

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

of vanity!" the young artist exclaimed. "Lest Humpty-Dumpty should have a great fall; is that what you fear?" laughed grandfather who seemed to be in a merry mood.

"Yes; for, so far as I am concerned, I do not deserve such praise. As for Miss Marsden—he always called me Miss Marsden to grandfather—it is impossible to paint the rose, and so—"

He paused.

"And so the rose must be flattered to the top of her bent," said grandfather. "How can I be flattered if I am in the superlative of beauty already?" said I clinging to his arm and blushing over my speech.

"Where no flattering tongue can reach you," he laughed.

"My grandfather has a secret about this picture," said I at my next sitting, when the dear old man was called away.

It seemed so natural to make these little confidences to the young artist. I had not even mentioned this to Jeanne—would that I had!

She was very dumb, very unsatisfactory in those days, eyeing me so narrowly that I was even rude enough, once or twice, to ask her—

"What are you staring at, Jeanne?"

"Only taking a look back and forth," I remember she answered once, and—

"And what?" I questioned.

"Nothing," was the answer.

Well, July went its way, and August, with its ripening grain, came in, fierce and hot, its harvest nights dewy and moonlit, the corncries uttering its hoarse cry all the night through, and the scent of the gorgeous flowers drifting in at the open windows like the breath of incense from the grateful earth.

My eighteenth birthday was on the fifth. How was I to know—how was anyone to know, with the days passing by so swiftly, how tragically it was to be ushered in?

My portrait was not yet finished.

There were so many touches, re-touches, and erasures, so much dallying over this and that, on the part of Mr. Maitland.

It was to be a masterpiece of art, he said, and indeed it bade fair to be so.

I was fairly bewitched with my own loveliness.

It was not my face, in its setting of tangled curls under a little mob cap, which looked at me from the easel.

My grandfather was more than satisfied with it at this stage, and tried to hurry on the artist.

But he would not be hurried. "Slow and steady wins the race," my dear sir; so it is with art. "Art is long," says the poet inspiration will not be hastened," he replied, again and again; and so my birthday day came round, and the portrait was still unfinished.

One little day, and I was to come out, as it is expressed; no longer a child, but a maiden, to step into the arena of life—to conquer or be conquered, as Mr. Maitland expressed it, coming round in the golden afternoon to sit with me on the steps leading down into the Lady's Garden, a sweet, flowery tangle of bloom at our feet, the dreamy blue sky over our heads.

To-morrow—well, to-morrow was as nothing to us.

Just the present was enough to be in each other's society, to look into each other's eyes: Not a word of love had passed between us, not a hand pressure.

I give Herbert Maitland his due: he was honorable save in seeking me here in secret, to sit with me on the steps in the cool, secluded garden; guiltless of evil as a child, I sat beside him.

I had laid my guitar down beside me.

We were just sitting in silence—so eloquent to young hearts—when a stately step came through the room behind, where the glass door stood open.

"Letitia! Sir!"

It was my grandfather, in his most stern imperious, unbending mood—a Marsden's mood, a Marsden's hard, unrelenting ring in his voice. I had never heard the like in his tone before.

We were on our feet in an instant.

"Child, go to your chamber! And you sir, leave my house!"

So the flats were hurled at us.

A white heat of wrath seemed to shine on the dear old handsome face.

"Grandfather, grandfather!" I pleaded.

I had no other word to say, in my bewildered alarm, shame and confusion; I tried to clasp his hand, but he shook me off.

"Go! do my bidding, you perfidious child!" in that consecrated tone of his, which he had never used to me before.

"Nay, sir, perfidy is not the word to hurl at either of us. I own, on my part, I overstepped the—"

So far spoke my lover, "your unworthy lover," as my grandfather termed him later on, casting the words at me with contempt and scorn.

So far he spoke, when the other hard, imperious voice stopped him.

"Silence, sir, and leave my house!"

My grandfather drew out his purse.

I heard the clink of gold, the sound made by the other casting it from him on to the steps, and I hurried away.

Indeed, my grandfather pushed me, as if he had not been a man of culture and courtesy, and I had been but a milkmaid. Alas! How I wished I had been in that estate, looking out of my bedroom window, when I had looked myself in, and seeing Alice Lee, our dairyman's pretty daughter, meeting Jack Kay, her lover, openly, in the sunny meadow, the smile of conscious happy love on her face.

He that is down need fear no fall, says a quaint writer.

Would that I were down, I mused, watching them, it being down meant such unalloyed bliss as that.

Would that Alice were here at the Hermitage, and I—ah! but I loved the Hermitage, loved my grandfather; and indeed high or low, I had done no harm.

There was no need of changing places with anyone, I decided, and would not

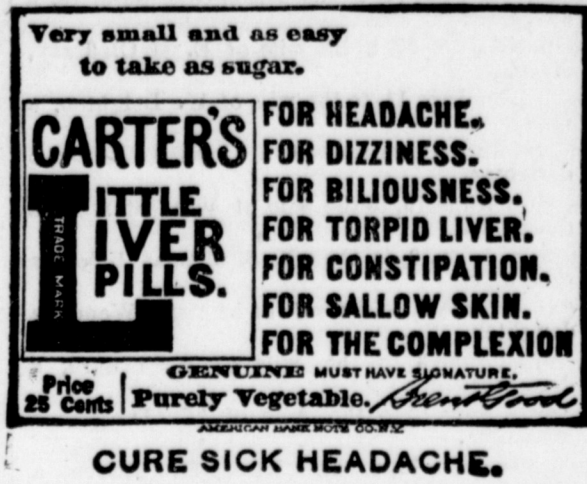
ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



open the door when Jeanne came to help me dress for dinner.

CHAPTER IV.

The shadows were creeping here and there outside.

The after-glow lay on the hill-tops, a hush falling upon the earth.

It was a warm, brooding evening, the air fragrant with the scent of flowers, when my grandfather himself came and knocked at my door, as I still sat at my window, musing.

"Letitia," said he, a name I never remembered his calling me before, "Letitia, I insist upon your coming down to dinner, and at once."

These were his words in that new hard tone, which, somehow, awed me.

I had never disobeyed him before—that is, openly set aside a command of his; there had indeed, been no temptation to do so.

Our wills hitherto had been as one in the close union of such love as ours.

I did not go against him now; I bathed my eyes, smoothed my tangled hair, and descended, eluding Jeanne's enfolding arms and kisses as I passed her outside my room, for I was perversely defiant.

I was a Marsden maiden, with a Marsden temper.

The servants took off the covers from the dishes and withdrew, as if knowing a storm was brewing; but dinner was partaken in silence, I, pouting, and eating almost nothing, at my end of the table; grandfather, at his, erect, handsome—a Marsden of the Marsdens, was he, indeed, that evening; but oh! how I loved him, how I wanted to throw myself into his arms and tell him all!

Nay, I could not quite do that. What maiden ever could pour out the whole story of her love to another?

At last he spoke.

"Letitia, I forbid you holding converse with that man again."

"Grandfather, I love him, and I know he loves me; but—"

"You may well screen your unmaidenly confession behind a but, you perverted child! Our Marsden maidens were ever wont to be more reticent over their love, even when a worthy love."

"And mine is worthy, grandfather."

"Peace!—stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret pleasant to the taste; but that does not make either worthy, or honorable."

"Grandfather, you do not understand. It would only hear me!" I pleaded.

"No, Letitia, I will not hear you unsex yourself—and more, child; the secret I intended to keep till to-morrow, your birthday. I will tell you now. You are not your own to throw away upon any scampish dauber of paint that comes along and bewitches your romantic fancy, for you are promised to another, and that other a worthy man."

"I will not marry him. He can't be a worthy man to steal a girl's hand in that clandestine way before he is sure of her heart," blurted out my ready tongue.

"He is worthy; it's your Cousin Oliver. His father and I settled it for you both, when you were but boy and girl."

"Well, if he's coward enough not to rebel, I will. And what is he? Only an Australian sheep farmer, and thirty years of age."

He was the heir who was to step into the estate, but I had never seen him, so far as I could remember.

The betrothal, my grandfather went on to say, had been by proxy—he in Australia a lad of twelve, with a brother of his mother's; I here, a mite of a flower bud, not many months old.

It was hard, cruel, unjust, to him as well as to me.

I did not say this to my grandfather, but fell back upon my first plea, unmaidenly though it sounded.

"I love Mr. Maitland, and he loves me," I declared again.

You love the snake in the grass, that has stung me in the most vulnerable part, by spoiling my little girl's life."

My grandfather was obdurate and hard as the upper and nether mill stones together.

It would break my heart to think that, when I sleep with my fathers, you would

not be mistress at the old Hermitage. Now, choose between the Hermitage, an honourable husband, and my dying blessing, or ignominy and my—"

I put my fingers into my ears and did not hear the end of the hard, cruel speech. But I could not cast away the love of a life time the dear old man had lavished so freely upon me, so I bowed my head and went out from dinner—the most miserable girl alive—up to my room.

I stole thither in a roundabout way, so as to elude Jeanne, and went out upon the steps leading to the garden.

It was here I had parted from my lover, and here he now sat, his elbows on his knees, his head bowed on his hands.

At the sound of my step he rose.

"Dearest, I could not leave without a word of good bye. So, as I had left something behind in packing, I returned, and, the servants being busy with dinner, I entered by the front door: and afterwards stole through the corridors to wait for you here."

"Dearest!"

The words thrilled me.

And I was to be that to another—promised away, without will or choice of my own.

"Was it worth doing?" said I drearily.

"Doing what?"

"Stealing through the house like a thief."

My words came back to me afterwards.

"Letitia, you little dream what I would not do for you, to speak like that."

"Don't!" I cried, and gave a little sob. "I can never be dearest to you; I am promised to another."

I felt him start, for he held my hand.

What mattered a hand clasp now, when a parting for ever and ever was so near?

And yet, with the hopefulness of youth, I deemed he might see some way of saving me from my doom.

I told him of my Cousin Oliver, of the promise of our elders binding us together, of my grandfather's obduracy.

"Letitia," said he, "there is but one thing for you to do."

"And that?" I questioned shortly, for I did not like his tone.

"Obey the fond old man who has cherished you with such deep affection, that your days may be long in the land. It were not worth going against the Divine decree to have it otherwise; and we know, by what comes after, who has placed us in this land, stretching out so drearily in our lives. Waste it may be, but ours to live in."

"Do you mean we must never be anything more to each other?"

"Yes."

A cold, passionless "Yes," as if he had no part nor lot in the matter.

"Now, dearest, good bye."

He pressed a cold kiss on my forehead; there was no heart, no emotion about him.

My maiden heart rose in rebellion; but for pride's sake, I should have cried—

"You do not love me! You never loved me! You have only been trifling with me."

But pride froze my tears even.

Ah! well, it were better so.

I shivered, and tried to draw my hand away; but he held it.

Was he relenting?

No, no; he let it go at last, with a hard pressure, and went leaping away through the garden to the wall, swung himself up by the ivy, and down the other side.

And this was to be the end of all.

"Oh! grandfather, you are cruel, you are cruel!" I cried, when I realized what "all" meant.

Oh! my love, my love!

It had been so sweet, so pleasant a thing; and he had won it, and yet had resigned it thus tamely.

He must have loved me—he must, indeed—or I should not have given my maiden love unsought.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

Woman's Welfare

Paine's Celery Compound.

Gives and Maintains a Perfect Condition of Bodily Health.

The great susceptibility of women to nervousness and worry is heightened by the fact that, in the majority of cases they lead confined and monotonous lives, narrowed down to the four walls of home the greater part of the day.

Paine's Celery Compound is just what such nervous and depressed women need to restore their nerves to energy and to lift them out of their constipated, dyspeptic habit of body.

No other remedy known to medical men is so rich in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents for women as Paine's Celery Compound. It is also a strange and unfailing regulator, keeps the blood pure and rich, and maintains an even condition of good health that makes a woman contented and happy. Mrs. Wilcox, of Creemore, Ont., writes as follows:

"For years I have suffered from constant sick headache and nervousness. At times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks. I have tried many medicines and doctored a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I obtained from Paine's Celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel healthier and fresher than I have been for years."

Mailed By Skeletons.

In the fall of 1895 the schooner Pioneer, a sealer of Victoria, B. C. was posted as missing. She was under the command of

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Capt. Lock, and with the rest of the fleet was on the way home from Bering sea when lost. The last reported about her she was a hundred miles northwest of Vancouver Island.

Since that time no tidings of the ill-fated schooner had been received until today, when word reached Victoria from Quatsino Sound that the Indians there are holding a big funeral potlatch for the Siwash aboard the vessel.

The Indians claim that the schooner has been picked up derelict, with masts and rudder gone, and also say that the floating hulk carried a grewsome crew, the skeletons of the captain, surrounded by his white and Siwash crew, being found aboard. It is hard to obtain from the Indians, whose knowledge of English is limited, where they obtained their information, but they are satisfied of the truth of the story, as is abundantly demonstrated by the extremes to which they have gone in their lament for the dead. Some of them claim to have seen the schooner and the bodies aboard. The women, especially those related to the Siwash aboard the Pioneer, have scratched their faces and lacerated their bodies in a terrible way. The latest information was that the sorrow dance, as this ceremony is called, is still in progress, and that the mutilation is continuing unabated.

A MOST UNUSUAL MAN.

The Agent of a Chicago Firm Tells of His Queer Experiences in New York.

"I must have been born under an unusual star, one of the sort that are jolted from fixed orbits about once in a thousand years, because my experiences are never like those of any one whom I know," said the New York agent of a Chicago firm. "I was walking down Gold street with a friend on April 1 when we saw a pocket-book on the sidewalk."

"Not on your life," said my friend as he passed by, but I picked it up. It contained \$60 in notes, and although I advertised it, no owner appeared. Every other pocketbook lying idle on a New York street that day had a string attached to it.

"My life has been filled with contrary incidents of this sort. An acquaintance who had occasionally borrowed money from me came to me two years ago and said:

"Old man, you have always been white to me and I want to do you a favor. I can't pay back the money I owe you, but I have a straight tip that is worth more. It is inside information. Rake up all the money you can and buy this stock."

"I knew no more about stocks than a child and I had never heard that straight tips sometimes failed. I bought the stock and sold it at 60 points profit. That was unusual, eh?"

"Now, yesterday my office boy came to me and said:

"Sir, my grandmother died yesterday and I want to get off this afternoon to attend the funeral."

"I always read the comic papers and I said: 'Wait a minute, my boy, and I'll see about it.' I looked in my newspaper and found that the home team was going to play a strong Western team that afternoon. My experience is unusual experience some how never teaches me anything, so I said: 'William, are you sure your grandmother is dead?'"

"Sure," said he, "Casey, the undertaker, put her on ice yesterday."

"And has she never been buried before?"

"William looked at me as he thought my mind was wandering."

"Never that I know of sir."

"Are you going to sit on the bleachers, Willie?" I asked.

"Naw, I'm going to ride in the kerriage with the folks."

"He's deeper than I thought, I concluded."

"Well Willie you may go [this time] and see the game," said I, "but don't bury your grandmother again this season."

"Willie told the elevator boy [that] the old man was gettin' 'dotty' and off he went. Now it does seem strange, but Willie's grandmother was buried that afternoon

and Willie not only went to the funeral but his 'kerriage' was upset and he was taken to the hospital with a broken arm. I have just been up to see him and I am so penitent at my jibes about Willie's grand mother to whom he was really attached, that I have had him removed to a private room and I'm going to pay all his expenses. Willie never went to a ball game in his life. Now did you ever hear anything stranger than that? I am certainly the most unusual man of my acquaintance."

Happily Taken for a Crank.

North American Indians always treated with great kindness the insane and the feeble minded, believing that they would be punished for any injury to persons so unfortunate. Gen. Strong tells how this belief of the Indians enabled Prof. Hayden of the United States Geological Survey to escape from a dangerous predicament.

One day, after having filled his saddle bags and pockets with pieces of various kinds of rock, the professor found that he had wandered far from his party, and started in search of them. Seeing some men on horseback, and supposing that they were his friends, he rode toward them, but to his horror, discovered that they were Indians.

Knowing that he was in the country of hostiles he turned his horse and attempted to escape. But his saddlebags and every pocket were full to overflowing, as was also the tin box containing bugs and insects which hung at his side. Thus handicapped he made but poor headway. The Indians soon overtook him and in sign language ordered him to dismount.

They proceeded at once to make an inspection of his possessions. He had nothing with which to defend himself, his outfit being a pocketknife, hammer, chisel and watch. These they took and then began to plunge their hands into his pockets, bringing them out filled with rock specimens.

Again and again they did this, until pockets, pouch and saddlebags were all emptied. As the pile of stones increased upon the ground beside him the Indians burst into loud laughter. Finally they opened the tin box, and when they saw nothing in that but bags and other insects they quickly closed it, and, looking at one another, and then very closely at Prof. Hayden, they touched their foreheads and made the sign signifying crazy.

Then they gave back all his things, even picking up the specimens and replacing them carefully in his pockets, pouch and saddlebags, and in the sign language told him to mount his horse and go on.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

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W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 187 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, M. St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

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