

## Her Sister's Secret

I had vowed never to enter the Dormers' house again but when they sent word that Maisie was dying I went there as fast as a bansom could carry me. We had always been such friends, the child and I.

She was propped up in bed with pillows, and her pretty face was pale and drawn, but she smiled when she saw me. I took her wasted hand in mine, and kissed her cheek.

'I was sure you would come,' she said in a faint, pleased voice.

'Of course,' I answered; 'of course, my dear child.' She was only 14. 'There's no quarrel between you and me.' We had remained good friends when the rest of the family cut me dead.

'We never have quarrels,' she said, holding my hand tightly. 'There is not much time to quarrel now. You won't will you, Fred?' I shook my head. A lump in my throat kept me from speaking. 'Promise me before I tell you something.'

'My poor little Maisie!' I cried brokenly. 'I promise.' She had been a pet of mine since she was toddling baby and I a big, awkward boy.

'It is very secret,' she said in a slow far-off voice. 'My dear, it is only for Fred.' Her mother shook up the pillow and seemed unable to speak.

'You know I would do anything for you, little girl,' I said soothingly. Her bright eyes brightened, and she nodded, but the smile died gradually away.

'Turn me over a little,' she entreated, 'and pull the corner of the pillow over my face. I can't tell you it you look at me.' So I turned her very gently, but she still said nothing.

'Well, May?' I asked.

'You used to be fond of me?'

'I am fond of you. I shall never have anyone to replace you dear.'

'Suppose I had done something dreadful—something that hurt you?'

'I should know that you could not help it.'

'Something mean?' her voice almost broke.

'You couldn't.'

'Ah, but suppose I had?'

'Then, I said firmly, 'I should know that it was just a slip, like we all make—like I make sometimes. I should not blame you, little one.' I stroked her long silky hair and thought how I should miss her I had never fully realized before how fond I was of my fanciful little friend.

'Will you promise to forgive me, dear Fred?' she asked pleadingly.

'It there is anything to forgive.'

'There is.'

'Then, whatever it is I forgive you. So you need not tell me now.'

'I must,' she said resolutely. 'It is about you and Lucy—when you—'

'Yes?' Lucy was her elder sister. We had been engaged.

'You wrote her an explanation—a satisfactory explanation.'

'Apparently she did not think so, she never answered the letter that I have you to deliver.'

'She never had it,' said Maisie with a sob.

'Maisie!'

'I—I kept it.' She buried her face in the pillow. I was too astonished for words, but I kept stroking her hair. 'I read it first. Then I burned it.'

'But—why?'

'Because I was a coward,' she sobbed—'because I—oh! Fred, forgive me! Don't despise me more than you can help.' A light flashed into my mind. I bent over and kissed her cheek.

'My little Maisie!' I said tenderly. 'My poor, loving, little girl.' You cared as much as that for me?

'I thought perhaps, if you didn't marry Lucy, and we were good friends and I grew up—oh, Fred, I shan't grow up now! I put my arms round her and held her close to me.

'If you get well, May,' I said, 'and grow up, I shall like you better than anybody.' She laughed faintly. 'I believe I always did.' I wiped her eyes.

'I shan't,' she said. 'So—you will like her again, now, won't you?'

'I hesitated. My affection for Lucy died a natural death. It had never been very deep. Neither, I fancied, had hers for me.

'Time will prove,' I said slowly. 'I doubt if she—'

'She does,' said Maisie.

'Has she told you so?'

'Yes.'

'I frowned. 'You have not told her—about the letter?' She shook her head.

'Then I never will. It is useless your asking me to do so.'

'I do not ask you to. I am not brave enough.' She buried her face. 'I want them to think well of me,' she cried pitifully, 'when—when I—'

'Oh, Maisie, don't!' The tears were in my eyes.

'But you will be good to her? You will make it up, won't you? You need not tell her about me—only say that you are sorry and want to be friends. Then you can be engaged again, and—and—some day—' her lips quivered.

'Marry her?' She nodded. 'But if I no longer care for her? If I know that I can never love her as I could love? My dear little playfellow and friend I am not half so fond of Lucy as I am of you.'

'Ah!' She looked at me with big, deep eyes. 'I am only a child. There are different kinds of fondness, dear Fred.' The wistful affection in the child's face touched me to the heart and I kissed her frail hands.

'Get better little, one and see,' I said brokenly. Then we sat in silence for a long time holding hands.

'I am getting sleepy, Fred,' she murmured. 'Kiss me.' I kissed her several times, and she went smilingly to sleep,

with her cheek against my arm and her hand in my hand. Mrs. Dormer came in, but I sat motionless for several hours until the child's grasp relaxed, and I could draw myself away without waking her.

'I shall come tomorrow morning,' I whispered. He mother nodded constrainedly, and I went out on tiptoe. Lucy met me at the bottom of the stairs.

'I have something to tell you,' she said, 'if you will spare me a minute.' I bowed and followed her into the empty dining room. She sank into an arm chair by the fireside, and I stood by the mantelpiece, looking down upon her. It seemed strange to me to be so near her and so indifferent to the fact. For one thing was clear to me—it I had ever really loved Lucy Dormer, I did so no longer. We were quite unsuited to one another, and if I married her it would merely be a useless sacrifice of two lives.

'I treated you badly,' she said abruptly. 'I raised my eyebrows. After Maisie's confession there seemed to be no reason for the admission.

'There were things,' I said, 'that needed explanation.'

'Some things are beyond explanation.'

'Perhaps they are better left so.'

'One can ask forgiveness.' There was a faint note of entreaty in her voice. I fidgeted impatiently with a little ornament on the mantel shelf. It asked her forgiveness she would give more.

'If one desires forgiveness,' I said at length. It sounded brutal, but it might avoid worse things.

'Oh!' she cried, 'I do.'

'You?' I said with astonishment. 'You! What have I to forgive you? She toyed with her handkerchief.

'I thought Maisie would tell you. The child always was so fond of you.' She knew.

'Maisie has told me,' I said gravely. 'Lucy, it is right to be frank. I have discovered that my little playfellow, child as she is, has the best love that I can give to any one.' She looked at me in surprise. Then she laughed scornfully.

'I see,' she said. 'You want an excuse. You might invent one without taking my poor little sister's name in vain.'

'It is no excuse,' I said firmly. We looked at one another for a minute in silence.

'Then,' she said. 'I did not hurt you, I am glad.' She stamped her foot passionately. 'No, no, I am not. I am sorry—sorry, do you hear?' I shrugged my shoulders.

'There is no more to say?' I suggested.

'No more to say,' she echoed faintly. I walked to the door. 'Fred!' she cried abruptly. 'I must say it. Listen to me if you will not forgive.'

'Forgive?' I asked. What have I to forgive? She looked at me in apparent bewilderment.

'Do you know that I never told my people of your explanation; that I let all the blame rest on you?'

'My letter!' I cried. 'My letter.'

'The letter you sent to Maisie.'

'She gave it to you?'

'Of course she gave it to me,' said Lucy opening her eyes wide. 'Why not?'

'I ought to have known. My brave little girl!'

'Maisie told me that she never gave you the letter, Lucy; that all the blame was hers.' I walked to the window and looked for a time in silence, broken by Lucy's sobs.

'She told you—that—just to screen me,' she said, brokenly.

'Yes.' I could not say more for the moment. Presently I walked back to the fire. 'God bless her,' I said softly. 'Let us say no more about it, Lucy, and be friends for her sake.'

Lucy wiped her eyes and looked into the fire. Then she spoke with her eyes averted from me.

'When we quarreled it was only what I had for some time intended.'

'Your reason?' I said mechanically. I did not really care.

'Some else was a better match. I—I did not like him so well.' I bowed. It was immaterial. 'I knew that my people would disapprove of my breaking our engagement for this reason. They were fond of you.'

'I was fond of them.' Their behavior had hurt and surprised me. In the letter I had particularly asked Lucy to show them my explanation, whether she accepted it or not.

'Consequently I was glad, or thought I was, when I heard something about you which gave me a chance to quarrel.'

'It was false, as I told you in the letter.'

'As you told me in the letter. Therefore I did not answer the letter or tell my parents, but let the blame rest on you.' She shivered.

'Do not trouble about it any more,' I said, not unkindly. 'The bitterness is over now.'

'Yes,' she said, it is over.' I refused him after all. You do not ask me why. Perhaps you do not wish to know.'

I shook my head.

'I do not wish to know.' She nodded to the fire. 'But I forgive you, Lucy.' She nodded again. There was nothing more to say, since I could not say what she wished. So I turned to go. But there was a knock at the front door and I heard someone say, 'The doctor.' So I waited to hear what he pronounced.

After a few minutes he came down stairs talking to Mrs. Dormer.

'It is a natural sleep,' he said. 'The pulse is steadier and the temperature more normal. The odds are still against her, but there is hope.'

The tears came to my eyes at last and Lucy came and put her hands on my shoulder.

'You can win her back to love, Fred,' she said; 'our little girl. Stay till she wakes.' I had already resolved to stay.

I went upstairs and sat with my elbow on her bed and my face on my hand, watching my little favorite. Presently her mother came and knelt beside me.

'Lucy has told me all, Fred,' she whispered.

'You—you will not tell the others?' 'I will not,' I promised.

When my little girl awoke she was not looking toward me.

'Better, dear?' asked her mother.

'Why, yes,' she laughed feebly. 'It must be Fred. Do you know, I believe he would make me grow well if he were often here with me.'

'He will be, little sweetheart,' I said softly. She turned to me with a happy cry and I whispered in her ear what I knew and other things that were only for her and me. They were the things that won her back to life, she says, when we talk of such matters.

We do not talk of them very often for Maisie is young and shy and still at school. But her people understand and leave us alone together, and now and then our thoughts peep out. I remember that they did so on the night of Lucy's wedding, for she married the 'better match' after all. Maisie came to see me out, of course, and helped me to my coat and tried laughingly to shake me, and I put my arm around her and kissed her several times, instead of the usual once and not quite in the usual brotherly way.

'There will be another wedding, one day,' I said. 'Won't there, little sweetheart?'

She buried her head on my shoulder and whispered. 'I hope so.'

Meanwhile people speak of me as a confirmed bachelor, and laugh when I tell them that I am waiting for 'Miss Right' to grow.

But 'Miss Right' is 16 now and done growing, and wears her hair up and her dresses long, and our good nights are steadily growing lengthier and less fraternal. Dear little Maisie!

### A NEW MAN WITH A HOE.

He is in a Co-operative Scheme, and is Sorely Troubled Also.

A man with an extremely tired look came into Chicago on a suburban train a day or so ago. It was a morning train, so his apparent weariness attracted some attention.

'He has done a day's work already,' explained an acquaintance, nodding towards the tired man.

'How does that happen?' the man addressed asked.

'He belongs to the Longwood Co-operative Home Association,' was the reply.

'What of it?'

'I guess you don't know about the Longwood Co-operative Home Association,' returned the man who was well informed. 'I tell you it's a corker. There have been co-operative concerns before, but this beats them all. I have heard of the people of a neighborhood combining to establish one kitchen for all, and in some cases, even a common dining room, but at Longwood they are beating the green grocers by raising their own vegetables. That's why the man you saw was so tired.'

'Working in the garden?'

'That's it exactly. It's his turn and he has had to put in an hour or so with the hoe before leaving for his office. Did you ever toy with a hoe to any considerable extent?'

'No.'

'You should try it some time. For a man who is confined to an office all day it is splendid exercise. Just at the start it may leave you somewhat limp for the rest of the day, but in time you'll get used to it, and you can always console yourself with the thought that it is doing you a world of good. That's what this man has been telling himself. His back aches and his arms are a bit sore, but he knows that it will wear off after a bit—probably next fall when the garden has to be abandoned. Still, they all tell me that the cooperative scheme is a great success.'

'All of them?'

'Oh, yes—not all at the same time, you understand, but each in turn. You see, they are divided into watches, as you might say, and each watch takes its turn looking after the garden. Thus it happens that every man has an occasional opportunity to look on while the others work, and when he is doing the spectator act he will tell you that the plan is all that can be desired. Indeed, I am informed that they are already planning a \$10,000 club house with a larger garden.'

'The men?'

'No; I believe most of the enthusiasm is displayed by the women at present. And this is strange, too, for it is the men who are getting most of the healthful exercise. Still, so long as the men do the work necessary to keep the garden going and the women continue to be satisfied with each other's culinary management the scheme must be voted a genuine success. But the real test will come later.'

'When?'

'When the temperature gets up in the nineties. I'm watching for that with considerable interest. If the cooperative gardeners can weather a week or ten days of top temperature I shall expect Longwood to go thundering down the corridors of time as the place where one of the great problems of life was solved.'

'But what will they do in the vacation season?'

'Oh, they won't be able to take any vacations away from home. They wouldn't

dare leave the garden. But as an experiment it certainly is worthy of attention. Don't you think so?'

'I think,' was the answer, 'that people everywhere should keep their eyes on Longwood.'

### FRIGHTENED HIS WIFE.

Forty Cents Almost the Cause of a Catastrophe.

Before Mrs. Browley was married she scoffed at the misguided girls and women who kept personal accounts. Her argument was that if you know how much money you had and it was all gone what was the use of piling on the anguish by having your folly and extravagance in black and white to stare you in the face, especially as you had no more money at the end of the month than you had without an account book?

But since she has been running a house she has achieved not one but nearly a dozen account books. There is one devoted to the grocery man, another to the butcher, personal accounts take a third, and so on till she spends nearly all her glad young life balancing sums. It is a matter of pride with her that they shall come out even, and so there was woe last month when 40 cents refused to be accounted for.

She and Mr. Browley had a grave and lengthy discussion over the missing 40. Each accused the other of frivolling the sum away and neglecting to enter it upon the proper book. 'Sundries,' Mr. Browley insisted strenuously he was not guilty.

Mrs. Browley looked pained and urged him to confess. He left for downtown vowing vengeance. It was late that afternoon when Mrs. Browley was entertaining a roomful of aristocratic callers that a telegraph boy appeared. The maid brought in the fatal yellow envelope, and at once the bride knew that her husband had been fatally injured and was sending for her.

Some one revived her with smelling salts, a lady in purple velvet fanned her with a hastily snatched lamp shade, and a third visitor with more presence of mind than the rest opened the telegram. The message read:

'Honest, now, what did you do with that 40 cents?'

### In Extenuation.

A little girl between 4 and 5 years of age came running in from sliding one day and exclaimed to her mother: 'Oh mamma did you see me go down? I went like thunder.'

To her mother's astonished question as to whom she had heard say that the little one replied, 'Well, mamma, you know you said one day "as quick as lightning," and it always thunders after it lightens, doesn't it?'

### One on O'Lea.

'Oh, this is too bad! What's the matter?'

Delia Jones sent me a lovely book as a birthday gift and she forgot to take out the card of the person who gave it to her.

### BORN.

Kings, May 2, to the wife of J. Herbin, a son.

Truro, May 7, to the wife of S. Fraser, a son.

Truro, May 4, to the wife of J. Taylor, a son.

Almot, May 9, to the wife of W. Moore, a son.

Halifax, May 6, to the wife of J. Graham, a son.

Hants, May 7, to the wife of Geo. Phillips, a son.

Hillsborn, Apr. 28, to the wife of John Kay, a son.

Pictou, May 7, to the wife of Dr. F. Lavers, a son.

Hants, May 7, to the wife of John Connor, a daughter.

Halifax, May 10, to the wife of George Sullivan, a son.

Colchester, Apr. 18, to the wife of A. Johnson, a son.

Port Maitland, May 4, to the wife of H. Porter, a son.

Sheet Harbor, May 7, to the wife of Baker Holman, a son.

Lunenburg, Apr. 27, to the wife of W. Ward, a daughter.

Clark's Harbor, May 6, to the wife of J. Kenney, a daughter.

Dorchester, May 4, to the wife of S. McDougall, a daughter.

Port Maitland, Apr. 30, to the wife of G. Scudery, a daughter.

Windsor, Apr. 18, to the wife of Chas. Harris, a daughter.

Cumberland, May 8, to the wife of W. Black, a daughter.

California, Apr. 28, to the wife of J. McDonald, a daughter.

Shubenacadie, May 9, to the wife of D. Crouse, a daughter.

Gay's River, May 8, to the wife of J. Sutherland, a daughter.

Harrigan Cove, May 3, to the wife of A. Jewers, a daughter.

Dufferin Mines, Apr. 27, to the wife of D. Brown, a daughter.

Bridgewater, May 4, to the wife of H. Rawding, a daughter.

Lunenburg, May 4, to the wife of E. Bruhm, a daughter.

Lunenburg, May 2, to the wife of D. Cook, a daughter.

Digby, Apr. 28, to the wife of Rev. H. McLaren, a daughter.

Meteghan River, Apr. 30, to the wife of Hon. A. Comeau, a son.

Harrisville, Apr. 30, to the wife of Rev. J. Champlain, a daughter.

Falmouth, Apr. 24, Owen B. Porter to Lillian Barrett.

Salisbury, May 9, Amos McLeod to Alice Maud Russell.

Moncton, May 8th, Ernest Seaman to Maud Fowler.

Shelburne, April 24th, Isaac G. Goulden to Agnes Fay.

Hopewell, May 8th, John James Robertson to Josie Campbell.

Springhill, May 1st, George Adams to Harriet McAloney.

Bridgewater, May 1th, William A. Lohnes to Mary E. Corkum.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 8th, Walter Davis, to Laura A. Dadds.

Carleton, N. B., May 6th, Fred W. Brownell to Annie Eva d'Arne.

St. John, N. B., May 6th, John Fairweather to Nellie Dallas.

Bridgewater, Mass., April 24th, B. R. Kinney to Stella D. Burke.

Somerville, Mass., April 22th, Fred E. Bair, to M. Eslick Haines.

Waterville, Kings, May 1st, Ernest A. Blackwood to Ida May Ward.

Windsor, N. S., May 7th, Robert M. Cutler to Roma Maria Ouseley.

Upper Wood's Harbor, N. S., May 4th, S. F. Brannen to Olive S. Garon.

Upper Wood's Harbor, N. S., May 2nd, George Atwood to Lilla M. Malone.

Cole Harbor, Halifax, April 30th, Maynard A. Tuloch to Edith A. Seale.

Lewis Mountain, West. Co., April 28th, Bedford Rodgers to Bessie E. Steeves.

## DIED.

Tidnish, John Riley, 77.

Truro, May 9, John McGehe.

Yarmouth, May 3, Eliza Perry.

Halifax, May 8, John Foley, 75.

Hants, May 2, Robert Cross, 102.

Halifax, May 3, Eleonor Austin.

Halifax, May 8, James Burke, 80.

Halifax, May 6, Gilbert Shaw, 70.

Yarmouth, May 9, Geo. Larkin, 69.

Moncton, N. B., Ralph Faulkner, 2.

Pictou, May 7, John A. McDonald.

Chatham, May 10, James Allan, 75.

Windsor, May 9, Frank Hallett, 13.

Liverpool, May 2, Fred Whynot, 12.

Yarmouth, May 8, Eliza Tooker, 86.

Colchester, May 8, Margaret Halsey.

Digby, May 7, Effie Gidney, 15 mos.

Yarmouth, May 2, Hannah Bent, 80.

Baltimore, May 9, Thomas Foot, 50.

Bridgewater, May 2, Mrs. Eli Eickie.

Halifax, May 5, Susan Robinson, 83.

Chicago, May 6, Jane Kilam, 6 mos.

Moncton, May 9, Thelma Steeves, 17.

San Francisco, April 3, John Mosher.

Cornwallis, May 1, Jane Taulrow, 45.

Amherst Shore, May 2, Ida Pipes, 21.

Halifax, May 12, Mrs. Mary Payne, 88.

Springhill, May 4, Bertha Spence, 8 mos.

Chicago, May 6, Pauline Kilam, 6 mos.

San Francisco, April 2, James Clune, 41.

Halifax, May 11, Florence Wonnell, 5.

Port LaTour, May 7, Orlando Lettler, 7.

Middle Stewiacke, May 4, John Teas, 88.

Cumberland, April 26, Jane Crawford, 69.

Thamesville, Ont., Mary Richardson, 88.

West Berlin, May 4, Mrs. Geo. Conrad, 73.

Yarmouth, May 9, Mrs. Geo. Melanson, 80.

Moncton, May 11, Duncan McDougall, 24.

Kings Co., May 5, Adelaide Newcomb, 67.

Colchester, May 3, William Sutherland, 80.

Jollymore Settlement, May 7, James Innes, 21.

Middlefield, April 30, Edgar Joutrey, 1 mon h.

White Rock, Hants, May 2, James Collins, 43.

North Sydney, May 5, Rena I. Wheatley, 8 mos.

New Haven, Conn., May 5, Elizabeth Boulton, 82.

Springhill, May 3, infant child of Mr and Mrs. Honey.

Urbanis, Hants, May 8, infant son of Mr and Mrs. Geo. Rose, 5 mos.

### RAILROADS.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

**VICTORIA DAY**

**MAY 24th, 1901.**

One fare for the round trip between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur; Tickets on sale May 23 and 24th, good to return May 27th, 1901.

**2 Special Trains to Suburban 2 Points, May 24th, Only.**

Lv. St. John 9.10 a.m.; Ar. Welsford 10.15 a.m.

Lv. St. John 1.00 p.m.; Ar. Welsford 2.00 p.m.

Lv. Welsford 11.25 a.m.; Ar. St. John 12.35 p.m.

Lv. Welsford 5.55 p.m.; Ar. St. John 7.00 p.m.

A. J. HEATH,  
D. P. A., C. P. R.  
St. John, N. B.

**Intercolonial Railway**

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.40

Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15

Express for Sussex.....16.30

Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00

Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

Express from Sussex.....9.30

Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....1

Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....1

Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Mt. St. Helens.....1

Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time—Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTING,  
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., March 5, 1901.

CITY TRAVEL (C) Co.,  
7 King Street St. John, N. B.