

FOR THIRTY MINUTES.

The date of this occurrence is not important, in fact it is just as well left untold. I was on the hotel room for a morning paper in St. Paul at the time, and, glancing over the Ryan register one afternoon, I saw the name Mrs. George Trehune. It was written in the long, angular scrawl affected so extensively by women of the dramatic profession, and although I had never before heard of Mrs. Trehune, her signature attracted my attention. There is more of instinct than any other sense in selecting from a long list of signatures those of people worth interviewing. Mrs. Trehune's slapdash characters set me wondering what sort of a woman she was, and nothing was easier than to find out, so I handed my card to the clerk, pointed to the room, number 205, and awaited the return of the bell boy.

In five minutes, or thereabouts, he informed me that I was to "go right up," and up I went.

"Come in," called a voice, in answer to my tap on the door. I entered. Near the open fire in an arm chair sat a young woman. She wore a white gown of that soft caressing wool that so invariably sets off well the wearer's charms. Rising as I entered she advanced toward me, and her manner betrayed at once the well bred woman. I took a mental photograph of the face and figure before me. The former was oval, well featured, set with a pair of lustrous dark eyes and framed in curls of an indefinable colour—half golden, half brown. The latter was tall and shapely.

"Pray be seated," she said, as I began to explain why I had asked for an interview. "Oh, yes," I knew why you came. I have several friends in the profession, and in fact, have the greatest regard for daily newspaper writers. They are equal to almost anything."

"You flatter the craft," I answered. "Some of us are very retiring. I am."

"I hope you are not, sir," said my charming vis-a-vis, leaning impulsively forward as she spoke. Her elbow found support on the arm of the chair, her chin rested on her shapely white hand, and her large dark eyes looked straight into mine. It was an embarrassing situation, and I confessed I hardly knew what to make of it. With an effort I met the gaze of this strange young woman, and said inquiringly, "You dislike nervous people?"

"I should hate myself if that were the case," replied Mrs. Trehune, "for I am all nerves. Oh dear, dear, if I only dared to do it."

With a sudden whisk she was out of the chair and pacing back and forth on the carpet like a caged lioness. There was very evidently something wrong with Mrs. Trehune. Why, good heavens! she was sobbing.

"My dear madam," I exclaimed, "if I can be of any possible service—"

"Oh, I dare not ask it of a stranger," she protested, throwing up both hands dramatically. "And yet," she added, "none but a stranger would do."

The sight of the tears had scattered my self possession to the winds. I was ready now to fight a duel or two if necessary in defense of this mysterious young person.

"Ask anything you like," I said desperately. "I'll do it."

"Will you?" whispered Mrs. Trehune, coming hurriedly toward me. "If you will do what I ask I can never do enough for you in return. Mine is a case that requires immediate and skillful action. You will have to use all your finesse, for I have not time to explain matters fully. You must be patient, then, indignant, and finally exasperated. Do you understand?"

"Certainly," I answered promptly. "Crazy as a March hare was my inward reflection."

"And you will do this for a stranger?" inquired Mrs. Trehune.

"Command me," I replied.

"Then listen," she said, drawing her chair near to mine, with an apprehensive glance at the door. "I am not Mrs. Trehune. I shall be this afternoon if all goes well, but at present I am Clara Talbot. I have run away from my home in Chicago to marry Mr. Trehune. He is of Kansas City and was to have met me here. I have received a telegram from him to say that his train is several hours late. Never mind why it was necessary for me to run away. It is a family matter. My people have never seen Mr. Trehune. I met him at the house of a friend in Europe last year. They wanted me to marry another man. I fled yesterday, after telegraphing George to meet me here. My father has followed me. He is in the hotel now; (another glance at the door) his card preceded yours. I sent word that I was dressing, and he is waiting downstairs. When I read the name on your card—a newspaper man—I conceived this plan: Will you be my husband for half an hour?"

I started up like a scared jack rabbit. "Good gracious, madam," I exclaimed, "I don't know enough about you to do the thing successfully."

"Oh, try," pleaded the brown eyed fugitive, "please try."

"I'll do it," I said desperately, and the next instant there was a crash. The door flew back, and in burst an old gentleman with a very red face, from which a couple of small eyes snapped angrily as he dashed his hat and cane down on the centre table. Using the cane as a sort of a rostrum, he glared straight at the girl and began to rave, ignoring me entirely.

"Well madam (in a tone of concentrated fury), what do you mean by this disgraceful escapade?"

"My temporary wife glanced hopefully toward where I sat, within easy reach of the old gentleman's cane. Summoning all my fortitude I arose and looked the irate parent straight in the eye.

"I shall have to request, sir," I said, that in addressing this lady you will remember that respect is due her as my wife and your daughter. You must show her that respect, sir. Do you understand?" raising my voice a little on the last few words.

"Oh," shrieked the venerable pater, literally dancing with rage. "So you are the blackguard who has inveigled my daughter into this idiocy. I've a good mind to thrash you!" and the cane was raised threateningly.

"I hope you will change your mind and improve your language," I went on as calmly as possible. "Your present conduct will result in a scandal."

"Scandal, sir. What could be more scandalous than the present state of affairs?" he cried.

Things went on in this way for ten minutes, until the old man howled himself hoarse, and I could hear the bell boy titter-

ing in the hall outside. Then he gradually calmed down, and as a last resort tried the sympathetic dodge on the terrified young woman. The latter had hardly spoke a word throughout the scene. She was too badly frightened, I think.

There were tears in the old gentleman's voice as he turned towards my supposed wife. Had she not always been well treated? Was not her mother the best of mothers? Had he not been the most indulgent of fathers? Was not her home one of luxury? etc., etc. Yes, she admitted each clause in the indictment as it was checked off.

"But father she sobbed, 'I love him so very much, and—oh! 'I could not marry that other.'"

"Where was this wretched marriage performed?" he inquired, savagely.

"Milwaukee," answered the girl, in a great hurry.

"I'll have it dissolved," swore the enraged pater, getting noisy again.

"Let me remind you, sir," I said deliberately, "that your daughter is of age (I was not sure about it); that we are legally married, and that any amount of talk will not alter the fact. I must also suggest that, as our train leaves for the South at 4 o'clock we have very little time to devote to this sort of thing."

"Eh, what! adding insult to injury?" he roared. "Well, I'll leave you here for the present, but you will hear from me, sir," shaking the cane in my face. "I'm not the man to submit tamely to a rascally abduction of this character. You're a scoundrel, sir, a d-d scoundrel," reiterated his angelic father-in-law; and with this choice parting shot he retired, slamming the door after him.

"How did I manage it?" I enquired, turning to where the future Mrs. Trehune was sitting. She had fainted. Just like a woman! She had the nerve to go through a scene like this undisturbed, to all appearance, and then when the danger was over, she must spoil it all by an exhibition of weakness. I rushed to the water, poured a glass of it out and approached the young woman. She was recovering, though, before I reached her, and in an instant sat up.

"How can I ever repay you?" she asked.

"You did it superbly, and George will soon be here now (glancing at her watch). My dear sir," she went on, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am. I shall make Mr. Trehune call at your office this evening and thank you personally."

My engagement as Miss Talbot's husband was evidently at an end, so protesting that I would willingly have done twice as much for her, I withdrew. Trehune came in late in the afternoon, and they were married by the rector of Christ Church. The Kansas City young man called on me in the evening and insisted on my going to supper with him and the bride. We had a jolly little spread of pate de foie gras and champagne at the Ryan cafe, and I have never set eyes on either of the Trehunes or the venerable Mr. Talbot of Chicago from that moment to this.

HOW I OBTAINED A WIFE.

My most intimate friends (though I hadn't many) voted me to be a thorough fool in love affairs. At the opening of my story I was about three-and-twenty, and one year before had been left by my bachelor uncle at the head of a good business, and with a lump sum in Consols.

My uncle had trained me from my youth to business, and during his lifetime I had stuck closely to it, and must have gained the old man's heart. At any rate he left me his money with one hateful proviso, and that was—I must marry. Why in the world he considered that a connubial life would add to my comfort I cannot say, neither could my lawyer.

It must have been one of his passing whims, for never a woman had ever entered his establishment with his permission, and he had taken care that I should see as little as possible of the fair sex, let alone speak to them.

To some men this proviso would have been nothing, but to me it was a torture, for my reclusive life had given me a mortal dread of seeking a wife. I feared ridicule. For a year I had pondered my uncle's last injunction, and the more I thought the worse I went. A few intimate friends, alarmed at my seeming apathy, and fearful that I should let the fortune slip through my fingers, kindly introduced me to their families.

But the girls seemed somehow or other to know of my predicament, and could not refrain from passing jokes at my expense. I made a fool of myself, I know, and gladly returned once more to my own way of living. So far did my feelings carry me that I was preparing to give up the fortune, when I received a visit from a man of gentlemanly appearance. He smiled blandly at me, as if master of the situation. I was seated in the office at the time.

"This Mr. Boscawen's office?" he asked.

"It is," I replied laconically.

"And you, I presume, the head of the house?"

"I am."

"Then to business," he said as he drew a chair towards the fire and sat down. "My name is Lockwood, and by circumstances which I can but judge as fortunate, I have become acquainted with your beloved uncle's proviso, which is hateful to you."

I was about to interrupt him but he waved his hand, and continued—

"It is only natural, brought up as you have been; but I, Antony Lockwood, can rid you of all inconveniences."

"Can you?" I said roused a little by his self assurance, and yet by no means relishing his interference. Still, I thought that possibly he could assist me, and if so, I had no right to demur.

"Yes, but I shall want paying for my trouble."

"You are a matrimonial agent then," I ventured to suggest.

"Sir," he said laughingly, "I have come because I think to benefit you, to benefit my niece, and to benefit myself; but I am not a matrimonial agent; far from it."

"Well, well, no offence," I hastened to say, feeling more easy now we were making a bargain. "State your case and let me judge."

"Very proper!" he ejaculated. "I am, in a month or two, going abroad never to return, and I must leave my niece behind. She is beautiful, refined and well cultivated; but she is penniless," and he strongly emphasised the last word.

"That is of no consequence," I said, trying to look big, but failing signally.

"Of course not," he said. "You can

offer her a splendid position, and she will readily comply with your advances, and I assure you that she will make a capital wife."

I must have shown my disinclination to make any advance, for he hastened to say—

"Do not be alarmed. She will not laugh at you, as other young ladies have had the ignorance to do. You have been ill-treated, sir, but at the hands of Miss Bramwell you are safe from ridicule."

I perspired at every pore at this unspoken knowledge of the state of my feelings. "Well," said I confusedly, "what are your terms?"

"That's business-like. You can meet each other this very afternoon, and if you like her, and she has no objection to you, mind, then let us say five hundred for my share."

"But you offer no substantial guarantee," said I, more at home in money matters.

"I offer my influence to smooth your way, and my influence is strong, and you may depend that I shall put your claim in the strongest light."

"If you could guarantee plain sailing—"

"In matters of the heart you must allow a lady to exercise a little discretion," he interrupted. "Never fear, sir, you have only a bashfulness against you, and in your favor are position, wealth, and a manly heart."

His glowing language filled me with more self-satisfaction than I had felt for many a day; and in short I grasped his hand warmly, and promised to call in the afternoon at his villa, No. 14, Ducie street, Longtown.

I was elevated to a certain extent, and if Miss Bramwell was anything like comely, and did not—well, well, I had nothing to fear in that direction, and that was a comfort.

During the afternoon of my fortunate day, I found myself with a slightly palpitating heart ringing the bell of No. 14, which in external appearance betokened that Mr. Lockwood was a man of taste, and must have expended large sums on his garden. The door opened and a bright, well-dressed maid appeared.

"Is Miss Bramwell in?" I asked timidly.

"This way sir," and following her, I was conducted to the drawing-room, and in a moment a tall, graceful creature was making her way to where I stood. She held out her hand, shyly I thought, and I felt somewhat encouraged; but it was some time before we got on fairly speaking terms.

I scarcely knew how the time went by. My brain was in a whirl of excitement. We had tea, and then she sang and played until I was thoroughly infatuated. Finally I went away delighted, with a promise to call again next day.

The following morning Mr. Lockwood called.

"Well, are you satisfied?" he asked with a pleasant smile.

"Is Miss Bramwell?" I asked.

"You have nothing to fear," he answered evasively, "if you do not mention our arrangement, but court her in a true lover's fashion. Cultivate her acquaintance for a week or two before you offer yourself as her husband."

"I understand," I said, interrupting his eloquence,—"a mere matter of form."

"Yes, yes," he said quickly.

"Shall I pay you?" I said, drawing out my cheque book.

"No, no," he said, smiling at my willingness; "not until you are accepted."

"Say half the amount," I urged.

"Not a halfpenny," he said decisively. "You can go to the village if you do not see me there, as business often keeps me away. I will call again this day month; and he departed leaving me in a very comfortable state of mind."

It was the day before I was to see Mr. Lockwood again, and Miss Bramwell and I were seated in the same room where I had first become acquainted with her. It had been a glorious and happy month, and now I was trembling, not from shyness, but because I wished to know if she loved me. I loved her—of that I had no doubt—but were my feelings reciprocated? Never once during the month had she shown by word or look that she knew her uncle's wishes, but had always been kind and sometimes even tender towards me. Still she was very independent, and I knew that I must ask outright which was by no means a pleasant thought.

We were seated, as I said before, in the drawing-room, when the following conversation took place. She had just finished playing a classical piece, when she turned suddenly round and said—

"You no doubt think it strange that you have not seen my uncle, Mr. Lockwood. The truth is," she continued, without giving me time to reply, "he has gone on a visit to France. He told me you were coming, and that I was to welcome you. Have I done so, Mr. Boscawen?"

I looked at her curiously, but there was no deception in her beautiful countenance. She evidently did not, could not, know her uncle's plans.

"You have indeed made me happy and welcome during your uncle's absence," I said after a moment's embarrassment.

"I hope you have not been disappointed in not meeting him," she continued.

"I hope to meet him shortly."

"You will." He is coming home to-morrow. No doubt he has written to you."

"No he has not, but he said that I should not see him for some time and that I was to call and see you. Do you know why I came, Miss Bramwell?" I asked boldly.

"Yes: because you are the son of an old friend of my uncle."

I was still further mystified; but somehow or other I mustered up courage and plunged at once into an avowal of love.

"Miss Bramwell," I said, rising and pacing the room. "I came because I desired to marry you, and your uncle gave his consent. He told me you were penniless, but I can afford to keep us both. Will you accept me with my faults?"

A bright, happy flush crossed her open countenance, as I bungled through my declaration. A sudden inspiration seized me, I caught her in my arms, and for one minute held her in a fond embrace. I was accepted. I will say no more upon that point; but the more I conversed with her the more I became convinced that her uncle had not told her of his plan.

Still I was not satisfied, and it was with impatient the next day that I waited in my office for the appearance of Mr. Lockwood. At last the door opened and in stepped my lawyer, whose name was also Lockwood. I shook him warmly by the hand.

"I have just come from No. 14," he said, to my astonishment, "and I must congratu-

WILL YOU

kindly read the following letters, which I think will give you a fair idea of the way

BENSCHORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

stands in a competitive trial as to quality and price?

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION SOFT DRINK CO.,

Having exclusive privilege for Soda Water and all other Temperance Drinks on the World's Fair grounds.

City Office, 76 Wabash Avenue;

Ground Office, CHICAGO, March 9, 1893.

Stephen L. Bartlett, Esq., sole importer of Benschorp's Cocoa, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—

After a thorough competitive test of the different brands of Cocoa, both foreign and domestic, we have decided to give you our entire order for Cocoa for all of our restaurants and lunch counters in all the World's Fair buildings in Jackson Park covered by our concession.

Yours truly, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION SOFT DRINK CO.

E. F. Callerton, President.

WELLINGTON CATERING COMPANY.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, JACKSON PARK, Telephone 28, World's Fair.

CHICAGO, March 23, 1893.

Stephen L. Bartlett, Esq., Importer of Royal Dutch Cocoa, Boston, Mass.

MY DEAR SIR:—

After careful consideration and investigation as to the merits of your ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, we have decided to give you our entire order for Cocoa for all of our restaurants and lunch counters in all the World's Fair buildings in Jackson Park covered by our concession.

Yours truly, WELLINGTON CATERING CO.

By Albert S. Gage Pres't.

S. L. Bartlett, Esq., Sole Importer Benschorp's Royal Dutch Cocos and Chocolates, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—

We are pleased to advise you that, after considering carefully the merits and low cost of BENSCHORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, we have decided to use exclusively these goods in serving the patrons of the original Vienna Model Bakery, Midway Plaisance, World's Columbian Exposition.

HENRY A. FLEISCHMANN, General Manager.

DIED.

tulate you on having obtained the hand of Miss Bramwell, my niece."

"Your niece!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, my beloved niece, who is worth five thousand a year," he said calmly.

I sank into my chair exhausted, and buried my head in my hands.

"You are not annoyed, Mr. Boscawen?"

"I—I have been placed in a false position," I stammered.

"It was necessary," said he gravely.

"You would not marry because you were not acquainted with the ways of women and my niece would not marry because she was an heiress, and thought all men fortune hunters. I conceived the idea of bringing you together. I represented to her that you were the son of an old friend, and that you had lived a very retired life and that you did not know of her fortune. My new partner, Mr. Wilkin, represented to you a fine opportunity. It was a chance; but I am thankful that my plan has been successful. I wish you joy, and I am pleased that you love one another."

"I do love her, but can never repay you for your kindness," I said in a low tone.

"I like to do the best I can for my clients," he replied, "and then I am satisfied. You had better get married quickly, as in two months your fortune will pass from you."

Thus it was all settled, and before two months had expired I was able to speak of the former Miss Bramwell as "my wife." Mr. Wilkins never claimed his five hundred pounds, but I nevertheless made him a handsome present.

They were sitting together in the moonlight, and he was trying hard to think of something pleasant to say. All of a sudden she gave a slight shiver. "Are you cold, darling?" he asked anxiously. "I will put my coat round you if you like."

"Well, yes," she said, shyly, with another little shiver, "I am a little cold, I confess; but you needn't put your coat round me. One of the sleeves will do."

BORN.

Truro, May 15, to the wife of Eli Archibald, a son.

Halifax, May 13, to the wife of John E. Marr, a son.

Moncton, May 14, to the wife of Gordon Blair, a son.

Digby, May 15, to the wife of George Wilson, a son.

Halifax, May 16, to the wife of G. S. Campbell, a son.

Truro, May 15, to the wife of William McMillan, a son.

Somerset, N. S., May 7, to the wife of James Mullins, a son.

Kentville, May 19, to the wife of J. E. Connell, a son.

Halifax, May 22, to the wife of William Priddy, a daughter.

Halifax, May 16, to the wife of F. M. Cotton, a daughter.

Halifax, May 16, to the wife of Alex. Silver, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 13, to the wife of F. C. Robbins, a daughter.

Digby, May 13, to the wife of A. V. Wade, a daughter.

Truro, May 13, to the wife of Dr. Chalmers, a daughter.

Grangeville, N. B., May 5, to the wife of Mel Colpitts, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 13, to the wife of G. E. C. Burton, a daughter.

Annapolis Royal, May 4, to the wife of J. J. Ritchie, a daughter.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 12, to the wife of D. Gordon, a daughter.

Santa Clara, N. S., May 17, to the wife of Ingram Saunders, a son.

Jolicure, N. B., May 12, to the wife of George L. Townsend, a son.

Rocheville, N. B., May 13, to the wife of Frank Bosch, a daughter.

Port Lorne, N. S., May 12, to the wife of George Corbett, a daughter.

Rogersville, N. B., May 7, to the wife of Placide Richard, a daughter.

Gay's River, N. S., May 19, to the wife of Walter S. Elliot, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, May 10, by Rev. Father Moriarty, James Casey to Kate Connell.

Shubenacadie, May 12, by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, John Anthony to Annie Cox.

Clarendon, N. B., May 8, by Rev. W. Wass, James Brown to Mary Euston.

Havelsack, May 17, by Rev. Abram Perry, Albert Thorne to Minnie Clark.

St. John, May 16, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Perley Day to Margaret Gimoine.

Sackville, May 9, by Rev. W. H. Warren, Fred Harper to Agnes Baertling.

Halifax, May 13, by Rev. E. B. Moore, William J. Simpson to Jane Donnelly.

St. John, May 17, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, J. H. Connolly to Emma Hazelwood.

St. John, May 16, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Fred Flewelling to Annie M. Gordon.

St. John, May 10, by Rev. Andrew Gray, George Cochrane to Sadie Soley.

Parishboro, N. S., May 10, by Rev. E. M. Dill, Willard Bulmer to Annie Adams.

Norton, N. B., May 13, by Rev. David Long, Bruce Wick Price to Martha Gillies.

Cap North, C. B., May 10, by Rev. M. McLeod, David McPherson to Jessie Morrison.

Halifax, May 22, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, John D. Silverthorne to Isabelle McLaughlin.

Sydney Mines, C. B., May 16, by Rev. D. McMillan, Matthew Wilson to Elizabeth McNeil.

Nashwan, N. B., May 18, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Clarence Estabrooks to Melissa Rideout.

St. George, N. B., May 17, by Rev. H. E. L. Milder, H. V. Connell to Mary O'Brien.

Pleasant Hill, N. S., May 10, by Rev. Andrew Gray, Finlay McIntosh to Mary Agnes McLeellan.

Lewis Mountain, West Co., N. B., May 17, by Rev. Abram Perry, Alvin Lounsbury to Grace Henry.

Springfield, P. E. I., May 10, by Rev. A. W. Daniel and Rev. E. L. Roach, Douglas Hunt to Emma Haslam.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.Y.

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 p.m.