

HOW JOEL PARKS MANAGED HIS DAUGHTER.

[Continued from last week.]

He began operations at breakfast the next morning. 'Annie' said in his blandest tones, and with his most beaming smile, 'your mother tells me that you and Leo Tilton are likely to make a match of it.'

Annie's face was a picture—a whole panorama, in fact, in which astonishment, indignation and maidenly shame were successfully portrayed. 'Why, Pa,' exclaimed Mrs. Parks, 'I never said anything of the kind.'

'I have no idea what you are talking about, father,' said Annie, recovering her voice, but not her self-possession. 'Oh, you needn't be bashful about it,' said her father, with an odious chuckle.

'I have eyes as well as your mother, and if I hadn't been pleased I should not have spoken before this I like your choice, Annie, if Leo is your choice.'

In spite of herself the tears started to Annie's eyes. 'I think you are too bad, papa!' Mr. Tilton and Leo had stood in the room, but he never said a word to me that all the world might hear, and I don't know what put such a thought in your head. You make me ashamed, and I am sure I have no cause to be.

'Of course not,' dear,' replied her father. 'Leo is a nice young man, whether you take him or not.' And so saying, he rose from the table and took his departure. 'Shouldn't I be surprised if I had nipped that thing in the bud already?' thought he, as he walked down stairs.

'When he came home to dinner, his wife said: 'Joel, I'm sorry you said what you did at breakfast. The poor girl was dreadfully put out. She has been talking about it all day, and telling me everything that they ever said when they were together. I think she likes him, and he her, but she doesn't know it yet; and you are more likely to mar to make by talking to her. 'Oh, nonsense! I said Joel; and then mentally I didn't begin a minute too soon. I'll follow that up.'

At dinner he began: 'Speaking of Leo Tilton——' 'Oh, don't father, quietly interrupted Annie. 'But wait, my dear, let me speak. I'm not trying to influence you. Of course Leo hasn't spoken yet, and I wouldn't unless he thought I was willing. But he has the least hint now just wait till I'm through—if I let him know in a round about way that I'm willing, he'll speak soon enough. Why shouldn't he be willing to marry the prettiest and richest girl in the village? And let me tell you, Leo Tilton is a nice young fellow. I think he's forty about him. Once married he'll act down as sober and steady-going as a man 50 years old. And I could make a business man of him, for he would do just as I told him.'

'Father, promise me that you will never say a word to him, or I will never willingly see him again, I never want to see him again, any way, it seems to me,' said Annie, 'with face aflame, and flashing eyes. I don't know what make those eyes take me; but I'll do it.' 'That's the way to do it,' was Joel's inward comment, many times repeated during the rest of the day.

But circumstances were not wholly in his favor. A few days after this, some of the young people had a picnic in the beautiful grove which lay in the highest of Redfields seven hills. And just for fun, the journey was made in hayracks. Leo Tilton, who had secured a rare holiday, drove one of the primitive coaches, in which were piled a merry party of young men and maidens, including Annie Parks.

In descending the hill on the return home, a break in the harness gave Leo an opportunity to show his bravery and coolness, which he promptly accepted. He stood by her post like the typical engineer, and he had the satisfaction of saving his passengers from harm, and of being crowned a hero.

In describing the adventure to her mother, Annie did not omit to mention Leo's desert, and spoke of him as the preserver of the whole party; but she had little to say before her father. Joel thought this was hardly a good omen, but he courageously returned to the charge. For that day she would talk on nothing else but Leo's heroic act; his wonderful presence of mind; his sublime courage, the deep and lasting gratitude due him—and those changes were rung until even Mrs. Parks grew tired of the theme, and Annie was led to declare that she didn't believe there had been any danger at all; she wished the old cart had been allowed to go to the bottom of the hill.

Joel's plan would not have been complete had it not included bringing an acceptable suitor into the field. A Boston business friend of his, a Mr. Morton, had a son William, who had just been admitted to the bar, and who, in Joel's opinion, would be a suitable match for his daughter. He was handsome and bright, and at least he would do to beat Leo Tilton with. For Mr. Parks had become much more interested in his plan than in the mere question of his daughter's future.

So on a visit to the city he called upon the Mortons and suggested that the young man should begin his legal career in Redfield, procuring to give him some business. The proposition was timely accepted, and William Morton became an object of interest in Redfield.

In due course he made the acquaintance of Miss Annie, and she liked his society, as indeed did every one. Annie was delighted one day when Annie returned from a little horseback excursion with the lawyer, but he out on a look of concern, and at the first opportunity he gave her a word of caution. 'Young Morton is, no doubt, well enough in his way, my dear,' he said, 'though he is too careful in his appearance and too fond of pleasure to suit me. But it is perhaps as well to be a little cautious in forming a familiar acquaintance with a stranger. And—' 'I'm afraid, my dear, that Leo would not quite approve.'

Joel himself hugged himself as he noted the effect produced, but he thought that he held a still better card to play. The next day he found an opportunity to say to Leo Tilton: 'Leo, are you acquainted with Lawyer Morton?' 'No, sir,' was Leo's answer, 'that is but slightly. 'There is something that troubles me, continued Parks. 'I don't know the least, he is my kind. Now my Annie is young and inexperienced, and I see that she is rather taken by his dashing ways. She has ridden with him some, and he calls often—well, I know that she would never care for him in a serious way, but still, between you and me, I don't think girls can be too careful about forming intimacies with strange young men from the city. Now, Leo, do me a favor. It is no use for me to speak to her. I am too old and she wouldn't understand me. But you are of her own age and an old friend. You can do it. Just give her a little friendly hint, you know.'

Leo was at as was most young men but certain kind of come lately with experience; and although he did not strenuously objected, he was at last

over-persuaded, and reluctantly promised to say just one word.

That evening he called upon Annie, meeting William Morton just coming from the house as he entered the gate. As he sat in the pleasant sitting room with Annie Parks, Leo hated his errand and his promise. There were other attractive subjects of conversation, perhaps other things that he was more anxious to say to the beautiful girl. But at length he began his task.

'Are you much acquainted with Mr. Morton?' 'A little, are you?' 'Well, no. To tell the truth I think that perhaps we ought to be a little careful about getting acquainted too much—too easily I mean, with those we don't—' 'I am not much acquainted with,' stammered Leo, 'don't you?' 'Annie's eyes looked a shade darker then he had ever seen them before. 'I admire your prudence more than I can tell,' she said; 'after I have seen more of Mr. Morton, perhaps I shall be able to advise you whether you can safely make his acquaintance or not.'

The young gentleman's visit was not prolonged, and when a day or two after Mr. Parks asked him if he had spoken a word to Annie, he answered: 'Yes, I made a few words. And the old man obligingly accepted my abrupt turn back upon his clerk. Leo very soon took occasion to offer a humble apology for his unfortunate speech, though of course he refrained from explaining how he had been led to make it, and on the whole, Leo was a little disappointed at the inadequate result of this particular piece of strategy. To be sure Annie and Morton seemed to get on pleasantly, but so, for aught he could see, did Annie and Leo Tilton.

In these days Joel frequently consulted his novels professionally, and he one evening happened to read in 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster' the passage in which the trustee's unpropitious wife horrifies the young master by boasting of her wealth and shrewdness, and broadly hinting that her daughter is to be married. It occurred to Joel that he had so far been working upon only one of the principals of the case. Here was a hint that must be used. So he soon contrived an interview with Leo Tilton and began to talk. He brought of his success in life, of the sharp bargains he had lived in, of the money he had made, and would still make. Noticing with delight the ill-concealed look of embarrassment and distant uneasiness, he went on to speak of his daughter. 'Wonderful girl, sharp as a razor. As like me as two peas in a pod.' Some day she will marry, he supposed. He didn't want her to marry a rich man. Rather, she should marry a likely, poor young man, one that would feel some gratitude for the lift he is getting. He would see that such a husband made a success of it. There would be no trouble about it. 'I tell you,' said he finally, 'with a leetle, whoever gets that girl with my consent, gets me.'

It came to pass that Joel found it necessary to make a business tour of a month or so, and Leo felt that he would not go without striking one more blow. He thought that he had undoubtedly made progress, but he feared that there was still danger. One evening Annie met him with a look of such interest, and a hazy ring in her voice that, told him this was coming.

'Read that' she said, as she placed in his hands a note dated a few days before. 'Miss Annie Parks—I feel it my duty, though a stranger to you, to warn you that Mr. William Morton is a young man not to be trusted. He is noted in Boston as a heartless male coquette. Sincerely yours, A WELL WISHER. 'Well, said Joel, 'anonymous letters don't amount to anything. I shouldn't mind that.' 'But, papa, Leo Tilton wrote that, said Annie, bursting into tears. 'It is written on the paper that you use in your office. Can't you see as you hold it up to the light a faint impress of your business heading? This is a second page of a sheet, but the other surely had the heading. Oh dear! how near a thing it is!' 'He never wrote that in the world,' said Joel. 'I'll ask him if he did.'

'No, father, say nothing. It's no use. But father, she went on, stamping her foot in her energy, 'never speak to me of Leo Tilton again.' Her father argued with her long enough as he thought, to fix her determination, and that day she left her heart, he departed on his journey.

Mr. Parks arrived home on the expected day some six weeks later, which was the 30th anniversary of his birth. It was evening when he would find his way from the station, and he noticed that his house was brilliantly lighted. 'Ah! a birthday surprise, perhaps,' thought he. At the door he was met by his wife in rich array, who, after the expected greetings, hurried him to his room, where she gave him this note from Annie: 'DEAR PAPA:—We have a few friends and I have a birthday present for you. You need not say mother to me, will you meet me in the parlour?' 'Will you meet me in the parlour?' 'And now, pa, do dress quick and come down,' said Mrs. Parks, at the same time prudently withdrawing. Descending to the parlour, Joel found a small and select party, including Mr. Dale, the clergyman. In front of him stood Annie with Leo Tilton by her side. A single glance made explanation almost unnecessary, although Joel roared out: 'What! the—what in the world does this mean?' 'Hush,' whispered Mrs. Parks; 'it means just what you have been wishing. He's going to begin now.'

'During the first part of the ceremony which followed, Mr. Parks seemed a trifle dazed, but towards the last he did some rapid 'fingering.' When the binding words had been pronounced, Annie turned to her father with a dazzling smile. 'A birthday present, papa—a son-in-law,' she said; 'is it not acceptable one?' 'Joe! kneeled his daughter and shook hands with his present bride, and Joe turned to her father with a dazzling smile. 'Too much affected to speak,' it was afterward reported. 'Soon Annie found opportunity to whisper to her father. 'Oh, pap, you don't know how we have planned for the last few weeks to give you this surprise. I knew how you were when you went away because I felt so about Leo, and when everything came all right, as it did, I wanted to make it up to you. Oh, that letter of—' 'Of course you were right, Leo didn't write it. Mr. Morton is to marry a Boston lady and one day he offered to be my son-in-law. And it came out by accident that he and Leo had become good friends, and that Leo knew of his engagement at the time that he offered to be my son-in-law. I don't know just how it all came about—but ain't we happy, papa! Dr. Mir was present, and offered his congratulations to the host. 'By the by, he said, 'this would almost do for a scene in one of our novels you know. Only there doesn't seem to be any chance for relating the forgiveness on the part of the stern parent. The pleasant little affair is quite in accordance with your wishes, I believe.'

'Emphatically so,' responded Joel, 'and I digress. 'But after the guests had gone, Mr. Parks spent an hour in the privacy of

his own room in deep reflection. There was surely no room to blame in this matter but himself, and Annie had a good husband, no doubt. On the whole he mourned for the fate of his scheme. He critically revised his work, and he thought he saw some points which were capable of improvement. As he mused he mechanically took up his newspaper, and his eye alighted unconsciously fell upon the advertisement. Yes, he thought that he could do better if he were to have the opportunity again. He almost wished some could make a second trial. 'Write,' said he to Mrs. Parks, as that lady entered the room. 'I should like you to think of adopting a—' 'female—child?' 'Yes, if you think it best.'

LEGAL NOTICES.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

TO LET.

TO SELL OR LEASE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Business Cards.

Dr. J. S. Benson, RESIDENCE: Duke Street - Chatham.

O. J. McCULLY, M. A., M.D. MEMPHIS-COL-SURG-KING.

D. T. JOHNSTONE, Chatham Livery Stables.

E. C. COLE, Merchant Tailor.

MONCTON, N. B. TAILORING.

Marble Works!

SHERIFF'S SALE.

JOHN McDONALD, UNDERTAKER.

PHOTOCRAPIK ROOMS

Mr. J. A. E. Morrell, (late of 98 King Street, St. John).

BEST GALLERY.

MOSS & SON, Masonic Hall - Chatham.

Notice of Sale.

MOSS & SON, IMMENSE REDUCTION.

F. F. F., FAIREY'S FOR FURNITURE.

FAIREY'S FOR FURNITURE.

FAIREY'S FOR FURNITURE.

FAIREY'S FOR FURNITURE.

FAIREY'S FOR FURNITURE.

General Business.

HAMS, HAMS. Smoked and Green.

C. M. BOSTWICK & CO. G. A. BLAIR.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

SAMPLE ROOMS.

LONDON HOUSE.

General Iron and Brass Founders.

MANUFACTURERS OF STEAM BOILERS AND ENGINES.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

DOMINION CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA.

SPARHAM Fire-Proof Cement Paint.

DAVID DICKSON, Secretary, Moncton, N. B.

JOHN J. MILLER, Manager for the Maritime Provinces.

LAURENCE'S SPECTACLES.

When are Spectacles Required?

AT THE MEDICAL HALL.

Bon Jour BITTERS.

THE STANDARD APPETISER.

VAUGHAN & BROS.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

North Atlantic Steamship Co'y

SS. CLIFTON, 2800 Tons, A. W. WADE, Commander.

FROM LONDON for THIS PORT via CHARLOTTETOWN.

Miramichi Foundry.

MACHINE WORKS CHATHAM N. B.

General Iron and Brass Founders.

MANUFACTURERS OF STEAM BOILERS AND ENGINES.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

DOMINION CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA.

SPARHAM Fire-Proof Cement Paint.

DAVID DICKSON, Secretary, Moncton, N. B.

JOHN J. MILLER, Manager for the Maritime Provinces.

LAURENCE'S SPECTACLES.

When are Spectacles Required?

AT THE MEDICAL HALL.

Bon Jour BITTERS.

THE STANDARD APPETISER.

VAUGHAN & BROS.