PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE.

" George," said Mr. Hilton, " I think it just as well to remind you-though you can scarcely have torgotten it-that the time when you will have to comply with her retusing." the conditions of your uncle's will by marrying Miss Marston is drawing very near; indeed, it is only three weeks distant. I have had some correspondence with Mrs. Marston, and she informs me that she and Miss Marston will arrive in town a tew days hence, but that Miss is necessary."

George Hilton, a tall, good-looking young man of eight-and-twenty years of age, stood leaning against the mantelpiece during his father's speech, restlessly fidgeting with the things upon it.

" My uncle must have been queer in his head," he answered, rather petulantly. "How am I to marry a girl I never set eyes on in my life! She may be a hunchback, for anything I know !"

"If she is," rejoined his father, "she brings you compensation. Who would refuse thirty thousand pounds?"

"Well, she may refuse me-George Hilton," returned the young man, trying to speak jestingly, though evidently anxious and uneasy. " I have not got thirty thousand pounds; and though I am not hunchbacked, I may not come up to the ideal standard of a young lady's imagination."

"I gather from Mrs. Marston's letter that Miss Marston is perfectly willing to perform her part in the arrangement." "It's more than I am," muttered the

young man to himselt. "I say, father-I mean-you know-it is hard on a fellow."

"Hard on a feilow to get a wife with thirty thousand pounds, without any trouble! There are plenty of men who would be glad to be in your shoes !"

"Well, you see, a fellow may have his son, in a low voice.

thousand pounds for years, declares that if Amy Vere." I don't marry ber, he will cut me off with a shilling; and from what he says, there does not seem to be the smallest chance of "You-you-you-you-you-scoundrel ?"

"Well," said Amy, in a rather cold voice, "you will have plenty of money, and no doubt she will make a charming whether Miss Marston has anything to thing. wife; and you will have everything you can | say ?" wish for."

"Amy, my dearest," exclaimed George, passionately, "how can you speak to me Marston prefers not to meet you before it like that? Do you think I would give you up for all the money in the world? Amy, say, except to thank Mr. George Hilton my love-my wife !"

For a moment she looked at him with eyes full of love, and radiant with happiness, and let him take her in his arms; but

it was only for a moment. The next moment, as if stung by a sudden thought, she started from him and walked to the other end of the room. He looked at her with astonishment. For a few minutes she stood in deep thought, and then turning to voice : "Forgive the trick I have played him again, she said in a quiet, resolved you George, but I did not want to bevoice-

"George, this must not be; you must not give up all your prospects for me. Do not speak," she added, as he would have interrupted her. "Perhaps I would say nothing if it were only a question of Miss Marston's tortune, but it is a question of a breach with your father, and of your being forced to start in the world afresh without friends or money. I should be merely a burden

on you."

"Amy, I will listen to you no longer; you will drive me perfectly mad. If you have such a low opinion of me as to think-"

"Dear George," she replied, in a voice of intense sweetness, "I don't mean to hurt von. I know. I am certain, that whatever trials and sufferings we went through, you would never reproach me, even in thought, as the cause; but I should reproach myself. fallen in love with another girl," answered I could not do it. It would not be right." George was in some perplexity. He

"Oh, he may, may he?" responded Mr. | knew Amy: when once she thought any-

A dead silence succeeded.

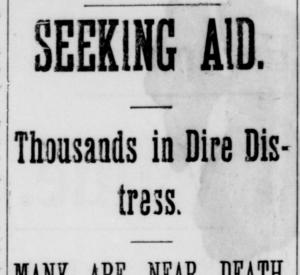
Mr. Hilton was the first to break it. burst out.

The lawyer checked him. "May I beg you to be silent for a moment and hear

There was a moment's pause. There Miss Marston rose and, 'coming forward, said quietly : "I do not taink that under these circumstances I have anything to tor his honest declaration, and to express a hope that Mr. Hilton may become more reconciled to his son's marriage when he has seen his son's wife.'

With these words, she lifted her veil and displayed to the astonished eyes of George Hilton the features of-his wife. As he stood bewildered, she moved towards him, and said in a hasty trembling They are all well dressed, generally ruddymarried for my money, and with the help of my mother and your sister I got to know you under my old name of Amy Vere. Say you forgive me."

His only answer was a warm embrace. Then drawing her arm through his, he turned to Mr. Hilton, saying "Father, may I introduce my wife to you ? I am sure you will be pleased to know her."



pose, has been longing for this thirty whom I have been long attached-Miss silver tinsel, paper ribbons and curious ornaments, making a blaze or color five or six teet across. I was given to understand that all these hangings and ornaments were afterwards burned. It seemed to me that most of the passers by were free to go in and partake of the delicacies provided. frequently I saw men enter, move through the crowd in the room and round the table, and go out directly, without touching any-

HAIR-GREASE AND GOLD-DUST.

The Use of One Caused the Acquisition of the Other.

There is a very large but always very proper, even dignified, barroom in Union square which by some unexplained process of selection has for years been the refreshment place of numerous old time New York "boys"-that is, they were boys in the days of the pre-eminence of the old Sixth and Eighth wards.

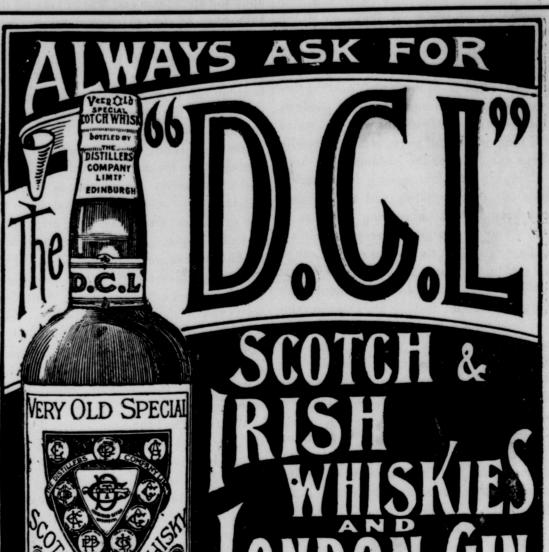
They are gray haired or hald and too ample of girth to "run wid de machine," as every one of them did in the old days faced and gary-musta hed, dignified of carriage and slow of speech, as if, since the glory of the old days has departed, there is too little to be talked about in th se degenerate days to require hasty speech for the telling.

Well, such an old boy sat at a polished mahog ny table in that barroom with two companions of the some type watching the barkeeper mix and serve drinks and then ring up priuted checks for the amount dne.

"Those barkeepers don't have the same chance for a rake off we had in California in the placer days," remarked the old boy thoughtfully, and his companions slowly directed their attention to him, anticipat-

ing a story. "I tended bar in Sacramento and Marysville in the early fitties, when those two cities were the supply headquart ers for nearly all the placer mining camps. Miners would come in with their golddust, and before selling it many of them would make the rounds of the saloons. After a round of drinks a miner would put on the bar a chamois skin bag of dust, from which the barkeeper would take a pinch, which was supposed to represent as many times two bits' worth of gold as there were drinks to be paid for. The dust was generally fine and looked like black sand, only now and then showing a dull glitter of yellow. This was where the barkeepers worked their THE SUFFERERS SHOULD BE little graft. They all wore long hair, saturated with grease. Before taking a pinch of dust we always ran our hunds through our hair, carelesslike. The pinch was deposited back of the bar, but we'd wipe our fingers on a greasy cloth. That cloth grew very heavy during a busy watch, and when it was roasted in a little clay capsule it would leave a little button of gold. See?" "Great graft. that," remarked one of the other boys. "What was it worth?" "Oh, according to the fineness of the dust and the amount of trade. A \$10 button was a fair clean up. But those times lasted only a few years. Saloon keepers began getting chemists' scales to weigh the dust in, and storekeepers all began buying dust, so that the miners could change their dust into coin easily, but I cleaned up enough to buy a place of my own, where I made enough to get back to God's country and live."





I should strongly recommend him to fall ouf of love before the three weeks are over. I have just one word of warning to give you, George," he added, in his harshest voice: "If you don't marry Miss Marston, you will not only lose her fortune, but not a penny will you get of mine ! I'll cut you off with a shilling, and leave you to shift for yourself ! You understand me ?"

turned and left the room.

as he closed the door behind him. "It can't be helped; I suppose I must tell Amy."

Amy Vere was the pretty, but alas! the penniless governess of his sister's children. George had met her, and with the usual rashness of youth, totally regardless of his uncle's will and his prospective marriage with an heiress, had fallen in love with her ; and the two were engaged. Unfortunately George, who was employed in his tather's business, was entirely dependent on him ; so hitherto the engagement had been kept a secret. Now however, it was evident that concealment would not be possible much longer; and George began to consider seriously the possibility of finding some new opening in life; for the idea of giving up Amy never entered his head for a moment.

His sister was in the secret of his engagement, so he soon found himself and Amy left to a comfortable tete-a-tete, but his mind was absorbed in the anxieties of his position, and it was not long before Amy perceived there was something amiss.

"What is the matter with you today, George ?" said she. "You are dreadfully absent-minded, you are not attending a bit to what I say."

"My dear girl, I am very sorry, but I am just a little bit worried.

"Poor George! Don't you think it would make your worries easier if you were to tell me what they are ?" answered Amy, kneeling by his side, and looking at him in a most betwitching manner.

"I did not want to bother you; I know you will be troubled about it; but as you will have to know sooner or later, I may as well tell you now."

"You see," he continued, looking down tenderly at her anxious face-"you see, unfortunately, I had an uncle who was a lunatic. 1 don't mean to say he was shut up in an asylum. I only wish he had been for then he couldn't have made a will; but he was lett at large, and he did make a will. He and his wife had no children, so they adopted a little girl and brought her up as their own. I don't know what her original name was; she was always called George could not help thinking to himself-Miss Marston. My uncle, Mr. Marston, and their heavy veils made it difficult to in Boston, sir, who could have written those

Hilton sarcastically. "Then in that case, thing was a question of right or wrong, was very resolute; but he was also sure that she was mistaken, and was quite resolved to have his own way.

"Look here, Amy," he began, in a most determined tone; "you have told me your plans; I will tell you mine. Whether you break our engagement or not, I am not going to marry Miss Marston ; that is certain. But if you break it off, I shall just tell my "Perfectly," replied George briefly, and father-I know well enough how he will

take it-and then I shall go straight off to "Just what I feared," he said to himself | America, or the colonies-or-to the bad as fast as I can. So you'll just have the

comfort of knowing you have ruined my prospects, as you call it, and not given me any-any compensation for it." Then changing his tone to one of great tenderness, and taking her hands in his, he went on: "Amy, I know you would do anything for me, but don't you see by your plan you are sacrificing me as well as yourself. When I love you as I ds, how could marry a girl wnom I have never seen, no matter how much money she had ? Listen," he went on eagerly, "there's a friend of mine, head of a mercantile firm ; he asked me to recommend him a manager for their branch in Sydney. I know he'd give the post to me at once. It's three hundred pounds a year to start with. Let us be married at once, and go to Sydney; and, love, if there are to be hardships, let us face them together."

This discussion lasted some time longer, but was it surprising that George had his way?

"Well," he observed, "on Miss Marston's twenty-first birthday, instead of making her a proposal, I shall have to announce that I am married already. I hope it won't be a great shock to her, but she can't really mind : sne has never seen me in her life." "Indeed, I am sure she ought to be very

much obliged to you, and to me still more for taking such an incumbrance off her hands," said Amy mischievously.

The eventful day-Miss Marston's twentyfirst birthday-arrived. Mr. Hilton be-

lieved, from his son's never recurring to the subject, that all was well. All the parties interested were to meet at the office of the old family lawyer at twelve o'clock; but

about nine o'clock George had gone out for an hour's stroll. Little did his father imagine that in that hour he had surrendered all chance of Miss Marston's thirty him if he had looked at any of the plays thousand pounds for the sake of Amy Vere. Noon found him and his father sitting in the lawyer's private room, and five minutes after Mrs. and Miss Marston arrived. Both were quietly, not to say funereally, attired in black-in honor of the occasion,

MANY ARE NEAR DEATH.

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MRS. DURANT IS CURED.

At the present time there are thonsands of valuable lives in jeopardy in our country, and men and women are anxiously seeking for help. Many are cruelly suffering and in deep distress. Kidney and liver complaints, heart troubles, dyspepsia, indiges-tion and rheumatism have brought many to the verge of the grave. Mental anxiety, failures with doctors, and the thought of leaving near and dear ones behind, adds to the weight of agony and physical tortures. It is the duty of all who know what Paine's Celery Compound has done in the past, to urge every sufferer to give it a trial; it cannot fail; its mission is to cure and save.

Mrs. George Durant, a lady hving in Elma, Dundas Co., Ont., was cured of liver and kidney troubles after the tailure of several physicians ; she writes as follows :---"Permit me to record my testimony in favor of your excellent preparation, Paine's Celery Compound. For many years I have been a sufferer from liver and kidney troubles, and have doctored with several physicians, but only found rehef for a very short time. My husband advised me to try your Compound. I did so, and found so much relief from the first bottle that I continued, and am now using the third bottle. Your Compound has done more for me than any physician. For months before using the Compound I never had one night of sound sleep; but now I can go to bed and sleep soundly and naturally, and fell like a new creature in

A BOSTONIAN ON SHAKESPEARE. He Gave the Immortal Bard a Great Deal of

The pretentious woman who was heard to say that she had never read Shakespeare's plays, though she had the highest opinion ot him as a man, makes an admirable companion picture to an excellent old gentleman who has an unqualified belief in Boston as the centre of the universe. Having confessed that he had never found time to read the "immortal bard's" plays, he was advised to do so during the winter then apr proaching. In the spring a friend called on the estimable citizen, and casually asked

"Do you like them?" returned the questioner, feeling his way anxiously to an

"Like them !" replied the old man, with effusive ardor, "that is not the word, sir ! They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectations, sir. There are not twenty men

Told by Mark Twain. Mark Twain the other day told a story which illustrates the point that all assistants in book-shops, alert and generally accurate as they are, are not a final authority in literary matters. Mrs. Clemens and a riend recently went into a book-store in New York, and called for a copy of Taines L'Ancien Regime. " "Beg pardon," said the assistant, "what

book did you say ?" Mrs. Clemens repeated the name of the author and ot the book. Going to the rear of the store the clerk soon returned only to inquire-

" May I ask you to repeat the name of the author ?"

"Why, Taine," replied Mrs. Clemens, becoming a little annoyed.

Assuming an air of superior knowledge and looking at his customer with a sympathetic smile, he remarked-" Pardon me, madame. but you have the name a little wrong. You mean Twain -not Taine.

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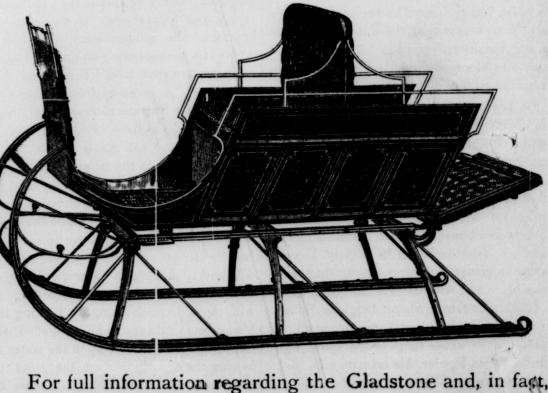
CONTAS AND CHOCOLATES



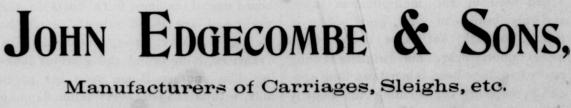
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during the season just passed. "Yes," he said. "I have read them all." opinion

the morning."

