

# Bert Pemberton's Century.

"Here, Gyp!" Fetch it!"

So saying, a tall girl with a merry face, who was crossing the cricket-field, flung a solid india rubber ball along the smooth-shaven turf, and her companion, a frisky fox-terrier, bounded after it with evident delight. Bringing it proudly back, he was met half way by a fine, athletic-looking young man, who by his flannels and the bat he swung carelessly at his side, was evidently leaving the practising nets for the night.

"Down Gyp!" he cried, but Gyp was not to be commanded by any but his mistress, and though recognizing a friend, made for passing him by. The cricketer, determined to make the dog obey, dropped his bat, and cried, sternly, "Down, sir!" but the dog seeing the beginnings of fun, dodged about hither and thither with canine nimbleness. Many a time the young fellow seemed within an ace of accomplishing his purpose, but only because the dog saw fit to cajole him, for, at the last moment, he eluded him with all the ease in the world.

A merry laugh from the approaching girl drew the cricketer's attention to her. "It's the first time I ever failed to field a ball, Ethel," he said, joining in her laughter.

"Down Gyp!" commanded the girl, with raised forefinger, and instantly the ball was dropped upon the turf.

"Gyp and I are alike in one thing, at least," said the young man, with a smile and outstretched hand. "We both know our mistress."

"No nonsense, sir!" said the girl, meeting his advance with equal frankness. "I can get lots of young puppies to fetch and carry for me. If you were at my beck and call I wouldn't like you a bit."

"Then you do like me a little bit, Ethel?"

"Bert! What a question to ask at this time o' day."

"Aye!" said the young man, growing suddenly serious; "but sometimes I can hardly believe it possible, and I need to be told again to reassure me."

"Bert," said the girl, laying her little gloved hand on his white sleeve as they moved towards the gate—for now the sun was long past its setting—"Bert, you may be a professional cricketer, but you're evidently an amateur lover, or you would not need telling so often that I am yours if you can only get the pater to say 'yes.'"

"Aye, there's the rub," said Bert, pressing the little hand as it lay upon his arm, and looking lovingly into the upturned eyes. "The governor's not exactly antagonistic, but he's far from enthusiastic. He would rather I had been content to be his chief clerk and pet cricketer, without aspiring to the position of son-in-law."

"It's your cricketing ability he admires you for chiefly, but, because you are a professional, and he pays you, he doesn't like the idea of giving you his only little motherless girl, although he knows you come of every whit as good a stock as I—if not better—only your people were well-to-do in the past, and we in the present. And that makes all the difference. And then you know, Bert—with a slight glance—he thinks I might do better."

"And he's right, my darling."

"That's a matter of opinion."

"I love her Mr. Harewood, and—she says—she loves me."

"Ah, you've taken time by the forelock, and having the daughter's consent, you ask me as a sort of sacrifice to the conventions. Eh, Pemberton?"

"No, sir, believe me I'd no such thought, but these things, as you must know, have a habit of shaping their own course."

"Um!" mused Mr. Harewood, absently, his mind doubtless reverting to the sweet time in his own life when "these things" had run the same course; "I've not a word to say against you, and I admit you are her equal in everything—but worldly position, and that's a big 'but.'"

Mr. Harewood was a man who had prospered exceedingly. From small beginnings he had become the largest manufacturer and employer of labor in the small town of Unsworth. He made a hobby of cricket. He played but little himself now, but was the patron and mainstay of the Unsworth C. C.—in fact, it was generally known as "Harewood's Team"—and his fostering care had made it the very nursery of county professionals. None but cricketers need apply for a post in the works, and a good cricketing reputation covered a multitude of minor shortcomings. Bert Pemberton had been with him scarcely two years, but it had been plenty long enough to establish him in the affections of the Unsworth people as the best bat, and handsomest fellow in the team, and, also, in the heart of Ethel Harewood as the only man in the world for her.

She was one of those girls whom no amount of social elevation can spoil; and, to her, to love a man with all her heart, and to be beloved in return, was equivalent to a sacred duty being laid upon her to marry that man, or no one, whatever his worldly position might be.

With this assurance of his sweetheart's constancy ringing in his ears, Bert had sought Mr. Harewood to get the required consent, but he could not prevail upon that gentleman to give it, though he had the slight satisfaction of not receiving a blank refusal. The week after the conversation, a scrap of which is recorded above, Ethel went for a month or two to visit her cousins in the west of England. Bert thought he knew why.

Ethel had been away some weeks

when Mr. Harewood called Bert into his private room, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, cried: "I've great news for you, Pemberton. The county committee have had an eye on your recent good form and have written requesting me to let you off, to accompany the team on its southern tour."

Bert's face flushed with pleasure, for, next to marrying Ethel Harewood, to play for his county was his dearest ambition. "Of course I shall let you go," continued Mr. Harewood, with growing enthusiasm, "and by George! if you do well, Pemberton, I shall be proud of you. Upon my word you shall have your chance!"—then, very solemnly,—

"Pemberton, my boy, you are not half a bad sort, and I like you, and—if you make a 'century' for your county during the tour—you shall have her."

Bert Pemberton did not flush now. He paled rather, for he knew the magnitude of the task, and he knew, too, that Harewood was not only a man of his word, but very apt to set as much store on the converse of his promises as upon the promise themselves, were his conditions not fulfilled, and Bert felt faint as he realized how much depended upon the three matches with the southern counties.

He did not fail to write to Ethel in the west country, and tell her the great news, and he received a reply so full of cheery confidence in his ability to fulfill the condition, that, if anything, he felt a trifle more nervous still, for he knew better than she could the great unlikelihood of a "colt" doing in his first few matches, what scores of seasoned players seldom or never do throughout their career.

The first match was in London, and Bert made a capital impression. The newspapers were full of his praises. They prophesied a brilliant future for him, and said that he had the making of a great cricketer. Everything seemed in his favor. He used his great height and magnificent reach to perfection, and his forward play was a treat to witness. His leg hitting revived a lost art, and his driving was worthy of a Stoddart or O'Brien. All these things they said, and much more. But he didn't make a century. No one expected him to. When both his scores were added together they totaled 101; but that was not a "century," alas! and, though gratified with his success, and the admiration it elicited, he traveled with his comrades down to the seaside—where the next match was to be played—with anything but a light heart.

Worse was in store. The home team won the toss, and went on to bat on a good wicket. The ground, famous for long scores, did not belie its reputation, for they stayed in all day and part of the next. Then came the visitors' turn, and Bert was sent in third wicket down. The bowler puzzled him a lot. The variety was not known at Unsworth. He poked, and patted, and finally playing back, hit his wicket, and retired for a "duck." The contrast, but for one or two exceptions, favored the better, and they had to "follow-on."

When Bert went in a second time there were still three hours before stumps were drawn for the night, and when the clock in the pavilion tower pointed to 6.30, and the umpire called "time," he had compiled eighty-three and was well set. It was hard, but there was no help for it, even had the umpire known he was playing for a bride.

The next day—dismally, drearily, unceasingly—it rained. The players hung about the pavilion hoping—one, indeed, praying—for a cessation of the down-fall, but in vain. At 5 o'clock the match was abandoned, and Bert's spirits were as damp as the turf.

"Westward Ho!" was the cry. The morning broke fair and serene, as if to mock our hero with the contrast, but, like many another fair beginning, it proved deceptive. The first day's cricket, on the charming west-country ground, was broken by showers succeeded by brilliant sunshine. Bert, unfortunately went on to bat when the sun had had an hour's spell of shining, and the drying wicket was difficult in the extreme. He had to adopt a barn-door policy, not conducive to rapid-scoring and consequent centuries. He was one of few who managed to keep their end up for any length of time and had put a careful twenty-seven to his name when he was snapped at the wicket.

The second day was fine and warm, and the wicket greatly improved, but, unfortunately for Bert, the home side had the greater share of it, and were yet undismissed when stumps were drawn.

"To-morrow! To-morrow—or never!" What a thought to go to bed with! Neither was Bert the only person in the world who went to bed with that thought.

"Cousin Bob," said Ethel Harewood next day, "why don't you take me and Gyp down to the match at Somerton? You know how I dote on cricket."

"Want to see your north country fellows get a licking?" said Bob, smiling.

"Do you think the match likely to be finished?"

"Hardly think so. They lost time the first day. By the way, that new man Pemberton has made a promising debut."

"Do you think so? Well, shall we go?"

"Why, certainly—ask and have."

Could Bob have foreseen that the visit to Somerton would cost his beloved county the match, and remove Ethel forever from his hopes, he would not have been so merry.

When the couple arrived on the ground the players were at luncheon, and the visitors' first pair were "not out." Ethel thought they would never reappear, but at length they came leisurely forth and did so well that it was 4:30 before Bert could begin his colossal task of making a hundred in two hours.

For ten minutes he blocked everything with provoking patience, then, gradually letting out, he drove and out, and placed such a tone, that fifty stood to his credit when the clock said 5:55, leaving thirty-five minutes for the next fifty. A change of bowlers was tried, and the new one proved a teaser. Pemberton was more than once in difficulties, and once the wicket-keeper's "How's that?" made Ethel's heart stop until a gruff "Not out!" set it going again.

It was no use. There were but ten minutes left, and Bert's score was seventy-three. The changes at the word "over" seemed interminable to the anxious girl who sat in front of the pavilion with Gyp at her feet. "Crack!" The ball came gliding from Bert's bat towards the corner on her left. She bent over the dog, and whispered fiercely: "Fetch it, Gyp!" Away went the dog across the angle, and easily outstripping the fielders, snatched the ball

up and leisurely made for his mistress. He was intercepted by the men, and then the fun commenced.

Gyp stood looking at them again and again, as though he fully entered into the humor of the situation, but easily succeeded in dodging them whenever an attempt was made to capture the ball.

The spectators were in great commotion. All manner of cries were banded to and fro—"Fielded, sir!" "Shoot him!" and the like. Meanwhile—for the ball could be plainly seen, and therefore was not "lost"—Bert and his partner were running for all they were worth, the latter to win the match and the former to win a bride.

"Call Gyp back, Ethel!" cried Cousin Bob, excitedly.

"Do you think I'm going to make an exhibition of myself, sir? Call him back yourself," said Ethel, calmly. Whereupon Bob cried, "Gyp! Gyp! Come here, sir!" until he was hoarse; while Ethel was quietly unostentatiously counting every run as if it were a jewel.

"Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, hundred!—Gyp! Gyp! Down, sir." Her voice rang above the babel of confused sounds—careless now of the fact that she was making an exhibition of herself—and the dog bounded to her, and dropped the ball at her feet.

The match was over and won. Cousin Bob hurried Ethel off much against her inclination, but not against her judgment—to catch their train home. Bert—dead-tired, but happy—believed he had won his bride by a special interposition of Providence, and Mr. Harewood was evidently under the same innocent delusion, for, that night, Bert received the following somewhat ambiguous wire: "Lucky dog! She is yours anyway—Harewood," and this telegram mounted and framed with her own fair fingers, hangs to-day in Mrs. Bert Pemberton's pretty drawing-room.

## TO CAPTURE THE MARKET.

Canadian Cheese and Butter in England—A Most Promising Trade in Prospect.

A recent issue of the Liverpool Daily Post has this editorial: A glance at the figures relative to the importation of Canadian cheese during the last few years is unmistakably suggestive of a great future for the trade in dead meat which is now in its initial stage, for obviously the country which is so favorable to dairy cattle as to enable a large trade to be built up in cheese must likewise be conducive to the profitable conversion of the bovine species into beef.

Canada has been fortunate in a succession of enterprising Ministries, who, whatever their differences of opinion on les hautes politiques, have shown unbroken continuity of view in their recognition of the fact that the soil is the chief resource of the country, and that no earnestness of effort must be spared in its development. Canadian Ministries have in their turn been fortunate in the administrative skill and courage they have found at their disposal towards this end.

## ITS ULTIMATE POSSIBILITY.

In 1889 the export of Canadian cheese to this country was 88,543,887 pounds, by 1894 it had increased nearly 50 per cent., and in 1895 was about \$1,500,000 greater than in 1894. To come to plain figures, the value of what was consigned to Great Britain in 1889 was only \$174,027, while in 1895 it had risen to \$536,797, and in 1896 showed a still further advance of over \$100,000. It will be recognized that relatively to the vast extent and pastoral resources of Canada this is very small.

But the trade has been of such a steadily expanding character that under the system of cold storage transport which has just been initiated for dairy produce in conjunction with beef and other foods, there is really no discernible limit to its ultimate possibilities.

It was recently declared by a Canadian gentleman at a meeting in Liverpool that his country manufactured the best cheese in the world. The Legislature, as almost everybody is aware, provides a safeguard against those nefarious sophistications which result in the emphyreumatic compound known as "filled cheese." Not only is its manufacture a punishable offense in Canada, but the most far-reaching precautions are taken to prevent its being smuggled across the border from the United States. At the present moment, as the combined result of freedom from admixture of foreign fats and excellence of manufacture, it is stated that almost the entire output of the Dominion obtains the topmost prices in the British market as the "Best Canadian."

## TO CAPTURE THE MARKET.

It is the fact, unfortunately perhaps, that there is no country in the world so largely dependent on foreign food supplies as Great Britain. Canadian cheese has already established itself firmly in British markets, and in view of the fact that out of 340,250,064 pounds of butter imported from abroad last year, Canada contributed only 9,895,984 pounds, her determination to "capture the market" will find ready sympathizers. Her people are our kith and kin, they have already shown their good will in practical shape by extending to our goods exceptionally favorable terms, and since we must sustain ourselves largely upon the produce of other lands, there is every reason why Canada should have our custom rather than countries which bear us no overweening affection, especially when she is determined to conquer by virtue of a superior article and by that alone.

## A CANDID YOUNG MAN.

I wouldn't marry you if you had three times the wealth of my father, she said.

I presume you know, he replied with dignity, that if I had that much money there would be no necessity for me to marry.

## UP-TO-DATE STATEMENT.

So he has burned the bridges behind him he has he!

Well, practically, he has sprinkled tacks along the road.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### WHEAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure,  
By kindly word and deed;  
As blossoms call for nature's light,  
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure,  
By lips kept ever clean;  
Silence can influence shed as sure  
As speech—oft more doth mean.

As boy can make the world more true,  
By an exalted aim;  
Let one a given end pursue,  
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,  
Thus stated in my rhyme;  
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—  
What grander, more sublime?

### A WREN STORY.

One day Farmer Bowen took down his saw and hammer and said to Mother Bowen:

"We've got to have a letter box out at the gate so that when Jimmy Mitchell comes along with the mail he'll have a place to put it."

So Farmer Bowen found an old starch box and nailed it firmly to a post which stood not far from the front gate, and only a step from the main road to Hill-lodale. In one side of the box he cut a hole large enough to receive a good big bundle of papers and letters. For it was a new country, and some times Jimmy, the postman, came only once or twice a week and there might be a good deal of mail at one time.

"Now the letters won't get wet if it happens to rain before we bring 'em in," he said to Mother Bowen.

But that very night after Jimmy went by, Dick Bowen ran down for the mail and found the letters lying on the ground, just as if some one had thrown them out of the box.

The next day Mother Bowen put a letter in the box for Jimmy to take up when he came back that way, but in the afternoon Dick found it lying in the grass some distance from the box. After that the letters were thrown out of the box regularly. Jimmy said he couldn't explain it and Dick was sure that he couldn't.

"Praps it's imps," said little Sue, who liked fairy stories.

"I'll watch and see," said Dick, "I can find out."

The next time a letter was placed in the box Dick was hidden away behind the big evergreen. He watched and watched, but no one came along. Then, suddenly he saw the letter flutter to the ground, as if thrown by unseen hands. Up he started and ran toward the box. Two little brown wrens went fluttering away, cheeping in a frightened voice. Dick put the letter back and hid a second time. In a few minutes the wrens came back and threw the letter out again.

"I've found 'em! I've found 'em!" shouted Dick.

And Farmer Bowen, Mother Bowen and all the others ran down from the house to see what the matter was.

"Poor Mrs. Wren," said Mother Bowen, who had a tender heart; "she thought we put up the house for her, and she didn't want letters in it." After that a stone was placed on the letters to hold them down, and the two wrens couldn't tumble them out any more.

### WEDDING OMENS.

Few girls are dauntless enough to risk being married on a Friday, and also in the month of May, which is considered a very unlucky time, while June, September, October and December are deemed the luckiest months of the year, but June is the greatest of all.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday are considered the best days to be married on, if assurance of happiness is desired.

Monday for wealth,  
Tuesday for health,  
Wednesday the best day of all!  
Thursday for crosses,  
Friday for losses,  
Saturday no luck at all.

All brides-elect rejoice when the marriage day dawns brightly remembering the old adage, "Blest is the bride upon whom the sun doth shine."

And all are equally certain that: To change the name and not the letter, Is a change for the worse, and not the better.

The postponement of a wedding is regarded with such horror that many will be wedded on a sick bed or in a house of mourning rather than change the date.

It is an overbold woman, indeed, who will let her vanity so far get the better of her as to don her bridal robes in their entirety before the hour set for the ceremony, as such an act presages death and dire misfortune.

White is the color usually chosen for bridal robes signifying purity and innocence; but others may be chosen wisely, as the following rhyme asserts:

Married in white  
You have chosen all right,  
Married in gray,  
You will go far away,  
Married in black,  
You will wish yourself back,  
Married in red,  
You'd better be dead,  
Married in green,  
Ashamed to be seen,  
Married in blue,  
You'll always be true,  
Married in pearl,  
You'll live in a whirl,  
Married in yellow,  
Ashamed of the fellow,  
Married in brown,  
You'll live out of town,  
Married in pink,  
Your spirits will sink.

To try on a wedding ring before the ceremony is unpropitious. Should the shaking hand of the groom drop this symbol of love in the act of putting it on the bride's finger, the ceremony had

better be stopped at once. To issue it is prophetic of evil, and to remove it after it is placed on the finger is unlucky.

The throwing of rice and old slippers is descended from antiquity, rice meaning fertility and plenty, while the old shoe is supposed to invoke the favor of the fickle goddess of fortune.

No bride or groom must turn back after starting, and the bride must be sure when she leaves home to place in her pocket a silver coin, so that in future years she may not come to want.

### THE PROPER GIRL TO MARRY.

She sings at her work, she laughs at her misfortunes, she snaps her fingers at care, she knows not the meaning of worry, says a writer. How is it that one girl is sad and moody and taciturn, while another is bright and gay and voluble? Is it a question of temperament, or is it a question of training? Most likely of both. I suppose we inherit a certain disposition to be gay and glad or dull and sad, and this tendency, born with us, can be modified either way to a certain extent. If we give way to gloom, it is bound to grow upon us until it becomes part of our nature. If, however we strive to shake off our dull moods and succeed a little, it is possible to develop a really bright nature. The happy girl is a pleasure to herself and all around her. Her gaiety is to some extent contagious, and often dull people in her vicinity wonder why they have been so bright of late. A bright girl is to some what sunshine is to a garden. Her genial presence calls for all the sweet blossoms of human hope. The happy girl cures the sick at heart, heals the wounded in the battle of life, and scatters blessings all around. She is better than a doctor, more to be desired than a skilful physician, a greater wonder worker in the domain of the heart than all the wizards that ever breathed. Be you therefore, happy, or at least, as happy as you can. A sweet, sunny face will redeem many irregularities of feature, and a peal of hearty laughter is often more attractive than a pearly complexion. If I were a young man I should, in looking for a wife, esteem a happy face of greater value than a merely pretty one.

### DAMP HANDS.

Many girls suffer great discomfort from damp hands. This complaint generally arises from a weakly constitution and a highly nervous temperament. Excessive perspiration is not only unpleasant for the sufferer, but renders the hands repulsive to others; therefore, anyone who has the misfortune to suffer from this complaint should do his utmost to cure it. It is usually worse in hot weather; but in most cases the patient suffers both in winter and summer. If it is not a very bad case, it may be successfully treated with ablutions of very hot soft water, and the application, after drying, of fuller's earth, or a medicated powder prepared as follows: Salicylic acid, three parts; talc, seven parts; starch, ninety parts. Before going out into society in the evenings, when the hands are likely to get very hot and damp, plunge them into water in which some powdered alum has been dissolved.

In severe cases it will be found necessary to resort to more stringent remedies, and the inside of the hand should be rubbed two or three times a day with a cloth dipped in the following solution: Eau de Cologne, fourteen parts; tincture of belladonna, three parts.

### ANCIENT SUICIDES.

A Heinous Crime, and Indignities Were Heaped Upon the Bodies.

Among the early Greeks suicide was uncommon until they became contaminated by Roman influence, says a writer in Lippincott's. Their religious teaching, unlike that of their Asiatic contemporaries, was strongly opposed to self-destruction. While a pure and manly nation, they regarded it as a heinous crime, and laws existed which heaped indignity upon the body of the suicide. By an Athenian law the corpse was not buried until after sunset, and the hand which had done the deed—presumably the right hand—was cut off and buried separately, as having been a traitor to its owner.

The only suicides ever spoken of with respect, or anything approaching commendation, by the early Greeks, were those of a purely patriotic character, like those of Themistocles and King Codrus, both were considered patriots. The latter, when the Heracidae invaded Attica, went down disguised among the enemy with the intention of getting slain, and having picked a quarrel with some soldiers, succeeded in his object. The reason for this act was that the oracle had pronounced that the leader of the conquering army must fall; and the King sacrificed his life in order that his troops might be victorious and his country saved. Themistocles is said to have committed suicide rather than lead the Persians against his own people.

### GLASS HELMETS.

If science has its way we should probably before long be ordered to wear glass helmets as a protection against sunstroke. This is the idea of a famous French scientific man who has accidentally made some very curious discoveries in the nature of sunlight. This scientist believes that the X rays sunlight are what produce sunstroke, and that with his glass caps or helmets he will be able to bring about absolutely complete immunity from this complaint, in just the same way as the ancient Greeks did, who always wore brass helmets of a character which made them impervious to the X rays of the sun.