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leave the Royal Hotel stable, Kingston,  
and proceed to Buctouche, where he will  
remain from Monday night till Wednesday  
morning at Hanigan's Hotel stable;  
thence to McKee's, at Little River, and  
Wednesday night at James McNair's, St.  
Mary; Thursday, noon, he will be at  
Wm. McNair's, Mill Creek, and Thurs-  
day night at Charles McDonald's, South  
Branch; Friday at Kingston, remaining  
there till Monday morning. The follow-  
ing week he will leave Kingston Monday  
morning, and be at Alex. Roberts' at noon;  
Monday night at Matthew Whit-  
ney's, West Branch; at Thomas Irving's  
Coal Branch at noon Tuesday, and at  
Joseph Gail's, Ford's Mills, Tuesday night;  
Wednesday through Trout Brook to Har-  
court, where he will be at the Eureka  
Hotel stable at noon; Wednesday night  
at Clark's, Bass River; Thursday, noon,  
at Robert Clark's, Bass River, and Thurs-  
day night at Doctre Babineau's, St. Louis,  
remaining there till Friday afternoon;  
leaving there he will return to Kingston.  
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STIFF-NECKED  
GENERATION!

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"Well, well, never mind. I say you  
mustn't look into notes and things, you  
know."

"It was open, Frederick."

"Was it? I daresay. All right. But  
about my going, I am not so sure. I am  
glad you are to go. Old Julia always does  
the right thing. She is a rare jolly old  
bird, is Julia; and you will like seeing the  
Abbey, too. There is armor and pictures  
and things. Take care what you say about  
'em all; people are touchy on family  
concerns, you know."

"You like Lady Julia? She is not like  
—the other one?" whispered Emily, some-  
what anxiously.

"Not a scrap. No, indeed. Julia's  
the best of creatures. We are tremendous  
friends, Julia and I. I call on her when-  
ever I am that way. She likes the at-  
tention, and, by Jove! she is the only one  
of all the women in this confounded  
neighbourhood that I care to pay it to.  
They are the most capricious lot. There's  
Mrs. Waterfield for one. She seemed un-  
commonly nice and friendly to me the  
first time I went to her house, and she is  
barely civil now,—as to making you free  
of her house, she wouldn't think of such a  
thing. I don't know whether my taking  
up in this quarter, instead of in hers, may  
not have had something to do with it,  
mind you: a woman with six daughters  
who don't go off, ought to be forgiven a  
good deal,—and from the very first, every  
one knew who it was I was bitten with.  
Well, but there are others besides her;  
not people you know anything of. This  
is a stiff bit of country to work. Even  
that long-backed parson Stoney buttons  
up his coat when he meets you, as much  
as to say 'I keep myself to myself'—the  
Stonebys are supposed to belong to a good  
family,—be hanged if I know who doesn't  
belong to a good family hereabouts!—we  
shall have to belong to a good family our-  
selves, next."

"So we shall, very soon," said Etta,  
archly.

"That is not 'belonging,' you goose.  
Never mind, it's all humbug; one family  
is as good as another, I say. And the  
Stonebys aren't half bad when you get to  
know them, neither. I say, Rosamund,"  
as she re-entered, "the girls must call on  
the Stonebys."

"I will take them wherever they would  
like to go," replied she, with that new-  
born gentleman still pervading her  
demeanour; "we have but few neigh-  
bors, but they will all be very glad, I am  
sure," and she looked courteously round.

"There are the Waterfields," said Gil-  
bert, thus encouraged. "What Waterfields  
are there now at home?"

Could Rosamund but have answered  
"None!" she would have given much,  
very much at the moment, to have known  
and announced that her old friends were  
still absent; but as it was, she was but too  
unfortunately well aware that all, even to  
Diana, had returned with their mother on  
the previous day.

Her aunt Julia she had scarcely cared  
about, and the Stonebys were nothing to  
her, but she did for a moment shrink from  
presenting Etta and Etta to the eyes of the  
fastidious Waterfields. In old days the  
Waterfields had been wont themselves to  
experience anxiety in bringing this or that  
stranger beneath the range of Lady Caro-  
line's survey,—they had confided to her-  
self their doubts and tremors, and had  
awaited the verdict from her sympathising  
lips,—if it had been haughty disdain, she  
had softened it down,—if cold approbation,  
she had warmed it up,—but all had by  
common consent submitted after a fashion  
their judgement to that of the omnipotent  
dame. Of course Rosamund had pouted  
and flouted; of course she had tossed up  
her head, and given utterance to lordly  
protest and disbelief,—but with it all, there  
had been a secret sense of superiority;  
and that sense—strangely old and worn  
out as it seemed all at once to have become  
—embittered the present reversal of every-  
thing. In a moment she beheld her future  
sister-in-law with Mrs. Waterfield's eyes,  
and her own dropped on the floor.

"That will be another 'out' for you,"  
said Gilbert, reckoning up. "I should say  
the Waterfields are good for a tea or a  
luncheon—if not a dinner. No; not a  
dinner of course. No; of course no one  
is dining out from this house at present.  
But they might go to tea, Rosamund?  
What do you say? Another tea and  
musical afternoon, like the first, eh?  
What should you say to that? Ah! you  
two," turning to his sisters again, "you  
know nothing about that sort of thing yet.  
Oh, dear, no! You wait a bit. We'll  
give you our experience by-and-by."

"Bestow a little of it upon us now, sir,"  
petitioned Henrietta, sweetly,—that is, if  
Rosamund does not mind," for Rosamund  
had averted her head. "What about that  
first afternoon? What happened then?  
Was it then you fell in—you know what?"  
nodding delightedly.

"There now, if she has not hit the nail

on the head, the monkey!" cried the fond  
brother, in an ecstasy; "Who told you  
that, you little pug-nosed thing?" pinching  
the said feature. "I suppose you think  
yourself too clever to live now."

"Let me go—ha! ha! ha!—let me go!  
screeded Etta. "Get away, you nasty  
thing—"

"Etta, Etta," whispered Emily.

"He has made my nose red for the  
evening."

"Which it was before, and shining,"  
retorted he.

"It was not," emphatically. "Was it  
Em?"

"Sh, sh, don't be so rough," was Em's  
rejoinder. "Can't you see Rosamund is  
not laughing?" in a low voice, as Rosamund  
moved away. "Do, Etta—do  
Frederick—not set each other on. Do re-  
member this is our first evening," ad-  
monished she, glancing apprehensively  
round. "Don't let us be herding together  
and do, Etta, take care what you say.  
Talking about your nose! What will  
Rosamund think if you begin like that?"

She need not have feared. Rosamund  
had not heard a word. Gilbert's opening  
appeal, with its allusion, had been enough  
for her, and had sent back her thoughts  
and memory to the past with a new pang,  
so fresh and startling, that she herself  
recoiled from it.

Lord Hartland's denunciations had been  
like wine to her flagging energies. They  
had poured new strength into her veins,  
and braced and strengthened every feeble  
nerve that had been drooping before. To  
impress him with a sense of her intention  
and fitness to carry out her own purposes,  
she had been ready to think no sacrifice  
great,—but her lover was now every  
moment undoing all that another had done  
for him.

There he stood, and she could not but  
own him unchanged, unaltered—all that  
he had ever been. He had developed no  
vices, bared no hidden depths, sprung  
upon her no unsuspected and gettable  
traits of character. So far from this, she  
had not learned any trifling inclinations,  
nor become familiar with any opinions or  
feelings which had not been boldly pro-  
claimed at the outset. All with him had  
been open as the day; in her alone had  
been the change.

Heretofore she had been blind—now she  
saw.

The mist had cleared away, and in the  
terrible new-found day light, all that had  
before been but dimly viewed, stood out  
unblenching.

Could she ever own it? Could her pride  
ever stoop to make so humbling an ad-  
mission? Could her justice ever offer so  
hideous an insult?

Her lip trembled as at the moment came  
a peel of merry laughter from across the  
hearth, and it was as though she swallowed  
in her throat, when they thought she  
coldly turned away.

Gilbert, with an arm around each fond-  
ling sister, by turns whispering in the one  
ear and the other, felt as if he had allowed  
his old pets to usurp him too completely,  
as he also marked the regretting figure;  
by no means ill pleased that his fair  
betrothed should seem to think the same,  
he now shook the others gaily off, and ad-  
vanced to make his peace.

"They want me to tell tales," he cried,  
"but I know better. We can keep our  
own counsel, can't we, Rosamund? It is  
nothing to them whether or no it was a  
case of love at first sight, is it?"

She smiled faintly.

"I shall never forget how you looked  
when you came in that day," proceeded  
he, sliding his arm round her waist, despite  
a shrinking effort to evade it. "You  
fairly bowled me over then and there, as  
I have told you a hundred times since,  
haven't I? How those dull, sheep-faced  
Waterfield girls had not the sense to see  
what was up, I can't think. They would  
go on talking and singing to me. I tell  
you, Rosamund, I should never have taken  
up with one of them if there had not been  
another woman in the world."

"You don't suppose that they—"

she stopped.  
"Oh, we'll give 'em the benefit of the  
doubt. Only, you know, there are such  
a lot of them; and they do stand so de-  
plorably in each other's light. However,  
Parson Stoney might do for one, and I'll  
see if I can't do something among our  
fellows for another. As they are your  
friends—"

"Which you seem to forget," said Rosamund, struggling with her feelings. "I  
think, Frederick, you might choose other  
subjects for your sarcasm than the oldest  
—almost the only friend I have."

"My sarcasm! Good gracious! my dear  
girl, I meant no sarcasm; he bargued if I  
did! I was in grim earnest, I assure you.  
I told them all at the barracks what nice  
girls the Waterfields were, and one or two  
went over and liked them awfully; and it  
was only the fact of there being six of  
them—come now, you know what I mean.

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