A DARK INHERITANCE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

Edgar would I know, travel by the fast train that reached our station at 5.30, and it was exactly due when I looked up at the clock in the booking office. I passed back again and waited outside the station, walking decorously up and down. I heard the train come in, just only a minute or two behind its time; and then the passengers came out, almost singly, and I felt my face growing very pink indeed as I noticed this all gentlemen.

"Good evening, Miss Compton," said one cheery old gentleman, whom I knew well, though I should scarcely that evening have expected him to recognize me. "Come to meet your brother, are you? He came in my carriage not the smoking one to-night but he is hindered in there, I suppose. May I wait with you?"

Of course I declined laughingly, not wondering who was talking so much to detain Edgar. Gentlemen do, I think, have very much to each other sometimes, quite in the most gossiping and personal manner, though they pret nd we women hold the monopoly.

At last, just as I turned again towards the station door, I caught sight of Elroy Hilton coming through it, talking to some one who seemed to have paused to give the tickets. I was always so unwilling to meet her that I instinctively, in that first moment, lowered my umbrella, and slowly turned before she could possibly have recognized me. I heard her join her companion, and then go on, laughing and talking still, down into the road. I waited for all sounds of her voice and their steps to die, and then I looked round again for Edgar. No, still he was not in sight; and so, ashamed of being seen waiting any longer, now that all the passengers seemed to have gone, I too walked down into the road, hoping that that tiresome friend of Edgar's would soon release him.

But how was it? There was Edgar on before me! And at his side surely, surely my eyes deceived me. It never could be Edgar, walking with Miss Hilton, holding an umbrella over her, stepping like a mincing girl to suit her steps, listening (perhaps without his tooth on edge) to that affected voice and laugh. Could it be Edgar who was doing this, and had passed me by unrecognized?

I felt my eyes growing very wide and hot as I followed along the wet familiar road higher than ever in my eyes just then. I went very slowly, for I would not overtake them, and they went slowly. I saw Edgar pass his own gate, and go on with his companion as if he did not even know it was our home that he had reached, and I fancied she took no notice either, but went on with him as if it were a usual and natural thing for them to pass the gate I might have been so vainly watching from my old nick in the window. I would watch again never, for, if I saw him come with her and go by without a glance, oh, how much more sharp I should feel with her than I had any right to do.

I do not think at least I am sure I never entered our home so sadly as I did that evening, yet while I dressed for dinner clinging to have as much time because Edgar was not yet come no! I saw ashamed of myself. What harm would it do Edgar to walk a mile or so at the side of any girl? And what more natural than that he should do so this afternoon, when most probably she had no umbrella? So, though it had been such a wet and dull day, and people so naturally felt dismal in dismal weather, I would not greet my brother with a gloomy face, or fancy the possibility of things that were never likely to happen.

Just as I thought this I remembered how fond Edgar was of a very pale blue, and so I took off my quiet square cut black silk and wore my last new dinner dress, such a pretty one, that I fell in love with it myself in the glass, and could hardly bear to turn away and forget it.

And Edgar noticed it as I knew he would, and flattered me just in his usual bright untruthful way, and never touched at all on Miss Hilton or any other unpleasant topic. But when Haynes had left the dining-room, and he and I were dawdling over our dessert, having drawn our chairs near the fire, and sideways to the table, as we often did in the winter evenings, I spoke out to Edgar just as like my old self as I possibly could, though (for the first time in my life) I realized my brother being unlike his old self very little, but the difference was there, and I knew it.

Edgar, didn't you "No, it should not be a question. With a quickening of my pulses I vaguely felt it would be kinder to Edgar not to ask it so. Edgar, I saw you pass our gate with Miss Hilton this afternoon. You can imagine how surprised I was."

"Oh, you saw us, did you?" The word struck me like a blow. "She came by the express, and I walked home with her. She said it would be such a wretched walk, because she had no hand at liberty for her umbrella."

And she knew you had a hand at liberty?" I questioned, quite absently in my vexation, and only recalled to what I had said by Edgar's hearty laugh.

"That was it my dear, and she knew, as that woman sings in the road, [illegible]

Edgar," I said, in the very sad but earnestness, "you look as if you enjoyed speaking of her that flippant, heartless, crafty gir woman."

"Whom do you mean?"

"And I know in a minute by his tone, when he asked that, that in all my life I had never before made him feel to me as he felt then, coldly and carelessly annoyed. He had been angry with me sometimes, and impatient often, but merrily disdainful now and then, and had never spoken to me in that tone before.

I could not trust myself to answer, for the tears were rushing quick and hot to my eyes, and I was trying hard to prevent their coming into sight. I had been but a dull companion to him since he came in, and the weather was so depressing too. No, he should only have no sight of tears to die vex him, and so I turned the conversation, and we were chatting merrily, with no idea that we had lingered so long, when Haynes came in to say that he had carried in the tea. How Edgar laughed as he walked with me through the hall. Haynes had disappeared, in his grave and decorous way, but we never minded him, in our most unceremonial hours, because he had known us both when we were no higher than his knee.

But, when the evening was over, Edgar spoke to me rather unexpectedly, just as I went up to him to say good night.

"Eunice, you are such a cheerful little girl, and ours is such a cheerful house, as poor Ramsay used to say. But I think at least perhaps you may think it would be but kind to be a little friendly to El to Miss Hilton, and ask her here sometimes. Her home is rather dull, I believe. The young Hiltons are always away, and Hilton *pere* is no companion for her."

"Did she tell you so, Edgar?" I asked, with a great sinking at my heart.

"Yes, at least she

"Said that of her father?" I questioned, quietly.

"Oh no, of course not" returned Edgar, with a rather forced laugh. "But she said how bitterly she felt the want of young companionship, because her people

"That will do, Edgar," I said, turning away. "Never mind telling me what she said to you of her own home. I simply never could be friendly with Miss Hilton, and I should only tell a lie if I said I would try to call her by the name of friend (one of the sweetest words on earth. But, but" the tears were coming again behind my eyes, but still he should not see them) "but I will never be unkind or impolite to any one you wish to know, and to be hospitable to."

And then I went away as quickly as I could.

Chapter III.

Saturday afternoon is always a half-holiday for Edgar, and so Saturday is my gala day of all the week. It is very rare indeed that we do not spend that time together, though of course it is not always that we spend it alone we two. We have both a good many friends, and they are often with us, though we sometimes say we enjoy our holiday more when we have a long ride together, and then dine together perhaps before our return we two, in a crowd, gleaning fun and enjoyment out of everything we see or hear.

Luncheon was waiting, and I in my habit was waiting too, for Edgar. I had watched for him along the road beyond the lawn until my eyes ached with the fruitless strain, while I heard Edgar briskly talking to the horses in the distance. Then I went in and sat down to the piano, glad to pass away, not in utter idleness, a little of this wasted hour through which I had expected Edgar. He came into the room almost as soon as I began to play, and I rose in a moment to meet him. He should see that I was quite ready, though I would not remind him how long I had been kept waiting.

"Do you think, Eunice," he said, hurrying through the words, "you would mind you are a generous girl, and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind lending Juno to Miss Hilton. She has no horse to ride, and she has been out of health for a few weeks, you know.

"No, I don't know," I put in, with my dullest gaze. "Why should I know unless you tell me?"

"Well, you might have known," he answered, still seeming ill at ease, "if you had cared to ask."

"Of course I might have sent for daily bulletins.

"I didn't say she had been seriously ill," interrupted Edgar, coloring angrily. "But you need not be ironical."

"What has been prescribed for her, Edgar heart or nature?"

"A ride," said Edgar, coloring still more as he spoke, because his inclination was evidently to answer me in my own spirit, while his policy forbade it (it was such a strange and sad new light in which to see my brother); "and I thought, perhaps, as Psyche will not carry a lady, you wouldn't mind lending Juno for this one afternoon. You see you can ride any day, and Flora

as she says

"You needn't tell me what she says," I answered; and in all my life I never felt so wicked as just at that moment. "I don't suppose it was true, whatever it was. Last time we saw her riding you and her horse was one of Harris's hacks; and you said the man she rode with was a scamp."

I said it cool quite fearlessly, for I had not yet learned that bitter lesson sisters sometimes have to learn, that the shadow of another woman has risen like an ice barrier between the old time and the new. But I learned it then, I think I think so because of that weary sinking at my heart. Yet, when Edgar turned coldly away from me, I stepped forward so eagerly as nearly to fall over my habit, and begged him to take Juno, and do what he chose with her, for that I did not care to ride this afternoon.

My unshed tears nearly choked me as I said it, but I did not break down, not even when I said I did not care to ride, nor was it a fib now, for all the pleasure of my holiday afternoon was dead. Surely Edgar must have seen how much I was in earnest, yet he walked on out of the room without a word. And that was my bitterest pain of all, to see that he was too deeply hurt with me even to accept that little favor at my hands. For a few minutes I was bewildered in the new feeling; then there came a horror of his leaving me in this state and I went out to the hall, to find, to my surprise I should find him there, coldly countermanding the order for the horses. I found him just in the act of meeting Psyche, and I felt in a moment how cold and stern he had been, for there was no sign of either of the grooms, or of my own bright chestnut.

"You need not have sent Juno back, Edgar," I said, pleadingly. "I will say nothing more about a ride on an kind. Please take Juno for your friend. Don't look so stern, Edgar. Do this as a favor to me."

"That's a very good resolution to make, my dear," he answered, almost in his usual tones. "It isn't like my little Eunice to be other rule or unkind.

"Where is Edwards?" I asked, looking hurriedly round, sorry that the passionate color would break so readily over face. "I'd him bring out Juno for Miss Hilton. I know you will forget all I have said, Edgar."

"Yes, I'll forget, returned Edgar, smiling, as he patted the sleek, bright neck of his little mare. "I'do sent Edwards on with Juno, dear, to Miss Hilton. I know you were sorry at once for your flash of ill-temper. She will be very prettily grateful to you. I shall bring her back with me to tea with you herself. I am sure she will insist on doing that. She said

But I was obliged, even in spite of my best resolutions, to interrupt him there.

"I shall be out when you bring Miss Hilton back, Edgar.

"Nonsense, dear," he said, passing one moment with his foot in the stirrup. "You are just going in to have a chat and five o'clock tea with the Lyons, and you will be at home as soon as I am."

He had not said "we" this time, so I did not contradict or argue any more. He kissed me, and I could return the smile with which he looked back at me from the gate.

I tried my best not to feel so very low, as I went into the house and changed my habit, and again, in my effort to drive away my only and disconsolate thoughts, I went to the piano. I opened the first music but came to my hand, a book of Hellen's sweet little dreamy melodies, and I played them softly, letting my thoughts to them, like the words of a whispered song. But they grew too sad at last, and broke off in a flood of passionate and miserable tears.

The tears did me good, though, after all, especially perhaps as they made me decide to go in and have a chat with the Lyons, that I might lose all traces of my loneliness and moodiness before Edgar came home. I was greatly tempted when Mr Lyon brought me home, to ask him to come in and dine with us, but I fancied Edgar might think I wished to avoid a tête-à-tête with him, and I would not for anything that he should think that. I wondered oh, how I had been wondering all the afternoon! whether he fancied I ought to have sent an invitation to Miss Hilton.

That very thought was in my heart, when Edgar himself scattered it happily, by his greeting in the hall at home.

"I was just coming," he said in a bright, excited way, "to snatch you from the Lyons' den."

"I shall be down in two minutes," I cried, and ran up stairs, hardly giving Esther time to help me in my dressing.

"Now, Edgar, what do you say to my speed?"

I entered the drawing-room, saying it to Edgar because I saw him standing there in the lamplight, smiling to see me; but all in a moment I felt dumb and deaf and stupid, for there was Miss Hilton standing near him, looking just as much at home in this drawing-room of mine as if she knew she were to be at home there from that day. What need had I to be self-reproachful? She had not hesitated in taking me thus unawares, for she laughed about it, as she came forward, with her hand outstretched, thanking me profusely, not to say gushingly, for the beautiful ride she had had that afternoon.

"But how" I said, but then could stupidly say no me, while I looked down upon her evening dress of gauzy pink, open at the neck, and with no sleeves below the elbows. She had not ridden in *that* costume!

"How have I changed my dress, do you mean?" she questioned, laughing, as her eyes took in every item of mine. "Why, when your brother came for me, and so kindly insisted on my dining with you after our ride, he suggested or rather glanced across at him— "I suggested (indeed, I quite forget who suggested), that I should emit a dress down. It is so

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altogether and utterly impossible to dine comfortably in one's habit, isn't it, Miss Compton? How very lovely those fuchsias are in your hair and at your neck! But I always heard you were great in flowers here. Captain Ramsay—poor fellow, I'm so delighted to hear that he likes India—used to say to me sometimes, "Your flowers are as pretty as Eunice Compton's; and I thought that great praise."

"But, Miss Hilton," I said, in the very easiest sort of a way, though my head was aching through her, "Captain Ramsay did not know you, nor did he ever speak of ladies by their Christain names."

Fortunately at that moment dinner was announced, and so I had no need to notice Edgar's hasty interruption of our discussion. After that I would rather not write down any thing more we said to each other all the evening. It was a wretched evening to me, but the others seemed to enjoy it very much. Miss Hilton never tired of talking, and only stopped while she sang and played. And Edgar listened to her untiringly, and laughed at speeches that somehow could not win the faintest of smiles from me.

"Mr. Compton, you deceived me in your sister," she said, with a laugh as we all together returned to the drawing room after dinner; "you said she was merry, and I positively think her quieter than my mother, who is dull enough to propagate melancholy in a whole family not that I institute any comparison here. I only think it refreshing to see a young girl in our days so very sedate and proper. It makes me quite ashamed of being gay and natural. I ought to apologize, I'm sure. How shall I do it, Mr. Compton? Do tell me. I'm so deliciously ignorant in the ways of the world

"Then I fear you don't play," said I, icily.

"Oh yes, I play just a little," she said "and I sing a little."

She sang a pretty little song with a French refrain "Loyal je serai dursant ma vie;" and when, each time the words occurred, she glanced into Edgar's face to meet his eyes as she sang it, I I just felt as bad and wicked as ever I could be. But Edgar seemed to like it, for he got up and went to the piano, and stood looking down upon her with a smile. And when she had finished she insisted on his singing with her, and talked through all his objections, and chose a duet, and indeed I scarcely know by what manœuvres—drew him into it. Now Edgar never attempts any thing beyond a comic song of small compass, and so I was indeed surprised, not to say distracted, to hear him floundering through one of Mendelssohn's gems. He laughed much when he hopelessly broke down at last, but Miss Hilton told him he had made a splendid attempt "for his first," and that next time it would be capital

Next time! She intended to come again, then!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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Sold by all druggists. [illegible]

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County of Victoria, } To Wit: }

On

Saturday, the 25th day of January, A.D., 1879,

At the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, and issued out of the County Court of the County of York in the suit of

FRANCIS H. MEDCALF, Plaintiff,

vs.

NEIL McFARLANE and GEORGE McFARLANE Defendants,

I will sell by

PUBLICAUCTION

At my office in the

COURT HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

In the said County, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in the following lands and tenements, that is to say.—

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of lands and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldon, in the County of Victoria, and Province of Ontario, being composed of forty-five acres of Lot Number Twenty-four, south of the Portage Road, in the Township of Eldon and also Lots Numbers Twenty-five and Twenty-six, south of the Portage Road in the Township of Eldon.

GEO. KEMPT, Sheriff Co. Victoria.

Sheriff's Office, Lindsay, } 15th October, A. D. 1878. }

First published 18th October, 1878.—997-1d.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

County of Victoria, } To Wit: }

On

Saturday, the Eighteenth day of January, A. D. 1879,

At the hour of twelve o'clock noon, by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, and issued out of the County Court of the County of Ontario, in the suit of

THE ONTARIO BANK, Plaintiffs,

and

PROSPER A. HURD, ABNER HURD, AND M. G. ROBSON, Defendants,

I will sell by

PUBLICAUCTION

At my office in the

COURT HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

In the said County, all the right, title and interest of said defendants in the following lands and tenements, that is to say.—

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldon, in the County of Victoria, and Province of Ontario, being composed of the North half of Lot Number Sixteen in the Fourth Concession of the Township of Eldon, County of Victoria, containing by admeasurement one hundred acres, be the same more or less.

GEO. KEMPT, Sheriff Co. Victoria.

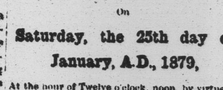
Sheriff's Office, Lindsay, } 10th October, A. D. 1878. }

First published 11th October, 1878.—996-15.

John Welch.

FISH MART.

JOHN WELCH



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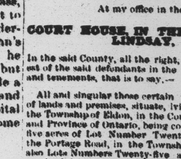

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GOOD THINGS FOR 1878-9.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones.

"A Jolly Fellowship," Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys, will run through the twelve monthly parts—beginning with November, 1878, the first of the volume—and will be illustrated by Janies E. Kelly. For girls,

"Half a Dozen Housekeepers," a continued tale, by Katharine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Dielman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy tale, called

"Rumpty Dudgett's Tower," written by Julian Hawthorn, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of ST. NICHOLAS, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps, to let her five volumes already issued prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and love of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "Letter-box," and "Riddle-box."

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

Attention is especially invited to the November number, which in many respects approaches nearer to our ideal than any number we have issued. It contains 72 pages, and its illustrations throughout are fine and varied. It begins two splendid serials. Its shorter papers represents a wide range of subjects—History, Travel, Fun, Poetry, Adventure, Science, Natural History, Home life, Sport, and lively narrative—the whole crowned with an appropriate Thanksgiving story.

Throughout, there are seen evidences and fruit of the editor's recent travel across the continent, and Mrs. Dodge's inimitable touches everywhere show the heartiness and zest with which she resumes active editorial management. One long article and two poems in this number bear her signature, and in the Letter-Box she talks pleasantly with the young folks about her delightful journey to California.

There is a fine portrait of Frank R. Stockton, accompanied by a sketch of his life.

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THE NEW YORK SUN.

The Sun for 1879.

THE SUN will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past. To present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

THE SUN has been, is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the Truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the policy which has made for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American Journal.

THE SUN is the newspaper for the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rogue every time. It is for the honest Democrat against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any politician or any political organization. It gives its support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—it speak out for the right. That is the SUN's idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

While the lessons of the past should be constantly kept before the people, THE SUN does not propose to make itself in 1879 a magazine of ancient history. It is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is exactly with the affairs of to-day. It has both the disposition and the ability to afford its readers the prompt, explicit, and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well-established prosperity will be liberally employed.

The present disjointed condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. The discussions of the press, the debates and acts of Congress, and the movements of the leaders in every section of the Republic will have a direct bearing on the Presidential election of 1880—an event which must be regarded with the most anxious interest by every patriotic American, whatever his political ideas or allegiance. To these elements of interest may be added the probability that the Democrats will control both houses of Congress, the increasing feebleness of the fraudulent Administration, and the spread and strengthening everywhere of a healthy abhorrance of fraud in any form. To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound, a guiding to its well-known methods, the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of THE SUN's work for 1879.

We have the means of making THE SUN, as a political, a literary and general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free. Address

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

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DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Robt. Hunter and R. C. Patterson as Marble Dealers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

ROBT. HUNTER, R. C. PATTERSON.

Lindsay, 21st Aug., 1878.

In connection with the above we would state that the business will be carried on in all its branches in future by us.

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