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"I am not seeking to prevent you, dear Hartland."

"You—you—oh, I know well enough what you are saying to yourself. It is what I should say to myself also, if I were not a scoundrel and a hypocrite. I have been shamming, Jack—I tell you, shamming: I have been imposing upon you all—and upon myself, more than any, heaven forgive me! Oh, I, have been so impartial and superior, and have looked down from such heights upon the poor foolish pair entangled in their own net, and have discussed the situation so paternally, while all the time—you would not have thought it of me, would you, Stoneby? I think even a few days ago, when we were all at that merry luncheon party, and Rosamund was so playful, and everyone so pleasant—I think even then none of you guessed what I was feeling. I did it well, on the whole. Aunt Julia thought me harsh towards her spoiled darling, and almost melted my obdurate heart by her representations. I was to be kind to poor Rosamund, forsooth! I was not to think so hardly of her Rosamund, her own dear Rosamund! Little she guessed that every tender epithet she used, and every plea she put forward gave me a new delight. They were brands thrown upon a fire that was already burning. I have deceived you all—yes, you too, Stoneby, you whom I pretended to take into confidence, and have been as false to you as to the rest."

"This is not being false."
 "There is no secrets between us now, at any rate," proceeded Hartland, with a bitter laugh; "you have got to the bottom of the well at last, and I hope you like what you find there. It is a fine mixture is it not?"
 Stoneby said nothing.
 "I suppose you are shocked?"
 There was another pause.
 "Hartland," said Stoneby at last.
 "Well?"
 "If I were to tell you that I feel for you as I never did for any other man—that I think, I know, you have manfully struggled to overcome a terrible calamity, and that, whatever you may accuse yourself of, no one else will ever find you changeable in the matter, or feel for you anything but the purest honour and esteem—would you believe me?"
 "Do you—mean that?" said Hartland, slowly.

"I do, indeed."
 "I thought—I thought—I seemed to myself such a coward, almost a liar."
 "Why? Because you sought to hide, even from yourself, a feeling which you were powerless to prevent, but which, coming as it did, at such a time, was torture? What was there false or dishonourable in that? You have never breathed a word, never sought by word or deed, to undermine Gilbert's rightful influence."
 "Never—never. If she had been bappy or even if she had not been bappy, so that she had played him fair, I would have stifled the very earliest breath of another feeling." The words shook and faltered—but not from hesitation—on his lips.

"I am sure you would,—I know you would."
 "But still it arose," said Hartland; "and, what is more, it thrives apace. I know not what it feeds upon. I have not seen my cousin since that day when you were there,—how, and why do I love her already ten times more than I did then? The night before, I had been very angry with her, very unsparing towards her—on that day we met almost as strangers, we never addressed each other, we avoided each other's eyes,—and now, I can think of nothing and of no one else. By night and day she is before me, with those mournful, hunted, stag-like eyes turned now on one, now on another, as they were on that wretched day. I saw them, though they were never lifted toward me. I must see them again—I tell you I must see them again."

CHAPTER XXXI.
HARTLAND'S MANOEUVRE.
 All the next day Hartland hung about restless and unsettled, sharply demanding the reason of every sound, or bell, or wheel, and watching the opening of every door.
 His cousin was not to leave her room until four o'clock, but he began to prepare for that hour long before.
 In the first place, he despatched a note to Major Gilbert, for the ostensible purpose of conveying Lady Julia's bulletin of the patient, but whose real object lay in a casual line to the effect that if he should be in Longminister that afternoon, he would look Gilbert up on the chance of finding him in between four and five o'clock.

Such a hint would, he knew, be amply sufficient to keep the hospitable soldier in quarters until after all hopes of its fulfilment had passed,—by which time he was welcome to go where he would. It was a shabby stratagem, for which the writer heartily despised himself,—nothing being further from his thoughts than to appear either at Longminister or at the barracks that day,—but he felt that the Abbey must be secured from invasion at all hazards, and could think of nothing else likely to accomplish the desired end. Gilbert was invariably attentive to him, and proud of any attention received in return, and he had not called often enough to make the civility common. He could reckon on the effect the note would produce.

The next person to be disposed of was his aunt. With Lady Julia hovering round, intercepting every remark, answering for Rosamund at every turn, betraying every thought of her limpid bosom, and effectually preventing his discovering and observing anything for himself, the hour would be shorn of half its wealth. She must be amicably put out of the way; and to that end, he ordered her carriage at a quarter past four, and went in search of her with a scheme in his head.

"Have you any objection to driving over to King's Common this afternoon?" he inquired, carelessly; "it might be as well to go, might it not?"
 "This afternoon, my dear? My feeling just now is, that I must keep as far away from King's Common as ever I can."
 "But your influence, Aunt Julia—"
 "My influence, my dear—what is my influence?" cried the little spinster with the utmost vivacity. "I never had any influence,—I never shall have any. Theodore and I have always agreed very well—though I do think he rather likes to talk to me of dead-and-gone people in books, because he knows I have never heard of them—but on the whole we are good enough friends. Only I feel that he despises me, and that if Caroline had let him, he would have shown it long ago."

He opened his eyes.
 "Oh, I did not in the least mind," continued she. "Caroline never would have permitted him or any one else to be rude to me, and while she and the dear children loved me—" she stopped, with watery eyes.
 "And now my only reason for mentioning this," presently resumed the speaker, "is to prove that nothing I can do would have the slightest effect upon my brother-in-law. If it were you"—she paused—"if you were to remonstrate, he might listen to you; he certainly thinks a great deal of you, and he is easily frightened, easily managed by those of whom he is in awe; poor Caroline had no trouble with him—"


"Just so," said Hartland; "the trouble comes afterwards. When a man has been in leading-strings all his life, he hardly knows what to do with his liberty when he is turned loose at fifty-five."
 "He ought to think of his family, his connections, his reputation," cried Lady Julia.

"He will think of nothing, and stick to nothing, if once he is in love," said Hartland, with a strange look on his face.
 "In love!" Lady Julia almost screamed.
 "In love! Oh, you would not, you could not degrade the sacred name of love by applying it to such an infatuation. In love! A man whose wife is not three months dead! Who has twelve children! Some of them nearly grown up. Who—who—oh, the whole idea is degrading and preposterous."
 "Degrading and preposterous undoubtedly—but none the less a possible fact. He is certainly giving rise to remark, by his behaviour, and that is bad enough. The very servants were tittering behind the screen during dinner the night I was there."

"It is shameful—shameful."
 "And his being seen driving the girls about—a thing he has never done before—will set the villagers' tongues wagging."
 "Yes indeed."
 "They will have come in by half-past four, Aunt Julia."
 "Am I really to go, Hartland?"
 "I have already given a conditional order for your carriage, ma'am; they will bring it round unless you send word to the contrary."

"Thank you, my dear," said poor Lady Julia, humbly: she was never better pleased than to be thus played the tyrant to, and he had the grace to feel ashamed as, soon after, he saw her go cheerfully up-stairs to get ready, having no notion why she was being sent, nor what she was expected to do, nor indeed with any understanding of the case at all, except that he had willed, and she must obey.
 He met his deserts when she came down again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
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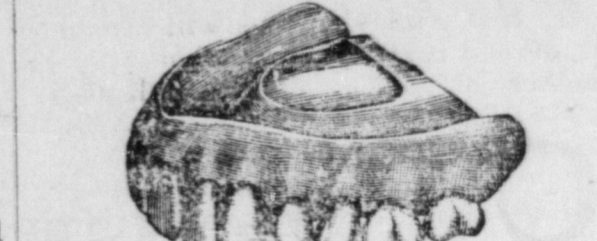


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 At last I went to W. E. Thistle's drug store to get something to relieve me, and he recommended **GRODER'S SYRUP**. I have taken two bottles and am now COMPLETELY CURED. I feel like a new man; I can eat or drink anything and enjoy my food. I have recommended your remedy to others. I cannot say too much in its favor.
 Yours truly,
 G. W. Cox.

P. S.—I am confident that Groder's Syrup will cure any case of Dyspepsia if it is properly used. Others who suffer as I did should know of the intrinsic merit of your remedy. For some time I have felt it my duty to write you and let you know just what two bottles of your medicine have done for me. This statement is to be used as you think best. It is true in every particular, as my friends can testify.—G. W. C.

Mr. Cox is a well known carpenter and joiner of Hartland.
 Hartland, Carleton Co., 7th Dec, 1893.

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Daily Mail

And Passenger Stage leaves Weldford Station, I. C. R., for Richibucto, via Bass River and Kingston, on arrival of the St. John, Halifax and Quebec express trains. Sundays excepted.
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COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
 The undersigned non-resident ratepayer of School District No. 1, Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, is hereby notified to pay District School Tax as set opposite the name, together with the cost of advertising—\$3.00—to the undersigned at his office in the town of Richibucto, within two months from the date thereof, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same from the administrator of the estate.
 Estate of Peter Loggie, District School Tax for 1893, \$12.00.
 Dated at Richibucto, Kent County, November 28th, 1893.
 JAMES McDOUGALL,
 Secretary to School Trustees.