

## A TERRIBLE TEMPER.

'If there is anything especially obnoxious to me,' avowed Miss Murphy, in solemn conclusion, 'it is interference with the affairs of others; but in this case I said to myself, "Duty, Mary Anne Murphy, duty!"' Oh! gasped Jessica. She had sunk back in her rose-ribbed rattan rocker in quite a tremor of dismay.

A very charming room this suburban parlor into which gold bars of sunshine slanted through the half-closed Venetians. Worthy even of pretty Jessica—it, with its tiled hardwood floor, its silver fox and bear rug, its Madras-draped windows, its quaint modern mantel of polished oak, its eccentric chairs, its grotesque tables, its dainty squarrelles, its Chinese cabinets, its slender but admirably chosen collection of bisque and Limoges. And surely eye, however critical, could crave no sweeter picture than little Miss Ray made in her pale blue surah tea-gown, cascaded with Valenciennes, and all her bronzy-bright ripply hair braided in childish fashion down her back. But just now the lovely face was curiously colorless, the purple-blue eyes wide and startled under their long lashes.

There was silence after that sharp exclamation of Jessica's. Miss Murphy could afford to be silent. She had dropped her small shell and it had exploded with a most satisfactory report. She sat rigidly erect in the consciousness of duty done, every fold of her black silk visiting costume stiff with propriety, every pompon on the brown biege bonnet bristling with respectability.

'I don't believe a word of it!' declared Jessica, slowly.

If impolite, the remark was in no degree insolent. It was simply the utterance of a conviction. Miss Murphy was not offended. She removed her gaze from a gem of Van Elton's on the opposite wall to fasten it on the agitated little lady in the rocker. It took some endurance on Jessica's part to sit meekly under the scrutiny of those faded blue eyes—eyes tolerant, placid, beaming, as those of a benignant old cow.

'It is true, my dear. He said it. I heard him with my own ears.'

This really was unanswerable. 'They were in the front parlor,' pursued Miss Murphy, folding her plump, tangle-gloved hands with aggravating leisure and serenity. 'I sat sewing just behind the portiere. I never would have stayed could I only have foretold what was coming. They had been talking about other things, and were silent for awhile. Suddenly my Ned burst out laughing. "So you've seen her," he said, "and you don't fancy her, eh?" "Fancy her?" echoed Jack. "Well, I should say not!"'

Well? urged Jessica, steadily.

She would hear it out, she told herself—she would—every word of it!

'Well, then,' slowly, to heighten by suspense the effect of her narrative, 'Ned said, "The boys around here all like her immensely. Roy Pates says she's a daisy!"'

'Oh!' moaned Jessica. 'You must excuse that nephew of mine, my dear; you really must. Ned but repeats what he hears. Besides, you know, he is only a boy yet—just eighteen. What Ned said is of no importance. Please go on.'

She sat erect again very pale and imperious, indeed.

'If you insist on hearing,' hesitatingly, Jack replied, 'Well, I don't did just at first. I confess for a while she deceived me. But a few days gave me enough of her.' Ned said, "Why, we all thought you were in great luck to get her." "Luck!" cried Jack in answer, so loud, my dear, I fairly jumped. "Luck! Yes, the most confounded piece of bad luck I ever struck! I am ashamed to say, my dear, but to be veracious I must say that here Ned, quite carried away by his youthful sympathies, inquired, "Can't you get out of it?" And Jack said, "Confound it, no! That's the worst of it. I can't break such a contract with any honor to myself. But I only wish some other fellow stood in my shoes just now. I've promised to take her and I've got to do it, but it's a damned bad bargain!"—oh, my dear Jessica, you're not going to faint!"

Jessica put out her hand with a slight, repressing gesture.

'No, Miss Murphy, I am not going to faint. Is that all?"

Miss Murphy was rather disconcerted. Her shell had not exploded noisily, it is true. But now that the smoke was clearing away she, at whose feet it had been flung, was not dead—not even wounded.

'Yes, I believe that was all, for just then someone summoned Jack. But as he went out he called back to Ned: "I'll see you at Bryane's to-morrow night and talk this unfortunate blunder over again. Be in my study at 10. I'll meet you there."

'And that really is all?' queried Jessica, quite her own possessed self again.

Miss Murphy started. To once more drop into similes, her balloon which had sailed up so straightly and securely at first had suddenly collapsed and was falling with a startling rapidity.

'I should think,' severely, 'it would be quite enough.'

'Enough?' airily. 'That's it! It's too much! You know an overdose of poison occasionally counteracts the effect of a lesser quantity, and I think,' with a smile charmingly confidential, 'it is something the same way with gossip—don't you?"

It was Miss Murphy's turn to gasp. Such a girl! But then one never could understand Jessica Ray. Miss Murphy thought it was time to go. With the cessation of conversation concerning personal affairs her interest died a natural death. She was averse to wading in foreign waters. The inodorous pool scummed over with village scandal sufficed her. She feared aught else.

'Good-by, my dear,' with a bewildered shake of the tinselled bonnet. 'I am so sorry I had to tell you. Life is full of unpleasant duties. I never like to interfere in other people's affairs. "Charity," I always say, "charity and silence." If there is anything I particularly detest it is tale-bearing. Well, as I said, I must be going.'

Good-by my dear. I'm so glad you don't mind.'

Good-by, cordially.

'We all thought,' pausing at the door for a parting thrust, 'that it was to be not only a marriage de convenience, but a genuine love affair on both sides.'

'Indeed!' said Jessica, brightly arching her pretty brows.

And then at last the door closed on her visitor's broad, black silk back. The blitheness born of bravado died out of little Miss Ray's face. She went slowly back to the rose-ribbed rocker and sat down therein for a good, heartsick, discontented, mortified, miserable cry. When she had been very, very young and charming, and Jack Sutherland an awkward lad of ten, their fathers had planned a marriage in the future. The planning stood, by the way, upon an agreeably substantial basis, looking at the affair from a financial point of view. Soon after Jack's father had died, and Jack had gone to live with his mother's relative in England. He carried with him the memory of a pair of sweet eyes, for all the world like big, dew-wet forget-me-nots, for wee Jessica had parted from her playmate with a particularly tender and protesting farewell. Twelve years passed. Neither child—as in novelistic traditions bound—against the paternal decision of their childhood. No fair English maiden displaced his first love in Jack's loyal heart. As for Jessica, she had grown to think of Jack as a hero who was coming across the sea to claim her. When she anticipated that coming before her mind's eye forth pranced a snowy charger bearing a plumed knight.

One day, just two weeks ago it was, she went down to the drawing room in response to the servant's announcement. A gentleman standing in the window turned at her entrance. He came swiftly forward, both hands extended, his face brightening with gay admiration.

'It is—it is—little Jessica!'

She knew him then. Without curveted no splendid steed. By his side swung no jeweled scabbard. Around his neck was swung no mandolin. From his shoulder fell no cloak of ruby velvet. Not stalwart statured was he, nor raven haired, nor flashing eyed. Not the grand creation of her girlhood's sweet foolish dreams, in truth, his rivals would have said, a very ordinary young man. But he had come! Jessica's heart gave a great throb. A true woman, though, ego, an arch hypocrite, she put her hand in his with an air of cool surprise, a touch of well-bred reproach in her greeting.

'And you are—Mr. Sutherland! Neither had in any way suggested the odd relation in which they tacitly stood to each other. Both felt the chain that bound them, for all its massive golden links a very frail and brittle one in the passionate strength of youthful impulse. Neither would be slow to fling it off if the bandage proved oppressive. However, it did not. The childish, ignorant, romantic affection which had been smoldering in their hearts since the sorrowful parting of the playmates, at a word, a touch, a looked blazed up into a pure, and strong, and steady flame. Of his courtship Jack Sutherland made short work. Putting aside the understanding between their fathers like the man he was, he wooed her for her own sweet sake. Just two nights ago he had told her in his own direct fashion how dearly he loved her. And Jessica—well, last evening had come the sapphire ring that—only last evening and today this!

If Miss Murphy's neat little shell had not brought death it had caused pain akin to it.

'It's the money!' moaned Jessica. 'It's the horrid detestable money he wants. It isn't me!' And then a face with clear brown eyes and a kind grave smile arose before her and she broke down crying afresh.

But after awhile she sprang up rubbing two small resolute fists in two very pink eyes. 'I won't see him tonight. And I'll be in the library at 10. And I'll hear what else he has to—No, I won't! I won't eavesdrop. But I'll look my very loveliest—I will—I will!'

And she did.

As she came up the parlors at Mrs. Bryant's 'small and early' Miss Murphy—always first on the field—looked at her in amazement. Quite a bewitching vision little Miss Ray tonight, rose-lipped, star-eyed, smiling, her slim dusk draperies of lace trailing softly behind her, a huge cluster of violets at the bosom. It was after 10 before she could escape from her companion and make her way to the library. Her hand on the portiere dividing that apartment from the morning room, she paused.

Voices. She didn't intend to eavesdrop. Of course, it was unintentional—all was said and over so quickly. Equally of course it was dishonorable, but I think as a rule we are not apt to consider questions of honor with extreme nicety when our hearts are very sore.

'I've decided to take her,' Jack's quiet voice was saying wearily. 'It's the only thing I can do now.'

Ned spoke.

'She's skittish, I know, but (by way of consolation) she may outgrow that.'

Jessica groaned involuntarily. Jack glanced toward the curtain.

'Well, drop the subject.' In a lower voice: 'Keep it dark, like a good boy. I don't want people to know I am such a young fool as to be taken in by a bag of bones, all paint and drugs.'

Jessica was plump as a partridge, and her complexion was a 'bloom' patented by nature's self. The morning-room was unlit, save from the hall. Thank goodness for that! She felt herself growing faint and dizzy. Was that Jack who talked so—could it be—her Jack?

'Oh, come now!' laughed Ned. 'You know you are exaggerating. She's not quite as bad as that!'

'Pretty nearly!' ruefully. 'I don't so much mind her skittishness—I could break her of that, I flatter myself—but she has a terrible temper!'

She must not faint, Jessica told herself frantically. Oh, she must not! Was that dark thing beside her in the shadow of the portiere a faunlike? She sank down on it heavily, weakly, exhaustedly. Horror of horrors! It at first succumbed a second to her weight, then moved, protested with vigorous energy, shrieked.

All faintness banished, Jessica leaped to her feet, her soft, quick cry of alarm mingling with that muffled roar of rheumatic agony.

'That's aunt!' gasped Ned.

'Jessica!' cried Jack. He strode forward and flung aside the portiere. The light from the library poured into the shadowy morning-room. It fell on Jessica standing just within very white and trembling, and it showed on the floor a large and ungraceful heap of crushed drab silk and bugles, disordered 'front,' and gruesome groans.

For a moment they stood and stared!—speechless. But Miss Murphy kept on groaning.

'What is it all about?' queried Ned bewilderedly, helping his aunt to rise.

'I—I,' faltered Jessica, 'sat down on Miss Murphy!'

'What?' cried Ned.

'We were eavesdropping,' confessed Miss Murphy, with venomous candor, 'and Jessica took me for a footstool and—'

'My darling!' whispered Jack (no, not to Miss Murphy) 'I thought when I heard your voices you were hurt or—'

Jessica flamed up.

'How dare you? Stand back sir! Here's your ring.' She tugged bravely, but it fitted well. 'I have heard in what manner you speak of me. No, disgustedly, don't appear astonished! Recall your conversation of yesterday morning with Ned Sales.'

Ned stared at being thus abruptly referred to. Jack looked dazed. 'I did not intend to hear such another conversation as that which had been repeated to me, but I did. If I'm—I'm, the rose crimsoning in her cheeks, 'skittish,' bringing out the hateful word with a jerk, 'and—a deuced—bad—bargain,' slowly, 'and I've got a ter—ter—here's your ring!'

She had wrenched it off at last.

But Jack did not take it. His dumb dismay had turned to uproarious mirth. It was well a noisy polonaise was in progress in the drawing-room. He laughed. He kept on laughing. Suddenly the whole ludicrous misunderstanding bursting on Ned he struck in with a very howl of delight, and they fell into each other's arms like a couple of crazy boys and supported each other and laughed.

But recollecting Jessica standing there, Sutherland explained, between shameful relapses into laughter, 'It was—a horse. I thought I knew all about horselish. I knew nothing. I have to take her—the idiocy is mine. I fondly fancied I had found a Maud S. Jim Smiley's famous nag could beat her. I gave a thousand for her. She's worth—an, now you understand!'

For Jessica had sprung forward, mouth and eyes three sweet, remorseful 'O's.'

'Jack—Jack! And how I talked just now! All riotous blunders. I must have, after all, a—a—the kind of a temper you said the horse had.'

'I'll risk it!' laughed Jack.

Headless of Mrs. Bryant's small nephew who had entered and stood stockstill an exclamation point of inquisitive delight; heedless of Ned, who clung in silent, spasmodic convulsions to the portiere; heedless even, this rash young man, of Miss Murphy—that ancient virgin who, rigid and frigid, glowered at him in an access of scandalized modesty, he took his sweet-heart in his arms with a good, long, loving kiss, and thus adoringly addressed her:

'Doubted me, did you? You—contemptible little—wretch!'

The Weather for Colds.

This is the time when colds are in fashion—every body who is anybody has one. If not himself there's one in the family. For no complaint under the sun are there more remedies than for a cold in the head, but of the thousands Chase's Catarrh Cure is the best. In twelve hours I was cured of a bad cold in the head by Chase's Cure,' writes Miss Dyer, Alliston, Ont. 25c. of all druggists, with blower free.

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CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

There! that is it. She wanted to tell the others. And by printing her story we help her to tell them where to find a cure for indigestion and dyspepsia, and its dangerous consequences, when all hope seems to have faded away.

THE FISHERMAN'S PET CROW.

A Bird That Went to Church, Though Not to Service, Every Sunday Morning.

'You will find pet crows alongshore,' said a fisherman, 'just as you might anywhere else. I knew a fisherman once that had one he got out of its nest when it was little and brought up in his home. He never clipped its wings, and it used to go out and be gone, maybe, for hours, perhaps for days, but it knew where it could get warm and where the best things to eat were, and it always came back. If any of the family saw it coming they wouldn't let it in; if they didn't see it the crow would sit

on the railing by the door and caw to be let in; and, if nobody heard the cawing, it would peck at the door with its beak. It used to sleep in the house, and was on friendly terms with the whole household. The name of the crow's owner was William; his friends used to call him Bill. When meal time came the crow would perch on the back of Bill's chair, and every now and then Bill would reach up over his shoulder something nice for the crow to eat.'

'Every Sunday morning the crow used to go to church, and it never used to go any other time. It knew the sexton. The sexton was a fisherman, too, like everybody along the beach, and he was superintendent of the Sunday school, and a big man in the church generally. The crow used to go over to the church and sit on the doorstep Sunday morning and wait for the sexton to come, and when he did come and open the door, the crow would go in with him. The church was heated by a big stove, and while the sexton was building the fire, the crow would sit on the back of a pew close by and look on. Sometimes, when the sexton was working away over the stove, the crow would hitch along on the pew rail and caw to him; and sometimes the sexton would turn around and smile at the crow and maybe say something friendly, and then the crow would perk its head over one side and caw and caw, and then the sexton would smile again and go on building the fire. He would put in a section of old tarred netting to start the fire with, something that every fisherman uses if he has got it, and the best thing in the world to start a fire with, and when he would build up the fire and light it, and when it had got well a-going and he had made everything snug he would leave the church until it was pretty near time for the service to begin; and when he went the crow would go with him. I think the crow would sometimes have strayed in the church, but of course that wouldn't do and when the sexton was ready he would call the crow and the crow would follow him out and they would separate where they met on the steps of the church. The sexton lived about half a mile away in one direction and the crow lived close by in the other, and when the sexton had gone the crow would go over to its home and peck on the door, and they would let him in.'

'Every body around knew this crow, and nobody ever molested it. The crow itself took chances. Sometimes it fluffed with other crows and then it was in danger of being shot; but nobody ever shot at it when it was alone. When they saw it fly by they said:

'There goes Bill's crow.'

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Writing in the Pall Mall Magazine about the year 1897, and touching upon the use of the word 'jubilee' in connection with it, Mr. A. Quiller-Couch tells an anecdote which, one suspects, is more amusing than truthful:

An old lady dwelling on the skirts of Dartmoor was asked, 'What is the meaning of this yer jubilee?' 'Well, my dear,' she answered, 'tis this way—If you've been married to a man fifty years and the man's alive, 'tis a golden wedding; if a's dead, 'tis a jubilee.'



## "GO AND TELL THE OTHERS."

There were eleven of us in all, four women and seven men. We were passengers on board the sailing ship *Black Squall*, 900 tons, bound from London to Calcutta. The crew had mutinied, and marooned us on Amsterdam Island—a great, bleak rock in the Indian Ocean. Ten days passed. We had consumed most of our provisions and all our water. Thus far we had vainly sought water on the island. No rain from the heavens, no sail on the sea! Our tongues were cracking like uplands in a drought. You have read of the tortures of thirst. May fortune confer your knowledge to that.

One more attempt; the last. Two of the men—the least feeble—started. Hours went by, hours that smote like hammers and burned like clots of molten lead. Exhausted and despairing the men lighted upon a spring half hidden and a remote cliff. Each took a few swallows. Then one of them fell fainting on the ground, just able to say to his companion, "Go—go tell the others!"

People say that suffering is the mother of self-hood. Often it is so; not always thank God. Anyway, this sense of relief ever glows with gratitude and pity. Read the following—a woman's story—and you will see why the two are paired in my mind.

'From my childhood I have been subject to headache and dizziness. At the age of seventeen I was very weak and ill. My tongue was furled, my appetite poor. My food seemed to give me no strength; I was always tired. My hands and feet were cold and clammy, and my skin of a creamy hue. One day, whilst in service at Mrs. Firth's, Park Farm, Thornhill, I visited my home. On arriving there I had great pain and fluttering at the heart; I could scarcely stand. It so frightened my mother that she got some neighbors to assist me to the doctor's. He said, "Your heart is in a shocking state."

'He gave me medicines, but I was not relieved by them. Getting worse I gave up my situation, being too ill to leave home. Soon I was seized with a nasty cough and irritation of the throat and chest; I could get no sleep on account of it. I would sit up in bed until daybreak coughing and spitting, and was of course worse tired than when I went to bed. My legs trembled so that I could not stand or walk much; I was not able to wash or dress myself. In this condition I remained month after month, growing weaker daily. On one occasion I was so bad that mother thought I was dying, and fetched Mrs. Senior, a neighbour, saying, "Do come and help me."

'In January, 1890, I went to the Dewsbury Infirmary, where I was under treatment for six weeks. The doctors gave me iron mixture and other tonics, but they had no effect. Other young girls were there, being doctored for ailments like mine, to as little purpose as far as I could see.

'I next tried change of air, and went to Halifax, also to Batley, without benefit. I continued to waste away, and people said I would never recover. In May, 1891, I first read of Mother Seigel's Syrup, in a book that was left at our house.

'Mother got me a bottle from Mr. J. Day the chemist, Thornhill Lees, and I began taking it. After taking only a few doses I found a little relief; the heaviness at my chest and the pain at my heart were easier, and my food digested and agreed with me. I now grew stronger every day and was soon able to go back to my work. But I kept on taking the Syrup still, and to the surprise of every one, the color came to my cheeks, and I have since enjoyed the best of health. All my family were delighted, as you may well believe (Signed) Miss Hannah Milnes, 18, Walker's Buildings, Brewery Lane, Thornhill Lees, Dewsbury, October 12th, 1892.

'P. S.—If we could have afforded it, we should have published all the particulars of my case in the newspapers, that others might know where to look for a remedy—H. M.'

There! that is it. She wanted to tell the others. And by printing her story we help her to tell them where to find a cure for indigestion and dyspepsia, and its dangerous consequences, when all hope seems to have faded away.

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