

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

earnest as he was himself, upbraiding him at the same time for not falling in love with Lady Clevedon.

The advent on the scene of Chandos Kain suggested to the discarded suitor a pleasant little means of revenge, of which he was quick to avail himself, little guessing the actual misery he was causing in return for his own little bit of suffering.

He was not a bad hearted fellow, take him all in all; but he was narrow-minded, rather selfish, and intensely vain—which failings stood him in place of active cruelty and worked quite as much harm.

Olive and Chandos started on their 'artistic' agreement during dinner that first evening of his at Thurleston.

The Willoughbys, openly deceived by Kain's acting—if acting it were—rejoiced over his 'conversion,' for they had looked on him as a confirmed bachelor.

Lady Clevedon was interested in her own sad little way, her own love story being as fresh in her memory as the grass which grew on her husband's grave.

But Rosedale 'gloomed' ominously when he saw what was going on.

As Kain had told Olive, Rosedale and he were old friends.

Rosedale knew all about the 'Sylvia' episode, which some fiend from below now whispered him to make use of, should the girl who had refused himself as a husband show signs of intending to bestow herself on Chandos Kain.

Olive sang after dinner.

She had a sweet and well trained soprano voice, which was more than pleasant to his tenor.

Kain volunteered to accompany her on the piano.

When she was tired of singing he played to them, and Olive retired to a corner and studied his face more thoroughly than she had yet had a chance of doing.

He was undeniably good-looking without being largely intellectual.

His forehead had more width than height; his brows were neither straight nor arched, but full of mental strength, which was slightly contradicted by the small straight nose—mere artistic than strong—and by the rounded easy going chin; but as these, in their turn, were balanced by the tolerably firm mouth, the entire features gave one the impression of being well proportioned from a mental point of view.

To sum up—as Olive Granger learned to do when she knew him better—it was the face of a man who, though capable of passion, would never entirely lose his head; a man in whom imagination and reason so constantly fought for the mastery, that they had become secret allies while appearing only well-matched opponents; a man to whom no woman need fear to trust her life's happiness, if—important if—she was sure of his love, and he of hers.

Meanwhile, he and she—for these two were destined to be sure of each other's love—began their game of playing with fire, like a couple of children, and enjoyed themselves immensely as long as they were able to pretend that they were only playing.

When everybody had had enough music, they all went out to look at the moon, Amy leading the way with Rosedale, and followed by Lady Clevedon and Jack.

Jack had known Sir Eric Clevedon intimately, and Sir Eric's widow liked talking to people who had known her dead lover husband.

'Let them get on a bit; there is no hurry,' said Chandos, as he slowly wrapped a white fleecy scarf about Olive's head and shoulders. 'There! Come and look at yourself. I call it most becoming.'

The hazel eyes laughed as they met the brown ones.

'You will make me vainer than I am already, and I assure you it is not necessary.'

'No? I think I want to differ from you, though I hate doing so.'

'That is very sweet of you. Go on, please; that sort of thing agrees with me remarkably well. I really think I could be perennially amiable if everybody talked like that.'

'I don't want you to be amiable to other people—at least, not to other men. Why don't you like Rosedale?'

'What an abrupt change of subject! Come outside and I will tell you. The tide must be just high; it will look lovely under this moon.'

They went on the terrace, and thence to a sort of lawn, where grass refused to grow, except in patches; and thence again through a little gate to the rocks beneath, where Olive seated herself, and gazed up at the moon.

Kain reclined at her feet, and looked at her until he grew jealous of the silver orb.

'Olive!'

She started, and looked at him questioningly.

'Do you think you ought to call me that—yet? In books people rarely use each other's Christian names until they are engaged.'

'Oh, yes, they do, in my books! You must have noticed it if you have done me the honor to read any of them.'

'I think I read them all. But the fact you mention has escaped my notice.'

'Dip into them again when you have nothing better to do, and you will see that I have not misled you. It is more artistic, and, therefore, more true to nature to do nothing suddenly. Nature takes her time about everything.'

'Except storms and sudden death,' murmured Miss Granger.

'Pardon me, storms are never sudden. To anyone capable of understanding the signs, there is always some warning. Animals always know when a storm is at hand in time to seek a place of shelter. As to sudden death, there is no such thing. It may seem sudden to us, who have always an impenetrable veil drawn between us and futurity; but Nature has been secretly working for some time on the failing heart, or at the canes which produce what we call accident.'

'I tell you Nature is never sudden; therefore I, as one of her humbler worshippers, try hard to imitate her in my work.'

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

When two people meet who are destined to love each other, they have, all unconsciously, been preparing for that meeting and that destiny ever since they came into the world—perhaps long ago before.

'The average intellect refuses to grasp this fact, therefore it becomes the duty of every writer of fiction to suit his or her work to the intellectual powers of the average reader. In causing hero and heroine to love, as it were, suddenly, and to discover that love suddenly, both art and Nature are severely outraged. I, aiming at being a true artist in my work, endeavor to correct this grievous fault to which my brethren are so prone. Therefore I allow my hero and heroine to become intimate by gradual stages instead of at one bound. You follow my meaning?'

'Perfectly. You would, I understand, do away with your poor readers' chief joy an unexpected and passionate love-scene. If you only knew how delicious it is to have two people conversing in a strictly conventional manner, and calling each other 'Mr. Brown' and 'Miss Smith' on one page, and then, on turning the leaf to find Miss Smith in 'Mr. Brown's' arms, receiving his ecstatic kisses, and thrilling at the tenderness in his tone, as he addresses her as his 'darling Amanda,' and begs her to turn prose into poetry by giving him, in her sweet voice, his baptismal appellation of 'Alonso'!'

'You are cruel beyond forgiveness!' declared Kain, when he had finished laughing. 'I wonder if it is possible for you to be serious for five minutes at a time? But about Rosedale? You promised to tell me.'

'Oh, yes. Well, I adore him, and he won't look at me; therefore I pretend to ignore him.'

'Which, being interpreted, means that you have snubbed him, and so he ignores you in order to pretend that he does not care. When did it happen?'

'You think you are very clever, no doubt, Mr. Kain, just because you write books and so on. I fancy you are inclined to be a bit conceited.'

'If so, the inclination is more than likely to expire for want of nourishment while I am with you. I wish you would be the Olive of my story instead of the Olive known to your world.'

'Meaning that—'

'My Olive is all that is sweet and lovable.'

'And I am not? Well, but—pray put me right if I am wrong—I was under the impression that you desired to study my character, in order to be true to your beloved Nature, as you purpose making me heroine of your tale.'

'Quite so; only, I repeat, my Olive is—must be—all that is sweet and lovable. She cannot help herself, though she may try to appear otherwise for reasons unworthy of her.'

'You had better take off your 'ideal' spectacles, Mr. Kain, and see me as I am; it will save you disappointment in the future.'

'Pardon me, if I prefer to please myself; pardon me also, if I beg you to remember that my Olive should not waste the precious hours in open abuse of her unlucky Chandos. It is by no means an artistic manner of leading up to one of the impassioned love scenes which you own to enjoying.'

'Forgive me!—she turned laughing, mocking eyes on him—I really was forgetting my part. I will try now to be as sweet as—'

'As you are to the man called Tom,' suggested Kain, feeling in his heart the dawn of violent hatred to the absent Tom.

'Quite so,' agreed Olive demurely. 'Isn't it lovely? This nice high tide and that dear wicked moon looking down so innocently on us, as though wilfully shutting her eyes to the fact that all dreadful things are going on in other parts of the world.'

'If she is guilty of doing that, the moon must be very human. I prefer to think that she has attained unto such a height of philosophy that she does not trouble her cool, old head concerning either good or evil, knowing it will be all the same a hundred years hence.'

'But will it? We must all leave our footsteps behind us—our impress in the irrevocable past.'

Kain looked at her; he generally was

looking at her—to his great content; but this particular look held something of surprise.

He was beginning to suspect that this apparently frivolous young woman had a soul—a sweet serious soul—hidden away from the public gaze under the careless exterior which was all of her that the general public were permitted to see.

Why was she revealing this hidden treasure to him thus early in their friendship?

Was it truly and only in the interests of art, or because she could not help herself?

'Olive!'

She did not start this time, even though his fingers had clasped hers.

'Well?'

'Say "Well, Chandos?" We shall get on better when you have broken the ice thus far.'

Her face was turned from him; he would have given a great deal to have been able to see it as she murmured with a shyness that was real or assumed—he could not decide which—

'Well—Chandos?'

He sighed with a carefully exaggerated joy.

'That is heavenly!'

'Yes? You were going to ask me something?'

'To be sure. I want to know what were your thoughts at that moment?'

'I am to speak the truth.'

'Of course! My Olive must always speak the truth.'

'Well, I was thinking—'

'Yes darling? Don't be afraid!'

'I—don't think—I—am—afraid exactly. I was wondering—mind, you insisted on having the truth—I was wondering if there are any fish in this big pool just below!'

As her laugh rang out wickedly he wondered whether he liked her better with a soul or without one!

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

ETHICS OF DRAW POKER.

A Veteran Sporting Man's Uncomplimentary View of the Game.

'Is it possible for a man to learn to play?'

was asked of a veteran sport the other day.

'Of course it is,' he snorted. That is, it is possible for some people. The man

with sporting blood in his veins and without too much regard for ethics in his composition can learn to play poker. This

talk about everything being in the cards you hold is all rot. I have seen a man lay down three aces to a pair of deuces, and that certainly demonstrates that there

is more in playing poker than the value of the hand. Of course such a thing as that would not be possible where the limit was

about the size of the pot, but then a good poker player steers clear of any such sketches as that. It places the sport on

the same level with the sucker, and there is no chance for a man to display his skill

or knowledge of the game.

'It is easy enough to spot a sucker,' he continued. 'He can come into the game with as much of a swagger as the can

muster, but he will show his weakness inside of ten minutes, and then he will have more trouble on his hands than he can take

care of in a year. He is slow about getting his ante to the centre of the table, and if the cards run against him he is

always cursing his luck and making things generally unpleasant for the players. If

he gets a good hand he crows over his winnings until the others get sore. You

can always tell whether he has a good hand or not, for he has never learned the value of self control and his exultation is

always evident. He never has the slightest idea of the percentage he stands of winning, and is always coming in on short

pairs. That is where he loses. He can't wait for fortune to come to him, and he is always trying to 'bull his luck.' He will

chip away more money in two hours than a good player would in two days.

'Watch the contrast between the sucker and the trained sport. The latter comes and sits down to the table quietly and

without any fuss. He 'skins' his cards carefully, and keeps an eye on every play around the board. No one ever has to

tell him to ante, and he never holds a 'post mortem' to see what he might have got. He may not make a move for half an hour

but when he gets out on a play he will break some one's heart, either on a bluff or with a hand that the devil himself could

not beat.

'Is it right to cheat? Well, you are getting too personal. I won't admit that I would do such a thing, but if there is

any crooked work going on I am going to have my share of the proceeds or know the reason why. This talk about 'a gentlemen's game' is all a dream. If a man

plays poker and keeps at it he is going to be a party to something crooked, whether he plays at a fashionable club or in a wine

room at the back of a saloon. For my own part I prefer to play in a hard game, where something is liable to be pulled off, for I know that I have to look out for

myself. Humanity is reduced to a moral level when it comes to gambling, and while some of these silk stockings may prate about their honor and all that it is only their fear of being found out that keeps them from being as crooked as

any longshoreman, provide of course that they need the money.

'A man can't have too squeamish a re-

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gard for ethics or conscience if he is going to play poker. If I see cheating going on I merely declare myself in. If I see a dirty card thrown or catch a man holding out I think my proper course would be to hum gently to myself and say, as if I were crooning a lullaby, 'I want a slice of that. I think I will have a slice of that, for the reason that it is too good to pass up.' Then the man who turned the trick would be pretty apt to give me the wink; I would get a divvy for preserving the peace.

'Now, I admit that I could get up and make a great roar. I could slam my cards on the table and protest that I was a Kentuckian and a gentleman, and that, begad, sah! I would tolerate nothing of the sort in a game wherein I was sitting. What would be the result? The gambler would say I was mistaken, the sucker would get sore and say he had been robbed, and I would get nothing for my share. What would I do if the sucker was a friend of my mine, whom I had taken up to the game? Such a case would never come up, for the reason that I never take a friend to a poker game. I always go up alone and come down alone. Poker is no place for friendship. Damon and Pythias would never have been heard of if the two chums had ever sat down to a game of draw.

'There are a good many ways of turning a crooked card. The cold deck is fairly successful, but it has to be done by an artist, and even then it is dangerous. Marked cards don't go with sports, for the decks are changed too often, when the stakes are high. The best methods are by stacking the cards and holding out. It takes a good man to do the former, and there are times when he falls down and gives his opponents more than he intends to. Holding out is the easiest, for the reason that the others always have to look out for themselves and see what they hold. A good many sorts of mechanical devices have been invented for holding out, and I have seen some poker players who were really walking pieces of machinery. The 'bug,' as it is called, is the most frequently used, because it is so simple. It is nothing but an almost invisible slit at the edge of the table, where cards can be slipped in until they are wanted. It is a dangerous thing to bump up against, and it can be run by a good man until further orders without a show of detection.'

Lincoln's Strange Wooing.

Lincoln's wooing and wedding are of so peculiar a nature that they deserve notice in the annals of his remarkable life, as throwing a side-light upon one aspect of his character with which the general public is wholly unfamiliar. This peculiarity can only be explained by his disordered state of mind when he became acquainted with Miss Mary Todd in 1839. His wooing was a series of morbid misgivings as to the force of his affections, of alternate ardor and coolness, advances and withdrawals, and every variety of strange language and freakish behavior, continued until the appearance of his omnipresent political rival, Douglas, in the field of love gave it the much-needed matrimonial impetus. But when, after several months of courtship, the wedding day arrived, the bride waited vainly amid her silks and flowers for the recalcitrant lover. Friends discovered him on the morrow, hidden in an out-of-the-way corner, if not insane, at least sunken in one of those absorbing fits of despondent gloom from which he suffered at that time. Months later, when he was quite recovered, the wedding took place, this time with much less ostentation, thanks to the former ridiculous performance.

A Literary Statesman.

American statesmen, have as a rule, been men of marked literary proclivities, who have surrounded themselves with libraries of great value. To this rule there is one notable exception in the gifted Andrew Jackson, whose list of books ranged from Barlow's 'Columbad' to a small edition of the 'Devil on Two Sticks,' and included both a copy of Penny Encyclopaed-

ia and Mrs. Gaston's Cook Book. The celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke was his very antithesis, and in his love for books and literary allusions involved himself in many acrimonious disputes, one of which resulted in his famous duel with Clay. The duellist arose from a comparison of Clay and Adams as a coalition to that of Bluff and Black George in Fielding's novel, 'Tom Jones,' which Randolph referred to as a combination unknown until then of Paritan and Blackleg. His reading was extensive, but of a rambling nature; he had a few favorites, though he could not stand 'Tom Moore's' sentimental ditties, [which were all ideal and above Nature.] The poet himself he described as a wit, and a spruce, drapper little fellow. Randolph was unchangeable in his literary views, steadfast in believing himself incapable of error in such matters, carrying his conviction so far that he actually dismissed his doctor upon his deathbed because the latter disagreed with him about the pronunciation of certain words.

Henry Clay's First Public Speech.

Henry Clay as a young man was extremely bashful, although he possessed uncommon brightness of intellect and fascinating address, without effort making the little he knew pass for much more. In the early part of his career he settled in Lexington, Va., where he found the society most congenial, though the clients seemed somewhat recalcitrant to the young lawyer. He joined a debating society at length, but for several meetings he remained a silent listener. One evening after a lengthy debate the subject was being put to a vote when Clay was heard to observe softly to a friend that the matter in question was by no means exhausted. He was at once asked to speak, and, after some hesitation, rose to his feet. Finding himself thus unexpectedly confronted by an audience, he was covered with confusion, and began, as he had frequently done in imaginary appeals to the court: 'Gentlemen of the jury.' The titter that ran through the audience only served to heighten his embarrassment, and the obnoxious phrase fell from his lips again. Then he gathered himself together and launched into a peroration so brilliantly lucid and impassioned that it carried the house by storm, and laid the cornerstone to his future greatness; his first case coming to him as a result of this speech, which some consider the finest he ever made.

A CARD.

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Tharper—And how are you two getting on together?

Hornbill—I've tried everything to make my wife happy, but it seems no use.

Tharper—You haven't tried suicide yet.