

How Tom Won at Last

'Don't say that, Mary! You know I love you, and—'

'Now, Tom Dalton, stop right where you are. I've told you often enough that I like you. You have been my friend and playmate ever since I was a little girl, and I shall always like you as a friend. No, sir; I won't listen to any love-making. I won't marry you, sir, and that's the end on't. I will marry no one but a brave man, and I don't love anybody, and—'

'But, Mary, surely I—'

'There you go again, sir. If you ever mention love to me again, I will never speak to you, as sure as my name is Mary Hart.'

'Oh, if you put it that way I'll really have to retire, for I couldn't survive the punishment. How do you know I'm not the brave man?'

'And I've known you all these years, and—but I won't have it brought up again, and there's an end on't, sir.'

'Well, well! If a woman will, she will, and if she won't she won't, and there's the end on't,' quoted Tom gayly. 'Every dog has his day, Mary. What do you say to a sail down the bay? Let's have that mother of yours and take a run down to Elm island for dinner at Bobb's farm and a bath at the short beach. It's a fine morning for a sail, and I'll be bound I'll learn to swim this time.'

'Tom Dalton, if there ever was—well I know there wasn't. And I really began to think you were serious, sir. But mother never would venture out in that crazy knockabout of yours. Wouldn't it be jolly? I'd love to go.'

'It is all right about the knockabout. She is high and dry for a new coat of copper paint. Captain Doyle has his new schooner Willie and told me this morning he should run down to Elm come flood tide. What do you say, Mary? And—you know I was in earnest and—'

'Say, I'm off to mamma at once.' And before he could declare what he was in earnest about she was running swiftly up the pier, shouting back to him, 'You naughty boy, I'll bet you a box of chocolates I am first at the house, sir.'

Mary Hart was the only daughter of the widow of Colonel Hart of the Indian service.

The colonel had been both soldier and business man, and when he had been killed in a jungle fight, soon after Mary's birth, he had left his widow a comfortable income.

She had come to America and settled in one of the quiet New England seashore villages in a cozy cottage adjoining the estate of Mrs. Dalton, who was an old school friend. The young people had grown up together and had been friends since childhood.

Tom Dalton, a happy go lucky young man, had inherited an independent income from his father and now, having passed his finals at the law school, was about to practice his profession in Boston. He loved Mary Hart with all his heart, but in spite of himself he could not be serious in his love-making, though bound to win her.

And the little mixx herself threw difficulties enough in the way by bringing him sharply to account whenever he attempted to broach the subject. She didn't propose to love or be loved, and if she ever could be so foolish it must be a brave man.

'None but the brave deserve the fair, and you aren't brave. You know you are not, sir.'

Flood tide found them skimming down the bay on the natty little schooner Willie in a spanking breeze, jumping at the sea like a mettlesome horse, while Captain Doyle stood at the wheel extolling her virtues to Mrs. Hart. The young people were camped comfortably on the deck at the windward side of the mainmast.

'Great, isn't it?' said Tom. 'Now what would you say to a lobster chowder for dinner?'

'Tom, you villain! You have been plotting this spree with Cobb. You know I dote on lobster chowder.'

'Down there last week. Told 'em we'd be down. Tried to get mother to come, but she wouldn't step her foot in anything smaller than a liner.'

'And you never told I can hardly believe it. I never know when to believe you, sir.'

'Fact! Sure enough this time, isn't it, Captain Doyle?'

'Fact, sure,' said the skipper. 'Me an Mr. Dalton had a bit of a run down to Elm last Tuesday. Tight bit of weather coming home, too.'

'Thomas Dalton, do you mean that you were down here in last Tuesday's gale and never told? And you let us think you had been detained in Boston on business.'

'Got it straight from Doyle,' quoth Tom.

The Cobbs were on the beach to welcome them. Master Harry had hauled his pots that morning and there would be lobster chowder for dinner at 2 o'clock. Would they try a dip at the short beach by the runway between Elm and Elm, Jr.? They would—that is, the young people would, and Mrs. Hart would watch the sport from the beach.

Once in the water, Mary's spirits seemed bubbling over and she was soon daring Dalton to try a race to a dory moored a short distance from the beach. He seemed reluctant at first, and was sure it was too near the current of the runway, but to take a dare from Mary and have him taunt him with a lack of courage was too much for a young man of his temperament.

She was wading toward the boat, and when but a few strokes from it, called back laughingly: 'Will you swim for it Tom? If you reach it first, I'll be your prize, Sir.'

He was striking out after her as soon as the words had left her lips.

She had nearly reached the dory and, confident of winning the race, put her hands up to catch the gunwale, missed it

and suddenly discovered she was out of depth and in the runaway current.

'Tom!' she cried, and then all Tom saw was a pair of frightened upturned eyes and a terror stricken face as she swept under the surface.

A fine predicament for a lover who was not a brave man and who had barely learned to swim! Drawing a deep breath, blind to all danger and with no thought but to save her or die with her, Tom struck out into the current and under the surface.

His heart thumped wildly as he felt a mass of that sun gold hair come into his grasp, and in a moment more they rose to the surface. Through his salt dimmed eyes Tom saw a bit of rope and grasped it. They had come up under the stern of the dory, which had swung into the current with them, and he was now firmly gripping a bit of painter which hung over the stern.

In a few minutes more he had lifted her over the side, clambered in after and was chafing her hands briskly. Mrs. Hart's cries from the beach had brought the Cobbs to the scene, and Master Harry was running a dory down the beach to the rescue.

It had all happened in a very few minutes. Mary opened her eyes, smiled and said, 'You needn't rub all the skin off my hands, sir.'

'Thank God! She is all right,' said Tom fervently.

'Tom, dear, you reached the dory first. Kiss me, sir! You won!'

And then Master Harry's boat grated alongside.

CHARACTER IN THE WALK.

One Woman's Observation Of Her Sister at a Club Reception.

They were experiencing ladies' day at a men's club and after making a tour of the house they took refuge in an alcove near the dressing room.

'The peanut crowd at a circus is mild by comparison,' sighed the frivolous one of the two, setting her Gainsborough hat straight.

'The show is not the show, but they that go,' quoted her companion solemnly. 'This is the best place in the world to study character. See that woman over there in black, gliding toward the stairs? I'd never trust my reputation to her.'

'But why?' asked the frivolous girl. 'She looks pleasant.'

She'd tear it to pieces, that's why,' answered the other. She is the kind that always pounces upon every bit of gossip at a seaside place, and passes it on a little worse than she received it. But she does it in such a gentle purring way, that you never realize what she is doing.

How can you tell? demanded the frivolous girl. You don't know her.

She has a feline walk, her companion answered.

You can't tell character by the way people walk, said the Gainsborough girl, incredulously.

But you can. It betrays them every time. It puts palmistry and astrology all in the shade. Take that lady in gray just coming through the dressing room door. I warrant you her household is well managed. No one with that erect bearing, that firm, easy, even step could fail in what she undertook. She uses enough motion and not too much. She's just and fair.

How about that creature behind her? asked the other with an air of awakening interest. She indicated a girl in a brown flannel shirt waist with a walking hat tipped well over her nose, and heavy boots with half inch soles.

'She? oh, she's an aggressive young person.' See how she strides! She overdoes everything she attempts just as she overdoes her walk. Our lady in gray had just as much energy. But she could use it. This girl will never get what she wants by tact. She'll beat the world into giving her things and say please afterward.

'Not a pleasant person to live with,' said the frivolous girl, shuddering.

'Oh, here's a perfect illustration of the hen-walk,' exclaimed the character reader, with professional enthusiasm. 'Her little, short jerky steps and her important fussy manner—haven't you seen them a hundred times in the chicken yard. I'm willing to stake my reputation that she never had a big thought in her life. Existence is a round of pretty things, and she is never contented.'

'Listen,' she whispered as the woman under discussion paused in front of them to speak to a friend.

Not well at all, was her answer to the question of how things were going with her, our new cook can't make the coffee right, and Johnny has the whooping cough, or at least we are afraid he is going to, and I with all the spring sewing on my hands!'

Then the woman moved away.

Now, what do you say? asked the character reader, triumphantly.

It is really amazing. How did you learn to do it?

Just practice, returned the other. Ah, here we have the deprecating walk.

She indicated a tall girl with a pensive face under a brown velvet hat.

Notice the little hitch in her walk. She does not step evenly, not as far with her right foot as she does with her left. You

will always find her halting between two opinions. She is the type that gives milliners brain fever. She spends an hour trying on every hat in stock and finally by a process of elimination narrows the desirable ones down to two. I am sure you've marked her when you wanted to look at hats yourself.

The frivolous girl under her Gainsborough hat nodded feelingly. I see you are a character reader, she said.

(Princeton in 1770.)

When Philip Vickers Fithian was admitted to Nassau Hall, Princeton, in 1770, he found some regulations which would doubtless seem stern to the collegiate of to day. This young Jerseyman, however, commended them in a letter to his father, which is frank and pleasing, and which gives a good idea of college life and character in colonial times.

'The rules by which the scholars and students are directed, are, in my opinion, exceedingly well formed to check and restrain the vicious and to assist the studious and to countenance and encourage the virtuous.'

Every student must rise in the morning, at farthest by half an hour after five; the grammar scholars being most of them small and lodging also in town at some distance from the college, are, in winter, excused from attending morning prayers.

'The bell rings at five, after which there is an intermission of half an hour, that everyone may have time to dress, at the end of which it rings again, and prayers begin; and lest any should plead that he did not hear the bell, the servant who rings goes to every door and beats till he awakens the boys, which leaves them without an excuse. No student is allowed, on any pretence, sickness excepted, to be absent on Sunday from public worship. We have two sermons every sabbath—One at eleven in the morning, in the church and the other at three in the afternoon, in College hall. I am indeed much pleased with Dr. Witherspoon and think his sermons almost imitable.'

But in spite of Doctor Witherspoon's sermons, some scapegraces were sheltered at Nassau, for Fithian writes: 'I am sorry that I may inform you, that two of our members were expelled from the college yesterday; not for drunkenness, nor fighting nor swearing, nor Sabbath breaking; but they were sent from this seminary, where the greatest pains and care are taken to cultivate and encourage decency and honesty and honour for stealing hens! Shameful, mean, unmanly conduct!'

Stealing of turkeys, also, was too much practised that winter, and by persons who were 'hopelessly converted,' but with these exceptions we may be sure that the rest of the boys were as good as young Fithian, whose earnestness is as evident as his capital letters.

A Peculiar Adventure.

A small boy in Reading, Pennsylvania, according to a Philadelphia newspaper, had a peculiar adventure recently.

An animal show, comprising ponies, dogs and monkeys, came to town, and Eddie, eight years old, was among the boys employed to lead the ponies in the street parade. He also appeared on the stage with the animals.

After the performance he went with the animals to their car, and by some means, as yet unexplained, was shut into the cage with the monkeys. No one knew he was there until the train reached Pottsville.

The boy will never forget that ride, in which he learned that monkeys on the stage and in private behave differently. The monkeys had a lot of fun with Eddie, and the fun that he had expected to have with them did not "materialize", as the slang expression is. However, he suffered no serious harm and reached home safely, and since then has been something like a hero in the eyes of his young companions.

Japanese Contempt of Pain.

A resident of Philadelphia, who took into his house as a valet a Japanese boy, was somewhat startled the other day by the frank remark of his servant.

The gentleman was walking about the room in his bare feet when he stubbed his toe and tore the nail. While the valet was putting on his master's stockings he happened to touch the injured toe, whereupon the gentleman uttered a sharp cry of pain and told him to be more careful. The boy smiled, looked up into his master's face, and said:

'You great big baby.'

'What's that?' asked the astonished gentleman. 'When baby hurt himself, baby cry. But after he five years, boy or man hurt himself he say, "It make no matter."'

The gentleman admitted the wisdom of the argument, but pleaded that he was too old to attempt to acquire Japanese stoicism.

A Negro Boy's Prospects.

The Emperor of Austria at a recent audience received a negro boy, only fourteen years of age, who had been born in slavery freed, and converted to Christianity in the Portuguese mission of Zambezi. He was brought to the Austrian court by a priest in the Zambezi mission.

The emperor, noting the intelligent appearance of the boy, was attracted to him at once, and graciously made inquiries.

'What languages do you understand?'

'I can speak, besides my own dialect and that of Bantu,' replied the boy, 'some Spanish, Portuguese, German and Italian.'

Until he was twelve years old he had been in the possession of slave-traders. Then he was ransomed by the Portuguese mission for a sum equivalent in our money to a little more than eight dollars. The emperor's interest was excited, and through his means the lad has been sent to Portugal to be instructed in theology. Thence he will go to Africa as a missionary to his people.

Grandmother's Revolt.

An excellent woman, whose married sons and daughters have a way of flitting off every summer to seashore or mountains, leaving their offspring in her loving care, was delicately approached by one of them as to her plans for the coming season.

'I suppose you will open the cottage as usual, won't you, mother? The children so enjoy being with you?'

'No, I shall not open the cottage,' was the quiet but decided reply. 'My grand children will be abandoned to the care of their parents this summer. I am going abroad.'

Malapropos.

Towne—That was a horrible break you made talking to Wedden yesterday.

Browne—What do you mean?

Towne—You asked him if he wasn't getting tired of the new woman.

Browne—Well?

Towne—Well, he has been divorced twice and has just married his third.

A More Vital Matter.

'Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?'

Village Pastor—No, but I have sometimes wondered what the duke would do if he had mine.

That Fellow Feeling.

'Did the gentleman give you nothing for rescuing the lady from drowning? Why didn't you ask him?'

'I didn't have the gall to after he told me she was his mother-in-law.'

BORN.

Hants, April 27, to the wife of Mr. Dorey, a son, Windsor, April 27, to the wife of John Parvis, a son Acadia mines, April 23, to the wife D C Ross, a son Parrsboro, April 22, to the wife of E. R. Reid, a son.

Port Greville, April 20, to the wife of James Cole, a son.

Colchester, April 23, to the wife of David Smith, a son.

Liverpool, April 24, to the wife of B. F. Payzant, a son.

Falmouth, April 23, to the wife of J. Kieley, a son.

Ward's Brook, April 4, to the wife of Wallace Shea, a son.

Diligent River, April 7, to the wife of Amasa Dow, a son.

Shubenacadie, April 27, to the wife of Robert Gass, a son.

Maitland, April 18, to the wife of Elmer Campbell, a son.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of Prof W. Murray, a daughter.

Halifax, April 27, to the wife of David Brown, a daughter.

Halifax, April 28, to the wife of Alex Jewers, a daughter.

Parrsboro April 21, to the wife of Colby Canning, a daughter.

Parrsboro, April 30, to the wife of John Trahey, a daughter.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of Karl Freeman, a daughter.

Pictou, April 18, to the wife of Milton Huggan, a daughter.

Moncton, April 30, to the wife of J D LeBlanc, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 1, to the wife of James Salvage, a daughter.

Lake George, April 2, to the wife of Eliakim Tupper, a son.

Annapolis, April 26, to the wife of Harry Goodwin, a daughter.

Parrsboro, April 24, to the wife of Augustus Lamb, a daughter.

Shelbourne, April 24, to the wife of A. D McInnes, a daughter.

Newville, April 10, to the wife of James Connors, a daughter.

Charlestown, Mass., April 24, to the wife of Luke Mullen, a son.

Canaan, Kings, April 23, to the wife of Stewart Pugsley, a son.

Westbrook, March 21, to the wife of Wm. Thompson, a daughter.

Diligent River, March 27, to the wife of Edgar Bentley, a daughter.

Cumberland, April 11, to the wife of Capt Geo. E. Bentley, a daughter.

Waltham, Mass, April 3, Jas Cahill to Alice Hallimore.

Windsor, May 25, Richard Cochran to Agnes Cochran.

Parrsboro, April 26, Elijah Corbett to Jessie Fulmer.

Acadia Mines, Lawrence Morrison to Eliza Webster.

Waltham, Mass, April 3, Jas Cahill to Alice Hallimore.

Chicago, April 24, Gordon McLeod to Mabel Womans.

Millford, April 20, Jacob Newton to Eunice Ben-tun.

Andover, April 25, Reuben Gunn to Margaret Pushe.

Springhill, May 1, George Adams to Harriet Mc-Aloney.

Mill Village, April 26, Joseph Mouzer to Eliza Hazlett.

Thorburn, April 25, Hedley Livingstone to Sadie Hazlett.

Montreal, April 26, Rev James Collins to Eva Craswell.

Lower Arville, April 24, Stephen Boyd to Etta J Goodwin.

N. W. Glasgow, April 27, John Am'errico to Margaret Forbes.

Halifax, April 29, Cornelius McTierna to Mrs Mary Campbell.

St Ann's C B April 25, Archibald Buchanan to Maggie McLeod.

St. Margarets Bay, April 30, Irwin Richardson to Mrs Minnie Crooks.

DIED.

Springhill, May 1, Freda, 1.

Salem, May 3, Eliza A Perry.

Port Medway, John Harnish, 33.

Truro, April 24, Raymond Lee, 6.

Milton, April 17, James Norman, 49.

Colchester, April 26, Isabel Simpson.

Truro, May 1, Mrs Jessie Dawson, 90.

Pictou, April 25, Donald Campbell, 92.

Sackville, May 1st, W H Harrison, 88.

Colchester, April 24, Mrs T L Corbett.

Halifax, April 25, Thos Ritchie Almon.

Springhill, April 21, Joseph McPhee, 6.

Alberton, April 29 Samuel Gallant, 35.

Springhill, May 2, Ellen Stevenson, 74.

Gairloch, March 21, Wm McKenzie, 85.

Wesport, April 21, Mrs L C Bailey, 86.

Charlottetown, May 1st, Edith Emily, 21.

Riverside, April 24, Mrs Neil McKay, 62.

Yarmouth, May 3, Mrs Eliza B Tooker, 86.

Monticello, April 13, Allan Mackinnon, 62.

Burlington, April 16, William J Mann, 41.

Fairview, April 24, Mrs Florence Shaw, 68.

Charlottetown, April 30, Mary McConr, 76.

Park Corner, April 27, Chester Mackay, 18.

St Ann's, C B, April 25, Neil McDonald, 87.

St Peter's Road, April 26, Kenneth Mackay.

Wakefield, Mass, April 27, George H. Luke.

Grafton, Kings, April 16, William Brown, 17.

Cumberland, April 17, Mrs F R Campbell, 19.

Yarmouth, April 6, Mrs Drusillo Crosby, 37.

Annapolis, April 25, Walter McCormack, 41.

Liverpool, April 25, Mrs Margaret J Ryer, 68.

Somerses, Kings, April 23 Effie Steadman, 15.

Shubenacadie, April 19, Patrick Williams, 88.

New Glasgow, April 30, David Ballentyne, 84.

Point de Roche, April 24, Hugh Mackinnon, 64.

Summerside, April 30, Mrs James R Boyver, 84.

North River, Colchester, April 28, Everett Scott, 12.

San Francisco, Cal, May 2, Donald MacNtyre, 80.

Springhill, April 27, Elsworth Fimore, one year.

Back Meadows, April 12, Mrs Christy McKay, 63.

Port Greville, Kings, April 20, H Brenton Elderkin, 40.

Hardwood Hill, April 15, Jane, widow of H De-noon, 73.

Haverhill, Mass, April 9, Annie, wife of Avard Allen, 28.

North Sydney, April 29, Kathleen Mary Coughlan, 8 months.

Mill Village, April 17, infant daughter of Martin Belshard.

N. W. Glasgow, April 21, widow of Donald McDonald, 94.

St Andrew's April 6, Catherine Genevieve Macdonald, 21.

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Commencing June 10th, there will be a greatly improved train service between the above points, including an early morning train from Lingley at 6:40 a. m. due at St. John at 7:30 a. m., Standard.

For particulars apply to,
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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.....7.00
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15
Express for Sussex.....12.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00
Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney.....22.15

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, Westville, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....12.40
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....17.00
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and M.....22.15
*Daily, except Monday.

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Gen. Manager