

## IN THE CATHEDRAL.

There'll be," said the Honourable Grant Angus, "the device to pay it I can't get out."

He banged his stick hard against the massive oak door and glanced about him at the dim shapes of the cathedral piers and tombs. It was eight o'clock of an October evening.

Echo answered, but no one else.

"A pretty mess, I must say," growled the young man. "It looks jolly like being booked here for the night. Well here goes for another whack."

The next moment he turned round hastily and tried to pierce the gloom eastward. It was certainly a footstep.

"Who's there?" he cried. Look sharp, and let me out, can't you?" he added.

It was a singularly soft little footstep. Then he heard a low cry, and immediately afterwards he discerned a girlish form.

"Oh," gasped the owner of the form, "we're not locked in, are we?"

"Looks like it. How did you manage it?"

"I was in the Beauchamp Chapel. I wanted to see the light-and-shade effect. It is lovely when it is nearly dark. But please knock again. I am frightened."

"It's not a bit of good."

Nevertheless he knocked, this time very loudly indeed. The sound of his blows made strange noises in the great aisle.

Then they perfectly still and listened.

"Well!" ejaculated Mr. Angus, "this is pleasant—for both of us," he added.

The girl said nothing.

A minute later he heard a sobbing sound.

"You're never crying, are you?" he asked.

"My mother," was the reply, somewhat brokenly, "will expect me. She will be so frightened."

It was a sweet, plaintive voice.

"My dear girl," responded young Angus, "if there is anything to be done, we will do it. Do you know the other doors of this place?"

"Oh, yes; but they are all fast. And no one can possibly hear us, because, you see, they will have locked the close gates as well."

Another sob. Angus forced a laugh.

"Oh, come now," he exclaimed, "there's nothing really serious about it, you know. I shan't hurt you; and if there are ghosts we'll face 'em in company. But there are no such things, you know."

"I know there are not."

In the gloom he saw the girl move from him towards the extreme west of the aisle.

"Don't lose yourself," he added. "If you'll stay where you are I'll see if I can find some cushions and things. Thank goodness the nights aren't very cold yet, and I guess I've got some matches somewhere. Are you still there?"

"Yes," was the answer, timidly.

He felt the tears would come soon.

After one more thump upon the door, Angus struck a match. He saw a quick vision of an oval face with great eager eyes to it, parted lips and a fair dimpled chin—then all was dark again.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "what a pretty little creature!"

One, two! chimed the clock bell. It was half past eight.

Angus struck another match, and went up the aisle in search of cushions. He came to an exceedingly snug pug under the alabaster pulpit, with red upholstery and hassocks. It was the very place for them.

And so he returned, and holding her by one hand, with another match in the other hand he lighted his companion to the pew.

"There," he said, "what do you think of that? By the way," he added, "what made you fancy lights and shades at this time of night?"

"I am trying to be an artist, sir."

"Oh, only trying. Is it so difficult? You must be eighteen at least."

"I am nineteen; but I find it very difficult."

"I suppose everything is difficult if you have to make money by it. Hope you don't have to?"

"I am trying to. Oh! what was that!"

Angus struck yet another match. He was in doubt about the color of his companion's eyes. This light settled it. They were grey.

"You mustn't be nervous," he said. "I shan't stir from here till it is daylight, and if anything comes to hurt you, I'll kill it. You aren't afraid of me, I hope, are you?"

"I think not," was the reply. "But what would poor mamma say if I—"

"And I don't know. I'm sure, what my father would say, let alone my sisters and cousins and aunts. We can't help ourselves, though, can we?"

"I suppose not, sir."

"I say, you needn't call me 'sir,' if you'll oblige me so far, you know. My name's Angus. What shall I call you?"

"Elsie Grant," was the low reply.

"By George! That's queer! I'm Grant too. Suppose you're not from Dunfermline way?"

"Yes; my mother was born there. I have heard her speak of cousins of hers, Anguses, but they are rich people. I believe—"

"What do you believe?"

"I believe my mother's marriage vexed them. My father and mother were cousins too."

"Was he something in wool, I wonder?"

"He was a linen draper, but he failed, and the sorrow of it killed him. Oh, must we spend the night like this?"

"Do you know, my girl," said Angus seriously, and quite disregarding the appeal in Elsie's last cry, "I believe you and I are kin to each other. It's an awfully queer thing we should find it out like this, but I've precious little doubt of it from what you tell me. What's your mother's first name?"

"Adelaide."

"Then, my pretty Elsie, that settles it. You are my father's first cousin's little daughter. I must strike one more match. Look your best at me, you know, for I'm your cousin, Grant. I shan't spare you, little cousin Elsie, so you may as well prepare for it."

For thirty seconds they gazed at each other. Then the girl's eyes fell.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Angus.

But Elsie did not reply. She was wondering why her heart should beat as it did. The situation, too, alone with this handsome young man with the long drooping moustache, seemed to give her new cause for agitation.

"Tell me, has your mother an odd-shaped mole on her left temple. I've heard my father—"

"Yes," cried Elsie. "It's like as can be to an old stage coach, mother says."

"That's it. Well, I'll be hanged if this world isn't droll. To think that—but you are convinced now, cousin Elsie, I hope?"

"I think so," murmured the girl.

"There are," said Angus, "only five more matches. I propose to squander another one at once, all the same. May I?"

"Of course you may."

This time Angus was satisfied. The girl was more than pretty. Either the excitement of the situation or of the discovery had brightened her eyes very greatly and put fair color into her smooth oval cheeks.

There was something very attractive in the wistful look at him which she stole just when the match exploded.

"One, two! one, two! one, two; one, two!" Then nine resonant strokes.

"That's half an hour gone. El—goodness, what in nature's that?"

Something above them, seemingly from the north-west corner of the cathedral, had cried, "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" with an eerie screech after each trio of "ha's."

Angus fancied he heard a gentle laugh from his companion.

"It is," murmured the girl, only the Nuremberg cuckoo. It is a very old clock indeed, with funny little figures that perform every hour."

A nice sort of nightmare the Nuremberg cuckoo would have been to me, Elsie, if I had been alone. You won't mind your cousin calling you Elsie?"

"No. I suppose I ought not."

"And you shall call me Grant, then. Shall you mind doing that?"

"If you are quite sure we are cousins, I suppose I ought not, ought I?"

"Of course not. Are you cold, Elsie?"

"No."

"No what! Come now, do give me my name."

"No—Grant. Oh, please, there can't be any mistake, can there?"

"Why should there be?"

"Because—because you look as if you belonged to a better class of people than we do."

"Stuff! We belong to the same lot, really. Elsie, do you know I have heard my father talk about our meanness in not trying harder to find you out—or your mother, at least. Folks do get into such grooves. Anyway, you're found now. I'll take care you're not lost again in a hurry."

To this the girl said nothing. "What," she asked herself, "could she say to it?"

She wished it was morning, and yet somehow she was not at heart the least unhappy (except about her mother) or anxious.

On the contrary, indeed, a secret sort of elation had got hold of her. No doubt this explained why her heart throbbed so vigorously within her.

"Good-night, Elsie. Oh, but I must tuck you up; see that you are snug and all that."

And so he struck another match.

"Your eyes," he remarked with a smile, as he looked at them, "don't appear like falling asleep. Oh, dash the match! I hope that wasn't an irreverent ejaculation to utter in a church at such an hour. Do you think it was?"

"Not very."

"Cousin Grant."

"Not very, Cousin Grant," repeated Elsie, smiling to herself.

"That's capital. Some girls, Elsie, are afraid of mice; are you?"

"I'm not exactly afraid, but I dislike them very much. Are there any here, do you think?"

"Think! Why, certainly there are—lots. The church mouse, you know, is a proverb. I expect the cathedral ones are worse. Do you think it would make you braver if I held your hand?"

"It might."

"Very well, then, Elsie. What a small hand it is! Which have I got?"

"The left."

"And no ring on it?"

"Of course not. I am only just nineteen."

"I accept the omen. A minute ago I was tumbling with this old cushion, and I counted thirteen buttons on it. That, too, is a first-rate sign. I'm chokeful of superstition."

"So is my mother," exclaimed Elsie. "She says it is in the family."

"I haven't a doubt she's right. What's that? Half-past nine. Time's getting on. But you are not half comfortable."

"Indeed I am," from Elsie. "No, you are not. Please hold this match while I make up your berth for the night."

The girl had no alternative but to obey, and while she held the light so that it beamed on the red cushions and Angus's dark hair, the young man quickly arranged a bower for her.

He had not finished when the match was out, but the nook was soon ready for its occupant.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he drew away. "Creep into that and—oh, yes, please, I must hold your hand, or else how shall I know when the mice have stolen you away? And then, what would your mother say?"

"You are very kind," said Elsie unfeignedly.

"First time I've been called so. Are you snug?"

"Very. But you—"

"Cousin Grant."

"But you, Cousin Grant, are far from comfortable, I'm afraid?"

"Nothing of the kind. Good-night, Elsie. I'll tell you tales now. You'll soon journey into the land of Nod under their soothing influence."

Though she protested, this was what young Angus did. He had travelled a good deal and had much to say about the world, and Elsie on her part, though very unwilling to sleep, was soon actually unconscious of her surroundings.

The cuckoo upstairs screeched its ten "Ha-ha's."

"Wasn't that a queer affair, Elsie—eh, wasn't it? Poor little lass, bless her! It's the first time you have had beauty and innocence under your protection in this way, Grant."

He listened to her breathing for several minutes. Then an overmastering curiosity urged him to strike his last match but one, and take yet another peep at his little cousin, thus so strangely introduced to him. Odd that she had so suddenly endeared herself to him; he, a peer's son, and she a peer's granddaughter? What was there odd about that?

Spite of all his efforts to be quiet, the noise woke Elsie. She opened her eyes

dreamily, smiled and parted her lips to say "Good-night," then as the light fell, her eyelids fell again.

Angus did not sleep for an hour or more yet. He sat thinking, listening to the cathedral clock and the Nuremberg cuckoo, and holding Elsie's little hand between his two hands. It did him good to hear the girl's tranquil breathing.

He was not much above the average young man of his kind in disposition. But he was susceptible, and of an uncommonly equitable mind. The thought of his easy circumstances and this little hand in his, striving for dear life, affected him as if he had been charged (and charged justly) with a dastardly deed.

With these ideas still strong in his brain, at length he also slept.

Elsie woke first. It was then six o'clock. They got up and warmed their blood, pacing the wane aisle. Gradually daylight stole definitely through the lancet-windows; then the sun danced in and bespread the pavement with patines of jewelled light.

At this spectacle Elsie clapped her hands with rapture and gazed up at the window, with its radiance suffusing her face also.

The Hon. Grant Angus looked at her. "This," he said to himself, "settles it."

They were released shortly before eight o'clock. Three months from that day they were married. It seemed to some a strange business; but many stranger events happened daily under stress of the changes and chances of this mortal life.

## AN ARTIST'S STORY.

It's twenty years since that time; I was a light-hearted boy then—a boy of twenty. I lived in Paris, and I studied Art. Being an artist, I always spent Art with a capital A. I have other things to think of besides Art now. I have to think of painting what the public will buy. I have to make it pay—I have made it pay.

But it is not about myself I want to talk, it is of Orson—of Orson the Illustrious, Orson the Unrelenting, Orson the Hater of Art. Of course, his name wasn't Orson. His real name was Jobinard, and he lived at the corner of the Rue de l'Antienne Comedie, did this uncompromising grocer, this well-to-do Esau of the quartier Latin, this man who hated Art, artists, and, above all, Art students, with a peculiar ferocity.

Alciabide Jobinard had reason to dislike Art students. They had a nasty way of getting into his debt; but Jobinard took the bull by the horns—he gave no more credit.

"Ma foi!" he would say, with a supercilious sneer, "Credit is dead, my good young sir; he don't live here any longer; he is dead and buried."

And then he had to go empty away. It had been so handy in the good old days just to run into Jobinard's for whatever one wanted, and—well, "stick it up." You see, you could get an entire meal at Jobinard's one of those little sham boneless hams—they're quite enough on them for four; tinned provisions in inexhaustible variety; wines from seventy-five centimes upwards; liqueurs; dessert, even in the shape of cheeses of all sorts, almonds, and raisins, grapes and peaches. It was excessively convenient. When one was hard up, one dealt with Jobinard, and it was put down to the account; when one was in funds, one dined and breakfasted at a restaurant, and left Jobinard's severely alone.

But now all was changed. Mlle. Amenaide was an uncommonly pretty girl, and we were all desperately head over heels in love with her. By "we" I mean the Art students; but of all the Art students who were desperately in love with Mlle. Amenaide, Daburon, the sculptor, was the most demonstrative. Jobinard hated Daburon with a deadly hatred, because Daburon never expended more than ten centimes at a time. It was the society of Mlle. Amenaide that Daburon hungered for, and he got it because he was entitled to it, being a purchaser.

Mlle. Amenaide was Jobinard's cashier. It was a large shop, and there were several assistants; but all moneys were paid to Mlle. Amenaide, the cashier, who sat in a glass box underneath the great chiming clock.

Daburon, the sculptor, would enter the shop, nod in a cavalier manner to Jobinard, as though he were the very dust beneath his feet; then he would look at Mlle. Amenaide, raise his hat with his right hand, place his left upon his heart, and make her a low bow; then he would pretend to blow her a kiss from the tips of his fingers, as though he were a circus rider; then he would take up a box of matches or some other peculiarly inexpensive article.

"Have the kindness to wrap that up carefully for me in paper," he would remark, in a patronizing manner; then he would march up to Mlle. Amenaide with the air of an Alexander—you could almost hear the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" playing as you saw him do it. He would pay his ten centimes, and whisper some compliment into the ear of Mlle. Amenaide; then he would receive his purchase from the hand of Mlle. Jobinard in a magnificent and condescending manner; then he would strike a ridiculous attitude of exaggerated admiration, and stare at the unhappy grocer as though he were one of the seven wonders of the world.

"What a bust!" or, "What arms!" or, "What muscularity!" he would say, and then he would heave a sigh and swagger out of the shop.

Jobinard, who was a particularly ugly, thick-set, hairy little man, used at first rather to resent these references to his personal advantages; his four assistants and his cashier would titter, and Jobinard used to blush; but at length the poor fellow fell into the snare laid for him by the villain Daburon.

He got to believe himself the perfect type of manly beauty. When a Frenchman has once come to this conclusion, there is no folly of which he is not ready to be guilty.

The fact is, Daburon had passed the word round. The Art students, male and female, invariably stared appreciatively at the little, hairy, thick-set Jobinard as though he were the glass of fashion and the mould of form. Jobinard now began to give himself airs; he swaggered about the shop, he exhibited himself in the doorway, he posed and attitudinized all day long and then we began to make it rather warm for Jobinard.

"Ah, M. Jobinard, if you were only a poor man, what a thing it would be for Art! Ah, if we only had you to sit to us for the nude. We are going to do Ajax delving the lightning next week. What an Ajax you would make, Jobinard!"

"You really ought to sacrifice yourself in the interests of Art," another would remark. "You'd ruin the professional model, you would, indeed."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Jobinard would reply, his hairy, baboon-like face grinning with delight, "a too benevolent Heaven has made me the man I am," and then he struck an attitude.

"What legs!" we all cried in a sort of chorus.

"Ah, M. Jobinard," I said, pleadingly, "if you would only permit us to photograph your lower extremities."

"Never, gentlemen, never!" replied the infuriated Jobinard. "I care nothing for Art. Besides, it would be almost indecent; I could never look into a print shop without coming face to face with the evidences of my too fatal beauty."

From that day Jobinard ceased to wear his professional apron.

It was about a week after this that Daburon, I, and another man presented ourselves at Jobinard's establishment. We raised our hats to Jobinard as one man, we smiled, and then we bowed.

The hairy little grocer seemed considerably astonished at our performance.

"M. Jobinard," said Daburon, who was our spokesman, "you see before you a deputation of three, representing the Art Students of Paris, some five hundred in number. We have come to beg a favor. We know, alas! too well, that it would be absolutely impossible to induce a man of your position in society to help us; but M. Jobinard, a man possessing the lower extremities of a Hercules, a Farnese Hercules, M. Jobinard—and I need hardly remind you that Hercules was a demi-god—has his duties as well as his privileges. Those magnificent lower extremities of his are not his own—they belong to the public. Such lower extremities as yours, monsieur, are not for an age, but for all time; they must be handed down in marble to posterity, the legs of Jobinard must become a household word in Art—to refuse our request, monsieur, would be a crime. You would retain the copyright of your own legs, of course. They would be multiplied in plaster of Paris, and become a marketable commodity over the whole civilized world. Such muscles as these," said Daburon, respectfully prodding and patting the unfortunate Jobinard, "must not be lost to the artistic world. What a biceps, what a deltoid, my friends," he continued; "what a magnificent development of the sternocleidomastoides!"

The wretched Jobinard, blown out with pride, seemed like the frog in the fable, ready to burst. And then he proudly drew up the leg of his nether garment to the knee and exhibited a muscular brown limb as hairy as that of an ape.

"You will not refuse us?" we cried, in chorus.

"You will not dare to refuse us," added Daburon.

"Gentlemen, I yield! I see that Art cannot get on without me. When would you like to begin?" said poor Jobinard.

"Tomorrow at noon," answered Daburon, as he shook hands with the little grocer reverentially, and then we took our leave.

Next day a long procession filed into the shop.

"This way, gentlemen, this way, if you please," said M. Jobinard, as he indicated the way to his back-yard.

We must have been at least thirty. Everybody brought something: there were four sacks of plaster, some paving-stones, bits of broken iron, bricks, and enough material to have walked up Jobinard alive. A great mass of moist plaster was prepared, the limbs that had become necessary to the world of Art were denuded of their covering and placed in the moist mass; then large quantities of the liquid plaster were poured on them; then the scraps of old iron, the bars, the paving-stones, and the bricks were carefully inserted and built up into the still soft mass, which was at least a yard high and a yard thick.

"Don't move, dear M. Jobinard," cried Daburon; "the plaster is about to set. We shall return in half an hour, by which time the moulds will be complete."

M. Jobinard, seated in the centre of his back yard, bolt upright, bowed to each of us as we passed out.

In about a quarter of an hour Jobinard began to feel distinctly uncomfortable.

"The moulds seem getting terribly heavy," he said to one of his assistants, who kept him company; "they seem on fire, and I can't move."

At that moment the procession, headed by Daburon, filed once more into the court-yard.

"It's getting painful, gentlemen," said Jobinard; "I feel as though I were being turned to stone."

"Try and bear it bravely. Nothing is attained in this world, dear monsieur, without a certain amount of physical suffering. It will be set as hard as marble in a few minutes. We will obtain the necessary appliances for your release at once, Jobinard. Remain perfectly quiet till our return, said Daburon, rather suavely.

And then we each of us kissed our finger-tips solemnly to poor Jobinard, and we filed out once more. It was the last day of the term at the Art school, and we were all off for our holidays.

For two hours Jobinard waited for us in an agony of fear; then he sent for a stone mason, who dug him out. They had to get the plaster off with a hammer. We had, by the direction of the Demon Daburon, omitted to oil the shapely limbs of our victim.

Poor Jobinard!

## BORN.

Truro, June 18, to the wife of J. W. Webster, a son.

Frederickton, June 17, to the wife of Thomas Troop, a son.

Weymouth, June 18, to the wife of C. H. Butler, a daughter.

St. John, June 25, to the wife of John B. Jones, a daughter.

Halifax, N. S., to the wife of Charles F. Holland, a daughter.

Alma, June 15, to the wife of John G. Leare, a daughter.

St. John, June 19, to the wife of Howard I. Hamilton, a son.

Milton, N. S., June 17, to the wife of G. M. Ewan, a daughter.

Truro, N. S., June 15, to the wife of James Langell, a daughter.

Gibson, N. B., June 21, to the wife of John Babbitt, a daughter.

Amherst, N. S., June 15, to the wife of George E. Fitch, a son.

Wolville, N. S., June 20, to the wife of Aubrey Oliver, a son.

Pictou, N. S., June 20, to the wife of A. C. L. Oliver, a son.

Granville, N. S., June 12, to the wife of W. A. Gilliat, a son.

West Bay, C. B., June 17, to the wife of Capt. John McNis, a son.

Alma, N. B., June