

BY HAPPY CIRCUMSTANCE.

A Halifax Story of Love, Fortune and the Military.

By "Medicus."

"Hullo Daisy!"

"Oh Donat, is that you?" she exclaims springing to her feet "when did you come?"

"Couple of minutes ago," returns the young officer who is holding on to the old stone wall with his elbows, in some mysterious way known only to himself. "I've been watching you. What are you thinking about so hard, me? Great Scott my elbows!"

"No, Captain Jenkins; he was here this morning and Aunt Ellen asked him to tennis tomorrow," says Miss Hill with rather an anxious glance towards the fence. "Hullo, you better come over? You'll ruin your uniform. He was delighted, and invited himself to dinner afterwards."

"Just like Jenkins. He's the cheekiest fellow in the regiment," remarks the other with a disgusted air. "I'd like to see your Aunt Ellen ask me to tennis. Oh," in dismayed tones for he has forgotten and raised one arm while denouncing the unfortunate Jenkins, "I'm slipping! I'm gone—there, I'm gone," he finishes tragically as he crashes backwards into a clump of wild rose-bushes. "Gre—at Scott! Daisy, 'pon my word it's a pity you couldn't see me!"

"I can hear you," she says with a smothered laugh as the sound of cloth ripping comes over the fence. "You'll be a sight if you don't take care. Donat take time. I'll have to spend all the afternoon mending you!"

"No, you won't," and his handsome, good-natured face appears in sight again, "that was a piece of braid you heard. Did you—oh, yes, I see you did," with a glance towards the dainty brown box she has just picked up from the grass where it had fallen. "They're all chocolates. It's a pity the old lady couldn't see them. Has she gone after the heathens? Stand back a little, will you sweetheart, I'm coming over."

Suiting the action to the word he drops lightly to the ground, and makes two or three hasty steps in the direction of the old pine tree under which Daisy was taken refuge.

"Has she gone to her missionary meeting," he says lightly, "What are you backing behind that tree for?" in a more serious tone, as his little lady love evinces a strong desire to escape his outstretched arms. "Of course I'm going to kiss you. Do you suppose I'm going to bring you chocolates for nothing? What on earth is the matter, Daisy?"

"John," gasps Daisy making another hurried retreat. "He's down there by the stables watching us. He's looking straight over here! Donat, please don't, I can see him smiling!"

"Hang John!"

"You're a mean fellow," and Miss Hill smooths back her hair which has got considerably rumpled against his epaulets. "You ought to mind me when I speak to you, and I wish you wouldn't wear your uniform when you come out here; it scratches. Did you meet John in the woods? Look at him? I know he's laughing."

"Yes, I met him," says Donat pulling his mustache and inspecting her carefully, "want to know what he said? He grabbed me by the sleeve, and after asking me if I had a bit of barley 'bout me," advised me to marry Miss Daisy right off and be done with this fooling and clinin' fences. Capt'n Silver, he says, the old 'un's sure to find you out. Better do the hull business at once. You and Miss Daisy cut off some day soon, I'll help you. Knows a thing or two that old chap doesn't know. We'll have to elope if your aunt doesn't come to her senses soon."

Daisy laughs outright.

"I think you had better come to yours," she said still smiling, "I'm not going to run away with you whatever else I do. Come and sit down, I've something to tell you."

"I'm ready," he returns as he stretches his long form on the grass at her feet and reaches out his hand towards the box of candy she is holding. "Go on, What!" in a tone of remonstrance, as she promptly removes the box out of way. "Aren't you going to give a fellow one?"

"Not one," emphatically, "I thought you brought them to me."

"So I did but I didn't expect you to eat them all. You'll be ill."

"All right. Now listen to what I have to say. Aunt Ellen isn't going to any more missionary meetings!"

"What!" exclaims Silver starting to his feet. "How do you know? Who told you?"

"John," returns Daisy with a sigh, "She told him today that she wouldn't need the carriage on Thursday afternoons after today. That's what I meant when I asked you if he told you anything. I don't know what we're to do, Donat. She's been worrying dreadfully about Captain Jenkins, and it wouldn't be the slightest use for you to speak to her. She said horrid things about you only the other day; she's never forgiven you for breaking her china."

He slowly resumes his former position, and sits moodily digging holes in the turf with her parasol.

"What will you do if Jenkins proposes?" he says at last.

"Refuse him," she returns in a determined tone.

"And if your aunt insists?"

"She can't make me have him against my will," defiantly.

"No, that's so, but she can make it comfortedly unpleasant for you."

"I know," and Daisy gently rescues her parasol. "You see the will says that if I marry without Aunt Ellen's consent I forfeit my money unless I become a widow. If I marry with her consent I get my own money and her's too, so she says. She's my guardian till I'm of age, and I cannot marry before that unless, as I said, with her consent. It was a queer will wasn't it?"

"Decidedly," rejoins Donat chewing a blade of grass in lieu of the chocolates he is denied. "It leaves you at the mercy of a whimsical old woman who doesn't know her own mind two days running. I wish I had more of this world's good, Daisy, for your sake. With my pay and all I've not more than a thousand at the most, and we couldn't live on that, unless you're disposed to try love in a cottage. I hate this work, coming out here to see you on the sly. It's against the grain I can tell you, but I must see you sometimes. Suppose I see her and have it out; she can't eat me."

"No," looking troubled, "but—don't be cross Donat, she might say you were after my money. Oh dear, don't look so



"SHE'S HAD AN AWFUL FRIGHT," SAID DAISY.

savage," in a half frightened tone for Don's black brows have suddenly come together in an alarming frown. "You know I don't think so."

"I know you don't, and you're a dear little thing to believe in me," she says gently. "I'd want you Daisy if you hadn't a cent. Confound your old aunt!—Oh I mean bless her you know," he adds hastily. "I'll stay and see her this afternoon and try my chances anyway."

"Well, I suppose I can't stop you if you make up your mind," and Miss Hill sighs plaintively. "But you might just as well save yourself the trouble. Aunt Ellen wouldn't even listen to you and if she thought I liked you she would send me to England tomorrow. She can't forgive you about the china, and really Donat it makes me cross to think of it myself. That was a crown Derby dinner set, the only one in Halifax, and it was a hundred and forty-five years old."

"Abominable old trash," mutters Donat who has more love for horses and dogs than articles of vertu in the shape of antique dinner sets.

"Well," and Daisy drops her upraised hands in deep air. "You are a Vandal. If you don't appreciate lovely blue and gold china what do you like?"

"You," he returns in a matter-of-fact tone, "but I'll cultivate a passion for old tea-pots, rickety tables and chairs and grandfather's clocks and anything you like, if it will raise me a few inches in your esteem, my lady love. You might give a fellow a kiss now and then, Daisy."

"Go away, don't be silly," replies Daisy, with a stern determination to nip all such nonsense in the bud. "You've no idea how funny you looked that day, lying on your back on the drawing-room floor."

"I think I can imagine it," returns Donat, getting r'd. "I've been told often enough; the fellows haven't stopped chaffing me yet. If you ladies would let a little light into your drawing-rooms, it would be a good deal easier on poor near-sighted fellows like me. I don't see why you smother the windows in so much silk and muslin. I had just come in out of the sunlight, and to tell you the truth I was looking at you instead of minding my steps, and—"

"And," interrupts Daisy with a mischievous laugh, "the first thing you knew you were lying on your back with the china cabinet on top of you and aunt Ellen standing over you shaking her stick, while Major Rutherford tried to pick up the pieces. Why didn't you stay and apologize? You sprang up and gave one look at aunt and another at Captain Jenkins that should have killed him and grappled your hat and fled."

"I know. I was positively afraid of the old lady. I knew she worshipped that china, and I declare I didn't know what to say."

"And ever since then," goes on Daisy, "she hates you. I'm glad you escaped the stick though. Donat. She hasn't the gout now, but she says she can't walk without it. It's the terror of everyone's life, that cane. You know she emphasizes what she says by tapping people on the arm with the knob. The other afternoon a lot of the Belterophon mids were calling, and she got hold of poor little Stubbing and asked him if he said his prayers every

night and wrote regularly to his father and mother."

"What did he say?" enquires Donat with a broad grin as he rests his head on one hand to get a better view of his companion's face.

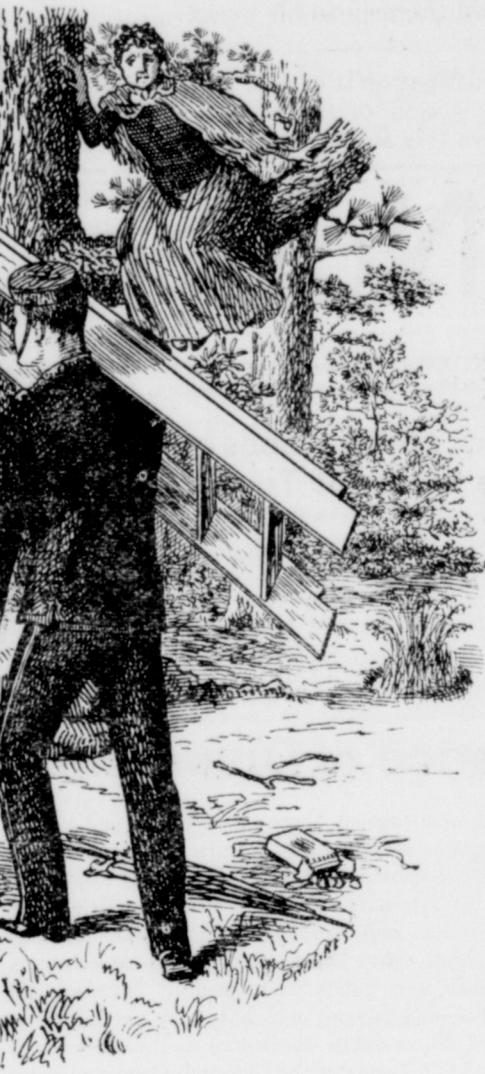
"He got red and white by turns, and just saved himself in time. Charley Hill, my cousin, you know, whispered to him to say yes, but it was too funny; he was so confused. She told him he was a good little boy and sent them all out to the conservatory after grapes. She's very good-natured in some things, you know, but I wish she didn't think it was a waste of money to buy candy."

"So do I for your sake; it's a shame! I wonder what's up with John," says Donat pointing towards the stables. "Look at him Daisy, waving his arms like an animated windmill. He's pointing towards the fence. Oh Caesar! Look coming! It's you aunt! We're done for now!"

"Run, run, get over the fence," exclaims Daisy excitedly, "she hasn't seen you! Quick!"

"Yes she has," he returns composedly, "I'm not going to leave you to face her alone, watch her."

Hand in hand the two culprits breathlessly watch the approach of a little old lady in voluminous mourning, she is walking quickly, but stops every now and then to shake the cane she carries, in the direction of the two figures beneath the pine tree. She has a small sharp face with an exceedingly disagreeable expression, that is by no means enhanced by the wonderfully constructed cap she wears above it, while the fact that she is violently angry and in a great hurry adds considerably to the singularity of her appearance.



"SHE'S HAD AN AWFUL FRIGHT," SAID DAISY.

"She's furious I know by her cap," whispers Daisy who is trembling with excitement, but she has time to say no more, for with an imperious rap on the ground, the old lady stops short in front of them.

"Well," she says, fastening her eye on Donat, greatly to that young gentleman's amusement. "What does this mean, Margaret Jane Ellen Hill? You sir, how did you get here, through my front door?"

"No ma'am, over your fence," returns Donat with the greatest politeness, "and I was going to ask you if you would mind having it repaired. It's confound- extremely wearing on my elbows," holding up two ragged specimens as he speaks.

"Humph," with a sniff of scorn, then turning to her niece again. "Margaret Jane Ellen Hill, did you ask, did you ask I say, that young person to come here?"

"I don't know," falters Daisy, who really cannot remember whether she did or not. "Don't put his eyes out Aunt Ellen."

"You will kindly not give directions to me Miss," is the old lady's reply, as she brings her weapon within an inch of Donat's brown orbs. "You sir, do you call this the conduct of a gentleman, a gentleman," giving him a smart rap on the arm, "to come into my grounds in my absence and make love to my niece?"

"No Miss Hill, I don't, to tell you the truth," Donat says frankly. "I didn't do it willingly. If you hadn't shown your dislike to me so strongly, I should have come to you and asked your permission. I meant to do it before long anyway, but since circumstances have brought this meeting about I will do it now. May I pay my addresses to your niece, Miss Hill?"

"No," she says in a sort of blind fury, "No sir, you may not, but you may leave these grounds at once before I have you put off by the servants. Do you understand me? And further, Tomorrow my niece and I leave for England where I hope she will be out of the way of such—sarcas- tically "young gentlemen as you. There now," and the old lady gives a concluding rap on the gravel as she finishes.

Don has grown very white but otherwise he gives no sign of having heard.

"Good-bye for awhile Daisy," he says turning to the slight figure at his side, whose curly head just reaches to his shoulder. "I know you'll not forget me, and I'll wait for you, I—"

"You shan't go," exclaims Daisy passionately, turning with flashing eyes towards her aunt. "How dare you speak to him like that? I won't go to England with you, I—"

"Look out mum, look out wid ye!" exclaims a shrill voice from behind. "Here's Biddy!"

They turn hurriedly and behold coming towards them over the lawn, an angry looking red cow, hotly pursued by a small boy with a stick. Donat laughs, and grasping Daisy's parasol prepares to drive her off, when he is stopped by a startled exclamation from the younger Miss Hill who shrinks behind, and a scream of abject terror from the elder lady, who throws herself bodily on to him.

"Save me, save me," she implores, clinging to his arm. "It's a monstrous brute, as dangerous as a bull. What did John

mean? Oh! Jimmy Mullins drive him off! Oh! Captain Silver, save me, save me! I'll take it all back! I'll do anything you like if you'll only save me! Daisy, get him to, Oh! oh! oh!"

"All right, keep cool," says Donat, who is nearly choking with laughter, for the animal, attracted by Miss Ellen's screams, has stopped short and is eyeing them in an undecided manner, as if selecting one to attack. "I'll fix you in a minute. Here, Daisy, up you go," taking his little niece in his arms and placing her on one of the branches of the friendly old pine tree, "don't fall. Now, Miss Hill, I had to see to Daisy first, you now," in a slightly apologetic tone, "hold on tight."

Leaving the two ladies clinging to the tree he succeeds with the aid of Jimmy Mullins in driving the refractory Biddy into the stables, where she is promptly tied up and milked by John, after he has given Jimmy what he calls a "leatherin" for letting her loose. The young officer then returns to the scene of the late encounter, where he is joyfully praised by the two frightened females in the tree.

"Is she safe? Is she tied up?" exclaims Miss Ellen in trembling tones, as she catches sight of him.

"Tight as possible; I tied her myself," he says, looking up. "Daisy I don't exactly see how I put you two ladies up there. You're pretty high aren't you?"

"High," echoes Daisy; I'm so giddy I'm nearly falling off now; and Aunt Ellen is holding on so tight, my arms are numb. Take me down quick, Don."

"All right," he says, coming closer and holding out his arms. "Let yourself go, I'll catch you."

Daisy has faith in her lover, so with a little gasp she shakes herself free from her aunt's grasp, and shutting her eyes drops into the arms outstretched to receive her. Don placed her gently on the ground after making good use of his opportunities, like the wise young man he is, and stealing a kiss or two, and then addresses himself to the somewhat difficult task of rescuing Miss Ellen from her elevated position.

"Will you come, Miss Hill," he says, holding out his arms towards her as he had done for Daisy.

"No, I will not," she says, clinging for dear life to the surrounding branches, "at my time of life young man, I've something else to do besides dropping around like a rubber ball. Go get a step-ladder. Get it yourself; don't let John see me. Oh to think of it," with almost a groan "at my time of life too—clinging to a tree."

"Never mind Miss Hill, I'll be back in a minute," says Donat consolingly, as he darts off towards the stables. "Hold on tight, and don't look down. It's only a few feet."

"Aunt Ellen," says Daisy, as he disappears. "It will be all right, won't it? You said you would take everything back, and I couldn't be happy if you separated me from Donat."

"Yes child, yes! Have everything your own way; I don't care what you do as long as I get down from here," says the old lady feebly. "Is he coming?"

"Yes, here he is. She's had an awful fright," Daisy says in an under-tone to Silver, as he comes towards with a step-ladder over one shoulder, "and, Don, it's all right."

"What! Oh by jove, really?" he exclaims with a look of delighted surprise as he nearly drops the ladder. "Here, Miss Hill. Wait till I come and help you. Really, Daisy?"

"Yes," she says as she watches him support the trembling old lady down the steps.

"Don't thank me," says Miss Ellen as she once more reaches terra firma. "I don't want to be spoken to. I don't think I'll ever survive this disgrace. No, thank you," motioning away Don's proffered arm. "I can get along all right." She goes up the path towards the house, but stops after a few steps. "I'll be pleased to see you at dinner, Captain Silver," she says, looking back with a doleful sigh. "Half-past six; don't stay out too long."

"Thank you," returns Donat, raising his cap. "Well, Daisy, I'm speechless, I think. Bless that cow and Johnny Mullins!"

"Poor aunt Ellen," returns Daisy with a half laugh. "Nothing else would have done it, Don. She'll keep to her word, that's one good thing."

"Daisy," says Don.

"Well," she enquires; "what is it?"

"Nothing much," he returns; "but won't Jenkins be furious?"

Status of Indian Women.

Mrs. Elaine Goodale-Eastman, who has a personal knowledge of Indian life, says that among our American Indians the property rights of wives are fully respected. She says: "I never knew an Indian to sell his wife's ponies, or anything belonging to her, without her consent."

"I have known him to receive from a white man a good offer, which he is anxious to accept. He merely replies: 'The horse is not mine; I must ask my wife.' He goes home and asks her simply if she will sell. If she says 'No' he tells the white man, 'My wife does not wish to sell,' and nothing further is said."

"More than this, an Indian will very seldom sell a horse, or anything valuable of his own, or make any important decision, without consulting the partner of his joys. It is a very common reply to an offer of any kind, concerning a change of residence, the acceptance of a position, or sending the children to school. 'I must first ask my wife.' If an Indian woman makes and sells a pair of moccasins the money is hers, and she uses it as she sees fit." In some things the Indians might teach a lesson to the more civilized race.

—Woman's Journal.

Those Terrible Children.

George and his little sister were playing in the dining-room when a gentleman, who was an intimate friend of the family appeared at the door.

"What are you doing, children?" he asked.

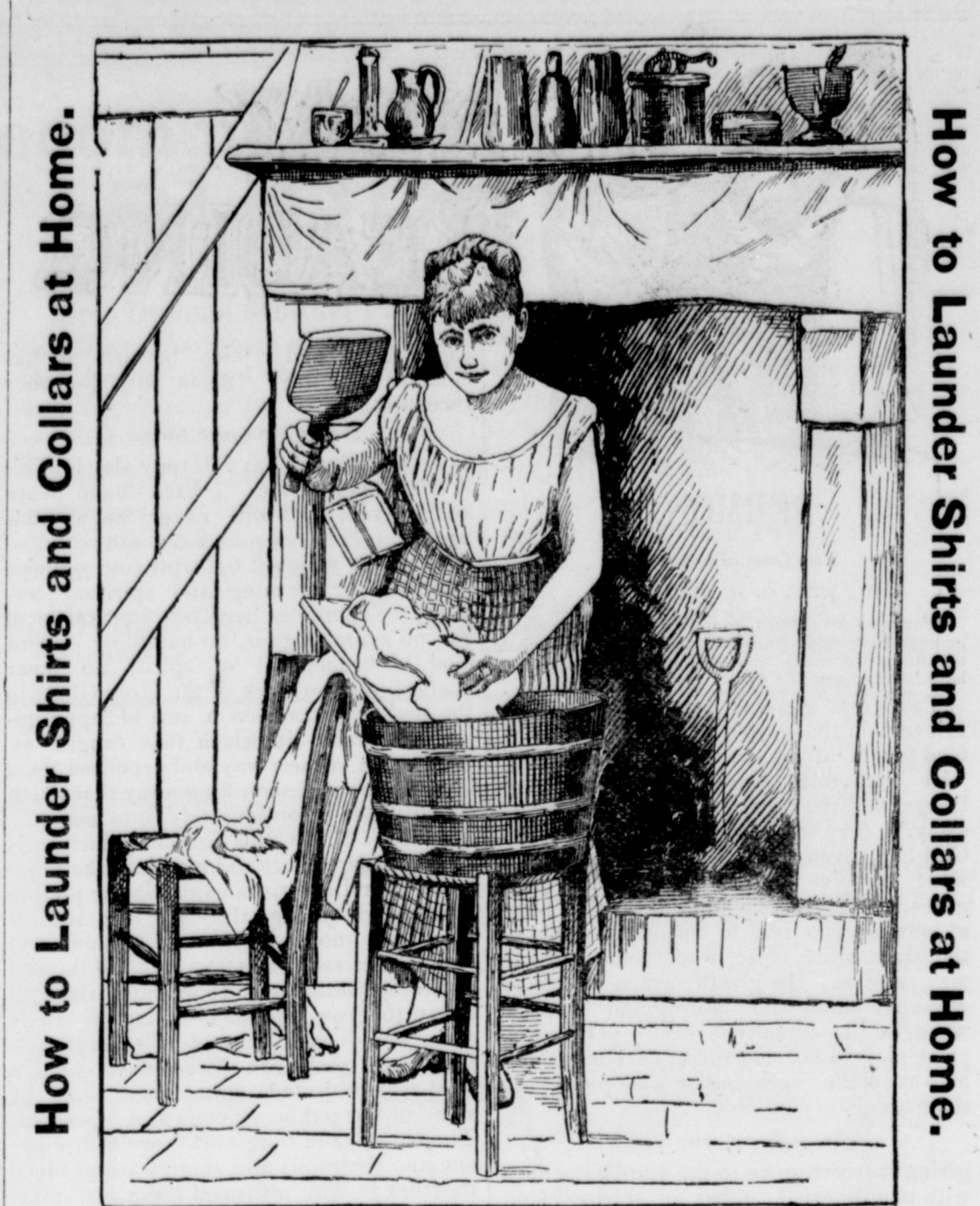
"Oh," said George, "we have been playing at papa and mamma."

"And how did you do that?"

"Oh, easy enough. I sat down at this end of the table and said, 'This beefsteak is not fit to eat.'"

"Then Alice answered, 'It's good enough for you.'"

"Then I swore a lot and she threw a napkin on the floor and went up stairs. That's how."—New York Herald.



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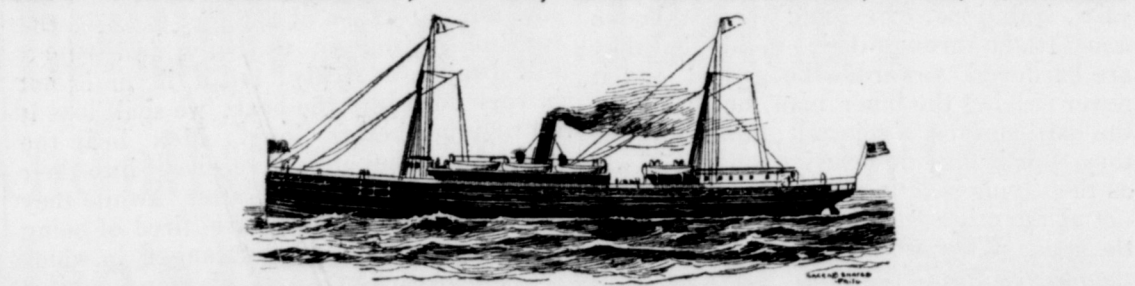
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