

Nolly and Nelly.

"My dear chap, what on earth is it that prevents you from going boldly up to the girl, grabbing her hand, and singing out, 'Nelly, I love you; will you love me?'"

Nolly Collingham stared at his friend for some moments, then, taking out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead.

"What's to hinder you from doing that?" repeated Jack Anstey. "It would be as easy as—"

"As hanging; is that the word you're in search of?" suggested the other. "If it's not the word, it should be the word, for it exactly applies to my case. Everyone knows that the actual operation of hanging doesn't take very long, but the walk from the condemned cell to the ladder must seem half round the globe. I believe that I'm constitutionally incapable of facing that girl in cold blood and singing out point blank—well, what you say I should sing out. I should know! I've tried it every day during the past week. What opportunities I've had! Man alive! chaps have complained to me that they never had a chance of saying a dozen words to the girls whom they wanted to marry. Well, they weren't like me—that's all I've got to say. I can't complain of being without chances. Why, to-day alone I was with her long enough to discuss the most interminable question, and yet nothing came of it, worse luck!"

"Well, you can't blame her, at any rate," said Major Anstey. "She too gives you your chance. If you only muster up courage enough to call her 'Nelly' she'll jump at you."

"At me? on me, you mean?"

"Not she. Men are too scarce. Chaps like you are the scarcest of all. The V. C.'s are the scarcest of the scarce. Have you ever told her how you got the V.C., by the way?"

"She never asked me; she's the only girl I ever met who didn't. I believe that's how I first came to think of her. Some of them ask me twice over. They forget, you know, that they did it before, and they think that I like bragging about it. They little know the agony—oh, I wish to goodness I'd let you lie among the wreck of your guns, Jack. What on earth possessed me to put around the troop because you happened to be knocked down I can't imagine. Oh, here comes the general. We may give up all idea of having a moment to ourselves."

It was pretty plain to the majority of the people who were staying at Cranstoun Towers that Captain Collingham had only to tell Nelly Barwell that he was anxious to marry her to receive the hearty acquiescence of that young woman in his proposal. Everyone could see that he was in love with Nelly, and everyone could see, moreover, that Nelly saw it. She showed no reluctance to give him four or five dances of an evening, and she submitted without a word of protest to be taught all that he knew on the subject of horses.

People said that Nelly Barwell was a very lucky young woman, and she was not disposed to disagree with them. It was, however, only when she had met Oliver Collingham that she fully appreciated how lucky she had been in refusing to marry the three men who had given her a chance of doing so during the previous eighteen months.

Perhaps it was hearing how she had won a reputation for fastidiousness that attracted Oliver to her; and for the same cause his own natural shyness had been so increased as to make him shrink from telling her that he loved her. He was naturally of a retiring temperament, though his behavior during the interviews he had had with the Afghans was not of the exact type that tended to impress this characteristic of his upon them. He had undoubtedly his forward moments, as his friend Major Anstey had said.

However this may have been, he had certainly no forward moments when in the presence of Nelly Barwell; and some young women began to exchange views on this very subject—the men never went farther than to exchange winks and nods when it was alluded to. The young women wondered how a man who could send his horse flying into the midst of an Afghan army and induce the men of his troop to follow him, could fail to muster up so small an amount of confidence as was necessary to catch a girl's hand and tell her that he loved her, and this fact shows how little they knew of men.

Nelly Barwell, however, knew something of men—had she not refused to marry three of them?—and it did not seem to trouble her greatly that, when her hostess, Lady Cranstoun, whispered to her after an evening spent by the side of Captain Collingham, "Am I to congratulate you, my dear?" she could only reply:

"Certainly I am to be congratulated on being the guest of the most delightful of women in the most delightful of houses."

Lady Cranstoun shook her head gravely. She was too good a hostess to be a matchmaker, but too good a woman to be able to refrain from

matchmaking. She felt that Nelly was being badly treated; but she also knew that it was in her power, to convince Captain Collingham that he had only to have five minutes—nay, three minutes—she had heard of a man's proposing to a girl in three minutes—of courage to make him the happiest of men. No, it was very provoking, to be sure, but to interfere with a view of precipitating a proposal would be indiscreet to the verge of madness.

The next day—Collingham came across his friend Anstey on the way to the stables.

"I'm going to do it to-day," he said, in a resolute tone. "I've been thinking over what you said yesterday, Jack, and I've made up my mind that I've been a howling fool. Why, man alive, she can't do more than send me about my business," and he laughed with great uneasiness.

Jack Anstey slapped him on the back. "Keep up your heart, man," he cried. "Don't you fear that she'll send you about your business. I know girls, and when I see a certain look in their eyes when a particular man is near them I know that he's all right."

"And you're sure that she—I wish I could be sure, Jack," said Collingham, doubtfully—rather more than doubtfully. "How on earth have I a right to hope when three other chaps as good as I am—two of them a deal better—were flung by her?"

"My dear old Nolly, you're on a wrong track altogether," said Jack. "A girl like Miss Barwell will take a chap because she happens to love him, not because he has a title like Jimmy Ludbury—Lord Ludbury was the name of one of the men refused by Nelly the previous year—nor because he happens to have twenty thousand a year, like Algy Chorn—the name of the second man in the list of Miss Barwell's refusals. She'll jump at you because you happen to have caught her fancy, strange though it may appear."

"No, no; she'll not just jump at me," said Collingham. "The most that I can hope for is that she'll be so taken by surprise she may accept me before she knows what she is about."

"Well, you've disappointed her so often she may be a bit surprised at your coming to the point at last," remarked Major Anstey, with an affectation of the most cordial acquiescence.

"Anyhow I'm going to do it to-day; I've made up my mind to that," said his friend, straightening his collar with the air of a determined man.

"Let me take your temperature," suggested Anstey. "What's the order of the day?"

"Nelly, is mad on fishing, and Winifred has asked me to drive both of them to the Purl after lunch. I'm to carry the landing net."

"Oh, that's all right; if Lady Cranstoun stands over you, I do believe that you will propose after all."

"I'm afraid that she'll go away and leave us." There was actually what singing-masters call a tremolo in his voice.

"Not she," cried Anstey, encouragingly, as he continued his walk to the stables. "Not she. She'll stand by her young protegee and see fair play. She'll take the edge off her young protegee's surprise."

But it so happened that Nolly Collingham's surmise was justified by the conduct of his cousin, Lady Cranstoun. For before she had been fishing by the side of Nelly Barwell for more than twenty minutes on the banks of the picturesque stream known as the Purl, she gave an exclamation that almost justified Oliver's belief that she had a bite.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "How could I have been so idiotic! The committee meeting of the Soup and Blanket Guild takes place at four o'clock, and here am I nearly a mile away at five minutes to four. I must drive back immediately."

"Oh! what a pity!" said Nelly. "Never mind. A committee meeting of the Guild will be a new experience for me. Captain Collingham may take both rods and we'll drive back for him."

"Nothing of the sort," said Lady Cranstoun; "I've no idea of spoiling your sport. Nolly won't mind taking charge of you for the hour or so that I'll be absent; he'll show you how to get to the best parts of the stream. Won't you, Nolly?"

"I'll do my best," said he. "Oh, it would be so good of you, Captain Collingham," said the girl, with no foolish flutter in her voice. "You'll take Winifred's rod, will you not?"

"Here it is," said Lady Cranstoun. "I hope that when I return I shall hear that you have landed a prize. Nolly."

She got into the phaeton and drove off, leaving the pair very industriously whipping the stream.

During the next quarter of an hour they had varying success. Miss Barwell succeeded in landing two small trout, using a fly of her own, but her companion managed to get five with a grey fly.

"I think my fly is too bright for the Purl," said she, as he worked his way up to her.

"I've a spare grey. Let me tie it on for you," said he.

"I do think I'll let you as you've been kind enough to suggest it," said she. "I'm a bit tired, and it will be a rest for me."

She seated herself on the bank and he got beside her. But he fumbled so among the flies of his book that he ran a hook into his thumb—fortunately not past the barb, but quite deep en-

ough to produce a copious stream of blood.

She gave a cry of distress. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said. "Let me bind it up for you."

"It was my own clumsiness," said he, shaking off the ruby drops, and winding his handkerchief round the wounded thumb.

"You are binding it up most clumsily," said she. "Do let me bind it up properly. I've a bit of fine gut that will be the very thing."

He allowed himself to be persuaded, and he knelt before her while she deftly discharged the duties of a surgeon. Her little fingers crept round his larger ones with the tender touches of a tendril. Their heads were very close together, so that he could hear the faint sigh-like sound of her breathing.

He felt that his hour had come. After two or three false starts he managed to say:

"You said you were sorry, Miss Barwell."

"And do you doubt my sincerity?" she asked. "Of course I was sorry; you did it for me, you must remember."

"Did what for you?" he asked.

"Spilt your blood," she replied. "Don't wobble your hand about like that, please."

"Oh, I'd—I'd—I wouldn't mind—" He knew what he meant to say. He meant to say that he wouldn't mind shedding every drop of his blood for her; and he believes to this day that he would have said it all right if she hadn't made the final tie on the gut at that instant and looked up. His eyes met hers, and he fancied that there was an indignant look in hers. He examined his bound-up thumb most critically. He wondered how she had managed to wind the thin gut so evenly round it.

"You were about to say that you wouldn't mind something—what was it you wouldn't mind?" she asked.

"I—I—well, I only meant that—that I think it is so clever of you to be able to bind up a chap's thumb like a—well, it's like a rag doll that you'd find in a branie at a bazaar."

He held it up, and she said, coldly, without looking at it:

"I daresay it is something like that. Anyhow I'll go on with my fishing." She rose and walked away from him and made a cast with the utmost sangfroid. He had an uneasy feeling that she suspected what he had in his mind to say to her, and was slightly offended. Had she not refused three men inside of eighteen months?

To Be Continued.

ONE MORE ANTARCTIC PARTY.

The Scotch Will Also Participate in Next Year's Explorations.

The programme of the German and English Antarctic expeditions that will start South in August next year leaves an important part of the area uncovered. It has now been decided that the Scottish Geographical Society shall send a party to work in this field. Researches will then be in progress on all sides of the south polar area.

The British expedition will confine its investigations to the large region lying to the south of the Pacific, while the Germans will work in the area south of the Indian Ocean. It is therefore left for the Scottish expedition to devote itself to the region south of the Atlantic Ocean which is known as Weddell Sea.

The man who pushed farthest into this part of the Antarctic area is Capt. Weddell, who with a brig of 163 tons and a cutter of sixty-five tons, ventured into these unknown waters. Though he had only these small sailing vessels he pushed far south through a sea encumbered by floating masses of ice and icebergs. "On the 20th of February, 1823," he wrote, "our latitude was 74 deg., 15, south, and longitude 34 deg. 16. The wind was blowing from the south and prevented what I most desired, our making progress in that direction. Three ice islands were in sight and on one we perceived a great number of penguins. I would willingly have explored the southwest quarter, but taking into consideration the lateness of the season and that we had to sail homeward through 1,600 miles of ocean, strewn with ice islands, I could not determine otherwise than to take advantage of this favorable wind for returning."

Admiral Ommanney, commenting on these words of the hardy whaler, said in 1890: "Had a steam vessel been in that favorable position the extent of research would have been much more considerable."

Other explorers, Ross, Morrell and Bellingshausen, have visited the same waters, but they also were in sailing ships and did not get as far south as Weddell attained. The staunch steamer that the Scottish Geographical Society will send out under the leadership of the experienced polar traveler, Mr. William S. Bruce, is very likely to reach a more southern latitude, for steam is often most valuable in polar navigation when sails are worthless. The expedition's chances of getting far south will also be enhanced by the fact that it will remain in those waters for two, and if funds are sufficient, for three years, during which time some exceptionally favorable chance for pushing southward may offer itself.

CAN'T COLLECT IT.

He says the world owes him a living.

That's just like him. He lost his last job because he was such a poor collector.

A TORRENT OF WORDS.

He says his wife speaks three languages fluently.

Hm! My wife speaks one quite fluently enough for me.

Young Folks.

LITTLE PUSSIES.

Nodding in the branches,
Swinging in the breeze,
See the fuzzy pussies
Clinging to the trees.

"Rock-a-by, my babies,
In your coats so gray,"
Gentle spring is singing
All the livelong day.

Funny little pussies,
Hanging in a row,
Where your heads are hiding
I would like to know.

Dreary winter's over,
Come and play with me;
Sleepy willow catkins,
Leave old mother tree.

Basking in the sunshine,
Drinking in the dew,
Day by day the pussies
Larger, brighter grew—

Till in robes of yellow,
Full grown cats were they
Then the naughty breezes
Blew them all away.

BOBBY AND BUGABOO MAN.

Bobby met the Bugaboo-man right around the corner, where he had often been told he would find him some night when he ran away, and the Bugaboo-man swelled up till he almost got black in the face. At first Bobby was going to run, but the Bugaboo-man looked so funny that Bobby had to laugh, and the 'fraid all went away. "Why don't you get scared?" asked the Bugaboo-man when he couldn't swell up any more.

"I can't," said Bobby. "I'm getting too big now, and I don't believe in you, anyhow."

"Phe-w-w-w!" the Bugaboo-man whistled, like the air brakes on a passenger train, and as he whistled he emptied till he wasn't much bigger than Bobby. "You're a funny boy, I must say."

"Why don't you laugh then?" asked Bobby. "I do when anything's funny."

"If you don't watch out I will laugh, and then you'll be scared 'most into fits. I make awful faces when I laugh."

"Oh, do it!" said Bobby. "Please do it. I want to see you."

So the Bugaboo-man began to laugh, and he made the most awful faces you ever saw, and he writhed and twisted swung his arms so that Bobby almost did open his mouth at first to call for his mother, but he only gripped his hand harder around the lucky potato in his pocket, and then, all at once, the Bugaboo-man's antics seemed funny, and Bobby, too, began to laugh again.

"Come on with me," he said, taking hold of Bobby's other hand, the one without the lucky potato in it. "I bet I'll make you afraid."

"Maw! Maw! Oh, Maw!" cried Bobby, but the Bugaboo-man only laughed, for Bobby's voice had shrunk down so it wasn't much bigger than a pin head and couldn't be heard at all, hardly. Bobby struggled and fought with all his might, but it was no use, the Bugaboo-man dragged him along faster down a dark hole in the ground, till at last they went almost as fast as a streak of lightning and landed plump in the middle of the Dreadful Cave.

It might have been an awful place in there, I guess, if you could only see it, but you couldn't, because it was just dark. The dark was bad enough, the very blackest kind of dark, and a handful of it was pretty nearly as heavy as lead.

"Now will you be scared!" said the voice of the Bugaboo-man close to his ear.

Before Bobby had time to answer he felt a tingling in the hand that held the lucky potato and a whispery voice ran up his arm and said in his other ear, the one on the other side from the Bugaboo-man:

"All you've got to do is just laugh and nothing will hurt you."

So Bobby laughed, not a real, hearty laugh, understand, because he didn't quite feel that way. Still it was a laugh, and it made the Bugaboo-man hopping mad with both feet.

"You want to get ready to shiver now," said the Bugaboo-man, "because I'm going to groan horribly."

So the Bugaboo-man turned in and groaned and groaned, and all the time the lucky potato kept whispering Bobby that he mustn't be afraid, and he wasn't, but pretty soon the groaning stopped and a whimper came from over in the corner. Bobby could hardly believe his ears. It was the voice of the Bugaboo-man.

"What's the matter?" asked Bobby. "I'm s-c-a-a-r-ed myself!" whimpered the Bugaboo-man.

"Goody!" cried Bobby. "Now I'm going to groan, too."

So Bobby groaned just as scary as he could, and he kept it up till he could hear the Bugaboo-man's teeth chatter.

"Will you say 'nuff'?" asked Bobby, when he thought the Bugaboo-man was scared enough.

So the Bugaboo-man said "nuff!" in a shaky voice.

"And will you ever try to scare little boys again?" asked Bobby.

"No-o-o!" answered the Bugaboo-man.

"And will you turn on the light?" "Ye-e-s," answered the Bugaboo-man, and he did it.

When the light was turned on Bobby looked around him, and there, all around the walls, on stools like the one upon which he sat, were little boys with tear-stained faces, who had been scared stiff, while the Bugaboo-man leaned up in the corner as limp as a burst toy balloon, and looking so doleful Bobby would have felt sorry for him if it hadn't been for the other little boys.

Bobby took the lucky potato out of his pocket and cut it up and put a piece of it into the hand of each little

boy, and as their fingers closed around the piece of lucky potato each one of them began to get unscared and was able to get up, and make faces at the Bugaboo-man.

The Bugaboo-man made one last attempt to be himself and began to swell up, but all the boys gripped their piece of lucky potato harder and only laughed at him.

The Bugaboo-man swelled up more and more, but he ought not to have done it, for he wasn't as strong as he was before—he was scared, and by and by he burst into hundreds of pieces, or maybe two or three more.

Then Bobby led the way home. I don't know how they found the way back, but they did. Maybe the lucky potato helped them. At any rate, a lucky potato is a very handy thing to have if you can get some one who knows all about them to pick one out for you. If you have one in your pocket you can be brave like Bobby was, but if you haven't you can try to be brave, which is almost as good.

But the main thing is that there is no Bugaboo-man any more. He's burst, and if anybody tries to scare you with him don't you pay any attention. Besides you're so old you don't believe in him now, anyhow, and if you don't believe in him he isn't.

THE GIRLS MEN ADMIRE.

They admire the girl who is her mother's right hand in household matters, and who is not above taking an interest in the most trivial things in connection with home duties. They admire the girl who is a bright, entertaining companion, and who has ever a kind word and pleasant smile for those around. They admire the girl who is always neatly gowned, no matter if in inexpensive materials, and who never dresses loudly or in questionable taste. They admire the girl who can adapt herself to any society, who never puts on affected airs, and who would scorn to do an action of which all the world might not know. They admire the girl who, in an emergency, can turn her hand to anything, from cooking the family dinner to rettrimming an old hat. They admire the girl who is unselfish enough to give up some pleasure of her own to benefit another, and does not consider herself aggrieved at having to do so. They admire the girl who can talk of more important things than dress or the latest new play, and who can listen intelligently when deeper subjects are introduced.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN

THE STORY OF A WOMAN AD-DRESSED TO WOMEN.

It Tells How Those Weak and Despondent Can Obtain New Health and Strength at a Small Expense—The Facts Fully Verified by Investigation.

From the Mail, Granby, Que.

The reading public have evidence put before them almost every day of the healing powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is sometimes asked whether these cures are permanent, and in reply to this we would say that a case which recently came to the attention of the Mail indicates that the results following the use of this medicine are as lasting as they are beneficial. Some years ago Mrs. Robert Webster, who is well known in Granby, passed through a very serious illness in which her condition very nearly bordered upon collapse. Her blood appeared to have almost turned to water. She was very weak, her appetite fickle, and she suffered from severe headaches. Mrs. Webster had the benefit of excellent medical advice, but apparently without avail, as she seemed steadily growing worse. The least exertion would fatigue her, and finally she was for a time unable to do her household work, and was confined to bed. Her husband suggested the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a few boxes. Mrs. Webster had not been taking the pills long before she found herself growing stronger. Her headaches disappeared, her appetite improved, new blood appeared to be coursing through her veins, and her nerves again became strong and active. After using the pills for a couple of months she felt as well as ever she had done in her life, and could do her household work without feeling the fatigue that had formerly made her life so miserable. This, as already indicated, happened some years ago, and in the period that has elapsed Mrs. Webster has enjoyed the best of health. She says that if she feels at any time a little run down she takes a few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is soon all right, and she thinks there is no medicine to equal them. Mr. Webster, speaking of his wife's cure says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did her a thousand dollars' worth of good, and friends who knew her condition before she began the pills and saw the effect upon her, say the same thing. There are a number of others in this vicinity who have used this great medicine, and so far as the Mail can learn the results have always been beneficial.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Webster did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we should say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.