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The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 5, 1898.

CHANET.

By J. W. DE FOREST.

ward her a tenderness, which, re-enforced by his beauty, his graceful address, and the glamour of his artistic ability, could not but move the heart of a child of 19, who had never hoped for so fine an admirer. In a little while Nellie began to flutter at sight of him, and to pet him in spite of her flutterings. spite of her flutterings.
"Isn't he charming?" she said to her

"Do you think so?" replied Janet, half

gratified and half anxious.
"I really like his accent now. I thought it ridiculous at first." "So did I."
"What does she mean?" queried Nellie,
marveling at this dryness and brevity.

marveling at this dryless. He is poor, and "Oh, I suppose I know. He is poor, and I am poor, and we mustn't-firt. -I suppose we-mustn't."
She went to the glass, looked at her lily skin, wished her nose were longer,

arranged her flaxen hair, and wondered whether he liked her. "Do you know how you could flatter

mc?" she said before long to Ernst. "How?" he asked coolly, for she tempted him in a distressing manner, and he felt that he must allow himself no ex-

"Oh! you don't wan't to do it," she re-plied, with a little sunny pout which she had and which was irresistible. "I am sure I wish to blease you," he said, unable to bear her pout. "How can

I flatter you?" "You could put me into one of your pictures.

"I should be charmed to do it," admitted the over tempted artist.

The next day the two women beheld Nellie's bewitching face, drawn and colored with all the fervor of an art which loves, smiling from Ernst's canvas. The younger blushed and bridled with joy to see herself there and so beautiful; the elder wore a fixed, mechanical smile, and said repeatedly. "What an excellent like-

creations. She did not blame him for that; she believed that he could do nothing agreeable with it; she surveyed herseif in the glass and sighed, "I am so ugly!" But to see Nellie on that easel, minted by his hand and painted so well, it was driving a dagger into her beating

That very day Ernst, in a fit of noble remorse and self sacrifice, said to Janet in private, "I wish you would let me inform Nellio of our troth plight. I think it would be petter."

She grew so faint, under the terrible revelation which he had unintentionally made, that for a moment she could not answer him; and even when she spoke, it was only to ask for delay.

" \$5top!" she said, pressing her hands upon her eyes. "Let me think. I must consider this."

He offered to slide his arm around her waist in his usual caressing style; but she gently stopped him, looked earnestly in his face, smiled with an unspeakable piteousness, and gently glided away; her whole manner saying, "Ah, my darling! you don't wish to do it, and why do you

"Is it possible that she gomprehends me?" thought Ernst, folding his arms and shaking his head with the air of a man The is trying to stand firm against himself. He appreciated fully the self abnegation and heroism of Janet's character; he knew that if he once confessed to her that he did not love her, she would instantly free him from his engagement; and there was the image of Neilie pleading with him for his sake, if not for hers also, to make the confession. He shook his head and set his teeth until he had faced down the temptation, and had decided that, whether Janet permitted it or not, he would inform her cousin of the

betrothal. But during the day, while superintending her classes with her usual conscientious thoroughness, Miss Holcum also came to a decision. On reaching home in the afternoon she sent Nellie out on some distant errand, and then walked slowly

up to Ernst's room. "My tear Chanet! I am so glad to see you!" he said, coming towards her with extended hands and his sweetest smile. "My poor child, you look tired," he added, glaveling pityingly at her proposally rele glancing pityingly at her unusually pale face. "There, sit down, und take some rebose. Do you see my bicture? I have made some changes."

Raising her patient eyes to the canvas,
Janet perceived that the portrait of Nellie
had been so altered as to be no longer
recognizable. Throbbing with admiration
for this man, who could divine her heart so perfectly and who could do what must

up with suddenly fushed cheeks, seized both his hands, pointed one hot kiss on his smooth, white forehead, and then drew back, holding him at arms' length,

in order to worship him.

"Ernst, I know what you have done," she said, firmly. "I thank you for your noble intentions. But sacrifice for eactficel It is my turn now. Ernst, my own design, we must separate. I was been for you, but you were not been for me. We must end this engagement. I must end it, or despise myself. I do end it. I break it. You are free. There?

She tore herself away from him and attempted to rush out of the room.

"Chanet! Chanet!" he called, springing after her and seising her in his arms. "It must not pe so. You are the noplest woman on earth. I worship you. I can-

woman on earth. I worship you. I cannot lose you."

"Oh, don't!" implored Janet, looking up at him in despair, for he was taxing her almost beyond her strength. After a moment, rallying all the power of her soul, she added: "See here, Ernst! let us speak the truth. Do you love me better than you love any one else?"

How could he have the seeming cruelty to answer her "No?" He did what most gentle hearted men would have done—he told her a pitying, self sacrificing false-hood. He said, "I do."

See was too clear sighted to be deceived.

See was too clear sighted to be deceived, and too high souled to accept an unwilling heart.
"Look at this Bible, Ernst," she con-

tinued, drawing from her pocket a little Testament that never quitted her. "Put your hand upon it;" and here, seizing his fingers, she clasped them around the book. "Now tell me whether you love me better

"You trife me into a gorner," replied the artist piteously. "Well, I swear. I swear that I respect unt atmire you mose than other human peing. Is it not

enough?"

"Do you love Nellie?"

"She is so like"— he stammered.

"Well, she will soon be in love with
you," said Janet, with a last supreme
effort. "Take her. Make her happy."

She had been leaning away from him.
She now turned, with the revulsion of a billow, threw her arms around his neck, covered his face with kisses and tears, and then once more leaned back from him to look at him.

'That is the end of all between us," she said, in a hoarse, deep voice, totally unlike her usual utterance. "Henceforward I shall do my duty, and you must help me do it. One thing—never tell Nellie this: it would darken her happiness. And now

-good-by."
She dragged herself away from him, ran down stairs, and locked herself in her

"Mein Gott!" murmured Ernst, left to himself. "I shall lose a heart worth den tousand of mine. But it is petter. She is wiser. I could not lofe her. I should end by making her unhappy as now—und more so. She is wise for us poth." The next day, to the astonishment and annoyance of Nellie Fisher, but by the

positive dictation of Janet Holcum, the two women removed from their lodgings to a cheap boarding house. There was, however, one good thing about the change: the boarding house had a parlor where Mr. Hartmann could be received with a sense of spotless propriety; and, what was delightful, he always had to be received by Miss Fisher, the elder cousin excusing herself on pretense of business, illness, etc. One can easily see that all this had to end in a second troth plight, and that the parties to it could not be other than Ernst and Nellie. It was "petter;" youth must have youth; love must have love. In these bargains mere respect and gratitude are not a fair exchange for the unreasoning, instinctive,

potent impulse of the heart. Almost the first use that Nellie made of her betrothal was to run down to Ernst's studio; entirely, she declared, to look at the new picture; but mainly, no doubt, to look at the artist. She, too, like Janet before her, observed a change in the personages of the little drama. She had never known that her likeness had been obliterated, and she did not discover it now, for it had been restored in all its beauty. But in the face of one of the principal female figures, a face which, though not absolutely handsome, was sublime with an expression of noble and tender resignation-in this face, which looked up to heaven as if it had descended from thither, Nellie recognized the coun-

tenance of Janet Holcum. "Why! you have got in Cousin Jennie, too," exclaimed the delighted girl. "Oh, you creature! you have made her finer than me."

"I wanted to tignify the bainting." said Ernst, simply. "with the bortrait of the pest woman in the world." "Isn't she!" replied Nellie, pressing her face gratefully against his shoulder. "I am so glad you do her justice. I owe everything to her. Oh! I wouldn't cause

her a grief for the world." The picture having been sold to Moineau for the large sum of \$750, it was decided that Ernst's prospects of success

were good enough to justify marriage, and Janet ruled that Nellie must go home for that purpose to the residence of an

The girl having departed, Janet felt able to have one interview with Harmann, not with the object of indulging in any weak reproaches or bemoainings, but to bid him a last farewell. She was going to Ceylon, she informed him, as English teacher in one of the schools of the American Board of Foreign Missions.



"Oh! I wouldn't cause her a grief for the

world." "Oh, it is too far!" implored the young man. "If you must go away, let it pe still in this gowntry. There is the Freed-men's Bureau schools in the south."

"People return from the south," she eplied. "I must go whence I shall never It was the only complaint, the only cry of despair that was uttered by this martyr,

at least in human ears.
When Stanley heard of Miss Holcum's proposed departure he said to Ernst in

surprise:
"I thought she was to be your missionary. What! have you taken the mitten? Oh, you clever dog! You know the

past vriends, to deshise me; und I mi you to seshect Miss Holcum as she ght to be reshected. I will dell you srything, and you must dell no one."
Before he had half finished his story of

Before he had half finished his story of the broken engagement Stanley rose from his seat, dropped his cigar and walked up and down the room, rubbing his eyes with his hands just like an affected boy. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, when the nar-rator had ceased. "If she wasn't in love with you I'd he tempted to may her

rator had ceased. "If she wasn't in love with you, I'd be tempted to marry her myself. She's not a chicken, and she's not a besuty, but she's pure gold."
"She's a bestect lady und a grand gentleman in one," said Ernst.

The urgencies of the board sent Janet off to Ceylon before the marriage. Hartmann and Stanley accompanied her as far as the Narrows, and then from the deck of the tug watched her as she leaned over the taffrail, waving farewell to friends and native land.

As the lonely figure of this loving, self sacrificing, heroic, sublime martyr faded from their sight the American said: "God bless her!" And the German added, with his eyes full of tears: Chanet, ora peo nobis!" THE END.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

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It is the hottest kind of a July day, and the place is a remarkably dingy New York law office. Two or three blocks away Trinity is chiming 3, but the rear of Brendway drowns that. The exceeding cultainess of the air and the shrill chant of "second Post" which comes up from the seething street, tell that mid afterneon has arrived. The effice boy has sun't reaccefully off into slumber in his little dark anteroom. Mr. Blake can see him net ding peinfully over a dinament of the little dark anteroom. than his own sample of literature, an interesting work on "Notes and Bills." So Mr. Blake again applies himself to "Notes and Bills." for about three min-"Notes and Bills" for about three min-utes. At the end of that time his eyes wender, fix themselves gravely on his feet, close, and then open again very wide as his head drops forward with a jerk. The young man shakes himself, yawns frightfully, and gives up reading as un-profitable and tending to stupefy.

Mr. Blake is a lawyer, who is better known in the boat houses on the Harlem and at Wood's gymnasium than in the

and at Wood's gymnasium than in the courts, and whose ideas of the proper cultivation of muscle are more profound than his knowledge of law. This is evi-denced by his sunburned face, his short crop of hair, and his general get up, which is more athletic than legal. But now the races are all rowed, the crew has dishanded, the long four oar is drying out in the boat house, and when Mr. Blake goes on the Harlem it is between a pair of sculls, which propel him along,

Remote, unfriended, solitary, but not slow. This is all very well, but not to be compared to the rush of contending crews. His occupation gone, and the town deserted, he is beginning to meditate vacation.

To him thus engaged enters from an inner office one whose neat attire, smiling face and strictly legal auburn whisker proclaim the rising young man.

Tom, the judge wants you. Put on your coat; there's a swell client inside." Mr. Blake makes the suggested addition to the rather sketchy attire which the warmth of the season demands and the privacy of his den permits, and grumbling enters the awful presence, which sits en-shrined in an office more dark and more dirty, if possible, than the others, and lined with shelves full of books, which are in turn oppressed by large tin boxes and vast bundles of papers. Being re-mote from the street it is comparatively quiet; its windows open into a narrow alley, from the depths of which arise the direful accusations and recriminations of bootblacks, who gamble for pennies in its shady seclusion. The great being who glorifies this dismal place is a bald old gentleman, who sits at a most untidy writing table in the center of the room. He is a type of the old style American citizen. He dresses in black broadcloth; he wears a chin beard; and he says "sir" very frequently. Mr. Blake looks at the top of his chief's head as he enters the room. It is very smooth and white, and reminds him of a billiard ball, as it has done many times before. But it does more; for as it is quite white, and not a lively pink, he knows that the judge

is in a good humor. "Mr. Vanvoorst, let me introduce Mr. Blake-one of our young gentlemen, sir," says the judge, with a flourish. Mr. Vanvoorst and Tom murmur their delight at meeting, and the latter, taking a seat at the invitation of his superior, looks to see what manner of man the client is. On examination he appears to be a young man of 25 or 26, of an inoffensive blonde type, and with no indications of either great physical or mental vigor, and his clothes evidently are from an English tailor. Is it necessary to add that they do not fit? But the London clothes and the blonde whiskers give the man something of the Anglo-American air so pop-ular at present. Mr. Blake, who does the thing much better, is at least satisfied, though not lost in admiration, and thus gives the judge all the better attention as he savs:

"Mr. Vanvoorst has come to me, sir, upon business of a peculiarly confidential and private nature, and after mature deliberation I have decided, sir, to call on you for assistance in a matter which requires extreme delicacy and tact, sir; and it is a knowledge of the fact that you, sir, are a frequenter of that fashionable society which, however deteriorating in some of its phases, nevertheless imparts a certain tact and ease which the nicest intellectual culture too often fails to-ayes, sir.

yes, sir.

Mr. Blake, utterly in the dark, murmurs, "You're very good, I'm sure." Mr.

Vanvoorst smiles feeble encouragement. The judge continues:

"I will, without further preface, put you in possession of the facts as Mr. Vanvoorst has apprised me of them. You are aware that the elder Mr. Vanvoorst has long been a much respected client of mine, though since his retiring from business some five years ago, I have seen very little of him. It appears that in the early part of this summer-correct me if I am part of this summer—correct me if I am wrong, Mr. Vanvoorst—yes, sir—during a visit to Cape May, the elder Mr. Vanvoorst met a widow lady named—a—let me see—'m'm—John Brady"—reading from a slip of paper before him—"Ann McGuire—bless my soul! that can't be—oh, I see." And the judge changes the paper in his hand for another, explaining with much action that he has made a mistake. The top of his head is a little pink, but he goes on:

but he goes on:

"Mrs. Mackenzie—yes, sir—a person of fine personal appearance and insinuating address, and, if I may judge from description, not destitute of intellectual charms. Without entering into detail. I may say that this person has succeeded in completely infatuating Mr.

ing at Ms residence, where she un-tedly means to establish herself per-utly as Mrs. Vanvoorst."

The younger Vanvoorst interrupts:
"Yes, by George; I was half afraid to leave the old gentleman alone this morning, for fear she'd marry him before I got back."

The judge does not like to be interrupted, and he grows a trifle pink again.

After a reproachful pause he resumes: After a reproachful pause he resumes:

"It is, of course, most annoying to Mr. Varvoorst's family that such a state of things should exist—that their father should be thus at the mercy of a person who is an unprincipled adventuress—for such Mrs. Mackenzie undoubtedly is."

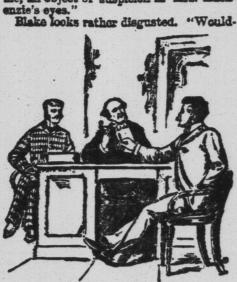
"I beg pardon," puts in Blake, "but is Mr. Vanvoorst so far gone that he is not particular about the lady's antecedents?"

"Won't believe anything we say to him," answers the other young man. "Had a deuce of a shindy with him yesterday for calling her an adventuress."

"Have you no proofs to show?"

"Have you no proofs to show?"
"That is exactly why you are called on,
Mr. Blake," says the judge. "There is
nothing to be said against Mrs. Mackenzie as actual fact; but we are not uncertain that inquiry might develop some-thing which would startle Mr. Vanvoorst out of his infatuation. It has occurred to out of his infatuation. It has occurred to me that you, with your large circle of acquaintance, and living, as I am sorry to hear you do, however well it suits our present purposes, a life which draws you within the pale of fashionable dissipation, might be able to ascertain something of the previous history of this lady more easily than I. or more easily than Mr. Vanvoorst here, who is already, he tells me, an abject of suspicion in Mrs. Mack-

me, an object of suspicion in Mrs. Mack-



Blake looks rather disgusted.

n't Pinkerton's men do it better than any of us? I don't fancy acting detective. "But, my good sir, it is not in that capacity that I desire you to act. You go to Mr. Vanvoorst's house as the guest of his son, and we trust merely to that discernment of which I have seen indications, sir, in you, to decide whether mat-ters must be allowed to take their course, or whether an investigation by detectives would be an advisible measure.

So the strife goes on, the judge delivering a succession of brief orations, Blake growling his objections, and Vanvoorst grinning encouragement, and occasionally putting in his little oar to more or less purpose—generally less. At length, the judge having become very pink and emphatic, and Vanvoorst having invited his new acquaintance to visit him with an earnestness which is almost pathetic, our young friend swallows his scruples and onsents to go on what he asserts to be wild goose chase.

"Well, anyhow, Mr. Blake, we'll try to make it pleasant for you over Sunday. You can meet me on the 6 o'clock train at Forty-second street?" says Vanvoorst, who certainly does not procrastinate.

The 6 o'clock train up the river carries the two young men swiftly along until, in the late twilight, they descend at a lonely little station, far enough from New York to be ont of the way of commuters, and the consequent eligible villa. Besides the station house nothing is visible in the dusk of the starless, overcast evening, except an exceedingly steep lane striking almost directly up the hill from the river. With the roar of the train in their ears, the place seems strangely quiet, not to say dismal; but both the young men recover their spirits to some extent at the exhilarating spectacle of a very high T cart coming up to the plat-form with a big and undoubtedly evil dispositioned brown horse in the shafts, the whole under the guidance of a groom whose cravat alone is sufficient to stamp the equipage as aristocratic. Mounting this, Vanvoorst junior discovers new excellences, and bursts, as it were, into full bloom. He is not much to look at; he does not strike one as intellectual; and he is certainly not athlete; but he can drive. He has an opportunity for a display of his talents as they go up the hill. A freight train comes roaring along below them, and the horse, only too glad of an excuse, attempts to get over the fence, regardless of the cart and its occupants. The calm manner in which his master gets him back into the road, and the pace at which he works him along when they have climbed to the level, unite to raise Vanvoorst in the opinion of his companion, who is beginning to quake at the near approach of his treubles. Still, his philosophy comes to the rescue, and looking only at the present, he thinks it is certainly better to be thus bowling along a good road through the summer night than to be in New York-better even than hearing Thomas' men scraping away at "Amaryllis," in an atmosphere blue with smoke. Through a little village-tavern, black.

smith shop, store and a dozen housesalong a road lined with trees, through which one gets glimpses of the river down below, past a long line of stone wall; then with a sudden whirl that makes the groom on the back seat seize the rail. through a wide gate with a lodge, neither ornamental nor commodious, guarding it; then up a long avenue, which is very dark with thick trees, till the trees grow larger and fewer, and the turf more closely shorn, and the house comes in sightjust a great dark bulk looming up against a background of trees and sky. They trot briskly around a great graveled sweep to the front, and pull up, with much scattering of small stones, and great reluctance on the part of the

The house presents a row of brilliantly lighted windows, opening on a wide piazza, and sending their light streaming over lawn and flower beds, till it is lost in the night. Sounds of Strauss are heard, dancing forms go sliding past the windows—evidently the Vanvoorsts en-tertain. The scion of that noble race, called on to explain by his companion, responds, "Hang it! I forgot. They've got a lot of people to dinner—some people who live around here and a lot more up from

the Point." Visions of military heroes flit through Blake's head as he follows his host up the teps across the vacant piazza, and through a rather dark entrance into a big square hall in the middle of the house, which runs up to the roof apparently, and has a gallery around it at the floor above. It is dimly lighted, and has a slippery, hard wood floor. upon which, further to

(Conting . next week).

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MRS, T. H. HERN, Lindsay says: "Never feel afraid of coughs and colds if I have a bettle of White Pine Balsam in reach.

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