

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

of course, led to believe the heir to every-thing.

'Now all his friends are hoping that the Gorman fellow will bring it off tonight, show Claude clearly how he stands, and prevent the climax from taking place. Little minx! Just look how she is smiling into his eyes. Hallo! there's Gorman crossing to look after his property. Yes, by Jove! he has the look on his face of a man about to take the plunge.

'Poor Claude, how white he is! had his turn first, and been thrown aside like an old glove. See! he is rushing off like a whirlwind; money wins, hands down.'

Mr. Gorman offered his arm to Vere, who took it with rather a troubled air, and led her across the room to the conservatory, where, with a preliminary cough, he plunged right into his topic.

'Miss Vere, I am sure you must know what it is that I am about to say to you. My attentions during the past month have been marked—very marked.'

Another cough and a short pause to give her time to collect her thoughts, and realize the importance of what was taking place.

Vere was looking anything but happy.

Her eyes had a far-away expression in them, and were dim with unshed tears.

She hardly remembered who was by her side.

'I have now reached a time of life when men marry and settle down,' continued Mr. Gorman slowly, finding that making an offer to an absolutely quiet, speechless individual was not quite so easy as he had imagined. He had made certain that she would jump at his meaning, and help him out with it directly he opened fire, but he found her silence not a little trying. 'And having carefully considered all the ladies of my acquaintance,' he went on, 'I have, after due thought, made my selection.'

'I wish you every happiness,' she replied absent-mindedly. 'When is the wedding to come off, Mr. Gorman?'

He stared at her in perplexity; then a smile dawned on his face.

'Oh, of course, I didn't say anything definite,' he told himself; 'she's too clever to give herself away. Well!—aloud—just as soon as you can be ready, Miss Chetwynd. I have nothing to wait for, so we might fix as early a date as you like. I am also prepared, of course, to make settlements—handsome ones, as Sir George himself said.'

'As I like,' faltered Vere, suddenly awaking from her dream, to realize that the dreaded event was actually taking place, and that, unless she took great care, she would find herself engaged to this man without any volition on her part. 'Why, I—I have nothing whatever to do with it, except to wish that whoever you marry will make you happy, and—and love you, and be happy herself. See, here is my next partner coming to fetch me. I—'

'Sit down for a little longer, please. You do not realize that it is you, Miss Vere, whom I mean to make my wife, and of course, we shall be very happy; that goes without saying. I'm extremely fond of you, and as I'm neither old nor ugly, and able to give you everything you set your heart on, it stands to reason that you will be very fond of me. I've made it all right with your people; they more than approve of our marriage, they are delighted.'

'Oh! pray, pray say no more,' she interrupted hurriedly, 'it can never be. I am very, very grateful to you for the honour you have paid me, but I cannot be your wife. Good-bye.'

Then, before he could collect his thoughts enough to detain her, she had vanished; he was left alone, a prey to some of the most disagreeable emotions he had ever experienced.

Chagrin, disappointment, blank surprise, that any girl, more particularly a penniless orphan of absolutely no importance, should hesitate a moment in availing herself of an offer from him, a millionaire, a man run after by all ranks of society, and who could, if he chose, have a duke's daughter for his wife.

Vere told no one of what had happened, and devoutly hoped that Mr. Gorman would preserve the secret; she had always understood that rejected offers were never alluded to again by either party, but she reckoned without her host.

Mr. Gorman's wounded vanity, and renewed desire to marry her, led him to her uncle's house, first thing in the morning to lay his grievances before the baronet and his wife.

Their surprise and indignation comforted him greatly, and it Sir George had a little private laugh to himself afterwards and chuckled as he murmured: 'Bravo! little girl, you are a true Chetwynd, and I'm proud of you,' he knew even as he said it, that she would never hear the sentiment, never guess that she had his sympathy, but, on the contrary, be driven on to the match by him and his wife, and regardless of her own private wishes.

Not that he would willingly have condemned the girl to life-long misery if he had been able to understand exactly how she felt about it; but a long experience of the world, monetary cares, a large, expensive family, with a light purse, had all combined to knock sentiment out of him.

So, while rather admiring his niece for dreaming of rejecting a millionaire and enjoying a private laugh at that pompous individual's discomfiture, he had no intention of allowing such a chance to slip by. He and his wife talked it over, and determined to patch up the affair and bring it off after all.

'Here is a silly schoolgirl, they declared who does not realize her own position—penniless and dependent—nor the impossibility of our adopting her permanently, nor the few chances of matrimony even pretty girls receive nowadays. We must point out these things and reason with her; she is too sensible not to see how foolishly she has behaved.'

So they smiled on the chagrined millionaire, cheered him with flattery, gave him the freedom of the house, and promised to assist him by all means in their power.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

'But really I cannot understand the young lady,' he protested aggrievedly. 'What can she expect in a husband more than I can offer her?—wealth, unlimited jewels, fine clothes, all that money can procure, and a—without vanity, you know, I can say I am neither old, decrepit nor ugly.'

'Certainly not—far from it,' declared Lady Chetwynd hastily. 'I'm sure that's what we have always said about you. But, my dear sir!—in a lower key, and a certain triumphant ring in her own tone—'don't you think that that may be the very reason of your failure? Vere is a very shy, reserved girl, and quite unconscious of her own loveliness. She has never mixed in the world, never been out of a boarding-school before she came here three months ago to stay with us until her legal guardian, Captain Wintour, returns from his voyage. She has been brought up so simply, so economically, that even our quiet way of living almost frightened her.'

'My idea is, that she has been so accustomed to poverty that your wealth and social importance fill her with dismay. She is awed by a feeling of her own utter insignificance, and oppressed by a fear that you would be throwing yourself away on her. To my thinking her refusal only means "You are so very much greater than I am, that I really cannot be a party to the sacrifice."'

Mr. Gorman's expression gradually changed from perplexed chagrin to pleased acquiescence.

'Upon my life, I believe you are right,' he said, after a short pause for reflection. 'That must be the real solution of the mystery; but we must bring her to see that I really desire her for my wife—that the marriage is for her happiness. I honour her sentiments, but must not allow them to disappoint me.'

Then, much cheered by this new aspect of the case, he made his adieux for that day and departed, whilst Lady Chetwynd, smiling at the millionaire's gross appetite for flattery, went up to her niece's room to try and make her see things in a different light.

Much to her surprise and annoyance, Vere proved refractory.

She cared nothing for wealth, she protested; love in a cottage was her ideal of happiness, and unless one married for love, she didn't see the good of being married at all.

After arguing vainly for an hour, Lady Chetwynd retired, vanquished and very angry, and her husband took her place.

His patience gave way much sooner, and in thirty minutes he was downstairs again, both amused and vexed at the girl's obstinacy.

'Plucky little beggar, you know, by Jove! When you think what most people would do for a million of money, and to see that girl calmly toss it aside like dross, one can't help admiring her for it.'

'One can hardly help shaking her for it!' cried her ladyship, half laughing, half crying, at the strange predicament they found themselves in; 'but, George, dear, do be sensible for a bit. Of course she must be made to give way. Set your wits to work how to bend her obstinate little will, and secure for her one of the best catches in England.'

'Captain Wintour,' announced a lackey, and a tall, handsome man, of nautical appearance, entered the room.

'By Jove! Vere's guardian. You come most opportunely, Wintour. We are at our wits' end how to deal with that self-willed little ward of yours; she simply defies us.'

'What, little Vere? Then she must have changed since I last saw her,' exclaimed the captain in tones of surprise. 'Never knew a prettier or a better child in my life. Why you can guess what I think of her when I tell you I actually wrote to headquarters for permission to take her on my next voyage, and I ran up here today to tell you it's all fixed up—permit arrived this morning. We sail in a week.'

'She'll be the only lady on board, but it is the best I can do for her. You see, I retire after this voyage and then I'll settle down and make a home for her, poor little girl! Seeing how many children you have, I didn't think I ought to burden you with her any longer. Having accepted the office of guardian, and being without a

child of my own I shall find her a godsend after we get used to each other.'

'Self-willed, you say? The little monkey! Well, she'll soon get cured of that complaint on board my ship—no one is allowed to have a say but the captain there and I shan't make an exception even in her case,' with a jovial little laugh. 'But what's the trouble? I'll hear your side first and hers afterwards.'

'Oh, she's a dear good girl, and we are very fond of her,' exclaimed her ladyship truthfully; 'but the fact is, she has just received a splendid offer from an exceedingly wealthy man—he is prepared to make most handsome settlements, and it is really a match anyone might be glad to make. He is only thirty-five, quite passable in appearance, well-educated, and of high moral principles, but would you believe it, the silly girl actually refused Mr. Gorman!'

'What!' interrupted the captain, in great excitement. 'Not Silas Gorman, the millionaire? You don't mean to say—'

'But I do, and it's awfully aggravating!' continued her ladyship. 'You see she has no private means, and you are not rich either—'

'Bless my heart! no. When I retire I shan't have more than five hundred a year and my half pay. Refused Gorman, the little minx! But take me to her. I'll—I'll see about that. You wait a bit, until I've talked to her. I'll bring her round.'

He tried his powers of persuasion, varied by meaningless threats, and ending in a towering passion.

Poor Vere reduced to tears, was still firm in her reply.

She could work for her living if necessary; but marry a man she didn't love—never.

Captain Wintour regarded her meditatively.

Last time he had seen his sister's daughter she was a merry, pretty child of fifteen and had looked upon him as an oracle of wisdom and a hero of romance.

He had never dreamed that such a pretty head could possess such obstinacy.

'I've read of such cases,' he told himself, 'though I can't say I've exactly come across one before; but it's clear to my mind, the harder you drive her the more she'll fight you. It's a question of strategy. Women want managing. In twelve months she shall be Gorman's wife. I'm not going to allow a niece of mine to cut her own matrimonial throat, so to speak, and refuse a man of Gorman's wealth. No—no! So we'll temporize a bit and take things quietly.'

'Well, my dear!—aloud—you can lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink; and you can tell a woman how to find peace and happiness, but you can't make her take it. The question now is this: you haven't any means of your own to live on, and up to twenty-one I'm your guardian and bound to provide for you. Sir George and Lady Chetwynd can't be expected to keep you after this little fiasco, so I'm afraid you'll have to come to sea with me, unless you—'

'To sea?' she replied eagerly. 'Where to, Uncle John—what part?'

'Australia and back.'

'Australia! Oh, how lovely!' with a sudden glow of exquisite color in her cheeks. 'I love the sea and I adore Australia; and to be with you, dear uncle, all the time, artfully putting her arms round his neck and rubbing her soft fair cheek against his rough bronzed one. 'Why it was out there you met with pirates—'

'Hold on, hold on! in mock alarm. That was forty years ago when I was a mere lad. You won't see any pirates there now, I can tell you.'

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

WARNING SIGNS FOR A SAILOR.

Recalled by the Case of One Who Saw an old Gray Rat Leaving the Ship.

Two sailors with their dunnage bags slung over their shoulders followed a shipping agent down a Bangor, Me., wharf the other day to go on board an old lumber hooker that lay waiting for her stores and crew. Just as the party reached the edge of the wharf a great gray rat was seen cautiously and skilfully to make his way along the taut bow hawser from the vessel to the wharf. The first sailor, seeing the rat leave the vessel and scuttle away up the wharf, stopped short in his tracks, dropped his bag and declared:

'That settles it—you don't get me aboard that hooker!'

The sailor's mate, a stupid-looking Swede, coaxed, and the shipping agent argued and swore and threatened, but all to no effect. The superstitious tar wouldn't join the vessel. 'She's as good as gone,' he declared: 'they're all done for when the rats leave 'em,' and he shipped in another vessel. The Swede went along in the rat-deserted schooner, with what luck is not yet known, and even since then the shipping agent has been cursing the superstitious Jacks and telling stories of vessels that have survived all sorts of ill omens.

While the shipping agent was talking away on this subject an old sailor dropped in and took the opposite side of the argument, telling some stories that made all the Jacks in the place feel the need of something warning.

'There,' said the old man, 'was the case of the brig Starlight that lost her second mate. The second mate dreamt the night before she sailed that he saw himself in his coffin, and when he came into Gilgolly's place to take a parting drink with us he told of it, and we advised him to get another berth. He said he guessed it would be all right, but it wasn't. While helping the watch to reef her mainsail the footrope parted under him and that was the last of

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Jimmy.

'There was the bark Solterino, as pretty a little vessel as ever left this port. She sailed on Friday, drawing thirteen feet, and the cook killed a black cat the night before she got away. Some of the men got nervous over all this, and said so, but the mate took a handspike to them, and, being anchored off, with all the boats up and lashed and the harbor full of ice, there was no chance then to leave her. They never got a chance to leave her, for she went down in a northeaster two days out, with all hands.'

'Now a man of sense and with the fear of God in him will get clear of a good deal of hard luck and stay on top of water longer than some of these smart Johnnies. There was Ned Hengler, who had shipped in the brig Rainbow, a gay old West India molasses and rum hooker. Ned, he lived right here in Bangor, and he had good folks, who went to church regular and kept sober. The day before the brig was to sail Ned acted kind of dumpy, and he couldn't tell why. Long toward night he shook the feeling off and started down over the hill from the Hampden road to the river, with his bag on his back. It was a still moonlight night and the tide would serve in a hour from the time Ned started from home. He got half way down the hill, and could hear the tug coming for the brig's hauser, so's to take her up with the rest of the tow. Just then he felt a soft touch on his arm, and turned round. There in the moonlight stood his own old mother—as had been in her grave eight years, and she looked just as natural, Ned said, as when she used to stand in the door bidding him goodbye when he was a young fellow going off to sea. She looked kind of sad and coaxing at him, and led him back over the hill, just as softly as a shadder, and pinto toward home. Then she went out of sight like a puff of smoke. Ned stood there a minute or two, not able to move, and his bag dropped off his shoulder. When he came to himself he felt cold, though it was August. He started for home and when he got there the first thing he did was to say his prayers. The Rainbow sailed without him, and she was never heard from.'

'I remember Tom Scott, as others here remember him, and no one can say but what he was a man of sense. He was the best man that ever sailed out of this place and he could lick any two men in Bangor in a fair fight. He was hard headed as you make 'em, but he wouldn't sail in the old schooner Harvest Home after he had got his dunnage aboard and stowed away and was turned in for the night. Why? Well, he dreamt that it was low water, chuck low water, and that's about the worst thing a sailorman can dream, and he woke up. Then as he lay there thinking it over, he felt a hand passed across his face. First he thought it was a rat's tail for she was full of rats, but the hand came again, soft as a feather, kind of smoothing him like the hand of death. That was enough. Tom turned out got his duds and went ashore quick, while all the rest of them snoring. She sailed in the morning, and the old man raved like Bedlam when he missed Tom, the best hand he had. Tom stayed to home that trip, and well it was for him. They got a stinger from the from the southeast just after the Harvest Home sailed, and all that was ever found of her was some of deckload of pine boards and one of her quarter boards with her name on it. I don't believe in being to fussy, but it pays a man to take a hint once in a while.'

His Own Weapons.

The extraordinary skill with which Sir Edwin Landseer painted animals was due not merely to his mastery of the brush, but also to his intimate knowledge of the animal world.

One of his many talents was the power of imitating to perfection the cry of any creature with which he was familiar.

One day, when the artists happened to be the guest of Lord Rivers, he was requested to go and see a very savage dog that was tied up in the yard. As Land-

seer approached the growling beast, he dropped quietly upon his hands and knees and then, crawling forward, snarled so alarmingly that the dog, overcome with terror, suddenly snapped the chain, jumped over the wall, and was never seen afterward.

Belaying His Jaws.

Shark stories, with some reason, are commonly received with incredulity. A well authenticated anecdote, however, is told of Dr. Grederic Hill, an English surgeon of distinction.

A man fell overboard in the Indian Ocean and almost into a shark's mouth. Hill, who was standing close to the rail, grabbed a belaying-pin, and without hesitation jumped to save the sailor.

The great brute was just turning on his back to bite, when Hill drove the belaying-pin, right through both jaws. Both men were got on board again unharmed.

'Perhaps that fellow won't want another toothpick. Has anyone got a clean shirt to lend? This was my last,' were the only words of the rescuer.

Simple questions.

The beginnings of a new primer have been made by one of our exchanges. The questions may be indefinitely continued by teacher and pupil.

'See the corn in the field. Can the corn walk?'

'No; the corn stalks.'

'See the pretty cake. Does the cake stalk?'

'Never. But you should see a cake walk.'

'I have a rope. Can the rope walk?'

'Yes, if it is taut.'

'The hen is in the garden. Does the hen rise?'

'No, the hen sets.'

'The mercury is in the tube. Will the mercury set?'

'No, my child. Wait until July and see.'

Great Speed.

An extract from the New York Evening Post, of October 2, 1807, may afford some amusement to travellers by water in this last year of the nineteenth century:

'Mr. Fulton's new invented Steamboat which is fitted up in a neat style for passengers, and is intended to run from New York to Albany as a Packet, left here this noon with ninety passengers, against a strong headwind. Notwithstanding which it was judged that she moved through the waters at the rate of "six miles an hour"'

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Great Actor—I propose making a farewell tour of the provinces. What play would you advise?

Critic—Much Adieu About Nothing.