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Jeanne of the Marshes

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued)

CHAPTER XX.

Jeanne awoke the next morning to find herself between lavender scented sheets in a small iron bedstead, with a soft seawind blowing in through the half-open window. Her maid was ready to wait upon her, and her bath was of salt water fresh from the sea. She descended to find Andrew at work in the garden, the sun already high in the Heavens, and the sea as blue and placid as though the storm of the night before were a thing long past and forgotten.

"I am never going away," she declared, as they sat at breakfast. "I take your orders, Monsieur Andrew. I will import as many chaperons as you please, but I will not leave this island."

"I am afraid," he answered smiling, "that there are other people who would have something to say about that. Your step-mother is already anxious. I have promised that you shall be back at the Hall by ten o'clock."

The gayety suddenly faded from her face. Her lips, which had been curved in laughter, quivered.

"You mean that?" she faltered.

"Most assuredly," he answered. "I have no place for lodgers here. As a matter of fact, if you knew the truth you would admit that your staying here is quite impossible."

"Well," she said, "I should like to know the truth. Suppose you tell it me."

"I must confess, then," Andrew answered, "that I am somewhat of a fraud. Berners was my friend, not my lodger, and I am Andrew de la Borne, Cecil's elder brother."

She looked at him for several moments steadily.

"I think that you might have told me," was all she said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Why?" he asked, a little brusquely. "I am not of your world, or your step-mother's. When Cecil told me that he had invited some of his fashionable friends down here to stay, I begged him to leave me out of it. I chose to retire here, and I preferred not to see any of you. Mine are country ways, Miss Le Mesurier. I am at heart what I pretended to be, fisherman, countryman, yokel call me what you will. The other side of life, Cecil's side, doesn't appeal to me a bit. I felt that it would be more comfortable for you people and for me, if I kept out of the way."

"You class me with them," she remarked quietly, "a little ruthlessly. I think you forget that as yet I have not chosen my way in life."

"That is true," he answered, "but how can you help but chose what every one of those who call themselves your friends regard as inevitable. You must dance in many ball-rooms, and make your bow before the great ones of the earth. It is a part of the penalty that you must pay for your name and riches. All that I can wish is that you lose as little of yourself as possible in the days that lie before you."

"I thank you," she answered quietly. "You will let me know when you are ready to take me back."

"Have I offended you" he asked, as they rose from the table. "I am clumsy, I know, and the words do not come readily to my mouth. But after all, you must understand."

"Yes," she said sadly. "I do understand."

They went down to the beach and he helped her into the boat. Her maid sat by her side, and he rowed them across with a few powerful strokes.

"Storm and sunshine," he remarked, "follow one another here as swiftly as in any corner of the world. Yesterday we had wind and thunder and rain. Today, look! The sky is cloudless, the birds are singing everywhere upon the marshes, the waves can do no more than ripple in upon the sands. Will you come to the village, and wait while I send for a carriage?"

"We will walk," she answered. It may be for the last time."

The maid fell behind. Andrew and his companion, who seemed smaller and slimmer than ever by his side, started on their tortuous way, here and there turning to the right and to the left to follow the course of some tidal stream, or avoid the swampy places. The faint odor of wild lavender was mingled with the brackish scent of the sea. The ground was soft and spongy between their feet, and a breeze as soft as a caress blew in their faces. Up before them always, gaunt and bare, surrounded by its belts of weather-stricken trees, stood the Red Hall. Andrew looked toward it gloomily.

"Do you wonder," he asked, "that a man is sometimes depressed who is born the heir to a house like that, and to fortunes very similar?"

"Are you poor?" she asked him. "I thought perhaps you were, as your brother tried to make love to me.' "

He frowned impatiently at her words.

"For Heaven's sake, child," he said, "don't be so cynical! Don't fancy that every kind word that is spoken to you is spoken for your wealth. There are sycophants enough in the world, Heaven knows, but there are men there as well. Give a few the credit of being honest. Try and remember that you are—"

He looked at her, and away again toward the sea.

"That you are," he repeated, "young enough and attractive enough to win kind words for your own sake."

"Then," she whispered, leaning towards him, "I do not think that I am very fortunate."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because," she answered, "one person who might say kind things to me, and whom money would never influence a bit in the world, does not say them."

"Are you sure," he asked, "that you believe that there is anyone in the world who would be content to take you without a penny?"

She shook her head.

"Not that," she said sadly. "I am not what you call conceited enough for that, but I would like to believe that I might have a kind word or two on my own account."

She tried hard to see his face, but he kept it steadily turned away. She sighed. Only a few yards behind the maid was walking.

Mr. Andrew," she said "it was you whom I meant. Won't you say something nice to me for my own sake?"

They were nearing the Hall now, and it seemed natural enough that he should hold her hand for a minute in his.

"I will tell you," he said quietly, "that your coming has been a pleasure, and your going will be a pain, and I will tell you that you have left an empty place that no one else can fill. You have made what our people here call the witch music upon the marshes for me, so that I shall never walk here again as long as I live without hearing it and thinking of you."

"Is that all?" she whispered.

He pretended not hear her.

"I am nearly double your age," he said, "and I have lived an idle, perhaps a worthless life. I have done no harm. My talents, if I have any, have certainly been buried. If I had met you out in the world, well, I might have taught myself to forget——"

He broke off suddenly in his sentence. Cecil stood before them, suddenly emerged from the hand-gate leading into the hall gardens.

"At last!!" he exclaimed, taking Jeanne by the hands. "The Princess is distracted. We have all been distracted. How could you make us so unhappy?"

She drew her hands away coldly.

"I fancy that my step-mother," she said, "will survive my absence. I was caught in a storm. I expect that your brother has already told you about it."

He looked from one to the other.

"So you have told her, Andrew," he said simply.

Andrew nodded. The three walked up toward the house in somewhat constrained silence. She was trying her hardest to make Andrew look at her, and he was trying his hardest to resist. The Princess came out to them. The morning was warm and she was wearing a white wrapper. Her toilette was not wholly completed, but she was sufficiently picturesque.

"My dear Jeanne," she cried, "you have nearly sent us mad with anxiety. How could you wander off like that!"

Jeanne stood a little apart. She avoided the Princess hands. She stood upon the soft turf with her hands clasped, her cheeks very pale, her eyes bright with some inward excitement.

"Do you wish me to answer that question?" she said.

The Princess stared.

"What do you mean, my child?" she exclaimed.

"You ask me," Jeanne said, "why I went wandering off into the marshes. I will tell you. It is because I am unhappy. It is because I do not like the life into which you have brought me, nor the people with whom we live. I do not like the late hours, supper parties and dinner parties, dances where half the people are bourgeois, and where all the men make stupid love to me. I do not like the shops the vulgar shop people, fashionable shop
clothes, and fashionable promenading. I am tired of it already. If I am rich may I not buy the right to live as I choose?"

The Princess rarely allowed herself to show surprise. At this moment, however, she was completely overcome.

"What is it you want, then, child?" she demanded.

"I should like," Jeanne answered, "to buy Mr. De la Borne's house out on the island, and live there, with just a couple of maids, and my books. I should like some friends, of course, but I should like to find them for myself, amongst the country people, people whom I could trust and believe in, not people whose clothes and manners and speech are all hammered out into a type, and whose real self is so deeply buried that you cannot tell whether they are honest or rogues. That is what I should like step-mother, and if you wish, to earn my gratitude, that is how you will let me live."

The Princess stared at the child as though she were a lunatic.

"Jeanne," she exclaimed weakly, "what has become of you?"

"Nothing," Jeanne answered, "only you asked me a question, and I felt an irresistible desire to answer you truthfully. It would have come sooner or later."

Andrew turned slowly toward the girl, who stood looking at her step-mother with flushed cheeks and quivering lips.

"Miss Le Mesurier," he said, "on one condition I will sell you the island, but on only one."

"And that is?" she asked.

The Princess recovered herself just in time, and sailed in between them.

"Mr. De la Borne," she said, "my daughter is too young for such conversations. For two years she is under my completed guidance. She must obey me just as though she were ten years older and married, and I her husband. The law has given me absolute control over her. You understand that yourself, don't you Jeanne?"

"Yes," Jeanne answered quietly, "I understand."

"Go indoors please," the Princess said. "I have something to say to Mr. De la Borne."

"And I too," Jeanne said. "Let me stay and say it. I will not be five minutes."

The Princess pointed toward the door.

"I will not have it," she said coldly. "Cecil take my daughter indoors. I insist upon it."

She turned away unwillingly. The Princess took Andrew by the arm and led him to a more distant seat.

"Now, if you please, my dear Mr. Andrew," she said, "will you tell me what it is that you have done to my foolish little girl?"

of the Three Western

(To be Continued.)

THE INGLENOOK PHILOSOPHER

of Kennebeccasis Bay.

The road grows longer and the hills grow steeper every year. By the wayside few things except a blistering sun, a cold blast from the bay or a sudden shower can move me. I look over the water, the fields and woods, and am charmed by their placid beauty. By the wayside, of a pleasant afternoon, I am as indifferent to the world's activities as would be a basket of turnips or potatoes if one of these occupied my place. It is the years that banish the unrest of youth and early manhood. It may be discourteous to say so, but Mrs. Pollard is growing old as well as I. The years respect nothing that lives. Still, she greets them kindly as they come and go.

We do not meet as often as we did in the past, just because the road is longer and the hills are steeper than they were then. Her smile is pust as pleasant and her greeting just as cordial as ever, but I do not fail to observe the sedateness in her manner and a wistfulness in her eyes that were strangers to her a few years ago. There are streaks of gray in her hair, and some tiny wrinkles about her eyes, but she does not try to conceal them. Why should she? We might as well try to convince ouselves that winter is not approaching irresistibly, as that age has not, or will not soon "have us in his clutch."

"I cannot feel that these autumn days are 'the saddest of the year,' as Bryant has sung,' " remarked Mrs. Pollard, as she joined me by the roadside a day or two since. "These are the harvest days that foretell repose. How busy Nature has been! She has perfected the grass, the leaves, the flowers, the fruit that she has been making, and after a night's sleep she will set to work and reproduce them in like or other forms from the same material of which they were made and have been made for ages. There is no death. What we call death is merely transformation. I lived before the flood: so did this tree, and we shall live on until space is empty."

"Consciously?" I queried.

"Maybe not," answered Mr. Pollard, "as a material entity, yet I cannot affirm that anything that lives is without thought. This tree may rejoice when the children frolic in its shade; this flower may be proud when it is admired; this brook may sing as the bird sings—because it is content."

"Such thoughts," said I, "are such as flit through our minds in dreams. They are unprofitable because they cannot be discussed intelligently. There are mysteries, even in a square yard of ground, that the greatest scientist that ever lived has failed to solve. It is amusing to hear one trying to explain much who can explain nothing. How is Aaron and how is the farm?"

"Aaron's great ambition is to show that you did not overestimate his capabilities when you sent him to me a homeless waif, and the farm is improving in productiveness and beauty every year. Both of us lay by a little money against a rainy day, and are content. If Mr. Harriman was all the time plotting ad scheming for another million he was a thousand times poorer than Aaron or I."

Whitehead, K. Co. 9 Oct.

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Ayer's Hair Vigor is composed of sulphur, glycerin, quinin, sodium chlorid, capsicum, sage, alcohol, water, perfume. Ask your doctor about this. Follow his advice. Promptly checks falling hair. Completely destroys dandruff. An elegant dressing.

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J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

A BLOUSE OF EXQUISITELY FINE TYPE.

Beauty of material, rather than elaboration of design marks the gentlewoman's shirtwaist. This lovely blouse is made of the softest, finest white batiste, tucked by hand and with two wide Gibson pleats at the shoulders to give sufficient fullness to the soft and rather slimpsy material. The model closes at one side—the new blouse fad this season—and a frill of the batiste edged with Irish crochet finishes the closing. There is also an Irish crochet collar and crochet rings are used instead of buttons. The tiny sprays of embroidery are, of course, done by hand.

PHYSICAL NEEDS OF CHILDREN IN THE SCHOOL RANKS

Matter is Receiving Considerable Attention at the Hands of British Authorities

By recent enactments the British parliament has declared its conviction that the true aim of education is something more than the mere training of the intelligence. The vital need of physical education is now indeed, universally recognized, and of late years a position of increasing importance has been assigned to it in the school curriculum. A further stage in this development is marked by the issue of the British Board of Education's revised syllabus of physical exercises for public elementary schools. In the compilation of this manual, it is evident that a vast fund of practical knowledge has been drawn upon, and it should prove a valuable guide in the further development of a system whose foundations are already well established.

In a preparatory memorandum, Sir Robert Morant briefly sketches the new scheme, and deals with certain general considerations which the board desires to impress upon those whose duty it will be to carry it out. Remarking that the physical health of the children lies at the root of education properly conceived, and that the object of every sound educational system ought to be the concurrent development of a sound character, an active intelligence, and a healthy physique, he points out that proper hygienic surroundings will not of themselves produce a sound physique. A further requirement is physical exercise.

"This may, no doubt, be promoted especially in the case of country children, by a variety of means, but none of these is such that special physical exercises should be entirely dispensed with, and, in the case of children whose lives are spent in towns, these exercises are indispensable both for the development of the body and for the correction of the defects or evil habits induced by an unhealthy physical environment.

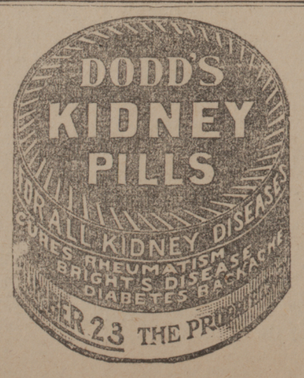
Memory also is strengthened. As the exercises become more advanced there is an increasing demand on the powers of concentration and initiative, and also of endurance and determination. The constant call for self-control and self-restraint, for co-operation and harmonious working with others, needed for performing physical exercises and for playing organized games, helps to foster unselfishness, and promotes a public spirit which is valuable in after life.

Moreover, rightly taught, physical exercises should serve as a healthy outlet for the emotions, while the natural power of expressing thought, feelings, and ideas by means of bodily movements is encouraged and brought out—a power which was in ancient times carefully and even religiously cultivated, but which now tends to disappear under modern conditions. "This appeal to the aesthetic sense is very great and extremely important for in learning to appreciate physical beauty in form and motion the perception of all beautiful things is insensibly developed, and the child gradually learns to seek beauty and proportion not only in his external surroundings, but also in the lives and character of those he meets."

ARREST AT DALHOUSIE

Dalhousie, N. B., Oct. 11—James Campbell, a sailor, who comes from Liverpool, was arrested today at Dalhousie Junction, charged with having robbed his fellow boarders of the Laurette boarding house, Dalhousie.

When searched the sum of $28 was found. Campbell is in the county jail pending trial. He was on his way west when caught by Policeman Seely, of Dalhousie.



FOR WHAT DOES ST. JOHN'S $25 STAND, ANYWAY?

A Halifax Newspaper's Questioning Article on the Sir Sanford Fleming Tower and its Significance

(Halifax Recorder)

The school boy, when asked the question, replied that "a cenotaph was a tombstone erected to the memory of a man to show where he wasn't buried.' We are beginning to think that the youthful definition might not be an inapt description of the tower the erection of which is now under consideration by the people of this city. We are not at all opposed to monuments; like the late Artemus Ward, we think 'a tower is a sweet boon,' but we think it right and proper that when a memorial tower is erected it should not be for its own sweet sake alone but should commemorate something.

"Now it is just here that the crux of the matter rests in connection with the Sir Sandford Fleming monument. Of what would it be a commemoration? The claim at first advanced was that it should be a memorial of the establishment of responsible government in Nova Scotia in 1758, the legislature then founded being the first representative assembly on this side of the ocean. It was soon shown that the said year marked the establishment of representative not responsible government, a very different thing indeed.

" 'Occasional' in the Recorder has shown that the English colonies south of us had regular representative assemblies many years previous to 1758. The governor of Nova Scotia, two years previous to this date, received Royal instructions from London in which the several assemblies of the plantations—(old term for colonies)—were referred to; and, of course, there are extant histories of those early colonial institutions.

"The claim is now made that the Nova Scotian assembly of 1758 was the first institution of its kind established in any of those lands outside of Britain, which still form a portion of the British Empire, Even this claim falls to the ground, however, because it has been shown that a representative assembly was established in the British West Indies at a prior date.

"Now then what inscription can we fitly carved upon the proposed monument? 'This monument was raised to commemorate the establishment of the thirteenth representative assembly on this side of the Atlantic.' The visitor might ask, 'why not erect a monument in memory of the forty-second assembly established on this side?' Suppose we carve this inscription thereon: 'This monument was erected in commemoration of the establishment of the second oldest representative assembly outside of Britain in those lands still forming part of the British Empire.'

"The criticism might be made that it is an unusual thing for a people to raise monuments to record second best accomplishments. But supposing that the results of historical research are set aside and the artist boldly carves this inscription: 'This monument was erected to commemorate the founding of the first representative assembly in all those countries now or at any time owing allegiance to Britain.' This would be a whopper indeed, and the student of history would doubtless recall the lines of Pope concerning a certain monument in London, containing a false and offensive inscription:

" 'Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies.'

"The only truthful inscription left to place upon the proposed North West Arm Tower would run something like this: "Erected to commemorate the fact that the first representative assembly in the colonies was not established in Nova Scotia.' But a negative declaration such as this would too forcibly recall the boy's definition of a cenotaph and have a slight tendency to raise a smile. Build the tower if you will, gentlemen, but see to it that it means, and is commemorative of, something or other."

To the proposed monument the St. John council has contributed $25.

THE BEST APPLES ON TOP OF BARREL

(N. Y. Commercial.)

That the United States has no monopoly in packing apples with the good ones on the top and bottom, with a large percentage of poor ones where the container bulges, is told in an article from a Canadian paper, which makes some severe criticism on customs prevailing with our cousins across the line. The newspaper article says:

Commenting on a despatch from Britain, in which complaint was made against the dishonest packing of apples from Canada, The Manitoba Free Press remarks: "There are people in the west who can testify that all the dishonestly packed barrels of apples shipped from Eastern Canada do not go across the ocean." The pity of it is that the dishonesty is so brazen as to take risks even in Ontario, where the fruit is grown. Householders in Toronto complain among themselves that the quality at the top of the barrel is not always maintained through to the bottom. For the prices that are being paid and the quantities of good fruit allowed to go to waste in country orchards the apple supply in this city is unsatisfactory.

The Free Press says that "packers who practice such deception find that punishment in the shape of loss of trade is sure to follow upon their wrong-doing." The regret is that such punishment is neither as swift nor as dircet as justice and the interest of Canadian trade require. Every encouragement should be given and every assistance to the law officers, both general and special, to bring the punishment home to the guilty parties without delay and in the eyes of the public. Every case of dishonest packing should not only be prosecuted and severely punished, but the facts should be published broadcast. Honest growers—and the great majority of fruit growers are honest—and high principled merchants should make it their business to expose those who bring Canadian trade into disrepute at home or abroad.

But the private citizen who has been imposed upon by dishonest packers should report every case at once to the law officers that investigation may be made and the offenders punished. Just as soon as Canadians in general begin to exercise the Englishman's prerogative of standing for their rights this and many other afflictions and impositions will be remedied. Certainly it is of prime interest to Canada that the dishonest apple packer should be put out of business.

WAITING.

Jinks—Is that invention of yours practical?

Blinks—Can't tell. I haven't put any stock in the company on the market yet.

PURITY FLOUR

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Highest grade in the world.

Home-made bread awarded first prize at the National Exhibition, Toronto, was made from Purity flour.

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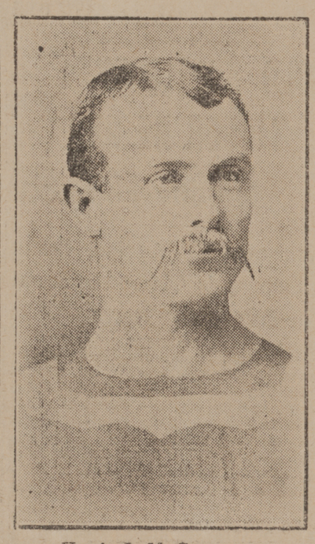
More bread and better bread

SUCCESS ATTENDS THE McCORMICK BENEFIT

The benefit entertainment to Hugh J. McCormick, ex-world's champion skater and a prominent oarsman, who, in his day, did much for the fair fame of St. John in the sporting world, was a pronounced financial success. A large number of tickets were sold and a goodly proportion of the purchasers attended what proved to be an enjoyable entertainment. Postmaster Sears presided and introduced the performers. He also read a telegram



Hugh J. McCormick.

from Hon. Wm. Pugsley expressing good wishes for Mr. McCormick and his entire co-operation with the idea of the benefit.

The programme included selections by the City Cornet Band and Harrison's orchestra, solo by J. D. Wood, monologue by Ben Hilbert, reading bp A. W. Baird, solo by Miss LeRoy, comedy sketch by Whitman & Davis, of the Orpheum theatre, solo by Thomas Malcolm, dancing by Lawrence MacLaren, comedy sketch by Arthur Furlong, cornet solo by D. J. Gallagher, comedy sketch and songs by Steve Matthews, and an instrumental duet by W. G. Stokes and W. G. Stratton.

All the numbers proved of excellent quality and were enthusiastically received. The instrumental duet, clarionet and piccolo, by Stokes and Stratton, was a veritable gem. Steve Matthews' sketches, Mr. Dooley and the Irish Justice, were very funny, while his songs also evoked much merriment. Arthur Furlong, in kilts and sporren, contributed a turn of the Harry Lauder variety which caught the house instantly. The comedy sketch by Whitman and Davis—of the burlesque tragedy order—was also excellent, while Mr. Hilbert's monologue, Mr. Malcolm, Mr. Wood and Miss LeRoy in solos, Mr. Baird's reading and Mr. Gallagher's cornet solo were all very pleasing.

Mr. McCormick was resting easily last night. He sent a message to The Telegraph, expressing his gratitude for the kindness of his friends in their undertaking last evening.

BEEWEEN CHAPPIES

De Soft—I've been inwited to go gunning next week. What ought I to give the fellow that beats up the birds

De Capp—Well, old chap, it depends

THE ORANGE FAIR

Large Number at Opening of Big Event in the Queen's Rink

Notwithstanding numerous counter attractions the big Orange fair under the auspices of the St. John District Lodge, L. O. A., which opened in the Queen's rink last night, was large attended and promises to be a most successful function. The Carleton Cornet Band was in attendance and all the booths and games reported good business. The voting contest for the most popular alderman is expected to prove an exciting one. At the close of the fair last evening Aldermen Baxter, Kelley, Vanwart and Sproul were running neck and neck. The prize is a handsome piece of cut glass and the winner will be announced on the last night of the fair.

The opening ceremonies last evening were very simple. On the bandstand in the centre of the rink were seated J. H. Burley, district master, who presided, Mayor Bullock, Hon. Robert Maxwell, M. P. P., Dr. A. W. MacRae, grand master for the province of New Brunswick, and officers of St. John county and district lodges.

Mr. Burley read a telegram from Hon. Wm. Pugsley regretting his inability to attend and expressing the hope that the fair would be a success. Mayor Bullock then spoke briefly of the benefit of such organizations as the Orange Association whose keynote is patriotism and British liberty. He hoped the fair would receive the patronage it so highly merited.

Dr. A. W. MacRae congratulated the members upon the enterprise and zeal with which they had labored to make the fair a success.

Hon. Robert Maxwell, speaking along the same line, referred to the important position occupied by the Orange order in all parts of the empire. He urged the members to live up to their obligation and work for the best interests of mankind. He then declared the fair open and joined with the other speakers in the hope that it would be a success. The gathering then dispersed and the guests inspected the booths. It is the intention to have some special entertainment feature each evening and prominent Orangemen will also be invited to speak. On Thursday evening the speaker will be Hon. J. K .Flemming, provincial secretary.

The members of the different lodges had been busily engaged for the past two weeks in preparing for what was easily the biggest thing of the kind ever attempted by any fraternal organization in this city and when the rink doors were thrown open last night the result of their labors was at once apparent. With the bright colors used in the decoration of the booths, the warm glow of autumn leaves backed by the sombre green of spruce and cedar, red, white and blue bunting, pictures, flags and clusters of sparkling incandescent lights, the scene was a beautiful one.

The games are under the general supervision of R. F. Gooderich with the following assistants:

Excelsior tables—William Simpson, William Rogers and Oscar Grant.

Air-gun—James Sullivan and N. J. Morrison.

Babies on the block—William Ruddock.

Sub-target gun—John Mowbray.

Bowling alley—William Grant.

Ring toss—William Coates.

Ten pins—John Smith.

Bean toss—William Thompson.

Ivory knife handles that have become yellowed by constant washing may be whitened by a good rubbing with emery paper and then polishing with chamois.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

October 12—America was discovered 417 years ago today. Find an Indian.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down, in coat.