

Queer.

Know a woman who hath bounteous share
Of this world's wealth, and who is young and
gay?

I know another: very poor is she,
And though not old, her brow is marked with
care;

A MAIDEN FAIR.
A Scottish Love Story.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

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

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

"Leave this place!" she cried angrily,
"where everything was won—no likely."

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

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

CHAPTER V.

MISCHIEF IN THE WIND.

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

"Are ye at home, mistress?"
On the present occasion, however, hear-
ing that her son was with her he shrank
back, and would have been glad to escape
from his promised visit altogether. Cargill
and he had never been friendly, although
there was no open enmity between them.
But now he felt an almost unconquerable
dislike to meet the man. At any rate
there was no need to meet him except
when necessary, and that necessity was to
arise soon enough.

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

There could be no pleasant encounters
between two men holding such a position
toward each other.
That was why Ross sent Dick to ask if
he were wanted, much to the surprise of
Bell, who was unaccustomed to such cere-
monies.
"Cry to him to come up," was her quick
answer to Dick; "he could have come him-
self to speak."
Cargill for a moment hesitated whether
or not he should leave; but, desirous of
discovering what his mother had wanted
with Ross, decided to remain.
He nodded with lymphatic placidity to
the visitor as he entered.
"How are you to-day, Mistress Cargill?"
asked Ross—he was the only one who
called her Mistress Cargill; to everybody
else about the place she was still Bell, or
Bell Cargill.
"Brawly, brawly, thank ye for speer-
ing. I'll sunn be up and about noo. But
I'm no gaun to fash you this afternoon,
Bob, nor the lawyers either. I'm gaun to
tak' your counsel, and let the thing be."
"I'm real glad to hear that, Mrs. Cargill.
You would have been sorry for it after-
wards."
"I'm no sure o' that yet. Hows'er,

Jeems has done something at last; he's to
marry a lass wi' a tocher, and that's satis-
fein' in a kind o' way. But when I get
about mysel' I'll ken better what to dae.
For the time being there's nae need to fash
oursel's. I'm obliged to you, a' the same,
and you're right enough to say that he
would satisfy me yet."

"What is all this about, mother?" broke
in Cargill, who very much disliked being
called "Jeems" at all times, and especially
now.
"Never you heed, Jeems. You may
thank your frien' Bob, that you didna ken
a' about it afore noo."

"I am sure I am extremely obliged to
Mr. Ross for any kindness he has been good
enough to do me, but—"
"Will ye drap that, ye fool, and speak
like an ord'nar body?" almost screamed
Bell.

"But I should like you to explain," he
went on stolidly.
"Then I'll no explain naething till I'm
up. You marry Skipper Duncan's dochter,
and there'll be nae need to explain. What
are ye gaun to be after next, Bob?"

"I am to take the 'Mermaid' to Peter-
head next," was the quiet answer, but not
without a secret feeling of satisfaction that
he could give this rub to Cargill.
It was more than a rub it was a blow.
Cargill's pluffy cheeks and small protrud-
ing, dark eyes—fish's eyes—were incap-
able of expression; but they could show the
signs of biliousness, and at this moment
they looked very bilious. His voice, how-
ever, expressed neither passion nor surprise
as he said—

"Oh, you ar. to take the 'Mermaid' on
her next trip?"
"Ay, I believe so. But I have to go now,
mistress, as you are no needing me. Good-
day, mistress—good-day, Mr. Cargill."

Glad to escape, he sprang down the stair.
But he had not gone many steps when he
heard a plethoric voice behind him.
"I want to speak to you, Ross."

It was Cargill who had followed him
instantly.
"I'm in rather a hurry, Mr. Cargill, as
I ought to have been home two hours ago."
"I can walk with you. The matter is
one of great importance to you."

"What is it?" inquired Ross, slackening
his pace so that the other might with more
ease and dignity keep up with him.
"That is to say, I think it of great im-
portance to you, possibly you may think
otherwise."

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

"I might be," was the reply with a sub-
dued smile, which Cargill did not observe.
"You would be. Why should you waste
your time in such ferry-boats as the
'Mermaid' when you have such a chance
as this? For you have only to say the
word and I can almost promise that you
shall be the man chosen."

"And when would I be wanted?"
"Well, as I understand, you would have
to be at the office in two or three days."
"I doubt it cannot come my way."
"Why not?"
"Because I have to go with the 'Mer-
maid.'"

"Oh, you can easily get out of that en-
gagement. I will undertake to arrange it
for you."
"Thank you, but I promised to go and I
am going. Moreover, I like to manage my
own business."

"Then you refuse?"
"I am not clear that there is anything
to refuse except to break my word, and I
do refuse to do that."
"Oh, very well," said Cargill loftily, "as
you please. I thought to render you a ser-
vice, and I can assure you such a chance is
not likely to fall in your way again."

"Then I must just try to do what is in
my power to get on without it."
Ross gave a parting nod and went on.
Cargill halted abruptly and stood looking
after him as long as he was in sight.

What was the man thinking about? The
drooping of the heavy brows over the small,
dark eyes suggested that his thoughts were
unpleasant ones. He had tried a harmless
expedient for preventing Ross going with
the "Mermaid" and had failed. He be-
lieved that he could have secured for him
the engagement he had spoken about, but
he had somewhat metamorphosed its real
nature in order to suit his purpose.
Well, there were other ways of keeping
him out of the "Mermaid," at least for this
trip.

He would see old Murray (that was the
irreverent way in which he thought of the
great Captain Duncan), and get him to
cancel the engagement. Yes, he would
see him before the night was out. What
a fool the old skipper must be not to see
that this fellow was after his money and
his daughter!

But he would see him and put that little
matter right. After all, it was the easiest
way, and he had only been wasting time in
trying another.

CHAPTER VI.

A WILD NIGHT.

Although the afternoon had brightened
into summer, the evening changed to
winter. Slowly the sky darkened as the
sun set in a misty glory behind the hills,
and clouds gathered. The restless wind,
which had only abated during the day, again
rose, at first in a low monotone moving the
clouds slowly along, but by-and-by it came
sweeping up the Firth in great gusts and
singing a wild duet with the heaving
waters, whilst the clouds hurried hither
and thither with increasing rapidity, and
the moon could only occasionally send a
silver gleam through the darkness.

"It'll be a gay blow the night," said the
fisher-folk to whom every sound and sign
of wind, water, and clouds had its meaning.
"I doubt if the'll win out," they said
again, with anxious looks at the angry sky.
They referred to the fishing fleet which
nightly started on its perilous adventures.
But there was no fear in the manner of
regarding the gathering storm; only calm
recognition of an ordinary fact in their
dark lives, with possibly some sense of incon-
venience and loss due to the present state
of the elements. The weather-indicator,
in the little square fronting one side of the
harbor—placed there with the kindest
intentions by some benevolent person—
was rarely consulted. By most it was
looked upon as a sort of curious toy. "Just

the weather-box," said some, as if tempest
and calm were looked up in it. They
looked to nature herself for guidance in
their calling, and seldom thought when
they "went out" that they might never
come back; a blessed condition of the
mind which enables us to do our duty in
the teeth of danger.

Women as well as men take their lives
in the same way; never a thought of what
may come; and only a short, sharp cry in
the heart with an outward dumb sorrow
when the worst befalls. Then to work
again; not a boat or a man less goes out
to sea; not a woman the less ready to do
her work on shore. The life goes on just
as if nothing had happened, whether it be
a single smack or a fleet that founders. There
are more mouths to fill and therefore more
work to do. There is no time for outward
wailing.

What goes on within—God knows.
In the parlor of Anchor Cottage the cap-
tain was comfortably smoking his pipe and
drinking toddy; seated in a big, high-
backed armchair, a cheery fire burning at
his feet. Annie at the table was busy with
accounts which she was anxious to dispose
of before going to bed.

The wind made a loud moaning round
the walls, but never a window or door shook,
everything had been made so truly firm.
This was a house built to stand and not to
sell.

Neither father nor daughter paid any
heed to the storm. He was busy with his
pipe and his toddy, delighting himself in
watching her silent diligence in work.

So they had been occupied for some time.
Then he showed symptoms of restlessness,
and at length he spoke.
"Will you be soon done, Annie? I want
to speak to you."

It happened that she had a very clear
notion of what he wished to speak to her
about, and also that she did not wish to
hear it. So she answered—
"It will take me a long while yet, father;
maybe, till bed-time."

She proceeded with renewed energy to
examine books and papers and to calculate
figures, and he remained silent, respecting
her task and valuing its results.
By-and-by he became restless again.
"Are ye no nearly done yet?" he inquired
impatiently.

"I'll make some stupid blunder if you
keep on speaking, father."
"Then stop afore you make a blunder,
because I maun speak to you about a mat-
ter that has been rumblin' in my insides a'
this afternoon."

Thus commanded she knew that no fur-
ther evasion of the disagreeable subject
possible without getting her father into one
of his passions—and they were frequent
enough and furious enough to make her
willing to sacrifice her own comfort in any
way to avoid one of them. She laid down
her pen, turned her chair toward the fire
and said quietly—
"Now, father, what is your will?"

He took the pipe from his mouth, care-
fully examined its contents, then pressed
them down with his finger; next took a big
gulp at his toddy, and finally replacing the
pipe between his teeth said, in a sort of shy
way—
"I wanted to speir at ye something."

"What is it, father?" she replied ten-
derly, although much tempted to laugh at
his droll behavior.
He felt that incipient laugh, and some-
thing of the fun of the position touched
himself, for he grinned as he said—
"Just this, my lass; would ye like to be
maerried?"

"That would depend upon the man,
father," she answered with a merry laugh.
"Roots, lassie," he said, with a comical
mixture of irritability and sense of humor
in his voice and manner, "ye dinna mean
to tell me that ye are gaun to think about
the man when it's his siller concerns ye."

Annie became serious; looked in the fire
as if studying some grave problem which
was exhibited to her there. Presently,
without looking up, she spoke—
"I am wondering, father, if my mother
thought o' the man or the siller most when
she took you."

That was almost a cruel stroke, although
the girl did not know it. When Duncan
Murray wedded her mother he had obtained
with her a tocher which had helped him
considerably in his fight with fortune. So
the burly little man moved uneasily in his
chair, his ruddy face became ruddier, and
he took some more toddy.

"That's no the question, Annie. I hae
nae intention o' forcing your will in the
matter; but I just want to talk it ower wi'
you in a sensible sort o' way. Ye see you
should think o' both the man and his siller,
for there are many lads that would be glad
to take you from me, no for yourself, but for
what you would bring wi' you. Sae it be-
hoves us to consider."

Annie was still staring into the fire; but
now she was also listening to the wind
sough, soughing round the house and
making strange noises in the chimney.
Maybe, too, she was listening to a voice she
had heard that day at the gate and think-
ing of its meaning, whilst hearing the echo
in her own breast.

"I thought you said you would never
part with me and 'Mermaid,' father."
The voice was so soft and the look she
turned upon him so gentle that he could
not be angry. Nevertheless, he tried to
appear as one injured, because he felt so
keenly that he deserved the reproach ex-
pressed so quietly.

"I am no to part wi' either o' you. I
was just putting the question to you, and
there was nae harm in that."
"Oh, no."
"Weel, the lang and the short o' it is
this: there's a man came to me the day—
I'm no gaun to tell you wha' (She smiled
as if she did not know who! Poor old
father!) "And he says that if you will
take him and I will gie my consent he'll gie
you a' your ain way and make ower to you
at once a fortune. I said to him, 'You
maun speir at hersel', my man.' He said
he would, and he's gaun to do it, and I first
wanted to ken aforehand what you would
be likely to say. But you are free to do as
you like."

"You mean Mr. Cargill, father."
"Eh!—hoo did ye ken that?" exclaimed
the old captain, forgetting in his amaze-
ment even to smoke.
"Easily enough; he was the only man
here to-day except—"
"Weel?" (There was a curious glimmer
of a smile on the old man's face as he put
the question required by her pause.)
"Except Mr. Ross, and he cannot do
what you say the other offers to do. But I
am afraid that Mr. Cargill is not the man

for me, with all his wealth and your con-
sent."
"Oh, then you mean that you'll hae
somebody else without my consent."
She got up, took the empty pipe from his
hand and proceeded to fill it with an experi-
enced hand. As she gave it back to him
with a light—
"We'll no talk any more havers to-night,
father. You ken well enough that I will
never take a man that you say no to; an
I will never take one that I say no to,
though you should say yes. Now, that's
all settled."

"Ay, ay, and it's that way, is't," mut-
tered the captain to himself, but quite
loud enough for her to hear. "It's that
way, is't? We maun see about that. We
maun see about that. An empty purse
against a weel-filled one—we maun see
about that."

Annie was a little fidgety as his loudly
expressed reflections proceeded, and was
glad when they were interrupted by a loud
ring at the bell of the entrance-door.
"Wha can that be at this hour? Hope
there's naething wrang wi' the 'Mer-
maid.'"

"Kirsty will soon tell us," said Annie,
arranging her papers for the night.
"Maister Cargill," said Kirsty, the stout
serving-woman, opening the door for the
big lymphatic form to enter.
"I hope you will excuse me for dropping
in upon you so late," he said, in what he
thought was a grand manner; "I intended
to be here four hours ago, but was unex-
pectedly detained in the town. Sorry now
I did not come straight along from the old
place; but was obliged to make a call first,
and the business occupied me much longer
than I expected."

"Never heed that, sit doon—and get a
glass, Annie. Oh, but you like wine and
segars. Very weel; though I never meddle
wi' these things mysel' I hae some wine
that was gien me in a present that folk
wha ken say there's nae better in Edinbro'.
Ay, and I hae segars to match. Get them
out, Annie."

Annie obeyed quickly, and then excusing
herself as she was required elsewhere left
the room.
The wine was good and the "segars"
were good, as the captain had said, and
Cargill evinced the appreciation of both.

"And noo," said the captain when they
were settled down, "how did you come out
on sic a night?"
"Oh, the night is not so bad in a close
cab with a good horse and a careful driver."
"And is the man waiting for you?" cried
the captain, his eyes starting, "and you
never thought of seeking a dram for him!"

"I do not like to encourage tipping in
people of his class," coolly answered the
loutish sybarite, as he sipped his wine and
smoked his cigar.
There was a movement on the captain's
lips as if he repressed some words which
were no doubt of a very emphatic charac-
ter. He rang the bell fiercely and called
loudly for Kirsty whilst he filled a glass
with whiskey.

"Hey, take this to the cabman to keep
him warm while he's waiting."
"He has just cam' for a light tae his lamp
and's at the door," replied the woman;
"puir man, he's sair drookit."
Then the captain walked about to regain
his temper. Cargill had not moved during
the whole of these proceedings. He
smoked and drank placidly as if he had
nothing to do with him, and if these good
people chose to concern themselves with
a mere cabman who would receive his full
fare and something over, that was their
business.

The driver stood shivering at the door,
the fierce gusts of wind threatening to tear
the coat from his back, whilst the horse
stood shivering at the gate.
"Thank ye, mem; I wish the puir beast
could hae a dram tae on sic a night. Here's
your very good health," said the man as
he gratefully accepted the captain's hospi-
tality.

The captain sat down again and resumed
the conversation.
"And now," he said, "what has brought
you here at this hour?"
"Two things, sir," rejoined Cargill
slowly, or lazily, but did not proceed.
"And what may thae twa things be?"
There was again that curious movement
on the captain's lips which had first ap-
peared when he learned that there was a
poor man out in the cold for whom his
employer had not the least consideration.

"The first thing, captain—and it could
have waited till to-morrow—is to tell you
that all the conditions I mentioned will be
faithfully carried out. My mother is de-
lighted with the idea of the match, and
says she will agree to anything in order to
bring it about. She has a high esteem for
you, captain."

The man actually could not refrain from
attempting to patronize even in such a
position as this.
"That's very guid o' her to say sae, and
very guid o' you to tell me. But there was
nae need o' saying it, for Bell and me are
auld acquaintances and we hae aye respectit
ane another."

Cargill felt sore; it was his great weak-
ness that he did not like to be reminded of
the origin of his fortune or of himself. He
would have done anything to remove his
mother from the midst of her old associa-
tions; but she would not move, and in
spite of all his efforts they were continually
dashing in his teeth as it were.
"She is a wonderful woman," he said
vaguely, as he looked at the ceiling and
sent a great cloud of smoke up to it.
"She is that," Captain Duncan said
heartily, "and sae far everything is satis-
factory. Noo, you hae naething mair ad-
o than just get the lass to gie her consent."
"Yes, but you will help me with your
authority."
"Undoubtedly; I promised that afore—
a' things being agreeable. And this I can
tell you, there never was a more obedient
and faithful bairn in the world than my
Annie."

"Then that being the case we may con-
sider the matter as good as settled; for I
am not afraid of being able to make myself
sufficiently agreeable to her during the pas-
sage to Peterhead to warrant you in telling
her that you have chosen me for your son-
in-law—provided one condition is complied
with by you."
"And what may that be?"
"You are taking Ross with you?"
"I am that. He is the best man I could
find to keep my mind easy when I am
resting mysel'. What's wrang about that?"
Cargill rested back in his chair and puffed
meditatively for a few seconds before reply-
ing. Then—

"Do you mean to say, captain, that you
don't see what is going on?"
"I see a heap o' things that are going on
and going off too. But what particular
thing are you meaning?"
"Would you like to see your daughter
married to a man like Ross?"
"No, if she could get a better. He is a
decent chiel. Do you see anything particu-
lar wrang wi' him?"
"I have nothing to say about him. But
although I do not doubt myself, I would
rather you did not take him with you on
board the 'Mermaid.'"

It was the captain's turn to smoke for a
few seconds in silence. Then, decisively,
as if he had been arguing the whole ques-
tion out in his mind—
"The matter is settled and canna be
changed."

"But don't you see, captain," urged Car-
gill in his heavy way, trying to be persua-
sive, "if he goes with you are denying
me a fair chance with Miss Murray. If we
are left to ourselves, all will go well; but if
we are interferred with there is no saying
what may happen."

"There is naething can happen that
shouldna happen. Annie kens what she is
doing, and Ross is a decent lad. If he
doesna do anything to disgrace himself and
she says that I am to part wi' the 'Mer-
maid' and her, then there is nae mair to be
said about it. We'll just hae to do it.
You hae gotten my word—he hae; so
you maun take your chance. At the same
time I should say that you are ower
fear'd. What, man, you hae the siller and
the grand ways. Do you think any woman
in her senses would hae a doubt as to the
man she should take? Fie, I'm surpreezed
at ye."

"That's true."
"But when he went away Cargill's mind
was more in keeping with the storm than
when he arrived. On that black drive
back to Edinburgh the wind seemed to
whistle weird suggestions to his brain; the
melancholy roar of the waters seemed to
rouse wild thoughts of possibilities by
which he might prove himself the worthier
man of the two; and the ugly, slushy
roads, crossed here and there by the
ghastly light of a feeble lamp, seemed to
reflect his mind.

All the weak vanity of the man was
stirred to passion; and the passion which
springs from such a source is always the
worst.
(To be continued.)

It Always Works Just this Result.

Mr. John Bonner, proprietor of the cele-
brated Yonge street Dry Goods and Gents'
Furnishing Store, Toronto, tells a most re-
markable story of the Great German
Remedy. "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of a
bad case of neuralgia, of five years' stand-
ing, when I had given up hopes of being
cured, and had tried fifty different so-called
remedies. I now keep it all the time not
only at home, but here in my place of busi-
ness; it is an excellent thing, and some-
thing nobody should be without."

A Certain Remedy for Corns.

This is the universal testimony and ex-
pressed by every-one who has used PUTNAM'S
CORN EXTRACTOR. Thousands in Canada
have used it with gratifying results, and if
you will take the trouble to ask any druggist
he will give you the names of many persons
of your acquaintance who have been radi-
cally cured of the worst kind of corns.
Sold everywhere. Safe, sure, painless, and
vegetable in composition. Try it. It never
fails. Take no substitute. Many of them
are positively dangerous. Use Putnam's
Corn Extractor.

Prof. Goodwin, at the request of
Kingston Corporation, has made an
analysis of the city water. He says it does
not contain anything which makes its use
dangerous.

Nerviline, What is it?

Polson's Nerviline is a combination of
the most potent pain relieving substances
known to medical science. The constant
progress made in this department of science
points upward and onward. Nerviline is
the latest development in this movement,
and embodies the latest discoveries. For
neuralgia, cramps, pains in the head—ex-
ternal, internal and local—Nerviline has
no equal. Expend 10 cents in the purchase
of a sample bottle of Nerviline and be con-
vinced of its marvellous power over pain.
Large bottle 25 cents, at all druggists.

An English judge lately refused the ex-
penses of three tradesmen who prosecuted
men for stealing goods from their shop
doors on the ground that by exposing their
goods in the way mentioned they held out
temptation to steal.

"BUCHU-PABA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney,
Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

Reports received at Washington indicate
that the ice is coming down from the
Arctic much earlier than usual. This is
regarded as favorable for the Greeley relief
expedition.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Knocks a Cough or Cold away. For children
or adults. Troches, 15c. Liquid 50c. At druggists.

A ready-made rejoinder He—"You
made a fool of me when I married you,
ma'am." She—"Lor! You always told
me you were a self-made man!"

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick,
complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts,
bunions.

More than fifty Sisters of Mercy, whom
the Paris Municipal Council lately ejected
from the hospitals in favor of lay nurses,
are going to Panama, where they will min-
ister to the sick in the hospital sheds
erected alongside of the canal.

"Many a sickly woman, whose sad experience
had demonstrated alike the failure of concocted
doctors and poisonous drugs, has obtained a new
lease of life for a few dollars' worth of the Vege-
table Compound, and has gone on her way
rejoicing and praising Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham,
of Lynn, Mass.

She neglects her heart who studies her
glass.—L'atvater.