

PLUCK

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

"The fact is," said Lucy, in his most confident tones to a group of his brother officers who were gathered round the open window of the room in the old-fashioned bar-room, "the fact is, I never was in love with any one in my life, and I don't think I ever will be."

But here he was interrupted by the laughter of several, and the vigorous remonstrance of one of his hearers; that one was Miss.

"Now, look here, Lucy; it won't do. Why can't you let the R-verend Solomon rest in his grave?"

"Trust in his grave!" repeated Lucy, who was a bit of a surfer. "Why, I didn't know anything had happened to his grave."

Another burst of laughter followed this simple remark; whether at its very simplicity, or whether at the disgusted look on Miss's face, would be hard to say; perhaps partly from both causes.

"Oh! Lucy went blantly on, seeing that the R-verend Solomon, who had succeeded him in the affections of Naomi, was evidently still in the flesh, 'you are speaking figuratively, eh? Ah! had this to do, that I never do it. As I said, she jilted me. Ah! she was really the only lady I ever loved to marry. I never altogether got over it.'"

"I'm afraid you never will, Lucy," put in Harkness, dryly.

"I'll wrap up," with a resigned air. "Still, however, saying. Time heals all wounds, they say; and by the time Mignon is old enough to marry me—"

"Oh! then you're going to marry Mignon?" laughed Harkness.

"I shall have me," returned Capt. Lucy, with the utmost gravity. "Pew! she's a good girl; things of the gender female are so given to change of mind. Naomi, my first love, changed her mind; Mignon says now that she will never marry anybody but her devoted Lucy; but when Mignon grows up, and she sees that her lot is getting a middle-aged, stout—although that is a calamity which, let us hope, will not fall upon me—bald—an affliction which, let us pray, the deities of Providence may long forestall—deaf—a deaf thing of the gender female, who will never marry me."

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and upon it he acted in this instance as in most others. So long as Olive showed signs of caring for any one else, he was content to bide his time, to live his soldier's life, to go on his plaid, good-natured way, and tell his story, but he never would consent to marry but one lady in all his life, and how she had thrown him over for an ephantine person, whose name was—er—Flig—the Weaver's Solomon Flig; she had had her since as the blooming mother of eleven little Fliggs, all comies in miniature of their estimable papa. He was content to live and let alone, so to throw dust in the eyes of nearly all who knew him; and, as perhaps he neither expected nor meant, the most effectually blinded of all was Olive herself.

CHAPTER II.

It was Olive Weyland's twenty-first birthday—the coming of age.

There is an inevitable custom of her parents to give a summer dance upon that day, a dance following a garden party; but that she had completed her twenty-first year, Mr. Weyland would have had an entertainment of a grander sort and of more elaborate kind, but Olive would have none of it.

"No, dear dad," she urged, "let us have everything as usual. My birthday party has always been enjoyed by every one, so why make any change?"

Of course Olive had her way, and invitations were sent for the usual thing—a garden party, followed by a marquee dance and a regular ball supper. And when the day came it rose bright and clear, as if to baffle the weather, and to show that Olive was not a girl who would be disappointed by a shower, no failures, no disappointments; it seemed to her like a bed of roses among which there were no crumpled petals.

"In the breakfast room a table was awaiting her piled up almost to overflowing with birthday offerings—cakes and bouquets, pearls and diamonds, gold and silver. She had almost said frankincense and myrror; but should I have been very far out of it, for these were the things that she had wanted, and every color and size and form; and the appearance of the whole was more like an array of bridal gifts than of birthday presents.

"A glorious day, Olive," said Mr. Weyland, when she laid her soft and blooming cheek for an instant against his, by way of morning greeting.

"Lovely, isn't it, dear dad? I really think I am one of the luckiest girls in the world. Mother, darling, that is from you," holding out a hangle set of pearls. "Nobody else knew I was wishing for such a one."

"Is it exactly what you wanted?" her mother asked. "I was more than half tempted to send for a few that you might know it was yours only if it seemed more orthodox to let it come in the light of a surprise."

"Oh, much more, it is lovely!" Olive answered, as she clasped the beautiful ornament upon her arm. "What is that—Edith Arkwright?" taking a letter from the pile beside her plate as she spoke. "Oh, that is nice! 'Good-bye, come'," she read aloud, "bringing Capt. Harkness, of his regiment; so I shall bring them to you to-morrow afternoon." That could not be better. Men always improve everything. And Mr. Weyland, who was a soldier, said, "I beg his pardon, Capt. Lucy—always makes things go off well; he's such fun."

She was not able to linger very long over the breakfast table, or to examine the many offerings which the day had brought her. There were, she declared, a hundred and fifty things to do and to see after; so presently she went away, singing in a right voice, and with a turn down collar. It is the haunting her persistently for weeks past:

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There is no one so dear as I am,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in my arm.

There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in my arm.

Rightly ended the fresh young voice
Linger over the garden's sweetest flowers,
And right bravely did she chant out
The other verse, which told of any sympathy.
"Dear such a whole, big wide world of
tenderness and love, and patient endurance;
My master and the neighbor all,
And, but for her, I'd rather be
A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
I'll marry Sally, and she'll be my wife,
And then how happily we'll live,
But not in our alley."

As she crossed the lawn, just below the terrace which ran in front of the drawing room windows (seven of them), toward the large marquee in which they were to dance in the evening, and to which several other women were busily engaged in putting the finishing touches, her voice rang out as trippingly as if she were indeed the beloved of the colored maid, who lived up the alley, and kept her "practice-love" as true to her as the needle to the pole; indeed, with such nerve and dramatic intensity did she sing, that one of the women burst out laughing, and made her start visibly.

"Please forgive me for laughing," this person exclaimed, in a tone of apology, which yet had a ring of earnestness in it. "I really was so droll, the way you sang, 'Oh, then I'll marry Sally!'"

Miss Weyland laughed likewise. "Of course it was; but I love that old song, and it always makes me feel just as if I, too, had a Sally."

She looked past him, toward his companion, and held out her hand.

"How are you, Capt. Lucy? I'm so glad you have come to Mrs. Arkwright's time for my birthday party. And this, of course, is Capt. Harkness!" holding her hand out to him in turn.

"Yes," then, as the hand was taken, he went on placidly: "In time for your party, Miss Weyland! Why, I—er—came on purpose for it. A pretty brother you had to get leave, too—hadn't we, Harkness?"

"Oh, an awful bother!" said Harkness, stroking his mustache, and looking very modestly at lovely Olive.

"I—er—said my sister had got twins," Lucy continued. "So she has, you know; didn't think it necessary to say it was three years ago."

"But if you are found out!" Olive cried, laughing.

"Oh, if I am found out!" shrugging his shoulders, as if that was a very remote contingency, about which he need not particularly trouble himself.

"All you got to get it, and that's the great thing," said Olive, smiling. "So you come and see the marquee. I was on my way to see how the men are getting on with it. It was there we danced this evening," she added, by way of explanation, and Harkness followed by a polite little speech expressive of joy at the good fortune he had to be one of those who were so lucky as to have the chance of dancing in the big marquee that evening.

"But you are really to dance," she said; "you are not to get in a corner and look as if you were simply dying for a cigar."

"I never smoke cigars," he replied, gravely. "I laugh out aloud. I should think not; the very fondest bric-a-brac you ever saw in all your life," he informed Olive.

"I assure you it sets every one in barracks coughing as soon as ever he breathes it out. Have you got it in your pocket, Harkness?"

"I don't take it to make calls upon ladies," Harkness answered. "Now, Lucy, on the contrary, Miss Weyland, is so devotedly attached to her father, she goes so far as to take it to church with her."

"Take care you leave it behind to-day," Olive said, with a laugh. "For I am going to take it to church with me, and if it happened to get lost or to be in the open I should not have the ghost of a chance."

"Take care never to set your foot on a fire," murmured Lucy, in a very low voice, so that his friend should not hear it; then, as if Mr. Weyland approached them, "if it were your heart now, Miss Weyland."

"Ah! if it were my heart, Capt. Lucy," she answered, gayly.

"Yes, dear dad, we are going to see your beloved horses, certainly."

As the three—Olive, her father, and Harkness—moved away in the direction of the stables, Lucy found himself singing unconsciously, as he followed them, in a very soft voice, a line or two of Olive's song:

But when my seven long years are out,
I'll marry Sally, and she'll be my wife,
And then how happily we'll live,
But not in our alley."

Olive heard him and looked back. "You don't sing it with much expression," she said, turning to walk beside him.

"I'm singing it with expression enough," he answered, "but I thought there was the very faintest chance of Sally's even-looking at me."

"Poor thing!" remarked Olive, but without any pity in her tones; for she was accustomed to Lucy's extravagant love making, and never ceased at the depth of earnestness he put into his love. "So it has a Sally, and his Sally is not kind to her. Poor thing! And it looks so dejected and so unhappy over it!"

Lucy looked straight in front of him, and

READER

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said not a word for full three minutes. It fell rather hard upon him that she should be so ignorant of the truth; for during all these years, whenever he could spare a few days leave together, he had almost invariably spent it with Mrs. Arkwright, who was his only near relative. Her house naturally stood to him in the light of a home; and he hardly ever accepted any other invitations, except it was to Ferrer's court, where he always spent some portion of his long leave.

Well, for full three minutes Lucy did not say one word; then he remarked, suddenly: "Oh! by the way, Miss Weyland, I ventured to bring you a small birthday offering. I hope you will do me the honor of accepting it."

"To be sure," replied Olive, never noticing the silence and the sudden change of ice of his tone, chiefly because she was thinking what a fine fellow's friend and how well he would set upon his shoulders was his handsome head. "To be sure. It's very kind of you always to remember my birthday. I never make you any return for it; but this year I will send you a present, see if I do not."

The kindness of Lucy's tone melted as he replied, and gave place to the tenderness of ineffable love.

"I will keep it forever—ah!" he exclaimed. "It was hard lines, but I must confess that Olive Weyland was not an agonizing fit of laughter. If only she had known who the donor covered! But she did not, therefore she answered with careless gaiety and a word of laughter in her deep gray eyes:

"Then I shall certainly send it to you. It is such a satisfaction in sending a present to somebody who will keep it forever—ah!" It was quite unconsciously that her gray eyes took an infection which was very soon to be the "What shall I be! A birthday book?"

"A birthday book," returned Lucy, with the ready acquiescence he would have given had she proposed to give him an elephant or a crinoline.

They had reached the stable yard by that time, and just as Harkness and Mr. Weyland were about to enter, a loose box of a horse made a few suggestions.

"Oh, suppose you say a nice little locket, that you can wear Sally's hair in and hang on to the end of your nose, and you'll be laughing mischievously. 'It might make Sally jealous; and there's nothing like jealousy, you know, for hastening on little affairs of that kind. I'm sure I shall say in all honesty that a lady gave to you a young lady. Don't you think you had better say a locket?'"

"If you will give me one. And—er—you really think—looking down upon her without so much as the ghost of a smile on his face or the least little twinkle of amusement in his blue eyes, perhaps because he was so very much in earnest and not in the least amused—and you really think there's nothing like jealousy for helping such matters?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, promptly. "But how do you know?" he persisted.

"Oh," said she, wisely, "because every one says so—all the story books—every one, with an expansive gesture of her arms, as if to include the whole world.

"But how is the jealousy to be brought about?" he asked.

"Oh, it's all quite easy, to judge by the story books. A little wholesome neglect—a little attention to somebody else, who is not supposed to mind or be deceived for a moment, but who sometimes does a whole heart—a few gifts of books and flowers to the somebody else; after which the obdurate Sally comes to her senses, or, in his most unselfish and unassuming manner, after which the whole affair is settled in five minutes, and the two live happily and joyously forever. I assure you that is quite the proper way."

"I'll try it," said Lucy, solemnly, and with emphasis; "I'll try it, upon my word I will."

"Yes," said Olive, nodding her head and showing her pretty white teeth in a smile. "And pile it up as high as you like about the locket," she added. Yes, she did intend to sling sometimes, I admit it. "I'll give you a photograph, too, if you like."

For a moment Lucy almost forgot his role; then his habitual severity and his drawl came to his aid, and he recovered himself.

"Will you indeed?" he said, with quiet self-possession. "Really, Miss Weyland, I'm very obliged to you for the locket. Olive began to sing teasingly:

But when my seven long years are out,
I'll marry Sally, and she'll be my wife,
And then how happily we'll live,
But not in our alley."

"Poor Sally!" she cried; "she little thinks what a plot is being laid against her at this moment."

"That is very true," answered Lucy, solemnly. "But, as—ah! all the world knows, 'Sally's faith in love is a very weak thing, and about dances this evening. I hope you are going to be good to me."

"Two waltzes," she answered; "that ought to be enough to make even the hardest of Sally's hearts soften, if only you could see it."

"I hope no Sally would," he began; then broke off short, looked at her in his wise way a moment, twisted his mustache, and seeking for an idea, then said, quite quickly for him, "Two waltzes! A thousand thanks!"

[To be Continued.]

LIGHT AND AIRY.

English as She Is Wrote.

The teacher a lesson he taught;

The preacher a sermon he preached;

The teacher, he stole;

The teacher, he stole;

The teacher, he stole;

The teacher, he stole;

The teacher, he stole;

The teacher, he stole;

The teacher, he stole;

The teacher, he stole;

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The teacher, he stole;

GENERAL BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

All unsettled accounts due the undersigned, unless settled before the 1st October next, will be sent for without any further notice.

A. & J. ADAMS.

Negue N. B., August 14th 1889.

Caution & Notice

I hereby caution any and all persons against giving employment to my son, James Wallis, a minor, without first making arrangements with me in reference thereto, as I shall hold them responsible to me for his wages.

And I further give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by the said James Wallis.

DULLEY P. WALLIS

Chatham July 23rd 1888

CIRCULAR.

Halifax, May 29th 1889.

Dear Sir,—We beg to inform you that we have sold the stock and good will of the business of the late J. S. MacLean & Co. to Messrs. J. W. GORHAM and SUBSIDIARY WAREHOUSE, who are carrying on the business at the old stand, "JERUSALEM WAREHOUSE," as successors to J. S. MacLean & Co.

In making this transfer, we believe we are doing what was contemplated by Mr. MacLean when he died, and we are recommending them to your patronage