

A CHANCE DELAY.

By Lady Johnson.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

At this intelligence both ladies looked so aghast that Phyllis, between a nervous dread of their displeasure and an inward conviction that her conduct, however unjustifiable from a conventional point of view, had been guiltless of real impropriety, burst into tears. Miss Caroline came toward her.

"Do not distress yourself, my child. I quite believe it to have been purely accidental, and perhaps you did not stay to consider whether it was judicious to put yourself under obligations to a perfect stranger. I think, Mary," turning to her sister, "we must overlook it this time," and bending her head down they conversed in an undertone.

Then Miss Fenton, regarding Phyllis a trifle less severely, said:

"We are willing to believe your conduct to have been unintentionally indiscreet, but it augurs a most unusual ignorance of the usages of society. However, in consideration of your straightforward explanation and—and the recommendation of Mrs. Alford, we will consider it simply a want of knowledge of the world; but I need hardly remind you that any doubt we may be led to entertain in the future as to the absolute propriety of your conduct will be treated with the utmost severity," and, as though to intimate that the subject was ended, she drew toward her a lesson chart and proceeded to instruct the new teacher in her several duties.

Mrs. Alford's pretty drawing-room had never looked more invitingly cozy than on a February afternoon some three weeks later, as that lady drew her chair up to the fire and prepared for a pleasant "tete-a-tete" with her nephew, who had just arrived from a house in the neighboring county.

"It is good of you to come back to me, Alec."

Captain Cleveland smiled as he answered:

"Did I not tell you I should turn up again, like the proverbial bad penny?"

"You had a nice house party?"

"Charming."

"The Dawsons were there?"

"Yes."

"Their father is very well off. He will give them something handsome when they marry. Now is your time! They are sure to be picked up directly, pretty and rich as they are."

Captain Cleveland shook his head.

"Seriously, Alec, have you never thought of settling down?"

A slighter shake of the head, and an amused smile.

"Well, I am no advocate, as you know, of marrying for money, but you are past thirty, and as your time is up in India, I thought you might—"

"Might not marry for money, but love where money is, eh, there tantee?"

Mrs. Alford put her head a little on one side.

"Do you know, Alec, you strike me as being one of those men who would fall in love at first sight."

"Do I? Why?"

"Well, you always seem so indifferent to those women who are generally run after. Some fine day, I expect, you will lose your heart instantaneously."

Captain Cleveland leaned forward in his chair. "Would it surprise you if I told you I had already lost it?"

"You do not really mean that?" regarding him fixedly.

"Fact, I assure you."

"But when? Where? Is it someone in India?"

"No," with a brevity calculated to invite enquiry.

"In England then?"

"Yes." Still as laconically.

"Surely—it cannot be!—but no, of course not!"

"Cannot be—who?"

"Anyone I should not—like; anyone ineligible, in fact."

"You may make your mind easy on that score. True, she has no fortune, but in every other respect she is all you, my most fastidious aunt, could desire."

"How strange you should not have told me this before."

"Why?"

"Well, I flattered myself on being generally in your confidence; and to think of your being engaged and I not know it."

"But I am not engaged."

"Not engaged. Ah, I see; not proposed yet. Then you are confiding in me, after all. That is nice of you. My advice, or help, which is it?"

"Be th. I fancy?"

"How long have you known her?"

"Three weeks."

"Since you came home?"

"With an elevation of the eyebrows. "Someone staying at the Woods then, after all?"

"No."

"But you have been there a fortnight and were here a week before?"

"Exactly, I have not seen her often."

"How often?"

"Once."

"Nonsense, Alec, you are joking."

"I assure you I am not."

"And you are in love with a woman you have only seen once?"

"I am, and it is that which has brought me back to Grandford."

"To consult with me, I suppose, as to the ways and means of—visitors. How annoying!" as the sound of a bell was heard in the distance. "Ah, no! I forgot. I have an engagement at 5 o'clock. However, I told Watkins to show the lady into the boudoir. I am very sorry but we will resume the subject later. I am deeply interested," smiling as she went to the door, which opened at that moment. "Watkins, you can bring tea into the boudoir."

It was rather provoking to have one's confidence cut short in such a manner, but Alec Cleveland felt her interest

was secured and could afford to wait.

Half an hour later Mrs. Alford appeared, a look of vexation on her usually placid face.

"Something has annoyed you," he said. "What is it?"

She was silent a moment, and then said:

"I do not suppose there is any harm in my telling you, as you do not know the people."

"Of course not, besides, I am discretion itself."

"Well, sometime before Christmas I received a letter from a friend whom I had not seen for twenty years. She had married a clergyman and he was dead, so she wrote to ask my interest in her daughter, who wished for a situation as governess. Happening to be in town I went to see them, found the girl charming, and on my return applied to the Misses Fenton, who have a large school here. Fortunately they were in want of an English teacher, and they eventually engaged her. She came to them toward the end of the month, and I have only seen her once, when she appeared to be quite contented. This morning I received a note asking when she might find me at home, as she was in trouble, and that is the visitor who has just left me."

During the recital her nephew's face had undergone a considerable change. Surprise and interest had taken the place of lazy indifference, followed by a hasty exclamation as she paused.

"In trouble, you say?"

"Yes. It seems on her journey down a gentleman showed her considerable kindness, and as she arrived late at night, and there appeared no one to meet her, he finally committed the enormity of putting her into a cab, which act was represented in such an unfavorable manner to Miss Fenton by a Frenchwoman, who turned up at the last moment, that poor Miss Errington was sent for the next morning and severely reprimanded. Yesterday she was again sent for into their private room, and there confronted with a large envelope, addressed to her in a gentleman's handwriting, and containing—what do you think?"

"A valentine?"

"Exactly. It was useless for her to protest that she did not know the sender, had never seen the handwriting before. Proofs to the Misses Fenton's mind were too strong. Innocent or guilty, it was evident she was undesirable, from their point of view; consequently they have intimated that her connection with them must cease at the end of the term. Did you ever hear of such preposterous prudery?" she continued, indignantly. "She is a remarkably pretty girl, and it is evidently from an unknown admirer."

Captain Cleveland put his back against the mantle-piece, and, looking down, asked:

"What would you give to know his name?"

She glanced quickly up.

"I feel too much annoyed to jest about it. To-morrow I intend to interview those ridiculous old women—"

"Stay—I can make it clear to you. I sent the valentine."

"You!"—with wide open eyes of unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes. That is the girl I was speaking to you about—the lady I hope to make my wife."

"But how do you know her? Where did you meet her?"

A quietly amused smile accompanied his answer.

"I owe the most fortunate meeting of my life to the accident of a dense fog. Do you remember the evening I arrived here?"

"Of course."

"That was also the day Miss Errington came to Grandford."

Suddenly a ray of intelligence lit up Mrs. Alford's face.

"Then you—you were the stranger to whose attention Miss Fenton so strongly objected?"

"I was. Thanks to the delay of our train, I spent some hours in Miss Errington's society; and now, you see that your estimate of my character was a correct one."

"That you would fall in love at first sight? But," with eager interest, "tell me all from the beginning."

Their conversation lasted sometime, and in consequence of a visit paid by Mrs. Alford the next day to the worthy ladies at Grove House, Phyllis found herself free to accept an invitation to spend the following Saturday and Sunday with her.

It was with undisguised surprise and pleasure that she found in the nephew of her hostess the fellow-traveler of whose kindness she retained such a grateful remembrance.

The valentine, needless to say, had been confiscated by Miss Fenton. To Phyllis, it was at first a matter of indifference, the receipt of anonymous favors was little to her taste, and had it not been for the timely espousal of her cause by Mrs. Alford, she would have had to thank that delicately-scented missile for the loss of a not unbecoming home, and also of an occupation which, though occasionally arduous, was eminently fitted to her requirements. Still, of late, certain thoughts had crossed her mind, bringing happy flushes in their train, and half-unconsciously she had found herself regretting the pretty trifle.

Could it be he who had sent it to her, she sometimes wondered; when on raising her eyes she would find Alec's fixed upon her with an expression in them she did not quite understand? And then she would accuse herself of inordinate vanity to imagine such a possibility.

The two pleasant days passed only too quickly. Mrs. Alford's attention being claimed by other visitors, gave Captain Cleveland the opportunities he was not slow to seize, of more lengthy and intimate conversations with their young guest.

It was on Sunday evening that Alec and his companion left the drawing-room, and wandered into the dimly-lighted conservatory.

"So you leave us to-morrow?" seating

himself beside her on a comfortable lounge.

"Yes, I must be back at school by ten o'clock."

"And the girls. Have you inspired them with a fitting respect for a person of your scholastic appearance?"

She laughed and blushed bewitchingly.

"Ah! you are recalling what I said in the train. If I had known you as well as I do now I should not have confided my fears to you."

"Why not?"

"Because—you are such a dreadful case."

"Am I? Well! I won't tease you any more. By the way, talking of Valentines, did you get any—Phyllis?"

"The question—the sound of her name spoken by him for the first time, startled her. She lifted her pretty eyes to his, and then dropped them in sudden confusion."

"I sent you one. Did they give it to you?"

"It was really—you—that sent it?"

She spoke with down-bent head, and words that came with a whisper.

"Yes. It was I. I was afraid of its causing you annoyance, so I did not even put my initials. But I hoped, I thought perhaps—you might guess it came from me."

She turned her face aside to hide the cheeks dyed deeper every instant, and feigned to pluck leaves from a scented shrub close by.

"I did not want you to forget me," he went on. "You were ever in my thoughts and I knew I must some day come and tell you what I want to tell you now—"

"and, as she essayed to rise, 'Hear me, dear Phyllis: do not turn away. I love you—have loved you ever since the day we spent together on that long, happy journey.'"

She was trembling and her eyes were heavy with sudden tears.

"Love me? I hardly understand—it is so short a time. You know me so little."

"Only know you are the one woman in the world I have ever loved."

Then she stood before him.

"Ah! no. I am not worthy. It is a generous impulse. Mrs. Alford has told you how angry they were. And you regret that I should have been pained—"

"Phyllis!" passionately, as he threw his arm around her, "how can you say such cruel things? Why will you not trust me?" and he looked into her face earnestly. "I did not even know you knew my name, but believe me, darling, my one object in coming to Grandford was to ask you to be my wife."

She gazed at him in bewildered hesitation. Such happiness was so unexpected, so overpowering.

"I have been too sudden. I cannot expect to win your heart at once. But will you let me try—dear Phyllis?"

Then to her tear-filled eyes there arose a faint smile, and she laid her hand in his.

"It is yours already, I think," with sweet shyness, "ever since that long, happy journey."

[THE END.]

Superstitions About Tea.

There are probably more quaint superstitions woven about tea than about anything else in the world. If you put cream in your cup before the sugar, it will "cross your love," so you must be very careful. If, when the tea is being made, the lid, removed to pour in the water, is forgotten to be replaced, it is the sure sign of the approaching arrival of a stranger.

If a tea stalk floats in the cup, it is called a "bean," and when this is seen unmarried women should stir their tea very quickly round and round and then hold the spoon upright in the center of the cup.

If the "bean" is attached to the spoon and clings to it, he will be sure to call very shortly, if not on that very evening, but if the stalk goes to the side of the cup, he will not come.

Some places this is also said to denote the coming of a stranger, and if the stalk is soft the newcomer will be a lady; if tough, a gentleman.

If you want to know how many years will elapse before you are married, balance your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry, fill another spoon with tea, and holding it above the balanced spoon let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops. Each one stands for a year.

If the cluster of small air bubbles formed by the sugar collect and remain in the center of the cup, it is a sign of fair weather. If they rush to the sides, there will be rain very shortly.

Population of British India.

According to the census of 1891 the population of British India and the native States was 287,223,431, an increase of 34,000,000 in 10 years. Of these, according to religion, there were 207,731,727 Hindoos, 57,321,164 Mohammedans, 9,820,467 Aborigines, 7,131,361 Buddhists, 2,284,380 Christians, 1,807,833 Sikhs, 1,416,638 Jains, 89,904 Parsis, 17,194 Hebrews and 42,763 of other religions. Of the Christian population 1,315,263 were certified to be Roman Catholics, and the remainder, 969,117, with the exception of a few hundred Syrians, etc., Protestants.

He Indorsed It.

A story is told of a country clergyman whose finances do not apparently extend to banking operations and experience. Going to a bank with a check, the clerk handed it back, with a request that he would indorse it, and it sh. uld then be cashed. After much deliberation the reverend gentleman came to the conclusion that he could, without violation of his conscience, accede to the request. So he took the treasured piece of paper and wrote across the back of it: "I heartily indorse this check."

A BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Armenia, the Scene of the Recent Horrible Massacre.

No incident of recent times has caused such widespread excitement as the massacre of the Armenians by the Kurds, which has filled the whole civilized world with horror. In every large city in this country meetings have been held to protest against the outrages in the name of humanity and civilization and Great Britain has even taken steps to secure the views of other European powers preparatory to bringing pressure to bear on the Sultan to prevent such horrors in future. Turkey, meanwhile, is resorting to every means to maintain its position and prevent any interference with its policy. Foreign newspapers have been forbidden in the country; the very name "Armenia" is prohibited, and private letters are ruthlessly opened and read lest hostile criticism of the government's action should be made to any of the Sultan's subjects.

Who, and what, then, are these Armenians, the story of whose wrongs is now interesting and arousing the indignation of the entire civilized world?

It would be difficult to point out a more delightful and mysteriously fascinating country than Armenia, the land of the Terrestrial Paradise, almost under the shadow of Mount Ararat. Armenia is a country of strong contrasts, of opposite extremes of heat and cold, light and shade, drouth and moisture, and contains more dark mysteries awaiting the solution of the future naturalist, geographer, philologist and historian than Central Africa, Central America and Hindostan taken together. The ethnologist is still in doubt to what branch of the great Indo-European family the Armenian people belong; the philologist has not yet classified their language; the antiquarian knows next to nothing of their early history.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

There are rivers in Armenia whose course, like that of Biffis, have still to be explored; cities occupying the sites of dried-up lakes; petrifying lakes, the sluggish surge of whose deep, blue waters is the only sound now heard on the spot where populous cities flourished when the human race was young; towns which for part of the year are river-girt islands; woods whose odor is unknown outside the neighborhood of old Eden; caves scooped out of massive rocks, which lead through endless windings to mysterious halls and unexplored recesses, where "dead men hang their mute thoughts" on the walls around—men whose names were household words before Babylon became Semitic, and when the simple laws of Acaad were still administered within its walls; adamantine rocks covered with quaint inscriptions and strange devices, which the prying eyes of an irreverent world have not yet been able to read; slabs of stone upon which are carved, in arrow-headed characters, the childish boasts, the patriotic hopes, and the pious sentiments of Darius, the king; stupendous columns and "wild images of more than man" whose history and purpose are no longer remembered.

VAN AND ITS LAKE.

The centre of this interesting country is Van, with its bitter salt water and solitary species of fish, 4,700 feet above the sea level. To the east the lake is protected by snow capped mountains, at whose feet lies nestling the island of Akhtamat, like the refreshing shadow of a passing cloud, and on the north by the rugged Subhan and Dagb, on whose crest Noah and his companions are said to have rested, after their six week's sojourn in the ark. The citadel of Van, on the dizzy summit of an immense rock rising bolt upright in the centre of a natural amphitheatre, deserves to rank as one of the wonders of the world. The roads leading to Aderbeidjan, Kurdistan and Western Armenia pass through the venerable town of Van, formerly called Semiramis City, the vineyards and orchards of which would have gladdened the heart of Hafiz himself.

Armenia possesses as many famous cities as Greece or Italy, but they are now mostly dead cities whose names are unfamiliar to the European or American.

ON A VOLCANO'S BRINK.

The Armenians are kept out of public office where the personal of the administration is chiefly Turkish; the courts are presided over by corrupt Moslem judges, who enforce the Moslem religious law in the country which is eminently Christian. The police even are recruited from the Turks and Kurds.

It is where the Christian is molested by the Moslem neighbor that the inequality is mostly felt; and as no Turk will come forward to give evidence against a co-religionist, the Armenians are constantly exposed to molestation of one kind and another, without hope of obtaining even the shadow of redress. The Moslem judges are not only countenancing, but support, the worst form of slavery that exists and is rampant in Armenia—treaties notwithstanding.

Thus the Armenians live ever, as it were, on the brink of a rugged volcano. At any moment the catastrophe is apt to come; there is an invasion, homes are ransacked and destroyed, virgins and wives become the spoils of the licentious Musselman, and the abductors ride victoriously and fearlessly away, leaving nothing but ruins and devastation behind them.

OUTRAGES BY THE KURDS.

Such is the attitude of the Turks toward the wretched descendants of a glorious nation. But if the Turks are a scourge unbearable to them, how much more so are the Kurds! Bad as the Turkish pachas and functionaries may be, they are kind—nay, tender, in comparison with the savage Kurds—a nomadic herd living on pillage, robbery, brigandage and murder. The

Turkish government has a curious and particular predilection for the Kurds, who are warm admirers of the Turkish policy of exterminating the Armenians. These gentry have the support of the local authorities in all the horrors they are guilty of; and it would require a volume to describe all that the unhappy Christians in Armenia have suffered and are suffering through the depredations of this savage tribe.

ARMENIAN HOPES OF FREEDOM.

It is not surprising in this age of resuscitated people, when the dry bones of withered natives live again, like those to which Ezekiel once prophesied, one of the oldest branches of the Indo-European family should look forward with hope and yearning to the re-establishment of its former power and prestige. The opportunity for effecting this change is far more favorable than it ever was for the liberation of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece or Romania. A vitality equalled only by that of the Hebrews, political aptitudes as marked as those of the Hungarians, a combination of European love of progress and Asiatic tact and diplomacy, silence all doubts as to the qualifications of the Armenians to play the important part that would of necessity devolve upon one of the principal heirs to the Turks' dominions.

He Was a Good Farmer.

A well-known congressman, who was a farmer before he went into politics, was doing his district not long ago, and in his rambles he saw a man in a stumpy patch of ground trying to get a plough through it. He went over to him, and, after a brief salutation, he asked the privilege of making a turn or two with the plough. The native shook his head doubtfully as he looked at his visitor's store clothes and general air of gentleman of elegant leisure, but he let the gentleman take the plough. The congressman sailed away with it in fine style, and ploughed four or five furrows before the owner of the field could recover from his surprise. Then he pulled up and handed the handles over to the original holder.

"By gravity, mister?" said the farmer admiringly, "air you in the agricultural business?"

"No," laughed the statesman.

"Yaint sellin' ploughs?"

"No."

"Then what in thunder air you?"

"I'm the member of congress from this district."

"Air you the man I voted for and that I've been readin' about in the papers doin' legislatin' and sich in Washinton?"

"Yes."

"Well, by hokey, mister!" said the farmer as he looked with admiration over the recently ploughed furrows, "ef I'd had any idea that I was votin' for a wasse of sich good farmin' material, I'd voted for the other candidate as shure as shootin'!"

A Curiosity in Railroad Building.

A curiosity in railroad building is the road running from Ismid, a harbor about sixty miles from Constantinople, to Angora, about 300 and only recently completed. The bridge, ties, telegraph poles and rails are of iron, most of which are of German manufacture. The bridges average about four to the mile, there being 1,200 of them, the longest having a stretch of 500 feet. In addition to these there are sixteen tunnels, the longest measuring 1,430 feet. This is the only railroad which penetrates the interior of Asiatic Turkey, the Smyrna lines being near coast.

This Tramp Was a Prodigal.

Near Rockledge, Fla., a farmer discovered a tramp asleep in his barn. He sent for the town marshal to have the man arrested, but when the tramp was being questioned it was discovered that he was a long lost brother of the farmer. He was then invited into the house and the fatted calf was killed for 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)..... 7.30

Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax..... 8.51

Express for St. John..... 13.43

Express for St. John..... 15.29

Express for Halifax..... 16.11

Express for Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, etc., 18.02

Accommodation for St. John..... 20.35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, 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.

Leave Harvey..... 4.00

Leave Albert..... 4.15

Leave Hillsboro'..... 5.50

Arrive Salisbury..... 7.20

Leave Salisbury..... 10.00

Leave Hillsboro'..... 12.00