.

Then such a roar went up, as fairly shook the building, and Roger de Coverley sneaked out, and on the run never stopped until he put several miles behind him.

"What a wicked world," mused Roger. "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand." I must either do this or marry an heiress. So he wandered away to a country where he was not known, and as Sir Roger de Coverley, mixed in with the first families and was able to borrow money. Roger at last discovered his calling, it was as heir to baronial halls and high titles.

Miss Alberta Liverman, with her millionaire pa,

had been looking for a foreign titled Baronet. They had the money, they wanted the ancestral coat of arms and long list of titles. Sir Roger de Coverley filled the bill. The many vicissitudes of his life had made him shrewd and to be on the look out for breakers. So in courting Alberta he borrowed freely from her father, and keeping his weather eye open proposed, and was accepted, and amid the glare and glitter of fire rockets and the music of a Brass Band, was sent off on his wedding tour with his wife, and a dowry cheque for one million, and in search of his great ancestor, De Coverley, of Wiltshire.

Landing in England Sir Roger bought an estate for a quarter of a million, and then telegraphed his tenants to make a big bonfire to receive him. Arriving he made a speech. Cablegrams were sent to his father-in-law to come over, one of which was from Alberta and read: "Great reception to De Coverley by tenants."

Liverman sent over another cable which read, "If short draw on me, any amount," will visit you shortly.

De Coverley was now busy buying titles and making coats of arms. Mentioned in all the leading papers and magazines was the following:—

"Lady De Coverley, the beautiful American heiress, wife of the only living De Coverley, will give a grand ball on the De Coverley estate the first week after Easter. Royal Family unable to attend owing to the demise of the late Queen.

So at last genius rising out of a molasses

puncheon, soars away beyond the ken of mortals, to drink out of the same champagne glasses with the bloated moguls of the Beautiful Isles.

At this point a paper was placed in De Coverley's hand, to the effect that he was to answer to a claim made by Miss Smilax Snodgrass for breach of promise of marriage for one hundred thousand dollars. The latter was only a trivial matter and did not worry Sir Roger, as it only added to his notoriety, knowing that it was one of the failings of the Dauphin of France and Counts of the middle ages.



THE HERO, BEN JACKSON.

* * *

LIVING in that part of the Province which connects the Counties of Hants and Kings, there is not a personality in either who has passed through so many exciting scenes as the coloured man, Ben Jackson. Varied have been his doings, when, as a strapping young chap of over six feet, he sailed on different ships and visited many countries, distinguishing himself as a very brave fellow on many occasions. The following will serve to illustrate of what material Ben was made :—

It was in the days of clipper ships, when the bulk of the freights of the world were carried in sailing vessels, when Ben signed papers as an able seaman with Captain John Morris, ship "Cordelia," registered in Windsor, with Kiug as mate and Haywood as second mate. (These latter were afterwards successful captains.) Another smart hand on board was Daniel Dillman, of Three Mile Plains, Windsor. Ben was soon promoted to boatswain, and filled his position with satisfaction to the captain and honour to himself. At the time I mention, away back in the sixties, the captain had taken in cargo at Glasgow,

Scotlaud, for the Island of Corfu in the Mediterranean Sea. The crew consisted mostly of coloured men, supplemented by two Greeks. As usual, they had stormy weather in the Bay of Biscay, but after rounding Gibraltar they enjoyed the most beautiful weather sailing up the Mediterranean, and the noble ship, with every kind of sail that could be tacked on to her, was a thing of beauty as she sailed in the balmy sea.

The Greek sailors very soon after sailing showed their colours, shirking their work, and refusing to answer the bells when called to their watch on deck; but the first mate, after some rough handling, brought them into line. Ben and the Greeks were in King's watch, and as Ben afterwards told me, from the very first he was afraid of those foreign devils—as, by their looks and gesticulations when talking in their foreign gibberish, they appeared to be chock full of mischief. As Ben worshipped the very shadow of the mate, it was no wonder he was always on the lookout for trouble.

The day was truly delightful, with the beautiful sea and warm air, and just enough wind to drive the ship through the water. King had the morning watch, and as there was very little for the men to do, he ordered the Greeks to holystone the deck amidships. One of the Greeks, in a high voice, answered back at the mate that "the decks were clean enough." The mate then walked forward, and looking the Greek fair in the eyes, said: "Go to work as I told

you, or there will be trouble." The Greek still refusing, the mate lifted his hand as if to strike, when the nearest Greek to the mate drew out a long sheath-knife and made a spring, and if he had succeeded would have driven the weapon into King's heart. As he did so the mate took him under the fifth rib with his boot and landed him on his beam ends. The knife ripped the sleeve of the mate's coat, but did no other injury.

Ben kept near the mate, watching the whole encounter.

"Now," said the mate, "I guess you will go to work, or I will give you another booting." He at the same time took the knife away from the sailor.

The Greeks then pretended to holystone the deck, and the mate, feeling satisfied that all was well, turned round and was walking aft, when the other Greek pulled out another large knife which he had hidden about his person, and, just like a panther, ran after the mate, and was making the deadly spring with knife high up in the air, when Ben, who, you will remember, was over six feet high, a thin and elastic as a trapeze performer, jumped just a shade higher in the air, and landing on the Greek, sent out his right bower and levelled him by a blow on his forehead, both sprawling full length on the deck, where, seizing the Greek's hand with his own, he got possession of the terrible knife, and the mate was saved; and such yelling from both Greeks was enough to make your hair stand on end.

Captain and crew appeared from different parts of the ship, and the Greeks, after considerable sparring and tumbling on both sides, were overcome and put in irons.

Great praise was given to Ben, for it is hard to conjecture what wounds would have been inflicted on the mate by such desperate characters armed as they were. But Ben was the hero.



REV. D. L. STARRAT'S MISSIONARY MEETING.

THE REV. MR. STARRAT had been very successful in his pastoral work, and had succeeded in getting into spiritual line a large class of young men. Some of the young men had, under Mr. Starrat's tuition, become very fair speakers, and on all occasions when testimony and prayer were called for, these young men acquitted themselves splendidly.

Warm in the cause, the bettering of the great sinful world appeared to weigh heavy on their hearts and minds. Mr. Starrat had become so elated with the great progress made by his class by peroration, that he decided, instead of importing talent, to use home manufacture at his annual missionary meeting. A good programme of speakers was published, and the world well mapped out to each. A large audience was attracted to hear these youthful debaters. I will give you the names:—George Bam, John F. Chad, Benjamin Good, J. W. Makeup, William Plaster, Isaac Dander, Wesley Generous, John Bass, John Toll, Banford Salt, Johnnie Duckcloth, Albert Windmill and Dick Windmill. A goodly choir was in the organ gallery on the night of the meeting to sing "On Greenland's Icy Mountains." Mr. Starrat gave a racy

speech on the generosity of the church, and the number of heathens that were slipping off the face of the globe into darkness forever, for want of missionaries and money. The few missionaries already gobbled up by the heathen was only an appetizer to what was required.

He then called on one young and eloquent speaker, George Bam, to move the first resolution—"What steps should be taken to save the heathen world."

George Bam, on rising, coughed so much that the audience were afraid of incipient consumption; but after drinking a glass of water, George stood out in all the glory of young manhood, and said: "I am now discussing the first step towards converting the heathen, whether Malay or African. As I never saw a real heathen, I will have to compare him to one of our big sinners in our own Christian land." George, at this stage, took to coughing again, and had to resort to the water. "I have lost the thread of my remarks," said he; "but, anyway, my subject is a heathen with a soul. Shall we, for the sake of hoarding up vile coin, allow that soul to perish? I think I see him now, looking toward the sea and wondering if there is a God, and in desperation he marries one-half dozen more wives, and makes his own Paradise. Ah, well, (another coughing spell and another glass of water), I take great pleasure, Mr. President, in moving the first resolution," and George sat down.

The President then called upon John F. Chad to second the resolution. John, on arising, said the audience must excuse him, as he had a very bad cold,

but would do the best he could with his husky voice, and at once started out to tell them of three yellow dogs he had seen in his dream, reminding him of the Chinamen, who, without—without—without—(at this stage he pulled a manuscript out of his pocket)—rice would starve. "I have," said he, "taken the wings of the morning and have flown to the uppermost parts of the earth—earth—earth—(here he looked at the manuscript)—and have seen the aurora borealis in yonder heavens, one mass of glory—glory—(another look at the manuscript)—and underneath the heathen raged, and no man regarded him. I take great pleasure, Mr. President, in seconding the resolution so ably moved by Mr. Bam."

The second resolution read, "Is the heathen worth saving?" Benjamin Good moved the second resolution, and felt that the heathen had souls of the same nature of our own, and were worthy of all the time and money we might spend in lifting them to heights even higher than the Aodes. J. W. Makeup, who was to second the resolution, took sick and went outside to vomit up his speech. The President then read the third resolution—"Are the heathen contented in their present melancholy surroundings?"

William Plaster moved the resolution, and rising, said: "I cannot sleep at night thinking of the heathen, with his scanty clothing, threading the mazes of the jungle, walking on cobras, and meeting the king of the forest with only a club to protect himself with. If he had a bible in one hand and a rifle in the other, how nobly he could die!"

"Is he contented?" asked the President.

"Is a hen contented when she can't scratch gravel? I think I hear to-night the heathen say, 'Give me liberty or give me death!' I take much pleasure, Mr. President, in moving the resolution."

Isaac Dander arose to second the resolution, and said: "Mr. President, anything I may say would fall flat compared with the eloquent outbursts of rhetoric used by the speaker who has just sat down. What can I add to it, any more than the heathen, as far as we know, are surrounded by dense darkness that may be felt? If I could say anything that would stir up the audience to boiling heat, I would gladly do it; but will conclude by seconding the resolution."

Up to this period the large audience felt that had the heathen only known what was going on in this part of the world, they would save themselves by kicking the pail.

The next resolution was moved by Albert Windmill, and was as follows: "Shall we save India?" "This reminds me," said Albert, "of the Hindoo's prayer, 'May the god Vishnu weep and make our rice crop grow! May Vishnu smile and make our corn crop ripen!' Oh, dear friends, just think of the numbers of little children thrown into the Ganges by the Hindoos every year, to be eaten by crocodiles." (Tears were seen to flow.) The speaker, on account of his emotion, could not proceed, so Richard Windmill rose to second the resolution, with the remark that "India was white unto the harvest, but there was one drawback, caste,—one caste would not associate with

another, and the missionary did not know whether to cast his lot with the upper, middle, or lower caste, and was cast down on account of the cast of the countenances the various castes cast at him." Just here the speaker got so rattled over the different castes that he sat down without seconding the resolution to save benighted India.

The next resolution was, "What will we do with the millions of China?" Wesley Geuerous rose to move this resolution. "Oh," said he, "I am wrapped with emotion when I think of broken China,—seething millions of cracked China! How can we cement them to the missionaries? And the women with their crushed feet—toes all tied together in a knot; it is awful! awful!!" Emotion was so great the speaker could not proceed, so the seconder of the resolution was called. John Bass seconded this resolution with the following remarks:—"I have seen the Chiuese, with their pig-tails, their oval eyes, putty complexions, and they look so child-like and bland that even a deacon would like to adopt them; but to get them to renounce the devil and all his works is another question. Wah Lee is smooth and wily, and when you convert a Chinaman, you have only washed off the fumes of opium and his desire to gamble. So, in conclusion, I would, in seconding this resolution, also move that volunteers be asked to go forth into China, pay their own expenses, and be willing to live on rice, with the sure prospect of an early lift heavenward by the hands of the Boxers."

This was considered the speech of the evening, and received immense applause.

The last resolution was moved by Bamford Salt, and read: "What steps can be best taken to Christianize the Cannibals on the Pacific Islands?" "On considering the subject, my first thought was, how many missionaries have gone into the interior of these islands, never to return? Still I would myself offer to go, but special engagements just now require all my attention at home. There is a grand opening for young men of the right stamp out there—open-mouthed savages, ready to receive the gospel, and the gospel fire is already kindled and the heather is on fire. I would say 'Here I am, send me!' but for the last week I have been suffering with a boil on the back of my neck." (This brought the house down.) "Yes, every cannibal snatched from the burning is another customer for the white man's factories. So let us clothe the cannibal, file his teeth, and reform his tastes by introducing chewing gum and Scotch mixture."

This speech surpassed the last, and was followed by the seconder, Johnnie Duckcloth, who, on rising, said: "As the time is nigh spent, it leaves very little for me to say. I have listened with pleasure to the able addresses that have preceded me, and my only hope is not to spoil the effect of these orations on this assembly. I have seen the Negro and Indian when loaded with fire-water, and have heard their savage yells, but having never visited the Cannibal Islands,

cannot truthfully portray them. I would like to have one heathen as the star of my converting, but I understand they prefer fat men, and, as you see, I am skinny, and am, anyway, a homebody. The whole world lies at our feet, and the doors are all open; but we want money first, and then men who are willing to sacrifice their comforts, and even their lives, for the good work. In closing, I would recommend all here to look beyond the deep fog that encircles our peninsula, beyond the rolling, tempestuous Atlantic, beyond the battlements that rear their crests on the high hills of Europe, beyond even the wastes of Asia, to the great waters of the Pacific, where, on a thousand islands, the sun pours its Hottentot rays on the races who know nothing about putting on Sunday clothes and going reverently to church, for the purpose of worship; but, instead, like the monkeys, they roam the jungles of the Occident, and in a kind of a gibberish language, pursue their heathenish worship of stalks and stones."

This speech completely captivated the assembly, and after the resolutions had been put and passed, a rousing collection was taken, and for once the town surpassed itself in subscribing money for the heathen.

1

HARDWARE.



CORNER WATER AND GERRISH STS.

Cutlery,
Hardware Specialties,
Carriage Stock,
Farming Implements,
Paints, Oils, etc.

Wilcox Bros.,

WINDSOR,
NOVA SCOTIA.

Tourists will Find an Up-to-Date Billiard Hall to pass away their Idle Hours.

The Regal Cigar Store,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

FINE IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS, TOBACCOS,

CIGARETTES, AND A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF PIPES.

L. A. SHAW, - PROPRIETOR,

Opposite Post Office, . . . Gerrish St., Windsor, N. S.

From Head to Feet 

We can clothe Ladies
and Children

STYLISH AND . . .

 COMPLETE,

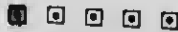
. . . All but Boots. . .

A. O'CONNOR,

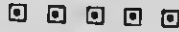
Milliner and Manufacturing Outfitter, . . . 47 & 49 Barrington St., Halifax.

 **COALS,** 

Wood and Building Materials.



AGENT COMMERCIAL UNION FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF LONDON, CAPITAL \$12,500,000.



M. H. GOUDGE & SON,

OFFICE :

Corner King and Water Streets, Windsor, N. S.

F. E. HARRIOTT,




Jeweler and Optician,

WATER STREET, WINDSOR.

Watches in Gold and Silver—Waltham
and other makes.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,

New Designs and Best Makes.

OPTICAL GOODS, 



GLASSES TO SUIT ALL KINDS
OF EYES. SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED.

"Not How Cheap, but How Good!"

WINDSOR, N. S.

**W. W. ROBSON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,**

—All Sorts of—

**Amateur Supplies, Plates,
Cameras, Etc.**

**Children's Photos a Specialty. Copying and Enlarging.
Monday and Tuesday each week at Wolfville.**

**GO TO
D. DAVIS & SON,**

Water Street, Windsor,

**For Ladies', Gents', and
Children's Boots, Shoes,
Slippers, in all the latest
styles, and at**

The Lowest Prices,

**Also Rubbers, Gaiters,
Overshoes, Larrigans, and
Snowshoe Moccasins.**

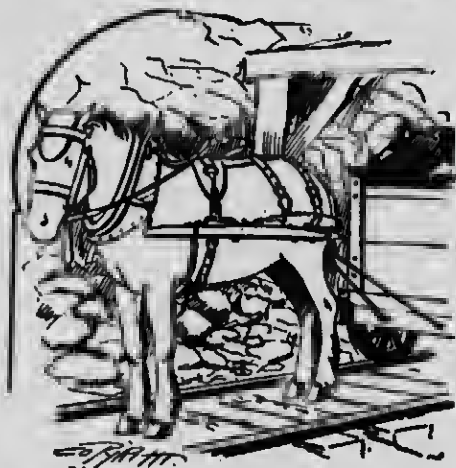
Sole agents for Hartt's Specials—ladies' and gentlemen's.



**A Popular Store to buy Goods, where
Satisfaction is Guaranteed.**

Fred. W. Dimock,

WATER STREET, WINDSOR.



The Big Six:

COAL,
WOOD,
SHINGLES,



LUMBER,
ICE and
HAY.

Hard and Soft Coal,
Hardwood and Slabs,
Lumber and Cedar
Shingles; Ice deliv-
ery wagon every day,
Sunday excepted. . .



Office on Wharf.

Telephone 46.



CHINA HALL,

Headquarters in Windsor for

Crockery, Glassware, Lamps,
Sterling Silver and Plated Ware,
Cut Glass, Cutlery, Bird Cages, &c.

Also a fine line of VIEW CHINA always in stock.

C. P. Shaw, Windsor, N. S.

We make a Specialty of Dinner Sets and Rodgers'
Knives, Forks, and Spoons.

EVANGELINE.



"Ah! she was fair, exceeding
fair to behold, as she
stood with
Naked, snow-white feet on
the gleaming floor of her
chamber!
Little she dreamed that be-
low, among the trees of
the orchard,
Waited her lover and watch-
ed for the gleam of her
lamp and her shadow."



AT THE STORE OF

A. E. ROBINSON,

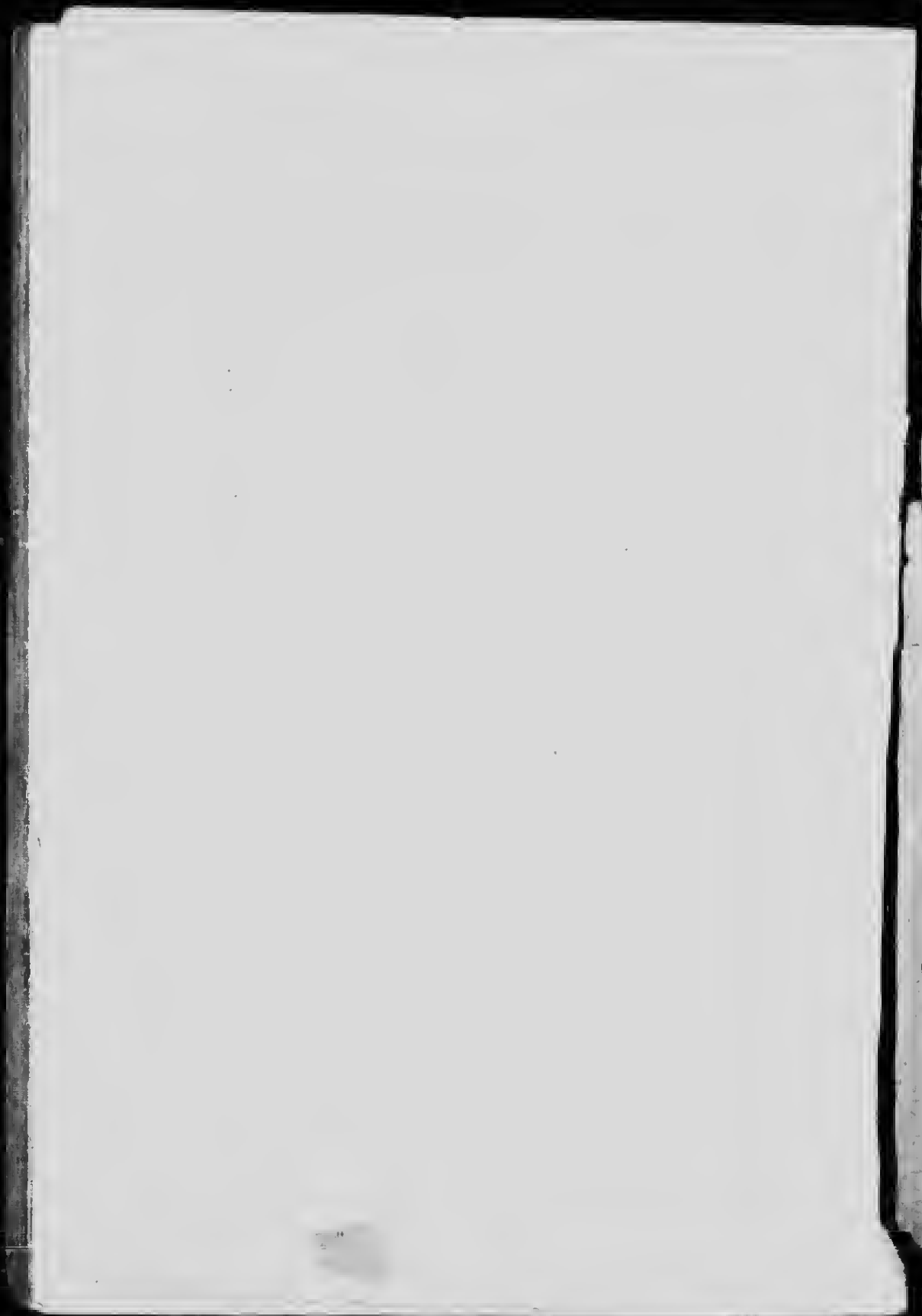
GERRISH STREET, WINDSOR,

Ladies can always procure

THE LATEST IN
DRESS COSTUMES,

Ladies' Skirts,
Whitewear and
Wrappers.
Art Goods,

Fancy Goods,
Art Muslins,
Dress Goods and
Trimmings.



HOTEL 

DUFFERIN,

WINDSOR, N. S.

This popular Hotel has long been
the stopping place for travellers,
and in the year 1860 the present

King Edward VII., with his Royal Suite,

Occupied rooms in this Hotel. The
house has verandas, fitted with
swinging chairs and hammocks, for
the comfort of the guests. . . .

**Guests and Baggage carried to and from the
Depot Free.**

All modern conveniences, including
Hot and Cold Water, Hot Water
Heating, Electric Light, Electric
Return Bells, etc.

Bedrooms All Ventilated and Airy.

CUISINE THE BEST!

JOHN COX, - Proprietor.

Dominion Atlantic Railway

"Land of Evangeline Route."

The fast Rail and Steamship
route between

Boston and the Maritime Provinces.

This is the only route operating its own service
to and from Boston, Halifax and St. John, N. B.

Steamships in Commission:

Prince Arthur, Prince George, Prince Edward, Prince Rupert,
Evangelina—Kingsport & Parrsboro' Daily Service.

St. John and Digby Daily Service:

June, July, Aug., Sept.,
leaving New Pier, Saint
John, 7 a. m. For sail-
ings other months see
time tables.

Boston and Yarmouth Daily Service:

July, August, September,
leaving Long Wharf, foot
State St., Boston, 4 p. m.
For sailings other months
see time tables.

The magnificent Steamships and the famous
"Flying Bluenose" trains make up a thor-
ough service, that is acknowledged to be
incomparable in all its details.

For all information, Time Tables, Plans of State-
rooms, Accommodation, Guide Books, etc., apply to all
state agents, or to

City Offices of Dominion Atlantic Ry.:

228 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.
114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. Gen. Pass. Agent's Office, Kentville, N. S.,
and at Cook's, Raymond & Whitcomb's, and Geze's
Agencies in the States and Canada.

P. GIFFKINS, General Manager.

