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## TWIXT LOVÉ AND PRIDE

"You have been sitting here precise- | anything less like a disappointed lover a slightly grieved tone. "It is not a pleasant thing to be told by any one that they are heartily sick of your sotiety after a trial of only one short half hour and twenty minutes. I am forry you have found the time so tedunaccountably detained. Can I do

"The master is just coming across the lawn now, 'M," interrupted the polite Mason, the gray-haired servitor at Blount Grange, putting his head ound the door at this functure. Thought I'd let you know, 'm, after

you'd waited so long." "Very good; I will come and meet him," Mabel said, hastily, anxious to avoid any greeting that might lead to Blount. the usual "naming of names" before this questioning stranger. "Please go and let Mr. Blount know that I am

After which she gathered up her riding-skirts once more, took her dog in her arms, and her whip in her hand and, finally turning, made a haughty little bow to the tall young man in hour."

'Good-morning," she said, coldly, albeit gracefully.

'Good morning, Miss-Manvers," he returned, with an equally punctilious inclination of the head, and a covert smile that was half satirical and whoily amused, while he followed her to the door, opened it, and bestowed upon her there another bow that must have somewhat resembled the ancient dignified salutation with which 'the "magnificent" Louis was in the habit of dismissing his attendant courtiers.

"Now what was he smiling at, I wonder, in such a hatefully sarcastic sort of way?" pondered Mabel, slowly, as she went down the stairs toward the open hall door to greet the master of the Grange. "Oh, if by any possibility he should be personally acquainted with those Manvers, what in the world will he not think of me? How stupid that this idea should never have occurred to me before. Put, no, it is impossible; I believe that under such circumstances it would not be in human nature to resist betraying the knowledge and enjoying the adversary's confusion for the moment no matter how consoling and lenient one might prove the next instant. How curious he was! How determined to make me repeat my answers! I don't remember ever before meeting so unpleasant and altogether detestable a young man, and hope I her calamity. When she had finished, never shall again. Catch me mixing she looked up at him wistfully out of foreign in his style of beauty. myself up with any fellow's gambling her beautiful hazel eyes. debts from this day forth, once I "I know I have done a very wrong get out of this dilemma, which has thing," she said, with quivering lips more than Eddie himself is worth. How oddly he stared at me-so rude of him-and what a very handsome mustache he has!"

But here she came up with Dick Blount, and therefore it must forever remain a mystery as to whether it was Eddie's or the stranger's mustache she considered so worthy of come, if not to your oldest friend? commendation. Still, as Edward Trevanion's hirsute ornaments consisted write you out the cheque now on the at this time of about twenty-two lowspirited and wandering hairs, situated in the region of his upper lip, it was hardly probable that it could have and I-one word about it." been his.

"Ah, how d'ye do. Mr. Blount?" Mabel said, with a sudden sense of relief and protection, as she held out table near her. her hand to the fresh, handsome gentleman advancing so rapidly to meet her.

Dick Blount, or "old Dick," as he was more commonly called by his friends and acquaintances—whose name was legion— was a man somewhat in the "fifties," tall, strong, athletic, and the master of an income close upon six or eight thousand a year. The Grange was one of the loveliest estates in the county situated about two miles or so from King's Abbott, and why the owner of it had never taken to himself a wife was a question often asked in Cliston, but never satisfactorily answered. No woman's name had ever been connected with his-in the matrimonial line at least-since, on his uncle's death, he had come to take possession of the property. How and where he had lived previously was little known to anyone, beyond the certainty that he had spent much of his time abroad, wandering in a desultory pleasureseeking fashion from city to city, with probably no ulterior reasons, except those of enjoying the present hour to men at Broughton. Am I not right? the uttermost.

Had he ever boved and lost? Or the tear-stained face that watched with passionate despair his gay defection? Or had he through his young days escaped scatheless from the fire of bright eyes and honeyed voices that must here and there have tempted him during life's journey?

None could say in the quiet little eruntry-side where he had elected to spend his later years. One thing was ever known—that when, a long time after this, the new owner was having some furniture in one of the Grange rooms removed, he found behind a bed, sunk deep within the wall, a small framed picture, its face turned from the light. It proved to be an Martha? He must have considered and gathered up the reins for her old painting of a bright, fair, yellow you grown young and wonderfully hand haired girl, small of feature, but exquisitely lovely, who looked out from the canvas with large, mocking eyes, that perhaps were just a little too closely set to be, strictly speaking, Immediately below the portrait was written, in a man's hand, the two words: "Aged eighteen," but whether at that early period of her existence this blue-eyed lady had proved fair and false, or been carried to a clay-cold grave, there re-

mained no clew to determine,

fifty minutes." said her companion, than he always appeared it would be hard to find. Though seldom induced to go anywhere himself, he was particularly addicted to hospitality of all kinds, given in his own domain, such as bachelors' parties, picnics, morning entertainments of every descripious, but I suppose Mr. Blount was tion, and usually two or three balls in the year-which latter were conanything for you? Order your horse, ducted on a magnificent scale, and to which the entire county was inviteu, and went.

Far and near there was no man more universally beloved and respected by all classes. Young men adored him for his genial kindly advice, always so gently given, and his ready assistance, while every child in the neighborhood had reason to remember the good nature of old Dick

"Dear me, Miss Mabel," he said, "how am I ever to gain your pardon for keeping you such a time in durance vile? The fact is, I never heard a word about your being here until two minutes ago, when Mason came out in a frenzy of excitement to tell me you had been waiting at least an

"Scarcely so long as that, I think; but"-with her eyes bent on Boski's dusky head-"Mr. Blount, I want to speak to you in private, please, for a minute or so."

"So you shall. Come in here," said Dick Blount, and he led the way into his library, the door of which he closed carefully behind her. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"I am going to ask something very dreadful," began Mabel, after a pause, during which she had telt her courage oozing rapidly away- "something that I feel sure no woman should ask; but you must promise not to think too hardly of me for all that '

"I promise you." "Well, then"-desperately-"I want you to give me three hundred pounds.

Blount laughed. "Is that all?" he said. "Why, I thought you were about to confess to half a dozen murders at least. Sit down, Miss Mabel, and tell me all that is on your mind."

And Mabel, sitting down, told him ali her trouble all about Eddie's evil behavior, and her father's ignorance of it, together with his inability to 1 ay so much ready money just then, and her own determination to come over to him, as the only person she could think of likely to help her in

thing," she said, with quivering lipe- dom peculiar to her countrywomen, been considerably more troublesome "a hateful, unfeminine thing that will "is it thrue what I've been hearin" than I ever bargained for, and rather make you despise me forever. But about ye, that ye're going to be marwhat could I do? You were the only ried? Is it threu, alanna? An' to the so I came."

"I consider you have done me a very great honor," answered old Dick, promptly, "and I feel proud and giad of it. To whom indeed should you I'll tell you what, Miss Mabel-I'll spot, and you can take it at once to your naughty brother with your love; and we will never tell anyone-you

Mabel's eyes filled with tears. She stocped suddenly and kissed the kindly "Nonsense, child," said Blount, has-

the money is lying idle at my banker's, vanion. not doing the slightest good to anyone. and I am only too pleased to be able to oblige you so easily. And row and long solitary confinement in the breakfast this morning."

"Nothing, thank you-especially as it wasn't solitary confinement by any means," Mabel declared—"quite the contrary. There was a stranger there the entire time, a Mr. Roy, I think his name was. And that is another thing I want to speak to you about. Please do not tell that gentleman who come to papa's ears in the long run."

"What did you say his name was?" "Roy-at least so Mason told me." "And who told you he was an offi-

cer stationed at Bilton?' "He looked like it," Mabel said, simply. "And, besides, I know all the

he not an officer?" wooed and ridden away unmindful of he seemed strongly inclined to laugh. at this very moment thinking of noth-"And so he spoke to you, I suppose; and you called him Mr. Roy, eh?"

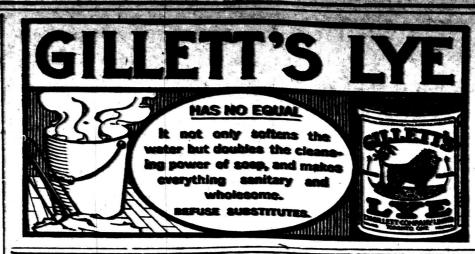
"Just so," answered "the queen." "And it was very wrong of me, you know. But when, in some way or being your cousins, people would not all your goodness to me." think about it if Mr. Roy spoke of his meeting me here."

rear of laughter.

"By Jove," said he, "that is the best which he thought you were Jane or porch, where he put her on her horse pretty since last he had the pleasure of seeing you, some fifteen years ago."

"Oh, Mr. Blount, you don't mean to say he knows the Manverses?" cried Mabel, in real distress, her cheeks the color of two soft summer roses.

"I should rather think so, considering you were speaking to my nephew, of her position, as she rode on beneath Roy Blount, who is also a cousin of the elms once more to the highroad on the Manverses," said Blount, with an- her way home to King's Abbott. other heartless explosion of mirth. "And so you told him you were Jane Mount himself made no mention of —ch? His face must have been a picaccompanied by Miss Younge, having ture when he compared poor Jane's gone a distance of five miles to return in the act of dying; and certainly light blue orbs with your dark eyes, some visits, while the gentlemen had



you young witch!"

"And I have been calling him by his Christian name all this time!" declared Mabel, who was almost comical in her despair. "Oh, Mr. Blount, what on earth shall I do? When is he going away? You know I can never look him in the face again, so do say he will be leaving shortly."

"He isn't dreaming of going," said Blount-"not for a full month at all events-not until his leave expires, and then he goes to Dublin to join his regiment. So, you see, you will have to dance with him at my ball the night after next, Miss Mabel, and be sure whatever happens."

"Dance with him!" exclaimed Mabel, to him again? Why, what must he ear. think of my coming here on private business to you, and telling him such a horrid, horrid lie? Mr. Blount"imploringly-"will you just explain things a little to him, without betraying Eddie-will you? Oh, if you will only be so kind!"

"Of course I will," said Blount, "Yes, Miss Mildred, heaven be praised for it!" said the woman, stopping opposite to her with tears standing in her dark blue Irish eyes. "An' if it hadn't been for you, where'd he have been now? 'Twas the good word ye had for him with the squire that got him off, I'm tould; an' if the prayers and blessin's of Kitty Dempsey can do ye good, ye have them. Oh, asthore, 'tis little ye know of the sore heart I had yesterday-an' may the heavens above ever keep ye from knowin'! Patsey"-with a sudden and utter change of tone-"tis throublin' the lady ye are, ye spalpeen of the world, come down off her lap this minit, I'm tellin'

"Ah, please, no," interceded Mildred's soft voice as she pressed her arm round the boy to hold him closer. "I like him here very much, and he likes being here, don't you, Patsey? "I should rather think he did," solil-

oquized Denzil, at the open entrance. But the child said nothing; he only glanced up in his protectress' face with rougish, sparkling eyes, and laid his head against her shoulder. He was a remarkably handsome lad of

"Tell me, Miss Mildred," began the him. woman again, with the respectful freeone I could think of to help rie, and young lord that's stayin' at King's

"It may be so," -said Miss Trevanion, laughing. "Stranger things have dogs, dig in the garden, pick flowers, happened before now. But I, for my part, have heard nothing about it."

She paused, blushed a little at the he had been, almost unconsciously, feasting himself upon the girl's sweet, uncommon beauty; but the latter part of the conversation startled him, large brown hand that lay on the and betrayed his position to himself as an eavesdropper. He advanced, placed his gun against the lintel of the door. tily; "what did you do that for? Why, and held out his hand to Miss Tre-

"Good morning," he said. "It seems late in the day for that salutation, does it not; but you know we had not what shall I get you after your ride | the pleasure of your | company at

"No. Papa, you see, was not going shooting; and, really, all the rest of you chose to get up at such a ridiculously early hour! Have you had good sport?

"Pretty fair; the others have done rather better, I fancy. But all the shooting here is capital. I have lost my way a little, I think; at least I I am, as he might let some of the have got completely separated from other officers at Bilton know all about my companions, and just came in to my visit here, and it would certainly ask permission to light my pipe,

which accounts for my being here." He turned as he mentioned the pipe, and bowed courteously to Mrs. Dempsey, who, courtesying in return, told 'his honor' he was very welcome. "Never fear; I will make it all right for you before Thursday night, Miss Mahel; and, as for him thinking anything bad of you, why, he is the best "Quite right," returned Blount; but lad in the world, and is, I'll be bound,

ing but the beauty of a certain young

lady who claimed kinship with him a

little time ago." "Thank you," returned Mab, feeling slightly better as she listened to his other, he asked me my name, I said it hearty way of putting things; "thank was Manvers, because, the Manverses you again and again, Mr. Blount, for

"I have done nothing for you," pro-texted old Dick; "and I shall be seri-Dick Blount burst into a perfect cusly angry, Miss Mabel, if you ever mention my 'goodness' to me again." They were crossing the hall at this

thing I have ever heard! I wonder time, and presently gained the outer "Well, good-bye, and take care of

yourself; and be sure you look your

very loveliest on Thursday evening, or Roy will certainly mistake you for Jane." "Garaye," Mabel cried, and laughed in spite of herself at the absurdity

When she reached it she found the house deserted the two elder ladies been shooting since early dawn.

"And Miss Mildred-where is she?" by the copse way, toward Grant's farm to see Kate Dempsey, whose 'man' has of dynamite exploded on a rock with been in trouble,'" Jenkins, the foot- out being covered will shatter the man, informed her.

And so there was nothing left for other directions. Like all explosives, Mabel but to wait patiently until such time as any of the members of the it pleasanter. Thes last day of the household should take it into their heads to return.

Mildred was finding her way leisurely along toward Mrs. Dempsey' you are cousinly in your behavior, dwelling-place, enjoying thoroughly as she went while the distant sound of indignantly. "How can you go on like the sportsmen's guns came now and that when you know I can never speak then with startling distinctness to the

> "People say, 'Who'd be a dog " she thought to herself, gayly, as she walked along; "but I say, 'Who'd be a bird for at least nine months out of the twelve?" Poor little wretches, how unhappy they must be to-day, how terrified. And yet—" Here she was going to add, "And yet what a capital thing cold grouse is!" when her arrivval at Mrs. Dempsey's door checked the unsentimental reflection.

Amongst the slaughterers of the birds on that particular morning was Denzil Younge, who having wandered from his companions in more ambitious search of game, found himself presently opposite a certain cottage door, with no assured knowledge of his whereabouts, and without a light for his pipe.

He decided to enter, and ask the good woman of the house permission to light his pipe at her glowing embers, as well as gain some information respecting his position; so he went up to the door, which he found open, and bowed his head to enter. And this was what he saw-Mildred Trevanion -no longer the unapproachable Mildred of his everyday life, but a being soft smiling, lovable—with a little boy upon her knees, whose bare feet kicked triumphantly amongst the many flounces and fur-belows of her

"And so Jim is safely out of his trouble. Mrs Dempsey," she was saying, a pleased glow of satisfaction on about four years old, very dark and her fair face as she watched the little bright-complexioned, indeed almost ing the biscuits she had brought

(To be continued.)

Turn the Children Loose. woman's earnest, kindly glance, and boys and girls are tamed too much. then Denzil bethought himself that it We are all born wild and in the civiwas high time he should cease to be a lizing precess have to be tamed more listener to this dialogue. Up to this or less. Most of us, however, get tamthat we are spoiled.—Good Health.

We hear a lot about women's taste -yet look at what they marry.-Flor-

to set it off. Set fire in open air dynamite burns fiercely with a smoky flame, but does not explode unless several sticks are closely piled together or packed in a box. The most common cause of premature explosion of dynamite is separation of its nitrogly. cerin, slight friction or shock causing this to explode and, in turn, explode the dynamite. Separation of nitroglycerin usually occurs when frozen dynamite is being thawed out; hence so many cases of explosion by careless or ignorant persons who use a perfectly good stove in a course of instruction in how to handle dynamite. The "Miss Trevanion has just gone down force of a dynamite explosion is usu-

## CHAPTER VIII.

the fresh crispness of the wintery air

Turn them loose. That is the best way to develop the muscles of boys and girls. Turn them loose and let them live wild-climb trees, jump fences, chase squirrels, play with the hop, skip and jump and do all sorts of things that a natural human animal wants to do. The trouble is, our ed too much. We become so tamed

ida Times-Union.

Dynamité, if carefully made and kept will not explode except by shock or a blow; honce a cap or detonator is affixed to a charge just before firing ally greatest downward. Thus a stick out being covered will shatter the

that he was doomed. Preferring. however, steel to poison, he declined rock, but will produce little effect in the cup and was thereupon, at a sigdynamite just be enclosed by produce nal from his host, stabbed to death. The moment of finding a fellowsometimes prepared in granular form for producing certain explosive effects, creature is often as full of mingled doubt and exultation as the moment but its action is too rapid and intense of finding an idea.—George Eliot. for use in rifles or cannon.

You can't beat

Old Dutch

for taking rust and stains off knives



## At Twilight.

I love to sit by the embers
As they sparkle, and fade, and creep,
While Twilight gathers her children And tucks them away to sleep.

When the noises of Day are softened To a soothing, mellow croon, Ere the reign of Night is ushered By her herald, the weird-faced moon.

There's a magic balm in the gloaming
For the day-tacked weary train,
And my care-freed fancy wanders
In the paths afar from pain.

The visions and dreams of boyhood Pass before me clear and bright, As twilight fades into night.

Takes a deeper and stronger glow; Calling me onward and upward

And I know that my heart grows younger That my soul climbs nearer Truth; For these twilight-hour communings With the things of my vanished youth.

So I love to sit by the embers
As they sparkle, and fade, and creep,
While Twilight gathers her children
And tucks them away to sleep.
—David DeMay Farnworth, in Pittsburg
Chronicle

The Dutch steamer Rijndijk, from Portland, March 23, for Rotterdam, has been damaged off Scilly Islands. It seems probable that the Rijndijk, like the Eemrilk, reported damaged of St. Catharine's Point, struck a girls are kept busy enough."-Kansae

THE WORD OF A GER AN. Your troth was broken ere the trumpets

fact that the cuffee cup is one reco

Some years ago the governor of Aspa-ania having long been at daggers

drawn with the chief of a powerful

mountain tribe, determined in this

way to put an end to all trouble. He

professed to entertain a great degree

of friendship and esteem for the

chieftain and invited him to visit him at his palace. The chier unsuspici-

ously came, accompanied by his two

young sons. For a week they were

royally entertained. But at last one

morning when the chief came inte

his host's presence he was coldly re-

ceived, and an attendant stepped for-

ward with a single cup of coffee in his

hand, which he offered to the guest.

The latter could not fail to understand

blew: In the fight with unclean hands you rode; Your spurs were sullied and the sword you drew Bore stain of outrage done to honor's

And you have played your game as you began.
Witness the white flag raised by shattered ranks.
The cry for mercy, answered, man to

man—
And the swift stroke of traitor steel for thanks. Once bitten we are twice a little shr. And then forget; but with the moon ing score
Our old good-nature, tried a shade to

high. its lip, and means to stand So now, when you motest with bleating throat,
And, broider round your wrongs

ing the neutral ones to take a note nat we have passed outside the human pale; The world (no fool) will know where lies the blame

If England lets your pleadings go un heard: To grace of chivalry you've lost you We've grown too wise to trust

-O. S. in Punch. "Beauty is only skin deep." "I consider that a wise provision of nature." "Why so?" "With that limitation the

City Journal.

MOUNT-SIR-ROBERT and BORDEN GLACIER



From now on, while Canada endures, the name of its Premier, Sir Robert Borden, will be perpetuated in the topography of the Dominion. Thus decrees the Geographic Board of Canada, which has just officially adopted the name Mount "Sir Robert" to be applied to the beautiful snow-capped peak illustrated above. On the flank of the mountain is a great glacier, and this has been named "Borden Glacier."

This noble Mountain, whose glittering snow-capped crest rises sharply to a height of between eight and nine thousand feet, is situated 120 miles east of Prince Rupert, to the south of the Skeena River, and nine miles southeast from Doreen Station on the Grand Trunk Pacific line, and is in the heart of the British Columbia Coast Range. Even on the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific, famous for its mountains, there are few more beautiful peals the newly named "Sir Robert," and while the pointed peak in itself is considered one of the most graceful as fignified in the neighbourhood, the huge glacier, fully a mile in width, lends it additional beauty and interest. This dignified in the neighbourhood, the muge glacier, runy a mind in which as it moves slowly, inch by inch, dewn the carried mass of frozen snew and ice—accumulating rocks, stones and earth as it moves slowly, inch by inch, dewn the carried mass of frozen snew and ice—accumulating rocks, stones and earth as it moves slowly, inch by inch, dewn the side of the mountain—is apparently drained by a winding mountain stream which empties into the Skeena, and the great sweeping bend of this river, seen in the foreground of the picture, with a fine stretch of the track, indicate the view to be obtained from the railway line. Travellers on the Grand Trunk Pacific get the best view of this lives take the picture, with a fine stretch of the track, indicate the picture, with a fine stretch of the track, indicate the picture, with a fine stretch of the track.