

ANNE CATHCART.

Miss Cathcart would have her way in this, as in all other matters.

"For a woman who has been a mother to a niece," complained Mrs. Vermilyea, "I am a martyr."

She had done the best she could; she had found the most eligible men in town, and forced them to see Anne in her more favorable lights.

Anne let the men see that she regarded them as fools, so they bowed and left her; all except Captain Sloane. Nobody had ever made Captain Sloane believe that he was regarded as a fool. He thought that Miss Cathcart was laboring under a miserable misconception, and he set about converting her to his opinion.

"The man is the worst kind of fool," decided Anne, "the persistent kind."

And daily she dreamed of that picture which caused such sad havoc to her aunt's plans. There arose before her the canvas where poor Tom Anderson had painted the place that appealed to her before all others—the old bridge that led to Warhirst, where she had lived so many orphan days with Aunt Susan Vermilyea, till the coal was found on the land her father had left her.

The thought of the old picture in the exhibition brought the artist near to her thought; for, with the strokes of his brush, he had put in the sentiment with which she regarded the scene. She remembered many such a morning as the canvas spoke of; cool, with a blue that was more than a blue, the water under the bridge reflecting a perfect sky; there were the bridge-keeper's ducks in the rank grasses; there was the quaint old cottage, where she had often stopped to rest when she used to take those long quiet walks, during which she had woven the pattern of her life as she would like it to be, and all the joy that would come.

What joy had come? Riches had come; and riches had never entered the pattern of her life, as she wove it out in those old walks. All that was culminated here in the city, where she was courted, fêted, a beauty doing as her aunt thought best. Then, three months ago, when she had almost said "yes" to Captain Sloane, who really appealed to her on account of his magnificent staying-qualities, she must needs see that picture at the exhibition.

Strange as it may seem, her new life paled on her, and she was once more a careless girl in old Warhirst, dreaming her romances. She became restless and did remarkable things, such as riding out without a groom, scandalizing her aunt and causing even Captain Sloane to frown. On one of these lonely excursions, she urged her horse on to an old ruin in the suburbs several miles from home, and, climbing the rickety stairs, she went out upon a stone balcony to pluck some ivy, with which the cracked walls were covered. She leaned over the balustrade and looked down thirty feet. Down there, a man was sketching. He looked up at her as she looked down at him. He saw a vision of loveliness; she saw a fine-looking fellow in well-worn tweeds.

She knew who he was; she had inquired about the artist of the bridge picture, and knew he was sketching thereabouts. Maybe this knowledge took her so often upon these solitary rides. At any rate she was looking at him boldly now, if she had looked at him covertly before to-day.

Her hand trembled a little as she gathered some ivy and stuck it in the lapel of her habit, and straightening her tall hat, she went down to him.

He was rather astounded at this; he had of course seen the beautiful Miss Cathcart at a distance before to-day, but he had thought her haughty, purse-proud, unapproachable. And here she was, warm of face, soft and womanly.

"I owe you something," she said at once. "You have painted the picture of a place that is dearer than other places to me. I am sorry it is not for sale; I should like to own it."

"It is not for sale," returned he. "It was painted under circumstances that render it impossible for me to let it go out of my hands."

These circumstances were that Mattie Trimble had been with him while he painted that picture; and she had sat beside him, singing, or wandered a little way to gather wild flowers—she whom he had asked to be his wife.

Anne Cathcart guessed at some ridiculous sentiment while he answered her. She laughed.

"It is sentiment that makes art what it is," she said. "Meisssonier has little—he is merely the genius of technicality. You are a great artist."

Her voice was a little hard as she finished. She knew that he was poor, and it made her smile that he should refuse to part with a picture which might bring a considerable price.

She looked at the picture he was sketching, and she did another remarkable thing—she asked him to call on her the following evening.

"I did not know you were acquainted with the gentleman," remarked Mrs. Vermilyea, after that call.

"Then your knowledge, my dear, has received a fresh installment," returned Anne.

After that, her behavior was worse than ever. She was so excessively cheerful that her aunt took to shuddering and appealing to Captain Sloane. The captain determined that no nonsense should take Anne from him, and he went to see her so often that she felt as though she were his prisoner, and she tried to tire him with caprices.

"But I am sure she admires you," said Mrs. Vermilyea.

"I am sure she does," assented the captain. "Girls sometimes act this way when they admire men—fight their own inclinations, you know."

"Of course," gladly cried Mrs. Vermilyea. "I hated my husband when I married him; yet, when he died, I placed the handsomest monument over him I could buy."

"Madam," the captain returned, in answer to this evidence of a woman's change of heart to adoration, "Miss Anne is of art."

"Poor Mrs. Vermilyea, what she had only seen."

But how was it in those lower quarters—those slums?

Tom Anderson was inspired by her intelligence. Mattie, the little school-mistress in Warhirst, did not appreciate his art like this. Mattie was lost in admiration for him, prayed for him, looked up to him as to a god. This other woman—a mondaine, a beauty with great wealth—sought him out and talked to him and understood him.

Mattie's weekly letters grew tiresome, her gossip about her homely ways excessive. He did not go to Warhirst, as he had long ago promised he would. Instead, he wrote a rather sharp letter to Mattie, to the effect that "we poor devils must work, not loaf."

Mattie imagined him toiling over "pot-boilers," haggard and going without dinners, while she wondered, with a pucker between her eyes, how she could help him. When she was in school, she was often cross with the array of future Presidents spread before her, for she was thinking of Tom and improvising harrowing tableaux in which he was the principal figure. She always had one tableau before her—a long-gone-by Sunday morning, the week before he had begun the bridge picture. That Sunday, he came to the rectory, where she boarded, just as she reached home from church. He stood looking at her, with his hands in his pockets, not saying a word. All at once, he threw his arms toward her. Her eyes brimming, she found herself in those arms.

"Yes, Tom," she sobbed.

And that was their wedding, after months of silent devotion. So, when she received Tom's sharp letter, she was cross with her pupils and worried.

Tom was poor! Tom was poor! That rang in her ears.

And there was Tom with congenial Anne Cathcart!

Anne? Never had such a rest come to her; not since she had become a wealthy woman had she felt there was truth in the world till now. What if Tom were irresponsible? He feared to avow himself because of her money. Yet she could conquer him in the matter of that picture, if she forced him to sell it, despite the sentiment he had for it, it would show that she had conquered. What romance made him keep that picture, if there were not a woman in it?

She went to a dealer and made certain arrangements. Next day, Tom had a note from the dealer, offering him three thousand dollars! More money than he had ever seen! He new who backed the offer, and he thought of her and not the money. It was "au revoir" to Mattie for a little while then.

Anne Cathcart loved him! The beauty, the distraction of other men!

He did not see her for several days after that offer for his picture, for Anne let him have time to think and to miss her. She understood them. Besides, she had a scene with Mrs. Vermilyea, regarding art in general and one artist in particular. For Captain Sloane had declared that this sort of thing was going far.

But perhaps you do this only to tease the captain," coaxed Mrs. Vermilyea.

Anne's eyes grew hard. To tease the captain! No, no; she loved for the first time in her life. The sentiment in that picture of an old well-known spot, the man who had painted that picture—these had wrought the change.

"Auntie," she suddenly said, almost as though she were a child again, "you don't know how tired I am of everything but the old money. Be kind to me, dear—as kind as mother would be, if she were living."

"You silly thing," retorted Mrs. Vermilyea, "you have some of the babyish traits of your mother's family. Be more like your father and me—people of the world."

"There is a good deal in that," laughed Anne; and, passing her hand quickly across her eyes, she left the room humming a tune. But she kept indoors and refused to see anyone, even the captain. But Mrs. Vermilyea saw him!

And then, one day, Anne went abroad alone. She was not in, so she sat down to wait for him, her heart beating strangely. There was much resolution in her face. She thought that Tom held off because of their relative positions. This should not be—does not love make all things equal?

She would this day do the greatest thing a woman could do—she would confess to a man that she loved him, and thus gain his own confession of love for her.

So she waited. She looked about her, at the pictures on the wall. There was a new one, a scene outside the old ruin where she had first met Tom. There was the lovely umbrage of the wood, the shady path, with the cow coming along to the lily-dappled stream. The two pictures abided with her—that of the Warhirst bridge, and this of the place where she had first met Tom. More resolute than ever was she, more loving.

She removed her hat, quite as though she were in her own home. Her face was warm, provokingly warm. A long window in the room led to a bit of garden. She went there for air, she felt so breathless.

Under a tree, there was a folded paper. She picked it up and saw her name written on it, and, beneath her name:

With a gladness that would have done credit to the veriest school-girl reading the verse of a boy lover, she opened the paper to read what followed. Tom must have written that nonsense and been interrupted in it by the arrival of the letter that was told in the sheet of paper he had scribbled on. For, almost unconsciously, with a strange bewildered feeling, Anne read a part of this letter before she knew what she was doing.

"Dear Tom," she read, I know you will forgive me for what I have done. You wrote a little crossly—you must have money troubles; so I have sold the jewelry mamma left me, and all my books, and send you the money. I wish it were ten times more. And I know you will accept it as though I were already your wife, will you not, dear? I always pray for you, and I know you do for me. And I know you will come to see me when you can, you famous old darling—"

Miss Cathcart knew the fact!

"I have led him away from his truth to another woman," she said. "Does he love me?"

Does he love me?

Does he love me?

Does he love me?

Does he love me?

Does he love me?

Does he love me?

Does he love me?

were quite radiant, though they clouded a little at sight of her.

"It was so warm, I took off my hat," she said confusedly.

He held out to her the check he had received from her picture-dealer.

"I am about sending this back," he said. "The man wanted to buy the picture of the Warhirst bridge, and although I had consented to sell I have changed my mind."

"And I know what caused that mind to change," she cried, blithely. "Even a little letter which you must have dropped, and which I found just now. Be careful in the future, Mr. Anderson, not to fold verses to woman round the letter from another. Was it fair to write verses to me? But then, you were only jesting with me, of course, as I jest with you. You see I know how well you understand me—that you know how I tried to play with you. I thought you impregnable, and I determined to conquer you—through my admiration for that picture, if in no other way. Admire my candor, as I admire your strength of character. See! there is my aunt and Captain Sloane. They have come to your studio after me—my aunt is sorry I tried to coquette with you. Of course you know that my engagement with Captain Sloane will soon be announced."

He looked toward the new-comers, his face crimson with indignation. Anne looked at him as his face was turned from her, and all that the picture of the bridge at Warhirst had told her was in her look.

Then she stepped toward her aunt and the captain, who had war in their eyes.

"Congratulations Mr. Anderson," she said; "he will soon marry a lady from Warhirst. Now you can account for my interest in him—I always loved old Warhirst, and I felt I should like to advance the interests of any one who cared for it as much as the artist does who painted the old bridge. But, captain, he will not sell me the picture—will not be beguiled through a picture-dealer. See what you can do with him." And she caught Captain Sloane's hand in both of hers.

Tom Anderson, to this day, considers Mrs. Sloane the most unprincipled woman he ever heard of; but he never speaks of her to his wife Mattie. Sometimes, though, as he is painting and Mattie is singing near by, he wonders if Anne ever thinks of him.

Does she?

WHEN EDISON WAS YOUNG.

The Incident that Led to his Knowledge of Electricity.

As a newsboy Edison's run took him twice a week through Mount Clemens on the train known as the "mixed" division. This train reached that station between 10 and 11 a. m., and returned to Port Huron between 4 and 5 p. m. Young Edison was popular with the railroad men, whom he delighted to entertain in his train laboratory with chemical experiments, and had made a staunch friend of the Mount Clemens operator. Mr. Mackenzie and his wife and family lived over the station.

It was a summer day. The "mixed" arrived in good time, and the train was cut loose ahead of the baggage car in order to pick up a car of freight on its way to Jackson. This left the passenger and baggage car at the north end of the station platform. The engine and freight cars backed in on the freight house track and pulled out the baggage car. The track was very level.

"My son, then two and a half years old," said Mr. Mackenzie, "unobserved by his nurse, had strayed upon the main track and was amusing himself throwing pebbles, when Edison, who stood near with papers under his arm, turned and saw the child's danger. Throwing aside his papers he plunged between the cars just in time to drag himself and the child clear of the approaching cars. Excepting scratches, both escaped without injury. The act was heroic, and our gratitude was unbounded. I was just then unable however, to substantially reward the young man. Then I remembered his absorbing interest in telegraphy. Many a time I had driven him from the office, for his curiosity led him into all sorts of mischief, to my annoyance."

"Al! I said, 'stop at Mount Clemens from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. several days each week, and I will perfect you as an operator and get you a position.' The offer was eagerly accepted."

Edison soon had erected a line from the station tank to my brother-in-law's sleeping room over the station. The instruments used were made by Edison's own hands at a gunshop in Detroit. In construction and operation they were perfect. Subsequently the boy put up a perfectly equipped working line from the station to the village drug store—a distance of one mile. It worked very well in the fine weather, during which it was built, but the first rainy day rendered it useless. It could hardly have been otherwise, for nine-tenths of the line was fastened with mere penny nails to the cedar of a snake stake. There were no insulators of any kind, and the line was what is known as stovepipe annealed wire. Excepting two paid messages sent over this line the whole was a financial failure.

One day while the line was in operation Al rushed into my office, his eyes electric sparks.

"Mr. Mackenzie," he cried, "I can send two messages at the same time over a single wire!"

"Away with your nonsense," I replied, and drove him out of the office. After the Boston trial, in which Edison's claim to the invention of the "duplex" was contested, I recalled to him the incident.

"Had I had your evidence, Mackenzie," said the inventor in reply, it would have saved me \$300,000."

In three months the pupil excelled the master, who had no hesitation in recommending him to the telegraph superintendent. Edison became night operator at Stratford, Ontario. Young Mackenzie now rides the largest bicycle in the United States, and is a trusted man in his rescuer's employ.

Sorry He Said It.

She—Your direct compliments, Mr. Squares, are in very bad taste.

He (frightened out of trying to be gallant)—Er—I didn't mean any of them, truly I didn't.

"Progress" in Boston.

Progress is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

BORN.

Halifax, Aug. 10, to the wife of David Gray, a son.

Truro, Aug. 5, to the wife of S. J. Thomas, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 13, to the wife of John Fisher, a son.

Pictou, Aug. 13, to the wife of A. Stevenson, a son.

Dartmouth, Aug. 5, to the wife of John Herman, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 13, to the wife of Hector McInnis, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 12, to the wife of T. W. Holmes, a son.

Westport, Aug. 2, to the wife of Albert Lloyd, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 9, to the wife of W. A. MacDonald, a son.

Hantsport, Aug. 5, to the wife of Angus Morrison, a son.

Wolfville, N. S., Aug. 8, to the wife of E. S. Crawley, a son.

Westport, July 28, to the wife of William Howard, a son.

Yarmouth, Aug. 10, to the wife of Geo. H. Williams, a son.

Yarmouth, Aug. 10, to the wife of George Williams, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of Andrew Barry, a son.

Fredericton, Aug. 6, to the wife of J. H. Barry, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Aug. 7, to the wife of G. H. Love, a daughter.

Wolfville, Aug. 7, to the wife of William Regan, a daughter.

St. John, Aug. 7, to the wife of Herbert Shaw, a daughter.

Lower Economy, Aug. 1, to the wife of R. P. Soley, a daughter.

Berwick, N. S., Aug. 2, to the wife of L. A. Forrest, a daughter.

Springville, N. S., Aug. 2, to the wife of Samuel Ellis, a son.

Westport, N. S., Aug. 2, to the wife of Albert Lloyd, a son.

Indian Point, N. S., Aug. 2, to the wife of Clarence Mosher, a son.

Fredericton, Aug. 12, to the wife of George E. Howard, a son.

Hantsport, N. S., July 28, to the wife of Thomas Morgan, a son.

Westport, N. S., July 28, to the wife of William Howard, a son.

Hantsport, N. S., July 31, to the wife of Joseph Dickson, a son.

Berwick, N. S., Aug. 3, to the wife of C. H. Beardsley, a daughter.

Fredericton, N. S., Aug. 5, to the wife of Benj. Camp, a daughter.

Port Greville, Aug. 7, to the wife of Capt. Rand Merriman, a son.

Dalhousie Centre, July 30, to the wife of Avard Anderson, a son.

New Glasgow, N. S., Aug. 7, to the wife of Chas. S. Robson, a son.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 6, to the wife of C. Lyons, a daughter.

Grand Harbor, N. B., Aug. 6, to the wife of Coleman Angell, a daughter.

Belleville, N. S., Aug. 8, to the wife of Ludger Potter, a daughter.

Central Grove, Aug. 3, to the wife of Kenneth Tiverton, a daughter.

Windsor Forks, N. S., Aug. 5, to the wife of Benj. Carson, a daughter.

Belleville, N. S., Aug. 8, to the wife of Severine Babin, a daughter.

Somers, N. S., Aug. 12, to the wife of Arthur B. Killam, a daughter.

Parishboro, N. S., Aug. 7, to the wife of Capt. Fred Roberts, a daughter.

Berwick, N. S., Aug. 4, to the wife of Howard Dook, a daughter.

Mount Hope, N. S., Aug. 8, to the wife of Zebulon Durland, a daughter.

Windsor Forks, N. S., Aug. 5, to the wife of Geo. H. Knowles, Jr., a son.

MARRIED.

Fredericton, Aug. 13, William McAndrew to Carrie DeLong.

Sydney Mines, C. B., Aug. 1, Henry Bonner to Annie McLehlan.

Annapolis, Aug. 9, by Rev. H. How, E. R. Clarke to Florence Harris.

Halifax, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Frederick Dowling to Margaret Fisher.

Halifax, by Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Edwin B. Courson to Margaret Fisher.

St. John, Aug. 9, by Rev. W. J. Clarke, Arthur Belyea to Letitia Scott.

St. John, Aug. 2, by Rev. W. J. Halse, John W. Beaman to Cassie Lewis.

Halifax, Aug. 1, by Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Silas H. Munroe to Sarah Crooks.

Fredericton, Aug. 2, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Geo. Fulton to Beulah Smith.

St. John, Aug. 9, by Rev. W. J. Clarke, William Giggly to Katie Peck.

St. John, Aug. 9, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Carey Keith to Maggie Vadenburg.

St. John, Aug. 10, by Rev. A. E. Ingram, George Giggly to Annie G. Pickles.

Digby, Aug. 2, by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Howard McKelvie to Lillie Gillies.

Yarmouth, Aug. 14, by Rev. A. A. Spencer, Albert White to Mrs. Annie Davis.

Amherst, Aug. 9, by Rev. D. A. Steele, David Blenkhorn to Augusta Hall.

Fredericton, Aug. 13, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Stephen Brown to Minnie Carr.

St. John, Aug. 10, by Rev. Father O'Neill, Michael Higgins to Josephine Dolan.

Sackville, Aug. 4, by Rev. W. H. Warren, Oren T. Johnson to Eva M. Snowdon.

Windsor Forks, N. S., Aug. 7, by Rev. Jas. W. Johnson, Peter Duncan to Margaret E. Gero.

Moncton, Aug. 11, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Francis Whittaker to Mrs. Mary Gray.

St. John, Aug. 10, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, W. Branson to Margaret Cassidy.

Canard, N. S., Aug. 9, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, F. S. Messenger to Minnie Borden.

Bridgetown, N. S., Aug. 9, by Rev. J. B. Giles, Edward Lank to Stella Marshall.

Grand Manan, N. B., Aug. 6, by Rev. Mr. Baker, Schuyler Love to Nora Thomas.

Pictou, July 24, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, Alexander Hingley to Jessie McPherson.

Yarmouth, Aug. 9, by Rev. A. A. Spencer, Arthur E. Chandler to Mary L. Langford.

Deerfield, N. S., Aug. 29, by Rev. C. D. Turner, Arthur Britain to Mary Nickerson.

Granville Ferry, Aug. 9, by Rev. A. Gale, Horner B. Croscup to Fannie W. Knowles.

Fredericton, July 31, by Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Malcolm O'Brien to Annie Densmore.

Hantsport, N. S., Aug. 10, by Rev. P. S. MacGregor, Albert Malcolm to Maggie Barker.

Fredericton, Aug. 14, by Rev. F. D. Crawley, E. A. Barker to Mrs. Henrietta Allen.

Hantsport, N. S., Aug. 10, by Rev. P. S. MacGregor, William Cook to Corie Bonkhon.

Brooklyn, N. S., Aug. 8, by Rev. E. E. Bill, Rev. John D. McEwen to Edith McLeod.

Yarmouth, Aug. 5, by Rev. T. S. Cartwright, Capt. Percy Parker to Isabel M. Patterson.

Shannon, N. B., July 27, by Rev. S. J. Perry, Thomas Duncan to Mary E. McCrear.

Truro, N. S., Aug. 8, by Rev. John Robbins, Rev. Murdoch Robertson to Nora McInnes.

Rockville, N. S., Aug. 1, by Rev. A. W. Currie, Malcolm Huskins to Augusta Crowell.

Chipman, N. B., Aug. 3, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Theodore Bishop to Florence Morrison.

Spa Springs, N. S., Aug. 9, by Rev. L. J. Tingley