

## A CHANCE DELAY.

By Lady Johnson.

The mid-day express was on the point of departure from Paddington. A fine-looking man in huge ulster and fur-lined gloves, walking slowly up and down the platform, had been the accidental spectator of a scene that had somehow touched him greatly.

It was only the leave-taking between a girl and a frail-looking woman in widow's mourning. But the girl's youth, no less than her beauty, were a sufficient excuse for the stranger's first casual glance developing into more lengthy, though unobtrusive, observation. He noted her air of bewilderment, betraying the inexperienced traveler, the anxious expression on the mother's face, and then he went to a first-class carriage, took his belongings from a corner he had already appropriated, sauntered up inquiringly to the door, and bowing apologetically to the elder lady, looked in.

"There is room here, I think."

Something of relief crossed the widow's face as he entered and took his seat.

"By your leave, ma'am!" A last hasty embrace, the door slammed vigorously, a glimpse of tear-filled eyes, and opening his "Times" he deliberately shut out the vision of distress in front of him.

The thick fog, growing whiter but not less dense as they left behind the city smoke, penetrated with a searching clamminess, against which one solitary foot warmer offered slight resistance, and Alec Cleveland, remarking that his companion was destitute of wraps, pondered as to how soon he might venture to break in upon her meditations by the offer of his rug.

At last an unobserved glance, having assured him that her face was dry-eyed and composed, he leaned forward, saying—

"Badly-fitting windows, are they not? I am afraid you feel a draught."

"Thank you, I don't think I do. But it is a cold day."

"Will you share the rug with me? It is very large." She looked up quickly and seemed to notice for the first time the aspect of the stranger opposite to her. His face, no less than his courteous-demeanor manner, could not fail to inspire confidence in a more worldly-wise person than Phyllis Errington, and in a few moments found herself sharing the warmth of his comfortable rug with a less sense of embarrassment than she could have believed possible under the circumstances.

He seemed to consider it the most natural thing in the world, as leaning back in his corner, he quietly continued his paper.

Nearly two hours elapsed before the train slackened speed at Lyme Tree Junction. Alec drew out his watch.

"We are late, I am afraid I have missed my train."

"Are we very late? This is where I change for Granford, is it not?"

"Yes. But we have missed the 1.35 and must take the next. There will be one in the course of the afternoon."

His cheerful unconcern contrasted strangely with the sudden trouble that came into her face.

"Is Granford far from here?"

"Nearly three hours. The trains are late owing to the fog. But you will have no other change."

"Do you think there will be a train soon?"

"Probably. I will inquire at once. Wait here a moment."

Phyllis sat still until he reappeared, looking rather grave.

"It is very annoying, and I am afraid you will be disappointed; but there is not another until 5 o'clock."

Her dismay was so visible that he continued—

"I am very sorry; but if you will come into the waiting room there is a good fire."

Then she said softly—

"I fear it must seem foolish to be so nervous—but it is the first time I have traveled alone—I did so hope to arrive by daylight."

"I understand but do not alarm yourself needlessly. I am going to Granford—there is no reason why we should not be fellow-travelers. Here is the waiting-room. I will just see that your boxes are put out—they are so careless at these small junctions, May I ask if your name is it?"

"Yes. Only one trunk. My name Errington."

And as he went quickly out she approached the fire and took a mental survey of the circumstances. Here was what Geoff would call a "situation," her thoughts turning to her young brother, who had persistently looked upon her present act of self-emancipation as only of a heroine of romance. After all, the idea of having a companion for the rest of that dreadful journey gave her an agreeable sense of relief; for while keeping up a brave show of courage, she had suffered the imaginary terrors of every possible accident or misadventure. If only it had been some kindly-dispositioned maiden lady, or some good-natured motherly person to whose kindness she could have referred without hesitation to the Misses Fenton.

A vision of those "prime ladies" was just giving rise to grave doubts as to the propriety of accepting the companionship of a perfect stranger, when his voice broke in upon her meditations.

"Your luggage is all right, Miss Errington, but unfortunately there is no refreshment room."

"Never mind. This lovely fire is enough for my present wants, and I am so much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken."

"Not at all. I am only wondering how I can get something to eat."

"Pray do not think of it. I am not very hungry."

"But you will not arrive at your destination till 8 o'clock, looking at the fire as he pulled at his long mustache."

"I might get you some biscuit or something," and then meeting her eyes his face suddenly brightened.

"Miss Errington, I am going to make a proposition which I hope will not offend you; but don't you think the most reasonable thing for two belated travelers to do would be to get a comfortable luncheon at the nearest restaurant?"

Something of amusement mingled with the kindness of his voice as he made this startling proposal.

Phyllis was silent. The Misses Fenton rose before her vision in grim disapproval. Geoff's prophetic warning that she would be returned as "undesirable" would certainly be fulfilled were such an unheard-of proceeding to reach their ears. And yet, she was hungry now; certainly before 8 o'clock she would be famished. Would it be very wrong to journey into the little town with a stranger in search of food? No, it was not to be thought of. Better arrive in a fainting condition at the select establishment to which she was bound than outrage the Misses Fenton's sense of propriety by such an act.

Her companion spoke again.

"Come, Miss Errington, let us be above such nonsensical conventionalities. Let me introduce myself."

And he took out a card bearing the name of Captain Cleveland—the Hussars. "The fog is awfully dense. I will investigate. There is sure to be a restaurant near the station or a confectioner's—and you can warm yourself in the meantime"—drawing up a chair.

"It is very kind of you, but I would rather remain here. Perhaps—if it is not troubling you too much—you would bring me a few biscuits."

He looked at her regretfully. How pretty she was! True, had she been a faded old woman, Alec Cleveland would have given her the same differential attention and help; still the consciousness that her youth and beauty formed a barrier to the acceptance of a common act of kindness, offered under such exceptional circumstances, roused in him a sovereign contempt for "les convenances."

"Of course I will, or anything else you like. But I think in such weather one needs something more than confectionary to keep out the cold. However, I will see what is to be had."

When he had gone Miss Errington established herself before the fire. Yes, it was much better to sit there and make her meal of dry biscuits, supported by the strength of having done right, than to have yielded to the temptations of a hot luncheon with prospect of a lengthy interrogation in the near future upon the incidents of her journey.

That morning she had left home for the first time. It had not overcome her mother's and Geoff's opposition, and only after a struggle had she gained their consent to her acceptance of the situation as governess in a private school, obtained for her by an old friend of Mrs. Errington's, resident in Granford.

Phyllis was suffering from more apprehension than she would have confessed even to herself. Her's had been a home education, thorough and considerably advanced in those subjects which were likely to be of use in her present career, but an utter inexperience of teaching, combined with a shy dread of facing a school-room, full of critical and unruly girls, was gradually filling her with misgiving.

In a quarter of an hour Captain Cleveland returned, his several parcels indicating supplies on a somewhat lavish scale.

"I have been more fortunate than I expected," he announced. "Here are some sandwiches—really not so bad; and there is some very nice plum cake—not quite so dry as biscuits, I thought; and these little flasks of sherry are convenient for travelers, are they not?"

"What a splendid caterer you are!" cried Phyllis, taking a sandwich from the parcel he held towards her.

"I had my misgivings when I saw what a small place it was. Just one hotel and a few shops. My dreams of a hot luncheon vanished as soon as I hurried out of the station. There is not a restaurant in the place. So," drawing up a chair, "I hope you will not object to my joining you, after all, Miss Errington," glancing at her rather mischievously.

She blushed slightly as she answered: "How could I be so unsociable when you have given yourself so much trouble for me. Besides, this is a 'general' waiting room I see, so I really have not the right to turn you out," with a smile.

The luncheon progressed gaily. Phyllis, feeling circumstances too much for her, ceased to contend against them, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of their friendly tête-à-tête. She was very winning, with simple, unaffected ways, and Alec Cleveland's interest increased momentarily as he engaged her in conversation, and by degrees learnt her destination and something of her misty future.

"I feel quite sure you will bully them unmercifully, poor girls," he said, with mock gravity.

"So I shall if they do not learn," very decidedly. "I intend to begin by what Geoff calls 'taking my stand,' and when they see I am not to be trifled with they will soon respect me. To tell you the truth, with a bewitching confidential air, 'the most difficult part will be not to let them guess how horribly frightened I am of them.'"

"I advise you to put on a pair of spectacles and a black silk apron. They would be conducive to a pedagogic and erudite appearance if you brushed your hair tightly back and wore a net. I distinctly remember the effects of these trifling peculiarities of

dress had on me when I was young. They impressed me far more than the mental attainments of the elderly lady who first took my education in hand."

She laughed softly.

"I shall not confide any more of my fears to you, Captain Cleveland, for I see you turn everything into a joke."

"Forgive me, I ought not to have joked, because to you it must seem almost heartless, and yet I do not mean it so."

"I understand—you are trying to cheer me up, and make me look at the amusing side of it. I am quite sure that is the best way to take things after all."

This was already so much more cheerful that Alec Cleveland could hardly regret having made light of her fears. Then he talked of his recent return from India, diverting her thoughts from the immediate future, and watching her brighten as the afternoon hours passed, with a satisfaction rather surprising to himself. The short winter's day closed in. As night wore on the fog became denser, and it was close upon nine o'clock when they steamed into Granford station.

"I hope—surely they will have sent to meet me!"

She glanced up and down the misty platform. Travelers were not numerous on such a night, and there were few loiterers. No one for her, it was evident.

"Never mind. I will put you into a cab. You have the address?"

"Yes. But I hope it is not far," anxiously.

Alec seemed on the point of a suggestion, but an instant's reflection kept him quiet. He collected their few things, saw the luggage out and secured a porter.

"Cab, sir? This way, sir," and then they mounted some badly-lighted steps and reached the street.

"I hope we may meet again, Miss Errington," interrupting her expressions of gratitude. "Only too glad to have been of the least service. Grove House, I think you said, and as he moved away to instruct the driver, a lady approached the door, saying, in broken English—

"Excuse me, are you Miss Errington? I came to meet you."

"Oh! I am so glad," from Phyllis, with an unmistakable accent of relief.

"But where were you? I looked at everyone on the station."

"I was standing—just within the waiting-room, and seeing you had a companion—"

Alec, overhearing her last words, advanced, with a bow, to the door.

"Good-bye, Miss Errington. I am glad your friends had not forgotten you," and then he stood back and Phyllis caught a last glimpse of him, bare-headed, on the footpath, as the cab rattled off, bearing her to her new home.

A short interview with the elder Miss Fenton was followed by a hasty supper, after which a servant conducted her to a small, simply-furnished apartment.

"This is your room, Miss. I hope you will rest well. The bell rings at a quarter to 7, prayers are at half-past."

Too fatigued to unpack more than what was most necessary, Phyllis soon retired to rest, but her sleep was troubled by visis, wherein Mademoiselle Lacaze, the French teacher, whose name she had learned during their drive, appeared with menacing gestures, and Miss Fenton, with eyes of disapproval, and then Alec's face smiled at her across a railway carriage as they journeyed together in the land of dreams, until the sound of the "rising bell" gradually resolved itself into a novel reality, and she awoke to the first experiences of her new life.

The school-room clock had just struck half-past eight when Miss Errington's presence was desired in the study.

Although she had been expecting the summons, it was with quickly-beating heart that Phyllis entered the comfortable, business-like room to which she was conducted. Miss Fenton sat at a large writing-table, while her sister stood expectant on the hearth rug.

"Good morning, Miss Errington," from the elder lady, without looking up from a letter she was perusing. Miss Caroline put out her hand gravely, and then walked to the window.

"You sent for me—" began Phyllis, hesitatingly.

"Yes." Then Miss Fenton folded her letter, replaced it in the envelope, and removing her "pincenez," began—

"It is, of course, necessary for you to become acquainted with your duties. But, firstly, there is another subject on which I have to speak."

Phyllis remained standing. In the one interview she had already had with those ladies, they had certainly seemed more cordial; but then she had not felt so solitary, and their conversation ancient scholastic and monetary matters had been chiefly carried on with her mother. Her heart sank strangely as she waited for her employer to continue.

"You remember, Miss Errington, that it was at the urgent request of Mrs. Alford that we consented to receive you into our establishment. Hitherto our teachers have been rather older, but the assurances we received of your painstaking disposition, and the rather serious bent which your studies had taken, disposed us to overlook the lack of your youth and inexperience."

Phyllis inclined her head.

"I hardly like to mention such an impropriety, but Mademoiselle Lacaze thought it her duty to inform me that you were accompanied last evening by a—gentleman!"

Had she been alluding to a Greenland bear, Miss Fenton could hardly have mentioned the fact with a more emphatic expression of outraged decorum.

"It is quite true. He was very kind to me on the journey."

A well-dressed Hindu woman wears but one piece of cloth; this is six or eight yards in length, and a yard and a quarter wide. It is wrapped in graceful folds about her waist, shoulders and body, allowing it to hang loosely in some directions, and tucking it in here and there to keep it in place; all this accomplished, our East Indian sister is neatly and becomingly dressed without use of pin, button, hook or string.

"Caroline!" addressing her sister, "do you hear? Miss Errington does not scruple to confess that this gentleman was her traveling companion!"

Miss Caroline, rather prim, but less stern than her stronger-minded sister, ventured to put in a word for the culprit.

"Perhaps it was someone you knew, my dear; a friend to whom your mother had confided you?"

"No!" in a steadfast voice; "I had never seen him before. We were in the same carriage from Paddington; the train was late at Lyme Tree Junction, so we had three hours to wait."

"Am I right?" demanded Miss Fenton, severely, "in supposing you spent those hours in the society of an utter stranger?"

"Yes," answered Phyllis, her eyes filling under her interloper's gaze. "But, please, let me explain. When I found there was not another train until evening I felt very nervous. You see it was the first time I had traveled alone, and—this gentleman, seeing my uneasiness, told me he was also coming to Granford; and then—there was only one waiting room, so I could scarcely have avoided him."

Miss Fenton shook her head incredulously, while her sister remonstrated.

"But, my dear, one can always, without discounture, make it evident that one does not desire a promiscuous acquaintance."

The girl looked up at her.

"I am very sorry if I have done wrong, and—and," flushing hotly, "I must tell you, for I would rather you knew everything, that I had not brought with me anything to eat, and there was no refreshment room, and so he went out and brought me some luncheon from the confectioner's."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Hideous Relic of the Past.

The old-time South American Indians were head hunters in every sense of the word, and their manner of preserving the relics of battle would make an Egyptian embalmer sick with envy. They cut off the heads of all vanquished foes and then removed the flesh, bones and brain by some lost process. The materials used in embalming these uncanny relics (fluids of what not) had the effect of shrinking the head until the intellectual dome of a full grown man would not be larger than a lemon. One of these shriveled embalmers is now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The hair is still as black and glossy as when worn by the original owner of the head four or five hundred years ago, and the lips, mouth, nose and eyes are all perfect, although reduced in size proportionate to the shrunken head. The curators of the museum value it at \$5000.

Unsound Teeth.

The belief that unsound teeth belong only to a highly civilized state of life seems to be a prevalent one. But J. Howard Mummary informs us that a very different conclusion was reached by his father more than twenty years ago after an inquiry extending over more than a decade. Over two thousand skulls were examined, including all the available collections in Great Britain. Among thirty-six skulls of ancient Egyptians, twenty-one were with carious teeth; among seventy-six Anglo-Saxon skulls, twelve; among 146 skulls of Romano-Britons, forty-one, and among forty-four miscellaneous skulls of ancient Britons, nine. Several other collections gave like results. Examining skulls of savage races, 27.7 per cent. of Tasmanians were found to have dental caries, 20.45 per cent. of native Australians, 24.24 per cent. of the natives of East Africa and 27.96 per cent. of the natives of West Africa.

Glass Houses.

One of the promised novelties of the next great exposition will be a glass house. The building will have a skeleton frame of iron, on which will be fastened glass posts, making a double wall. The roof will be of tinted glass, and cornices, foundation, door-step and stairways will be of thick slabs of glass. Imitations of all sorts of building material will be possible in the new houses, and the tops of pillars and mouldings will be stamped in arabesques and flowers. By improved methods, glass tubing and pipes are made that have a resistance equal to cast-iron. When these pipes can be used for conveying water, we will be sure of much better quality of this article than at present, as no peculiarities of soil can corrode them, and the water will acquire no unusual taste.

Musical Instruments of Aluminum.

The use of aluminum is becoming common. In Austria-Hungary a short time ago the metal was introduced into the army. The band of the Third Regiment of Infantry (the Archduke Charles' regiment) has used it in the manufacture of drums, discarding the old-fashioned brass metal. The instruments have a neat appearance and are much lighter, and according to experts, their timbre is more melodious. The regimental bands in garrison at Vienna have also received the aluminum drum. It is stated that this newly improved drum will shortly be supplied to the whole of the bands in the Austrian army. Perhaps in the near future the trombone and all other instruments now wholly made of brass will give way to aluminum.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 31.

In effect Monday, Oct. 15th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Express for St. John (daily) 7.20  
Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax 8.54  
Express for St. John 10.14  
Express for St. John 11.29  
Express for Halifax 11.41  
Express for Moncton, Quebec, Montreal 11.52  
Accommodation for St. John 12.35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th, October, 1894.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 31.

In effect Monday, Oct. 15th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Express for St. John (daily) 7.20  
Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax 8.54  
Express for St. John 10.14  
Express for St. John 11.29  
Express for Halifax 11.41  
Express for Moncton, Quebec, Montreal 11.52  
Accommodation for St. John 12.35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th, October, 1894.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 31.

In effect Monday, Oct. 15th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Express for St. John (daily) 7.20  
Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax 8.54  
Express for St. John 10.14  
Express for St. John 11.29  
Express for Halifax 11.41  
Express for Moncton, Quebec, Montreal 11.52  
Accommodation for St. John 12.35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th, October, 1894.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 31.

New York's Great Bridge.

The greatest cantilever bridge that has ever been built in this country, and probably the greatest bridge of this design ever built in the world, is now in process of construction across the East River. It is to be known as the New York and Long Island Bridge, and is to run from Third Avenue and Sixty-fourth street across Blackwell's Island to a point about a mile from Long Island City. This bridge is the creation of Austin Corbin, of the Long Island Railroad Company. When finished it will have cost \$8,000,000. It will give to the Long Island Railroad a terminal station in New York city which promises to be one of the finest in the United States, and is probably the forerunner of one of the largest railroad deals ever contemplated in this country.

When the bridge charter was granted by the New York State Legislature along with two other charters for bridges further down the East River, no one believed for a moment that the bridge would be built inside of fifty years. The plans were submitted to Congress, and so convincing were the proofs that the work was to be pushed ahead as rapidly as possible that the bridge bill was sent to the President for his approval in a very short time. Even then the magnitude of the undertaking led many people to believe that the work would never be begun.

All of these dismal predictions have come to naught, and if no unforeseen accident happens the bridge will be ready for traffic by the spring of 1897.

Gang of Diamond Swindlers and Burglars Broken up.

MONTREAL, Dec. 8.—One of the cleverest and most important arrests ever made in this city was effected this morning through the shooting down of Constable Curran at midnight by burglars. For two months past diamond swindlers and safe crackers from the United States have been playing their business here in a very successful manner; many of the large financial manufacturing concerns being defrauded and robbed out of thousands of dollars. A week ago the diamond swindlers were located in a fashionable house on Mansfield street, but before the police could take action they skipped out to Toronto. On Thursday they came back and took up quarters in a low dive in Griffintown and in company with safe crackers. Last night the gang was located and while attempting to arrest one of the number, "Baltimore Whitney," Constable Curran was shot. He is in a very low condition. Four more of the gang were arrested this morning. The police are now looking for the women.

Behring Sea Settlement.

VICTORIA, B. C., Dec. 6.—President Cleveland's recommendation to Congress to pay \$425,000, practically in full settlement of the claims of Canadian sealers against the United States, causes anxious speculation. When it was unofficially announced some months ago that that amount would be paid, it was understood to be merely for claims presented to the Paris tribunal arising out of the seizures in Behring Sea, during 1886, 1887 and 1889, there having been none in 1888. About 400,000 was the amount of claims on this account. Canadian sealers fully expected to receive large sums for the loss of prospective profits through the exclusion under the modus vivendi, especially for 1891, the first year of the arrangement. England advanced about \$100,000 as indemnity. The claims of 1892 and 1893, which will be pressed against the Canadian and British Governments amount to considerably more than \$500,000.

Teacher—Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders? Bright Pupil—It was Atlas, ma'am, Teacher—And who supported Atlas? Bright Pupil—The book don't say; but I guess his wife supported him.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SALISBURY.

Express for St. John (daily) 7.20  
Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax 8.54  
Express for St. John 10.14  
Express for St. John 11.29  
Express for Halifax 11.41  
Express for Moncton, Quebec, Montreal 11.52  
Accommodation for St. John 12.35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th, October, 1894.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 31.

In effect Monday, Oct. 15th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Express for St. John (daily) 7.20  
Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax 8.54  
Express for St. John 10.14  
Express for St. John 11.29  
Express for Halifax 11.41  
Express for Moncton, Quebec, Montreal 11.52  
Accommodation for St. John 12.35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th, October, 1894.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 31.

In effect Monday, Oct. 15th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Express for St. John (daily) 7.20  
Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax 8.54  
Express for St. John 10.14  
Express for St. John 11.29  
Express for Halifax 11.41  
Express for Moncton, Quebec, Montreal 11.52  
Accommodation for St. John 12.35