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All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the west by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land deeded to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.

WM. WHEEN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Richibucto.  
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pleased him; they made him feel almost uncomfortable.

"I must be careful; a detective in the house would scarce be pleasant. I wonder what put the idea of Simon's innocence in her head. Poor Simon! I pity him; he is indeed a martyr!"

Again he laughed, and that discordant sound reaching Gipsy's ears made her shiver in spite of herself. Her passionate little heart could feel no greater anguish at Basil's death than it had felt before, when he had bound himself to another. Bitter revengeful thoughts mingled now with the old keen despair.

It was Lilly who sought Peggy's desolate cottage, striving to give some comfort to the heart-broken woman.

How changed the world seemed now for both stricken hearts—one mourning a lover's death, the other a husband's life-long imprisonment.

"He did not do it, miss—you know he did not!" Peggy moaned, never once lifting her head from the pillows it had pressed all those weary hours.

Lilly stroked the soft brown hair with tender fingers, hot tears welling into her own eyes when she saw Peggy's tearless anguish.

"My poor girl, I wish I could help you!" she whispered, bravely trying to conquer her sorrow. "I will never believe in Simon's guilt—he loved Mr. Basil too well!"

"To think it was I who sent him with that locket! People had been saying unkind things of me, so I thought it best to send back Master Basil's costly gift. It was indeed a fatal thought, and I shall never cease to regret it! Simon came home so happy, too, telling me how kindly the young master had spoken to him—not in the least offended."

"Who is guilty? Who in all this wide world hated my darling or sought his life?"

Peggy shuddered, and lifting her head looked into Lilly's pale face, her dimmed eyes full of untold horror.

"N—no!" she whispered after a long pause. "It is only a doubt—a faint impossible doubt! But keep quiet!"

"Whom do you suspect? Tell me, Peggy?" Lilly said quickly, drawing the pretty form nearer to her.

But Peggy only shook her head, the grieved lines deepening around her mouth.

"I dare not, Miss Audley! Even if I am right there is no proof against him; and if I am wrong it would add to the trouble to breathe his name!"

Lilly sighed, and rose to leave her; as she moved away, she turned again, to ask a question which had trembled long on her lips.

"Shall you go home to your father, Peggy?"

The woman smiled dreamily, and her brown eyes roved slowly around the room.

"No, miss; one day, perhaps, Simon may return, and he would not like to find our little home deserted! I can work and manage to keep things together," she said softly; and Lilly could not help admiring her simple faith.

Nearly a year passed away, and still Simon lingered in his hard prison, and no clew had been found to lift the guilt off his shoulders.

The memory of Basil Glandore was always fresh in the hearts of those who had loved him—yet none grieved for him so truly as Lilly Audley and Gipsy.

During the last few months Ralph Rosslyn had commenced his old attentions to Lilly, much to her disgust; he would not heed the loathing written on her face when he dared breathe in her ears words of passionate love.

The only one who really encouraged his wooing was Lord Audley, and often poor Lilly incurred her father's anger because of the utter indifference she showed his old friend.

"Surely you would not have me forget Basil?" she pleaded.

"Nonsense, child! I do not expect you to remain single all your life because of that unhappy affair. Ralph Rosslyn is a fine fellow, worthy of any girl's affection, and you must try to like him."

Lilly shuddered, and the pallor deepened on her face.

How could she fight against this marriage when her father willed it?

"Death would be preferable! I do not know why I should distrust him; for Gipsy's sake I ought to feel friendly towards her brother; but I hate him!"

One day, however, Ralph sought her, a smile on his lips, a triumphant light in his cold dark eyes.

"I have come to ask you to be my wife, Miss Lilly. Your father has given his full consent, rejoicing to think of your future being in such good hands. To make him happy, to repay him for all his devotion to you, you must obey him. It may be the last thing you have power to please him in."

"Is his heart so set upon this marriage?"

"You know it is."

Lilly grew pale as death, and black shadows deepened beneath her eyes. She knew what he said was true.

Lord Audley had entered heart and soul into the plot against his child's happiness feeling loth to leave her unguarded and alone in the world at his death.

"If he wills it, of course I must consent," she said at last, her voice icy in its disgust. "But remember, Ralph Rosslyn, my feelings towards you will never change.

I hate—despise you, and as long as I live shall do so! To please my father I sacrifice my life. Had I only myself to study, I would rather plunge a dagger in my own heart than wed you!"

"Fine sentiments!" Ralph sneered, his eyes meeting hers with a sudden flash of fury. "When you are mine I shall know how to deal with you. Until then I must be content. After all, what does it matter whom you marry, since the man you loved is dead?"

"Hush! Do not remind me. Do not speak his name unless you want me to take back my word," Lilly said hoarsely. "It is bad enough to think of my loss, without having the wound reopened by you."

The man laughed, and seizing her in his arms, bent his lips to hers.

Her face grew rigid, her eyes glanced so unflinchingly, so proudly into his that he dared not kiss her.

He muttered a curse under his breath, but released her.

"If you had dared— Never touch me again, unless you wish me to kill you!" she hissed.

And he almost shrank under the look she gave him.

Gipsy was the first to congratulate her, but a slight coldness was perceptible in her voice as she spoke.

"So you are to be my sister, after all?" she said slowly. "I knew Ralph loved you, but I never thought you would consent."

Lilly flushed, and her lips trembled as they touched Gipsy's pale ones.

"It is for my father's sake, Gipsy. Do you think I would prove false to my own dear dead love for anyone else?"

"No. Forgive me, dearest; I might have known," the girl faltered, winding her soft arms around Lilly's neck. "Are you going out this morning?"

"Yes, I think so. Why?"

"Because I left Peggy a little while ago and she seemed anxious to see you."

"Then I will go to her."

Gipsy embraced her friend, and hurried away feeling still a little troubled and restless; and Lilly, after trying a shady hat over her fair head, went out into the warm sunshine, turning towards Peggy's pretty cottage.

She found the woman sitting near the window, her head bent over some fine work, whilst she sang softly to the tiny child on her lap, that cherished babe whose coming had brought such a wealth of hopeful joy into its mother's desolate life.

Lilly took a chair close to Peggy's, and lifted the sleeping child into her arms.

"Well, Peggy, you wished to see me, did you not?" she said, gently pressing her lips to the little golden head resting against her.

Peggy turned abruptly, and grasped Lilly's hand in her cold one; her eyes almost fire in their mute questioning.

"Is it true, Miss Audley? Surely it is false? I have not heard rightly."

No need for Lilly to ask her meaning; had not her own heart echoed these words over and over again?

"What would you have? I cannot grieve my father."

"But to him—to him above all men! Oh, Miss Lilly, darling, couldn't you have found one worthier than he? In all the world was there not another more fit to take Master Basil's place?"

"Oh, hush, Peggy! I cannot bear it yet! I wish to Heaven I had died with him, or gone mad! My father cares for Mr. Rosslyn more than his other friends. He knows no ill against him. Neither do we—do we, Peggy?"

There was an almost breathless pleading in those last words, a longing to know what fatal instinct made both women shrink so shudderingly from this man.

Who, indeed, could define their fancies, and show them what really lay beneath this mysterious doubt?

"I know nothing; I wish I did," Peggy answered sulkily. "He was always jealous of Master Basil, and I could almost swear it was he who set those dark slanders afloat concerning my faith. If only the dear young master had lived long enough to tell the truth."

Lilly bowed her head against the babe's tiny one, and her hot tears fell on the pretty sleeping face. A deep sob rose to her throat, but she stifled it down fearing to grieve Peggy.

"How proud Simon would have been of his child!" Peggy said presently, rousing herself from the gloomy reverie into which she had fallen.

"He will be so yet. I have not lost all hopes, Peggy; your husband will return one day to his dear little wife and babe."

"That is what I say, though few people believe me. I wish, Miss Lilly, dear, I could prevent this marriage; I hate to see your life being sacrificed to a man whose heart is as black as his own evil face."

"There is no escape," Lilly sighed sorrowfully. "Lord Audley would not break it off now, even if I dared ask him."

"Is it true Miss Hazel is going to India with Mr. Belmont?"

"Yes; I am sorry. Poor Miss Rita will feel the loss of her sister deeply. The wedding takes place next month."

"And Miss Rita's?"

"The same day. But she and her husband have decided to remain with the squire."

"Do they like the idea of your marriage with Mr. Rosslyn?" Peggy asked anxiously.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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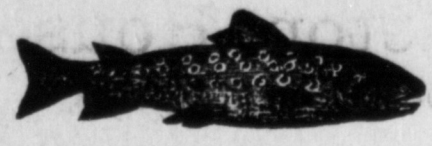
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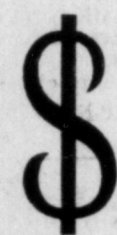
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