

WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 5, 1905.

OBTAINING SATISFACTION.

"We are all here, are we not? Shall dinner be served?" asked Lieut. Paul Furnival, looking inquiringly about the room.

"Legendre hasn't come yet," replied his comrade, Bethune.

"Nor Morris Marchton," added Albert Debray, a captain in the same company.

The officers were assembled in the mess-room of the army post in the little city of X—

"It's no use to wait for 'em!" exclaimed Lieut. Gray. "First come, first served. I vote we sit down."

They took their seats at the table and a lively conversation began at once.

"By the way, talking of Marchton," cried Lieut. Furnival suddenly, "guess what I saw today. The captain is more famous than he thinks he is, for in the window of the book stores here I saw a new book with the title, printed in big letters, 'Morris Marchton.'"

"Oh! bah," shouted the others. "Haven't you anything better than fairy tales to give us?"

"Look, here he is now," said Bethune.

"Who?"

"Morris Marchton."

"Which? The man or the book?"

The question was followed by a burst of laughter as the young officer of whom they spoke entered the room.

"What the dickens is so funny about me that you are all so amused?" asked the newcomer.

The entire table hastened to explain. The new novel which had just appeared with a title corresponding exactly to his own name—what did he suppose it meant? Perhaps it was a study of his own life. Who knew what sort of character the hero of this book had, whether he was ridiculous or even detestable? In any case, it must be very disagreeable for him, and besides, no one knew how much harm it might do him.

"But who wrote the novel?" interrupted a voice.

"Yes, who is the author?" inquired another.

"Wait a bit, I remember it perfectly," replied Furnival. "It was Harrison—John Harrison."

During this time Morris Marchton, perplexed at the flood of words, questions, protests, and other sounds that deafened his ears, did not clearly know what it was that had happened to him. His friends seemed to think it was something quite dreadful, and the young captain tried feebly to dissent.

"Gracious, you're making a lot of noise over nothing," he exclaimed.

But a torrent of ejaculations cut him short.

"Nothing! Do you mean you consider it nothing?"

"Why, a man's name is private property. No one has any right to use it!"

"It's almost the same as forgery."

"You ought to make a complaint."

"Demand reparation—"

"By arms, if needful. We'll all stand by you."

"Here, send the man a telegram, and ask him to explain himself if he can."

A telegram blank was quickly obtained and the whole mess was silent for a moment, as the men pondered on a suitable message. Presently, Furnival seized the pen and wrote rapidly.

"I have it," he cried. "Listen, Marchton, this will do the business: 'If John Harrison is ignorant of his existence, Morris Marchton, officer of the Hussars, requests an explanation: if not granted, he will demand reparation by arms. Signed, Morris Marchton.'"

"Good," cried the men in chorus.

Marchton tried to protest, but his comrades overruled him.

"Of course, it must be sent," they exclaimed. "Gracious, old man, if we weren't here to protect you, you'd let anybody say anything he wanted to you."

"But I can't see it is so very dreadful to have a book named after you," remarked the captain.

He changed his mind, however, during the subsequent week. Four, five, ten days passed, and no reply came from the author in answer to the telegram.

The mess grew impatient, and Marchton's vision cleared, and he began to get angry himself.

Naturally, his first care was to buy the novel and read it, and, by an extraordinary chance, the hero of the book had many traits in common with the captain. Like him, the fictitious regiment; like him, too, or so his character was an officer in a cavalry friends declared, he was as bold as a lion in the face of danger, and as bashful as a schoolgirl in society.

The two Marchtons, the real and the false,

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Feelings of Weight and Oppression.
Smothering Sensations in the Chest.
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Despondency, Bad Temper.
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were both confirmed bachelors. This last point, particularly, gave rise to a host of ironical remarks and jests on the part of the officers at the table.

"Why," cried Furnival, one day, "the book is written for you and against you, too."

"Evidently John Harrison is a mere nom-de-plume for some one who knows you," exclaimed Lieut. Bethune.

"And this business of not answering your telegram—it all looks pretty black," concluded Debray.

Capt. Marchton's life soon became seriously unhappy by reason of his unlucky counterpart. Wherever he went, people looked curiously at him; and the yellow covers of the book, which now filled all the windows of the book-stores, grew to be a constant defiance to him. They haunted him.

At last an event occurred which showed him there was only one out of the affair. The colonel of his regiment, hearing the talk, stopped him one day and said severely:

"Capt. Marchton, what does it mean; this book which bears your name as the title?"

"Indeed, I do not know, sir—some confounded coincidence—" stammered the unfortunate man.

"Well, if I were you, I would find out what it meant as soon as possible," replied the colonel. "Your leave of absence will be granted immediately."

That very night Morris Marchton, filled with a sentiment of bitter defiance, took the train for London, and the next morning, already furnished with the author's address, he jumped into a hansom and was driven to the house.

With each turn of the wheel his anger increased.

"To have come up here on this fool's errand. Was ever a man so persecuted before?" he groaned to himself.

The cab stopped, and, flinging the driver a coin, the captain dashed up the steps of the house. Ringing the bell, he said almost furiously to the butler who opened the door:

"I wish to see Mr. John Harrison, I must speak with him. Here, take my card."

The dignified servant looked a trifle surprised, but, showing the guest into a dainty reception room, he said:

"Pray be seated, sir, I will tell madame."

Left alone, the captain thought:

"What the dickens, when I asked for the husband, does that old blockhead go and tell the wife for? But perhaps he is away traveling."

Just then he heard the sound of foot-steps, and a young woman, extremely pretty, and dressed in a soft, clinging tea-gown, appeared. She looked in amusement at her visitor.

"Capt. Marchton," she began, in a low, sweet voice, "I am quite astonished—this card—your name was sufficient. It is true then, that your telegram was sent in earnest?"

"Yes, madam, it was not intended as a joke," replied the captain. "I sent the telegram, and receiving no answer—"

"You have come in person to demand reparation from the author?"

"Exactly. You see, Mrs. Harrison," he continued, not noticing the lady's start of surprise, "this business must stop. Ever since that confounded book appeared my life has been a perfect torment to me. In fact, my honor is at stake." Morris ended with a despair that was almost funny.

"But, indeed, sir, what can I do?" asked the lady in sincere concern. "It is to be regretted that the book bears your name; but it is a well recognized fact that an author has the right to take any name he may choose. After all, the hero is not such a bad character. As she spoke, Capt. Marchton

felt his anger gradually deserting him. How could he be brutal and rude to such a beautiful lady? Nevertheless, he had come for satisfaction, and he must not forget it. What would they say to him at the post if he went back as uncompensated as he had gone? Drawing himself up, he said in a voice as stern as he could make it:

"I have the right to insist upon reparation by arms and your husband will receive my seconds to-night."

"My husband!" exclaimed his hostess, "but I have none! I am a widow!"

"What! Then who is John Harrison, the author of that unlucky book?"

"I am, sir; but that is only my pen name. In real life I am Lady Chenev."

She laughed merrily. "And now, Capt. Marchton will you send me your seconds to-night?"

"A woman," murmured Morris, too astonished to be polite.

For several seconds he remained speechless. Never had such a supposition occurred to him.

Lady Chenev, seeing his stupefaction, talked easily, seeking to make him forget his embarrassment. She told him the little tricks of a winter's life and the amusement she often felt in being mistaken for a man. Little by little, she told him, too, of her married life, which, fortunately, had not lasted long, her husband being a worthless scoundrel.

Then Captain Marchton, his self-possession once more restored, told her in his turn, of his love of study and his hatred of society particularly of marriage. Lady Chenev and he were perfectly agreed on this point, but as the captain spoke, he suddenly felt that to deny love in the presence of such a woman was little short of blasphemy.

Six months later, as Mrs. Marchton was packing her trunk to leave the charming village where she and her husband had spent their honeymoon, she uttered a low cry of amusement as a paper fluttered out from her desk.

"What is it?" asked Morris.

"A telegram," replied his wife gayly. "Look, do you remember it? the one in which you demanded reparation by arms?"

Capt. Marchton smiled as he said:

"What a joke! and how the fellows gazed me when they knew—"

"Yes," replied his wife, "your honor is safe now, for we fought well and hard, and you were victor. For have you not killed John Harrison, since only Mrs. Marchton exists?"

"True, but my wife has conquered me," said her husband, kissing her fondly. "There is no stronger advocate of marriage now than I."—New York Sun.

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