

# An Episode

Surely the high-water mark of human affection is the love of an impetuous young man for a girl whom he has only known for a fortnight and whom he expects never to see again. Such a love is concocted of the best selected circumstances—novelty, delectable brevity of a fortnight concentrates the emotions, and concentrated emotions are a kind of mental Boveril. Not only are they sustaining at the time, but you can scrape the tin afterwards and manufacture quarts of excellent memories. Of course the fortnight, to be complete, ought to occur in summer and to possess a certain and the young man and young woman should be sufficiently intelligent to take advantage of their opportunities. The might-have-said often spoils the delicious memory of the might-have-been.

This particular young man and young woman had enjoyed their fortnight to the full, and the arrangements for the climax were above reproach. Some kind person had provided a dance, there was an old garden at the back of the house, and the moon was turned on mulberry trees, box hedges and lavender beds in front of them. It was a situation where a man might almost have quoted Browning:

"I suppose," the young man began, "that that was nearly our last dance—our very last—at least for a long time."

"You're going to-morrow, then?" the young woman said.

"I have to see my people before I join my regiment," the young man answered. "What a good time I've had here!"

"I hoped," she said, "that you were above this kind of thing."

"What kind of thing?"

"On the going-going-gone business!" she replied. "I hate last things. I don't treat them just a little—shop-soil!"

"Does nothing ever matter?" he asked.

"I feel that I ought to come in with conversational waltz refrain," she replied, "but it's difficult even for me to say to be obvious."

The young man looked grieved and made no answer.

"You were about," she observed "to say something about the Southern Cross?"

"The Southern Cross? Why should I?"

"Surely," she said, "you won't throw away your opportunities? Aren't you going to gaze on the Southern Cross in a few weeks and think of me?"

"Very likely," he answered, quietly.

"That's right," she pursued. "No young man of feeling, within sighting distance of the Southern Cross, should neglect it. I, on the other hand, shall look at the Great Bear and think of you."

"Have you been to any theaters lately?" he asked.

"No," she said, "but you must have visited some really pathetic melodramas."

"I only meant that it's been rather warm lately, and are you fond of bicycling? And it's not a bad floor to-night."

"Aren't you just a little ungrateful?" she said. "I only wanted—"

"I understand. A nice, cold shower bath?" he answered. "You needn't be afraid I shall bother you. Only I should like to thank you for having given me the happiest fortnight of my life, and to wish you good luck."

"You are," she said softly, "rather a nice boy."

"Some day," he answered, "I trust that I shall be a nasty man. A nice boy is a thing that is supposed neither to mind nor matter."

"Jack," she said, putting her hand on his arm, "without prejudice, as the lawyers say, would you mind less if it did matter?"

"Is it quite impossible?" he asked.

"Well, isn't it?" she answered.

"Of course, we should have to wait," he said, "but couldn't you wait a while, Kitty?"

"Please don't think me hard and mercenary," she said. "It isn't altogether that, but don't you know what a long engagement means? It's the longest thing on earth. It's a marriage on the hire-purchase system, where you pay three times as much as it's worth for a thing that's worn out before you really get it."

"If I left the service," he urged, "we should have enough to live on quietly."

"You'd be so content if you did," she said, "and our castle in Spain would be a villa in West Kensington. No, Jack, it wouldn't do, I'm sorry, but it wouldn't do. Can't you see?"

"Oh, I see clearly enough," he said, bitterly. "I hope that, some day, you'll have a nice, large paper marriage, a la modiste, with real golden wedding bells, and the full approval of the family solicitor."

"Don't Jack, don't," she answered. "Can't you see that it takes two to make a muddle like this? Don't let's spoil the little time that's left us. Let us at least part friends."

"I'm sorry," the young man said. "I suppose nothing I could say would make any difference."

"Nothing, I'm afraid."

"Very well. May I, at least, have all the other dances to-night?"

"Yes, if you want them now," the young woman said sadly.

The young man and young woman

enjoyed themselves immensely for the rest of the evening, although they imagined themselves heart-broken. The young man said several things which he considered really cynical, and the young woman wallowed in a sense of martyrdom. They said good-by in the cold morning light, and she allowed him to kiss her. The kiss they regarded as a kind of sacrament.

Now, in the ordinary course of events, the episode might have ended satisfactorily here. The young man would have blown his nose violently when the band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and murmured the young woman's name when he felt seasick, and then relapsed into remembering the whole thing with a sigh and a complacent smile. The young woman's recollection would have depended on her attitude toward her husband. Till her husband occurred, she would have practiced recollection but little.

Unfortunately, the Angel of Death, with his habitual disregard of the fitness of things, disturbed the even course of the affair. The young man had possessed a mercantile cousin, and the cousin, having gone, two or three days before, to a land where mercantile possessions are rigidly excluded, had left the whole of his property to the young man. His reasons for this unexpected act of generosity were probably that he had never met the young man, which, in view of the old gentleman's temper, was an advantage, and also that the latter cultivated martial aspirations underneath his mercantile soul, even to the extent of being at one time a captain of volunteers, and regarded the young man with favor, as being the only military specimen of the family.

Therefore, when the young man rose from his brief sleep on the following morning, he found a solicitor's letter informing him of his good fortune. At first the information appeared too good to be true, but the additional information that he was at liberty to draw on the firm for any reasonable amount put the truth beyond question. The fact that he was rich, portentously rich, at first filled him with an insane desire to shout. As a silent relief to his mental tension, he took his slippers off and threw them at the door. Then he put them on again, and lit a pipe. All his life the young man had been in straitened circumstances. He had never had enough pocket money at school, or a satisfactory allowance since. Now he felt that he possessed no single desire which he could not satisfy. Visions of infinite possibilities rose before him. He even looked at his pipe with contempt.

"And now," he said to himself, triumphantly, "I shall be able to marry Kitty."

Oddly enough, the young woman had not stood in the forefront of the possibilities. He noticed the fact with something of a start. Romance was not at its strongest in his mind that morning, because the kind person who provided the dance had also provided a pale pink champagne, which punished even the most abstemious with the after horrors of excess.

"Yes," he insisted to himself, "I shall marry Kitty. Not much fear of being poor now."

Then his mind wandered away again to the more inanimate possibilities. Should he stay in the service or not? On the whole he thought he would for a while, but he would be inclined to exchange into a cavalry regiment. A few race horses? Yes. He had just begun to contemplate himself leading in the Derby winner, when he again returned to the young woman.

"Yes," he said to himself, "of course, that's the best part of it." As a matter of fact, it was not at all the best part of it. Marriage, in a way, means the end of youth, and the young man was just entering on a new world which he had never known before. It is impossible to be satisfactorily young on a limited income. The rosy dreams that came trooping before his eyes were not domestic. To be adequately domestic, you must be a little tired of other things—not necessarily vicious things, but you must know the sunshine to appreciate the shade. Half against his will, the dream pictures told him this. He wanted though he would not admit it to himself, to enjoy his own sweet will without any clog.

These things were hidden as yet from anything but the young man's sub-consciousness. As he finished dressing slowly, he decided to go at once after breakfast and tell the young woman of his happiness. The thought ought to have suggested a triumphal procession but only presented itself as a logical and obvious proceeding. Also his feelings, had been what he babbled of them to be, he would have other late out his good fortune to the other late comers at breakfast. He believed that it was romantic to reserve the news for the young woman, but the belief was artificial.

He found the young woman sitting in the sunshine on the lawn. She was looking, too, preposterously healthy and happy, considering the circumstances. He was able to explain quite intelligibly what had happened, and the young woman listened and watched him quietly. In some ways he was very transparent young man, and she was a young woman of perception.

"So now," he concluded, "of course, we can be married just as soon as ever we like."

"Married? You want to marry me?" she said dreamily, as though he had suggested a new idea, which, as a matter of fact, was the case.

"Why, what's the matter, Kitty? Aren't you glad?" he asked.

"I'm very glad that you'll be rich," she answered with a smile. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, have a good time generally," he answered.

"A good time, generally—generally," she repeated slowly.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" he inquired, in a puzzled way. "I don't understand."

"I'm not sure that I do, yet," she said.

"Surely after last night—" he burst out.

"Last night," she said, "I refused you because you were poor. And last night was years ago to you."

"You surely don't think I'm such a cad as to let that make any difference. Of course, I know you were right last night."

"No, I know you're not a cad Jack. You happen to be a gentleman. That's what complicates things so," she said.

"I don't understand at all," he said.

"You're very, very young, Jack," she answered. He did look very young that morning, in his new aspect of a possible husband.

"I'm no younger than I was last night," he urged.

"If I said yes—" she went on quietly.

"If you said yes? Don't you care for me still?" he asked.

"Wait a moment," she answered. "If I said yes, we would be married soon. Then we should settle down to a quiet, humdrum, unexciting life. Do you realize that? Next year you wouldn't want to dance with me all the evening."

"Then, do you mean you don't care for me?" he asked.

"No, I don't care for you," she said, deliberately. She had watched his eyes for "the light that never was on sea and land," but it had died away since the night before. "And I'll tell you why. Last night I was a great deal to you. I should have been the prettiest thing in a life that wasn't very pretty. Now, I'm only a very small part of your life. That wouldn't satisfy me."

"Surely, you don't mean what you say?" he pleaded.

"Oh, yes, I do," she said, with a little laugh. "I shouldn't be adequate, and you wouldn't be adequate. It wouldn't do. Believe me, Jack, I wouldn't. We like each other, but we don't love each other. Don't let's be foolish any more. Let the dead past bury its dead. You've a lot of arrears of enjoyment to draw, and you'd better get away and play now, without making too much of this."

"I never thought—" he burst out.

"No, Jack, I don't think you ever did," she said, "or you'd agree with me. I know you want me just for the moment, because I've said no, but that's the only reason. Run away and play. Good-by, Jack; I'd rather you'd go now."

"Kitty!" he exclaimed.

"Good-by, Jack," the young woman said, with a smile, holding out her hand.

The young man took it, and strode away angrily. For several days he said evil things to himself about the young woman and decided that she was not worth caring for. Soon afterwards he decided that he never had cared for her. After another brief interval he came to the conclusion that she was an unusually nice girl, and that, some day, perhaps, if he met her he might try his luck again. When the young woman married another man, being under the impression that he held a permanent first mortgage on her affections, which was a mistake, because the only mark which he left on the young woman's mind was a capacity for appreciating "the other man."

But the whole thing was a pity. It might have been such an excellent little piece of romance in two people's lives, and it degenerated into the exposure of a flirtation.

# Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

## Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months."



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable. "Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better. "I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of. "If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me. "I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta, Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize. "Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere. "The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time. G. O. ARCHIBALD. Hopewell Cape, N. B.

### TWO AND TWO ARE FOUR, NOT FIVE.

Mr. Gozlebly's Application of a More or Less Familiar Fact.

"It seems strange," said Mr. Gozlebly, "but it is nevertheless true, that one of the very hardest lessons for us to learn is the very simple one that two and two make four always, and never five. In a general sort of way we learn this as soon as we learn anything; but we don't actually realize that it is so, and what it means, until we have had the lesson drilled into us by hard experience, and some of us never realize it then. We go right along spending \$2.50 a week on a \$2 income, expecting soon to earn more, or that there's going to be some remarkable exception in our case that will enable us to do this and yet come out all right. We can easily spend more than we earn by going in debt,

and we imagine that in some way we are going to be able to pay later. We rarely discover the foolishness of this till debts tie us up, and we have to skip and go without and do all manner of unpleasant stunts in borrowing and putting people off, and suffering all the fret and worry that inevitably attend upon one in debt until we get squared up.

"Very likely we do earn more money but if we do we have probably carried with us our extravagant or careless habits, and we continue to spend more than we earn; and so with a larger income we are as badly off as we were with the smaller one; for all things are comparative; and so we go on till some rude awakening jolts us into a consciousness of the fact that we can't stretch two and two into five; that two and two make four and no more, with no exceptions for anybody. If we insist on having \$5 worth, though we've got only \$4 to pay with, we can get it, but the other dollar has got to be paid some time, sure, and it means trouble."

### SCURVY IN ALASKA.

Arctic Sojourners Are Now of Opinion That the Dread Disease May Be Averted.

Those who venture into the far North without knowing the hygienic rules required for the preservation of health or the means for preventing scurvy take their lives in their hands. The sad fate that often overtakes them awakens sympathy, but they invite it.

Six years ago six Russian priests were sent to labor among the Samoyeds, who live near the south end of Nova Zembla. A comfortable hut had been erected for their use, and they might have spent the winter in good health if it had not been for the fact that as priests of the Greek Church they were not permitted to eat meat. Their religion, however, permitted them to partake freely of salt fish, and this with tea and bread comprised their diet. A more dangerous bill of fare for the Arctic winter could hardly be invented. They had with them a Russian boy, who ate what the priests did, except that he did not touch salt meat, as the natives gave him a plentiful supply of fresh reindeer meat.

When the traders who had seen the party established in their new home returned in the spring they found that all six of the priests had died, while the boy was in good health. True to their conviction that duty required them to refrain from eating meat, the priests had clung to their salt-fish diet, and scurvy spared not a man of them.

When Explorer Jackson went to Franz Josef Land his party of seven men camped on the shore while the crew of the Windward, which had taken him north and was prevented by the ice from returning that season, lived on their ship. The land party ate freely of fresh bear meat during the winter, but the crew of the Windward preferred tinned meats and some of them refused to eat any bear meat at all. The Jackson party lived in good health for three years and not a man among them had been sick when they returned home. On the other hand the crew of the Windward, who did not like such fresh meat as the Arctic afforded, in the one winter they spent north suffered from scurvy and one man died of it.

# Cash System

Adopted by  
**N., G. & J. McKechnie.**

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance or the same.

**N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.**

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