

Girl, Man and Native.

By "PAN."

There seemed to be only one cool spot in the whole length and breadth of the cove, and that was where a large rock threw a shadow across the sand, bearing the brunt of the sun's fierceness on one side, while he protected his little friends in the pool on the other.

The girl sat on the other, as quiet and still as the anemones in the pool, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes idly watching a boat making its way across the blue waters, apparently to the very spot where she was sitting.

The Man was in the boat. He was rowing jerkily, stopping every now and again to inspect the coast. During one of these inspections he caught sight of the Girl's white sun-bonnet. He breathed a sigh of thankfulness.

"A Native at last, thank goodness. I'll see if I can get any sense out of her."

He was very warm and very cross, and the Girl saw it as he jumped out and drew his boat up, and was amused thereby, though no trace of her amusement showed itself in her face. She looked at him unconcernedly, a trifle haughtily it seemed, but it may have been that the curve of her lips gave her a haughty expression at all times.

The Man sauntered up to her, struggling into his blazer the while.

"Can you tell me the name of this inf—this place," he asked curly, not troubling to remove his cap.

She looked at him from his toes upward, and being tall he began to feel uncomfortable long before her eyes had reached his face.

"I can," she said slowly. He waited for more, but no more came.

"Then will you," he asked. "Can't you see I'm in a devil of a hurry?"

The Girl looked away over the glittering water and smiled a tiny mad-dening smile.

"Yes," she said, "I can, and I suppose that is what has made you so angry."

"Confound the girl," he broke out, rudely, "if it is that you won't give any information unless you are paid for it, why on earth don't you say so?"

Her eyes were full of laughter now, though her face was cold and stern, but she kept her head bowed, so that to the Man nothing was visible but the outline of a round, pink cheek, and a cluster of little dark curls, struggling out from under her sun-bonnet.

"If you had asked me civilly I should have told you at once—"

The Man took off his cap with an elaborate bow.

"Will you oblige so insignificant a person as myself," he said, mockingly, "by informing me of the name of this cove, Miss—Miss—"

"Doris Carew," the Girl answered, looking up at him with a little triumphant sparkle in her eyes, "and this is Tremellen cove. It belongs to my father, and I am waiting here for some friends we have asked to picnic here to-day. And you?"

"I—I am a friend of the Martyns. I was to have met them here. I—I believe you were so kind as to include me. But—but—"

"Ah! here are the servants with the provisions, and there is a hostess of my friends coming around the point." She began to move quickly away, then stopped and looked at the Man.

Then she drew out her hand with a smile that held all the haughtiness from her face.

"We will forget our first meeting," she said kindly, "and imagine we have only just met. I am very glad to see you. Your mistake was all the fault of this bonnet of mine. All my friends know me and my bonnets; but, of course, to a stranger they are the relic of the dark ages." And she gave it a little vindictive push back off her face.

"Yes, confound the thing," thought the Man, not having soul enough or sense to see that it was, beyond any other, the most becoming headgear she could have worn.

Then they went off to superintend the tea arrangements, and the Girl by her tact soon set the Man at his ease, so that by the time the loaded boat drew in to the shore they were, to all appearances, quite friendly, and the Man not disinclined to put on airs before these newcomers and pretend to a greater friendliness than existed.

"She is deuced pretty after all," he said to himself, "not at all bad for the country. Of course she has no style and can't dress, but I don't at all mind that unaffected sort of a girl once in a way. I've a good mind to get up a flirtation." He looked at her as she stood calling to the people in the boat, the soft breeze from the sea just raising the curls on her forehead, her face flushed a little, her eyes flashing and sparkling. "By Jove, though, I must be careful, for I might have no end of a bother when I leave; those dark eyed girls are the deuce and all when they are in love with a chap."

Just at this moment a man came clambering down a path through the rocks into the cove—a tall, lithe man, with fair curly hair, and a plain, good-tempered face.

"Another Native, I suppose," thought the Man. "They aren't a bad set to look at; of course, there's no knowing what figure they'd cut in town. What a cap and blazer! By Jove, I'd be ashamed to wear them, even down here."

And he looked complacently down over himself and flicked off a diminutive fly, whose tiny black body was marring the effect of the new whites. But when he looked again he saw that the Native had two oars on his very shabby cap.

"An old Blue," he commented more respectfully; "well, I'm blessed if I now how a thing of that sort can stand this sort of thing."

He referred to the country, the company, the entertainment, and spoke as a fellow martyr.

"He'll be quite thankful to have some one from town to talk to."

The Girl, turned round from welcoming her friends, saw the Native coming towards her. The little cry she gave was expressive and full of meaning, but it was utterly beyond the Man's comprehension; he only saw her step quickly up to the Native and give him her hand.

"I am so glad you have come."

"You knew I should."

That was all. The Native looked at the Girl, the Girl blushed a little, the Man saw nothing; he placed himself beside the Girl and bored her unutterably, nor did he see that, either.

There were several girls there, some pretty, some plain, some simply dressed, others reminding one painfully of London and fashion plates.

The Man allowed himself to be attracted by one of these after a time, and found, when the conversation reached London, that they had much in common.

Probably he would have relinquished his cruel designs on the peace of mind of the Girl if it had not been that when wandering along, disconsolately wondering how much longer "these people are going to stay here," he happened upon the Girl and the Native walking together and talking earnestly. True, he saw nothing beyond the fact that they were walking together, but that was enough.

"Confound the fellow," he said, savagely, "I meant to have caught on there myself. I will, too, by Jove, and I'll cut him out. It'll be as fine as licking him at Henley."

That evening the Native wandered back over the cliffs, silent and thoughtful, the Man returned home with a triumphant smile on his lips and pride in his heart; the girl went to her home on the cliff top, smiling happily.

It was odd that such a lazy individual as the Man should sacrifice himself as he did during the next week or so, and still more odd when one remembers that she water is death to new white flannels and tan boots, also that the girl from town was lodging in the place.

But, day after day, and day after day, found the Girl sitting in her favorite corner, reading or working, or idly staring out to sea.

She did not always smile at the Man when he arrived; sometimes she was very cold and distant, once or twice she only bowed and went on reading, leaving the Man to wander disconsolately about the lonely beach, or to take boat and return; but he, being of the hippopotamus-hide species, did neither.

He seated himself beside the Girl, and began to talk. Then she, being a lady, closed her book and listened, while her eyes wandered from the sea to the path down the cliff, and back again. They did not often include the Man in their gaze, but he put that down to shyness.

The Man had a month's holiday every year, a fortnight in the summer and a fortnight at Christmas, but this year when the fortnight had nearly expired he wrote for an extension of leave, asking to have another week now instead of in the winter.

That happened several days after the picnic, and when he had become accustomed to the lack of smartness in the Girl. In fact, he grew really quite fidgety by her country style, he told himself.

"I must really let her know I am off to-morrow," he said, as he rowed across the bay on the last day of his holiday. "Poor little soul, I hope she won't take on much. By Jove, though, I shall feel it myself. I've been an awful fool; I'd no idea I should fall in love with her like this. Was never really gone on anyone in my life before, and I don't like the feeling at all. It takes all the starch out of a fellow."

He sat and meditated long and earnestly, when he looked round to see where his boat had drifted. He was not far from the cove, for the wind was high and had carried him in. Under the sheltering rock, where he had first seen her, was the Girl in her white sun-bonnet.

"I'll do it, I'm bothered if I won't. Hang it all, she can't refuse, and she'd cause quite a sensation in town when she was dressed smartly. I'm really awful fond of her; I'd no idea I'd got it in me to be so fond of anyone."

He pushed swiftly in, and the Girl looked up from her book with a bright welcoming smile, and was unusually gracious to him. They strolled back to her favorite seat, where they would be out of the wind, and from whence she could watch the cliff path and the sea. The Man lay on the sand and looked up at her.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said abruptly, watching her keenly. The Girl withdrew her eyes from the cliffs slowly, and a second or so passed before she answered him; it almost seemed as though she had not heard his remark.

"Going away," she said at last; "I'm so sorry. It means the end—"

The Man sprang up into a sitting position. Then he knelt on the sand beside her.

"My—," he began; but she, not noticing him, continued absently, though a little sadly, as though her thoughts had been elsewhere—

"It means that the summer is nearly over, and I am so sorry."

"It means more than that to me," burst forth the Man impetuously.

"Yes, of course to you it means work. It must be very hard to go back to town, and its fogs and dirt, after this," waving her hands towards the beautiful country before them. "I am always so thankful I live in the country."

"Would nothing induce you to leave it?" he said eagerly. "Don't you think you could get as fond of London in time, that you would be willing to live there now if—if your home and your husband were there?"

She colored profusely.

"But my home is here, and I—I have no—"

"Yes, yes, I know; but would you not leave this home and the scenery for the sake of someone you loved?"

The Girl grew collected enough in a moment or so.

"Yes," she said seriously, "I would do both, and I would live in London all the year round for anyone I cared for."

She glanced shyly up the cliff path, though there was nothing there to account for her shyness.

The Man sprang up.

"Then do it for me!" he cried.

The Girl sprang up too, and looked around her as if for help.

"Are you mad, or—or—"

She could think of no other excuse for his extraordinary behavior.

But the Man grew annoyed at the suggestion, and then and there blurted out his love—which was really very genuine for the time at any rate—and his thought that she loved him.

"Understand," she said, trying to speak calmly, "that this cove was my boudoir, dining-room, drawing-room, long, long before you came and invaded it, and will be for long after you are gone. It was my nursery even, and I did not see why I should be driven from the place I had spent my days in for years by you. I could not order you off, and you refused to take my silence or coolness as a hint that your continuous intrusion was an annoyance to me; such a possibility was beyond your comprehension, I suppose. If you suffer it is your own fault, and hope it may be a little less presumptuous in your opinion of girls. Now I think you had better go."

There was a pause during which the Man tried to think of something very telling to hurl at the Girl in reply; but before he had thought it out, the Girl gave that same little cry she had given on the day of the picnic, when she turned away and saw the Native.

She moved away a little and then stopped.

"Perhaps I had better tell you," she said more gently, "that I am engaged to that gentleman you see coming down the cliff path. Now perhaps you will understand how mistaken you have been."

Again she moved away, again hesitated and returned.

"I am awful sorry I spoke as I did just now," she said, smiling sweetly at the Man, "but believe me, you can offer no greater insult to a girl's feelings than by taking it for granted that she loves you, particularly when, as in your case, you deliberately intended to make her do so."

Then she left and joined the Native.

He walked away almost rudely, with words and feelings that would not bear interpretation, and took the boat and rowed hard across the bay; and as he rowed the air grew heavy with his remarks anent the wind; the boat, the sea, and the Native; but his remarks about the Girl were so weighty that they could not rise.

Father of Forty-one Children.

The death recently at Allentown, Pa., of Hiram Heffner recalls the fact that he was one of 41 children. His father, John Heffner, died in the fall of 1885 at Reading at the age 69. Had death in an accidental form not cut him off it is probable that the number of his progeny would have been considerably increased. At the time he was called unto his fathers he was the father of 41 children, and a step-child also called him father. Heffner was one of Reading's characters and was in the full vigor of health when he was killed. It is doubtful whether his record in the parental line was ever equalled in Pennsylvania, and the cases where one man was the progenitor of a larger flock are extremely rare. He was a dwarfed hunchback and not of prepossessing appearance. He was born in Berlin, Germany, in 1816 and came to this country in 1848, settling in Reading.

He was married first in 1849. In eight years his wife bore him 17 children. The first and second year of their marriage she gave birth to twins. For four consecutive years afterwards she gave birth to triplets. In the seventh year she gave birth to one child, and a short time afterward she died. Of the 17 children she left the oldest was less than eight years of age. Heffner engaged a young woman to look after his large brood of babies, and three months later she became the second Mrs. Heffner. She presented her husband with two children the first two years of their married life. Five years later she added ten more to the family, two at each birth. The next three years were not so productive, the yield being only one each year. She died before another year came round. Of the 32 children John Heffner had been presented with up to 1859 twelve had died. The 20 that were left did not appear to be any obstacle to a young widow with one child consenting to become the third wife of the jolly little hunchback, for he was known to be one of the happiest and most genial men in Reading, although it kept him toiling like a slave to keep his score of mouths in bread.

The third Mrs. Heffner became the mother of nine children to her husband in ten years, and the contentment and happiness of the couple were proverbial. How many more would have arisen to call him father is of course not known, for one day in the fall of 1885, while still a vigorous man, the father of 41 children was run down by a Reading locomotive and instantly killed. But for this sad ending of his life it is impossible to estimate with any degree of certainty what the size of the little peddler's family would eventually have been. His widow and a large number of his children are living in Reading and vicinity. They are all thrifty and respectable people.

Her Plan.

"To-morrow night, dearest," he said as he drew her closer to him, "to-morrow my bachelor's farewell dinner takes place at the club, so you must not expect me to call."

"Oh, I know all about it," she exclaimed animatedly. "Brother Jack has told me about those bachelors' farewell dinners, and how you all get together for one final lark before the one who is to be married settles down for his future life."

"What did Jack tell you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Everything, I guess," she returned brightly. "He told me about the champagne and the toasts and the glorious time they always have on the eve of a man's giving up his freedom." There was not a trace of vexation in her tone, and she went on in the same vivacious way. "I told him I didn't see why girls shouldn't have those consolation parties too. They give up just as much, and sometimes more, and I think they are entitled to one good lark with their old friends; don't you, George?"

But George was thinking very hard and seemed troubled, so she continued, without waiting for an answer: "I got Jack to tell me all about the last one he went to, and then I arranged for one myself just like it. I want to do what is proper, you know, George and so I told the girls that the night you had your final blow-out—that's what Jack called it—we would have one, too. We've engaged the prettiest little supper room you ever saw, and we are going to have the jolliest kind of a farewell spread—just like yours. They will all say good-bye to me and tell me how sorry they are to lose me, and we'll sing a lot of jolly songs and have lots of good things to eat and drink, and make a regular time of it."

"We were a little doubtful about it at first; but, of course, we could see that there was just as much reason in our dinner as in yours, and—"

"I believe, Clara," he interrupted, speaking slowly and thoughtfully, "I believe that I will give up that dinner. The more I think of it the more I think that I would rather call there than go to the finest dinner ever given. I never did like dinners, anyway; and, besides, a great uncle on my father's side died last year and it might seem like an insult to his memory."

And when the matrimonial ship left port he felt that its course was true; but, somehow, he had an idea that his was not the only hand on the helm.

Should Women Smoke?

The Nineteenth Century makes this good old subject its "silly seasoner." Mrs. Frederick Harrison treats it in the form of conversation. The argument which she puts forward, for and against, may thus be summarized. But first, do women smoke? Yes; for "the five daughters of our clergymen here all smoke," and, "as you may see in the papers, a wedding cannot be said to be really 'smart' unless the presents include at least three cigarette cases for the bride." And now ought women to smoke?

YES.

Because: If a harmless smoke soothes and comforts men, who are we that we should deny it to a woman, because, forsooth, it does not fit in with our ideas of what becomes a woman? Because: "Here are two men and two women, and the two men may hide their defects and shortcomings in conversation with smoke, while we poor women have to insert our best remarks between the puffs—why should not we smoke?"

Because: Restlessness is the fashion of our age, and smoke is good for restlessness. George Sand advised all women to take to needlework as a sedative; but she herself took to smoking. The new woman has followed her example instead of her precept.

Because: "Spanish and Russian women smoke, and why not English women?"

NO.

Because a higher morality is to be expected from women than from men. Smoking is a mere self-indulgence, is opposed to the higher morality.

Because: "Who can suppose nicotine to be a useful preparation for the young life to be launched into the world? And for the nursing mother with a cigarette, what can we say? 'We should have to bury all our pictures of the Madonna fathoms deep that they might not behold so unlovely a sight.'"

Because the reserve force of the race must be stored up by the women, and smoking uses up that force. Because woman is bound to so many artificial wants already that she ought not to cultivate another.

The Travellers' Tree.

On the Island of Madagascar there is a tree which is of the greatest service to the tired and thirsty. It is called "the travellers' tree," and it has no branches, the leaves growing from the trunk and spreading out like the sections of a fan. These leaves, of which there are generally not more than twenty-four on each tree, are from six to eight feet in length and from four to six feet broad. At the base of each leaf is a kind of cup, containing about a quart of cool, sweet water. The natives save themselves the trouble of climbing the tree by throwing a spear, which pierces the leaf at the spot where the water is stored. The water then flows down into the vessel held beneath it, and the traveller is enabled to continue his journey, cheered and refreshed by the precious liquid nature has so kindly provided for him.

The grave of Eve is visited by 400,000 pilgrims each year. It is to be seen at Jeddah, in a cemetery outside the city walls. The tomb is fifty cubits long and twelve wide. The Arabs entertain a belief that Eve was the tallest who ever lived.

Bridging the Chasm.

Just outside the waiting room of the depot two well dressed colored men, who were evidently barbers, met face to face, and both stepped back and glared at each other for a minute. Then No. 1 pompously observed:—

"Sah, I believe yo'r cognomen am Sykes?"

"Yes, sah, an yo'r am Perkins?"

"Yes, sah. Yisterday maw'nin' yo' seed fit to insult me."

"Yes, sah, I insulted yo'."

"An' I claimed de satisfackshun which one glem'an should allus gin another."

"Yo' did. Yo' writ a challenge an' sent it to me by a boy. I accepted it."

"Yo' accepted it, did yo'?"

"Of c'se. To-morrow I shall meet yo' on de field of honah."

"See dat yo' do! I shall be right dar, an' lemme tell yo' I shall put six bullets frew yo'r body."

"Shoo! I shall kill yo' at de fust shot!"

"Hu! Yo' jest tell yo'r wife to git ready for a funeral, 'cause I nebbin miss my aim!"

"An' yo' git yo'r will drawn up, fur yo'll be a dead man befo' dis time to-morrow!"

"Shoo!"

"Hu!"

They stood there and looked at each other up and down for a while, and then No. 1 softly quereed:—

"Say, Mistah Sykes, mebbe yo, didn't dun mean to insult me!"

"No, Mistah Perkins, I didn't, yo' got mad befo' I could displain matters."

"Yes, reckon I did. I doan' seek yo'r blood."

"An' I doan' sigh fur yo'r's."

"Den mebbe we'd better git a drink of lemonade an' stop dis awful tragedy."

"Reckon we had. I doan' want to plunge dis hull community into desolashun."

"Will yo' take my arm, Mistah Sykes?"

"Sartinly, Mistah Perkins, sartinly."

And they went over to 3-cent lemonade stand, which was doing business with a horse blanket for a roof, and drowned out their thirst for gore and other unpleasant things.

Foreign Invasions of Britain.

In all, counting hostile expeditions into British waters, Britain has been invaded about forty-eight times by foreign foes—i. e., by Julius Caesar, 55 and 54 B.C.; by the Romans, under Aulus Plautus, A. D. 43; Saxons, under Ella, 442; Jutes, under Hengist and Horsa, 449; Saxons, under Ella, 479; Engles (or Angles), 480; Gewissas (West Saxons), 514; Danes who commenced their thirteen invasions in 783, who began their "political conquests" 980; by Sweden—first invasion—988; by the Norwegians and Swedes combined, 991; by Sweden and Nlaf, 994, by the Danes, in company with Pelig, 1001; by Sweden 1003 and 1005, Turkill (Danish) fleet, 1009; Sweden—last invasion—1013; Cnut, 1015; the Normans, under Edward, 1036; Lothen and Yrling, Scandinavians, 1048; William the Conqueror, 1066; the Danes again 1074; Robert of Normandy, 1103; Henry of Anjou (afterwards Henry II.), 1153; Prince Louis of France, 1215; Isabel and Mortimer, with foreign aid, 1326; Edward IV., aided by the Duke of Burgundy, 1471. Margaret, with help from France, 1471; Richmond, with French forces, 1485; Simmel, aided by Germans, 1487; the Duch defeated off Lowestoft, 1665; ditto, defeated in Medway, 1667; William of Orange, 1688; the French victorious off Beachy Head 1689, and repulsed from Wales, 1795. In addition to the above the Danes also invaded Scotland and Ireland, 795-6, took Dublin and Fingall, etc., 798, and again invaded that country, which was also invaded by Spaniards and Italians, 1580; by James II., with French aid, 1689; by Thurot, with French aid, 1860, and by the French, 1793, whilst the Island of Jersey was invaded by them in 1781.

What "we" Includes.

Somebody who wants to explain what the editorial "we" signifies says it has a variety of meanings, varied to suit the circumstances. For an example:

When you read that, we expect our wife home to-day "refers to the editor-in-chief. When it is "we are a little late with our work," it includes the whole office force; even to the devil and the towel. In "we are having a boom," the town is meant. "We received over 700,000 immigrants last year," embraces the nation, but "we have hog cholera in our midst," only means that the man who takes the paper and does not pay for it is very ill.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

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

Leave Harvey..... 4.00
Leave Albert..... 4.15
Leave Hillsboro'..... 4.50
Arrive Salisbury..... 7.30

Leave Salisbury..... 10.00
Leave Hillsboro'..... 12.00
Leave Albert..... 13.20
Arrive Harvey..... 13.35

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