Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER

VOLUME 25. MILTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1885. NO. 15.

FOR Travellers' Guide.

NORTHERN & NORTH-WESTERN.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
7.48 A. M. 5.05 P. M.	10.35 A.M. 8.30 P. M.

CREDIT VALLEY RAILWAY.

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
9.34 A.M. 2.37 P.M. 5.30 P.M.	7.31 A.M. 3.33 P.M. 7.44 P.M.

Stage leaves for Hornby, Drumquin, Omagh, Boyne, &c., at 9 o'clock a. m.

Sunday Train C.V.R., go. East 7.31 a.m; West 2 27p.m.

Northern & North-West'n Rail'y.

Through tickets to all points East and West and Manitoba. For tickets, rates, &c., apply to ROBERT QUINN, Gen. Pas. Agent, Toronto. J. E. HARTLEY, Agent H. & N. W. Ry.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning

—AT—

MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

CAMPBELL & PAXTON, PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE:—On Main Street, opposite the "Thompson House."

TERMS:—$1 a year in advance, or within one month from the date of subscribing, if not so paid, will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Column 1 year		$75.00
do 6 months		45.00
do 3 "		30.00
do 1 year		40.00
do 6 months		25.00
do 3 "		15.00
do 1 year		25.00
do 6 months		15.00
do 3 "		10.00
do 1 year		15.00
do 6 months		10.00

Business Cards of ten lines or less, $5.00 per annum.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing, otherwise the publishers will not be responsible.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

No special notice of any kind admitted among the local news at less than 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 cents each.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, which will be inserted at 10 cents for first insertion, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Cash must accompany order in every case to insure insertion.

Terms of job work strictly cash.

SUBSCRIBERS.—No paper will be stopped until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

Legal.

D. DEWAR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office —Town Hall, Milton. Also agent for Sun Life and City of London Fire Insurance Companies. 41

JOHN DEWAR, Barrister, County Crown Attorney, Notary Public, etc., Town Hall, Mainstreet Milton.

D. McGIBBON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Booth's Block, Milton. 50

CHISHOLM & ELLIOTT.

Barristers, &c.

OFFICE.—First door east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton, Ont.

VICTOR CHISHOLM. J.W. ELLIOTT, B.A.

PARKES & MACADAMS,

Barristers and Solicitors in the Supreme Court

NOTARIES & CONVEYANCERS.

Offices: Hamilton Provident and Loan Society Chambers, Hamilton.

$100,000 to Loan at lowest rates of interest.

J. J. PARKES. A. H. MACADAMS.

R. A. PRINGLE,

Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court

BURLINGTON ST. ONT.

Office—Water St., opposite Wray's Hotel, open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. 8-6ms.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & Co.

Barristers & Solicitors.

Office—over Imperial Bank, 34 Wellington Street, East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

JOHN BAIN, Q.C. WILLIAM LAIDLAW.
C. A. MASTEN. GEORGE KAPPELE.

OSLER, TEETZEL & HARRISON

(Successors of Laidlaw & Harrison, and Oslers, Gwynne & Teetzel.)

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICE—Canada Life Buildings, Hamilton, Ont.

Special attention given to investments and collections.

B. B. OSLER, Q.C. J. V. TEETZEL.
JOHN HARRISON. W. G. GWYNNE.

Dentistry

T. HARRIS L. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST Oakville, Ont. Attends every Tuesday at the Franklin Hotel, Streetsville; every Thursday at his office above Moffat's Shoe Shop, Milton. Oakville Office, over W. Hewson's.

G. S. THOMAS, L. D. S., Dentist Licentiate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario will be in Milton on the last Tuesday of every month. Office—In the Thompson House, where he may be consulted by those in need of his professional services. wlm1g

DR. S. ZIMMERMAN,

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, ONT.

Corner King & McNab Streets. 18-y

Hotel Cards,

THOMPSON HOUSE

—MILTON ONT.—

The subscriber having leased the above hotel, which has been

THOROUGHLY RENOVATED,

is prepared to give all guests the best of accommodation. First class board at reasonable rates. The stables are in charge of an attentive hostler.

FRANK SANDERSON.

WALLACE HOUSE.

MAIN ST., MILTON,

THE LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN.

J. Wallace, Prop.

Farms for Sale.

A choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock and Dairy Farms, and other properties in "CANADIAN LAND ADVERTISER," a large book of about 100 pages with thirty provincial and county maps, sent to any address, post free, on receipt of fifteen cents.

W. J. FENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Subscribe for "The Champion"

ADVERTISERS

Before you place a dollar's worth of Newspaper advertising, get our prices. The exact cost of any paper, or list of papers cheerfully furnished, free upon application.

Send for New Catalogue.

J. C. HOUGH, Advertising Agent,

HOUGH BLOCK, Detroit, Mich.

Farmers!

SEE THE

Patterson Comb Binder

Before Ordering Any Other.

SEND FOR TESTIMONIALS.

Remember the Mitchell Fanning Mill is the Best.

J. R. MITCHELL,

AGENT,

Milton, Ont.

CAUTION

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy!

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE. 25.

W.M. SLOAN

Is again to the front with a new stock of

Gold and Silver Watches, Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Brooches &c.

Gold and Silver Chains,

Also a large stock of Nickel and Alarm Clocks, Pipes, Pocket Books, Rock Crystal Eye Glasses and Specs.

☞ The above stock is all new and will be sold at lower prices than ever prevailed in Milton. 4ly

Go to D. Butchart

—FOR YOUR—

GROCERIES

He has the finest stock of

Confectionery & Foreign Fruits

IN TOWN.

He will do a Big Trade in

FLOWERS and PLANTS

this summer, having secured and unlimited quality very cheap.

ICE CREAM IN SEASON.

Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Candies of all kinds. Very Cheap.

D. BUTCHART,

Grocer & Confectioner.

MILTON PLANING MILLS.

Hunter & Ezard, Proprietors.

We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

SUCH AS

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, BASE, &c.

BALUSTERS and NEWELS,

Also all kinds of

SCROLL WORK

done to order.

ALL KINDS OF TURNING DONE TO ORDER.

DEALER IN

LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES

Lumber Matched and Dressed to Order.

ALSO

GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS

We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of buildings, either in part or whole.

PRICES MODERATE.

Factory—Mill Street, Milton.

R. JONES,

HARNESS AND SADDLE

MANUFACTURER,

(Next door to the Thompson House,)

MAIN STREET, MILTON.

I wish to thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and remind them that I have removed my shop across the street to the premises adjoining the Thompson House, where I shall keep on hand a good stock of

HARNESS, SADDLES, TRUNKS, VALISES, WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES,

and all Kinds of Horse Clothing of the very Best English Canadian and American Manufacture.

Harness, Saddles, &c., made to order promptly and at reasonable prices.

Repairing done with neatness and all work warranted.

WIN more money than ever before by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to MORE money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from the first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure, at once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$200,00 in presents given away. Send 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,00 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, or all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

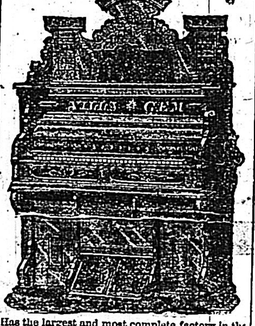
Help for the working people. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Scientific American Established 1846.

The most popular WEEKLY newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discounts to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N.Y.

PATENTS Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. Any advantage of such a notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

The Dominion Organ and Piano Co.



Has the largest and most complete factory in the Dominion—150x155.

HIGHEST HONORS EVER AWARDED to any maker in the World. Medal and Diploma at Centennial, 1876. Medal and Diploma at Sydney, Australia, 1877. Gold Medal at Provincial Exhibition, Toronto, 1878. Highest Awards at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto 1879-80-81.

WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING

SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS

BEST IN THE MARKET.

Correspondence Solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. Address

DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

WINES, WINES

We beg to notify the trade and general public that we have on hand a large consignment of fine Old Rich Ports and Sherries, vintages of 1873 and 1875, which we are offering at remarkably Low prices. Also a large shipment of Fine Old Bordeaux Wines, comprising all the Leading and Best Brands. All Goods Guaranteed to be rich, mellow, and full bodied, and to give the best possible satisfaction. Inspection invited. Call for catalogue.

Jas. Shields & Co.

138 Yonge St., Toronto.

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

	Regular Price.	With Champion
Weekly Globe.	$1.00	$1.75
" Advertiser,	1.00	1.75
Harper's Magazine,	4.00	4.20
" Weekly,	4.00	4.20
" Bazar,	4.00	4.20
" Young People,	2.00	2.65
Scientific American,	3.20	3.50
" Supplement	5.00	5.10
" and Supplement	7.00	7.90
National Live Stock Journal,	2.15	3.00
Canada Farmer,	1.00	1.70
Canada Medical & Surgical Journal,	3.00	3.00
American Agriculturist,	1.50	2.15
Godeys Lady's Book,	2.00	2.50
Rural New Yorker with seed prelums	2.00	3.50
Lippincott's Magazine,	3.00	3.25
Eclectic Magazine,	5.00	5.00
Art Interchange,	2.00	2.35
Demorest's Monthly,	2.00	2.50
Rural Canadian,	1.00	1.70
Daily Witness	3.00	3.50
Weekly Witness	1.10	2.00
Toronto Daily World	3.00	3.00

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 3,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures affected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home; and the present season of the year is most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—*Montreal Star Nov. 17, 1882* Nov. 20.

A YOUNG GIRL'S WOOING.

BY E. P. ROE,

Author of "His Sombre Rivals," "From Jest to Earnest," &c., &c.

The people were forming for the lancers, and Mr. Henderson asked Madge to help make up a set. She complied without hesitation. Nor was she unmindful of the fact that Graydon sat in a position which commanded a view of the floor. He had seen her glide out in the waltz with a grace second only to that of Miss Wildmere, even in his prejudiced eyes. Now he began observed her curiously, and his disappointment and bitterness at heart increased, even with the skill compelled his wondering admiration. He saw that, though she lacked Miss Wildmere's conventional finish, she had a natural grace of her own. He admitted that he had never seen so perfect a physical embodiment of womanhood. She was slightly taller than her rival in his thoughts, and her costume gave an impression of additional height. Apparently she was in the best of spirits, laughing often with her partner and an elderly gentleman who danced opposite to her, and who was full of old-time flourishes and jollity. At last Graydon thought, resentfully, "She is indeed changed. That's the style of life she is looking forward to, and she wishes no embarrassment or advice from me. That dancing-jack Henderson, and others of his sort are to be her 'friends' also, no doubt. Very well, I know how to console myself;" and he turned his eyes resolutely to Miss Wildmere.

In the galop that followed he naturally danced with his quondam sister, and Mr. Henderson with Miss Wildmere. Graydon was the last one to show feeling in public or do anything to cause remark. Now that Madge possessed in her partner the same advantage that Miss Wildmere had enjoyed, the admiring lookers-on were at a loss to decide which of the two girls bore the palm; and Graydon acknowledged that the former invalid's step had a lightness and an elasticity which he had never known to be surpassed, and that she kept time with him as if his volition were hers. She showed no sign of weariness, even after he began to grow fatigued. As he danced he remembered how he had carried "the little ghost" on his arm, then tossed her, breathless from scarce an effort, on the lounge, whence she looked at him in laughing affection. This strong, superb creature was indeed another and an alien being, and needed no aid from him. Before he was conscious of flagging in his step, she said, quietly, "You are growing tired, Graydon. Suppose we return to the piazza."

"Yes," he said, a trifle bitterly, "you are the stronger now. The little ghost' has vanished utterly."

"A woman is better than a ghost," was her reply.

He and Miss Wildmere strolled away down the same path on which Madge had told him that she could not be his sister. Mr. Muir was tired, and went to his room in no very amiable mood. Mrs. Muir waited for Graydon's return, feeling that, although the office of chaperon had in a sense been forced upon her, she could not depart without seeing Miss Wildmere again. The young lady at last appeared, and, believing that she had made all the points she cared for that night, did not tax Mrs. Muir's patience beyond a few moments. While she lingered she looked curiously at Madge, who was going through a Virginia reel, as if she fully shared in the decided and almost romping spirit with which it was danced. She was uncertain whether or not she saw a possible rival in Graydon's thoughts, but she know well that she had found a competitor for sovereignty in all social circles where they might appear together. This fact in itself was sufficient to secure the arrogant girl's ill-will and jealousy. A scarcely perceptible smile, that boded no good for poor Madge, passed over her face, and then she took a cordial leave of Graydon, and retired with Mrs. Muir.

He remained at the window watching, with a satirical smile, the scene within. People of almost every age, from elderly men and matrons down to boys and girls, were participating in the old-fashioned dance. The air was resonant with laughter and music. In the rollicking fun Madge appeared to have found her element. No step was lighter or quicker than hers, and merriment rippled away before her as if she were the genius of mirth. Her dark eyes were singularly brilliant, and burned as with a suppressed excitement.

"She is bound to have her fling like the rest, I suppose," he muttered; "and that romp is more to her than the offer of a brother's love and help—an offer half forgotten already, no doubt. Yet she puzzles one. She never was a weak girl mentally. She was always a little odd, and now she is decidedly so. Well, I will let her gang her ain gate, and I shall go mine."

He little dreamed that she was seeking weariness, action that would exhaust, and that the expression of her eyes, so far from being caused by excitement, was produced by feelings deeper than he had ever known. When the music ceased he sauntered up and told her that her sister had retired.

"I had better follow her example," she said.

"Would you not like a brief stroll on the piazza? After exertions that, in you, seem almost superhuman, you must be warm."

"Why more superhuman in me than in others?"

"Simply because of my old and preconceived notions."

"I fear I am disappointing you in every respect. I had hoped to give you pleasure."

"Oh well, Madge, I see we must let the past go and begin again."

"Begin fairly, then, and not in prejudice."

"Does it matter very much to you how I begin?"

"I shall not answer such questions."

"I am glad that you can enjoy yourself so thoroughly. You can now look forward to a long career of happiness, Madge, since you can obtain so much from a reel."

"You do not know what I am looking forward to."

"Why?"

"Because you are not acquainted with me."

"I thought I was at one time."

"I became discontented with that time, and have tried to be different."

"And you must have succeeded beyond your wildest dreams."

"Oh no, I've only made a beginning. I should be conceited indeed if I thought myself finished."

"What is your supreme ambition, then?"

"I am trying to be a woman, Graydon. There, I'm cool now. Good-night."

"Very cool, Madge."

He lighted a cigar and continued his walk, more perturbed than he cared to admit even to himself. Indeed he found that he was decidedly annoyed, and there seemed no earthly reason why there should have been any occasion for such vexation. Of course he was glad that Madge had become strong and beautiful. This would have added a complete charm to their old relations. Why must she also become a mystery, or rather seek to appear one? Well, there was no necessity for solving the mystery, granting its existence. "Possibly she would prefer a flirtation to fraternal regard; possibly—Oh, confound it! I don't know what to think, and I don't much care. She is trying to become a woman! Who can fathom some women's whims and fancies? She thinks her immature ideas, imbibed in an out-of-the-way corner of the world, the immutable laws of nature. Of one thing at least she is absolutely certain—she can get on without me. I must be kept at too great a distance to be officious."

This point settled, his own course became clear. He would be courtesy itself and mind his own business.

"I fear I shall fail," murmured poor Madge, hiding her face in her pillow, while suppressed sobs shook her frame.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PROMPTINGS OF MISS WILDMERE'S HEART.

Graydon slept very late the following morning. He found out that he was tired, and resolved to indulge his craving for rest so far as his suit to Miss Wildmere would permit. When he could do nothing to promote his advantage he proposed to be indolence itself. He found that his vexation had quite vanished, and, in cynical good-nature, he was inclined to laugh at the state of affairs. "Let Madge indulge her whims," he thought; "I may be the more free to pursue my purposes. Her sister, of course, shares in Henry's prejudices against the Wildmeres, and they would influence Madge adversely. All hand-some girls are jealous of each other, and, perhaps, if what I had so naturally hoped and expected had proved true, I should have had more sisterly counsel and opposition than would have been agreeable. Objections now would be in poor taste, to say the least. If I'm not much mistaken I can speak my mind to Stella Wildmere before many days pass; and, woman-nature being such as it is, it may be just as well that I am not too intimate with a sister who, after all, is not my sister. Stella might not see it in the light that I should;" and so he came down at last, prepared to adapt himself very philosophically to the new order of things.

"The world moves and changes," he soliloquized, smilingly, "and we must move on and change with it."

He found Mr. and Mrs. Muir, with Madge and the children, ready for church, and told them, laughingly, to "remember him if they did not think him past praying for." During his breakfast he recalled the fact that Madge was uncommonly well dressed. "She hasn't in externals," he thought, "the provincial air that one might expect, although her ideas are not only provincial, but prim, obtained, no doubt, from some goody-goody books that she has read in the remote region wherein she has developed so remarkably. She has some stilted ideal of womanhood which she is seeking to attain, and the more unnatural the ideal, the more attractive, no doubt, it appears to her."

It did not occur to him that he was explaining Madge on more theories than one, and that they were not exactly harmonious. Having finished his meal, he sought for Miss Wildmere, and soon found her in a shady corner, reading a light, semi-philosophical work, thus distinguishing and honoring the day in her choice of literature. He proposed to read to her, but the book was soon forgotten in animated talk on his part. She could skilfully play the *rôle* of a good listener when she chose, and could, therefore, be a delightful companion. Her color came and went under words and compliments that at times were rather ardent and pronounced. He soon observed, however, that she led the way promptly from delicate ground. This might result from manifestly reserve or from the fact that she was not quite ready for decisive words. He still believed that he had all needed encouragement—that the expression of her eyes often answered his, and he knew well what his meant. When, in response to his invitation, she promised to drive with him in the afternoon, all seemed to be going as he wished.

Graydon felt that during dinner and thereafter for a time he should be devoted to his party, to preclude criticism on his course in the late afternoon and in the evening, when he proposed to seek society which promised more than theirs. He began to discover that, except as her intelligence was larger, in one respect Madge had not changed from her old self. She responded appreciatively to his thought and fancy, and gave him back in kind with interest. She began to question him about a place in Europe with which he was familiar, and showed such unusual knowledge of the locality that he asked, "You haven't slipped over there unknown to me, I trust?"

"You might think of an easier explanation than that. You kindly sent me books, some of which were rather realistic."

"Did you read them all?"

"Certainly. It would have been a poor return if I had not."

"What an inordinate sense of duty you must have had!"

"I did not read them from a sense of duty. You have perhaps forgotten that I am fond of books."

"Not all of the books were novels."

"Many that were not proved the most interesting."

"Oh, indeed; another evidence of change," he said, laughing.

"And of sense, too, I think. Mr. Wayland, who is a student, had a splendid library, and he gave me some ideas as to reading."

"Can you part with any of them?"

"That depends," she replied, with a manner as brusque as his own.

"On what?"

"The inducements and natural opportunities. I'm not going to recite a lesson like a school-girl."

"One would think you had been to school."

"I have, where much is taught and learned thoroughly."

"Now, that is enigmatical again."

"The best of the books you sent me left some room for the imagination."

"Ha, ha, ha, Madge! you are scoring points right along. I told you, Graydon, that you couldn't understand her in a moment or in a week."

"I never regarded your imagination as rampant, Henry. Have you fathomed all her mystery?"

"Far from it; nor do I expect to, and yet you will grant to me some degree of penetration."

"Well, to think that I should have come home to find a sphinx instead of little Madge!"

"Thank you. A sphinx is usually portrayed with at least the head of a woman."

"In this case she has one that would inspire a Greek sculptor. Perhaps in time I may discover a heart also."

"That's doubtful."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed."

"What far-fetched nonsense!" said Mrs. Muir, sententiously. "Madge has come back one of the best and most sensible girls in the world. Men and poets are always imagining that women are mysteries. The fact is, they are as transparent as glass when they know their own minds; when they don't, who else should know them?"

"Who indeed?" said Graydon, laughing. "Your saving clause, Mary, is as boundless as space."

"How absurd! I understand Madge perfectly, and so does Henry."

"You said last evening that the change in her was a miracle. Once in the realm of the supernatural, what may not one expect?"

"You know what I meant. I referred to Madge's health and appearance and accomplishments and all that. She has not changed in heart and feeling any more than I have, and I'm sure I'm not a sphinx."

"No, Mary; you are a sensible and excellent wife and my very dear sister. You suggest no mystery. Madge certainly does, for you have, in addition to all the rest, announced an indefinite list of accomplishments."

"If I remain the subject of conversation I shall complain that your remarks are personal," said Madge, her brows contracting with a little vexation.

"That is what makes our talk so interesting. Personals are always read first. In drawing Mary and Henry out, I am getting acquainted with you."

"It's not a good way. You like it merely because it teases me and saves trouble. If you must gossip and surmise about me, wait till I'm absent.

"There, Madge, you know I'm nine-tenths in fun," said he, laughing.

"That leaves a small margin for kindly interest in an old acquaintance," was her reply as they rose from the table, and he saw that her feelings were hurt.

"Confound it!" he thought, with irritation, "it's all so uncalled for and so unnatural! Nothing is as it used to be. Well, then, I'll talk about books and matters as impersonal as if we were disembodied spirits."

They had scarcely seated themselves on the piazza before Miss Wildmere came forward and introduced her mother. The young lady was determined to prepare the way for a family party. Graydon had a confident, opulent air, which led to the belief that her father's fears were groundless, and that before many weeks should elapse the Muirs would have to acknowledge her openly. It would savo embarrassment if this came about naturally and gradually, and she believed that she could be so charming as to make them covet the alliance. Miss Alden might not like it, and the more she disliked it the better.

Mrs. Muir's thoughts were somewhat akin. "If Graydon will marry this girl, it's wise that we should begin on good terms. This is a matter that Henry can't control, and there's no use in our yielding to prejudice."

Therefore she was talkative, courteous, and rapidly softened toward the people whom her husband found so distasteful. Graydon employed all his skill and tact to make the conversation general and agreeable, but the cloud did not wholly pass from Madge's brow. From the moment of her first cold, curious stare, years since, Miss Wildmere had antagonized every fibre of the young girl's soul and body, and she had resolved never to be more than polite to her. She did not look forward to future relationship, as was the case with Mrs. Muir, but rather to separation, should Graydon become Miss Wildmere's accepted suitor. Now, with the instinct of self-defence, she was more cordial to her rival than to Graydon, until, at the solicitation of the children, she stole away. Mr. Muir remarked that he was going to take a nap, and soon followed her.

Their departure was a relief to Graydon, for it rendered the carrying out of his plan less embarrassing. In his eagerness to be alone with the object of his hopes, he soon obtained a carriage, and with Miss Wildmere drove away. Mrs. Muir and Mrs. Wildmere compared maternal and domestic notes sometime longer, and then the former went to her room quite reconciled to what now appeared inevitable.

"I think you are prejudiced, Henry," she remarked to her husband, who was tossing restlessly on the bed.

"Least said soonest mended," was his only response, and then he changed the subject.

Graydon came back with the hope—nay, almost the certainty—of happiness glowing in his eyes. He had spoken confidently of his business plans and prospects, and had touched upon the weariness of his exile and his longing for more satisfactory pleasures than those of general society. His companion had listened with an attention and interest that promised more than sympathy. The wild, rugged scenes through which they had passed had made her delicate beauty more exquisite from contrast. It was as if a rare tropical bird had followed the wake of summer and graced for a time a region from which it must fly with the first breath of autumn. In distinction from all they saw and met she appeared so fragile, such a charming exotic, that he felt an overpowering impulse to cherish and shelter her from every rude thing in the world. With a nice blending of reserve and complaisance she appeared to yield to his mood and yet to withhold herself. To a man of Graydon's poise and knowledge of society, such skilful tactics proved their purpose perfectly. They gave her an additional charm in his eyes, and furnished another proof of the fineness of her nature. She could not only feel, but manifest the nicest shades of preference. If not fully satisfied as to her own heart, what could be more refined and graceful than the slight restraint she imposed upon him? and how fine the compliment she paid him in acting on the belief that he was too well bred and self-controlled to precipitate matters!

"She has the tact and intuition to see," he thought, "that she can show me all the regard she feels, and yet incur no danger of premature and incoherent words. She will one day yield with all the quiet grace that she shows when rising to accept my invitation to waltz."

Therefore, as he approached the hotel he was complacency itself until he saw Mr. Arnault on the piazza, and then his face, darkened with the heaviest of frowns.

"Why, what is the matter?" Miss Wildmere asked.

"I had hoped that this perfect afternoon might be followed by a more delightful evening, but from the manner in which that gentleman is approaching you, it is evident that he expects to claim you."

"Claim me? I do not think any one has that right just yet. Mr. Arnault certainly has not."

"Then I may still hope for your society this evening?"

"Have I not permitted you to be with me nearly all day? You must be more reasonable. Good evening, Mr. Arnault. Did you drop from the clouds?"

"There are none, and were there I should forget them in this pleasure. Mr. Muir, I congratulate you. We have both been on the road this afternoon, but you have had the advantage of me."

"And mean to keep it, confound you!" thought Graydon. "Ah, good-evening, Mr. Arnault. You are right; I have found rough roads preferable to smooth rails and a palace car."

"How well you are looking, Miss Stella! but that's chronic with you. This is perfectly heavenly" (looking directly into her eyes) "after the heat of the city and my dusty journey."

"You are a fine one to talk about things heavenly after fracturing the Sabbath-day. What would have happened to you in Connecticut a hundred years ago?"

"I should have been ridden on one rail instead of two, probably. I am more concerned about what will happen to me to-day, and that depends not on blue laws, but on blue blood. I saw your father this morning, and he intrusted me with a letter for you."

Mr. Arnault manifested not a particle of jealousy or apprehension, and Graydon felt himself shouldered out of the way by a courtesy to which he could take no exception. He saw that only Miss Wildmere herself could check his rival's resolute and easy assurance. This he now felt sure she would do if it passed a certain point, and he went to his room, annoyed merely, and without solicitude. "She must let the fellow down easily, I suppose," he thought; "and after to-day I need have few fears. If she had wanted him she could have taken him long ago."

Miss Wildmere also went to her room and read her father's letter. It contained these few and significant words: "In speaking of possible relations with Mr. M. I emphasized a small but important word—'if.' I now commend it to you still more emphatically. You know I prefer Mr. M. Therefore you will do well to heed my caution. Mr. M. may lose everything within a brief time."

Miss Wildmere frowned and bit her lip with vexation. Then her white face took on hard, resolute lines. "I came near making a fool of myself this afternoon," she muttered. "I was more than once tempted to let Graydon speak. Heavens! I'd like to be engaged to him for a while. Mr. Arnault plays a bold, steady hand, but he's the kind of man that might throw up the game if one put tricks on him. My original policy is the best. I must pit one against the other in a fair and open suit till I can take my choice. Now that it is clear that Graydon cares little for that hideous thing he calls his sister, my plan is safe."

"What a lovely color you have, Madge!" Graydon remarked, as they met at supper. "You are unequalled in your choice of cosmetics."

"Not to be surpassed, at any rate."

"Where did you get it?"

"Up at Grand View."

"What, have you climbed that mountain?"

"It's not much of a mountain."

"It's a tremendous mountain," cried little Harry. "Aunt Madge's been teaching us to climb, and she lifted us up and down the steep places as if we were feathers, and she told us stories about the squirrels and birds we saw up there. Oh, didn't we have a lovely time, Jennie?"

"Now I understand," said Graydon. "The glow in your face comes from the consciousness of good deeds."

"It comes from exertion. Are you not making too much effort to be satirical?"

"Therefore my face should be suffused with the hue of shame." "You see I have changed also, and have become a cynic and a heathen from long residence in Europe."

"Please be a noble savage, then."

"That's not the style of heathen they develop abroad."

"Madge told us about the savages that used to live in these mountains, and how bad they were treated," piped Jennie.

"Poor Lo! No wonder he went to the bad," said Graydon significantly. "He was never recognized as a man and a brother."

"And he was unsurpassed in retaliation," Madge added.

"Considering his total depravity and general innocence, that was to be expected."

"It turned out to be bad policy."

"In so far as he was a man he hadn't any policy."

"I shall not depreciate the Indians for the sake of argument. They rarely followed the wrong trail, however."

"What on earth are you and Madge driving at?" exclaimed Mrs. Muir.

"It matters little at what, but Madge appears to be the better driver," chuckled Mr. Muir.

"You have a staunch champion in Henry," said Graydon.

"You wouldn't have him take sides against a woman?"

"Oh no, but you have become so abundantly able to take care of yourself that he might remain neutral."

"When you all begin to talk English again I'll join in, and now merely remark that I am grateful to you, Madge, for taking care of the children. Jack was good with the nurse, too, and I've had a splendid nap."

"I'm evidently the delinquent," laughed Graydon, "and have led the way in a conversation that has been as bad as whispering in company. What will become of me? You are not going to church to-night, Madge?"

"I did not expect to. If your conscience needs soothing—"

"Oh no, no. My conscience has been seared with a hot iron—a cold one, I mean. The effects are just the same."

At the supper-room door they were met by Dr. Sommers, with a world of comical trouble in his face, and he drew Madge aside.

"What's a man to do?" he began. "Here's our choir-leader sick, and the rest won't chirp without him, or hasn't sing any more than I can! Music? You can—sing, I mean—both, for that matter. I'd give the best cast of my life I ever had to take you out in a reel. Well, here's the trouble. It's nearly meeting-time, and what's a meeting without music? You can sing—I'm sure you can. I've heard you twice in the chapel. Now, it isn't imposing on good nature, is it, to ask you to come over and start the tunes for us to-night? Come now, go with me. It will be a great favor, and I'll get even with you before the summer is over."

Madge hesitated a moment. She had hoped, for a time with Graydon that evening, which might lead to a better understanding, and end their tendency to rather thorny badinage. But she heard him chatting gayly with Miss Wildmere and Mr. Arnault in the distance; therefore she said, quietly, "It is time for me to get even with you, too. To refuse would not be nice after the lovely drive you took us the other day."

"Oh, you made that square as you went along. Well now, this is famous. What's meeting we'll have?"

"You explain to Mrs. Muir, and I'll get my hat."

"I'm in luck," the doctor began, joining the Muirs on the piazza.

"Of course you are. You are always in luck," said Mrs. Muir.

"Oh no, oh no. Draw it milder than that. I've fished many a bad day. I'm in luck to-night. What do yo think? You can't guess."

"You and Madge had your heads together, and so something will happen. Are you going to capture a mountain?"

"Yes; a brace of 'em before long. Well, as good luck would have it, our choir-leader is sick. I thought it was bad luck at first, and meant to give him an awful dose for being so inopportune. It has turned out famously. 'All things work together for good,' you know. That text required faith once when I had hooked a three-pound trout, and in my eagerness tumbled into where the fish was. Oh, here you are, Miss Alden. We'll go right along for it's about time."

"But you haven't explained," cried Mrs. Muir.

"We will when we come back," said the doctor.

"Oh, I'm merely going over to the chapel to help the doctor out with the singing," said Madge, carelessly. "Good-by."

"Well," remarked Mr. Muir, *sotto voce*, "if I were a young fellow, there's a trail I'd follow, and not that will-o'-the-wisp yonder."

"What did you say, Henry?" asked his wife.

"It will be hot in town to-morrow, Mary. It's growing confoundedly hot in Wall Street."

"Not serious, Henry?"

"It's always serious there."

"Oh, well, you'll come out all right. It's a way you have."

Mr. Muir looked grim and troubled, but the piazza was dusky. "She can't help me," he thought, "and if she was worrying she might hinder me. Things are no worse, and they may soon be better. If I had fifty thousand for a month, though, the strain would be over. She'd be nagging me to take a lot of her money, and I'd see Wall street sunk first. Well, well, Wildmere and I may land together in the same ditch."

For a few moments Graydon and Mr. Arnault sat on either side of the broker's daughter, each seeking the advantage. The young lady enjoyed the situation immensely, and for a time had the art to entertain both. Arnault at last boldly and frankly took the initiative, saying, "Please take a walk