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ISAAC TRENHOLM, Buctouche, June 16 1892. (6m)

A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION!

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

And she could do nothing, say nothing, and learn no more at this most unfortunate moment—a moment which, under other auspices, might have been laden with meaning and result! Rosamund's convulsive brow, her despairing whisper and in-drawn breath must have been the outcome of a great internal convulsion, not to be altogether repressed; and who could tell what might not have been allowed or betrayed had she been permitted to have had the opportunity to herself? Could she but have held her darling to her heart, and pleaded for a confidence! Of late, confidence had been withheld—and that for the first time in Rosamund's young life. Was it now to be restored and renewed, or— She started forward and welcomed Clementina Stoneby by kissing her on both cheeks; and it was by the merest chance that she just missed kissing Miss Stoneby's brother also.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TO-DAY SHE CARED FOR NO ONE.

The sociability of the rest of the party, however, came to the aid of Lady Julia; Miss Gilbert was being attended to by Mr. Stoneby, Henrietta by his sister; all looked well satisfied, and in no need of their hostess. She had time to collect herself, to remember that for the present she had a part to play, and to endeavor to thrust into a corner the tumultuous tide of inquiry and research which had burst in upon her with such sudden and overwhelming force.

How placid the rest of the party looked! How easy and informal was the group! It had not occurred to either Rosamund or Clementina to change their usual morning frocks; and indeed the neat, grey homespun, and the plain, black merino, were alike suited to the weather, the roads, and Lady Julia herself. Lady Julia was likewise in her every-day gown, her "paramatta," with its crape somewhat too deep to please her maid, who loved to be in the fashion.

There was no one, therefore, to interfere with the glories of Emily and Henrietta, who, resplendent in claret velvet and plush with smartly twisted hats, a vast amount of neckerchief and handkerchief and perfectly spotless gloves, were happily conscious of being by far the finest folks in the room.

It must be owned that those gloves gave one person present a pang. Clementina had by mistake caught up a very old pair, worn at the tips and short of buttons; but she had comforted herself with the certainty that Rosamund would not be able to cast a stone at her in this respect. Rosamund was so much in the habit of running over to the abbey at all times and seasons, that as it was merely going from one little woodland path to another for a short mile, no addition was required to her garden toilet; and she had begun to disdain gloves as soon as she disdained Miss Penrose.

True to herself, she sat hatless and gloveless now. But on the other hand, the spruce, suburban young ladies were a treat to behold, from the neat gold bands round each daintily ruffled throat, to the shining heels on each delicately-pointed patent-leather boot.

The heels indeed shone in adversity—as lanterns in the dark. They had been cruelly used, those poor boots; they had been forced through miry, briery ways; and soft and moist, scarcely shown to the advantage they should have done beneath costumes so elegant.

"What can Rosamund have been thinking of?" was the first and very natural thought which occurred to the country parson's sensible little sister, with a glance at her own stout and serviceable footgear. "She has allowed these poor girls to trick themselves out as if for a lounge in a London park, and has then trotted them through the short cut here, though it is one long sop! And only to lunch with Lady Julia, too! Lady Julia, who wears her old clothes longer than any other woman in the parish! And Rosamund has not taken a bit of pains with herself. She looks tumbled, dishevelled, and—oh dear!—how cross and unhappy! I think she has not looked happy at all of late. I wonder—" but then she had to attend and reply to Henrietta, who had put forth a sentiment, and further wonder and conjecture had to be adjourned. Henrietta was next to her, and, truth to tell, it was a pity that the chairs were so close together, and that both were in the full light of the largest window. Miss Stoneby's gloves looked simply disgraceful. She smuggled one hand under the cover of a small table near, and took out her handkerchief and held it crushed up in the other, and so did her best. If she could have but taken them off, like Rosamund! But she was not in a relation's house, and Clementina needed no one to teach her to behave nicely. "Quite a little gentlewoman," had been Lady Julia's speedy verdict after

the preliminary interview; and even Lady Caroline had not demurred to the phrase, but had only hoped in private that Hartland did not think so likewise.

If Hartland had ever thought about it at all, her laborious efforts to satisfy her curiosity would in all probability have produced their natural fruits; but beginning by being indifferent, he had remained so. He had parted from his cousin on the previous evening in such fashion as made it impossible that they could meet again without some confusion, some consciousness; and she, on her part, had felt almost certain that he would not risk a meeting at all. All through the long, weary, hot, and feverish hours of the past night, when either dozing and dreaming fitfully, or lying with eyes wide open, gazing into the moonlight of a cloudless sky, the scene she had gone through—that strange scene within the dim shades of hedge and laurel, with all its bitterness and its own sweetness—had been ever present to her. She had in fancy heard herself speaking as she had never spoken—had only longed and burned to speak,—delivering the scornful defiance, the crushing sarcasm, the flat denial which would have so utterly put him to rout—if only, only she could have uttered it.

And all the time, and far beneath this boiling, bubbling current of wrath, there had wrung two notes of the sweetest music; and "dear Rosamund had atoned for all.

A deep flush mounted to her brow, as Hartland now entered, and presently approached her. Taught by Lady Julia, he had already made his bow to the strangers, lingered a moment by Clementina Stoneby, and nodded and smiled to her brother; when he could no longer avoid doing so—he made his way slowly up the room, to where Rosamund sat apart.

The two hands met, but neither looked at the other. Stoneby, who happened to turn his head that way, felt a curious sensation at the moment.

He had thought until a few hours ago, that he knew Lord Hartland as himself. By putting two and two together, he had been perfectly cognisant of the family arrangement, which, if it had been carried out, would have secured an ample fortune and a fair bride to his friend, and while he had perhaps secretly marvelled at Hartland's rejection of both, he had respected his disinterestedness.

It was strange, it was passing strange that he, that any one could resist that bewitching creature,—alas! poor Jack—and many a time and oft had the gentle scholar mused over the ways and dealings of that mysterious over-ruling Providence which would at times seem to mock with its gifts, by offering them to those who value them not, while others eager and longing, behold them only afar off. But now it seemed on a sudden, that the end had not been yet come at.

That there was a shadow, an embarrassment in the meeting between the cousins, he felt instinctively; and for it Hartland's confessed antipathy to Gilbert scarcely accounted.

What Hartland had said of Rosamund herself flashed through his mind. At the time he had not given it serious consideration; he had thought it wild talk; and had told himself that the speaker, misled by his own feelings, had been carried too far. But in spite of himself, he now experienced a cold misgiving. He thought he must make a venture in order to lay it to sleep. Gilbert (no doubt incited thereto by his betrothed) had that morning sent him a handsome cheque for the relief of a poor family in the parish upon whom great distress had fallen.

He would go up to Miss Liscard now and speak handsomely of the liberal-minded donor.

"I suspect I have to thank you for the great pleasure I received this morning," he accordingly began, drawing near, when it had become plain that his host was standing mutely aside, and that nothing more was going to be said or done for the nonce. "I never was more surprised, and it is really too kind of Major Gilbert."

"What is too kind?" said Rosamund, scarcely lifting her eyes.

She would have answered more civilly if he had introduced any other name.

"His handsome donation. No doubt you were the kind promoter—"

"I have heard of no donation," interrupted she, as cold as ice.

"Indeed! Oh, I certainly thought I could not be mistaken as to whom I was indebted.

No answer. "He did not even tell you he was going to send it?"

"No. Why should he? I don't know what you mean. What has Major Gilbert?"—(it appeared as if the very name came out with an effort)—"been doing?"

"All that is kind and praiseworthy, I assure you. But," reflecting, "I hope I

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