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avoid contact and friction, so that now his dead wife had only herself to thank if, in the elasticity of spirits consequent on the removal of a grievous pressure, he did not even outwardly affect to mourn her as he should have done, and if at the first pleasant thing which offered, the smile of a pretty face and the accosting of a merry voice, the dry, withered, unused nature, which had still a germ of life within, should feel the beatings of a new and delicious sensation. Hartland might be disgusted, and Lady Julia outraged, but had they known mankind better they needed not to have been so stricken with amazement as now they were.

“How odd, how unlike himself, Mr. Liscard is to-night?”
 Clementina Stoneby was the next person to note something that she had never seen before, on passing the following evening at King's Commons in company with her brother. It may be remembered that Lord Hartland had heard they had been bidden there. “I cannot understand Mr. Liscard at all,” pondered she in perplexity, as she stood by the drawing-room mantle-piece after dinner. “I always thought he pretended to read, and really went to sleep in the evenings. He does not seem at all inclined to sleep to-night. He is quite the host. A flower in his button-hole, too! All the times I have dined in this house, I don't think I have ever seen him with a flower in his button-hole before.” She was looking at the object of her reflections as she made them. He was briskly stepping across the room, calling “Music! music!” as he went, while Catherine was bustling about the piano, attentive and dutiful, and cognisant of what was going forward, and a servant was placing a music-stand where no music-stand had ever been placed before, and arranging lights near.

In front of this stand the astonished Stonebys now beheld their host take up his position, while his daughter and the Miss Gilberts with animation surrounded and encouraged him. What was going to happen next?

Clementina could scarcely credit her own vision when she perceived the outcome of all the preparations—namely, the dignified, abstracted scholar of former days screwing together and putting to his lips a silvery flute, from whence presently emanated somewhat tremulously a sweet, old-fashioned, almost-forgotten melody.

He had, it appeared, already delighted the young ladies; they had had a concert after tea, and he had been promised an accompaniment on the next occasion. He now claimed fulfillment of the promise and Emily Gilbert sat down to the piano. “I really think they get on wonderfully well together,” said Henrietta, quitting group and rejoining the Stonebys after first duet, “and they will do still better after a little practice.”

“Oh yes, we must practice, we must practice,” came at the same moment from the performers themselves; and “you must practice that run, if you please, Miss Gilbert,” and “you that shake, Mr. Liscard,” awoke simultaneous flattery and merriment.

Should they try the difficult passages again? No, not then,—not before an audience; they must do it in rehearsal—by themselves—when no one else was present to criticise and complain. The morning was best for rehearsing, the evening was scarcely the time. It would now be preferable to proceed to something else, and agree to meet and overcome all difficulties at a more convenient season.

“I shall be quite out in the cold once this sort of things begins,” cried Etta. “I know what I have to expect when two music-mad people get together; it is all up with the third person. I reckon these two are going to give me a pretty time of it, what with rehearsals and all the rest. Do, Miss Stoneby, have compassion on poor me, and come up and keep me company when they are at their practising to-morrow morning.”

“I am afraid I shall be busy to-morrow,” quoth little Clemmy, very coldly. “Oh, never mind, I daresay Lord Hartland will be over.”

Miss Stoneby was mute.
 “Perhaps he will look after Catharine and me, when he finds us left in the lurch,” continued Etta; “he has been here both yesterday and the day before, and stopped dinner both times. We half expected him to-night”—(it had been more than “half,” and she had donned her smartest frock in consequence)—“but I suppose he did not like to leave poor Lady Julia,” continued she. “Poor Lady Julia; it certainly would have been too bad to desert her three times running, and if I were she, I know I should have been in a huff as it is.”

“It is no new thing,” observed Clementina, briefly. “Lord Hartland is always here. He looks upon King's Commons as a second home.”

“Does he? But why? They are not near relations.”

“As near as any he has.”

“La! how strange that must be, Miss Stoneby. We have such heaps and heaps.”

“Have you indeed?”

“Thirty-six first cousins on father's side, and twenty-two on mother's. We do make a to-do when a lot of us get together.”

“I daresay.”

“I never was in any house full of children where they made so little noise as they do here,” proceeded Etta confidentially. “To think that there are

nine still in the house, even with Rosamund and the two big boys away? If Lord Hartland comes here to be cheerful—and she laughed expressively. She and Emily had had their own opinion on the matter, and had agreed upon it perfectly. They did not think Lord Hartland came over to be cheered by the children, nor yet because the place was his “second home.”

“You do not see King's Commons to advantage now,” said Clementina, who reflected that at any rate she did not. “It is not always so melancholy as this.”

“Is it not? La!” cried Etta. “Mr. Liscard told a different story yesterday. He said to Em that the old place was not like itself with us two about, and I don't know all what about sunbeams and rays of light. He has been making Em ever so many pretty speeches. And as for her, she thinks him quite a dear. For my part,”—and the young lady sank her voice and languished behind her fan,—“for my part, I prefer Lord Hartland. I own I do like young men better than old—don't you?”

“Good gracious, what next?” cried Clementina to herself.

“I have no doubt we should have seen Lord Hartland here to-night, only that I scolded him so for leaving Lady Julia twice before,” proceeded the speaker, inviting an attack in vain. “I told him that really—”

“Really I think it must be our time to go,” cried Clemmy, starting up; and she actually did manage to effect an exit, and carry Jack off with her, a full hour before they would otherwise have gone.

“I could stand it no longer. I really could not have contained myself another minute,” fumed the little steam-engine, panting away homewards. “That impudent, impudent girl! Oh, you should have heard her insinuations and her affectations! It is by way of being herself and Lord Hartland, and her sister and Mr. Liscard. But, oh, Jack, the worst, by far the worst, is that I fear there really is—some truth, some horrible, degrading truth in the last idea. In the first I do not believe, but in the second—oh dear, oh dear—I shall never forget this evening. Oh, Jack, did you see—did you hear—but I know you did; I could tell by your face that you both heard and saw.”

“Go on. Tell what you saw.”

“It dawned upon me towards the end of dinner. I began to think that Mr. Liscard was wonderfully sociable and wonderfully cheerful; usually he is neither, you know—at any rate, until the desert is on the table. He looks neither to right nor to left while he eats. And I felt that he might have remembered to be a little more particular not to have laughed quite so much, and been so very full of anecdotes and jests, before the servants—because servants do talk, and of course Lady Caroline has not been three months dead yet; but it was not till there was all that drinking of healths and clinking of glasses at the end, that I began to feel how very disagreeable it was becoming. That was why we were asked, I suppose? To take off Henrietta and Catharine, and leave those two to each other. Horrid old man! I feel as if I could never speak to him, never look at him again.”

“To be sure he has been rather quick over it,” replied Jack coolly, “but I always thought it would come. He is not altogether the pensive student whose part it suited Lady Caroline to have him play. I daresay you will open your eyes, but I have not much faith in his being a scholar at all. I fancy he saw it was his only chance of being anything—and, moreover, it secured him a quiet life. He is indolent and selfish, and if he had not taken up the line he did, he would have found himself endlessly embroiled, and to very little purpose. Lady Caroline would have had her own way in the long-run, and he had the sense to see it.”

“Sense!” cried his sister. “He is showing his sense now, is he not? Tooting on a flute, with a camellia in his button-hole, to a girl scarcely older than his own daughter!”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Mr. Cox is a well known carpenter and joiner of Hartland.

Hartland, Carleton Co., 7 30, 1893.

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 11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET,
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COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
 The undersigned non-resident taxpayer of School District No. 1, Richibucto, in the County of Kent, hereby notified to pay District School Tax as set opposite the name, together with the cost of advertising—\$2.00—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 McDUGALL,
 Secretary to School Trustees.