

## HE SAID SO.

Lilly Ashford had known Mattie Carson ever since they were school children. Afterward at the seminary they became dear friends and vowed eternal friendship, wrote valentines to each other on the 14th of February, exchanged gifts at Christmas time, and vowed that nothing could ever cloud their mutual confidence in each other.

Lilly, who had an affectionate heart, really did love Mattie; it was not merely because it looked well to have a charming girl friend and to adore her that she leaned on Lilly's arm and showered kisses on her cheeks, but Mattie, who was naturally selfish, only felt that a blonde and a brunette looked more charming together than apart, and that as Lilly had the pleasantest home and the nicest basket phaeton in the town, it was a good thing to be her intimate.

However, as we cannot look into the hearts of our friends, and can only judge them by their words and deeds, Lilly was quite content. She was generous, and had more in her power than Mattie, and it never occurred to her that all the active kindness was on her side. Many a pretty gift helped out Mattie's wardrobe. Many a new piece of music or new book became hers, which she could not have afforded; and, as Lilly Ashford's friend, she was invited where she would otherwise never have been thought of; and thus as the girls grew older the first trouble arose, as usual, with the first lover. Mattie was a flirt, and though she had attention enough to satisfy her—attention which came spontaneously—she valued nothing so much as the jealousy of another woman. For awhile she spared Lilly rather from motives of policy than for the sake of their friendship; but when Robin Wadsworth really seemed to forget her in the presence of her friend, all the old days were forgotten, and the girl set herself to work, as she well knew how, to make him at least appear inconstant. Lilly, generous and kind, was at first pleased that her friend should be the friend of the man to whom she was on the verge of an engagement, but finally even her gentle heart awakened to the truth.

"I never would have believed it," she sighed to herself. "Mattie of all people; she tries to do it, and yet she does not love him. It she loved him I should only be sorry."

And then in her frankness she resolved to speak to Mattie.

"If Mr. Wadsworth likes me best, how can I help it," said Mattie, pointing and pulling away the petals of a great jack-rose that she wore in her *jeju* when the speaking had been done. "I can't be expected to make myself hideous. In these things it's what you can get; don't you know that, Lilly, you great baby. Cut me out if you can, I don't object."

"Oh, but you see, it's not like anybody else," said the innocent Lilly. "Robin likes me much the best, only you make him seem as if he liked you, by things you do, and I don't like people to think that of somebody I—expect to be engaged to."

"Of course you don't," said Mattie, laughing. "Well, if you are jealous, I suppose I must try not to be agreeable. Indeed, I said so to Mr. Wadsworth last night, and he said I couldn't manage that if I tried; and if you are engaged you ought to wear your ring."

"Oh it is not quite that yet. Mamma must be asked, and this is in utter confidence," said Lilly, blushing. "I would say it to no one else on earth."

She felt sure that Mattie understood now and would flit with Robin no more. But Mattie was in a very different state of mind from that in which she supposed her to be. Lilly had dared to question the possibility of Robin's admiration for her, and she was determined to show her power.

"Little yellow-haired thing, with nothing to say for herself," she thought contemptuously. "She shall see what Robin Wadsworth thinks of me."

There was no quarrel between the friends, but they fell apart somehow; and Robin Wadsworth, as stable in his love as most men, and no more, while he still thought Lilly Ashford the sweetest girl he ever knew, began to think Mattie Carson one of the brightest, and delayed his proposal a little longer, with a sort of—

"How happy could I be with either, were either dearer to me."

sentiment. Meanwhile, the great church picnic took place. Three congregations, at the same time, met in Morton park. There was a feast for the children of the Sunday schools, and picnic lunches for everybody. Families and large parties went together. The beaux were on the ground when the girls arrived, unless where two young people wished to be considered engaged. A few months before, Robin Wadsworth would have been anxious to prove his "intentions" by proposing to be Lilly's escort on this occasion. Now he felt that there were two charming girls to be met, and that he preferred to leave himself free—for that occasion at least. And Mattie, who took great care to be on the ground early, stood watching for his coming, as she talked in the most charming manner, apparently without a thought of anything else, to Mrs. Doty, the minister's good old mother, who, fortunately, sat on a camp-chair just where every arrival could be seen.

As for Lilly, just at the last moment, her father, who was a physician, was called to a patient fifteen miles, and her mother decided not to go without him.

"Old Mrs. Barker will drive you over, Lilly," she said. "Papa will have the horse with him, and I don't care to hire a strange one, even if it could be got today. I really don't care. I ought to pick the Bartlett pears and wrap them in blotting-paper. You go and have a good time. Mrs. Barker has only little Tom to take over."

So Lilly, waiting for Mrs. Barker, who at first could not find Tom and then had to wash him over again, to lecture him and to find him another clean collar, arrived at the picnic grounds at least an hour after Mattie had seized on Robin Wadsworth and with a merry laugh declared that he should not go until he had seen how beautifully the children's tables were arranged. Doctor Ashford's pretty daughter had no lack of attention; there were admirers in plenty for her pale brown hair and Madonna eyes; but the day was all dust and ashes to her, for all that.

"The long, long day—will it never end?" she thought. She talked and ate and laughed as the others did, but she counted the moments.

It was nearly four o'clock when a shower came up, which sent people flying to the shelter of their wagons and carriages and to the great tent in the center of the woods. Just as the first drops fell, little Dolly Grey, Lilly's favorite scholar, came running to her with the cry:

"Oh, Miss Lilly, I've lost my blue beads in the grass!" Lilly, glad of an excuse to leave the group that had gathered about her, excused herself to help Dolly look for the beads. They found them at last, and Dolly ran gleefully away with them; but Lilly stayed where she left her, under the shelter of an overhanging rock. It was a good distance from the tent, from the wagons, from the spot where Mattie hung on Robin Wadsworth's arm, and Lilly did not know that he had just made up his mind to seek her out and devote the rest of the day to her society—the fog-end certainly; but, then, he had resolved to see her home.

He looked about and could not see her. He asked Mattie "where Miss Ashford had hidden herself?" but Mattie "could not think." And at that opportune moment up came the Rev. Mr. Doty with his mother. "If I could but find some one to drive me home!" said this young clergyman, whose filial devotion was talked about everywhere. "I can't leave the school, and the rain is dreadful for my rheumatism; but everyone has his duty, and—dear me, I wish there was some one to drive me home!"

Robin had really turned away at this moment; he was now anxious to find Lilly. Mattie knew it well.

"Oh, Mr. Doty, here is Mr. Wadsworth," she said, with quite an air of proprietorship. "He will be too glad to drive Mrs. Doty. No matter about me, Mr. Wadsworth. I never catch cold. Go now; don't apologize."

"So greatly obliged," said Mrs. Doty. "And it's a shame for an old lady to carry off a young gentleman from the young ladies, that he must like so much better," said old Mrs. Doty; but she took the offered arm.

"We'll get you home out of the rain as fast as we can, Mrs. Doty," said Robin, meaning to hasten back in time to see Lilly home after all.

Meanwhile Lilly had had "a cry," and was obliged to stay in her concealment until her eyes looked better. She did not know how fast people were going away. At last she came out from under the rock, to see only Mattie and red-whiskered, red-faced Captain Carver standing together while he coaxed a frisky horse to stand still while Mattie got into his buggy, still on the ground. People were mounting horses, getting into wagons and driving off.

"Where is Mrs. Barker?" asked Lilly of a neighbor who hurried past.

"Went home with Tommy, who had made himself sick with something, an hour ago," replied the woman. "Said the beaux would take care of you."

"I will," said the captain, gallantly. The neighbor was off.

"Indeed," said Lilly, "I wouldn't trouble you for the world; and there's only room for two in your buggy, captain."

"Oh, we'll make room for three. I like such crowding," said the captain, whose breath smelled of whiskey, and who was not entirely sober.

He was not greatly pleased, for he had calculated on having Mattie to himself; but he was gallant or nothing. Mattie was angry, for this spoiled flirtation; but she beamed on Lilly, and said:

"Oh, my dear Lilly, we're neither of us so very large. I shouldn't have troubled the captain but that Mr. Doty asked Mr. Wadsworth to drive his mother home," she added, smiling more charmingly than ever.

"Oh, Mr. Wadsworth did look so unhappy I had to laugh."

"Cussed lucky thing for me," said the captain, wedging himself in between the girls and driving off.

The captain had been drinking. His horse was restive; at the first turn of the road it became unmanageable. The captain felt that there was nothing for it but to give him his own way.

"You see, he'll stop after a while, if I do," he explained to the terrified girls, "and I can't risk your lives. Hold on as fast as you can. Don't jump, for heaven's sake."

Away they went, over the bridge, along the edge of a precipice; how long, how far, they never knew. At last, the buggy was driven against a tree, a wheel came off, and the horse stood still.

Neither of the girls was much hurt, though their clothes were ruined. The captain had sprained his wrist, and had a blue lump on his forehead. The horse was quite calm and contented. Had the captain been sober, he never would have made a mistake in harnessing the horse; but as it was, he had. Something had tortured the poor beast into fury; that was the cause of his conduct.

It was raining fast. The captain, a very solemn man, indeed, now, led the way through the twilight to a little wayside tavern, and explained matters. The landlord was sympathetic, and the blacksmith happened to be drinking at the bar. The buggy was examined. It could be repaired in the course of two or three hours; but there was no other wagon to be hired.

"Nothing for it, ladies, but to wait here," said the captain, coming back to them, as they sat in the parlor, now lit by a flaring kerosene lamp; "but we'll have supper and be as jolly as possible."

"Mamma will be so terrified!" said Lilly. "What shall I do?"

"I shall get a scolding," said Mattie. "Grandpa always scolds me for everything."

bit of road thick with trees, dark even on a bright night. Here Mattie touched the captain's arm.

"Captain," she said, "let me get down here softly, and I can get to my own room by the kitchen stairs and dodge grandpa's scolding. Good night. Good night, Lilly."

She slipped down as the captain stopped, and they could not see where she went. Then they drove on to where the doctor's house, showing bright lights in its windows, glowed in the darkness of the rainy night.

"They are frightened to death, I know," cried Lilly. "Oh, mother, here I am, all safe."

"Mother, father, the hired girl Nora, the farm hand Jack, all rushed out."

"It's two o'clock Lilly," cried the doctor; "what has been the matter?"

"I'll tell you—nothing—nothing—that matters," cried Lilly. "Good-by Captain Carver; thank you for bringing me home," she cried in her clear young voice, rejoiced at last to be rid of him.

By this time the captain was too tipsy to speak. He shook the reins; his horse went on its way. A window opposite went softly down.

The neighbor to whom Lilly had last spoken on the grounds, had shut it,—Mrs. Birch.

"My goodness," she said to her husband, "here is Dr. Ashford's daughter, Lilly; been out alone with that dissipated captain, until two o'clock, and I saw her leave the park with him at five o'clock."

"Oh, bother," upheld the spouse, "what business is it of ours?"

But from this little seed a scandal grew. Lotstown was very moral, and it liked gossip. Here, there and everywhere the story ran. Alone from five until two o'clock at night with a dissipated man like Captain Carver. There was your bit of perfection for you, they said. The village rang with the tale, and Robin Wadsworth heard it in twenty shapes.

It was at Mrs. Christopher's tea, Mrs. Christopher had mentioned why she did not invite Lilly Ashford.

"The story is really true," she said; "Mrs. Birch saw them come home."

Mattie Carson, with a gentle deprecating glance, looked at Mrs. Birch and shook her head.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Birch," she said. "You always stick up for your friends, I know, Miss Mattie," said Mrs. Birch, "but she has gone too far. I heard the captain say he'd take care of her, at the park. Some other lady stood near them—who it was I didn't notice—but I hurried on, and at two that night—yes, at two—the family had been wild with fright, home came, and 'Good-bye Captain; thanks for taking care of me.' As bold as brass. Oh, if I had a girl like that!"

Alone with Captain Carver at two o'clock.

Robin looked at Mattie. He felt that she must know her friend, and she who could have spoken, who could have said: "We were together, Lilly and I," and so stopped the scandal on the spot, held her peace.

"Do you believe this?" asked he, in a few moments, looking earnestly into Mattie's eyes. "Is it like your friend?"

And Mattie, oh, cruel Mattie, answered: "Oh, Mr. Wadsworth, you heard what Mrs. Birch said. I am sure she saw what she says she did."

"I'll never trust blue angel eyes again," thought Robin Wadsworth.

And Mattie was nearer her mark than ever before.

"May I see you home?" Robin had said, and she had smiled a "yes," when a pull at the bell announced an arrival. Captain Carver, not invited; but a bachelor is always welcome. He enters. He is urged to take tea, and he seats himself at the table just opposite Mattie Carson.

"You here, Miss Mattie?" he cried, in his loud voice, "why, how are you. Forgotten me yet? Oh, I did want to shake myself. That horse has always behaved himself well before, though. Mrs. Christopher, have you heard how I came near killing two young ladies the other night?"

"Oh, no; do tell us, captain," says Mrs. Christopher, amiable as ever to the male sinner.

"Don't tell, captain," cries Mattie, white to the lips, but he does not hear or heed her.

"It was after the church picnic," he says loudly. "I had asked to drive this young lady home; and poor little Miss Lilly Ashford, who had somehow been left behind, came along, with her big, frightened eyes, looking for her party, and I asked the pleasure of her company, too. By Jove, we'd hardly started, when the horse ran away, wrong direction, smashed the buggy, pitched the ladies out into the mud. By Jove, I thought they were killed. But you were plucky, both of you, Miss Carson; and there we were at a little tavern out Bushwick way until, heaven knows what hour. I know Dr. Ashford said it was two o'clock when we got home. A horse, ma'am, that never dreamed of running away before."

There was silence in the room; every eye turned on Mattie. She, whiter still, set her teeth together.

It was Mrs. Christopher who spoke. "Then you were with Miss Ashford?" she said. "She was not alone?"

The captain, understanding nothing, laughed softly.

"Yes, they'll not forget that ride soon, I'm afraid," Mattie had risen to her feet.

"Perhaps I'd better go," she panted. "Good evening."

Her hostess bowed without a word. The captain sat staring; people looked at each other.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Birch apologetically, "I did not know the young ladies were together, or of the accident, or—"

"It doesn't make any matter," said Mrs. Christopher. "I shall give another little tea company on next Monday. It is Miss Lilly Ashford's birthday; it will be in her honor. I hope you'll all come."

"What on earth does all mean?" asked the captain of Robin Wadsworth; but Robin did not tell him.

It was going home from that little birthday party that Robin offered his hand and heart to Lilly; and as she liked him, and thought herself the happiest girl alive, it is a very good ending for my story. As for the scandal about her, happily, Lilly never even heard of it. It died so soon that it had no chance to sting her; and her only regret was for her lost friendship with Mattie Carson, whose name Robin Wadsworth could never bear to hear mentioned.



We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in *PROGRESS*. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of *PROGRESS* will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches *PROGRESS* office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition," care *PROGRESS*, St. John, N. B. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

The list of correct answers to History Questions, No. 17, is a long one, although there were a large number of boys and girls who failed to answer all the questions correctly. The prize winner is Miss Agnes Blizard, 30 Orange street. Correct answers were received from: Miss Agnes Blizard, 30 Orange street; "Jack," 14 Elliott road; Sadie Lawson, 57 Princess street; Maud L. Kavanah, City road; Evelyn Clark, city; Edna Powers, 59 Acadia street; Lulu McAvity, 192 King street east; Edith Hall, 54 Orange street; Jessie I. Lawson, Duke street, West End; Carrie Wigmore, 14 Harding street; Lillian A. Quinn, Wright street; Ella McDonald, Factory street; Gertrude B. Tufts, Queen square; Maud Kavanah, 156 City road; Frank Coombs, 113 Queen street; Clara Dibblee, Broad street; Willie Taylor, 49 St. David street; Lillian Dwyer, Moncton, N. B.; G. A. H., Kingston, Kent Co.; Frank Mullin, North End; F. McArthur, 79 Princess street; Grace Winslow, Fredericton, N. B.; "Louise," city; "Ecoliere," Fredericton, N. B.; Miss Annie M. Bain, city.

**Answers to History Questions, No. 17.**  
1. Sketch the character of Champlain?  
Ans.—Champlain was single-minded, courageous, resolute, but kind and courteous, in him the zeal of the missionary tempered the fire of the warrior, and he had been justly called "The Father of Canada."  
2. In what year was Montreal founded?  
Ans.—Montreal, or as it was then called, Ville-Marie, was founded in 1642, A. D.  
3. Explain what is meant by the Stamp Act, and in what year was it passed?  
Ans.—The Stamp Act passed in 1765 required that all legal documents such as deeds, wills, etc., should be stamped with a government stamp. The people opposed this tax so strongly that the act was repealed.  
4. Name the dates of the two treaties of Paris?  
Ans.—The first treaty of Paris was made on 10th February, 1763; the second, 3rd September, 1783.

**HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION**  
No. 19.

1. What was the chief event of Henry II. reign?  
2. How many years does the period of the Plantagenets proper include?  
3. In whose reign was the linen manufacture introduced into England?  
4. In whose reign was the weaving of cloth and blankets introduced?

**TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.**

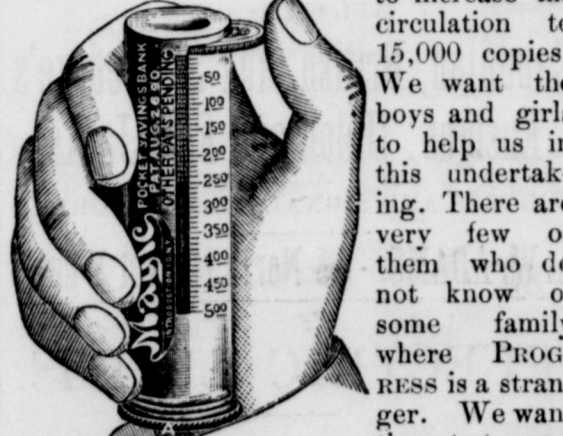
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