A LITTLE COWARD.

"Such a little coward!"

The words came floating up to me from a group of children playing under my window and carry me back two years, to the summer I spent in Westonville and the "little coward" I met there.

I had been in practice as a physician for several years, when Aunt Jane, the rich aunt of the Hutchinson family, wrote to invite me to spend a few weeks with her. was rather amazed at the invitation, as Aunt Jane had never had the slightest affection for me; but the letter was cordial

enough to tempt me. "I have three young ladies visiting me," she wrote, "and you may fall in love with any of them, with my consent. They are all well-born and well-bred, which is more than can be said of most girls nowadays. Serena Maybury is just the woman for a physician's wife, self-possessed, calm, courageous and yet perfectly womanly. She is very handsome, too. Julia Strong is a literary girl and writes for the newspapers. She is pretty, but abstracted, lives in a poetic region above my reach. Susy Markham is scarcely more than a child, eighteen years old, and small as a girl of twelve, fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle and loving; but will not attract you, as she is the worst little coward I ever saw-screams at a mouse, faints at a mouse, clings to the boat when on the water and gets as white as a ghost if a horse prances. But come and see me and the girls, and stop poisoning patients, sawing bones and prancing about sick rooms, for a month at least."

So I went. I had been at Aunt Jane's in my boyish days, and the large, beautiful house, with its wide, high-ceilinged rooms, its broad porches and airy halls, was quite familiar to me. Lying near a river and in the shadow of a mountain, Westonville was a most charming summer residence, and Aunt Jane had visitors from the first warm day to the last one, so that I was not surprised to find others beside those mentioned in my letter of invitation.

Pleasant days were the rule in that sunny July weather, and we boated, rode, drove, clambered up the mountain for picnic parties, played lawn-tennis and croquet, and enjoyed life as youth only can enjoy it in summer days free from toil or care.

Aunt Jane gave me a most cordial welcome, and the first time she was alone with

me, said : "It is time you were married, Harry. I have thought it all over, and I mean to give you a house well furnished as soon as you introduce me to Mrs. Hutchinson. No! You needn't gush about it. I can afford it, and you deserve it! But don't imagine from my letter that the girls know of my match-making intentions. They would pack up and leave at five minutes' notice, if they suspected it. And they are all popular in society, making a sacrifice of other pleasant invitations to come to Westonville. Serena is the wife for you, if you can win her."

And I cordially admired Serena. Certainly she was the most queenly, self-sustained, beautiful girl I ever met. Nothing fluttered her, or moved her from a calm composure. It was impossible to imagine Serena in hysterics, and her health was absolutely perfect.

I devoted myself to Serena, and found her mind as attractive as her face. She was well-read, and had a keen interest in the current topics of the day. I never met any one who so thoroughly read and understood a newspaper, and she could converse well on all the political, foreign and domestic affairs.

Julia was in agonies of composition, gathering scenes and incidents for her first novel, and going about as if asleep with her eyes open.

And Susy. The first time I saw Susy she was in the orchard, dressed in something blue and thin, all ruffles and bows. She was standing under an apple-tree absolutely paralyzed with terror, and gazing at a huge caterpillar creeping up her arm. Hearing my step, she raised a colorless face, with stained blue eyes and quivering "Oh, take it off! Oh, please take it

Another minute found her sobbing hysterically, and with a choking word of

thanks she ran away.

It all passed so quickly that she was gone before I saw how pretty she was, leaving behind a half-picture of short golden curls and frightened baby blue eyes. The next time I saw those eyes they were full of tearful gratitude for my heroic handling of caterpillars.

It was odd how they haunted me. Quite resolved to win Serena, if persistent wooing would accomplish it, I sought her on all occasions, but, being a united party of triends, we were not often tete-a-tete. And it was to me, always, that Susy turned, in hours of peril, when a toad sat upon the white dress, when the boat tipped a hair's-breadth more than usual, when horrible crawling things crossed our paths, and cows litted their heads to contemplate us. attention to the terror,

cannot deceive a physician to that extent, and my professional eyes noted how the pretty face blanched, the pulse quickened and the whole little figure trembled. She

And yet, although I chided myself for it, I could not share Serena's openly expressed contempt, or sufficiently admire her own scornful indifference to toads and grasshoppers, boat-tipping or fractious horses. horseback, while Susie trembled and shivered, and clung to the gentle animal she

rode with desperate energy. Serena, Susy and myself, when one morning we were seated in the sitting-room, dispurchase and selections, to her.

"And the whole lot has been sent here," said Aunt Jane. "I am not a coward, but I have let it be well understood in Westonville that I never keep money in the house, mice and spiders, a little coward. have very little plate and few jewels. There is nothing discourages a burglar more than a certainty that there is nothing to steal."
"Does any one know?" I asked.

"The editor of the Westonville Gazette published the whole story on Saturday. He | condemn everything which is beyond their must have seen some of the servants range.

who heard us talking over the lawyer's letter."

"I'll run up to the city and arrange to send the boxes to a safe-deposit company,' "Do! Go now! You can come back

on the five-thirty," said Susy. "I shall not sleep a wink if they stay here. Oh!" and her very lips were white, "if I saw a burglar, I believe I should die!" And looking into her white, terrified

face, I believe so too, although Serena "What nonsense you do talk, Susy:"

But, Aunt Jane consenting, I went upon my proposed errand, arranged to have the boxes sent for the following day, and was on my way to the depot, when I met an old friend and patient. The ten minutes' chat that followed cost me the loss of the 5.30 train. Not another one stopped at Westonville, excepting the midnight express, until the next day.

Fretting, reproaching myself, I passed the time as I best could until midnight, my heart sinking at the thought of the three lonely ladies at Westonville. There was but one man on the place, and he siept in a room over the stable. What if any thief attempted to obtain the valuable boxes piled in the hall? Serena could be trusted to be cool and collected; Aunt Jane was not timid; but Susy-poor little Susy!-she would die, she said; and I teared she would. As the train sped on, this thought of Susy's terror became almost maddening: and when, at last, I was at the little wayside station, quarter of a mile from Aunt Jane's, I started on a run for the house.

The hall-door stood open, and I heard a sound in the sitting-room that seemed to chill the blood in my veins. Throwing open the door, I saw Susy—little Susy! elinging at the throat of a man roughly dressed, who held Aunt Jane in a chair, while he tried to shake off Susy's arms, at the same time keeping Aunt Jane down. Serena lay in a dead faint on the floor.

"You shall not hurt her!" Susy cried, her slender arms strained to choke the sufferer. "Let go, you wretch! I'll kill

One blow on the top of his head from my heavy walking-stick brought the fellow down insensible. Susy dropped her arms and stood white as death, but perfectly calm, facing me. "Can you find me a rope to tie this fel-

low?" I asked. She nodded, sped away, and returned with a coil of clothes-line.

"Listen!" she said, speaking quietly. "There is another one in the china closet, locked in. He is trying to kick the door

down. Do you see, this is James !" James was the one man-servant Aunt Jane employed. Tying his firmly, I gave my next attention to Aunt Jane, whose whole face was covered with glood from a wound in the head. Knowing how the sight of blood always sickened Susy, I tried to keep her back, but she said,

"Tell me, please, what you want and how to help you."

I sent her for water, rags, laudanum, and while we bound up Aunt Jane's head and restored her to consciousness, Serena came to her senses and sat up, white and "Oh, Susy, that man will kick the closet

door down!" she cried, as the blows from the next room became more violent. It seemed as if he would, and I started to quiet him, when Susy grasped my

"Don't open the door!" she said. "There may be more than one man there. You see, we were all sitting up herc, hoping you would come on the midnight train, but Aunt Jane had not told James to go to the station because she thought you had rather walk up than have us alone. So I suppose James thought you were gone for all night, and he came in at some time in the evening, we do not know when, and hid in that china closet. I went to the dining-room in the dark for some water just as he crept in. I could just see him, and that another man was creeping after him, but not out of the closet. I slammed the door, locked it, and ran in here just as James struck dear Aunt Jane on the head and tried to push her down in her chair. Then I flew at him and you came in But there may be more than one man in the closet. The door is strong, and I will run down to the police station while you take care of Aunt Jane

Before I could stop her she was running across the hall, out at the door and down the road, while James suddenly revived and began to struggle and curse.

and Serena.'

My hands were full, for Aunt Jane was severely hurt, and Serena was so terrifie,i that she could not stir, sobbing and half fainting in sheer terror.

I cannot tell how long it was before Susy came speeding back with three strong policeman behind her, but in the meantime some of the maids were roused and had come to my assistance.

There proved to be but one burglar in the closet, a Westonville man and crony On all such occasions, two tiny hands, of James's, and the two were marched off, white as milk, soft as satin, suddenly securely bond. Aunt Jane was put to bed clasped my arm, and "oh! oh!" called my and made as comfortable as possible; Serena had gone to her own room; the And it was not done for effect. You house was locked up when I turned to bid

Susy good night. She was standing at the foot of Aunt Jane's bed, holding fast to a chair, her face perfectly colorless, and her limbs really was the worst little coward I ever trembling. I mixed her a dose of composing medicine and put it to her lips.
"Don't mind me," she said, smiling

faintly. "I always was a coward." "Nobody shall ever call you so where I am," I said, and then-well, I will not add all I said, but then and there I won my She rode well, a magnificent figure on darling's confession of love for me, and gave my life's allegiance to the woman I loved.

Aunt Jane was delighted. She under-It was late in the season and all of my stood perfectly the love that prompted the Aunt Jane's guests had departed excepting | child to attempt to divert the attack of the ruffian James to herself, and it was a delight to her to make ready the pretty house cussing an important matter. A far-away for us. Serena comes often to visit us, cousin of Aunt Jane's had been a collector | calm and self-poised as ever, and quite as of rare jewelry and plate, and had left his contemptuous when Mrs. Hutchinson flies valuable treasures, the result of years of to my arms in an agony of terror if a mouse runs across the floor, or a spider crawls up

the wall. For, although she has proved herself a heroine, Susy is still, in such matters as

Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily

IS MARRIAGE POPULAR? production, they can use it to freeze ice

HOW A BOLD INVESTIGATOR COL-LECTED EVIDENCE.

Howard Fielding Interviewed a Number of Spinsters on the Subject, and is Involved Breach of Promise Proceedings Amounting to \$300,000.

Maude was sitting at my desk when I entered the room, and the big tears were falling from her eyes upon a manuscript which I had recently prepared.

"My dear," said I, in a somewhat acid voice, "you needn't complicate the obscurities of my chirography by crying over that. It was intended to be funny. The facts in that article of mine came from the unmarried women who called on you after your friend Millie Smith's engagement to Tom Harris was announced. I overheard their merry prattle. They all regarded Millie as a designing person whose conduct was altogether reprehens-They all thought that Tom was a fool. Every one of them had refused at least half a dozen offers from men much more desirable than Tom, though he's young, rich and handsome. Many of them had refused Tom himself, and they were all single from preference and from no other reason whatever. With such evidence as that before me I was able to answer the question 'Is marriage be-coming unpopular?' decidedly in the

Maude was laughing now. "You dear old goose," she said, "I hadn't read anything but the title of your article. If it contains what you say it does, I should advise you not to print it at

affirmative.

I couldn't quite make her out. She seemed to believe that the women I had



"IT WAS INTENDED TO BE FUNNY."

quoted were not wholly sincere, although they were among her most intimate associates. She made so much fun of them that I resolved to supplement their testimony by further investigation.

I made up a list of the names of twelve unmarried women living in the suburban towns. Most of them wrote a little but appeared to be otherwise of sound mind. I intended to interview these ladies on

the subject of marriage, without letting them know that their views were intended for publication. Of course in placing these innocent victims before the public I shall be obliged to provide them with fictitious

I skipped over to Morrisania to Miss Lottie Linden. I jintroduced the subject of marriage and begged her to tell me calmly what she thought of it, but she immediately branched off to something quite different. She burst into tears, and asked me if I did not think that a deep, strong love was better than money. I was forced to reply that I didn't, if it was a question of running a newspaper with one or the other of them. She said that I was sordid and mercenary and a number of other unpleasant things; in fact, I obtained much valuable information regarding my own character, but very little concerning the question which I was trying to get points on.



INTERVIEW WITH LOTTIE LINDEN.

I began to fear that I had lost my old knack as an interviewer. My questions seemed to be unnecessarily exciting. Even my own nerves had suffered in my talk with Miss Linden. I endeavored to quiet them by a dinner in the annexed district; and when I called on Miss Dora Sykes Brown, in the edge of the evening. I believed that I could make her talk intelligibly. I knew her to be of a somewhat emotional nature, but I had prepared a formula of questions, which ought to be more soothing than chloroform. First, what was her general opinion of marriage. I never got further than that. There was an extraordinary scene, and nothing but the presence of mind of her father, who dropped me out of the parlor window, saved me from strangulation.

I conducted the remaining interviews by correspondence. Poor little Maude! She received all the replies. They came by return mail. Maude doesn't usually open my letters, but the handwriting on one of these resembled that of Aunt Jennie, and so she ventured to peep inside. She found a modest but firm acceptance of my offer of marriage, accompanied by an invi-tation to call, and a railroad time table with the express trains underlined in

I had an awful time explaining the case to her. Our flat had never witnessed so cluded the stipulation that Maude should dictate my reply to the letters. If the recipients do not care for it as a literary tearful a scene. Our treaty of peace in-

BELLIEF

But it didn't do much good. That was over a month ago. Yesterday I was idly turning over my manuscripts in search of something which would pay the gas bill.

"Maude," said I, "where is the copy of that article which proves that "Marriage is

Becoming Unpopular." "It may be under those papers on your

desk," she replied. I picked up the papers to which she re-



HER FATHER SAVED ME.

suits for breach of promise with broken hearts ranging in value from ten thousand to fitty thousand dollars. The total is a little over \$300,000. I am sorry for these ladies, but this is more money than I can spare. If they win their cases they will have to attach my salary, which will suffice to settle their claims within two or three I turned from these dreary legal docu-

ments to my own brilliant discussion of the unpopularity of marriage. It is much more interesting than the laborious composition of the lawyers, and yet theirs seem to be stronger argumentatively. "I shall not publish this article," said

to Maude; "my conclusions appear to have been hasty." Howard Fielding.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The man born in a cabin may some day name a cabinet.

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which befall us .- Wesley. K. D. C. The only preparation of the kind in the market and is the Greatest

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When you hear a great deal of one side of a story, the other side receives from you a great deal of spmpathy.

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Fare for the round trip, fifty cents. No excursion on rainy days. on rainy days.

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Boston and Portland \$5.00 ROUND \$5.00 Commencing SEPT. 16th, Tickets will be issued to

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ing day, at \$1,00. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

International Steamship Co. FALL ARRANGEMENT.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK

FOR BOSTON.



COMMENCING Sept. 16, the Seamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRI-DAY mornings, at 7.25, stan-Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for East-

On Wednesday's Trip the Steamers will not Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen.

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This line will issue RETURN TICKETS AT ONE FARE DURING EXHIBITION,

and no return ticket shall be less than 35 cents.

On the Romantic Blue. Belisle Bay steamer, Springfield, will leave St. John, North End, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days.

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ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK.

THE S.S. "WINTHROP," of this line will resume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows: Leave New York, Pier 49, E.R., on SATURDAYS, at 5.00 p.m., for Eastport and St. John; and

Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 3.00 p.m., for Eastport and The "WINTHROP" having been overhauled during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight. For further information apply to

H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents. Gen'l Freight and Pass. Ag'nt. St. John. F. H. SMITH & CO., Gen. Manager, 17 and 19 William Street, New York. Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

St. John, N. B., March 2nd, 1891.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LTD.

CITY OF MONTICELLO. Capt. ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. This steamer will, on and after the 12th Sept., and until the 15th November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, at 7.30 local time, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; returning will sail from Annapolis, upon arrival of the Halifax express, due at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, calling at Digby each

Travellers to Halifax will please take notice that by this route they can reach that city inside of ten hours, have a greater variety of beautiful scenery, the pleasure of a delightful sale across the Bay of Fundy, and choice meals served at reasonable rates on board the steamer.

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ONE FARE-GOOD TO RETURN MONDAY. The road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the bridges replaced by new ones. TO TAKE EFFECT MONDAY, SEPT. 7th:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN:
ACCOMMODATION (per ferry), 7.14 a. m.
EXPRESS (per terry) 4.24 p. m. LEAVE ST. STEPHEN: EXPRESS, 7.45 a.m. ACCOMMODATION, 1.30 p. m.

ARRIVE ST. JOHN: EXPRESS 11 a.m. ACCOMMODATION, 6.15 p.m.

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Intercolonial Railway.

1891—Summer Arrangement—1891 ON and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run idaily

(Sunday excepted) as follows :-TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene......11.00

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express train A Parior Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Moneton. Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 6.10 Fast Express from Chicago, Montreal and

 Quebec.
 8.30

 Accommodation from Point du Chene.
 12.55

 Day Express from Halifax
 18.30

 Fast Express from Halifax
 22.30

The Train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning antil 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.



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