

oon se you are the recognized heir of Rolf House, you need worry no more over your interests in that direction."

"I don't worry," replied Ralph. "Well, I am glad of it," was the re-"Nothing is so sure to win the evor of Fortune as a cool and brave ront. You have but to be cautious and persistent, my boy, to win."

"I intend to be," asserted Ralph. "No doubt, no doubt," responded the older: "and the prize is worthy of the highest effort. You must win, Ralph." "I intend to win," again asserted Ralph.

CHAPTER XIX. Wearily passed the days to Rosa Bruyn. Drearily the sun rose in the from her sweet face and the buoyancy conflict could not but leave its impression. But, through it all, she had not given up her faith in Claude. She was resolved that she would not question his fidelity till she was afforded better with courtesy. evidence than anything that could "Ah, good day, my rosebud," replied come to her through the instrumentality old Carl as he took her hand and press. of Anthony Saybrook. She was strong- ed it in his horny paw. "Let me look ly impelled to the belief that the defamation of Claude and the persistent spectacles. "Yes, yes, I see-your face pressing of Ralph Saybrook's suit were parts of the same plot, and a thousand is a trace of trouble in it, I fancy. It's explanations thronged to her mind to excuse Claude's strange letter, which, it is for the good and the pure. It as she recalled its words, seemed to ought to be some years yet before your her too ambiguous and too much like the high-flown expressions of one writing in a merry, mischievous mood, to be an acutal confession of falseness and guilt. She flattered her hopes with the thought that the letter had been drawn out by some subterfuge of the wily lawyer, and was evidence only of Claude's light and gay spirit, which she well understood to be prone to a certain recklessness of expression, easily misunderstood. Yet doubts would at times assail her, and the certainty that there was to be a long and perhaps total separation, and that all chance of explanation was removed from her, caused

Mrs. Bruyn's watchful eye had detected her daughter's quiet, unconfessed grief, and she was the object of her anxious solicitude. Yet even she was unaware of the real nature and depth of her sorrow. The good lady had in an unwilling and half-hearted way admitted what seemed to her the overwhelming evidence of Claude's falsity. The absolute convictions of her husband had gradually broken down her fast defense of the young man, and she was fain to admit the guilt she could not explain. This belief created a barrier as it were between her and her daughter, and prevented her offering the consolation which would have been admissable had there been a more direct sympathy in their views of the matter. By her very position, Mrs. Bruyn was forced to stand midway between her husband and daughter; and she deemed it best, under the circumstances, to let Rosa's grief quietly wear fitself out. She was little aware, indeed. of the real depth of the wound that had been inflicted, so calm and patient was the brave girl's demeanor, but she could note the altered appearance and demeanor, and her anxiety and sympathy were deeply excited.

her troubles to weigh most heavily up-

on her mind.

Raiph Saybrook continued his calls at farmer Bruyn's, and his attentions to Rosa. So delicate and circumspect was his conduct, however, that he had really made a quite favorable impression upon Mrs. Bruyn, and even Rosa was forced to treat him with a consideration that she would gladly perhaps have accepted the opportunity to withhold. But the fact was, that so well had he ingratlated himself in the old farmer's good opinion, and so caretul was he not to allow Rosa any opportunity to take of show offense withut doing injustice to her natural goodene of heart, that he had greatly ritioned his position as a suitor for her hand without her being really aware of it. At times the thought of the wrong that had been done to Claude whote her heart, yet she had no ground wave her own suspicions to scense the oke of a plot to injure her lover,

"Oh, there is no immediate hurry." and the fact that there seemed no one was the reply. 'It will be well to wait in whom she could confide, and that And then, kneeling down on the soft the turn of events for a few weeks, everybody appeared drawn into the plo: greensward, in the shadow of the tall ly only object in hastening at all is to thwart her wishes, caused her sordvance you in old Bruyn's favor. As rows to weigh more heavily upon her heart than they otherwise would. It seemed to her continually that if there were only some one to whom she could talk about her sorrows, if she only knew some friend of Claude's of whom she could simply inquire his welfare, even though it were to ask in vain. it would be some relief to the intense

strain of anxiety and grief.

So it was with a sudden emotion of joy that, one day, as she was watering her cherished flower-bed in the front yard, she saw the familiar form of old Carl Crum descending the road that led toward the house from the village. It seemed strange that she had not thought of him. She knew that Claude had always highly esteemed the faithful old man, and that he was devoted to the morning and as drearily set behind the | Rolff family, and she felt an irresistible vestern mountains af eve. She per- | desire to talk to him. There was no formed her accustomed duties with her reason for hesitation, for her father was usual alacrity, and perhaps with more away from home, and she was familiarthan her usual conscientious care; but ly acquainted with the kindly but ecthe light of happy content had gone centric old man, who had always petted her when he met her since she was a from her step. For days and weeks little girl, and was at all times as apshe had wrestled with the doubts and proachable by the young and inno-cent surmises that had thronged continually as well could be. So Rosa unhesitatingupon her, and this mental anxiety and | ly set down her watering pot, and hastened to the gate to intercent him

A pleasant smile lit up the old man's rough, bearded face as he drew near. "Good day, Mr. Crum," said Rosa,

at you," he added, as he adjusted his has grown older and thinner; and there the way of the world, and a sad world face should show care, my pretty ome."

"I have good reason for trouble," replied Rosa, with a simple frankness that indicated her entire absorption in the object of her quest. "I thought I would speak to you, Mr. Crum, to learn whether you had heard from Claude since he went away.

The old man stroked his head a mo-

ment as if in troubled thought. "I hear from him?" he answered 'Yes, yes, rosebud, to my sorrow. You know I am in disgrace at Rolff House. He wrote me dismissing me from the house—that is all. But you surely have heard from the young master, and I would fain enquire news of him of you."

"Not a word have I heard from him since he left here," replied Rosa, with just a hint in her tones of the anxiety at her heart.'

"Indeed, i.deed." muttered the old "This is strange—strange. But why do I say strange, when the graceless villain, Anthony Saybrook, has had the influencing of master Claudie's mind? There seems no evil influence that he is incapable of exerting, and no scheme of villainy so desperate but that he succeeds in it. Ah, I fear that my young master has been caught wholly in his fatal snares, and that there are evil days ahead for Rolff House. They tell me that he has papers that will give him control of the whole property. There's villainy—damnable villainy in it. I suspected it-I knew it all along." "Why did you not warn Claude?" asked Rosa.

The old man gravely shook his head. "It was usless then." he made answer. "But I might have written him when I saw the villiany unmasking; and I did not. I thought what right had I to be interfering in the affairs late. This war cuts off all chance of

at their will,' "And there is no way to send him a letter? Think, Mr. Crum. You are be some way to warn him."

Old Carl stroked his beard throughtfully for some time, and at intervals last Rosa could catch his words: "there is just a chance-hardly a chance, indeed; but the Lord might direct it. There is One powerful to strike down the wicked, and circumvent their

plans, and it might be-it might be He would sid us." He raised his tones. "I was thinking," he continued, "that there was just one chance opened to us: it's a desperate one—a vain one. perhaps; and yet it may be the opportunity the Lord opens to us to foil a scheme of villalny. An old sallor friend of mine has come here to see me, and fellow, and there is just a chance that rich neighbor.

pean port where he could mail it, and that it might safely escape the turmoils of war and reach my young master. It seems an idle thing to hope, but we can send it off with our prayers, and my experience of life is that the Lord is often kinder to us than our weak faith merits. We can put our trust in him and try the plan. It is our only hope."

Rosa caught eagerly at this plan, hopeless as it seemed.

'Yes," she exclaimed, "it is our only hope, and we will try it, and pray the good Lord to direct it safely. I will go in the house now and write my letter; and you, Mr. Crum, must write all you know, and to-morrow I can bring my letter to you."

"No, no," replied the old man, "'tis too long a walk for you to come down to the ferry, and I must needs be up to the village during the morning; and if you will walk lown toward Rolff House at nine o'clock you will find me there. It is some sort of pleasure for me to linger round the old house, though I may not enter it."

In truth, old Carl did not allow a day to pass in which every means of entrance to Rolf House was not carefully scrutinized by him It caused him great anxiety to see the house lonely and unguarded, and he took every means in his power to guard it as vigilantly as he could.

Rosa wrote a long letter to ('laude detailing her troubles and anxiety, the rumors that prevailed in regard to Anthony Saybrook's treachery, and her suspicions in regard to the plot that had been put in motion to separate them, and next day, at the hour appointed, she wandered down toward Rolff House, where, at the gate, she found old Carl, who took her letter, and, telling her that he must hasten back, as his friend was to leave at once for the city, on a sloop that would sail that very day turned and left her with a cheery word to be of good heart. stone gateway, the fair girl prayed fervently that her letter might reach fair one of these days that will do my its destination, and the clouds of sorrow that surrounded her be dispersed.

CHAPTER XX.

on the bold step of recording the deeds me always stay with you which would make him pratical master "Stay of course you shall stay," reof Rolff House and a considerable por- plied the old man "Dunder and blittion of the estate connected therewith. zer, did you think I'd ever let any fer-His wary nature did not allow him to low carry you away? No, no-the man proceed in his villany without many that marries you must stay here thoughts and misgivings. He fully be. There's room enough and to spare. I il lieved that the chances were all in favor never give up my little Rosa, and that s of his never being seriously troubled by why I want no rake helly, that can t Claude, yet he could not but forsee the stay at home, to have you." possibility that the war might suddenly "But it's the duty of a wife to follow occupation of the place which he con- to go to the ends of the world." sidered quite essential to the full success of his plans in case it became necodd man laughing. I've chosen you a

Having resolved on his course, the so n. while I live." er he made himself master of Rolff "But I do not wish ever to marry. House the better. So the fraudulent father," replied Rosa, somewhat vexed munity was soon afforded full confirm his match-making plans. ation of all its suspicions of the oper: . tions of the shrewd, unscrupulous lawyer "Tisn't nature. Anthony Saybrook took occasion to exto be the owner of Rolff House. His explanation was to the effect that Claude had wanted money on any terms and at any price; he had furnished it. and, of course had taken the best security he could get, which was securing of the deeds in question; and he shrewdly explained that he had not designed to use the deeds so soon, but as war had broken out, and all hope of the young heir returning to redeem his premises had been thwarted, he had hastened his possession of the house because it was without an occurant, he being unable to get any one to live in it, and the place was going to decay and needed distress her father's words caused her. supervision and repair.

foolish young heir, and they did not ran away from me."
question the means now that it was evident he had the property safely enough to desert me, father," interposed Rosa, in his possession and would be the pleadingly. section.

gard to the recklessness and worthlessness of Claude Rolff, but it placed the for such a scapegrace." lawyer in the position of being the only man in the world who owned that which vert her father's opinion of Claude he coveted, or whose good or bad opin- would only be to arouse his anger, and ion could affect his peace of mind. she wisely chose to be silent. The old farmer was himself of the most and at the bottom of his heart he despised the means by which Claude had oheer up and forget her troubles. been cheated out of his inheritance; but he was of too worldy-wise and mockery to poor Rosa. In the conflict money-loving a nature to trouble him- which she saw ahead between her fillal self much about the moral aspect of the duty and her plighted troth, there apmatter. He could see plainly that peared nothing to cheer and encourage from the turn events had taken, young her. The future lowered on her vision Ralph Saybrook would be the richest dark and threatening, and portentious young man in the neighborhood, and of the wreck of all her hopes of happithe heir of lands that he prized far ness. more than their money value, and, as he had really taken a fancy to him, he became decidedly interested in seeing his suit with Rosa prosper. It had not prospered so far, spite of

of my betters, and which perhaps I all the persistence, subservience and all times and under all circumstances? did not understand. And it is now too arts of the young man. He had gained every advantage of position to urge must be taken in a snare. warning him. The thieves can plunder his suit, but he could see only too plainly that he had not made the least progress in displacing Claude Rolff in the affections of the young lady. To the with Ralph, who, however, was not in wise and shrewd, I know. There must young man this did not cause any great the office. He made his way to the doamount of disappointment, as his heart mestic department where Mrs. Grewy was not so much engaged as to suffer presided. That excellent housekeeper many pangs, and he felt reasonably had been engaged in moulding bread, muttered indistinctly to himself. At certain of success in the end if Claude and three shapely loaves stood on the did not return, which he was not likely "It might be," he was muttering; to do while the war lasted. But the elder Saybrook was not so philosophical over the matter. He felt the gravity of the step he had taken in using the fraudulent deeds, and wished to fortify his position in every possible way against all contingencies of the future. He saw that it would be a good stroke of fortune for Ralph to secure the only daughter of the rich old farmer, and he was anxious to expedite matters so as to prevent any possible risk of failure thought entered the lawyer's mind, but from any unwished-for developments, his immediate object was to enquire as well as to make sure of strengthenor nature was too guileless and say good-bye, before he sails in a pri-ing his position against any future le-mercus to take the risk of doing vateer now fitting out. He is a trusty gai troubles by the alliance with his

most tempting of prizes. These efforts had their effect on far-

mer Bruyn. He became more and more interested in the project of the match continued the lawyer. between Ralph and his daughter, and his interest was not the less because widow; "he never does, you know, and he could see that Rosa was secretly sor. I shouldn't presume to ata. rowing over her separation from Claude This latter fact especially worried the old gentleman. To be sure, their seem- if you are anxious to know, I might ed no probability of Claude ever return. make a pretty good guess. He dressed ing to make trouble, but it angered him to think that his daughter's affections should be wasted at all on such a grace. Bruyn's." less scamp. So he took frequent occasion to commend and praise Ralph Saybrook in her hearing, and to let her and again let a rosy tinge suffuse her know by what he no doubt considered face. delicate hints that it would be pleasing. Now the lawyer had been fully ansto him to see her encourage the young man's suit.

Rosa received all these indications of her father's wishes in silence. This en- advanced toward the table where the couraged him to believe that she would speedily yield.

Still, the days passed on, and Rosa ally, Mrs. Grewy, I must compliment grew more quiet and sad, and Ralph's you on your effort." suit failed to make progress. The old farmer began to be troubled.

"What alls you, child?" he said to her one day, as he entered the house and found her sitting sad and with tears stealing down her face by a window-so absorbed in her mood as not to have noticed his entrance "Dunder and dounds, you're no longer my merry little girl. Crying for that scamp of a ('laude Rolff, eh! For shame! He's no fellow for a girl to cry her eyes out about-the rascal. He a brave little frow, now. Cast him off as he has cast you off, and let there be an end of this. There's another lover waiting your favor, girl, a better one, or I'm no judge. He'll have the guilders, and konw how to care for 'em, too- which is more than I can say for your other lover. I've held you for a wise obedient little girl Rosa now show your spirit, cheer up and we'll have a wedding and inold heart good."

"No, no, father," replied the unhappy girl, gazing up with a pleading look in her soft grey eyes, "I do not wish to It was not without some trepidation marry I do not care ever to leave you. that Anthony Saybrook finally resolved. I will be content and happy here. Let

end, and the young man come to a her husband," replied Rosa, argumentknowledge of his treachery before he atively, "and if I marry I must needs had obtained that advantage of long follow my husband if he should wish

"I'll care for that," said the hearty essary for him to defend his title before fellow whose lands will join mine, and I'll make my own terms with him, and Nevertheless, he could not hesitate never shall you go from this house

at her father's cool disposal of her in

"Pooh, pooh," was the response, All women wish to plain publicly how it was that he came by my dunder, I'd rather give up half marry. You're old enough now, and, sour old maid. No. no. Think you you'll cheat me of having half-a-dozen knees before I die? 'Twouldn't be honoring your old father, girl. There's Ralph—a fine young fellow; but a smile him away for a scapegrace that leaves and pleased, too, although one may be you as soon as he gets a little money sure that Ralph cannot get anybody to scatter, and who, a thousand to one, too good for him."

will never show his face here again?" Rosa did not answer; but the tears, stealing down her cheeks, told of the lawyer. "I am going up in the office.

"There, there," continued the old This explanation proved satisfactory it out; you will feel better for it, and to most people. They saw only that the be my merry little girl again one of lawyer had been afforded a rare chance these days. If I was a girl, it's few to enrich himself at the expense of the tears I would waste on the scamp that

The old man's brow darkened.

On no one did this transaction make but a scamp, and I'd sconer see you "Believe it or not, girl," he said, "he's a deeper impression than on old Jacobus dead than married to him. He's made Bruyn. To him it was evidence not a fool of you, and I must leave it to only of the truth of his prediction in re- work off. When your wits come back, you'll be ashamed of every tear shed

Rosa saw that to attempt to contro-

The old man did not attempt to press rugged honesty in all money matters, his wishes on her any further, but turned away with the bluff counsel to

Cheer up! The words sounded like

CHAPTER XXI. Lawyer Saybrook had very little of the sentimental in his disposition. But who is proof against the rosy archer at The time comes when the most wary

The elder Saybrook entered his domicile one day, with thoughts intent upon business. He wished to have a talk moulding board as he entered. Mrs. Grewy blushed slightly, and then smiled sweetly, as she saw the lawyer. Somehow, it had never before struck Mr. Saybrook that Mrs. Grewy was an attractive female, but just at this par ticular moment it flashed on him that the widow, as she stood with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows showing a white and shapely arm, and

with a jaunty cap on her head, presented rather a handsome figure. This for Ralph, so he said:

"Has Raiph been in, Mrs. Grewy?" "He went out about half an hour

Raiph's behalf, artfully seeking to ex-1 to blush. Mr. Saybrook's object was cite his cupidity by frequent references plainly very prosaic, and there was to the old woods and the adjoining certainly nothing unusual in his inquirmeadow lands which he knew in the ing for his son. Still, his sudden adeyes of the old man were one of the vent had evidently so accorded with some fancy of the widow's as to produce the tell-tale signal in question. "Did he say when he would be back?"

"Oh, bless you, no," replied the

"Or didn't say where he was going?" "Oh, dear, no, Mr. Saybrook; but then himself with unusual care, and I suspect inat he was going up to Mr.

And having said this, the widow thought it proper to look down archly,

wered, and there was no occasion for him to remain longer in the kitchen. But he hesitated a moment, and then widow had been at work.

"Making bread, eh?" he said. "Re-

The effect of these words on the widow was truly remarkable. They not only caused her to blush again in a very charming manner, but the lawyer could have sworn that in the space of about three seconds she grew twenty years younger, so pleased and animated did she become under the effect of his compliment.

Now the truth was that the widow had long worshipped in silence the stately lawyer, and had in fancy cherished the idea that he would make a more than acceptable substitute for the late Mr Grewy, who in truth had been but a plain and illiterate, though goodnatured blacksmith Mr. Saybrook, however, had hitherto never manifested the slightest interest in the widow's efforts to please him, and this sudden unbending quite took her by surprise. The lawyer, though, had long been aware of the not yery carefully concealed worship of his housekeeper, but, while it had not been displeasing to his vanity, to reciprocate her sentimental attitude was about the last thing he would have thought of under ordinary circumstances

But this digression is delaying the widow's answer.

"Really, Mr. Saybrook," she replied, you are very kind to speak so, and, if I do say it myself, I do not think there are many women who can surpass me in baking of any kind, but then I always put my whole soul in my work, which is a good deal, but very natural, as it is my highest ambition to please you.'

"I'-m-m-yes-of course," replied the lawyer. "And so Ralph has gone up to old Bruyn's?"

"Yes-that is, I think he has," said the widow. "And I must say, Mr. Saybrook, that I think the young lady But you promise up in a way that is very fortunate who succeeds in getting him. Of course, I admit I am somewhat prejudiced-but how can I help it? I think he is really the most: elegant young man I ever knew." "Ah," interposed the lawyer.

"Yes, indeed," continued the widow, gazing archly up." "And he resembles you so much; it is really quite remark.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I agree with you about Ralph. The girl will be fortunate who gets him. And yet I am particularly anxious about this presmy farm than see you grow up into a ent affair of his. I think he is getting along, Mrs. Grewy. I do not think it would be any mistake to have it undergrandchildren to clamber round my stood that he is to marry Rosa, but of course I would not wish to have it known as coming from me, you know. "Oh, certainly not," replied the will make him yours; and will you turn widow. "Really, I am quite surprised-

> Well, if Ralph comes in this way, tell him I want to see him," said the "But won't you have just a bite of something before you go, Mr. Say. brook," inquired the widow, with a suc den display of tender anxiety for his carnal comfort. "Let me show you some cake I have just been baking."

> "No, no, Mrs. Grewy; not at present; do not disturb yourself. I must go at once." And so the lawyer left, having suc-

ceeded in raising the most ardent hopes in the bosom of the widow that she would yet be the rich and distinguished Mrs. Saybrook, while he had at the same time taken the best measure possible to have it publicly understood that Ralph and Rosa were not only engaged but very shortly to be married. He took his accustomed seat in his office. her belief in the good faith of her forand hour after hour flew by while he was deeply absorbed in writing. At last Ralph came in.

"Eh, Ralph," said the elder man what lucy to-day? Any more favorable creates an obstacle whose removal is

"Well, slightly, perhaps," replied the young man, drawling out his tones with easy indifference. "It isn't my tactica you know, to hurry matters. I undertook to press my claims a little to-day. however, and succeeded in extracting the answer that, while I was held in the deepest respect, it was not possible that I could become the recipient of anything more than friendship while any doubt remained as to the actual sentiments of a certain young gentleman now in Europe. Not a very encouraging answer, perhaps; but inferentially I see therein a sign of hope."

"Ralph, I am rather out of patience with you," exclaimed the father. "And yet I admire your imperturbable coolness. But I never can bear to delay it such matters as this. There is no telling what new difficulty will spring up. and I believe I could speedily bring him been so opposed to it, I have hesitated."

"Well," interposed Ralph, "I don't know but that I am getting a little tired of the way matters are going myseif. I don't like to own up beat in such a contest-in fact, I don't; but it I got her. No. no; Rosa's all right. It's time is a question of moment, I don't Ralph that don't know how to manage. know that I should object to a little pressure being used."

"Well," responded the elder, "I have up." a plan in my mind to stir up the old gentleman that I think will work satisfactorily, and I must put it in operation."

'What is it?" asked Ralph. ago," replied Mrs. Grewy, and again a plied his father. "All you need con-yoursell. We greatly might some day run into some Euro- casion to intrest the old farmer in was really no reason for the widow sult. Old Bruyn will doubtless be in

this evening, and I shall see what do with him. My idea is, that if can only induce him to bring a mod ate amount of pressure to bear on Ro she will speedily yield. This is the se timental period of her existence, an young Rolf having secured the first place in her affections, she naturally clings to him. It is very natural, and, in fact, she is to be commended for it; only it is cursed inconvenient for us. But she will not be a whit less devoted to you, my boy, after she once makes up her mind to accept you as her lover. She is rather more constant than her sex generally, and I like her the better for it.

"She's a tip-top girl," replied Ralph, "and I'm hanged if I don't grow to like her better every time I see her. She's the soul of sweetness and sincerity, and I'm almost sorry for her, she grieves so over that fellow Claude. But of course I'll make her a bester husband, and I fancy I'll cure her yet of admiration for anybody beside myself."

"Well, Ralph, we'll hope for the best, and work for it as well. And now just look over these papers in Saybrook vs. Miner, and see if they are all right."

Evening came, and shortly after supper hour was over. Farmer Bruyn dropped into the office of the lawyer. Anthony Saybrook received him with especial warmth, and speeduy ordered in glasses and bottles, and pressed his hospitality on the free hearted old fellow with all his arts of persuasion.

After they had both tossed off a conple of glasses of wine, and exhausted the ordinary topics of interest, the law. yer thought it time to introduce the subject of his plan to influence the old gentleman to so exercise his parental authority over his daughter as to induce her to look more favorably on Ralph's

"By the way, Mr. Bruyn-but, come, let me fill your glass up again. There, there don't say no it is a very light wine and wouldn't hurt you if you drank a gallon of it What was I going to say? Ah, I recollect-I have a bit of news that may interest you. I have an offer to sell the Rolff property." The old farmer gazed up in evident

surprise. "Who to" he asked

"Well, I am not at liberty to state yet. He is a very wealthy city merchant, who wishes to retire, and seek a healthy and quiet locality to spend the remainder of his days. The offer came to me through a legal friend of mine, and is really a very good one, as the old gentleman is willing to pay lib-

"If you are going to sell," interposed Farmer Bruyn, "first sell me the wood lot, and the meadows next to the road. Ill pay more than he will." Ah, but, my dear sir, that would

or tiple the balance of the estate, and spott my bargain "

showed how deeply he was interested. "I said I would consider your claims but the fact is, my dear Mr. Bruyn, I do not wish to sell the place at all. My ambition has been to put it in repair, and deed the place to Ralph as a wedding present, of course calculating also to make it my own home for the balance of my days. If there were any immediate prospect of Ralph getting married, I might still adhere to my plans in fact, I undoubtedly would, but it is an expensive project, and one I would not care to undertake without the boy was to make a good match with a young lady who would have something to add to his own fortune and enable them to support the place in the style it would require. As matters are, however, there seems no immediate prospect of Ralph succeeding with the only matrimonial suit he has yet undertaken-of course, my dear sir, you know to what I refer-and the old place is rather a weight on my hands, and I don't know as I am justified in refusing such an excellent offer. Ot

course, my dear Mr. Bruyn, I would like to oblige you, if my interests rendered it in any way admissable. The truth is, I have indulged the fond hope that Ralph would succeed in his suit with your daughter and that thus our two properties, which seem destined naturally to be united, would come together as the joint property of our children. But, of course, you know, Mr. Bruyn-

"No, I don't know," interrupted the old man. "I thought we understood each other pretty well on that subject, and as far as I'm concerned, I don't see why there is any trouble about it." "Ah. but Raiph informs me that your daughter positively refuses to give up mer lover, Claude Rolff, and makes every prospect of his winning her hand dependent upon her being first fully assured that young Rolff will not return "take a seat. Just home, eh? Well to fulfill his pledges. Of course, that so uncertain and indefinite that it seems absolutely foolish, from a business point of view, to refuse a good offer to sell in order to take such improbable chances."

Farmer Bruyn sat down the glass he had been holding in his hand, and leaned forward in his chair.

"And so Rosa tells Raiph she intends to marry Claude Rolff yet?" he asked, "That's about it," replied the lawyer. "She seems to have full faith that he will come back, and is resolved at least to wait and give him the chance to claim her."

The farmer leaned back in his chair, and laughed heartily.

"Ah, sir, she's a rare girl, and, by my Junder, I believe she's got some of my own grit in her. But don't you fear sir; she'll never throw herself away on that young scamp. I'll take care of That girl's obstinacy annoys me exceed | that She's always been a good girl, ingly. Everything is straight now it and she'll do as I say, I'll warrant. I've it wasn't for her infatuation for that taken a liking to Ralph myself, and young fool of a Rolff. I have the old Rosa will like him too, yet. But he's a man completely in my power, I think, dunder head. Why don't he spark her so as to cut out that young scamp? to exert his authority. But you have Ain't got the courage, of a mouse, ch, sir-ha, ha, ha! 'Twasn't so when I was a young man. I never gave my wife any peace till she said she'd have me. She was bound she wouldn't marry me, but I was bound to have her, and Well, I must see to it-I must see to it. It won't do to have our plans broken

[To be continued.]

Don't borrow your neighbor's paper. The JOURNAL is cheap enough at a "Well, never mind at present," re- dollar a year for you to subscribe plied his father. "All you need con- yourself. We give you a handsome

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