BY R. B. MOOR Onapter IX.

Master wants to speak with you, sir. He says he wants to go over the Thirty Acres with you.'

Tolver sits his horse squarely, glancing down at the messenger as sternly as though he were his own delinquent pa-

"Tell my father that I am anxious to go into town when I have finished here, and ask if he can leave a message for

Another figure on horseback, a good deal burlier than his own, is/approach ing round the edge of the ploughed field. Tolver does not seem to see it; his face is half turned away towards the man to whom he is speaking. It is a pleasant winter day, with intervals of

"Hi!" comes a voice across the redbrown ridges. "I say—wait a minute. Tolverd" -

It is easier, after their long estrangement, for the father to address his son before a third person. The ice is broken since Tolver must reply.

"All right, sir." He waits sitting his horse like a statue, until his father joins

"Pve come down here this morning on purpose to go over the Thirty Acres with you," he says, as his big brown horse and Tolver's gray extend noses one toward the other in more friendly spirit than their masters manifest "I was going into town in half an

hour, sir; but, if you want me-Tolver does not finish his sentence; he seems to be struggling between resent. ment and a desire to overcome it so fur as to show ordinary civility.

"I do want you," returns the other. his manner a little less hearty and assured than usual "If you can spare me a little time, I shall be glad."

They turn their horses in silence toward the Thirty Acres. When they reach the spot, the elder begins to speak of the business of the farm and of this field in particular, and ventures to compliment his son on his management. "The place looks every whit as well

as Fairfield," he remarks, with unconscious conceit

But Tolver remains unmoved; he is not to be mollified by fair words, and he is wondering what can have brought his father down to the Three Beeches with this trifling errand for excuse. Does he think to make up his loss to him by a little flattery and, perhaps, an offer of settling this farm unreservedly on him? He turns a very uncompromising profile to his father as they ride down the field side by side. There is another long silence, brought to an end at last by the elder man with an unmistakable effort, though the result is not brilliant.

"Look here, Tolver!" Silence, "Tolver, I say !"-this with a tremendous at once?" convulsion, followed by a mopping of the face with the handkerchief.

"Well, sir?" "Tolver, I dare say you think I have

behaved very meanly, as it were, to you, and-and-

"I don't think," interposes Tolver.

with significance. "Well, well! You know, Tolver, I was wroth with you for going right as myself, father. against everything that I'd ever wished, and so ---'

"And so you took effectual means of putting an end to my opposition -ac-

No. Tolver, there you make a mistake! I'm wrong there, my boy-I'm wrong there!"

It is wonderful to see the sudden change in the young hard-set face -to see the stern features relax, and the haggard lines of silent suffering and to gladden a parent's heart for many a time.' day. But the farmer is not looking that way at all; he is quite occupied with himself and the fit of mingled coughing and snorting and choking that seizes him after making his confession. Tolver says nothing, but he turns to eye his father with interrogation in his brightening glance.

"Tolver, now I'm going to make a fool of myself, my boy, so you understand?"

"Yes, sir," returns Tolver, with admirable composure.

"Tolver, I've always known my own mind, and carried out my decisions, and never found need to alter them, once made. But, when it comes to women, the theory's turned upside down, as I dare say you've found before this.' Meeting with no reply to this sugges-

tion, he proceeds, after a pause and another mop-up-"Not only as regards myself, or-or you, Tolver. There's not a man who's had much to do with them but has found it the same. I'll be hound!" He seems much relieved by this dec-

laration. His son has nothing to answer, finding him thus far somewhat oracu-"Tolver. I've made a mistake. I've found that I like smiling blue eyes better than grave gray ones. Tolver: and. when that girl looks at me in her solemn way, and I know, or I can guess, what she is thinking of, it makes me feel un. down. In a few minutes more they

comfortable. I saw her say 'Good-by' to you once. Tolver, at the top of the as gave her a kiss or a squeeze, when Id got there and was talking to her been fixed; but can any reality be mother by the time she came in-looking right-down broken-hearted, you feather, my boy! She's an uncommon morning than she has been since Sam's and but I think I should hate her death. Eve is glad; it covers her own I she kooked at me like that when she silence, and it is consoling to see the

was my wite. You see, I should know that it was through me she was miser able that I had wronged her-that she ought to have been my daughter, not my wife. They do say that you hate those whom you have injured. Not that I would hurt her, you know, Tolver. I meant to give her everything, and make a great pet of her, and force her to be happy in spite of herself. But, since the boy died, and she has been fretting over it, and yet all the time nicer and gentler to me than ever she was before, though she never dropped that solemn sort of reproachful look at me, I saw it wouldn't do, Tol -I saw it wouldn't do. And the little widow -1 guess I could do as I liked there without any reproachful looks, so long as she had enough frocks and fal-lals. I've watched them both, my boy. I don't pretend to think the mother has an uncommon sort, like the daughter; but

"Futher-" "That's right, my boy! 'Father' let it be, no matter if it is old fashioned.

auit you best -- eh, Tol?"

instead of-

no 'sirs' to your father!" "What am I to understand, father? That you want to marry Mrs. Thirkeld

"That's it! And I've come here for three things -- to ask you to forgive me -and indeed, my boy, I don't believe I could have gone on with this, with that girl's eyes going through me like swords, and you and mestrangers, even if there had been no mother in the ca e at all and to say that this faim is your | never thought to feel about her again, own on the day you marry; the rest at and their lips meet in a long kiss of my death, of course. Also to -to -Well, you see, Tolver, I haven't any idea what the widow will say to the no tion after being promised to her daughter too. She's been very pleasant and chatts; I've had a good doul more conversation with her than the ing. other. She can laugh too, when she's in good spirits; and the girl - Well, ing her fast in his arms the while. It have never seen her smile, except the herond his passionate assurances and

regular fit of crying." over the winter landscape with eyes sud-your mind could you be induced to dealy dim and burning. Can anything consent to a change of bridegrooms on atone for what they have been made to your wedding day?" go through? But he is in a softer mood than he was, and he remembers, she asks tremblingly with a rush of gladness that is almost pain in its strong yearning, that ere much in love with you, Eve, but now long Eve will be at his side, whispering he finds he has made a mistake, and,

peration at his son's continued silence. you think you'll survive his inconstancy, steam engine I dreamed -" the cause of which he can hardly im. Live " agine in his less finely-wrought n dure. "I thought perhaps you'd speak to her, die, and escape that way" and and explain things a bit, and - Poor little dear' There is a long and break it to her gently; put it in a pause, filled up with much consoling flattering way, in fact -how I came to and caressing, which seems to prove see her daughter, and fell in love with effectual, for he presently goes on. herself -something of that kind, you -Who do you think has cut you out,

"I speak to Mrs. Thirkeld, father? Well, I don't mind."

don't you think it had better be done other circumstances I should have been

"At once, certainly You needn't fear, father; I haven't much doubt but chance of proving your gratitude. The that she'll have you."

should be pretty comfortable that way, to extend a portion of your affection to if you and the other could make up her husband. Can't you guess, daryour minds to forgive and forget what s hing? past, and and ---

"I think I may answer for her as well

The horses are picking their way side by side down the half-frozen slope. The elder man leans forward with right hand outstretched, the younger meets tive opposition, that is. You're right it with a grip. Farmer (lerard beams all over his broad face.

> "How long is it to Christmas, Tolver? A week? The very thing, supposing all goes well and the little widow can hold her tongue till then,"

"Eve, dear, put on the jet beads, at any rate, if you won't wear the gray endurance soften about the mouth and dress. I'm sure we ought to make ourbrow. It ought to be enough of itself; selves as bright as we can at Christmas "Very well then, mother."

But the girl is listless, standing by the bed-room window in her black dress, looking out over the snow, while her mother trips about the room with many a surreptitious peep at the glass, as though she were the young girl looking forward to her wedding and Evethe grief worn widow. Mrs. Thirkeld comes up to her presently and fasteus the beads round her neck, standing behind her on tip-toe to do it.

"Come, Eve, we shall be late. Is vour cloak down stairs? I've only got my boots to put on."

"I am quite ready, mother, except for my cloak.

"Eve, dear, don't look so sorrowful. Think of your poor little mother, and remember what a sad lonely Christmas we should spend if we stayed at home here, with only one another to speak to, and poor dear Sam---

Eve turns instantly and puts her arms about her. "Mother, dear, don't begin to cry

now! I am quite willing to go; it is not that I wish to stay at home; I was only thinking-

Eve speaks with determined cheerfulness to comfort her mother, but her words echo in her heart with bitter hopelessness. However, they answer their purpose with the little widow. who is as easily lifted up as she is cast have left the cottage and are making their way down the road to Fairfield. lane opposite the cottage. I was in the Eve's heart is heavy, but scarcely little parlor in the dark—that's how it heavier than usual. She is going to her was; and, though you never so much fate, but it has been her fate so long that she is hardened to it. slie came into the kitchen afterward - When they return the day will have

worse than this constant anticipation? Mrs. Thirkeld chatters all the way could have knocked me over with a there; she is livelier this Christman

result of her sacrifice aiready in her mother's improved looks and spirits.

The farmer meets them on the thres hold with impressive welcome. He never looked so fondly at Eve as he did to-day. When they have been up-stairs to take off their out-door things, they find him in the hall on their descent.

"Eve, my dear," he begins, as soon as he sees her, "I've got a Christmas present for you. There'll be just time to look at it before dinner. Come along.

He takes her by the arm and draws her toward the west parlor, her mother looking on and seeming to be quite content to be ignored. "Oh, Mr. Gerard, you are too kind!"

says Eve, half reluctantly, in no humor for presents and smiles and rejoicings. "You will be delighted when you see it. I'm sure!"

He opens the parlor-door, thrusts her gently within, and, as it closes *purhaps she'd suit me better, take her noon her, she finds herself in the arms all round. And I fancy I know which'll of Tolver -Tolver, a little worn and haggard looking, with a few lines about his steadfast eyes and noble brow that were not there when first she plighted her troth to him, but still her own brave young lover for whose sake she would have found it easier to die than me act the part towards him that she has done. She grasps the truth in a beinent that they are to be separated no longer; but the details have to wait until they are both collected enough for explanations.

> "Eve, my love!" says Tolver, holding her in the strong and tender clasp that she has so often longed for and love and joy.

"Tolver!" she exclaime at last, her head sinking upon his shoulder, for she is almost too weak to bear the great b) iprise and gladness. "Oh, Tolver!" "Never to be parted again, my darl-

He repeats that several times, keepperhaps she laughs for you, Tolver; I is long before anything is to be heard kind of smile that was worse than a her faltering half-whispered replies.

"Eve," he says presently, speaking | sure?" The young man turns away and looks low in her ear, could you make up

"Oh, Tolver, what does it all mean?"

... My father thought himself very in his ear of the divinity of forgiveness. In fact, likes somebody else better, like "Tolver," goes on the other, in des- any changeable lad of nineteen! Do forehead and my heart going like a

· Oh, Tolver, I have been hoping to

' I don't know, but, whoever it is, I shall always love her and bless her. "You're a trump, boy! Put it as Not that I disliked him, Tolver. He well as you can, you know; and and was so kind and considerate that in any very fond of him, but ---

"I understand. You will have a lady who has supplanted you is already "Think so, Tol? Seems to me we very dear to you, and will expect you

"Tolver mother?"

"You have said it." "Tolver, I can scarcely believe it!"

"Well, I don't think it's so wonder inl Of course, she is far better suited to him than you are. The wonder is that he ever found it out, people are so blind and contrary. Yes, he admired her; said she was so bright and chatty, and and easily managed, said Tolver, breakfast table on mail mornings They both laugh out at this.

"I had to speak to her." Tolver continnes, with an evident relish for the narration. "The old fellow was quite shy. I came up that morning you went to the mill. I had been on the watch for a chance, though he certainly ought | gusons, saying that he had left Sydto have been off with the old love be- ney and gone up country three months fore he was on with the new. But he before, did any of us behave as pluckwould have it that way; and, if she was ' agreeable, it was all to be kept a secret Christmas gift which he felt so sure you | with the book to the rectory. would not object to. If it had been more than a week, I could not have want to cross him in the first thing he; her to stop to aftern on tea" wished after -- after our quarrel was set-

"Oh, what matter how," she murmurs, "so long as it is all right at last? But mother!"

"Oh, she was quite pleased with the idea! And so-but, now, mind you never tell this, Eve." "No. I never will," she promises,

looking up with laughter in the eyes that were so sorrow laden but half an hour before.

"So flattered at being preferred to you!"

They laugh together in the old light hearted fashion; already the bitter past is far behind them in their youth and elasticity and love.

"A double wedding-what would you say to that, Eve?" "That must depend upon mother,

"Well, anyhow, we won't wait a day for them! We have waited too long already. There's one thing I must tell

you; it wasn't all on your mother's account. He was really consciencestricken. He wants us to forgive him -you and me. Eve, my love, can you? But I need hardly ask. "Forgive him? Oh, yes, dear! He

meant it for your good in the beginning, and he thought he could make me happy. He found out his mistake in time-let us be thankful for that," "We don't love each other any the less for it, Eve?"

"Oh, no; better, I think; at least.

shouting without. "Don't want any," says Tolver, with supreme contempt. Do you, Eve ? [THE END.]

Struggle diligently against your in patience, and strive to be amiable and gentle, in season and out of season. toward every one, however much they may vex and annoy you, and be sure God will bless your efforts.

Lost at Last.

A Doubtful Dowry That Was

BY P. J. SMITH Chapter I.

"Janet, Janet, a letter from Philip at

When Janet's eager hands had losed upon the thin f reign envelope, hurried off to tell the news to the others. But a mehow, before I had time to reach the bed-room landing, before I had regained breath enough to pant out the first syllable, they were all three about me - Hetty, Dotty, Peggy-and in possession of the joyful fact. They said they had to or three others who were equally eliguessed it by the way in which I gible; and I am sure she would never stumbled up the stairs.

"Where's Tr t? Does she know D'ye mean to say you haven't told her?" they asked, in chorus gripping, family mansion so unexpectedly. my poor arm in a way to make it plack and blue.

"Gracious, girls, how could I when you sent her up to the Rectory not five minutes ago. It-the letter has only just come. Oh what a redef it is after the terrible suspense! What mews it will be for the child, to be of wine or a cup of tea.

meet her up the roal suggested het ty, making a dart toward her room; but we all laid hat ds in her indignantly

safe and sound I must tell you guls. about the awful dream I had lasnight I woke just at daybreak, with the perspiration streaming down my

You dreamed, Netty' As if haven't been dreaming the most tertible things for the past six weeks" "And me to Why I used to dreat

the thought of laying my head on my billow. And the day ime was just as visit. Besides, the chances are a hun. and fingers were always laden with gimbad. Every ring at the door made me died to one against his being thereat all; crack trinkets, was speechless for a few a telegram telling us the worst"

"Well, certainly my dears we de- there?" serve some credit for the plucky way or which we kept our troubles to our look round, rest the horses, and enjoy a relies" I remarked pleasantly as we at in a group at the top of the stairs For Janet, who imagined that she had housekeeper in possession who will minvery weak action of the heart, had requested me to leave her alone for about ten minutes to master her lovful emotion and precious letter before handing it to us. "I'm sure if we had given way to all the horrors we surmised and had discussed them among ourselves one or two of us would certainly have been laid up

with brain fever to day" "Not a doubt of it" Peggy assented And I maintain that the greatest credit of all is due to the child for the beroic way in which she kept as up Why. I have seen her leave the just as white as a sheet, biting her lip to keep back the tears, and return in a few minutes with a jest on her

lips at our foolish fears and fancies "And last Tuesday, when the answering telegram came from the Fer ily as she did?"

"She was crying this morning alone to give you a surprise at ('hristmas-a in her room, that's why I sent her up nounced Dotty. "But what can be keeping her all this time? Netty. stood it; as it was, I agreed I didn't won't it be too awful if they persuade

"Well, it will be all your fault Dotty. I heard you distinctly impress upon her that she was to stay if there was any tennis going on."

"I meant no harm. I meant only to distract her," answered Dotty, nalf whimpering, when Peggy, whose property Miss Trot specially was. stopped the discussion with these words:

"If she is not here in ten minutes, I will send a note by Alice, requesting her to return at once. And now, dear girls, don't you think it would be a fitting thing if we each retired for a minute to our rooms to return thanks to Heaven for its goodness to us, for the happiness that fills our nearts

this blessed day?" We were six unmarried women, and Philip, over the seas and far away, the sight of whose well-known aprawly handwriting had raised us from darkest despair to overflowing joy, was the only bit of male property we owned among us in the world. Janet was his mother, Trot was his sweetheart, and Hetty, Dotty, Peggy and I were his four spinster aunts, who each gushed and fussed more pretentiously over the young man than did his mother and his sweetheart together.

Yes, we were spinsters, or, to put it frankly and fairly for once and for all, old maids of the hopeless type, the whole four of us. But, when I beg to add that this state of existence was the result not of necessity, but of choice, a choice we The rest of her reply is lost in the have never had grounds for regretting, passionate pressure of his lips to hers. it will, I am sure, be understood that "Dinner's ready!" the farmer is heard there is no painful effort in the admis-

sion which I have so freely made—none | your master this very evening. whatever.

No-we never married, not withstanding the terrible temptations, the many eligible invitations we had in our youth. ell here, and, besides, would be such an old, old story now. Perhaps the prosaic fact that our comfortable civil service pensions would expire on the day we with it: perhaps, again, it had not. I prefer not to enlarge on the subject. At any rate our third sister Jamet, the beauty and tool of the family, was the only one who changed her name, and much good the change did her, as time fully Junared

Janet was a very handsome young oman and perfectly well aware of the fact. Her suitors and admines were numerous; but she had such a high opinion of her attractions that none of them. after due consideration, seemed to be up is her mark. It was at Cheltenhamand in. I think, her twenty-fourth yearthat she met Eustace Brownrigg, whom she accepted and married after a few weeks' courtship. He was a fine-looking man, with a rather hard unsympathetic face; but he was of good family and had a mice property between Cheltenham and Bath. I never liked the man, nor did our aunt Hester, with whom we lived after our father's death; and we both strongly advised Janet to have nothing to say to him. At first she was inclined to listen to us, admitted that she did not care a pin more for him than she did for have become his wife but for the unfortunate peop she got at the Browning diamonds on the day we invaded the

We had been for a long drive into the country-nunt Hester, Janet, and I-to see an old friend of our father's who was dangerously ill, and whom we found invisible and at death's door. We were not even asked to alight to let the horses rest, and Janet was very cross at having to return such a distance without a glass

"I wonder if we could find any friend "Ill put on my bonnet and go and or acquaintance in this neighborhood,", she murmured, looking round at the groving on it. Mr. Brownrigg, if I was wooded country. "There's a moe old; your-I-I-mean if I had been your place on the top of that hill opposite; I'll ask at the lodge to whom it belongs."

At the lodge they told her that it belonged to Eustace Browning She clap fection " ped her hands in delight and or lered the coachinan to drive up to the house on suggestions of the impropriets of such still. an invasion.

"Nonsense!" she laughed tarclessly, "It is absurd making such a mountain out of a mole-hill! I tell you, aunt "iron safe that contained a set of the Hetty, Mr. Brownings is most anxious most magnificent diamonds I think I had that I should see his place in fact, has ever seen. Jinet, who passionately loved asked me several times to fix a day for a Diveloy of all kinds, whose ears, arms,

"Then what is the object in going

nice cup of tea, which I'm just dying for. I presume there are servants and a ister to our wants."

We found, as Janet had surmised, that the master was not at home and that there was no member of his family to receive us: but Janet, nothing daunted by this circumstance, ordered the horses round to the stables, and, leading the way herself into a sitting-room that opened off the hall, told the somewhat: astonished butler to send up tea at once.

It was a charming room, tastefully furnished, and, when we were estab- slipped it around her white neck. lished at one of the windows, which were embowered in old Providence. roses and opened on to a beautiful pleasure-ground, drinking most delicious rea and eating crisp hot cakes. I certainly did not feel inclined to fall foul of my determined sister for the time being.

"This is manna in the desert, isn't it?" Janet asked triumphantly. "A good thing for you two that one of the party has a head on her shoulders! When we are quite refreshed, I'll have the housekeeper up and make her show us round the place. We'll examine the premises from garret to cellar. So far I like the spot well enough. Don't you, Net?"

So far, I had to admit, I liked what I had seen of Mr. Brownrigg's property. It was not oppressively magnificent, like the show places about us in Hampshire. There was no vast wealth of timber in the park, there was no promise of ghostly galleries or stately banquet-halls; but it was comfortable, elegant, and homelike.

However, the next of Mr. Brownrigg's

belongings brought under our notice-his

lady-like housekeeper, Mrs. Jardine-did

not please me at all; and I saw by the

sniff which shrewd aunt Hetty gave that

she decidedly shared my sentiments. Mrs. Jardine, to judge by appearances, was scarcely older than Janet herself and was a remarkably good-looking woman, with masses of fair hair crimped becomingly over her head, and a dress more fashionably made than mine. She had dark eyes set close together, giving her a stealthy ill-tempered look that repelled me at the first glance. Then her manner was not respectful or conciliating. With a stiff bow she addressed aunt Hester, asking the nature of the services required of her. When it was made known, she calmly inquired if we had an order from Mr. Brownrigg, as without such authority she had no power to comply with our request. At this, my sister, with heightened color, burst haughtily in, asked what she meant by insulting her master's guests; and Mrs. Jardine, looking Janet very straight in the face, protested that she had no in- Fire. Employer's Liability. Plate glass. tention of insulting her master's guests; she only wished to do her duty, and her duty in this instance was perfectly clear to her. Mr. Brownrigg had given her no intimation, though he had been in the house a few hours before, that any guests were expected or that she was to show the establishment to them; so show it she would not.

angrily. "I'll report your conduct to

"You are at perfect lilerty to do so, madam." Mrs. Jardine repited, with a very tantalizing little smile.

The unseemly dissension was here How we escaped the common pitfall of brought to a close by the sudden appearpretty girlhood it would take too long to since of the master of the house, who entered from the pleasure grounds. He looked thoroughly astounded for a moment, and then his face flushed as hotly as Janet's own; but, as he was a man of made the plunge had something to do great sang froid and self-possession, he mastered the situation almost at once, declared himself enchanted with the honor we had done him, hoped he would be able to persuade us to stay for dinner, and, curtly dismissing Mrs. Jardine, asked to be allowed the pleasure of showing us over the house himself.

When the housekeeper had retired, he apologized so eagerly and gracefully for her discourteous conduct that both Janet and I had to beg him not to mention the matter again, and we accepted his explanation as a perfectly natural and satisfactory one, though aunt Hetty's incredulous sniff from the other end of the room must have reached him distinctly. He told us that Mrs. Jaidine was a person of no judgment and with an extremely matter-of fact disposition, but was so trustworthy and conscientions that he did not like to censure her too severely for the contretemps he regretted so deeply. Only a fortught before a very objectionable party of tourists had invaded the house and grounds during his absence and done much damage to his conservatories, and in consequence of this he had been obliged to give the order which his stupid housekeeper had tried to enforce in our case.

Well, we inspected the premises from garret to cellar, and throughout they pleased my modest taste, but did not altogether satisfy my sister, who favored men bright coloring and elaborate ornamentation. However, in one of the unused bedrooms, which Mr. Browning told us had been his mother's, Janes stopped transfixed with admiration before the hangings of an old rose-wood bedstrad, and she draped the beautiful silken texture scarf wise across her skirt.

"Look, Net, isn't it lovely? Did you ever see such a glowing yet delicate pink? The roses look as if they were mother, those hangings would have ornamented myself, not my bedstead. I know that shade would suit me to per-

"Come over here, Miss Janet," he said in a half whisper, and I will show you the hill, heedless of our protestations and something that would suit you better

Janet followed him to an old brassbound cabinet near the fireplace. Unlocking the cabinet, he took out a small burst out:

"Oh, how lovely! Mr. Brownings, are they really all yours ' Where did you get them? How dilyou manage to-

"They have been in the family since the middle of the last century, Miss Westott, they were part of the dowry of my great-grand mother, who was an Austrian Jewess. She was a brunette like you, and they became her well, tradition says. She created quite a sensation the flist time she wore them at Court,"

"Yes," said my sister musingly, "they would suit dark hair best; half their bruliancy would be lost on a blonde." She took the necklace out of the safe and, after a few minutes' hesitation,

I colored to the roots of my hair, even aunt Hetty's shrivelled cheeks showed signs of distress; but Mr. Brownrigg did not appear to see the suggestive indelicacy of the act and, handing the coronet to Janet, said eagerly:

"Put it on; it is the best way to judge of its effect. "

Janet tossed off her hat, moved to the dessing table, and a little while afterwards, turned round to us fully arrayed is the sparkling gems. And never before had I seen her look more levelynever until that moment had I realized how it was that such a common place and bad-tempered girl stormed the heart of in with so little apparent effort as our

Janet did. "Yes," she murmured, with a slight from of her radiant eves, as her host bent forward to murmur some nonsense in her ear, "I-I think you are right, Mr. Brownrigg; in fair hair those diamonds would be thrown away. You must get a Jovess wife, as your great-grandfather did, to show them to entire advantage."

I did not hear what answer Mr. Brownrigg made, for at that moment my aunt gave me a nudge, and, glancing towards the open door, I saw the fair crimped head of the housekeeper thrust eagerly forward, her close heavy eyebrows drawn together in the most repellent frown I had ever seen on a woman's face.

"I'll marry that man, aunt Hettv. when he asks-I mean if he asks me, Janet announced to us in a tone of suppressed excitement as the carriage bofe us down the avenue "No woman born of Eve could resist those diamonds."

(To be continued.)

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