

The Victor's Spoils.

Miss Terence going down the line, watched the girl who was coming toward her. There were three men with the girl, and only Lancaster was with Miss Terence. However, as he was all the world to her, Helena-like, she lacked not words of company. The six men met on the walk in front of Captain Lansing's quarters.

Lansing was a cynic who observed his kind and told the result of his observations. Such are deservedly unpopular, but command appreciative audiences that are the envy of the good-hearted. It was to an audience of the sort that he recounted the meeting, the same afternoon, when the band stopped playing and the invading hosts from the town had scattered and left the post to its rightful owners.

'Dorothy Terence'—he began, laying his sabre across his knees and settling back to the temporary repose which alone can fall to the lot of the officer of the day.—'Dorothy Terence came up the walk. She had Lancaster with her, and she was looking happy. Miss Leeds—the baker's daughter, you know—came down the walk. She had Kant, and Dartmoor, and Ferguson with her, and she was looking like a celestial being. They were both dressed in white—but there was a difference. Mrs. Lansing says it lay in silk foundation. Be that as it may, there was a tearfully and wonderfully made hat, all drills and mists, and sprays of white, atop of Miss Leeds, and a fluffy all round sort of parasol atop of that Dorothy saw Miss Leeds from afar, but the latter did not see Dorothy. They came together in front of my quarters—and I with my harp was there.' Dorothy moved to one side. It was her instant attitude, and, I fear, prophetic. The woman who steps aside can always stay there. But all might have gone well, and this story might never have been told, if Kant had not indulged his vulgar propensity for introductions. Miss Leeds bestowed a sweet and transitory smile upon Miss Terence; but Lancaster is not the best looking fellow in the precinct for nothing. If any of you happen to share my good fortune of knowing her, you will understand what—in the nature of things and of men—happened when she turned her eyes upon him with a trick she has of seeming to look into one's very soul. She has the most beautiful voice outside of the heavenly choir, and she brought it in to play also. Dorothy stood it as long as she could, and then she tried to get him away. He never even heard her. If Miss Leeds had not gazed soul-searchingly at him, and told him that she must be going, but would see him at the hop, he doubtless would be standing there still, with Dorothy anxiously watching him. It will be worth going to the hop to see things happen.

Lancaster stood at the door of the dressing-room and watched Miss Leeds, while he waited for Dorothy. He saw her throw back her gorgeous cloak and drop it from her with the careless disdain of a celestial creature discarding some temporary earthly garment. That it fell on a chair and crushed other less splendid wrappings beneath it was a detail which escaped him. He watched her as the huddling feminine mass made way for her at the mirror and she stood unchallenged, leisurely touching her glimmering brown hair and pinning a great white rose upon her shoulder.

Dorothy waited at his side for fully five minutes before he saw her. Then she laughed mockingly up into his face and wished that her laughter might have been a blow. As soon as he could leave her he went running and sliding across the door to where Miss Leeds stood at bay before a besieging group. She was backed against the wall, and a sun-burst of sabres was just above her head. 'There are only twenty dances,' she kept repeating, 'and I never divide.' Lancaster took two of his fellow officers by the shoulders and put them out of his way. Miss Leeds looked into his eyes and smiled as it seemed to him, no woman had ever smiled before. She put her card into his hand. 'The two with the crosses are the ones I promised you,' she said. And as she had promised and he had asked nothing, his heart beat high with triumph. Not that it was a case of love at first sight. He was in love with Dorothy. But the most faithful of men may pay the court she expects to a belle, and may allow himself to be flattered by her marked favors. He could honestly, then and for several weeks afterward, give Dorothy the comfort she sorely needed, and say that he did not even think Miss Leeds beautiful. 'She has style and charm,' he passed judgment, 'but not beauty. And she is a flirt.' He meant that Miss Terence should understand how entirely he abhorred that.

'Did she try to flirt when you called upon her?' He had made a point of confessing the call directly it was made, and he thought it tactless of Dorothy to insist upon it. He shrugged his shoulders. 'She does that with every man.'

It was a truth which he fully appreciated, but its feeble light no longer fell upon the path of duty when the time came that the sun of Miss Leeds's countenance shed its glow upon the highway of inclination. And let her do her best to make it clear to him.

'Now, listen to something I mean to tell you,' she said to him. She set down her tea-cup and leaned toward him, with her elbows upon her knees and her chin between her soft, pink palms. Her eyes were looking straight into his, and they filled his heart with anticipation. 'Do you know that this is a risky game we are playing, and that we have been playing it for all it is worth this last fortnight or so?' Lancaster knit his brows.

'It is not worth while to pretend you don't understand. We both know exactly what I mean. But I want to be sure we both know that it is only a game. I am not in earnest, and you must not be.'

He gazed at her, speechless. 'I suppose you are thinking that the suggestion of serious intentions might come first from you,' she said; 'that may be your way of looking at it, but it is not mine. I don't care to let you have anything to reproach me with. I have had enough of that in the past. I am a hopeless flirt, you know. I go into the thing for the fun there is in it, and it is only fair to warn you.'

She leaned back in her chair and fell to watching the passers-by upon the street and to biting at a cube of sugar, meditatively. 'If you will accept matters that way, we can have a very good time; if you don't, I have warned you; and the consequences—' it there are any—must be on your own head.'

Lancaster laughed rather weakly. 'I accept the terms,' he said. 'It is understood that this is only a flirtation.'

Which he explained to Dorothy at much length, but which she would not understand and was so unreasonable about as to break her engagement. Lancaster was deeply aggrieved and rather more deeply relieved. But it made one fact plain to him; that he was seriously in love with a girl who told him he was no more to her than a score had been before, than scores might be thereafter. And it was all in vain that he tried to change her.

'I warned you quite fairly,' she reminded him, bending forward to stroke the glossy neck of his black mare. It was the mare that old Dorothy had considered almost her own property, and on which she had lavished the overflow of her affection for Lancaster. 'I warned you,' Miss Leeds repeated, 'and nobody has suffered but yourself, unless—' she glanced at him with a quizzical little smile—'unless there was another girl?'

'There was another girl,' he answered. She shrugged her shoulders tolerantly. 'That was to have been expected. Most problems of the heart are in the rule of three.'

He frowned angrily and his lips curved in contempt. 'Are you absolutely heartless? Have you no pity for her?' 'Not a great deal. If you were the sort to desert her in a fortnight for a girl who made not the slightest effort to win you, and who told you that she didn't love you. I think, upon the whole, that she is rather well rid of you.'

Lancaster was biting his lips, and he was very angry. 'She is a better woman than you,' he said. 'That may be. But still,' she laughed good naturedly, 'do you think I am bad enough for you to be passing judgment upon me?' 'I do; for you are doing the thing cold-bloodedly, and I—I,' he said, despondently, 'have lost my head.'

She smiled into his eyes. 'You don't want to do that. It is such a handsome head. Lose your heart—it is not worthy nearly so much.'

He turned in his saddle and faced her. 'I am likely to lose more than that,' he burst out, suddenly; 'I am likely to lose my life.'

'Oh! come, she said, 'you are not contemplating falling on the point of your sabre, or drowning yourself in the bay, or superinducing galloping consumption, are you? I have had men do a number of things for me, but never quite that.'

'I am not contemplating doing any of those. I may be a good deal of a fool, but not enough of a one to put an end to myself for a woman who cares nothing for me.'

'Yet that has been done,' she suggested. 'What I meant was—and what I intended to tell you when I asked you to come to day, was that I am going to the war.'

'That was to have been expected, of course. Is your regiment ordered?' 'Not yet, I am especially favored.'

'When do you leave?' 'The day after to-morrow. And now I am going to ask you to promise me something.'

'They had reined in their horses by the dynamite-guns, and sat looking out over the white-capped blueses. 'So that it is not something I can not promise.'

'Not that. I shall leave that until I come back—if I do come back. If I do not—in short, if I am killed—she gave a little shudder; he saw that she did, and repeated—'it I am killed, I shall leave orders that my most treasured possessions shall be sent to you.'

'Do you mean this mare?' 'I mean the mare. It will make me as happy as it would seem I am meant to be, to know that it is die you will have her, and will ride her, and be kind to her. For you are fond of her, too.'

Miss Leeds knit her brows and considered. 'And if I should not?' she said. 'She shall not go to any one else. I will have Dartmoor shoot her on the day that he hears my death confirmed.'

Miss Leeds switched at the skirt of her habit. 'Is there no one else who is fond of her, also?' 'No, he answered.

'But the other girl you told me of?' 'There flashed back upon Lancaster's memory how Dorothy had been wont to stand with her arms around the arched black neck, and her cheek against the warm, soft nose; how the mare had followed her tamely around the garrison, as she would follow no other but himself. Then Miss Leeds turned the sun of her questioning eyes upon him. They were serious now, and their gentle light scattered the mists of memories. She only

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valued, the horse for the master's sake, and the master is no longer anything to her. 'Will you do as I ask?'

A little, ironical smile, the smile of an easy-going cynicism—curled her lips. 'Unto the victor belong the spoils. Yes, if anything happens to you, I will take the horse. But you must not be rash. I believe I prefer your safety to it.'

Two months afterward, Miss Leeds, bending forward to stroke the glossy neck of the black mare that had belonged to Lieutenant Lancaster, turned and glanced up into the face of the man who was riding beside her.

'Who was the girl you bowed to near the gates? The one with the big, sad eyes?'

'It was Dorothy Terence, he told her. Lancaster used once to be engaged to her.'

'No wonder, then, that she looked at me reproachfully. She tried to laugh, but the laughter broke and she grew white as she set the mare into a gallop. 'There may, you know—' she called to him mockingly, above the clatter of the hoofs—'there may lurk the adder of remorse, among the victor's spoils.'—Argonaut.

Printing by X-Ray.

Dr. Frederick S. Kelle describes, in the Electrical Engineer, a process of printing by the aid of the X-ray, which, he thinks, may supersede some of the present methods. He calls it typodigraphy.

One way to prepare the original copy is to print the text with adhesive ink, and then dust metallic powder over it, which will remain only on the printed characters. The copy is next bound up with about 50 thicknesses of sensitized paper and subjected to the action of the Röntgen tube. Twenty blocks of 50 sheets each, Doctor Kelle says, can be arranged simultaneously around a single tube, thus producing a thousand copies of the original with about 10 seconds' exposure.

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BEFORE YOU BEGIN

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Boston, Mar. 9, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, J. R. MacLeod, and Mary Patterson.
Inverness, Mar. 11, by Rev. John Rose, Norman Matheson to Kate Bell McLeod.
Hillside, Mar. 15, by Rev. E. S. Parker, Thomas D. Steeves, to Rebecca Connors.
St. John, Mar. 15, by Rev. George Steel, Stewart McKinney to Annie M. Kennedy.
Halifax, Mar. 15, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Wm. Aiton Russell, and Annie Brown.
River John, Mar. 9, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Mark Bowron, to Annie Matheson.
Bridgetown, Mar. 8, by Rev. F. M. Young, Allen B. Butts to Lillian May Woodland.
North East Harbor, Mar. 4, by Rev. John Philin, Arthur Greenwood to Hattie Bower.
Digby, Feb. 21, by Rev. E. H. Thomas, Shannon E. Blackford to Annie M. McGregor.
Tracyville, Mar. 3, by Rev. Wm. DeWare, Dr. Allan E. Schrier, and Laura Steves.
River John, Mar. 1, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, William Bimson, to Lillian May Joudrie.
Petite Riviere, Mar. 9, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Rufus Wm. Corkum and Lily Maude Paukenham.

DIED.

Chelsea, March 9, Jane Baker, 79.
St. John, March 12, John Kerr, 67.
Halifax, March 10, Eliza Healy, 63.
Sussex, March 15, Peter Philin, 58.
Moncton, March 15, Elmer Burch, 3.
Old Ridge, March 7, Arthur Irvin, 1.
Hantsport, March 7, Freda Trify, 1.
West End, March 14, John Brown, 60.
Granville, Mrs. George McKee, 69.
Turo, March 12, Maria Chambers, 18.
Louisiana, Feb. 18, George Moore, 72.
St. John, March 14, James Brogan, 54.
Milltown, Feb. 26, Lena G. Harmon, 9.
Pictou, March 9, Joseph McDonald, 21.
Truro, March 7, Margie McKinnon, 45.
St. George, March 8, Jacob Phillips, 21.
Kennebec, March 11, John C. Ark, 75.
Rawdon, March 14, John McLaren, 78.
Windsor, March 11, Patrick Rooney, 75.
Nelson, March 10, Mrs. James Flett, 85.
Truro, March 11, Edythe Wynn, 11 mos.
Truro, March 13, Mrs. J. A. Hughes, 33.
Meadowville, March 9, Harry Tilley, 22.
Dumbarton, March 7, Norman McLeod, 2.
Windsor, March 11, William Benedict, 86.
Queenstown, Feb. 26, Marietta Hewlett, 74.
San Francisco, Feb. 26, Malcolm Whitney.
Milltown, March, 6, Geo. Edgar Smith, 23.
T. Wer Hill, March 14, Hugh Gillespie, 13.
Charlotte Co., March 7, Hattie M. Gillis, 7.
Halifax, March 16, Mrs. Lydia Rogers, 26.
New Anna, March 3, William McLeod, 60.
Newport, March 10, Ralph Harvey, 10 mos.
Meadows, March 1 Hiram McLaughlin, 86.
St. Stephen, March 2, Mrs. Mary F. Herlihy, 63.
Falmouth, Feb. 19, Reta Lillian Manning, 6.
St. John, March 19, Jeremiah McCarthy, 68.
St. John, March 19, Mrs. Henry Barker, 27.
Pembroke, March 15, Mrs. Ann Burke, 86.
Edmondston, March 10, Margaret Robertson.
Yarmouth, March 11, Mrs. Charles Cann, 34.
St. John, March 16, Mrs. Moses Kimba, 1, 61.
St. John, March 16, Mrs. Harriet Gibson, 69.
Deer Island, Feb. 28, Mrs. Edward Chase, 80.
St. Croix Cove, March 13, Obadiah Poole, 63.
Hardwicke Village, March 7, John Miller, 63.
Bay du Vin, March 8, Donald McDonald, 51.
St. Stephen, March 10, Mrs. John Webster, 35.
Grand Pre, March 1, Mrs. Emily Stewart, 64.
Beach Point, March 6, Lauretta Herring, 16.
Lower Stewiacke, March 5, Thomas Parker, 82.
Hardwoodland, March 4, George Ferguson, 88.
St. Stephen, March 5, Jeremiah C. Timble, 31.
Hawdonland, March 5, Mrs. Archie Grant, 70.
New Prospect, March 7, Johanna McAleer, 21.
Richmondville, Feb. 25, Marjorie Richardson, 6.
Acadia Mines, March 10, Mrs. Isaac Robblee, 81.
French Village, March 13, Mildred Nickerson, 12.
Clark's Harbor, March 13, Ferguson W. McNutt, 80.
Colchester Co., March 7, Margaret W. McNutt, 80.
Chesler Road, March 4, Mrs. Agnes Redmond, 83.
Gardner's Creek, March 14, William Wallace, 72.

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Annapolis Royal, March 12, Priscilla Marshall, 23.
Hampton, March 12, Mrs. (Judge) Wedderburn, 64.
Wood's Harbor, March 4, Mrs. Colin C. Nickerson.
Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 23, James Robinson Ellis, 80.
Bridgetown, N. S., March 14, Rev. John Cassidy, 66.
Seattle, Washington, March 4, William H. Tedford, 57.
Lebanonville, Deer Island, Feb. 26, James B. Tewkesbury, 89.

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St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 10.00 a.m.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John, 3.45 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).