

## MISS CHARRINGTON.

"Of course you know the Mayfair Mirror has sacked Ingfield? Yes, it's a fact. The rock they split upon was this American singing woman the public is making such a fuss about—Cynthia Charrington. She is eccentric, it seems, won't be interviewed, and because nobody else can get an interview, the Mirror wants one—wants it badly—would give its ears for one. Well, Ingfield went after it—and failed. She flatly refused to receive him. It wasn't his fault, of course, but the Mirror wouldn't see it and intimated that he was a miff. They had words and wished each other good morning, wherefore it comes to pass that there is a vacancy on the staff of the Mayfair Mirror, and I guess anybody could do that interview and supply the long felt want, he would stand a very good chance of filling it. What, are you 'raising' that chop?"

"Coming, sir."

"Rawson of the Mirror always had a beast of a temper, but all the same a post on his sixpenny rag isn't to be sneezed at. If I had the enterprise of my early youth, I would run down to London—super-Mare—she's staying at the Coliseum till the new production on Monday—and try my luck. Yeh, you rising generations haven't the nous to grasp your opportunities when you get 'em."

"The speaker subsided into a corner and the discussion of an entire cote, and Dick Carroll collected every coin he had about him and summed up the total.

"Seven and twopenny," he reflected. "Just the price of a third return to Brighton and fourpence over to play with. Shall I go, or shall I have dinner? Shall I lose a chance of obtaining a jolly good post or dine off buns?"

He weighed the idea and the silver dubiously, and decided in favor of boldness and buns.

"If I spent the money, on dinner," he said to himself, "I should only be postponing for a day or two the evil moment when I shall possess an evil appetite without the means to satisfy it. Therefore I might as well go hungry to-day and try my luck with the money."

He went humming, and had a bun and a glass of milk at the ABC next door, and walked to London Bridge station because he could not afford the bus fare. When he settled himself in the corner of a compartment, he had nothing in his pocket but three halfpence and a postage stamp, a trifling worse for wear.

"It," said Dick, "Miss Charrington is adamant, I shall—what shall I do?"

It was just 2:15 when he entered the hotel and asked at the inquiry office in the hall for Miss Charrington.

"Say I should be glad of a few minutes' conversation with her on a matter of business," said Dick, and then he waited, with his heart in his throat, till the "buttons" reappeared with the information that Miss Charrington would see him, and forthwith escorted him up the broad staircase to her private sitting-room.

Dick was not of a bashful disposition, but the nature of his errand killed his aplomb. He felt his color rise as she turned from him, holding his card in her hand—a tall, elegant woman, with a well poised head, a somewhat languid manner and the regular delicate features which her portraits in the windows of the West End photographers had made familiar to him.

"Miss Charrington?" he said.

She bowed and motioned to a chair, but she did not seat herself, so she remained standing. He saw that she was looking inquiringly at him, and that it devolved upon him to make the plunge. He made it—with misgivings.

"I'm afraid," he began, "that I misled you somewhat when I requested to see you on a matter of business. The truth is that I am a journalist, and as the public is always interested in the lives of its favorites, I hoped you would be so kind as to grant me a brief interview for publication in the Mayfair Mirror."

As he spoke the word "journalist" he saw her brows contract sharply. Now she flashed on him a glance of indignation at him.

"I wish you good morning, sir," she said curtly.

Dick caught his breath, and his head went up with a jerk.

"If I have annoyed you, I beg your pardon."

"If I object to being persecuted in this way by the press, I won't have it. The public pays for my professional services, but my private life is my own and concerns nobody but myself, and I refuse to have every detail of it hauled out to satisfy morbid curiosity! My opinion on this subject is well known, I believe. You showed that you knew it when you gained my presence by such an ambiguous phrase."

"In that case, of course, there is nothing for me to do but to relieve you of my presence," said Dick.

They bowed stiffly. He turned away with a queer look on his face. He was wondering how long a postage stamp and three half-pence would keep a man from starvation.

She caught the look out of the corner of her eye and staid him brusquely as she had given him his dismissal. A great

artist is privileged to be unconventional. "You know I hated 'being interviewed,'" she repeated. "You knew it. Why did you come?"

"It was confounded cheek, of course, but a drowning man catches at straws," he said bluntly. "And—I am hungry, if you want to know!"

"Ah!"

He turned scarlet to the eyes. He could have bitten his tongue out. A marvelous change came over the woman. Her hauteur vanished. She was all subtle feminine sympathy. She held out her hand to him with a gesture of infinite graciousness.

"Forgive me. I would not have been so harsh if I had had any idea—Hungry!" Her glorious voice would have melted an iceberg.

"I'm not hungry!" exclaimed poor, penniless Dick, gasping with pride. "Don't you believe it—absurd exaggeration, all rot! I don't know why I said it."

"I do," she said. "You told me the truth on the spur of the moment, and now you're sorry. If you deny it, I shan't believe you, so you can save your breath to cool the lunch you're going to have with me. Have been hungry often, in the old days when I was only a little 'Cynthia' in Lake Geneva, Ill., and I know it's bad. Mr. Carroll, do you intend to make me hold out my hand and all day?"

He choked.

"I'll take your hand, but I'm dashed if I'll take your lunch!"

"Yes, you shall," she said. "It's rude to contradict a lady. We'll have it all alone here, you and I and Mrs. Ross, my companion, and I'll tell you a beautiful story about myself, for the gratification of the good, inquisitive public. In return you shall tell me what put it into your head to come to Brighton."

He ate her lunch and drank her champagne, and before the meal was over she knew all about him and the bun episode. "Plucky," she thought, and she admired courage in a man, "witty, proud, well bred."

She looked kindly at him and smiled—with a moisture in her eyes. Emotional to the core Cynthia Charrington and infinitely susceptible to the realism of life, a woman of moods—spelled with a capital, according to latter day prophets.

"I hope you will succeed with the Mirror. I'm sure you will," she said, when he took leave of her at last. "You must come and see me at Palace Mansions and tell me what you have done. But in case you don't get the post or there is any delay—"

Dick broke into a gentle perspiration.

Was she going to offer to lend him money? She read the terror in his eyes and refrained. But that evening the postman delivered at Dick's lodgings an anonymous envelope containing a £5 note. He knew she had sent it as well as if she had told him so and returned it to her promptly with a note of thanks.

She called him names and made several vague and bitter allusions during the following day to false pride and ridiculous obstinacy and thought more about him than she would have done if she had met him in the ordinary way and he had been dangling at her skirts for a score of afternoons.

Dick filled the vacancy on the Mayfair Mirror and a chair in Cynthia Charrington's drawing-room on many Sunday afternoons.

"I owe my luck to you," he said to her on his first visit to her handsome flat. "I shall never forget your kindness."

One day she went to the piano of her own accord and sang for him for half an hour. Previously he had only heard her in public, and it seemed to him that her glorious voice had never sounded so well as it did now in the privacy of her home. The man's pulses throbbed and his head swam. He would have liked to throw his arms around her. When she stopped he took up his hat.

"What are you going already?" she exclaimed in surprise.

He muttered some excuse about "work to do" and left her with his brain on fire. He had suddenly realized a fact that frightened him.

On his way home he bought a photograph of her and hung it up in his sitting room. He had scarcely done so when he tore it down again, with wrath in his eyes.

"I'm a fool—an ass! Because a woman behaves like an angel to me I forget that I'm a poor devil of a journalist and she's—Cynthia Charrington."

He made a bonfire of it in the empty grate and watched it crackle and curl in the tongues of flame, with a fierce delight in his own agony. Then he went out, on a wet night, and bought another to take its place. The little incident was typical of his frame of mind.

For a whole fortnight he never went near her. Then flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and he was tramped to Kensington one Sunday afternoon.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she demanded. "I have missed you."

"It is very good of you to say so," he said gloomily.

"I won't go near her for a month," said poor, proud Dick to himself as he walked home. "I must accustom myself to doing without her."

A week passed—a week of overstrung

nerves, of cold dejection, of feverish desire.

Then he had a shock. She was ill. She had been ill for several days, and her understudy had taken her place in the opera.

There was something wrong with her throat, reported the Comet in the most flowery and grandiloquent of phrases. She would never sing again. Her glorious career was cut short in the bloom of her youth. The nightingale would be dumb forever. Then the Comet, waxing sapient, painted a "realistic" picture of her probable future.

Dick's face went white. He called a hansom and drove to Palace Mansions.

"Is it true that your throat's bad?" he asked her. "I've just read it in the Comet."

"Quite true," she said.

He gulped.

"Cynthia, you're a woman all alone. If you would let me take care of you I wouldn't have asked before, but now that your prospects have changed so disastrously! Hang it! What shall I say to you? I hardly know. When a fellow's poor and no better than other fellows, he hasn't much to offer to a woman. It just amounts to this, dear. I'm earning a decent salary—thanks to you—and I could make things smooth for you. Cynthia, would you, would you?"

She held out her hands to him with a charming gesture of surrender. "If you want me, Dick—"

"My darling, you are so good to me!" But he used her name and she was still his real sweetheart. Two months ago a "bad" from the Brazos county stole some of the "squaw men's" horses, and he started out to run him down. In the Wichita mountain country he was robbed by the Cooks, and on his way back he was shot. Friends took him to Leupath, and there he was told his wounds were dangerous.

His thoughts flew back to Dad and Kittie in Ohio, he telegraphed the girl that he was dying. She answered back that she would start at once for his bedside. She found that they had moved him to Muskogee, and there she followed. The meeting was an affecting one. Frank rapidly recovered under her loving care, and several weeks ago a marriage license was issued to Frank Waggoner and Kittie Mayo. They were wedded, despite the protest of some Indian relatives of the dead Mary Beard. They started for the Chickasaw county on horseback, but they never reached there. A few days ago they were found dead, locked in each other's arms, at the foot of the "Evil Spirit Leap." How they came there the officers are too busy chasing the Cooks to investigate.

No Room for Argument.

A curate, who was noted for his great reserve, being moved to another curacy in a rural district, determined to break through his reserve and be more at home with those under his charge. Approaching an old farmer who sat smoking at his door he said, by way of opening the conversation—

"It's a fine day."

"Not receiving a reply, he spoke in a louder tone—

"It's a very fine day."

This not having the desired effect he repeated the remark still louder.

The old farmer slowly removed his pipe from his mouth, and, looking up at the parson, said deliberately—

"Does that want t' argi th' p'int?"

and would be alright soon, they said. He learned that he was in company with "Bill" Carr, a marshal from Purcell, with a record of eleven men killed in eleven months. The other men, five in all, were after Capt. Stevens, a bold highwayman.

Waggoner's wound proved more troublesome than at first supposed, and he was moved to the home of a Chickasaw Indian at Silver City, and left the marshals continuing their man hunt. It was weeks before Frank got well, a severe fever following the exposure and wound. He was nursed by a pretty half-breed girl, the daughter of the Indian whose house he lay sick. She spoke good English sang a little, and could talk prettily. Sue soon won the interest of her patient, and when he got well and ready to leave the Indian home he promised to keep Mary's image in his heart.

When Frank heard from his father he got a dose of hard sense and cold consolation. The old man thought he had acted the fool, and told him so. Kittie Mayo wrote a pathetic letter, lamenting that he had ever gone West into Oklahoma, and intimating, in her gentle way, that he had made a mistake. These letters made the young man angry, and he cut loose from all home ties.

He was penniless, and so decided to become a deputy marshal. He afterwards joined Harry Hill's boomers, and was in the rush for horses when the old Oklahoma country was opened. He shot a Texan who disputed his right to a claim, and was stabbed by a half-breed at a Purcell dance. Making a living in the Territory was not what it was cracked up to be. He cast his eyes about for some easy way of making ends meet. He saw contented, well dressed white men riding good horses, drinking oily whiskey, and playing high cards without work and he asked who they were.

"Squaw men," was the reply he received. Investigations disclosed the fact that "squaw men" were whites who married Indian women. These Indians, as wards of the nation, had much land and annuity. Their husbands leased out the land, stole their wives' annuity, cussed the men who wanted to throw open the country to settlement, and in many cases were wife-beaters.

Waggoner thought of Mary Beard and regretted Kittie Mayo. He borrowed a horse and rode over to Silver City. The Indian girl was delighted to see him again. He told her that he had borrowed a horse to come over and ask her to marry him. She consented, and promised to give him a whole herd, so he sent back the pony by a boy, and so satisfy Mary's Indian father they were married by the Chickasaw ceremony, as well as by a local preacher.

Then Frank settled down to a life as a "squaw man." He did not love Mary, but he used her money and talked of her land and stock as his own. He fell into the habit of cursing the Indian Commission of Congress and became a power in the land as an agitator. He was literally a "howling" success as a "squaw man," and even the full bloods came to like him. He developed those lazy traits he had noticed in the other squaw men, and would sit for hours sunning himself.

A year ago his wife Mary died. Waggoner was shocked a little. He loved her in a way, but Kittie Mayo was still his real sweetheart. Two months ago a "bad" from the Brazos county stole some of the "squaw men's" horses, and he started out to run him down. In the Wichita mountain country he was robbed by the Cooks, and on his way back he was shot. Friends took him to Leupath, and there he was told his wounds were dangerous.

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BORN.

Albert, Jan. 5, to the wife of Ezra Stiles, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. B. Ferris, a son.

Amherst, Jan. 9, to the wife of John A. Laws, a son.

Somerset, Jan. 9, to the wife of T. M. Davis, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 19, to the wife of R. D. Taylor, a son.

Goway, Jan. 2, to the wife of Edward Smith, a son.

Carleton, Jan. 13, to the wife of Aime A. Gionet, a son.

Parroboro, Jan. 11, to the wife of John D. Smith, a son.

Yarmouth, Jan. 13, to the wife of Frank W. Allen, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 12, to the wife of Charles Carmichael, a son.

Richibucto, Jan. 12, to the wife of John McLean, Jr., a son.

Fredericton, Jan. 20, to the wife of Frank S. Creed, a son.

Fredericton, Jan. 15, to the wife of Charles Hall, two sons.

Halifax, Jan. 18, to the wife of James Maxwell, a son.

Moncton, Jan. 12, to the wife of D. Hunter, a daughter.

Corwallis, Jan. 2, to the wife of Arthur Strout, a son.

Coverdale, Jan. 11, to the wife of Alvan Colpitts, a daughter.

Alma, Jan. 13, to the wife of Robert McKim, a son.

St. John, Jan. 17, to the wife of Samuel W. Kain, a daughter.

St. John, Jan. 21, to the wife of W. C. Cross, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 17, to the wife of James Maxwell, a daughter.

St. John, Jan. 20, to the wife of Michael Mahoney, a daughter.

Lower Sackville, Jan. 7, to the wife of Lewis Major, a daughter.

Halifax River, Jan. 16, to the wife of James Pettigrew, a son.

Salisbury Road, Jan. 16, to the wife of William N. Milner, a son.

North Maitland, Jan. 15, to the wife of Robert D. Nisbet, a son.

Paradise West, Jan. 14, to the wife of Clayton Saunders, a son.

Anderson's Mountain, Jan. 10, to the wife of George White, a daughter.

East River, N. S., Jan. 11, to the wife of Joseph Coote, a daughter.

Cambridge, N. S., Jan. 1, to the wife of Emerson Graves, a daughter.

West Inglefield, Jan. 15, to the wife of Harry W. Durling, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Jan. 16, Andrew Walker to Mrs. A. R. Garvie.

Clementsport, N. S., Jan. 16, Howard Pierce to Kibboro Potter.

St. John, Jan. 16, by Rev. T. Casey, Albert Gray to Nora T. O'Neill.

Pictou, Jan. 10, by Rev. A. Armit, William McTay to Elizabeth Stewart.

Millville, Jan. 9, by Rev. John Hawley, Charles Hannon to Nina Nixon.

Liverpool, Jan. 13, by Rev. T. J. Butler, Abram Jeremy to Harriet Paul.

Truro, Jan. 16, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Hugh Stuart to Maud Calder.

Finland, Jan. 10, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Richard Firth to Isabella Cooling.

St. John, Jan. 16, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Arno d'Amour to Annie E. Love.

Amherst, Jan. 14, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Daniel J. Barnes to Rebecca Read.

Aylesford, Jan. 16, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Elmer E. Barrington, N. S., Jan. 9, by Rev. C. Jost, James G. Bignon to Jane Russell.

Truro, Jan. 16, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Barry Wood to Edith M. Corkum.

St. John, Jan. 10, by Rev. George Bruce, James A. Belyea to Mrs. Sarah J. Belyea.

Belyea Cove, Jan. 15, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Isaac G. Mott to Sarah J. Belyea.

Campbellton, Jan. 3, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Richard H. Hickey to Minnie Andrew.

St. John, Jan. 23, by Rev. T. Casey, James E. Stanton to Bridget A. McBrearty.

Bridgewater, Jan. 16, by Rev. G. C. Lorimer, Clayton Archibald to Jessie R. Campbell.

Nashville, Jan. 9, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Robert J. Easton to Mrs. Margaret McKenzie.

St. Andrews, Jan. 9, by Rev. J. M. O'Flaherty, Andrew Mullin to Laura Fitzmaurice.

Campobello, Jan. 15, by Rev. W. H. Street, William B. P. Phillips to Margaret Holland.

Centerville, C. S. I., Jan. 12, by Rev. B. P. Parker, Darius H. Smith to Annetta L. Kenney.

Yarmouth, Jan. 16, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Donald H. Spence to Lizzie M. Eldridge.

Woodstock, Jan. 16, by Rev. D. Chapman, A. Spurgeon Carpenter to Lena M. DeWitt.

Springhill, Jan. 17, by Rev. E. E. England, assisted by Rev. W. Wright, Robert Archibald to Minnie Hall.

East Jeddore, N. S., Jan. 15, by Rev. James Rostoroff, Frederick H. Wilcox to Margaret N. Hanning.

Windsor, Jan. 10, by Rev. Canon Maynard, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon S. Weston-Jones, M. Stewart Jones to Florence E. Forsyth.

DIED.

Halifax, Jan. 18, Mary Lively, 79.

Freepoint, Jan. 6, Almond Moore, 72.

Richmond, Jan. 9, John Murphy, 50.

Halifax, Jan. 16, John Fitzgerald, 86.

Dartmouth, Jan. 18, John Stevens, 79.

Sackville, Jan. 14, George Wheaton, 79.

New Glasgow, Jan. 12, Hugh Ross, 57.

Bridgewater, Jan. 6, William F. Ross, 70.

St. John, Jan. 10, William Messervy, 75.

St. John, Jan. 18, William A. Clarke, 71.

Campbellton, Jan. 17, Joseph Pinette, 31.

Black River, Jan. 12, William I. Wier, 80.

Shubenacadie, Jan. 10, John A. McNeil, 33.

Fredericton, Jan. 7, William McDonald, 63.

Sydney, C. B., Jan. 12, Capt. C. B. Flannan, 74.

Keswick Ridge, Jan. 8, Mrs. Jacob McKee, 90.

Port La Tour, Jan. 12, Mrs. Alannah Smith, 75.

Marble Hope, N. S., Jan. 10, Simon Oulton, 82.

Acacia Valley, N. S., Jan. 8, Lizzie F. Hunt, 20.

Advocate Harbor, Jan. 11, Mrs. Samuel Spencer.

Maitland, Jan. 10, Lizzie, wife of James Caddell, 34.

Oxford, Jan. 14, Earl, son of Edward L. Langille.

Truro, N. S., Jan. 17, Captain Edward Huntington.

Halifax, Jan. 14, William, son of Justice Bonanie, 21.

Halifax, Jan. 20, Alva, son of William W. Pickings, 21.

Blaine, Me., Jan. 15, Joseph Alexander, of Fredericton.

Philadelphia, Jan. 14, Arthur M. Hamilton, of St. John, 26.

Dartmouth, Jan. 14, Mary, widow of the late Owen Crockett, 67.