PLUCK

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

CHAPTER III. A FEIGNED ATTACK. It was just four o'clock in the afternoon. The gardens at Copplethwaite were already very well filled with guests, and more were coming with each moment. The party from Barnardwistle-that is to say, the Arkwrights (husband, wife and several children), with the two Lancers, Harkness and Lucy-

arrived just as the hour struck. Lucy thought he had never seen Olive look half so lovely as she did that afternoon, in a gown of creamy muslin and lace, with a great cluster of crimson roses in her bosom, and with her mother's bangle of rubies upon her arm. The fan which he had given as his birthday offering was in her hand, and his jealous eyes were quick to notice it; his jealous heart gave a great bound of exultant p ide that his gift had been singled out from what he knew, by experience, had been a host of presents. Poor Lucy! he would have been less ex-

ultant, or, more truly, he would not have been exultant at all, had he known that at that very moment all her thoughts were occupied in thinking, as she had thought in the morning, that Capt. Harkness was, without exception, the handsomest man she had ever seen. Now, as a matter of fact, Harkness was not what many people would have described as handsome at all. A big, fine man, with a broad back and muscular arms-a man of extreme good-nature, sound judgment, and a somewhat amusing tongue -but otherwise not particularly distin-

guished in any way. Lucy, on the contrary, was just about as the desert yo handsome a fellow as you could wish to look den parties." upon-lithe, graceful, and very strong, though some inches shorter than Harkness; with sunny, smooth hair and very blue eyes; with good, regular features and a particularly pleasant voice. He was altogether beyond comparison with Harkness, as Harknsss himself would have been the first to declare had the subject been put forward for

However, as Olive kept rather in the rear of her mother, that she might greet each newcomer, Lucy betook himself farther into the gardens with his sister, on the lookout the while for the some one who was to be the means of bringing the wayward Sally into a fit and proper state of mind—that is, a state of mind which should make her adopt a manner which should encourageor, at least, not discourage him from asking her to become his wife, and should prompt a pretty "yes" in answer to that important

He, therefore, being a man quick to decide such matters, kept his eyes open, and cast about, in his quiet way, to determine which of the many young ladies who were present he should honor for the time by his attentions. There was no lack of damselsdamsels who were fair and young, rich and amusing. There was Margery Donnithorne, one of the richest girls in that rich neighborhood; but Margery Donnithorne was intensely stupid, had a long neck like a swan, which, though lovely in that regal bird, and exquisite in a woman on paper, is anything but attractive in flesh and blood; and Margery, too, had a mouth so small that some people wondered if, as a baby, she had been able to suck her thumb, and even went so far as to say it was a thousand pities her mother had not taught her to gobble her whole baby fist, in the hope, by so doing, of widening the pursed-up

Then there was Octavia Long, the cleverest bluestocking in the county, or half a dozen counties near it. But Lucy did not think he liked bluestockings, and was quite sure he was afraid of them. Beddes, Octavia squinted horribly; and even with the hope of winning Olive ever before his eyes, Lucy did not feel it would ever be possible for him to say tender things to one eye at a time, not even though the tender things meant nothing, and had only the object of making Olive Weyland jealous. No; Margery would not do, and Octavia would not do, either. True, there was Sybilla North, as pretty a girl as any man on earth need wish to flirt with. Yet Sybilla would not do any better than either of the others; for Lucy knew, and always felt a little ashamed of the knowledge, that Sybilla had rather more than a partiality for him, and would certainly take every word he said for gospel; and, indeed, might even go so far as to break her heart outright, a contingency as devoutly to be avoided as breaking his

All at once, however, he hit upon the right person; and as Mrs. Arkwright stopped to speak to a lady, and immediately introduced Capt. Harkness to her, Lucy, after lifting his hat and making his bow, with the addition of one or two polite commonplace remarks, sheered off and made his way to a little group, consisting of an old lady, two young ones and a young gentleman who was so very young that he did not count for such a flirtation as he did under Lucy's very anything at all.

"Good morning, Lady Charlotte," said Lucy, pleasantly. "Fine day, is it not, Miss Baumme? How do you do?" to the boy. Then he drew a chair a trifle nearer to that of the young lady whom he had first ad-dressed, and then sat himself down thereon with considerable care, testing its weight-carrying powers very gingerly indeed; for it was a frail-looking affair of wicker work, and seemed utterly unfit for the responsibility of carrying his goodly allowance of bone and flesh and muscle. "It will smash, if you don't mind," said

Miss Baumme, with a laugh; then added, mischievously, "How I wish it would!" Lucy looked at her with his wisest air and shook his head solemnly.

"Miss Baumme," he asked, reproachfully, "what can I ev-ah have done to you th that if it does come down I shall clutch hold of your chair and-er-you shall come down as was possible.

"Oh, I shall hear the warning groan of yours, and jump up in time," she answered, with a laugh. Then asked, in quite a different tone, "Who is that with your sister?" "Oh, that is Capt. Harkness, one of our officers," Lucy answered.

"Staving at Barnard wistle?" said the young lady, carelessly. "Yes; and one of the best fellows in the world," Lucy returned.

At that moment Olive came quickly along the path toward the group of which Mrs. Arkwright was one. Harkness turned aside and spoke to her. Lucy envied him the bright smile and the upward glance she gave him as, with one or two words of reply, she passed on and entered the house. After a few minutes she appeared again, and this time took a course which led her past Lady Charlotte's group. "The band is going to play some waltzes," she informed them; "so, if any body wants

to dance to them, anybody can go to the future Mrs. Lucy, thought Lucy was treat-marquee and begin." ing her rather shabbily. And then, utterly marquee and begin."
"How very nice!" Miss Baumme exclaimed. "I, for one, shall go as soon as anybody else asks me."

"May I have the pleasure?" asked Lucy, promptly.

He was undoubtedly a man of action, this officer of the Scarlet Lancers, who enjoyed the, to some people's fancy, unenviable reputation of being the biggest fool in the service, though as many had the opposite opinion that he was simply as clever as daylight. But this was perhaps the very first time on record when he had not, at the very first mention of waltzing, sought to secure Olive Weyland for the first dance-certainly it was the very first when he had omitted even to ask her for the second. He felt it was no use half doing things; he had made up his mind that he would rouse her cold heart into jealousy, and thence into love; therefore he rose from his chair and offered Miss Baummo his arm, without even suggesting that Miss Weyland should give him a dance before the regular programme of

For a moment Olive was so astonished that she could scarcely believe the evidence of her own senses. A comical idea flashed into her mind; could Evelyn Baumme be the "Sally" of whom he had spoken during the morning? It was not unlikely. He had come to Barnardwistle whenever he could get a few days' leave. Why, how blind she had been not to see it before! Of course it was Evelyn who was the attraction. She turnel away, having come to this conclusion, and encountered Harkness, who had

come in search of her. "They are just tuning up," he said, referring to the band.

"Yes. I think every one knows who wants to know," Olive answered. "Not many people care to dance in the afternoon, but there are some who have driven a long way, and will have to leave rather early, and so we

always have it for them." well-glazed linen cloth, and already three general society by the word passing. couples were slowly spinning round, revel-

from jostle and crowd. Harkness put his arm round Olive's waist, and they slipped off just as Lucy and Miss Baumme came to

Before that dance had ended an eager thrill had shot like fire through Lucy's heart-a thrill which, expressed in words, would have told that he felt his grand scheme for the cultivation of jealousy was beginning to work. Forthwith he redoubled his attentions to Miss Baumme.

"Shall we go and look for an ice?" he suggested, as the music ceased. "I think we will," said she, deliberately. "It works," said Lucy to himself, "it

He had caught a half-puzzled expression upon Olive's face as she and Miss Baumme left the marquee; whereupon he led her away with an air of devotion which deceived everybody but Evelyn Baumme herself. He found her a seat in a shady and retired arbor, where a trayful of ices and a great flagon of champagne cup had been set on a little table, in readiness for any thirsty persons who might happen to come that way. There were two comfortable garden chairs also; Miss Baumme took one, Lucy

"This is a wreasonable way of entertainment, don't you think?" said Lucy, handing a glass of cup across the table. "None for me, thanks. I shall confine my attentions to coffee ices and sponge biscuits, she answered. "You may have all the cup,

if it won't get into your head."

"My head," said Lucy, "is pwroof against any twrouble of any kind; the fellows say because it's so empty, nothing will ever stop in it, not even the effects of bad liquor." "This is a vewry cozy kind of place, is it not?" he remarked. "The sort of oasis in the desert you don't often meet with at gar-

"Like a good many things the Weylands provide," returned Miss Baumme, as she ate

After this the little flirtation progressed amazingly. The strains of "Mon Reve" stole softly to them on the still summer air; but neither of them moved, except that Lucy filled up his goblet with cup, and Miss Baumme helped herself to ano her ice. The music ceased, but the cup and the ices were slowly consumed. After an interval of a few minutes the music began again-"Liebt und Verloren" this time-but they sat still, this pair, who were both of them playing at love making. But present, when the slow, swinging, dreamy, seductive strains apparent of Waldteufel's "Manola" reached their retreat, Lucy looked inquiringly at his companion, and she rose, saying she thought it was time they went back to—the world!

"Out of paradise!" ended Lucy, not minded However, though they went back to the world, they went back to that part of it where they could still be together—that is to say, to the marquee. There they found three happy couples swinging slowly along in what might be termed ballroom bliss, having a first rate floor, perfect music, plenty of room, and abundance of air.

"Lovely!" said Lucy. He had not asked her to dance, but somehow his arm slipped round her waist as if by instinct, and they made the trio of couples into a quartet; not, however, before Lucy had had time to notice the astonishment on Olive Weyland's face, and had seen her turn to Harkness with what he felt sure must be

a forced laugh. "It works!" he said once more to his own

He was quite right-it did work, hat not

at all in the way he imagired. So far from Olive's laugh being forced, it was in truth a very real one; so far from her being hurt, itaious, annoyed in any way at his marked attentions to Miss Baumme, she was only a little surprised and very much amused; in fact, she was quite willing that he should dance all the afternoon and all the evening with Evelyn Baumme, provided that he did not raise any objection to her doing the same with Capt. Harkness, if she so chose.

Yet, though Harkness—who knew what was what in a woman as well as most men would willingly have claimed Miss Weyland as his only partner that day, they did not dance very much together after all. There are certain well defined limits to inclination, which go by the names of conventionality and etiquette; those same limits stepped in upon that occasion, as they do on many another, and were, moreover, aided by the fact that Olive was at home, and therefore could not go in for enjoyment as she might have done had she not been obliged to look after unfortunate people who did not know any one, and still more unfortunate people

who did know others of their kind, but were

troubled by shyness and such like uncomfortable traits of character. But it was during the week which fol lowed that she and Harkness had such a good time. As Lucy's attentions to Miss Baumme increased, so did Olive Weyland's manner towards Harkness become more and nose. He was a man whose judgment was singularly valued in the regiment. Years before, Ferrers-better known to the world as Bootles-had taken his advice before all others in the matter of providing for Miss Mignon; and since that officer's marriagewhen Lucy had, naturally enough, fallen a little away from him, or at least from the hourly intercourse with him-he had somewhat taken the place in Lucy's daily life which aforetime Bootles had occupied. Consequently, he knew something of his feelings with regard to Olive Weyland. Many and many an hour he had sat solemnly listening, pipe in mouth, while Lucy babbled on, pouring out the story of his love, his doubts and fears, his hopes and wishes, his admiration. After his first introduction, he had told Lucy she was the most charming young

you should be so er cwruel as to wish to meet; had wished him every success; had see me—er—spwrawling ignominiously on told him to command him at any time for the pansy beds? I—er—warn you solemnly special duty of best man; and had generally made himself as agreeable over the matter

Strangely enough, Lucy had not confided to his friend his little plan for assailing the hitherto impregnable fortress of Olive Weyland's heart. Perhaps it was because he did not wish even his friend to know that he had the need of resorting to stratagem ere that fortress would strike its flag to him; perhaps it was because he thought it best to keep his own counsel, lest, in the event of defeat, Harkness should be tempted to laugh at him, if not openly, at least within himself. It might have been because of either or both of these causes. Anyway, certain it is that he did keep his own counsel, thereby causing immense surprise to Harkness when he perceived that his comrade had gone in for a red hot, headlong, mad flirtation with a young lady whom, to himself, he described as "a pretty little witch, who'll nail poor old Lucy before he knows what he's about." And he was indignant, too; for he, being, as he imagined, behind the scenes, and believing Miss Weyland was destined to be the mistaking the encouragement in Olive's eyes and manner for wounded pride—pride which would rather die than show the white feather -and honoring her as strong men do honor resolution and pluck in any one, flung himself as resolutely into a flirtation with her

as ever Lucy had flung himself into the flirtation with Miss Evelyn Baumme. It was a gay week. The Arkwrights gave a dance at Barnardwistle: there were two picnics, two dinner parties, and tea and tennis every afternoon at Copplethwaite. The four who were playing so determinedly at cross-purposes were present at all these festivities, except the less formal tennis and tea, when one or two afternoons Lucy quietly "levanted" from Copplethwaite, leaving Harkness in possession of the field, and went off to Lady Charlotte Baumme's place, a mile away, where he and Miss Evelyn studied tennis in an arbor, much after the fashion in which some luxurious gentlemen enjoy a battue-that is, with an armehair

Harkness thought he had never seen a girl show such pluck before. He honored her for taking such pains to hide her wound from him, for laughing and flirting with as much gayety as if he instead of Lucy was the object of her liking.

So the game of cross-purposes was played on and out. Lucy, when the leave of the two soldiers was over, left Barnardwistle without attempting to have the smallest ex-

Miss Baumme, having flirted quite as badly with Lucy as Lucy had done with her, was decidedly relieved when he departed without going through the form of proposing to her, although she was intensely surprised at the omission; for there was a certain "Jack" in the background who pos-sessed all the heart Miss Baumme had to By this time they had reached the mar
bestow upon any one, though she was quite ready and willing at any time, when Jack is used, be sure that the ram is pure quee, the white lace curtains of which were | was not on the same side of the globe ter- | blood. looped up in festoons to admit of air and restrial as herself, to go in heart and soul light. Over the boarded floor was spread a for amusements which are qualified in Harkness left Olive with a very kindly

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and tender leave-taking, believing to the last in her wonderful pluck and power of self-control; and, as for Olive, she watched him go with a dull pain at her heart, tears in her eyes and a wild, mad, passionate longing tearing at her heart to run after him and ery: "Stay, stay, stay; for I love Yet she did not move from the spot upon

which she stood to hear him say "Fare-

well!" No matter what women feel, they must ask no questions, make no protestations, show no emotion. Hearts may be breaking, but conventionalities must be observed. It is a common social law, and, as a matter of course, Olive did not break it. And yet, during those few days of gayety and amusement, the fortress of Olive Weyland's heart had struck its flag in complete surrender, without even waiting until the enemy demanded it. And then, oh the pain, the humiliation, the crushing misery of seeing the enemy move quietly off, not apparently thinking the citadel was worth

Heigh-ho for the noble game of cross-pur-

CHAPTER IV. I have not as yet told you that all this happened in the August succeeding the return of the Scarlet Lancers from the Egyptian campaign of '82-that is, in the August of the following year—when men had been learning warfare by practice instead of theory, as they used to do in the autumn maneuvers, when those uncomfortable af-

fairs were the chief events of the military Rather to their surprise, late in the October of the same year, the Scarlet Lancers received their orders to march from Idleminster to Gaystown; and Gaystown was, as it happened, just five miles from Barnardwistle and Copplethwaite, and the largest town within reach of Barnsbury.

Most of the officers were dreadfully aggrieved, and many were the gibes and jeers cast at the powers that be up in Whitehall;

"You see, I know the distwrict," he said when he first heard the grumbling over the news; "and my—er—sis-tah lives in the—er -neighborhood; and I'm-er-wrather fond of my sis-tah—and—so, of course, I'm wrather glad than otherwise to make the

but Lucy was, at all events, one dissentient voice; he entered into elaborate explana-

tions of his reason for not being so furious

In truth, it was full of hope and joy that he set out on that long march of four and twenty days; with each one his heart grew lighter and more light. Olive Weyland seemed to stand at the end, like a bright beacon star, beckoning him on, on, on.

Her face at parting haunted him still.

Many and many a night he had turned into his quarters and had flung himself down on his cot, worn out and yet unable to sleep, or, if he did sleep, was yet more tormented by restless dreams of Olive's compressed lips, Olive's pale face, Olive's tear-filled eyes. Oh, yes; never doubt that he had seen all the signs of distress which she had contrived to hide from Harkness' less keen eyes. Many and many a bright autumn morning he had reproached himself bitterly, as he rode along with the sun glittering on his helmet and the breeze fanning his face, for not hav-

ing spoken out and put everything right before leaving Barnardwistle. However, of one thing he was determined, and that was, that as soon as he saw her again he would speak out and put everything straight between them, be the consequences what they might. "And after all," he wound up to himself,

"anything will be better than suspense, both for her and for me; thewre's nothing like speaking out, and putting evewrything all pwroper and stwraight." His quarters were already in something like order when he reached Gaystown. The barracks were commodious and clean-

everything seemed of a rose-tinted hue to him-and it was with a very light heart indeed that, the day after his arrival, he found himself riding along the road to the place where his darling lived. And then came disappointment; for the

servant who answered the door informed him stolidly that the family was away from "Oh! and-er-whewre are they?" Lucy demanded, feeling all at once three or four

"Somewhere abroad, sir," he replied. "I can't say exactly where, for I believe they are moving about. Mr. Arkwright would know, or anyone down at the office, as the letters are sent on from there. Miss Weyland was took ill of a fever in Scotland, and the doctor ordered her to a warmer climate for the winter"

"A fever! What kind of a fever?" Lucy asked, wondering irritably why his sister had never mentioned the fact to him in one of her voluminous epistles. If he had carefully read those same epistles he would have found in one of them a full account of Olive's illness and slow recovery. But Lucy was, like some other brothers, apt to lay voluminous sisterly correspondence aside, to wait for a more convenient season, with the not unfrequent re-

sult of forgetting it altogether. "What kind of a fever?" he repeated. "Well, sir, it was rheumatic fever, caught with getting wet and a chill," the servant replied. "Miss Weyland had a very near chance of being crippled for life-so Mrs. Foster, the 'ousekeeper, who went to Scotland to nurse her, said."

Lucy's heart began to thump furiously. "But she's-that is, Miss Weyland is-all wright now?" he asked, a big and particularly inconvenient knob creeping up his throat, and threatening to choke him. "Oh, yes, sir; only there's some doubt whether the young mistress may not have to stop abroad all the winter." "Wreally?"

Then Lucy pulled himself together and put on an air of indifference which he was very, very far from feeling. "Er-well, I'm vewry sorwry-vewry sorwry, indeed. No use leaving-er-card, as thewre's no one at home. Er-good-day." "Good-day, sir," returned the man; then added to him elf, as he watched him ride away from the house: "Um! I pretty well took the shine out of 'im, I fancy. Lor'! ow scared he did look!"

[To be Continued. Live Stock Notes

The following live stock notes for August are furnished by American Agri-

A sun struck cow is ruined as a milker for this season, if not forever. Avoid such a calamity, if there are no trees in the pasture, by putting up a frame and roofing it with leafy brush for an artificial shade. Later plant trees.

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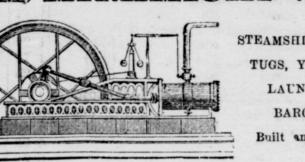
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And I further give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by the said James Walls. DULDEY P. WALLS

Chatham July 23rd 1888

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assorted sizes and of the best quality. 17 Boxes Scythe stones, Mow er Stones, Oil Stones and Axebitts.

which will be sold at lowest cash price. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. GILLESPIE & SADLER

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The Subscriber nas on band at, his shop superior assortm of ROSEWOOD & WALNUT COFFINS. COFFIN FINDINGS

AND ROBES which he will supply at reasonable rates.

BADGES FOR PALL BEARERS also supplie WM. McLEAN, - Undertaker

New Goods! CEDAR SHINGLES.

PINE CLAPBOARDS, HEM-Dimensions rine Lumber etc., etc.,

FOR SALE BY GEO. BURCHIL & SONS.

WANTED. WOOD The Maritime Chemical Pulp

Company, Limited, is prepared to contract for a supply of ROUND SPRUCE WOOD. in 4 feet lengths, delivered during the season. Apply at

Chatham, 12th July, '89

TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK

ONE CAR OF FLOUR. Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Beans, Peas Barley and Rice always in stock.

Also a full line of Plain and Fancy Bisciuts, Can ned Goods in variety, Teas a speciality from 20c upwards, Glass aud Earthenware, Table Cutlery, Paints and Oils.

All sold at lowest cash prices. Alex McKinnon. Chatham, 13th August, 1889.

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS. The Subscriters wish to cal attention to th

hy them, which are f laage size, 18 to; e' soli Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, o can be got at the stores of Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chatham and Mr. Wm. Masson, Newcastle.

BRICK MANUFACTURED

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NOW ARRIVING

SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.

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SUMMER DRY GOODS, Hosiery.

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J. B. Snowball.

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Havingcompleted the removal of the ADVANCE establishment to the old Methodist Church building, corner Duke and Cunard Streets, we are now prepared to execute all kinds or

BOOK AND JOB-PRINTING in first class style. This establishment was the only one in the Province in a position to enter into competition with the city

Dominion Centennial Exhibition

at St. John, where it received a -MEDAL AND DIPLOMA-

for "Book and Job Printing' and "Letter-Press Printing." This is good evidence of the fine character of its work. We have also, constantly on sale a large line of blank-forms,

RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS. FISH INVOICES, (newest form.) MAGISTRATES' BLANKS. DEEDS AND MORTGAGES. SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS. SHERIFFS' BLANKS. TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS. SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS.

Send along your orders. D. G. SMITH.

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Per Steamships "L'iunda" & "Demara," (Direct from London, England,) and I. C. Railway.

79 Cases and Bales of New Spring Goods!

Ladies will find this a most desirable time to get seasonable goods direct from the

WORLD'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION; for their Spring Sewing and Housefurnishing. We will show them on our counters extraordinary pretty goods. Immense volume and variety. Everything rich and stylish Every department full up of the latest and best. We defy the keenest competition in Canada to produce such goods and at such low prices. Get samples, wash them, see how fast in color and measure the width.

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Prints, Piques, Muslins, Cambrics, Satin stripes and spots. Washing Silks, Black Silks, Velvets, Plushes, New Dress Trimmings, Satins, Household Goods, Cottons, Flannels, Window Curtains, Laces, Carpets, Oil Cloths. Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear.

Men's Ready Made Clothing and Furnishings: The shopping public are respectfully invited to examine this enormous stock and compared prices. Wekeep everything to be found in any first class werehouse in St John or Montreal. Don't send away for goods. Our merchandise is As Good and PRICES LOWER. You's dery truly,

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