

"SALADA"

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Black—Green—or Mixed ——— E 204

The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

Fraser shook his head and explained. "And I told my father about you," he added, nervously. "He knew Flower very well, and he told me to say that he would be very pleased and proud if you would come down and stay with him at Bittlesea for a time."

"No, thank you," said Miss Tyrell. "The air would do you good," persisted Fraser; "you could come down by train or come down with me on the Swallow next week."

Miss Tyrell repeated her refusal. "I must stay in London and get something else to do," she said, quietly.

"What do you think of doing?" inquired Fraser. "Anything I can get," was the reply.

"And in the meantime—" he began, nervously.

"In the meantime I'm living on the Wheelers," said the girl, pressing her lips together; "that was what you were going to say, wasn't it?"

"I was not going to say anything of the kind," said Fraser, warmly. "I was not thinking of it."

"Well, it's true," said Poppy, defiantly.

"It isn't true," said Fraser, "because you will pay them back."

"Shall we turn back?" said the girl.

Fraser turned and walked beside her, and glancing furtively at the pale, proud face, wondered how to proceed.

"I should be delighted if you would come to Bittlesea," he said, earnestly, "and I'm sure if Flower should ever turn up again, he would say it was the best thing you could have done."

"Thank you, but I prefer to stay here," was the reply, "and I don't wish to be ungrateful, but I wish people would not trouble me with their charity."

She walked on in silence, with her face averted, until they reached Liston Street, and, stopping at the door, turned to bid him good-bye. Her face softened as she shook hands, and in the depths of her dark eyes as they met his he fancied that he saw a little kindness. Then the door opened, and, before he could renew his invitation, closed behind her as rapidly as Mr. Bob Wheeler could perform the feat.

CHAPTER XIV.

When the tide is up and the sun shining, Seabridge has attractions which make the absence of visitors something of a marvel to the inhabitants. A wandering artist or two, locally known as "painter-chaps," certainly visit it, but as they usually select subjects for their canvases of which the progressive party of the town are heartily ashamed, they are regarded as spies rather than visitors, and are tolerated rather than welcomed. To a citizen who has for a score of years regretted the decay of his town, the spectacle of a stranger gloating over its ruins and

perpetuating them on canvas is calculated to excite strong doubts as to his mental capacity and his fitness to be at large.

On a summer's evening, when the tide is out and the high ground the other side of the river is assuming undefinable shadows, the little town has other charms to the meditative man. Such life as there is, is confined to the taverns and the two of three narrow little streets which comprise the town. The tree-planted walk by the river is almost deserted, and the last light of the dying day is reflected in the pools and mud left by the tide.

Captain Nibletts, slowly pacing along and smoking his pipe in the serenity of the evening, felt these things dimly. His gaze wandered from a shadowy barge crawling along in mid-channel to the cheery red blind of the "Boatman's Arms," and then to the road in search of Captain Barber, for whom he had been inquiring since the morning. A stout lady, stricken in years, sat on a seat overlooking the river, and the mariner, with a courteous salutation, besought her assistance.

"I've been looking for him myself," said Mrs. Banks, breathlessly, "and now my Elizabeth's nowhere to be found. She's been out since two o'clock this afternoon."

Nibletts pointed up the road with his pipe. "I see her only ten minutes ago with young Gibson," he said, slowly.

"Which way was they going?" demanded the old lady, rising.

"I don't know," said Nibletts. "I don't think they knew either, and what's more, I don't think they cared."

The old lady resumed her seat, and, folding her hands in her lap, gazed in a troubled fashion across the river, until the figure of another woman coming along the walk brought her back to everyday affairs.

"Why, it's Mrs. Church," said Nibletts. "He's nowhere to be found," he shouted, before she reached them.

"He?" said the widow, slowly.

"Who?"

"Cap'n Barber," replied the mariner.

"Oh, indeed;" she said, politely.

"Good evening, Mrs. Banks."

Mrs. Banks returned the courtesy. "It looks as though Cap'n Barber has run away," she said, with attempted jocularity.

Mrs. Church smiled a superior smile. "He is not far off," she said, quietly.

"Resting, I suppose," said Mrs. Banks, with intent.

Mrs. Church took higher ground. "Of course this sad affair has upset him terribly," she said, gravely. "His is a faithful nature, and he can't forget. How is Miss Banks bearing up?"

Mrs. Banks, looking up suspiciously, "Wonderful, considering," and relapsed into silence until such time as

her foe should give her an opening. Mrs. Church took a seat by her side, and Nibletts, with a feeling of something strained in the atmosphere, for which he could not account, resumed his walk.

He was nearly up to Captain Barber's house when he saw a figure come out of the lane by the side, and after glancing furtively in all directions make silently for the door. The watching Nibletts, quickening his pace, reached it at almost the same moment.

"Mrs. Banks is looking for you," he said, as he followed him into the parlor.

Captain Barber turned on him a weary eye, but made no reply.

"And Mrs. Church, too; at least, I think so," continued the other.

"Cap'n Nibletts," said the old man, slowly, "I 'ope you'll never live long enough to be run arter in the way I'm run arter."

The astonished mariner murmured humbly that he didn't think it was at all likely, and also that Mrs. Nibletts would probably have a word or two to say in the matter.

"From the moment I get up to the moment I get to bed I'm run arter," continued the hapless Barber. "Mrs. Church won't let me go out of 'er sight if she can help it, and Mrs. Banks is as bad as she is. While they was saying nice things to each other this morning in a nasty way I managed to slip out."

"Well, why not get rid o' Mrs. Church?" said the simple Nibletts.

"Rid o' Mrs. Church!" repeated Captain Barber, aghast; "why don't you get rid o' your face, Nibletts?" he asked, by way of comparison merely.

"Because I don't want to," replied the other, flushing.

"Because you can't," said Captain Barber, emphatically. "And no more can't I get rid o' 'er. You see, I 'appened to take a little notice of 'er."

"Oh, well," said the other, and sighed and shook his head discouragingly.

"I took a little notice of 'er," repeated Captain Barber, "and then to spare her feelings I 'ad to sort o' let 'er know that I could never marry for Fred's sake, d'ye see? Then on top of all that poor Fred goes and gets drowned."

"But have you promised to marry her?" asked Nibletts, with a cunning look.

"Of course I've not," rejoined Captain Barber, testily; "but when you know as much about wimmen as I do, you'll know that that's got nothing to do with it. It gets took for granted. Mrs. Church's whole manner to me now is that of an engaged young person. If she was sitting here now she'd put 'er hand on top o' mine."

"Not before me?" said Nibletts, in a shocked voice.

"Before the Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family," replied Captain Barber, with conviction. "You've no idea how silly and awkward it makes me feel."

"Here she comes," said Nibletts, in a low voice, "and Mrs. Banks and her daughter, too."

Captain Barber coughed, and, sitting upright, strove to look unconcerned as the three ladies came into the room and expressed their pleasure at seeing him.

"I couldn't think what 'ad happened to you," said Mrs. Banks, as she sank panting into a chair, and, unfastening her bonnet-strings, sat regarding him with her hands on her knees.

"I knew he was all right," said Mrs. Church, folding her hands and regarding him with her head on one side; "if anything happened to him I should know it if he was a hundred miles away."

She sat down by Captain Barber, and laying her hand upon his pressed it affectionately. The Captain, a picture of misery, exchanged a significant glance with Nibletts, and emitted an involuntary groan.

"Don't take on so," said Mrs. Banks, compassionately. "Do you know, I've got a feeling that poor Fred has been saved."

"That's my feeling, too," said Captain Barber, in a firm voice.


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"It's very likely," said Captain Nibletts, slowly.

"What's easier than for him to have been picked up by a passing vessel, and carried off goodness knows where?" inquired Mrs. Banks, with a glance evenly distributed between her daughter and the housekeeper.

"I heard of a man once who fell overboard," said Captain Nibletts, softly, "and he turned up safe and sound twenty years arter."

"Married man?" inquired Miss Banks, softly.

"He was," said the captain with the doggedness of a witness under cross-examination.

Mrs. Church turned her eyes upwards. "Fancy the joyful meeting of husband and wife," she said, sentimentally.

"She died just two days before he turned up," said Captain Nibletts, simply.

There was a frigid silence, during which the three ladies, sinking for a time their differences, eyed him with every sign of strong disapprobation, Mrs. Banks giving vent to a sniff which disparaged the whole race of man.

"As for men who fall overboard and get picked up and turn up months afterwards," continued the faithful Nibletts, "why, every sailorman knows scores of 'em."

"I knowed seven," said Captain Barber, with the exactness of untruth. "They didn't seem to think much of it, didn't seem to think it anything unusual, I mean."

"It ain't," said Nibletts, stoutly.

The room relapsed into silence, and Captain Nibletts, finding Mrs. Church's gaze somewhat trying, got up to admire a beautiful oil painting on glass in a black frame which hung over the mantelpiece, and after a few encomiums on his host's taste, bade him good-bye.

"I'm coming with you," said Barber, rising; "I've got some business to talk about."

"What, out again," said Mrs. Church, tenderly, "after being on your poor feet all day?"

Captain Barber murmured something inaudible in reply, and taking his hat from the sideboard went out with Nibletts. For a time they

trudged along in silence until the latter, who wanted to go to his own home, ventured to ask where they were going.

(To be continued.)

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

People Who Find It Impossible To Forget.

It is a common complaint about people that they cannot remember things, but there are people in the world who seem unable to forget anything that has once entered their brain.

The late First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, can tell the name, tonnage, and gun calibre of every ship in the Navy without referring to any document.

But his memory is not equal to his father's. Lord Randolph Churchill could walk along the longest street in London—say, Oxford street—and then repeat the names of all the shop-signs in order, either way, on both sides. It is also said that he could repeat Macaulay's trick of reading a page of ads, from a newspaper and reeling them off from memory!

The possession of a freak memory was revealed some time ago in a trial for robbery at Melbourne. The accused man declared that when the crime was committed he was in the hut of a man named Lane hearing him recite Walpole's "Old English Baron," which occupied two hours and a half in delivery. The jury disbelieved him, and Lane was called to prove that he was capable of such a feat. This he did, and his friend was discharged.

The blind hymn-writer, Fanny Crosby, who immortalised herself with "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," was capable of the most amazing exhibitions of "inability to forget."

On one occasion she contracted to supply a publisher with ninety hymns. She composed forty-five of these, simply storing them in her memory without committing a word to paper. When she had finished the forty-fifth she began to dictate them, going right through without a pause. She then did the same with the other forty-two. —London Answers.

Multiplying her words seldom adds to a woman's popularity.

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