Moral of the Strikes.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The ass visited the ox one day to complain of the work put upon him, and the ox replied:—

"It is uncalled for and unjust. My advice is that you quit work and bring your master to time."

The ass went away to follow the advice, but returned in the course of a few days to say:—

"As soon as I stopped work my master stopped my feed, and now what shall I do?"

"Oh, you must starve in order to carry out the principle of the thing."

"And you?"

"I shall continue to grow fat in bossing your strike."

MORAL:

You'll find it in the papers every day.

—Scene: Dinner party at a rich bourgeois house. Prosperous Barrister (recounting his career,—"When I took my first brief I was excited and nervous, especially as my client was a consummate scoundrel—a bad egg any way you took him; but when I was beginning my practice he was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted, so I took the case and got the rascal off." After dinner enters an important personage, great friend of the host, who presents the lawyer to him. Great Personage (patronizingly)—"I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman; I met him long ago; in fact I may say I gave him his first start in life; I was his first client."

—A South Australian paper makes the following comments on the receipt of a gift from an admirer of the journal: "A present, in the shape of a bottle of fine old Scotch whiskey, was kindly sent to the office at two p. m. on Thursday; ten minutes past that hour not a drain of the liquor remained; ten seconds later the office boy had sold the bottle at the rag and bone shop next door. At 2.30 three men were charged with being drunk and disorderly. The editor of this paper returns thanks for this handsome gift, and would feel obliged if the donor of this would send along 72s., a policeman's hemlet, a new office boy, four panes of glass, a new street door knecker, and—no more whiskey.

—Minnie: "Papa, what is Volapuk?" Papa: "Why it's the universal language." Minnie: "But who speaks it?" Papa: "Nobody."

For Sale and To Let.

For Sale or to Let.

A GOOD BLACKSMITH SHOP, with Tools therein, and Comfortable Dwelling House adjacent thereto, situated within two hundred yards of the Court House, Dorchester Corner, N. B., will be sold or let separately or together, as desired. Apply to

W. WILBERFORCE WELLS,
may9-1m Dorchester, N. B.

For Sale or to Let.

THE HOUSE on Salem Street, near Capt. B. A. Read's, at present owned and occupied by Mrs. Albert Black. It is in good order, has frost-proof cellar, is situated within convenient distance of schools, academies, public offices, etc. A never failing well of water, good garden, and about two and a half acres of pasture land. For particulars apply to Mrs. Black or Josiah Wood, M. P.
Sackville, Feb. 14, 1888.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville.
Sackville, April 13th, 1887. tf

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outhouses and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station.

If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately.

Title undoubted. Apply to

T. A. WELLING.
Baie Verte, May 25th, 1887

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on TUESDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF JUNE NEXT, A. D. 1888, in front of the Court House, in Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

All the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and Demand of JOHN W. CLARE, his Possessory Right and Right of Entry, both at Law and in Equity, of, in and to the Lands and Premises situate in the Parish of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, and bounded and described as follow:

All that certain piece or parcel of Land and Premises situate in Sackville, in the County of Westmorland aforesaid, bounded on the west by a road leading from Salem Chapel (so called) to the Main Road through Sackville, on the north by a Road leading from said Road to and joining the Main Post Road leading through Sackville at or near David G. Dickson's, on the east by Lands owned by the Estate of the late Sir Albert J. Smith, and on the south by Lands owned and occupied by John W. Sangster, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less, being the same Premises on which the said John W. Clare resides at the date hereof; also all other Real Estate of the said John W. Clare, wheresoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick, the same having been seized by and to be sold under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Westmorland at the suit of John E. Hickey versus the said John W. Clare.

Dated at Dorchester, March 1st, A. D. 1888.

ANGUS McQUEEN,
mar7-3m Sheriff.

New Crop Molasses, &c.

2 CAR Loads Choice Retailing Molasses;
100 Tubs Choice Canadian Lard;
25 Bbls. Rankin's Soda & Sugar Biscuits;
80 " Choice Labrador Herring;
1 Car Load Bbls. and Half-Bbls. Labrador Herring.

apl24 A. J. BABANG & CO.

Salt! Salt!

Landing Ex Ship from Liverpool:

3,000 Bags Coarse Salt,
300 Bags F. F. Fine Salt.

GEO. S. DeFOREST,
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for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

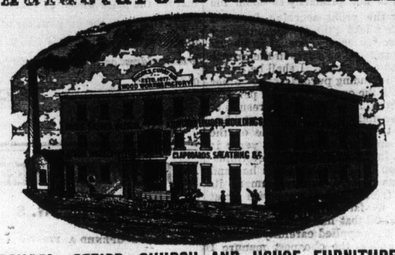
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,

Manufacturers and Builders.



Doors, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD Mantels, MOULDings, etc

WALNUT, Cherry, ASH, BIRCH, Beech, PINE & Whitewo'd HOUSE FINISH.

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials

jan27 Send for Estimates.

SACKVILLE

Drug Store

Just Received and on Hand:

5 GROSS DIAMOND DYES;
2 Gross Minard's Liniment;
1 Gross Johnson's Liniment;
1 Gross Burdock Bitters;
½ Gross Scott's Emulsion;
½ Gross Eclectric Oil;
½ Gross Beef, Iron and Wine;
½ Gross Mother Seigel's Syrup;

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Warner's Safe Cure, Warner's Nervine, Robinson's Emulsion, Fellow's Hypophosphites, Puttner's Hypophosphites, Psine's Celery Compound, Quinine Wine, Hamlin's Wizard Oil, Pierce Medical Discovery, Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Castoria, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Hair Vigor, Lactated Food, etc., etc.

Also just Received a Full Line of

Garden and Flower Seeds

From the most reliable Seed Houses of the Dominion.

A. DIXON,
apl24 Druggist.

IMPORTED CLYDE STALL ON,

COLIN CAMPBELL.

COLOR, Brown; foaled May, 1878; weight 1600 lbs.; bred by Mr. Grieve, Longlees, Torryburn, Fife Shire, Scotland, (and purchased from James Drummond, Black Law, Dunfermline, Fife Shire, Scotland), sired by Lord Imerume, 487, in Clyde Stud Book; he by dam Bess, by Rory O'Moore. Colin Campbell's dam by Sir Colin, 776, C. S. B., he by Sir Colin Campbell, and he by Sir Walter Scott, all noted horses and prize winners, etc. Colin Cambbell was purchased by Simon Beattie for Hon. J. H. Pope and shipped to Canada in September, 1880, by steamer Montreal.

COLIN CAMPBELL will make his headquarters at the Amherst Hotel.

ROUTE:—Will leave Amherst on Tuesday, May 1st, for Sackville, Midgic, Shemogue, Fort Elgin, Baie Verte; home by Point de Bute on Saturday, 5th. Monday, 7th, will leave Amherst for Maccan, by Amherst Point, thence to River Hebert, thence back to Nappan, Leicester, Salem to Amherst by Friday, 11th. The above route will be made once a fortnight, health and weather permitting.

SERVICE FEES:—Single, $5; Season, $10; Insure, $15.

Mares changing ownership considered with foal.

Colin Campbell has proved himself a superior stock-getter by his stock in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, which are now matured and selling at high figures, especially in matched pairs.

At the Cumberland and Westmorland County Exhibitions last autumn they made a good show; at the place taking first and second prizes in their class.

Rufus Seaman, of Minudie, has a colt sired by Colin Campbell, which was purchased in St. John, and weighed 700 lbs. at 5 months old. Mr. Ainsley Black, of Amherst, owns one, 11 months old, that weighs 760 lbs.

J. S. LOWE, GEO. PUGSLEY, } Owners.
Amherst, April 10, 1888. 5i

Stallion Ben Franklin.

COLOR light bay, foaled May 3rd, 1885; weighs 1,400 lbs. Bred by Francis Siddall, Westcock, Sackville. Sired by General Frank, he by a thoroughbred Clydes from the P. E. I. Stock Farm. Dam, Nell, by Jock, imported by the S. & W. Agricultural Society. Ben Franklin is, therefore, half Clydesdale, the other half being Morgan and Arabian. Route—Will leave Westcock, Monday, April 30th, for Amherst, Nappan, Maccan, Athol, Southampton, Mapleton, Canaan, and Halfway River, thence return over Boar's Back to Maccan and through Fenwick to Amherst, through Fort Lawrence, Mount Whatley, Point de Bute, Jolicure, Sackville, and home Friday night, May 11th, remaining there till Monday. The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting. Terms, single $4, season $7, to insure $10. Mares sold or traded considered with foal.

FRANCIS SIDDALL,
apl25 4i Owner.

Farmers, Attention!

Thorough Bred Stock FOR SALE.

11 IMPORTED DURHAM COW;
1 Yearling Durham Heiter;
1 Durham Calf;
3 Polled Angus Cows;
1 Yearling Polled Angus Heifer;
2 " " Bulls;
2 Polled Angus Calves.

These are all first class Animals and of pure breeding, as will be found upon reference to N. B. Herd Book. Certificate of Registry and Pedigree furnished upon application.

The Polled Angus are hardy, mature early, well developed, good beefers, good milkers, and handsome in appearance.

The Durhams are very fine, large sized, with all the good qualities that breed can possess.

Farmers desirous of improving their stock will have an opportunity of procuring the best in the market. Apply to

may3-4i CHARLES FAWCETT.

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. H. Griffins, Amherst, N. S.:

3 CASES,

CONTAINING

$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware,

ALL ELEGANT GOODS.

Remember Special Sale

—AND—

Discount of 20 per Cent.

DURING THIS MONTH.

New Meat and Provision Store.

To the People of Sackville.

WE take this opportunity of thanking you for the liberal patronage with which you have favored us while we have carried on the Oyster Business. We have now much pleasure in informing you that we are about extending our Business by adding a full line of

Meats and Provisions.

Hereafter our patrons can rely upon getting from us Choice Meats of all kinds, thoroughly dressed and carefully cut up.

Fresh Beef, Fresh Lamb, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry,

When in season, will be kept constantly on sale. We will give our personal attention to putting up choice CORNED BEEF cured by the most approved methods. Good SUGAR CURED HAMS and SHOULDERS, smoked or unsmoked, sold whole or sliced for the pan. DRIED BEEF in quantities or nicely shaved ready for the table. In CANNED PROVISIONS we will keep a full line, fresh and reliable. SAUSAGES of our own manufacture always on hand. OYSTERS by the peck or bushel, or shelled by the pint, quart or gallon.

We have Telephone connection, and orders by Telephone will be promptly attended to. Our wagon will deliver Goods to all parts of the town. Soliciting your esteemed patronage,

We are yours very truly,

mar28 H. W. KNIGHT.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

A NERVE TONIC.

GEORGE W. BOUTON, STAMFORD, CONN., says: "For two years I was a sufferer from nervous debility, and I thank God and the discoverer of the valuable remedy that PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND cured me. It is a valuable remedy. Long may it live. Let any one write to me for advice."

AN ALTERATIVE.

ALONZO ABBOTT, WINDSOR, VT., says: "I believe PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND saved my life. My trouble seemed to be an internal humor. Before I used it I was covered with an eruption from "head to heel." The eruption is rapidly healing, and I am five hundred per cent. better every way."

A LAXATIVE.

A. C. BEAN, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., says: For two years past I have been a great sufferer from kidney and liver troubles, attended with dyspepsia and constipation. Before I began to take CELERY COMPOUND it seemed as though *everything* ailed me. Now I can say *nothing* ails me.

A DIURETIC.

GEORGE ABBOTT, SIOUX CITY, IOWA, says: "I have been using PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND and it has done me more good for kidneys and lame back than any other medicine I have ever taken.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circular.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
Montreal, P. Q.

New Spring Prints!

JUST OPENED:

1,100 Pieces New Spring Prints;
200 " Chocolate Prints;
200 " Mourning Prints;
100 " Picquets, in White & Fancy;
100 " White & Blk Louise Linings.

A. EVERITT,

Wholesale Warehouse,
92, 94 and 96 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.



CHAIRS.

DINING CHAIRS,
In Cane, Perforated and Wood Seats.
Children's Rocking & High Chairs,
LOOSE PERFORATED SEATS.
For Sale Low at the
Sackville Furniture Factory.
CHARLES A. DOULL.

The Buttercup.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

When morning caught the fairy band
A-feasting in the dell,
From out Titania's trembling hand
The dainty goblet fell;
And with her tresses blown askew,
She fled across the peeping dew.

The sun god viewed the frighted train,
And laughed along the green;
When lo! just where the cup had lain
A lovely sight was seen:
The beaker bloomed a floweret gay,
The blithest blossom of the May.

"That Girl in Black."

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

CONTINUED.

PART IV.

As Despard heard the steps coming nearer he looked round uneasily, with a vague idea of hurrying off so as to escape observation. But when he tried to stand up and walk, he found that anything beyond quick movement was beyond him still. So he sat down again, endeavouring to look as if nothing were the matter, and that he was merely resting.

Another moment or two, and a young man appeared, coming hastily along the path by which Despard had himself made his way into the shrubbery. He was quite young, two or three and twenty at most, fair, slight, and boyish-looking. He passed by Mr. Norreys with but the slightest glance in his direction, but just as Despard was congratulating himself on this, the new-comer stopped short, hesitated, and then, turning round and lifting his hat, came up to him.

"Excuse me," he said, "do you know Lady Margaret——by sight? Has she passed this way?"

He spoke quickly, and Mr. Norreys did not catch the surname.

"No," he replied, "I have not the honor of the lady's acquaintance."

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "I've been sent to look for her, and I can't find her any where." Then he turned, but again hesitated.

"There's nothing the matter, is there? You've not hurt yourself—or anything? You look rather—as if a cricket-ball had hit you, you know."

Mr. Norreys smiled.

"Thank you," he said. "I have got a frightful pain in my head. I was out too long in the sun this morning."

The boyish-looking man shook his head.

"Touch of sunstroke—eh? Stupid thing to do, standing in the sun this weather. Should take a parasol; I always do. Then I can't be of any service?"

"Yes," said Despard, as a sudden idea struck him. "If you happen to know my sister, Mr. Selby, by sight, I'd be eternally grateful to you if you would tell her I'm going home. I'll wait for her at the old church, would you say?"

"Don't know her, but I'll find her out. Mrs. Selby, of of Markerslea, I suppose? Well, take my advice, and keep on the shady side of the road."

"I shall go through the woods, thank you. My sister will understand."

With a friendly nod the young fellow went off.

Despard had been roused by the talk with him. He got up now and went slowly round to the back of the house—it was a place he had known in old days—thus avoiding all risk of coming across any of the guests. By a path behind the stables he made his way slowly into the woods, and in about half an hour's time, he found himself where these ended at the high-road, along which his sister must pass.

There was a stile near, over which, through a field, lay a footpath to the church, and here on the stile Mr. Norreys seated himself to await Mrs. Selby.

"I've managed that pretty neatly," he said, trying to imagine he was feeling as usual. "I wonder who that fellow was. He seemed to have heard Maddie's name though he did not know her."

He was perfectly clear in his head now, but the pain in it was racking. He tried not to think, but in vain. Clearer, and yet more clearly, stood out before his mind's eyes the strange drama of that afternoon. And the more he thought of it, the more he looked at it, approaching it from every side, the more incapable he became of explaining Miss Ford's extraordinary conduct. The indignation which had at first blotted out all other feelings gradually gave way to his extreme perplexity.

"She had no sort of grounds for speaking to me as she did," he reflected. "Accusing me vaguely of unworthy motives—what *could* she mean?" Then a new idea struck him. "Some one has been making mischief," he thought; "that must be it, though what and how, I cannot conceive. Gertrude Englewood would not do it intentionally—but still—I saw that she was changed to me. I shall have it out with her. After all, I hope Madeline's letter *has* gone."

And a vague, very faint hope began to make itself felt that perhaps after all, all was *not* lost. If *she* had been utterly misled about him—if——

He drew a deep breath, and looked round. It was the very sweetest moment of a summer's day existence, that at which late afternoon begins softly and silently to fade into early evening. There was an almost Sabbath stillness in the air, a tender suggestion of the night's reluctant approach, and from where Despard sat, the white headstones of some graves in the ancient churchyard were to be seen among the grass. The man felt strangely moved and humbled.

"If I could ever hope to win her," he thought, "I feel as if I had it in me to be a better man—I am not *all* selfish and worldly, Maisie—surely not? But what has made her judge me so cruelly? It is awful to remember what she said, and to imagine what sort of an opinion she must have of me to have been able to say it. For—no, that was *not* my contemptible conceit"—and his face flushed. "She *was* beginning to care for me. She is too generous to have remembered vindictively my insolence, for insolence it was, at the first. Besides, she said herself that she had been getting to like and trust me as a friend. Till to-day—was it all what I said to-day? No girl can despise a man for the fact of his caring for her—what can it be? Good heavens, I feel as if I should go mad!"

And he wished that the pain in his head, which had somewhat subsided, would get worse again, if only it would stop his thinking.

But just then came the sound of wheels. In another moment Mrs. Selby's pony-carriage was in sight. Despard got off his stile, and walked slowly down the road to meet her.

"So, you faithless——" she began, for, to tell the truth, she had not attached much credence to the story of the frightful headache which had reached her, but she changed her tone the moment she caught sight of his face. "My boor boy, you do look ill!" she exclaimed. "I am so sorry. I would have come away at once if I had known."

"It doesn't matter," Despard replied, as he got into the carriage? "but did you not get my message?"

"Oh, yes; but I thought it was just that you were tired and bored. What is the matter, dear Despard? You don't look the least like yourself."

"I fancy it was the sun this morning," he said. "But it's passing off, I think."

Madeline felt by no means sure that it was so.

"I am so sorry," she repeated, "and so vexed with myself. Do you know who the young man was that gave me your message?"

Despard shook his head.

"It was Mr. Conrad Fforde, Lord Southwold's nephew and heir—heir at least to the title, but to little else."

"So I should suppose," said Norreys indifferently. "The Southwolds are very poor."

"How queer that he knew your name if you have never met him before," said Mrs. Selby. "But I dare say it's through the Flores-Carters; they're such great friends of mine, you know, and they are staying at Laxter's Hill, as well as the Southwold party."

"Yes," Despard agreed, "he had evidently heard of you."

"And of you too, in that case. People do so chatter in the country. The Carters are dying to get you there. They have got the Southwolds to promise to go to them next week. They—the Carter girls—are perfectly wild about Lady Margaret. I think it would be better taste not to make up to her so much; it does *look* as if it was because she was what she is, though I know it isn't really that. They get up these fits of enthusiasm. And she is very nice—not *very* pretty, you know, but wonderfully nice and unspoilt, considering."

"Unspoilt," repeated Despard. He was glad to keep his sister talking about indifferent matters. "I don't see that poor Lord Southwold's daughter has any reason to be spoilt."

"Oh, dear, yes—didn't you know? I thought you knew every thing of that kind. It appears that she is a tremendous heiress; I forget the figures. The fortune comes from her aunt's husband. Her mother's elder sister married an enormously wealthy man, and as they had no children or near relations on his side, he left all to this girl. Of course she and her father have always known it, but it has been kept very quiet. They have lived in the country six months of the year, and travelled the other six. She has been most carefully brought up and splendidly educated. But she has never been 'out' in society at all until this year."

"I never remember hearing of them in town," said Despard.

"Oh, Lord Southwold himself never goes out. He is dreadfully delicate—heart-disease I think. But she—Lady Margaret—will be heard of *now*. It has all come out about her fortune now that he has come into the title. His cousin, the last earl, only died two months ago."

"And," said Despard, with a strange sensation, as if he were listening to some one else speaking rather than speaking himself, "till he came into the title, what was he called? He was the last man's cousin, you say?"

"Yes, of course; he was Mr. Fforde—Fforde with two 'f's' and an 'e,' you know It's the family name of the Southwolds. That young man—the one you spoke to—is Mr. Conrad Fforde, as I told you. They say that——"

But a glance at her brother made her hesitate.

"Despard, is your head worse?" she asked anxiously.

"It comes on by fits and starts," he replied. "But don't mind; go on speaking. What were you going to say?"

"Oh; only about young Mr. Fforde. They say he is to marry Lady Margaret; they are only second cousins. But I don't think he looks good enough for her. She seems such a womanly, nice-feeling girl. We had just been introduced when Mr. Fforde came up with your message, and she wanted him to go back to you at once. But he said you would be gone already, and I—well, I did'nt quite believe about you head being so bad, and perhaps I seemed very cool about it, for Lady Margaret really looked quite vexed. Wasn't it nice of her? The Carters had been telling her about us evidently. I think she was rather disappointed not to see the famous Despard Norreys, do you know? I rather wonder you never met her this summer in town, though perhaps you would scarcely have remembered her just as Miss Fforde, for she isn't——"

But an exclamation from Despard startled her.

"Maddie," he said, "don't you understand? It *must* be she—she, this Lady Margaret, the great heiress! Good heavens!"

Mrs. Selby almost screamed.

"Despard!" was all she could say. But she quickly recovered herself. "Well, after all," she went on, "I don't see that there's any harm done. She will know that you were absolutely disinterested, and surely that will go a long way. But—just to think of it. Oh, Despard, fancy you saying that you half thought she was going to be a governess! Oh, dear, *how* extraordinary! And I that was so regretting that you had not met her! What a good thing you did not—I mean *what* a good thing that my letter showing your ignorance was written and sent before you knew who she was! Don't you see how lucky it was?"

She turned round, her eyes sparkling with excitement and eagerness. But there was no response in Mr. Norreys' face; on the contrary, its expression was such that Mrs. Selby's own face grew pale with dread.

"Despard," she said, "why do you look like that? You are not going to say that now, because she is an heiress—just because of *money*," with a tone of supreme contempt, "that you will give it up? You surely——"

But Mr. Norreys interrupted her.

"Has the letter gone, Maddie?"

She nodded her head.

"Then I must write again at once—myself—to Gertrude Englewood to make her promise on her honor never to tell what you wrote. Even if I thought she would believe it—and I am not sure that she would—I could never allow myself to be cleared in her eyes *now*."

Madeline stared at him. Had the sunstroke affected his brain?

"Despard," she said, "what do you mean?"

He turned his haggard face towards her.

"I don't know how to tell you," he said. "I wish I need not, but as you know so much I must. I *did* see her, Madeline. I met her when I was strolling about the shrubbery over there. She was quite alone and no one near. It seemed to have happened on purpose, and—I told her all."

"You proposed to her?"

He nodded.

"As—as Miss Fforde, or as——" began Mrs. Selby.

"As Miss Ford, of course, without the two 'f's' and the 'e' at the end," he said bitterly. I didn't know till this moment either that her father was an earl, or, which is much worse, that she was a great heiress."

"And what is wrong, then?"

"Just that she refused me—refused me with the most biting contempt—the—the bitterest scorn—no, I cannot speak of it. She thought I knew, had found out about her—and now I see that my misplaced honesty, the way I spoke, must have given cover to it. She taunted me with my insolence at the first—good God! what an instrument of torture a woman's tongue can be! There is only one thing to do—to stop Gertrude's ever telling of that letter."

"Oh, Despard!" exclaimed Mrs. Selby, and her eyes filled with tears. "What a *horrid* girl she must be! And I thought she looked so sweet and nice. She seemed so sorry when her cousin told me about you. Tell me, was that after? Oh, yes, of course, it must have been. Despard, I believe she was already repenting her cruelty."

"Hush, Madeline," said Mr. Norreys sternly. "You mean it well, but—you must promise me never to allude to all this again. You will show me Mrs. Englewood's letter when it comes—that you must do. And I will write to her. But there is no more to be said. Let to-day be between us as if it had never been. Promise me dear."

He laid his hand on her arm. Madeline turned her tearful eyes towards him.

"Very well," she said. "I must, I suppose. But, oh, what a dreadful pity it all seems! You have fallen in love with her for herself—you that have never really cared for any one before—when you thought her only a governess; and now for it to have all gone wrong! It would have been so nice and delightful."

"A sort of Lord Burleigh business, with the characters reversed—yes, quite idyllic," said Despard sneeringly.

"Despard, don't. It does so pain me," Mrs. Selby said with real feeling. "There is one person I am furious with," she went on in a very different tone, "and that is Mrs. Englewood. She had no business to play that sort of trick."

"Perhaps she could not help herself. You say the father—Mr. Fforde as he then was—did not wish her to be known as an heiress," Mr. Norreys.

"She might have made an exception for you," said Madeline.

Despard's brows contracted. Mrs. Selby thought it was from the pain in his head, but it was more than that. A vision rose before him of a sweet flushed girlish face, with gentle pleasure and appeal in the eyes—and of Gertrude's voice, "If you don't dance, will you talk to her? Anything to please her a little, you know."

"I thing Gertrude did all she could. I believe she is a perfectly loyal and faithful friend," he said, "but for Heaven's sake, Maddie, let us drop it forever. I will write this evening to Gertrude, myself, and that will be the last act in the drama."

No letter, however, was written to Mrs. Englewood that evening—nor the next day, nor for that matter during the rest of the time that saw Despard Norreys a guest at Markerslea Rectory.

TO BE CONTINUED

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