

A MAN'S DESTINY.

"I have something to tell you," said Richard Thorne, when the departure of her other callers had left him alone with his hostess.

"I thought there was something funny about you," said Mrs. Vavasour, shading the firelight from her face with a screen of barbaric grandeur; while Thorne started straight into the glow and bit his straw-colored mustache.

"Out with it," encouraged Mrs. Vavasour, with a gleam of kindly amusement in her eyes.

"Well," said Richard Thorne, plainly pulling himself together, "it's come at last. I'm first officer no longer."

"You've got a ship?"

"Yes; I've got a ship," he repeated after her slowly.

"My dear boy, I'm so glad," leaning forward a little in her arm-chair.

"I knew you would be," he said, smiling slightly, without raising his eyes.

"Of course I am. Is it one of Donaldson's?"

"Yes. Some line."

She watched him curiously in the silence that followed. They had been staid friends, these two, as boy and girl, twenty years ago, and though he went to sea, and she married Tom Vavasour, they were still the same.

"You don't seem extravagantly elated your self," she hazarded presently.

"Don't I?" he answered amiably, giving his big shoulders a hitch in a second endeavor to recall his thoughts.

"No, you don't," sharply. "What is it?"

"Well, fact is, the new berth on the Sydney and Vancouver trip. The other side of the world, you know," he explained.

"Of course I know. I need not be a sailor man with gold embroidery on my hat to know that."

Thorne laughed at the characteristic onslaught, and her face brightened in sympathy with his.

"But we won't lose you altogether?" she queried briskly. "Of course it would be much more if it were on the home trip; but we'll see you sometime, won't we?"

"Oh, yes," he smiled.

She shot a searching glance at him from behind her fire screen and leaned her chin against its edge to gaze with puzzled eyes into his face.

"Of course, you're awfully glad of the step?" she said, after a pause, and listened intently for his answer.

"Yes. Awfully—I suppose."

The response seemed satisfactory, and required a little cogitation before the next remark.

"Ah, well!" she went on, leaning far back in her chair, and turning her head in the shadow to watch him. "I shall lose a friend! You are sure to marry some one, now you are in a position to do it."

"I shall marry nobody," said Thorne, decidedly, laying his cup on the table beside him; and Mrs. Vavasour smiled triumphantly to see his face, and watched the staid lines come about his mouth.

"Or old simpleton," she thought, "he thinks he's saying nothing."

Then came a silence, while Thorne began to bite modestly at his mustache once more, and while Mrs. Vavasour looked on with troubled sympathy in her bright eyes.

"Dick," she said, suddenly, "tell me all about it. Who is she?"

"About what?" he asked, looking up quickly. "There isn't any—how on earth did you know?"

"You goose! You've been telling me for the last ten minutes."

"I did! I never said—"

"I didn't say you said anything; all the same, you have been telling me. Go on now, I want to help you."

Her voice trembled as she spoke, and she reached out a hand to him. He clasped it for a moment, while a look of perfect trust passed between them.

"Well, you see," he began awkwardly, looking into the fire once more, "I happened to know it was all her doing."

"What was?"

"This Vancouver business."

"Do explain a little!"

"It was old Donaldson who told me—he had no right to, of course—when he offered me the ship, that she had suggested it to him."

"She? Who?"

"His daughter—Cicely, you know."

"Of course, I know; he hasn't another. But what," in astonishment, "is that to me about?"

"Don't you see? She has got me sent out of the country altogether."

"Nice, gracious spirit to take things in, upon my word," commented his friend, with a suspicion of a snarl. "Might I ask what put that idea into your head?"

"Oh, that's another chap—chap with a title, and money, and things," vaguely.

"Handsome chap, too," lugubriously.

"Did you make love to her?"

"No."

"Then what makes you—"

"She saw it coming, I suppose. I suppose I told it."

There was a pause, during which they both looked into the glowing coals.

"Did you ever make love—really—to a woman?" Mrs. Vavasour asked, curiously.

"No," answered Thorne, with a shake of his head; and Mrs. Vavasour gave a little nod that said plainly, "I thought so."

"And don't you think you are jumping to conclusions rather?" she asked, after a while.

"No," Thorne answered, shaking his head again; "there's a much more likely fellow to please her than I am, and I would avoid complications to keep me out of the way," he added bitterly, "for her father would quite possibly take my part."

"I think you are making her out as acting in an abominable manner," said Mrs. Vavasour, with spirit.

"Not at all," he rejoined quickly. "I dare say she's a little sorry for me, and besides she's procured me my captainship—hang it! All the pleasure's taken out of it."

There was a long silence after this; that was only broken at length by Mrs. Vavasour's rising suddenly, and saying:

"Away with you, now; I must go out and dress. Come and see me to-morrow at half past five—no, a quarter to six. Now, don't forget."

"I won't forget," said Thorne, shaking hands and going to the door.

"By the way, what's the other man's name?" she asked, as her friend's big figure was disappearing.

"Toler," he answered, turning round; "he's a very decent fellow. I perfectly understand her—any one preferring—"

"Yes. Good-by. But that's more than I do," she said aloud to herself, as the door shut. "Dear old Dick's worth ten of him any day. Wait a while, my dear, I think I'll manage it."

As she went upstairs she met her husband.

"What, not dressed yet?" he asked, as he kissed her. "What have you been now?"

"Thinking how I can make two people happy as we are," she answered.

"That's a big undertaking," said Tom Vavasour, gravely.

The next day Thorne presented himself at 5:45 o'clock and asked for Mrs. Vavasour. He was shown upstairs immediately and greeted by the lady he sought, who crossed the room to meet him in a marvelous tea gown.

"You may shake my little finger," she said, holding it out to him; "the others having been eating buttered toast—at least, not exactly, but—you know what I mean."

"Perfectly," Thorne laughed, shaking the dainty finger between his strong finger and thumb.

There are chairs to be had if you look hard enough for them," Mrs. Vavasour went on, peering around in the firelight autumn dusk that filled the room.

"Lots, thanks," said Thorne, seizing the nearest.

"Not that I won't bear your big weight. Stir the fire up. Cicely, until I look for something made of iron."

A girl's figure bent forward at the far end of the room and stirred the coals into a bright blaze, and Thorne, who had jumped at the name, made a movement toward the door with a muttered excuse.

"Don't be absurd; it's the late now," said his hostess, in a whisper that brought him to his senses. "Ah, that's just the thing," she went on, aloud pointing to a deep-backed arm chair immediately opposite the fire, and leading the way toward it.

"That's the worst of the modern drawing room," she continued, while Thorne bowed to Miss Donaldson and sat down; "if you have anything really comfortable, it's sure not to be decent enough to put in it, and one never serious life thinks of having anything for it but old-fashioned curly-legged things of stiff-necked generations long passed."

"I'm very comfortable," volunteered Thorne.

"So am I, put in Cicely, with a laugh.

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Mrs. Vavasour seriously, as if she had not been running on merely to guard against a awkward pause that had loomed ahead.

"But I really think that we have the only three sensible chairs in the room. Sugar and cream? Of course, I remember."

Thorne drank his tea between the two women, wishing he were anywhere else, yet knowing that he would rather be where he was while they talked across him. Presently Mrs. Vavasour turned to him and said, in her sweetest manner:

"What a good opportunity of thanking Miss Donaldson for putting that kindly spook in your wheel! By the way, we must call you 'Captain' Thorne now, I suppose."

Thorne went Thorne's teaspoonful with a clatter, and one foot shot out in an instinctive impulse to kick his hostess' chair to stand on her dainty toe, or anything that would stop her; and at the same time a suppressed little "Oh!" came from the other side of the fire. Mrs. Vavasour however, apparently saw or heard nothing, and her next move sent Thorne's heart into his boots; or, standing up with a remark on the shortening evenings, she lit the gas bracket at her end of the chimney piece, and then, crossing in front of him, lit the other. Thorne felt that his face was crimson, and, with his eyes on his boots, cast about for words in which to cou an apology or an explanation; but before he could think of anything at all, the same voice said more sweetly than ever:

"A thousand pardons, Cicely; you must let Dick entertain you for a minute. I heard Tom's voice downstairs and I positively must see him about something."

There was a truce then of silk, and she was gone without ever looking back to see the two appealing glances that followed in her wake.

The two, left alone, examined the interior of the fire with an intensity worthy of a lotter devotion. It began to dawn upon the man that the whole thing was planned, and he gained something of oblivion to the position for a moment by forthwith giving his whole energy to the silent apostrophizing of melting woman—especially Mrs. Vavasour. But the present asserted itself again directly, and he cleared his throat to begin. "Of course, I'll say I adore the Pacific trip," he said to himself.

"Mrs. Vavasour's—a remark just now," he began, "requires perhaps a little explanation. What I had mentioned to her—about—you—I mentioned to her only—I hope you will understand that—and did so—"

"(He wished she'd say something—anything)—" a under peculiar circumstances."

"Very, I should think," the girl remarked, coldly; "though indeed," correcting herself quickly, "I have no objection to all the world knowing one of my many suggestions to papa."

"Quite so. So I thought," agreed Thorne, losing his head.

"Then, why apologize?" coolly.

"Why, indeed? But you will let me thank you, since I owe to—chance suggestion of yours my position."

"Quite a chance suggestion"—hearty.

"Well, I ought to congratulate myself."

A silence while he leaned forward to trace an imaginary pattern with the toe of his boot, and she tried a ridiculous little handkerchief into a knot. Thorne wished that Mrs. Vavasour would return.

"The trans-Pacific trip will be quite a pleasant change," he said, with a cation of enthusiasm, because he felt the strain of silence growing to great to be borne.

"Pacific! Are you—"

"Yes. My boat is one of the Sydney and Vancouvers, you know."

"I didn't know that."

A great wave of resentment swept over him. She either intended to deceive him, he thought, or else she had not cared to what lever-strick-n seas he was sent, so long as he was out of her way.

"You thought it was the China route?" he said, steady in his voice with an effort.

"No. I thought it was the home trip," the girl answered quietly.

"You did?" was all Thorne could say

in a strange voice. For in a moment self-reproach and shame, in that he had taken an act of pure good nature as done to gain selfish ends alone, took the place of his resentment and filled his heart. Starting to his feet, he stood resting his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking down at the pretty flushed cheek; and his voice was deep and trembling when she spoke.

"Miss Donaldson, I must ask your forgiveness," said he, "for thinking—that I did."

Two beautiful tearful eyes were raised in question to his, but only for an instant.

"I thought—I believed," he went on, determined to spare himself nothing, "that you had procured this foreign command for me—merely to free yourself from my attentions."

"But—how could you, when you had never—never paid me any attentions?" the girl faltered, with crimson cheeks.

"I know; but you must have seen it—seen that I love you more than all the world! I always felt I was unworthy of—of such a precious thing as your love—the fact has been at sea—that could make you happy. Now I am more unworthy than ever. I can never forgive myself for the injustice I have done you. Do not think too hardly of me. Good-by!"

She held out her hand to him, and pressing it passionately to his lips, he hurried out from the room and out of the house. And at the sound of the shutting of the door below, the girl waking as from a trance, buried her white face in her hands and sobbed aloud!

There was only one letter for Dick Thorne when he brought his ship into Sydney harbor for the first time two months afterward, and that was only a few lines; but almost every word was underlined twice. And this was what it said:

"You Great Stupid!—If you choose to throw away your own happiness and some one else's, be sure of all I can do, I can't help it. Come straight home by the next mail, and don't make a fool of yourself again. Yours, perfectly disgusted,

MARY VAVASOUR.

And the next mail steamer carried a big, bronzed man, with a straw-colored mustache, who stood in the oozes all day and the night, only coming out to eat and sleep; "for," he told himself, "I'm a whole ship's length nearer to her than I stayed on the pop." Hon. hold Worries

BUNKDOWN BOB.

Within the year three things had happened at Squawhollow that had never happened there before. It had, so to speak, been born anew. That is, it had been incorporated by legislative act. It had erected a new court house and jail. Lastly, it was head over heels in debt.

And the glories of its new existence as a miniature city, the heads of its officials swelled so rapidly that the Mayor and council soon ordered larger and finer hats.

Such a contingency was too absurd for the mayor, Solomon in all his splendor would have had to take a back seat had his ancient lines been projected within the modern influence of Squawhollow's municipal radiance. At this stage it was about the way Pete Turner felt as he swung his oar and aired his new blue regimentals before an admiring public.

But the new born city, like the expiring village, remained pervasively peaceable. For a month or more the brand new steel cage in the brand new jail had been shied by Pete to approbative visitors, but it was always empty. This grew monotonous. People at last hinted strange things. Sam grew sarcastic. A few wanted to know what was the use of such a costly structure anyhow? Pete was in despair. Might they not at last begin to question the utility of his own high heels?

Such a contingency was too dreadful to be thought of long at a time. Moreover the emoluments of his office depended largely upon fees. Fees would not materialize without arrests and prosecutions, and as yet Marshal Turner had been able to swing his bat only through the empty air. There were no tramp shoes so far to rap, no ducks to drag into the lock-up, not even a stray dog to shoot betimes.

"If somebody don't do something pretty quick," he growled to the Mayor one evening as they watched a "down freight" slow up in passing the station, "blame me if I don't arrest myself!"

But at that very moment fate was preparing to be more kind than hitherto. A box carload was steel hily opened, and a dusky bundle of humanity dropped itself almost at the city marshal's feet.

The train passed on. The new arrival looked at the tired, tattered, troway and nodded. Fita enveloped him like a garment; he reeled as he walked, while his breath suggested rum, garbage and general decomposition.

"St. long ridges, eh?" said Pete as he collared the tramp. "Well, you've sorter let down into the wrong town."

Then he walked him off to the brand new jail.

In the morning the Mayor, wearing the first blithe smile which his official countenance had acquired in a week, fined Bunkdown Bob \$25 for vagrancy, with the alternative of six months in the work house.

"Inasmuch," continued His Honor blandly, "as Squawhollow has not completed her workhouse, the prisoner is unable to pay his fine, will be incarcerated in the county jail for the same period."

This attention to the fitness of Squawhollow's probable workhouse made some of the skeptics smile, but it sounded good. So Pete waited his prisoner back and ushered him into the brand new cage as gayly as if he were accompanying an angel to St. Peter's gate.

"Tell you what, boys," remarked he that same night to a group of political chums, "Jailer Jones' low-down trick that he'd got a sneaker. Nothing to do but pocket his pa, every month. R. kon I've changed the tune. That vagrant can't pay a nickel. He'll serve his time, and a Jailer's wife will have to cook his vittles. Makes me feel good all over. Squawhollow's no place for tramps, now we've got the new cage up."

As the days rolled by Bunkdown Bob worried not, out made himself comfortable. Three meals a day, a warm bed to sleep in, no work to do and a hard winter coming on, presented a combination of fortune's favors that was quite as alluring as they had been hitherto inaccessible.

When his first month of official service

as boarder of the city's prisoner was up, Jailer Jones walked round to the city treasurer's office and presented his account.

"H-m-m-m! Flour, cornmeal, sugar, coffee—what's this rice? I hope you don't mean whisky, Mr. Jones. Whisky for a prisoner? Why, that is scandalous."

"The fellow was on the verge of the jims when he came. Saw snakes the first night. Had to give him a toddy or two to taper off on. That's all."

"I suppose it will be all right. But you will have to wait on us a little. City government is rather expensive when you fit start in, with such a burgh as this. We need more crime and general rascality to bring in the fines and fees. However, we'll liquidate later on, I hope. Take good care of your prisoner, Jones. Squawhollow is going to get on a boom shortly, and we want even the prisoners to look peak and sassy."

Jailer Jones rapped his hands deep down in his empty pockets as he went back to the jail immersed in gloomy cogitations.

"S'raa," said he to his wife, "we've got to wait another month for our board money. Don't you give that fellow but two meals a day from this on. Pity I can't hear him out to work."

Sarah seemingly assented. But she was kind hearted, and Bunkdown Bob received about as much to eat as before. He was an adept at the art of condensing the full substance of three square meals into two—or, for that matter, one, were it necessary.

When month number two had expired, Jailer Jones again presented himself and his account to the treasurer.

"Go d Lord, man!" snapped that official wrathfully. "How can I pay you what I cannot pay myself? There is not five dollars to the city's credit yet, and what is more, I fear there won't be before we all reach the poor house."

Jailer Jones looked aghast. He could not understand a condition of things that had created officials, but, apparently, no fees.

"See here," he argued. "I can't let and run the jail on wind. Haven't so of the other fellows got their pay yet?"

"None to speak of. Pete Turner wants to resign, and the Mayor swears he will sue the city for his salary."

"Drown me if I don't turn that prisoner loose," quoth Jailer Jones in high indignation. "I've attempted to do, but Bunkdown Bob preposterously declined to be turned loose."

"D'you think I'm a dom'd fool?" said he, thrusting his head out from between the blankets of his bunk. "Here I am almost Christmas, cold as blue blazes and a foot of snow on the ground. Go chase yourself. I've got four months to serve, and I'm goin' to serve 'em, see?"

Then he curled himself for another snooze. Jailer Jones went to the Mayor.

"Your Honor," said he, "I want to resign. That cussed tramp over there at the jail is eating me out of house and home."

"Why don't you turn him loose?"

"He won't go. Swears he'll serve his time, anyhow. I can't let him starve in jail, yet the infernal town won't feed either of us."

In this dilemma the City Solicitor was consulted.

"Can't I kick the fellow out?" asked Jailer Jones, after the situations had been explained.

"Yes, you could. But suppose he brought suit against you for assault and against the town for damages because of breach of contract? A awkward situation, don't you see? We fellows won't be able to draw our pay for seven months, anyhow. We cannot afford to feed this lazy lout until spring, nor dare we kick him out. I don't see anything for it but some kind of a compromise."

Next morning a group of three pre-sented themselves before Bunkdown Bob, hats in hand and with due humility.

"Wot yer givin' us?" exclaimed Bob in disgust, after the city's seal had been stamped.

"D'you think I'm goin' to turn out in such weather as this?"

"Come on," suggested the solicitor, airily. "Perhaps we can make it worth your while. What will you take to jump on the next down freight that bumps along?"

"Two'dn't be with less nor two hundred dollars."

"M-m, you are crazy. You are lucky to get off as it is. Take a double X and skip ut."

Bunkdown Bob knew how to haggle, and he came down to fifty dollars, only after an hour's hot argument. The town officials nearly bankrupted themselves to raise the amount, but breathed more freely after Bunkdown Bob had waved farewell from the tail end of a d-p-ring cattle car.

"So long, gents?" he cried. "You may let me back again about next December."

"If he shows up in a century, let us burn him alive," quoth the Mayor.

"Amen!" was the general response, fervently uttered.

THE M'CARNEY CASE.

Another Dispatch Co. firming This Remarkable Recovery.

Had Bright's Disease—Was Given up to Die—Got Well—Calls Dodd's Kidney Pills His Doctor and stays Cured.

Special to THE PROGRESS.

Ottawa, Dec. 5.—A dispatch from Richmond reached the City and Free Press here and copied by both of them was the first news, to a wide circle of interested friends of the recovery of Mr. J. McCarthy, harness maker, of that place, from a hopeless condition of Bright's disease. His friends had expected to hear of his death at any time.

Lately direct with Richmond confirmed the fact that his shop was open and that the late patient was hard at work.

"Is it true that he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills?" was asked.

"Yes. He gives that remedy all credit, for he had got the doctors and took no other medicine," was the answer.

"Mr. McCarthy had been running down for some time from Bright's disease and decided, after hearing of another remarkable cure in the same vicinity, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"He was not disappointed, and after a few weeks reaped his shop."

Such were the replies confirmatory of the original dispatch concerning this remarkable cure.

It seems only necessary for any person despairing of life to let go all other remedies and use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Out of over a million boxes sold there has never been a complaint that Dodd's Kidney Pills has disappointed expectations.

Mr. McCarthy calls these pills his doctor, and so they are; and are used at present in a million homes in Canada.

Those who are inclined to underrate the Turk as a soldier would find profitable reading in the story of the siege of Kars, 1855 where a small body of Turkish troops commanded by Gen. Fenwick Williams of Nova Scotia, Col. Lake, Maj. Teesdale and Dr. Sandwith, four Englishmen, sustained a siege by a Russian army of over 35,000, and only surrendered after months of desperate resistance, when they had eaten up every rat in the place and were literally famishing. The siege began on the 16th of June and the place held out to the 28th of November. To the credit of the Russians it should be said that they fully recognized the sterling bravery of their opponents and treated them with marked consideration. Williams and his brave companions were promoted and honored.

A Household Necessity.

You cannot be too often reminded that a neglected cold is the source of more serious and sometimes fatal disease.

It when suffering from a chill you would take a few drops of Dr. Manning's German remedy in a little hot water, the coming cold would be broken up at once, and all serious results averted.

So simple a remedy should not be disregarded. Dr. Manning's German remedy, as thousand testify, is also a marvelous pain reliever. Whether it be cramp in the stomach, the twinges of rheumatism, a bruise or sprain, or the pangs of neuralgia, this remedy affords relief and cure. No family should be without it, and the number of families that regard it as a household necessity is steadily increasing as its merits become more widely known.