

[CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.]
the truth,' kneeling down beside her. 'Doesn't he treat me as though—as though I belonged to quite an inferior order of human beings? And, as for his temper—tell me, auntie, does he inherit it from his father?'
'You impertinent child!' softly stroking my head.
'He doesn't inherit it from you that is very certain. I do from the bottom of my heart, pity his wife, if he ever gets one.'

'You need not, Kloria,' gravely. 'And—and with regard to his temper—it is trouble, my child, which has soured it. Six years ago—well, I will give you a brief outline of his trouble, and then you will, I am sure, judge him almost as leniently as I do. It was at St. Petersburg, at a Royal ball, that he first met Olga Stanislav, and with both of them it was a case of love at first sight. In a very short time they were engaged. Ah! Kloria, if you had known Nig! in those days, you could not have complained of his bearish temper. He was as different from what he is now as the light is different from the darkness.'

'Did she die?' I ask gently, as Aunt Di pauses, with a far-away look in her kind, grey eyes.

'No; she did not die then; it would have been better for her—for both her and her lover—if she had. One week before their wedding, she was arrested as a Nihilist and thrown into prison. I shall never forget the agony of those days. Nigel was as one distraught. But in vain was his misery, in vain he sought and obtained an interview with the Czar himself. Everything that love, money, and influence could do, was done for Olga Stanislav, but uselessly. She was condemned to the Siberian mines for life.'

'How terrible—how awful! Poor, poor thing; and poor Nigel—no wonder he is changed!'

'He saw her start on her dreadful journey,' Aunt Di goes on, in a broken voice; then, when the last unhappy exile had disappeared from view he staggered home to me. For weeks he lay at Death's door; but, at last, he slowly got together, and I brought him back to England.'

'And was she innocent?' I ask.
'She maintained to the last that she was. She is dead now.'

'Yes; thank God! The rigours of her first Siberian winter killed her. And now, Kloria, you understand why Nigel is—as he is.'

'I do, auntie; and I will never be impatient with him again,' softly kissing the I am holding.

For a short space we are both silent, then Aunt Di suddenly tells me this is the time I go for my maternal walk; so donning hat and jacket, I start forth on a ramble.

As I did yesterday, I choose the cliff-road, and again, about half-way between the Priory and Coldmere, I meet Mr. Josslyn.

But I am afraid that he cannot, on this occasion, at any rate, find me a very interesting companion.

The truth is my thoughts are busy with that strange scene which I witnessed from my bedroom window last night, and gradually, we both relapse into silence as we walk along, side by side until he suddenly offers me a proverbial penny for my reflections.

'I beg your pardon!' I say then, quickly and contritely. 'I am afraid I have been inattentive, not to say rude—'

'Do not accuse yourself of that, please, Miss Effingham,' he interposes, as quickly as I have myself spoken. 'You have not been either the one or the other; only so very deep in thought that—that I really grew jealous of those thoughts, and felt that I must interrupt them.'

'How absurd!' I laugh; then, with a sudden gravity, I look up at him, and continue: 'I wonder if I might tell you my thoughts. I would like to; only—only—'

'Do not say or feel that you cannot trust me,' he begs, very earnestly. 'Whatever you may tell me, I shall hold sacred—please believe that.'

'I do believe it. It is not because I fear to trust you with my confidence, Mr. Josslyn, that I still hesitate to speak, but simply because, if I related my story, you would probably think me slightly mad.'

'It must be a very wild one, then,' he remarks, with a smile, but with a glance which, I cannot help fancying, is rather cold.

'It is wild,' I say, gravely, 'but, yes, I will tell it you. First, though Mr. Josslyn I must ask you two questions.'

'Certainly, Miss Effingham.'

'Do you believe in ghosts?'

'Do I believe in ghosts?' he repeats, in tones of undisguised wonder, though I cannot help fancying again that he regards me with another rather curious glance.

'No, Miss Effingham, I cannot say that I do.'

'I thought that would be your answer. And now for my second question. Is the Priory said to be haunted? You have been in this part of the world before, have you ever heard of any—any legned or tale about it? Please tell me.'

'Your second question I can answer in the affirmative, Miss Effingham,' he says, slowly. 'The country people do declare that the Priory is haunted by the monks, to who it belonged, until Sir Oswald Illradene wrested it away from them.'

'Ah! with a long-brown breath. 'Please tell me the legend, Mr. Josslyn.'

'I am afraid I cannot do more than give you the mere outline of it, for I am no raconteur; but, briefly, the legend is this: At the time of the Reformation, the Priory, with its broad lands, was bestowed upon Sir Oswald Illradene, as a special mark of his sovereign's favor. With a large body of armed retainers, he arrived to take possession, but the aged prior, with certain of the monks, banded together to resist him. Of course, his men, trained to fight, soon overcame the weak brethren—some were killed, some were taken prisoners, and, from the latter, Sir Oswald demanded homage and submission.'

'They refused to yield it, and, one by one he them cast into the foaming sea, until only the prior remained alive. He was slowly starved to death by his relentless jailer, and it is he who is said to be visible on certain nights in the year to anyone bold enough to watch for him. In the garden, his favorite haunt in life, it is said that he even yet walks—'

And he does, for I have seen him,' I interpose, solemnly. 'I saw him last night.'

'You have seen him?' Mr. Josslyn gasps, and he positively turns pale.

'I have. I saw him in the garden beneath my bedroom window.'

'Surely you must be mistaken?'

'No, I am not. I was looking out of my bedroom window—it was a while after midnight—and I saw him as distinctly as I now see you.'

'Have you said anything about—the—the strange occurrence to Sir Nigel, or—'

'I have not breathed the subject to anyone but yourself,' I interrupt, quickly; 'and I do not think that I shall mention it to either my aunt or my cousin. It would only bother Aunt Di, and Nigel would be sure to pooh-pooh it. By the way, I wonder if he has ever seen what—I saw?'

'That question, I am afraid, I cannot answer, Miss Effingham,' Mr. Josslyn declares with a smile. 'But, tell me, are you—were you frightened by what you saw?'

'Perhaps I was—well, not exactly frightened, but just a bit upset—bewildered and perplexed, you know, at first. But I don't seem to mind at all now. I am sure the poor, restless spirit would not harm me.'

'No, it would not harm you,' Mr. Josslyn agrees. 'Nobody, nothing mortal or immortal, would hurt you—they could not.'

'That is a very complimentary speech,' I laugh, gaily; 'and I love compliments; but all the same, I must be returning home, or my anxious relatives will be sending to look for me. No, I am not going to let you walk with me, Mr. Josslyn. I am in a hurry, so I am going alone.'

'But I want to ask you something.'

'Then you must ask it the next time you see me.'

'I wonder if you will grant it to me?'

'There is an inflection in his voice, a light in his eyes, which I have never noticed before, and which I cannot fathom. But though a vague feeling of uneasiness suddenly takes possession of me, I manage to answer him lightly.

'I will tell you whether I can grant your—er—something, when I know what it is,' I say, with a little laugh.

'Cannot you guess what it is?' in an eager tone.

And, all at once, I do mentally guess what it is.

As he wants me to fix a day to do some exploring.

Of course, that is it.

So again with a smile, I answer him.

'Yes I do believe that I know what you want of me,' I confess truthfully.

'And do you think you will grant me my wish?' almost in a whisper.

'Yes I think I may,' wickedly mimicking his gravity. 'And now I am going. Good-bye.'

'Au revoir. I shall count the minutes until we meet again.'

'Well all I can say is, that, if he does count the minutes until we are destined to meet again, he will count a very considerable number; for, this same evening, a note is brought to me from him, which runs as follows—'

'The Coldmere Arms.

'August 6th.

'Dear Miss Effingham,—I am writing in great haste, and with a heavy heart, for I am obliged to return to town this evening. I cannot say now when I shall be able to come down to Coldmere again, but it will certainly be before the end of the year, when, surely, the hope which you have given me to-day will then be realized, for I cannot think that, having given it me, you will fail to fulfil it even though many weeks may elapse before I can return to claim its fulfilment, for I shall return never doubt that. And, until then, 'I am yours in all things,

LEONARD JOSSELYN.'

Twice I read the letter through, then I break into a merry laugh.

What an absurd letter! but how like

Leonard Josslyn to write in this extravagant style.

'I have seen only a few times, but, somehow I feel just as though were life-long acquaintances.'

I like him very much indeed.

LOVE ROMANCES OF THE CENTURY.
The Ways in Which Great Men Won Their Wives.

It says much for the essential humanity of love that two of the most delightful love stories of the century are told of such grim warriors as Bismarck and Garibaldi, whom even their most intimate friends would not lightly have accused of sentiment. It says much also for the 'dominion of love' that both these men, who never acknowledge defeat in arms, were vanquished by a single glance from a pair of beautiful eyes.

Garibaldi's first view of the woman—she was only a very young and very beautiful girl then—was through a telescope from the deck of the Itanarica, as he sailed into the lagoon of St. Catherine, in Brazil. There must have been a powerful fascination in what he saw, for, putting down his glass, he gave orders that he should be rowed ashore forthwith. He spent some hours in trying to find the house in which he had seen this vision of beauty, but all in vain; and he was on the point of returning defeated to his ship, when he met an acquaintance and accepted his invitation to drink coffee at his house.

By some curious trick of Fate, the first person to greet him was the girl whose beauty, seen from afar, had conquered him; and in his own words: 'We both remained in an ecstatic silence, gazing at each other like two persons who do not meet for the first time, and who seek in each other's lineaments something which shall renew remembrance.' At last he greeted her, as by some overpowering compulsion, with the words, 'You must be mine,' and with these words, as he afterwards often said, 'I had tied a knot which only death could break.'

Bismarck's fate was equally sudden and unexpected. It was at a wedding that the young army student met his future wife; and he was so conquered by her charms that the very same evening he wrote to her parents demanding her hand.

The parents knew little of the impulsive young lover, and less to his advantage, for those were the days of his hot-blooded youth; but they invited him to visit them, so that they might learn more of him. When Bismarck rode up, daughter and parents were awaiting him on the threshold, prepared (the parents at least) to receive him with cold courtesy.

But Bismarck's plan of campaign did not admit of formality. On dismounting he sprang up the steps, threw his arms around the fraulein's neck, and gave her a series of hearty kisses. What could the parents do with such a warm and unconventional lover but accept him as a son-in-law? And this they did, to his lasting happiness.

There are few more pathetically beautiful love stories than that of Mr. M. Bouguereau, the great French artist. Bouguereau, had lost his first wife, and was living with his mother, when he was induced to take as his pupil a winsome and highly-gifted young American girl. It was not long before the master became the slave, and the pupil queen of his affections.

Bouguereau's mother, however, was averse to this second love match, and as her consent was necessary to marriage, the lovers had to bide their time with what patience they could. Years passed, and the lovers watched each other grow old, but their love remained always young. Their studios adjoined each other, and every day they met over their common art. For twenty long years they were thus kept apart, though so tantalizingly near; and when at last the mother died, and they were

free to become one, youth had long gone from them, and white hair had taken the place of brown.

But, after all, are there any love stories prettier than those of our own Royal Family—the stories of the white lilac and white heather that heralded such happy unions? It was a spray of white lilac given to young Prince Albert by our girl Queen at a Windsor ball that first told the story of her love; and when the bashful Prince put a button-hole in his coat and proudly placed the lilac in it, the way was made clear for the proposal which the young Queen so tremblingly made in her private room at the Castle a few days later.

It was seventeen years later that a similar white 'herald of love' came to make our Queen's eldest daughter happy. The Princess Royal had strayed away from the rest of the party, over the moorland, near Balmoral, in company with the young Crown Prince of Prussia. As the young lovers walked together, the Prince espied a sprig of white heather near the footpath, and picking it, he presented it to his companion and told her all the love it meant.

It was during a similar moorland walk that the Marquis of Lorne put his fate to the test. The Queen tells the story thus: 'We got home by seven' (the Queen had been driving while the young people walked). 'Louise, who returned some time after, we did, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her, and that she had accepted him, knowing that I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her; but I naturally gave my consent, and could only pray that she would be happy.'

LINGUISTIC PRODIGES.
Men who Manage to Master twenty Languages.

When one considers the difficulty of acquiring even a 'nodding acquaintance' with two or three languages, it seems almost incredible that some men should be able to speak with all the fluency of a native in twenty, and even fifty strange tongues.

It is only a few months since Dr. Gottlieb Leitner, the most famous linguist of this generation, died at Bonn, in Germany. Dr. Leitner, who acted as an interpreter to our Army in the Crimean War, could speak with equal facility in no fewer than fifty languages; and many of the more abstruse Eastern tongues he knew as intimately as his native German.

But there have been phenomenal linguists in all ages, from the far-away days of Mithridates, King of Pontus, who could converse with his subjects in each of their twenty-five different tongues; and from the days of Cleopatra, who never used an interpreter in her relations with the world's Ambassadors.

Pico della Mirandola, a learned Italian of the fifteenth century, was eloquent in twenty-two languages; and M. Fulgence Fresnel was familiar with twenty.

In the seventeenth century, Nicholas Schmid, a German peasant, translated the Lord's prayer into as many languages as there are weeks in a year; and in the next century Sir William Jones, one of our own countrymen, could converse in twenty-eight different tongues.

Sir John Bowring knew every language and dialect of Europe; and Solomon C. Malan, an English clergyman, when a boy of eighteen could preach in thirteen languages; and in latter years added to his store such widely diverse tongues as Arabic and Welsh, Syriac and Chinese, Japanese and Russian. His facility in mastering a new language was so great that within a fortnight he learned Armenian sufficiently well to be able to preach in it; and a month's study enabled him to preach in Georgian to a native congregation in the cathedral of Kutais.

The fame of Elihu Burritt, the 'learned blacksmith,' who did some twenty years

ago, is still fresh in our memories. Burritt mastered Latin, Greek, and French while plying his hammer at the forge; and he made as light of translating Icelandic sagas as of shoeing a horse.

Of men who have mastered between ten and twenty languages the 'army' is legion. Chief among them are Postel, a French scholar, who was familiar with fifteen tongues; and J. J. Scaliger, another Frenchman, who spoke like a native in thirteen strange tongues. Claude Duret was master of seventeen languages; and James Crichton, a Scotsman, could dispute learnedly in a dozen.

The greatest linguist of all time, however, was Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died half a century ago. Of him Byron wrote: 'He is a monster of learning, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter.'

Mezzofanti's linguistic range was so great that he could have conversed in a different tongue every week for two years without exhausting his vocabulary. In all he was familiar with 114 languages and dialects, and in most of them he could speak with such accuracy and purity of accent that he might have been, and often was, mistaken for a native.

His knowledge of the language of a country was so intimate that he could tell from a man's speech what country or district he came from, and could converse with him in his own patois, so as to compel the belief that he, himself, was a native of the same province. He knew every language and dialect of Europe, even to Irish, Welsh, Wallachian, and Bulgarian. He was intimately familiar with nearly all the Eastern tongues, even to Sanskrit, Syriac, Chaldean, and Sabaic; and he could speak Coptic, Abyssinian, Ethiopic, and kindred languages as fluently as his native Italian.

This strange 'psychological phenomenon' was not content merely to speak and to write his century of languages; he actually thought in them, one after the other. He found his knowledge of infinite use in administering spiritual comfort to the men of many nationalities in the Papal prisons.

If by any rare chance a prisoner spoke a language with which the Cardinal was not familiar, he would immediately set to work to master it, and within three weeks was able to hold fluent converse in it.

The Cardinal's opinion was that 'the learning of languages is less difficult than is generally thought; there is but a limited number of points to which it is necessary to direct attention, and one has mastered them, the remainder follow with great facility.'

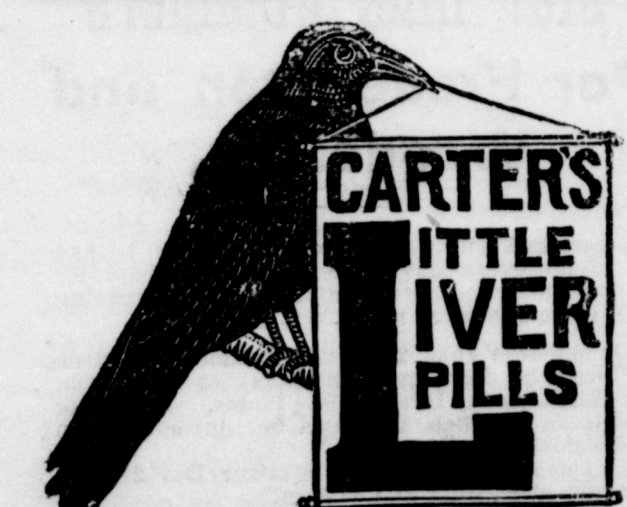
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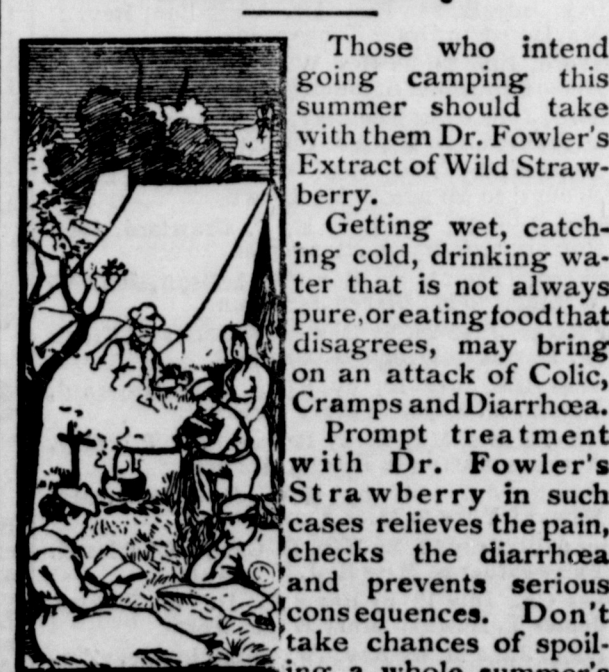
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