

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE GATE.

He had been in a dream during the last few minutes of his stay in the captain's room. He was in a dream now that he got out into the fresh air. Cargill going with them—Cargill had been at the cottage just before him—why, then, it was all settled and there was no hope for him.

What, then, had prompted him to say he would be pilot of the *Mermala* on this voyage? Why should he be with them when it would be only to intensify his sense of loss into hate, and—maybe, crime?

He should have said, No, no, no!—and he had said "yes" for the very reason which should have compelled him to say no.

It was not yet too late. He could find some excuse; he could feign illness—he could drown himself. Anything rather than go on board that vessel and see them together, knowing the man to be unworthy. He did believe that if he had thought Cargill an honest man he could have said good-bye in sad resignation to the inevitable; he could have steered them safely into port with no chagrin, but only sorrow in his heart.

As it was—he must escape from the engagement. He could not answer for himself if he fulfilled it.

As he was mechanically opening the gate his arm was grasped by a friendly hand.

"Stop a minute, Mr. Ross, I have been noticing that you are not well, can we do anything for you?"

Not well! What a poor thing was it, then, that the wreck of hope and future should come to be a mere question of "Can we do anything for you?" So much medicine—so much fresh air—and so, hope is restored and the future is as bright as ever. That is the current mood—and a happy one—but to the homely nature of a man like Ross it brought no balm. He had ventured his all in a single boat and it had sunk.

He turned and saw Annie, the bright sympathetic eyes fell upon him. Like most men deeply in love he was most shy of the being he most loved. So he answered somewhat ungraciously.

"That is true—I am not well; but thank you for coming to say a kind word to me." "I am very glad to have given you any comfort. I doubt you have been overtaxing yourself to-day."

He rested on the gate. The sweet voice was echoing in his brain and he listened. Then speaking to the voice he breathed the name, "Annie."

She did not draw away from him. She stood breathless.

"Will you let me speak to you?" he said, so quietly now that he could scarcely realize himself that he had been for a moment in dreamland.

"If it will do you any good, to be sure I will," she answered with an endeavor to speak quite frankly and easily; but the voice faltered a little.

"Nothing I like?"

"Of course."

The permission granted he appeared to find difficulty in taking advantage of it. So there was a pause, and the outcome of it was—

"I'm a stupid gook."

But ridiculous as the expression might be to other ears they were not so to those of Annie Murray, and she asked tremulously—

"What for?"

"Because I care more for you than for anybody or anything else, and—I have been afraid to tell you. Now it is useless telling you."

He spoke almost fiercely as in the throes of a strong man's agony; but with the evident effort to restrain his passion.

"You're not to speak any more," she said, drawing a long breath; "you are to listen to me. You are young, and you can go where you will find friends to comfort and cheer you—"

"So it is said of all men," he muttered. "My father is an old man," she went on, "and has only me as his constant friend and companion. Well, can you think of it? I said to myself long ago that I would never leave him until he sent me away. Well, can you think of it? The only time that I ever wished I might leave him was—"

But there the blood came rushing to her face and a startled expression appeared in her eyes as if she had caught herself in the commission of some crime, and she became silent. She, who had been calm in the midst of storm, trembled.

"Well?" he asked, surprised by her sudden stop and looking into her face for an explanation.

"Well," she said, softly—an entire change of tone and manner—"there's nothing more to say except that I am glad you are to be the pilot of the *Mermala* on her next trip."

He took her hand gently and for a moment each looked into the other's eyes. Then—

"Now it is my turn to ask you to listen to me," he said slowly. "Whilst I was coming down the path, I made up my mind that I would not go. You shall decide me. Is Cargill going by your wish?"

"No."

"Do you wish me to go?"

"I do—because father wishes it."

She added the latter words quickly, as if fearing that he should misunderstand the import of her wish; and again they looked into each other's eyes in silence.

"Very well," he said, "I will go."

And then they said good-bye. The understanding between them was complete, although no word of compact had been spoken. She was to be faithful to her father, and he was to wait until the father spoke.

Wait!—ah, he would wait all his life. And he had no doubt that after this trip of the *Mermala*, a little conversation with Captain Duncan would enable him to arrange matters satisfactorily. With that conviction he went merrily on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

A DUTIFUL SON.

The original part of the village consists of two rows of buildings forming a narrow street. The buildings have two flats; the upper one is approached by a staircase with a thick wooden railing outside the wall; and the landings of these "outside stairs" form the rostrums of the fish-wives from which they arrange their gossips. Poles jut out from windows carrying ropes to form a triangle, and on these hang men and women's clothes to dry. On the stairs are broad-hunched women gossiping to others below, on either side, or across the way. Beneath the stairs are others preparing bait, mending nets or clothes and also gossiping. At the foot of one of these stairs is Dick Baxter. To him approaches a big lumpy man, jauntily. He is dressed in the latest fashion of tailoring, has a large silver ring on the third finger of his left hand, and carries a slim umbrella in his right, which makes his own figure the more conspicuous. He is evidently conscious that such a dandy is out of his element in this place. He is rendered still more conscious of it by the salutation of Dick Baxter.

"Well, Jeems, you are a grand sight, but you might have come sooner, for your mither's in a great way about you."

"Thank you, Mister Baxter." "That's a nice nuckle as to say that I ought to call you Mister Cargill," said Dick, pityingly. "Na, na, laddie, I canna do that. I hae kent ye since you were a bairn running barefoot here in the Row, and you maun just thole me sayin' Jeems to the end."

Before Dick had finished his observation, the gentleman had ascended the staircase and entered the dwelling at the top. There he was saluted by an elderly cry—

"Ye hae come at last, ye deevil's bokie, What's kept ye? Wait or I get up and I'll learn ye manners. Did I not say that ye was to be here at two o'clock and noo it's four?"

This came from an old woman who was seated in an old-fashioned arm-chair. She wore a high white "mitch," which rendered her shrivelled features and shrunken eyes the more marked; and the passion on the face at this moment made it appear more haggard than it naturally was.

The lumpy dandy was not at all disturbed. It's mother, Bell Cargill, had been paralyzed in her lower limbs for ten years past; and although she was always expecting to recover and making her arrangements for that event, it had not yet come to pass. She was constantly telling her neighbors what she would do when she "got up," and they kindly humored her, and the hope sustained her. She had been one of the briskest and strongest of the fish-wives, and by a singular business tact had been successful to a degree a most odd precedent. Although living in this poor dwelling, surrounded by her creels and fishing-tackle—it was her humor to have all the relics of her trade about her—she possessed a considerable fortune. Bawbees had grown to shillings in her hands, and shillings to pounds. Then, whilst she still carried her creel, she had started a small fishshop in the High Street, Edinburgh, and out of that had grown two large fishmongery establishments, one at the West End, and the other in the main thoroughfare leading to Newington. She had been careful in the selection of her managers, and she had prospered.

She had once said—but she never repeated it—that the only mistake she ever made was in getting married; and the only good her man had ever done her was in "deeing sense." But he had left her with a son as useless as himself.

Notwithstanding all her prosperity, she clung to the abode in which she had been brought up, and out of which she had reared everything. Her son, however, had different ideas.

"You see, mother, I was detained by—"

"Can ye not speak your native tongue, you idiot? What's the use o' puttin' on your fine airs wi' me?" cried Bell irately.

"I really thought that I was speaking my native tongue as far as I knew it, mother; but if there is any other form which will please you better I shall be happy to adopt it," he answered, taking a chair and seating himself on it carefully, as if he feared that it might break under him.

The old woman eyed him all over, and the twinkling of her eyes showed that she had a secret pleasure in his grand appearance, although she maintained her querulous manner.

"Weel, you hae a guid Scotch tongue in your head if you would only mak' use o' it; but you'll do naething usefu'. You just spend, and spend, and spend."

"If you would allow me," he said in a lazy way, "I am quite willing to take the management of the business—"

"Catch me lettin' ye do that. I gie ye a tether of three months, and if I had a son ye three mair there wou'dna hae been a penny to clink agin another left us."

"Very well," he said, shrugging his heavy shoulders, "I am content. Only don't be a blame you, ye lazy loon! Oh, wait till I get up, and it'll na be lang now or that. Na blame you! If ye had been half a man ye would have been the greatest fish-merchant in the kinty by this time."

"But I don't want to be a fishmonger," he said as before, and folding his hands on his breast.

"Fish-merchant, I said, and mair shame to ye! Is it na the grandest trade and the bravest trade in the world? Can ye na think o' what it means—men's lives gae to feed the livin'? And can ye na think what it has been to you? Whaur would your bonnie cles come frae and your rings, and your watches, and your breast-pins if it hadna been for the fish?"

"I am quite ready to make my acknowledgement to each particular fish if you'll only tell me their names," he answered coolly, as he re-adjusted a horseshoe pearl breast-pin.

She was exasperated by his coolness and made a movement as if she would rise, but fell back on her chair with the old cry—

"Wait till I get up and I'll set ye a bonnie dance, my braw lad—you that canna come to see me ane in a month, eansa ye're shamed to be seen among the folks that ken whaur your braw duds came frae. But bide ye, I'm gae to hae the lawyer here and I'll settle ye. And I'm gae to hae Bob Ross as a witness."

"Bob Ross!" muttered Cargill, for the first time roused from his lethargy; "he's eternally turning up where he isn't wanted."

"Ay, it's like you to misca' folk that are better than yourself." He looks after them that belated to him whilst ye gang off to your grand chambers in Edinbro' and London, and are fear folk should ken you got your siller frae the pairt and fish-wife that ye leave here."

His lethargic nature was not capable of burning into a flame; but the spark which she had thrown into it by the mention of Bob Ross had stirred the embers into a glow, and this last shaft elicited a spark.

"You know quite well, mother, I have pressed you often enough to leave this place—"

"Leave this place?" she cried angrily, "where every thing was won—a likely."

"Very well. I don't try to force you, and I don't think it is fair that you should grumble at me because you are here."

"It's because of you that I am here. But wait till I get up and I'll settle ye."

"Well, well, let that be. I want to talk to you about this arrangement with the captain."

"Ay, ay," muttered the old woman with greedy eyes, her whole manner to him suddenly changing as if she were about to make a bargain with him. "What about that? What about that?"

"He has no objection to the match provided we can show money enough to start with, and he will settle everything upon his daughter."

"That's capital," cried the old woman gleefully and quite reconciled to her son, forgiving in that moment all his extravagances. "But the lass—what did the lass say?"

"I have not asked her yet."

Bell Cargill leaned back in her chair and stared at her son, gasping.

said yes—she is accustomed to the word of command."

The mother looked at her son admiringly a most for the first time.

"Weel," she said, chuckling, "there's some o' my bairn in ye after all. That's just fine. Ye'll hae her a' to yourself, and I'll hae o' ye, mither, mak' a lass agree to anything when that's the case, if he just speaks pretty enough."

"Old Dick Baxter put his head in at the door."

"Here's Bob Ross noo, Bell. Do ye want him to come up?" he said.

CHAPTER V.

MISCHIEF IN THE WIND.

Under ordinary circumstances Ross would never have thought of waiting at the foot of the stair until he learned whether or not Bell wanted him. He would have walked up and entered the room with no other ceremony than the unnecessary question—

"Are ye at home, mistress?"

On the present occasion, however, hearing that her son was with her he shrunk back, and would have been glad to escape from his promised visit altogether. Cargill and he had never been friendly, although there was no open enmity between them. It was now he felt an almost unconquerable dislike to meet the man. At any rate there was no need to meet him except when necessary, and that necessity was to arise soon enough.

Their relations to each other were now clearly defined; they were both fighting for the same prize—the one with his money, the other with his love. Cargill, the dandy, with contempt, that might easily develop into hatred—if it had not already done so; Ross regarded him with simple dislike and a desire to avoid him.

There could be no pleasant encounters between two men holding such a position towards each other.

"That was why Ross sent Dick to ask if he were wanted, much to the surprise of Bell, who was unaccustomed to such ceremonies."

"Cry to him to come up," was her quick answer to Dick; "he could have come himself to speak."

Cargill for a moment hesitated whether or not he should leave; but, desirous of discovering what his mother had wanted with Ross, decided to remain.

He nodded with sympathetic placidity to the visitor as he entered.

"How are you to-day, Mistress Cargill?" asked Ross—he was the only one who called her Mistress Cargill; to everybody else about the place she was still Bell, or Bell Cargill.

"Brawly, brawly, thank ye for speerinz. I'll sune be up and about now. But I'm na gae to fish you this afternoon, Bob, nor the lawyers either. I'm gae to tak' your counsel, and let the thing be."

"I'm real glad to hear it," Mrs. Cargill. You would have been sorry for it afterwards."

"I'm na sure o' that yet. How's ever, Jeems has done something at last; he's to marry a lass wi' a tocher, and that's satisfaction in a kind o' way. But when I get about myself I'll ken better what to do. For the time being there's na need to fish yourself. I'm obliged to you, a' the same, and you're richt enough to say that he would satisfy me yet."

"What is all this about, mother?" broke in Cargill, who very much disliked being called "Jeems" at all times, and especially now.

"Never you heed, Jeems. You may thank your friend Bob, that you didna ken a' about it afore noo."

"I am sure I am extremely obliged to Mr. Ross for any kindness he has been good enough to do me, but—"

"Will ye drap that, ye fool, and speak like an ordinary body?" almost screamed Bell.

"But I should like you to explain," he went on stolidly.

"Then I'll na explain naething till I'm up. You marry skipper Duncan's daughter, and there'll be na need to explain. What are ye gae to be at or next, Bob?"

"I am to take the *Mermala* to Peterhead next, was the quiet answer, but not without a seer feeling of satisfaction that he could give this man to Cargill.

It was more than a rub—was a blow. Cargill's pluffy cheeks and small, protruding, dark eyes—his eyes—were incapable of expression; but they could show the signs of biliousness, and at this moment they looked very bilious. His voice, however, expressed neither passion nor surprise as he said—

"Oh, you are to take the *Mermala* on her next trip?"

"Ay, I believe so. But I have to go now, mistress, as you are na needing me. Good day, mistress—good day, Mr. Cargill."

Glad to escape, he sprang down the stair. But he had not gone many steps when he heard a pletioic voice behind him.

"I want to speak to you, Ross?"

It was Cargill who had followed him instantly.

"I'm in rather a hurry, Mr. Cargill, as I ought to have been home two hours ago."

"I can walk with you. The matter is one of great importance to you."

"What is it?" inquired Ross, slackening his pace, so that the other might with more ease and dignity keep up with him.

"That is to say, I think it of great importance to you; possibly you may think otherwise."

"What is it?"

"I have a friend who is the head of a firm of shipowners, and he told me that they are in want of a man who should be himself a pilot, to take general charge of all the arrangements with the pilots for their ships. He would have a permanent engagement at a good salary, and it struck me that you were the very man for the post."

"I'miz't be," was the reply with a subdued smile, which Cargill did not observe.

"You would be. Why should you waste your time in such fey-boats as the *Mermala* when you have such a chance as this? For you have only to say the word and I can almost promise that you shall be the man chosen."

"And when would I be wanted?"

"Well, as I understand, you would have to be at the office in two or three days."

"I doubt it cannot come my way."

"Why not?"

"Because I have to go with the *Mermala*."

"Oh, you can easily get out of that engagement. I will undertake to arrange it for you."

"Thank you, but I promised to go and I am going. Moreover, I like to manage my own business."

"Then you refuse?"

"I am not clear that that there is anything to refuse except to break my word, and I do refuse to do that."

"Oh, very well," said Cargill loftily, "as you please. I thought to render you a service, and I can assure you such a chance is not likely to fall in your way again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

They are now trying to show that Christopher Columbus was a Frenchman, or at least was born in Corsica under French government.

MISSING LINKS.

Fifty cents per pipe is charged in New York opinion deus.

Mr. C. C. Wood has contributed \$125,000 to the Young Woman's Christian Association of Brooklyn.

Archdeacon Farrar maintains that it is only an ignorant theology that can assume science to be hostile to religion.

About half the railroad which is to connect Jaffa with Jerusalem has been completed. The remainder will be finished within a year.

A Burlington (Vt.) barber recently beat all records by going out and getting married while a waiting customer was getting lathered by his assistant.

Whatever be the state of colored photography, a process for photographing in colors has been patented in London, and the company is about to begin business.

Anton Rubinstein is said to be engaged on two important new works. One is an oratorio on the subject of "Moses," and the latter of an opera on a Russian theme.

The steam power of the world is placed at 49,000,000 horse power. This is equivalent to the working capacity of 1,000,000,000 men, which is more than double the total working population.

Mrs. General Grant is aging rapidly. There has been a marked change both in her appearance and manner within two years. Her hair is silvered and her slow and uneven step betokens her advanced years.

A farmer near Amite, La., owns a horse that will not drink from the watering trough if any of the mules drink first. He does not seem to object to drinking after other horses, but draws the line at mules.

The Shah of Persia has been in retirement lately because by mistake he used a rheumatic lotion instead of hair dressing and turned his hair a beautiful myrtle color. He must have been dreadfully Shah greened.

Admiral Gervais, who made the curious mistake at the Portsmouth banquet of drinking to his own health, is the youngest Vice Admiral in the French navy. He is 54 and entered the service at 15 as a midshipman.

Statistics show the American to be the greatest traveler. The record of railway trips taken by each nationality gives the following proportion: Americans, 27; English, 19; Belgian, 11; French, 5; Turks, Swiss and Italians, 1 each.

Here is the prayer of the minister of the Cumbrays, two miserable islands in the mouth of the Clyde: "O Lord, bless and be gracious to the greater and the lesser Cumbrays, and in thy mercy do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

Since Brazil became a republic it has vastly increased in favor for a field for German immigrants, of whom 7,927 have gone there during the first six months of the present year, as compared with 2,192 during the whole of last year, while in 1889 there were only 228.

In connection with the centenary of the birth of the famous German writer, Baron von Bunsen, it is recalled that his first chance in life after going as a poor student to Gottingen was when he was appointed tutor to Mr. Astor, son of the founder of that American millionaire family.

One of the train-dispatchers in the service of the Georgia Southern Railroad is a woman, Mrs. Coley. It is a remarkable innovation in railroading, and it shows that woman is gradually proving herself capable and willing in winning her bread in almost any employment that calls for service.

A curious memorial stone has recently been placed in an old cemetery at Kingston, Mass. It is a rough block of granite, five feet high, into which is sunken a large slate tablet bearing a genealogical inscription of the Drew family, the founder of which, it is said, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1589.

A novel method of fishing is being used off San Diego, Cal. Incandescent electric lights are lowered into the water at night and a large net is placed below them. The fish are attracted by the glare, and are plainly visible. When sufficiently numerous the net is hauled up. The catches are enormous.

Charles F. Lumis has discovered an almost virgin region of big game in the Flagstaff country of the San Francisco Mountains. Blacktail deer and mountain lions abound, but the rugged inaccessibility of the habitats above the snow line is fortunately such as to frighten off pothunters and the traveling foreigner with his caravan of guns.

Miss Lenore Snyder, the young prima donna who has been so successful in pleasing London audiences, is an Indianapolis girl, and like Geraldine Ulmar, Emma Abbott and other noted stage singers, is a graduate of a church choir. When only 14 years old she sang solos in the Presbyterian church in Indianapolis where President Harrison attended.

Alexander Hudnut is now a European fixture, having sold for a large sum his well-known estate at Orange Mountain, near the residence of General McClellan and Dr. E. E. Marey. He owes his prosperity to his early friend, James Gordon Bennett, the elder. They were fellow Scots, and the latter became much attached to the genial druggist.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

Restores Harmony

to the system, and gives strength of mind, nerves, and body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which in curative power is Peculiar to itself.

A Bound Brook, N. J., man who sneezed so violently as to fracture a rib has been notified by the Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York that payment on his policy is refused on the ground that the fracture was not caused by external or accidental means. He will sue the company for the amount of the indemnity, which amounts to \$500.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Butter made from coconuts is rapidly taking the place of the ordinary butter in Germany and Switzerland. It is said to be healthful, easily digested, as palatable as butter made from the milk of cows, and much cheaper.

PITTS—An Pitts stopped free by Dr. Kline's GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The recent census of Paris shows that the city contains 4,507 residents of the United States. There are 44,817 Belgians, 29,863 Germans, 24,800 Swiss, 21,123 Italians, 12,727 English and Irish and 9,000 Russians. It is calculated that there are 100,000 French citizens in the United States, 26,000 in England and only 2,000 in Germany.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, or SAMPLE FREE.

The Liverpool Journal of Commerce is informed that the engineering world will shortly be startled by the appearance of a new engine which will revolutionize motive power.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—John Boyle O'Reilly's monument will soon be assured if subscriptions keep coming as at present. The grand total now is \$16,500.00.

No opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail.

—Archdeacon Farrar maintains that it is only an ignorant theology that can assume science to be hostile to religion.

Physicians Couldn't Cure. X BRIDGEMAN, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1890. One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for 8 months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUNNEFIELD.

OST, Heaco County, Kan., Oct., 1890. A boy eight years old suffered severely from nervousness and twitchings. After using PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC for a time he was entirely restored. Another case is that of a young lady who after using a bottle of Pastor Koenig's Tonic a positive cure was effected from epileptic fits. REV. JOHN LOEWENICH.

HOVEN, SOUTH DAKOTA, Oct. 27, 1890. My health was entirely ruined by epilepsy and I could do no work. I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The effect was such that I daily grew better and stronger; since four months I have done heavy labor, and have had no more fits. JOHN MOLLITOL.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can have this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Rever