

**A MODERN WOOING.**

"Hal, did you carry the rackets in before we came down here?" Dorothy closed her book with a snap and threw it down upon the rock beside her.

"Because, if you didn't, we ought to go home. It looks like a shower."

The young man thus appealed to made no reply. Clothed in that fantastic garb which the liberal college education of today renders necessary to the moral standing of gilded youth, he was reclining in a studiously graceful attitude beside the speaker.

His eyes were fixed upon a fishing fleet fast disappearing beyond the horizon. A meditative look adorned his sun-burned face.

"Hal, I spoke to you."

Still the recumbent form moved not.

"Henry Richardson!"

This proved effectual. The young man quickly raised himself upon one elbow.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Dorothy," he said. "What was it that you asked me? Why yes, I think you are quite right."

"It is very evident that you are not quite right in your mind," the young girl retorted, looking compassionately at him. "What is the matter, Hal?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is, too. You can't deceive me, you know, so there is no use in trying. What new scrape have you been getting into?"

"None at all. That is, you wouldn't call it a 'scrape' exactly," Hal grinned.

"In fact, I have been unusually good of late, as you might have observed, had not your mind been upon etherescences."

"Oh, indeed! Well, the fact that you have been good is sufficient cause for a revulsion of feeling of some kind. Now I want to know what is troubling you?"

"You even deign to be interested in my mental condition?"

"Certainly. Have I not the family good at heart? Speak at once."

Thus brought before the tribunal of an avenging little goddess clothed in a scarlet gown, and in righteous anxiety for her family's welfare, Hal was silent again. Seizing a little stone, he crushed to atoms a shell that lay beside him.

Then he raised himself suddenly to a sitting posture and gave his companion the benefit of his cogitations.

"I say, Dorothy, let's get married!"

Dorothy Hall came of a gallant race and she had the repose of a princess. For a second there was silence, while the pretty color left her cheeks. When she spoke it was in a voice that rivalled Hal's own for coolness.

"And why, pray, should we do that?"

"You know I am going over to London in about two months," the young man continued, unheeding, "and I don't see any reason why we can't get married and go together."

Dorothy's dignity nearly forsook her; nevertheless she managed to put considerable surprise, even reproach, into her ejaculation:

"Why, cousin Henry!"

"For heaven's sake, child," cried Hal, "don't air that 'cousin' illusion any longer. It is worn threadbare."

"If you object to me for a cousin I shouldn't think you would want me for a nearer relative." There was mischief in the girl's brown eye.

"I should think you might see," replied Hal. "You know, my dear, that it is the proper thing for a man to be engaged as soon as he leaves college, and as long as we've no need to consider the question of bread and butter, I don't see why we should not be married."

"You know, as well as I do, Dorothy," he said, warming up to the subject—"you know perfectly well that this thing has been planned ever since we came into existence. Imagine our worthy grandmother's ire did we cross her in this respect. Mother wants it, Aunt Jane wants it—every man alive of them expects it. And I want it, too, Dorothy," he added, by way of afterthought apparently, as he paused for a reply.

Dorothy's mind moved swiftly, and the stages through which it travelled during Hal's little speech were many. Anger was its last halting-place. Very evenly, but in tones unmistakably suggestive of icebergs and glaciers, she said:

"I don't suppose it makes difference whether I want it or not."

This evidently inspired an entirely new train of thoughts in the young man's mind. He raised his head in surprise. Was it possible that any one else had been making love to his little playmate?

"Why, Dorothy?" she asked, soberly, as his honest blue eyes met hers.

The girl dropped her lids quickly. He should not read her thoughts. He should not see that she was waiting for him to say the very thing it had not occurred to him thus far to say.

"Dorothy, look at me—is there any one else?"

The amount of incredulity that Hal managed to put into that single sentence touched her girlish pride.

"It does not seem to have suggested itself to you, Henry, that when a man asks a woman to marry him it is sometimes for another reason than because everybody expects it. If you desire success I should advise you to take that into consideration in any proposals you may make hereafter."

So that was the matter.

"Oh, is that all!" cried Hal, infinite relief that affairs were no worse showing itself on every line of his face. "Why bless your little heart, Dorothy. Of course I love you, but it isn't the thing nowadays to say much about that. One shouldn't gush. It isn't according to our philosophy. One should discuss even love calmly and dispassionately, and accept the result, whatever it may be, calmly, as part of his individual destiny,"—and Henry smiled kindly and complacently.

Dorothy looked at him curiously. An hysterical desire to laugh or cry seemed suddenly to have taken possession of her, but she controlled herself.

"Well," she said, finally, "if you are so calm and collected now as a lover, what would you be if I were so too—if I were to marry you?"

"Ah!" replied this nineteenth century lover, eagerly, "there is where the beauty of the whole thing comes in. If you should marry me, you should see instead of retrograding, as it were—becoming indifferent—and everybody does in time, you know, Dorothy—no one can keep strung up to concert pitch forever—I should grow more and more fond and tender of you and careful of your welfare. You would see my character unfold and ripen, disclosing new beauties each day, as the rose opens to the sun. I should become a bright and shining orb to light your pathway—"

"To the grave," finished Dorothy, as Hal's eloquence came to a sudden stop. "A charming prospect certainly. It seems as though I had heard something like that last before, but I will certainly give you credit for great originality in other respects."

"Oh, you can laugh," said Hal, a trifle discomfited, "but I assure you that this is a serious matter for both of us."

"Yes, you are right. This is a serious question," replied Dorothy, the laughter in her eyes contradicting somewhat the gravity of the rest of her face; "quite serious; but before I consider your somewhat unique proposal, Henry, it might be well for me to reply to a letter I had from Mr. Hazelton this morning. It isn't well to have too many offers under consideration at once, you know, and he certainly has the prior claim, for he did not hesitate to tell me that he loved me, even though I am sure he does not."

The laughter had died out of the girl's eyes, and it was with something of a pained expression that she regarded Hal.

He did not notice this, however; he only heard her words, and he rose suddenly by his side—his six feet of strong young humanity towering over her.

"Yes," he cried, wrathfully, "and you would rather marry a man who says he loves you, when you know he is no more capable of that feeling than this stone (flinging it far out to sea) than to marry me, when you know without my saying it that I worship the ground you walk on!"

"Hal, don't gush!"

"That is the way with you girls," he went on, his anger rising and his face growing white, "you will marry for money every time, though what you want of more I can't well see. Cousin Dorothy, I wish you joy in your choice of that old monkey."

Dorothy stood up and confronted him. Her wrath had risen, too, during the last tirade, but her voice was even and cool.

The huge mastiff, who had come down to search for his little mistress, looked rebellious also, as he stood by her side and gazed from one to the other of the angry pair.

"Henry I fail to see what reason or what right you have to speak so disrespectfully to me. Since a longer discussion cannot fail to be painful to us both I will bid you good afternoon. Come, Max," and the little red figure turned and walked proudly away over the rocks.

Hal gazed after her and his senses suddenly returned.

"Dorothy, come back."

His voice made no more impression than the roaring sea.

"Dorothy, dear, Dorothy, stop."

She did not answer. She was far out upon the seaweed covered rocks with Max by her side.

"She is going right for that dangerous, slippery place that she knows I hate," he muttered and started to follow her; then he paused abruptly, anger again coming to the surface. "She has Max; she doesn't need me."

He turned upon his heel and walked swiftly toward the house, a few rods distant. He went directly upstairs to his own little den and shut the door with a bang; then he threw himself down in his favorite chair to think.

This act was performed for about two hours to the accompaniment of many cigarettes. With the 18th one the last remnant of Hal's anger burned away; he arose and yawned, and emerged from the blue smoke a "sadder and a wiser man."

He would go down and see if Dorothy had returned, but he would be very dignified and non-committal until he was sure that she had repented.

He descended the stairs leisurely, whistling an air from "Fra Diavolo" with marvellous skill, for he thought he deserved a scarlet spot in the dusky hall. He sauntered indifferently along, then came to a sudden stop.

It was his mother. She heard him coming and waited for him.

"Where is Dorothy?"

"I left her on the rocks a couple of hours ago—with Max," he finished, seeing the reproach upon his mother's face.

"Max has been here more than an hour, but I can't find Dorothy anywhere. There is a shower coming up, go at once—"

Hal had vaulted the veranda railing, and minus hat and umbrella, rushed for the rocks. Already loud rumblings of thunder were heard, and big drops of rain came faster and faster.

"Dorothy!" he called, as he ran along, "Dorothy!"

No answer, save the rush of waves and the roar of thunder.

Thoroughly alarmed, Hal sped over the rocks, calling frantically from time to time; but no answering voice greeted his ears.

Madly he ran on, shouting until he was hoarse.

At last he stopped to take breath.

He had reached the spot toward which Dorothy had started when she left him a few hours ago.

Suddenly Hal saw something which sent all the blood from his heart. He leaned against the rock to steady himself, as a deadly faintness came over him.

There, half hidden by the seaweed, lay Dorothy's little white sailor hat. Two hours ago the outgoing tide had been crashing and breaking at the foot of that very rock.

No wonder that Hal's strength forsook him. No wonder that sea and sky and rocks became a confused blur.

She must have made a misstep, and—Hal couldn't finish. He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

Presently the cooling rain upon his head aroused him.

He looked at his watch. He had been gone from the house just 20 minutes.

He reached out and reverently took up the little hat; then he rose, and like one bereft of his senses, he paced the desolate rocks, back and forth—back and forth.

At last he turned his face towards home. Slowly though he walked it seemed to him that he reached the house in one brief second.

He saw his mother upon the north veranda.

He ascended the steps and went around the corner of the house. There, comfortably ensconced in a sheltered nook sat—not his mother, but Dorothy!

When the girl saw the bedraggled, wretched looking figure standing before her, all of her dignity fell from her like a garment.

"Why, Hal, dear," she gasped, "what is the matter. Why don't you speak?"

Then, suddenly comprehending, she cried, "Hal, dear, your mother told me you had gone for me. Did you think—what did you think?"

Speechless, Hal pointed to the hat.

"I sat down there a few minutes," the girl explained, "and took it off. It began to rain so suddenly that I forgot it and came home without it."

The pleading voice seemed to restore the young man to his senses again. With a wan smile he held out his arms. All his fine theories, formulated a few hours previous, flew from Hal's mind like dead leaves from a tree.

"Dorothy, my darling, do you love me?"

Two soft arms tightened about his neck. "And we will be married and go over the seas together?"

"Yes, to please grandmother and Aunt Jane and your mother."

**Kent Revision Courts.**

Judge Landry, revising officer for Kent County, will hold courts for the revision of the Dominion electoral lists in the different parishes as follows:

Cocagne, Gallant Hotel, 18th November, 10 a. m., for districts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Applications received till 4th November.

Buctouche, Roberts' Hotel, 18th November, 10 a. m., for districts 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Applications received till 5th November.

St. Paul, school house near chapel, 20th November, 10 a. m., for districts 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. Applications received till 6th November.

Richibucto, Court House, 23rd November, 10 a. m., for districts 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. Applications received till 9th November.

St. Louis, Hotel de Lourdes, 24th November, for districts 21, 22, 23, 24. Applications received till 10th November.

Carleton, at hotel, Kouchibouguac, 25th November, 10 a. m., for districts 25, 26, 27. Applications received till 11th November.

DORCHESTER, October 7th, 1891.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have addressed to every post office in the two counties of Westmorland and Kent, to be posted for public inspection, copies of preliminary lists, including lists of names to be added and to be removed, together with notices as to the time of holding courts of revision, and as to the time within which to give notice for the adding or striking off of names.

I take the liberty of inviting, through your columns, every one entitled to a vote to see that his name is on, and, if not on, to apply at once by a notice in form 'D,' and a solemn declaration of the possession of the qualifications necessary to entitle to be registered. Let there be no delay.

**SPECIAL MARK DOWN SALE!**

Note a few of the many Bargains we are offering at our SPECIAL MARK DOWN SALE now going on. The season has been cold and backward and our stock of Spring and Summer Goods is still very large. We have marked everything down to prices that are bound to effect a speedy sale. Buyers will find this a splendid opportunity to secure nice Goods at Low Prices.

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- Fine quality All Wool Black Henrietta, Silk Finish, former price \$1.00, marked down to 75c.
- Fine quality All Wool Serges, Double Width, new summer shades, marked down from 50c to 37½c.
- Shaker Flannel, faggy stripes, marked down from 8½c to 7c.
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There will be sold by public auction on the premises, near Weldford Station, Harcourt, County of Kent, pursuant to a license for that purpose granted by the Probate Court for the said county on Saturday the 31st day of October next at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described land and premises: On the north by lands owned by Thomas Ingram, on the south by a reserved street and lands owned by J. Dorothy, on the east by lands owned by said Thomas Ingram and on the west by the highway road or main street running from the Weldford Station to the Beckwith road, containing sixty feet by one hundred and fifty feet, or one-quarter of an acre more or less. Terms—10 per cent. of purchase money at the time of sale and the balance to be paid on execution and delivery of deed. Harcourt, September 26 A. D. 1891.  
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