

Stanley Medhurst's Wooping.

I.

There was nothing at all uncommon about the room. It was just an ordinary lodging-house parlor, furnished in the usual style, with the regulation assortment of glass-cased ornaments on the mantelpiece and black-framed mourning cards on the walls, but it suited Stanley Medhurst remarkably well, being not only quiet and secluded, but within ten minutes' walk of his office. When first he had taken up his abode there, a clerk in his own office had occupied the rooms overhead, but he had married recently, and for several weeks the tiny bedroom and barely furnished second parlor had been vacant. Mr Medhurst missed the young man's companionship more than he cared to own, even to himself. It had been pleasant to sit smoking together as they had been wont to do in the long winter evenings, and he watched for the advent of the new lodger with almost boyish eagerness, hoping to be able to strike up some sort of a friendship, and now, to his unspoken chagrin, he discovered that the rooms had been let to a woman.

"What sort of a woman?" he asked his landlady, as, breathless after her climb from the regions below, she began piling up the tea-trays.

"Oh, a very nice young creature, sir—a doctor's daughter as 'as to get her own livin', and wanted somewhere 'ome-like and cheap. She's comin' in now, sir, if you care to look at 'er, sir. She's a nice young lady—so tall and dignified-like, and 'er 'air's as black as your 'at, sir."

"She isn't very beautiful, then," he said. "I have a fancy for little, fair women myself. What is her name, Mrs. Jinks?"

"Chumleigh, sir—Miss Chumleigh!"

"Do you mean Georgina Chumleigh?"

"Yes, sir; that is 'er name, sir. Pardon my being so bold, but do you know 'er, sir?"

"Very slightly. We haven't met for over twelve months. She isn't my style. I don't like these big, muscular, unfeminine creatures, with hands almost large enough for a man. That is all, thank you. Good-night, Mrs. Jinks."

"Good-night, sir. I 'ope, sir, as 'ow you don't object to 'er being 'e, sir?"

"Certainly not. Miss Chumleigh and I are never likely to meet."

Miss Chumleigh was not a stranger to him by any means. Years before—in fact, before little Lillian de Vere had taken his heart by storm—he had served her rather badly, having won her love and then left her without a word and perhaps that accounted in some measure for the antipathy with which he regarded her.

Whether his animosity was returned or not he could not say. When by any chance they met, she was always formal, always polite, and if she noticed any rudeness on his part she made no outward sign, though oftentimes in the privacy of her own room she would clench her hands together in an agony of pain.

"He shall not drive me away!" she would cry, passionately. "Had I known that he was here I would have died rather than come, but having come I will stay. I have as much right to be here as he has."

And then she would turn to her cello—the soother of all her woes—and passing her fingers lovingly over the strings would lose all thought of self in the sweet, entrancing music she loved so well.

But even her playing annoyed the man in the room below, and as the sound's were wafted down to him he would throw open the piano and, and, seating himself at the instrument, begin playing the liveliest airs he knew, changing from one tune to another with almost lightning rapidity—heedless of time and discord.

This went on for several weeks, until at length even Miss Chumleigh's patience was exhausted, and, forcing the tears back with an unusual effort, she went down to face the lion in his den.

"I knocked twice," she said, with quiet dignity, "but you did not hear. I have come to ask if you will kindly tell me at what hour you like to practise. I have changed my own time over and over again, but we always seem to clash."

Mr. Medhurst had risen, and now stood fingering the keys of the piano somewhat awkwardly.

"I always practise when the fancy seizes me," he answered, with studied politeness. "I thought we were free to do as we liked in our own rooms."

She bowed.

"Legally I suppose we are, and I am quite sure that if my playing annoys you, I am sorry. I am always most careful to close both door and window. Did you trouble to do likewise it would be pleasanter for us both."

"Why did you come here at all?" he demanded. "We only aggravate each other every time we meet."

"You need not flatter yourself that you aggravate me!" she said. "Only people I like and esteem have the power to do that. As to my reason for coming here, though I do not allow your right to question me, I am perfectly willing to inform you that I came because the rooms were cheap and to my liking. If my playing annoys you, I repeat, I am sorry—but practise I must!"

"Are you a professional musician, then?" he asked. "I understood that you were a doctor's dispenser, or—something of that sort."

"I am—something of that sort," she returned, "and I do but play, as the birds sing, because I must. It is the only recreation I have. However, I did not come here to discuss my private affairs with you, but to try and arrange so that our hours of playing may not clash."

"They will not clash in future," he returned, "for I will not touch the piano again."

"Oh, pray do not take it like that!" she cried. "I would rather you played all day long than feel that I was the means of preventing you."

He looked up, some scathing reply on his lips, but something in her manner caused the words to die away unspoken.

"Very well, Miss Chumleigh," he answered, "it shall be as you wish."

And then, as she made a movement towards the door, he sprang forward to open it for her.

"The lock is rather awkward," he said. "Be careful, or you will hurt your hands."

"I wouldn't like to do that," she answered, looking straight into his face, "for I am rather proud of my hands. They are a little bit large perhaps, almost large enough for a man, but then they very often have to do a man's work!" And with this parting shot, she passed quietly up the stairs to her own room, leaving him gazing after her in mingled consternation and dismay.

II.

It was a glorious Saturday afternoon, and, having obtained a grudging consent to her request for a half-day's holiday, Georgina Chumleigh hurried down to the sea, where she intended spending her few hours of freedom. She had a magazine in her hand—one her fellow-lodger had sent up to her the day before—for since the episode of the piano his animosity towards her seemed to have died a natural death; but despite the fact that they had been staying in the house for over six months they had seen very little of each other. Whatever his feelings may have been, she undoubtedly avoided him. The words he had uttered the first evening of her arrival (which had been borne up all too plainly to the room above) rankled in her mind, and—had she but acknowledged it—hurt.

She was a sensitive, highly-strung woman despite her unusual stature, and the ridicule to which her size so often subjected her cut her to the quick. It was so much nicer for a woman to be pretty and petite like Mr. Medhurst's Lillian, and even as the thought flashed through her mind she saw the couple pass along the beach almost within a stone's throw of where she sat, but so engrossed in each other as to be entirely oblivious of all else. Georgina turned away her eyes, and then, fascinated, looked again. They were such an odd-looking couple. He—so big, so strong, so manly; she—little more than a fair-sized child.

How long she sat there musing she never knew, but the sun was already sinking in the western sky when she awoke with a start, as a wild scream of terror broke upon her ear. For one second her woman's heart almost ceased to beat, but Georgina Chumleigh was no coward, and in another minute she was clambering over the rocks towards the spot from whence the sound came. She had not proceeded far when a light-robed figure came flying past her, in whom Georgina recognized Stanley Medhurst's child-like fiancée. She paused to speak to her, but the girl was too distraught to listen, and would have passed on had not Georgina seized her unceremoniously by the arm and held her fast.

"What is the matter?" she demanded. "What has become of Mr. Medhurst?" And for answer the other could only point to the beach below with trembling finger and sink down on the rocks where she stood, sobbing aloud.

"Oh, don't leave me!" she cried. "Don't leave me! Stay with me, or I shall die of fright!"

But Georgina heeded her not.

"If Mr. Medhurst is in danger, our first thought must be for him," she said, her lip curling, and springing forward towards the spot indicated she disappeared behind the rocks.

The sight that met her eyes was somewhat reassuring, for, whatever his injuries might be, Stanley Medhurst still lived; and as she approached him from the rocks above he called out to her—bidding her go for help, as he had dislodged a fragment of rock which had fallen upon him and prevented his escape. But her quick eye saw that the tide was already upon him, and, setting her teeth firmly, she began the perilous descent.

Watching her with bated breath, and expecting every moment to see her fall, he forgot his own danger in the thought of hers, and, shouting to her to go back, turned his head aside with a groan as he felt the water lapping at his feet.

"Go back!" she answered; "what do you take me for? I have come to save you!" and he opened his eyes to find her already at his side.

"I am afraid my arm is broken," he said, rousing himself with an effort. "Do you think you are strong enough to move that thing off it?"

"I am sure I am," she answered, brightly; but her heart failed her as she saw what a size it was, and her spirits fell to zero when, with all her strength, she found herself unable to release him.

"I can't lift it," she said, with a stifled sob of pity, "and there is no time to go for help. I shall have to hurt you terribly, I am afraid, but I must push it off."

And then, without another word, she sat down on the wet sand at his side—a great boulder at her back—and planting her feet firmly against the rock, pushed at it with her frenzy of despair, until at last her efforts were rewarded, and the prisoner was free.

Springing to her feet with an exclamation of relief she turned to give him her hand, but he neither moved nor spoke, for strong man though he was, the pain had been so excruciating that he had fainted for the first time in his life.

It was only the work of a few minutes to drag him into safety farther up the beach; but despite all her efforts to restore consciousness he lay inert, and to all appearance lifeless.

She was kneeling there beside the prostrate form—her breath coming in quick, short gasps—when Lillian looked at them from the rocks above, her eyes swollen and red with weeping.

"Has it—killed him?" she asked, with a sob.

Georgina looked up, contempt written in every line of her face. "No," she answered, shortly. "Go for help at once! Send three or four men and a stretcher—a doctor, too, if there is one to be found."

And Lillian turned away at once to do her bidding, it seemed hours to the lonely watcher before assistance came. Indeed, it was almost dark when at length two men and a boy appeared on the scene, bearing a stretcher. On this they carried the unconscious man up the rocks, Georgina taking one corner, in spite of her torn and bleeding hands; and thus they bore him home, to the lodgings he had left only a few short hours before in the full strength and vigor of his manhood.

Here amputation was found to be necessary, and for the three weeks during which he hovered between life and death his fellow-lodger tended him with untiring devotion. Only once after he had recovered consciousness did he ask for his little fiancée, and when he received her answer he turned his face to the wall with a smothered groan.

"I'm awfully sorry, my boy," the doctor said, sympathetically, "but I can't persuade her to come. She says she's sure it wouldn't be proper—that she's never been in a man's rooms in her life." And after that the subject was not mentioned again, but when at length he was strong enough to travel, Mr. Medhurst went away to a South Coast watering-place without even paying a farewell visit to the girl whose love had proved so frail.

He was away six months, and on the evening of his return he went up to Miss Chumleigh's room for the first time. He owed her a debt of gratitude he would never be able to repay, and, as he stood at the door waiting her permission to enter, his thoughts turned back to the old days when his heart had beat for her alone.

She was sitting disconsolately by the window when, in answer to her summons, he pushed open the door—an open newspaper in her hand, which she was endeavoring to read in the gathering gloom. There was no fire in the grate, and he noticed that she was shivering, in spite of the thick woollen shawl she had wrapped around her shoulders.

"Miss Chumleigh," he said, "I have just come home, and I want someone to talk to. Won't you take pity on my lonely state, and come down and have some dinner with me?"

"I don't know," she answered, doubtfully. "We always aggravate each other so much, you see."

"Don't!" he cried, quickly. "I was mad when I said that! Miss Chumleigh," he continued, humbly, "won't you consent to let bygones be bygones? I know that I have treated you shamefully, and you have heaped coals of fire upon my head. I can never thank you sufficiently for what you have done for me—I owe you my very life! Won't you add to your kindness by trying to forget the past and remember only that I repent me of all I have done?"

And as she looked across at him, standing there so meekly, with the empty coat-sleeve tucked pathetically in his coat-pocket, the girl found it impossible to say him nay. Besides she was cold and hungry, and the roaring fire she had seen in his room, as she passed the door, was an inducement in itself.

"I have a letter here I want to show you," he said, as, dinner over, they drew their chairs up to the fire, and his eyes watched her furtively as she read.

It was a heartless letter, coming as it did from the girl who was to have been his wife, begging for her freedom, as she could not bear the thought of being bound to a one-armed man, and Georgina's eyes flashed with indignation as she passed it back without comment.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked. "I received that little love-letter before I was well enough to leave my room. Don't you think it was fortunate for me that my accident occurred before my marriage?"

"I think it is a very good thing you are able to look at it in that light," she said, unsteadily.

They saw a great deal of each other after that, and then one day he discovered, what she had tried so hard to hide, that she had lost her situation at the dispensary ow-

ing to her repeated absences during his illness.

"Your one cry was for Miss Chumleigh," the old doctor told him, "only you called her 'Georgina'; and, angel that she is, she made you her chief care, knowing full well that it meant losing her place. She is the truest woman who ever lived, and if I were a few years younger—"

But Stanley Medhurst heard no more. This, then, was the reason for the girl's unusual pallor—she lacked the wherewithal to purchase the common necessities of life, and for want of proper food was fading away before his very eyes.

And then—he never remembered exactly how it happened, but in another minute he found himself at her side, pouring out his love and his unworthiness in one breath; and her tears were falling, as Lillian's might have done, on his big brown hand.

"You are quite sure it isn't gratitude you feel?" she asked. "I thought you didn't like big, muscular women—"

"Georgina!" he gasped, "you—you didn't hear me say that!"

"I couldn't help it," she returned. "I had just gone out on to the balcony to watch the sun set, and the words floated up to me from the room below. I know I'm a big, clumsy creature, but I have a woman's heart."

"I know it," he answered, passionately; "the tenderest, truest heart that ever beat. I was a fool to think you could ever be otherwise. I ought to have known you better. Georgina, five years ago I intended asking you to be my wife, but when mischief-makers told me you were already appropriated I left you; and then, when I discovered my mistake, I was too proud to come back. Don't tell me that I have come too late!"

"No, you are not too late," she answered.—London Tit-Bits.

CANADIANS IN ENGLAND

A GREAT MANY OF THEM HAVE WON LAURELS.

They Are Famous in Political, Military and Commercial Affairs.

Canada is claiming more attention to-day in England than she had ever before commanded, even during the South African war, when the valor of her troops in the field excited the admiration of the world. This is no doubt due to the large number of Canadians who are in public life in England, or who hold commanding positions in the military or financial world. There are several native-born Canadians in the British parliament, and others have won distinction in the service of the King in the army. Some of these who have achieved success in the Mother Country are:

NOVELIST AND STATESMAN.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., born at Camden East, Addington County, 1859; school teacher at Frankford and Seaford; ordained deacon in 1882; attended lectures in civinity at Trinity University; curate to the late Rev. Canon Bleasdel at Trenton; professor in deaf and dumb institute, Belleville, went to Australia in 1886 and wrote for the press; wrote poems, short stories and plays removed to England and wrote more plays and novels. Resides permanently in London, but frequently visits Canada.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., for South Longford, Ireland; born at Cairngorm, Ont., Oct. 13, 1833; Premier of Ontario, 1871; member of Dominion cabinet under Hon. Alexander Mackenzie; leader of Liberal party of Canada, 1878 to 1887; elected member for South Longford, 1892.

Hon. George E. Foster, born in Carlton County, N.B., Sept. 13, 1847; taught school in his native province and entered politics in 1882 appointed a member of Sir John Macdonald's cabinet in 1885 and from 1888 to 1896 was Minister of Finance.

WEARS MANY WAR MEDALS.

Lieutenant-General John Wimburn Lawrie, M.P., for Haverford West, England, sat as a Conservative in the Canadian House of Commons from 1887 to 1891. Born in London, Oct. 1, 1835; went in for a military career, and wears many medals for distinguished service abroad; came to Canada at the time of the Trent affair, 1861; was a field officer of militia in Nova Scotia for five years, during which time 50,000 men were regularly trained in that province, and served during the Fenian invasion of 1866. He was Deputy Adjutant General of Militia in Nova Scotia.

Charles Devlin, M.P., for Galway, succeeding Col. Lynch, the Beer commander, who was convicted of treason, sat in the Canadian parliament as representative of Ottawa County till five years ago, when he was appointed immigration agent in Ireland, resigning to contest Galway for the Imperial parliament.

OFFICERS IN THE ARMY.

Col. F. W. Benson, assistant adjutant general, chief staff officer southeastern district since June, 1898, was born at St. Catharines, Ont., Aug. 2, 1849; the third son of the late Senator J. R. Benson; educated at Upper Canada College and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst; veteran of Fenian raid, 1866; joined 21st Hussars, 1869, and subsequently served in 12th Royal Lancers; 15th Dragoon Guards and 17th Lancers; A.D.C. to Governor-General of Northwest Province, India, 1877, and, in addition to other military

service commanded the Egyptian Cavalry, 1892-94.

Sir Percy Girouard was born at Montreal, May 26, 1867, and graduated in 1886 from the Royal Military College, Kingston; two years on engineering staff of the C.P.R.; second lieutenant Royal Engineers, 1888; traffic manager Royal Arsenal Railways, Woolwich, 1900; joined Dongola expedition under General Kitchener, and was in charge of the railway battalion during the campaign, holding the rank of bimbashi, or major in the Egyptian army; mentioned in despatches, and decorated with the distinguished service order.

WRITES OF CANADA.

Joseph Grose Colmer, private secretary to the late Sir John Abbott, secretary to Sir Alexander Galt, and in 1881 was appointed secretary to the office of Canadian High Commissioner in London. Author of numerous articles on Canada. He was born in London, Eng., 1856.

K. N. MacFee, legal and financial agent, born at St. Chrysostome, Que., April 22, 1851; practised law in Montreal, Winnipeg and Minneapolis, removing to England in 1889 delegate to the third Commercial Congress at London, 1896, and to the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire at Montreal, 1903.

Robert Barr, novelist, was born in Glasgow, Sept. 16, 1850, but was educated in Canada; school teacher in Canada till 1876; joined the editorial staff of the Detroit Free Press and went to England in 1881.

Hamar Green wood, Liberal candidate for the Imperial parliament in York City, Eng., born in Whitby 32 years ago; he is an honor graduate of Toronto University in political science and law; he has the reputation in the Old Land of being one of the cleverest platform orators in the ranks of the Liberals.

Tan Zachary Malcolm, M. P., for Stowmarket Division of Suffolk since 1895, was born in Quebec Sept. 3, 1866; the eldest son of Col. Edward Donald Malcolm, C.B., of the Royal Engineers.

GEORGE BROWN'S SON.

George Mackenzie Brown, M.P. for Midlothian, is the son of the late Hon. George Brown; he defeated Conan Doyle, the novelist, in the last general elections.

E. Duff Miller, Agent-General of the Province of New Brunswick in England, born and educated in New Brunswick.

George L. Johnston, journalist, of London, England.

Major-General C. W. Robinson, C. B., brother of C. C. Robinson, K.C., of Toronto.

Colonel Wallace, commander King's Royal Colonials, a native of Halifax, N. S.

The Earl of Elgin and Sir Thomas Earle also claim the distinction of having been born in Canada.

USELESS PHRASE.

Bobby had returned from his first tea-party, his round face wreathed in smiles. "I hope you were polite, Bobby," said his mother, "and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you."

"I remembered 'Yes, please,'" said Bobby, cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time it was passed."

IN NATURE'S KITCHEN.

A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the college dining-tables at which sit a dozen students.

One day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and exclaimed, "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?"

EPIGURE RATS.

The pupils of the Newton Grammar School, in Chicago, were terrorized by enormous rats, which ran about the school in broad daylight. The janitor set traps, but found he could catch no rats unless he used Limburger cheese. With this bait he caught thirty-seven a day until none were left.

MARRIED ON SIGHT.

John T. Kruger, of Wabash, Neb., bet a friend \$500 that he would ask the first girl he met, after leaving his hotel, to marry him. This happened to be Mamie Grant, who promptly accepted his offer. They were married within an hour.

LARGE INCREASE.

An ounce of onion seed was sown in the garden of Miss Carwithen, at Springfield, Newton Abbot, England, last March. Recently the gardener gathered 460 lbs. of onions.

"Yes," he said, "I am up to my neck in debt; but it's my misfortune, not my fault." "Your misfortune?" "Yes. You see, I have a faculty for making such an excellent impression upon people that they still persist in trusting me."

The office-hunting season is open for twelve months each year. Secrets are like money—good for nothing unless placed in circulation.

Some men make enemies instead of friends because it is less trouble.

Sanguinary conflicts over custom collectors between Persians and Turcomans are reported to have occurred on the Russo-Persian frontier.