NOW AT STOCK

elling and Riveta. one Otle. nds and Cut Nails. Pullders' Hordwore. 0 makes of Apple Parers

I.G. EDWARDS,

POCAT, PROAT, SAN, 30, 1866.

A SECURE TO "THE MYSTERY OF SHIFTING POOL!

CONTINUED PROM LAST WHEN,

"Gone into Parliament, hant not the Rouse the Rouse into Parliament, hant the Research Re divert (Id-not the Rouse-but Research (Id-not in Res

And who has Eyre got as sheep

"Didn't you see her' Lady Ams-Level—the boy's grant-sent?"
The other man grimsoud.
"Not enter a but choice. She can still climb a coach without looking ridiculous, and has the quictost longue and he profounders experience in London. No fear of the policer apples being sented with such an Heaperides to heep guard. So have wishes the mutch?"
"He buried his heart in his wife's grave... designer's well enough, but the won't marry sented."

"He won't marry squing"
"Not he—the Duchess of Marmiton widn't persuate him—and if she onlin's—no one clse will."
"So shave why she still mongne the

"Po he sure. Byte was a devil of a

"Fo he ster. Ryre was a devil of a fellow among the women at one time, and he made a fool of her among the rest-but he is invulnerable now."

'Having lost his power of sharming?"

said the other man.

'Not her. Ask the Duchess."

'The means to introduce the girt?"

'The means to introduce the girt?"

'The means to introduce the girt?"

'The her mother over again—she will ren away from all the finery, and marry that handsome young fellow in a village church."

'The Honorable Nancy looks very filteriar, 'smid the other goastp, exhausted by a subject that he had only so long pursted because Madeap's face had charmed him.

'Fes—Lovel's first cousin—he might do worse than marry her, if Ryre's daughter throws him over."

Mean while Madeap sat excited, with shiring eyes, and longed to ask (forden to turn his horses' heads that she might get another glimpse of the man whom the had not seen for two years, and who had long ago passed into her memory as a friend.

And he had remembered her, though a trust have altered used.

And he had remembered her, though the must have altered surely, and had saluted her—how lucky that Gordon did not see him, for how could she exconse the silence she had preserved about him all this time? What could she say if she met him in society one day when she was with her father, and he splint the felt that he did not ours, shar

Was she felt that he did not care, she was happy, so happy to see him once again, shid her voice startled Gordon with its joy he at Victoria Gate she begged him to go back and draw up for allties while because she wished to look at the "people," as they went by, "Int E thought you wanted to see some trees," said Gordon, considerably astonished at her change of mind; and he turned to find ner radiant as in her wildens days, and looking so heretish.

Wildest days, and looking so hewitch-ing that not even the unbecoming sit-tude at which she sat could spoil her or check the marmar of admiration that presently rang along the idlers who gung along the idlers who gung along the idlers who

from the was early get, not get one o'clock, the Hyres having brought their country habits with them to town; so that usually they rode before breakfast and drove before limeheon, and, as far as possible, lived their usual lives in the midst of unusual surroundings. But if Lady Ann, as a fashionable woman, sometimes left ridiculous at appearing so unseasonably, she was satisfied to see Madeup so indifferent to society and admiration, and happy only with her family and Gordon. To he sure, there had somethy been time for a new lover to appear on the horizon, but with the engagement between the roung pair facility understood everywhere, there was little chames of any surfor the less squared bod enough to enter the less squared the creations.

Part of State of Stat or could stor find

Her as gradually the park filled with the man increase; maked followation. The part of the increase and legisle forther to take for forms and legisle forther, as they fact incom-

put Rolland Park, as they not intendof to do on starting

with in the Park, he put realisable
of they want awains down the dust
describe date. The onnet space to
most someone or other that we know,
are we not?

"Are you in such a layer to most
your putners space? and Gooden, a
made of his brow, and you made fun
onogh of they, too, coming home
onogh of they, too, coming home
there is very initiations that one may
not pick and choose one's own pur-

not pick and choose one's own partners—
"A pretty state of things it would be
if introductions were done away with,"
and (jordien, in high distinit.
"Do roughing sof" and Madeap, with
spirit. "Now, if I were a great lady I
would print no introductions on all my
buil-cards, and leave the guests to
please their taste in the choice of partners—to choose the prettiest, the wittiest, or the one that he liked beat.
Think what convernations one might
have getting my states—what grouns
one might exchange over the heat—
what home fruths one might have of
oneself—what odd lights on prominent
subjects one might gather—even learn
the name of some of the celebrities
with whom one rubbed chows—porhaps persons whom one has longed to
see all one's life, but who look just like
everybody class after all!"
"It would never mawer, Madeap,"
and Gordon. "No decent fellow was
ever picked up by agart without aproper
introduction."

introduction."

"Was there not?" said Madeup, her eyes sesting on the brown trues just ruled with green in Rensington Gardens, "But se continue, I have suiden shout the celebrities. Why should not a woman carry her name emblanoused on her fan, and a man his on the inside of his opera-inst."

"Why not come as sandwich men and women at ones?" said Gordon, drily, "Or bester still, for the hostone to have a panel in the wall that is illuminated by his name in his presence, and green out when he departed "Line Williams on the unforground," said Gordon, intent on his house, now they had reached the High Street, "No, no, Madeau, There are rules about these things, and if you broke them, you would only be misuaderstood."

"Would a sum misuaderstant a child."

erstood—
"Yould a must misunderstand a child falls were friendly with him, even though she had never had the shiblocal of introduction mumbled over ler;" and Madeus, with her head turn-

"But you are not a child," said Gordon, "You are grown up now—thank Heaven! And so are I. And what do you want with strangers, dear? You've

Howers: And so as I. And what do you want with strangers, dear? You've got us."

"I os." she said: "but father is away so much. So is Doune; while you are quite happy with your team.

"I only had it to please you," said (forden, coloring with disappointment, "becames you said you could not live in town without fresh sir; and I thought I would drive you out somewhere every day..."

"That is true," she said, gently, "But I am tired and cross, Geordie; and I would like to fall asies this minute, and wake up in the woods, with no balls or fine London ways to worry me!"

"It will soon be over," said the young man. "And your father would have it so. But cheer up, You will never be select to come up here a second time!" "I shall come every year that father wishes it," she said, coldly; "but it will not be for long. You know he only went into Parliament to nurse the seatfor Doune, who will be old enough to take it within a very few years."

for Doune, who will be old enough to take it within a very few years."

"He went into the House to please bimset," said Gordon, as the four rouse neared Honsington. "He never could settle down, and he never will, since he went away on that journey two years ago."

"He leves me just the same," said her eyes, "and it is not likely that he would be satisfied with the quiet life that suits boys—and a girt."

The leosed at one of the "boys" as she said it said saw a young man of the hest type of muscular English manhood, and dressed so that one was as ignorant of his clothes as an aborigine is of his—yet fett the pleasure of seeing him exactly right in every particular, from the body that his clothes fitted upward to the giance that every Lovel claimed as his birthright. But her eyes were cold as she looked at him—how like he was to those other men that she met at every step in New Hond-street (while a beautiful woman or girl came as far hetween as a pearl in a shipload of cysters); but never had she seen the fellow to the seamed, suburnt face that, two years hidden from her, she had seen in the park that day.

Lady Ann supposed the man who took off his hat to the girl had danced with her over-night, and, like a good watch-dog, questioned her later as the opportunity.

"He is an old friend," said Madeap, grawely. "His name? I have christened him, Lancelot of the Lake—he knew mother very well—and father," she added, after a pause, awer? Ann thought no more of the said fasset, middle saget may her aver.

mother very well—and lather," sue added, after a nause, away and thought no more of the sad faced, middle-aged man—her eyes were open enough to young woocra who might cut out fortion, but not to friends of the last generation.

A few records had recognized Madeny

might cut out (vortion, but not to friends of the last generation.

A few people had recognized Madeap when (vortion drew up as the lovely young deintante introduced to London society by the Duchess of Marmiton over-night; but a great many people who knew her mether's story were on the lookent for her as she came back, her wistful eyes wandering to and froamong the faces below as if she were seeking what she could not find. Was she happy? the curious select as they looked at her, young, with the downy cheeks of a child and the beauty of a woman in her eyes and lips, the mistress of fon thousand a year, and engaged to one of the hundronnest young fellows in town, her neighbor Levi Lovel? The women picked her to pieces because they could not forgive her for he ing as perfectly turnedont as her outperface, for, of course, they said she furnished it, since Lovel-Lovel was so pour and thus, devices site extravagance that senses, and for which he denied hunself things that other mon took as a mether of course, was turned into an outper of reproved to him, as he aparticle of the particle of the him, as he aparticle of the proved to him.

direct, and Gorden set belief with the complete a spite of binness, but looked at our beauty and would be the year feet with the Landon com-Hower you got now to me or you meet of the said. representably, as he pushed some from the citals now out to fine. I make to be, if I make to do to be grown up?

"Don't you like it?" he said, looking her carefully over as she perched hermalism ground.

her carefully over as site perched her self on the desired vantage ground "yet you seem very happy"—

"So I am now," she said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Do you know this is my fifth day in town, and this is the first real chance I've had of a talk with

He shook life head, and thought of the lover; for here was the mischief of it, and one of those dark shades of Mr. Eyre's character, that from the moment-he had contemplated his daughter as Gordon's wife, possibly loving Gordon

he had contemplated his daughter as Gordon's wife, possible loving Gordon. Surficture and, the close link between himself and her was virtually severed, and insomably site receded in his thoughts to make room for the other Madeup... since, though some one was bound to steat his daughter, no living mun could have stolen from him his wife.

"No-no." he said; "your place is out in the sunshine, and you look very well there, and you must not tire of Gordon's company thuseasty, child, for you have far enough to ride with him yet."

"I would rather well in the mud beside you," she said with an arm round his neck, and her cool cheeks to his; "and why must you turn me out, father, why are you so not on my murrying Gordon or saybody?"

"It is a woman's let to marry," said lik. Eyre, hagging over the words that his wife would have known so well how to say to her young daughter, and I am growing old——"

"I wish Gordon would get a touch of the same complaint!" said Madeau, touch and racful laughter struggling together in her eyes. "He says he getse older with every season; but I can't see the last signs of improvement!"—which was true enough; but neither covid Gordon find say in her.

If in summer he mixed her to be his wife, she said she hated being worried in warm weather, and he could ask her spins in autumn; and when autumn came site said. Christmae was the time for asking questions of that sort; though when Christmae arrived she recommended his waiting till Valentine's Day, yet found no satisfactory reply to give him then. Yet, half a loaf being better than no bread, he waited on her caprices patiently.

Perhaps Mr. Eyre, seeing the end improved the sum to bread, he waited on her caprices patiently.

caprices patiently.

Perhaps Mr. Kyrs, seeing the end inevitable, had resolved to bring matters to a climax by throwing the young people together under novel conditions in town; but, at any rate, he had moved his household thither early this spring, to Doune's amazement and Madeay's profound disgust.

profound disgust.
But to-day—to-day—what had come to the girl? Mr. Eyre seemed to see his wife, as she had looked under the induction of love for him, in his daughter whose eyes had deepened and during the morning's drive; and if not for Gordon, then, of course, for some partner at the ball overnight.

not for Gordon, then, of course, for some partner at the buil overnight.

He had not thought her made of such inflammable stuff, and looked at her coldly as he asked her how she had enjoyed her first ball.

"It was over-crowded," she said, "and the flowers you gave me withered directly; but the Duchess was very kind—and the men were all alike—though I fancied I recognized one or two of them in the Park to-day,"

"So you prefer no one to Gordon?" said Mr. Eyre, a little imputiently; "and that's natural enough—you have everything in common, your country pursuits, open-air life, tastes, age, good looks."

"And how about our hearts" said Made-

"And how about our hearts?" said Mad-"And how about our hearts?" said mus-cap, retreating so far toward the verge of her father's knee as to be in danger of falling off. "It takes two to make a burgain, does it not, even in love?" "Your mother and I made none," he said, thinking of how, without a doubt or a fear, his true-love had fied to his

or a fear, ms true-love had ned to ms arms as her haven.

"But she loved you," said Madeap, softly; "not her other lovers."

"And what do you know of your mother's lovers?" said Mr. Eyre, sternly; and for the first time in her life she realized how terrible he could look in his wrath.

his wrath.

"Lord Lovel loved my mother," she said; "and she loved you—that was all."

"And perhaps, after all, she had done better to love him," said Mr. Eyre, setting his daughter down and walking restlessly to and fro; "but I'll have you exposed to no such chances, child—for you might not come off so well—and that wretched fortune of yours would make you the quarry of every make you the quarry of every titled beggar in town, but for your supposed engagement to Lovel. And I think you are not treating him well—in

short, ungratefully"—
"Why should I be grateful to him for loving me more than I wish?" said Madeap, sadly. "Dees any girl ever willingly leave her father, her home, everything to go away with a young man just because he asks her? I can't understand it." And this was true . . . no inward teaching had yet come to the girl to make such departure the most natural and beautiful thing in the

world.

Mr. Eyre stopped to look at her, and his face softened—he held out his arms and she ran into them.

"You shall not go till you are will-ing," he said. "God knows Idon't want to lose you—though I have been staning that fact in the face these two years—but blame yourself if Gordon falls in love with someone else one of these days..."

days ''

'If only he would!" said Madcap, brilliant satisfaction lighting up her face at the idea, "and leave you and me

gether that night.
"To be sure," said, Madeup, jumping for joy, "and without the sheep-deg;" she added, in acantious whaper, as she looked round. "Of Dad, say most I have had one?"

"I chose her for her silence, me remember, child, that though the Duchess and site may dress, shee, metaposphore your heavy of they gleane (within certain limits). I expect hear to leave your manners as they found them. And new do you file the Duckess."

"I don't know; I have only seen her twing."

they and your power themselves the tracks to the property of t

The library clock had struck a quaster to eight, and Mr. Eyre looked up a little impatiently, wondering what detained Madeau. For his heart was full of her that day, for the first time-since he sailed away in the Arizons the links between him and his daughter limit close as in their childish days, and satisfaction at holding the first place in her heart extinguished regrets for the young fellow's disappointment.

For the first time since that Sunday when he had seemed to wake from a dream, he felt something of the old peace that had preceded his awakening, and was already thinking of the country and those peaceful pursuits that had look their charm for him since his return from that fruitless journey upon which he had set out on the ill-starred sating-ship Arizons. He had never meant to return by her, and, intent on following up clew after clew of Hester Clarke, did not for days hear of the catastrophe that had pierced Madeay's heart, and even then he was thinking less of his daughter than the woman whom he believed he had tracked to her hiding-place at last.

But the thread broke in his hands, when he found the object of his unremitting pursuit indeed, but dead, and not long buried; so that once more he turned homeward with despair in his heart, yet still with that stubborn resolve to wrest truth from dead or living.

Meanwhile; he threw himself into the exercise of his brain; and when, six months after his return, he was asked once more to stand as Conservative member of the county, he consented;

see me."

Something of his lost happiness, his lost future seemed to come back to him as he went forward and kissed her, then led her to the brougham that had been one of his extravagances for her, for, desiring that "beauty should go beautifully." he had ordered the inside fittings of the carriage to be of white, the finest setting of all for a young girl's finest.

the imest setting of all for a young girl's face.

Many people looked at the two as they passed down Piecadilly, and thought Madcap must be wife to the brilliant-eyed middle-aged man by whom she sat, so joyous she looked, and so entirely was she engrossed by his conversation. They had almost reached their destination, Whitehall, when a check came in their progress, and the jar of opposing wheels made Madcap look up startled to see that their carriage had become locked with a hansom going in the contrary direction, and with a bound of the heart, a sinking of her pulse, saw that the occupant of the hansom was Major Methuen.

He was looking full at her—at the attitude of father and daughter, as they sat side by side in that white nest, Mr. Eyre's ungloved hand in her two primrose ones—his eyes in one flash taking in every detail of her loveliness, then his eyes left her to meet those of Mr. Eyre in a lightning glance of recognition that made Mr. Eyre spring forward with a fierce cry of with a flerce cry of

But on the instant the wheels unlocked the horses sprang forward; before Mr. Eyre could recover from the kind of horror in which he was plunged, the

of herror in which he was plunged, the carriage and the hansom were three hundred yards apart.

He pulled the check-string like a madman. For the first time in her life Madcap saw him thrown completely off his balance, and trembled as he bade the coachman turn and drive back for his life; himself leaning out of the window as they thundered up St. James's street; but in every hansom they overtook searched in vain for the face that had startled him.

took searched in vain for the face that had startled him.

Madcap sat pale and cold. What did it all mean? Why had not Major Methuen acknowledged her, and what meant that extraordinary look which she had intercepted on its way to her father? And now came the first fruits of the deceit she had practiced toward her people in never speaking of her acquaintance with Lord Lovel's friend; and she dreaded the moment when Mr. Ryre should turn to face her.

Common-sense made him abandon a mad pursuit in a very few minutes; and when they were once more approaching.

days—"
"If only he would!" said Madean, brilliant satisfaction lighting up her face at the idea, "and leave you and me to be happy together!"

Mr. Eyre pinched her cheek, and asked if he and she did not dine out together that night.

If only he would!" said Madean, when they were once more approaching their destination, Mr. Eyre sat down and turned to Madean.

"Have I frightened you, child?" he said. "But I've seen a ghost—frank's ghost—fourteen years older than when they were once more approaching their destination, Mr. Eyre sat down and turned to Madean.

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"Have I frightened you, child?" he said. "But I've seen a ghost—frank's ghost—fourteen years older than the said." But I've seen a ghost—fourteen years older than the said.

were his eyes, and he recognized me. Surely I'm not going mad—and it can't be a chance resemblance—don't I know his face by heart?

"But if he had known you? Of what am I saying?" said Madeau. "Howevald a ghost how to one?" It must be some curious resemblance." She blushed and locked away. "Gordon says there are numbers of men in town who have their deather, see constantly mistalien. for one another, seen hear all each other's secrets, and are made love to by proug?"

here and the sometiments country something sometimes and the first think a middle to the control of the son th

whiting of a wind the latest and the latest and like the space of the space of the latest and la "I shall tay and find him to-morrow,

suid Mr. Eyre, care mid Mr. Kyre, careleasty, and the subject dropped.

Madespi hourd all, and grew paler as the evening passed; for what could this meeting between the two men bring about but trouble? And yet, if the autigating fait by Major Mechaen were dusted his being a little "touched," might not they come to such good understanding as might being him into her life again?

As they drove home Mr. Eyre and.

"You: have always wanted to see Frank, child; well, you have seen him to-day as he would have been if he lived—but it has given me a queer turn—aimost as if I had died and come back.

—aimost as if I had died and come back. a ghost to find a stranger strutting in my image. But why, if that was Methuen, he should look at me as if I were his enemy, God knows; unless, being Frank's friend, he has taken up his

"Did you quarrel with Lord Lovel, father?" said Madeau, trembling.
"Not I—but he behaved ill to me, and would never come to any explana-tion—though two minutes face to face would have put an endro the misunder-standing. Perhaps Methuen has the key to the riddle—(Madcap started at the excited note in her father's voice!if so, I'll berrow or steal it."

So there had been only a misund

So there had been only a misunderstanding between her father and Lord.
Lovel, and two such men as Mr. Eyes
and Laucelet must understand each,
other when they met, thought Madean,
though still cast down by thoughts of
her deceit. And surely, if only for the
sake of his child-friend, for her likeness
to that other Madean he had known
and loved, this man would busy the
hatchet and make friends.
And through all her thoughts ran the
lift of ar old song, that seemed to sing
in at her cars and head:

Ant will I see his free seain?

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright diny w' the thochght;
In troth I'm like to greet.

excercise of his brain; and when, six months after his return, he was asked once more to stand as Conservative member of the county, he consented; and, being duly returned, might have been a shining light in the House had he so willed. But very quickly he wearied of such legalized school-bey autics as he witnessed each day; and, not caving to accept office under the Government, never troubled to exert the powerful influence he possessed, and in his third Session called up Madcap, who was dearest to him still—next to the dead.

He looked up to see her standing near him, satin shod, gasing at him with those eyes of love that have no copy; and, as he gianced her over carefully, he saw that Mrs. Mason's taste had not betrayed the girl. for here was about her neck and sams, and with a cuirous fan, made of white flowers, in her hands, that he himself had ordered for her that morning.

"Have I kept you waiting father?" she said. "But I have been standing here some minutes, though you did not see me."

In troth I'm like to greet.

"Madcap!" cried Doune, as, coming quickly into the breakfast-room, he found his sister there alone: "what are you doing here so early? I thought you and Lady Ann never rose till nime!"

"Then you have thought wrong," said Madcap, turning a shoulder, not a check to think at all on the subject!"

"Have I neglected you, Madcap!"

"But you see I have never stoned in town before; and there is so much to interest one, and I like to hear father speak.

"But you never listen to me!" said.

Makeap, who had be to preke the subject!"

"But you never listen to me!" said.

Makeap it diany w' the thoe down.

"But I have not read at all lately," said the dark, ever brilliant-eyed young man; "I only look on and listen..."
"But why can't you talk?" cried Madcap, stamping her foot like a little fury, but laughing all the while. "When I was little, you talked rigmaroles to me by the hour, but when I grew up and began to get strong and—and stout," she added, glancing at a mirror that showed her slim proportions, "you took to those wretched books, and never thought of me again!"
"Didn't I?" he said, with something

of the old bovish ring of jealousy in his-voice. "Well, perhaps I found out long ago that father is first with you and the rest nowhere." "When did you find that out?" said

Madeap, turning round, and showing a very happy face in spite of her "O! by bits," saidher brother, moodily, as he walked to the other window and looked out; "but I've learned my lesson somehow, though I did not discoveritin my books.

"And you love me better than them?"
she said, drawing near.

"And you love me as well as father?"
said her brother, facing round.

"Yes—only differently." "There was a time," said the young man looking at her with dissatisfied eyes, "when nothing would induce you to put one of us before the other; 'Dad and Doony' you would say when asked which you liked best; but now—"

"Have I neglected you, dear?" she said, using his own question, as she came close to him and took his long supple hand—the hand of a scholar and

a thinker.

"Perhaps," he said, "we have both something to blame ourselves with on that score. And every day that I live I miss my mother more and more. But that is not your fault; and, to be sure, I neglected you once for Gordon; just as now, when father is out of the way, you neglect me for him."

"For Gordon?" she said, as she stood on tiptoe, to kiss her brother's cheek.

"O! poor Gordon! Ask him, and he will tell you if I prefer his company to

vours! "Poor Gordon, indeed!" said Doune. looking at her with some rebuke: "a bet-

looking at her with some rebuke; "a better fellow never lived, and if you are going to treat him badly—" "Come to the Park with us this morning and see for yourself how I treat him!" said Madcap, feeling happier in her home-treasures than she had done for years, "and put all those fusty books out of your head, and forget all your first-class henors for the next three months!" months!" "The honors are easily forgotten,"

"The honors are easily forgotten," said Deune, with one of those rare smiles that made him more than ever like his father. "But I can't forswear my books, Madeap, any more than you could your woods," "We will make a compromise," she said; "sometimes you shall come with me to the woods, and sometimes I will look into your books—and so we will be more together than we have been," added the girl, wistfully, as she put both her arms round her brother's neek and kissed him with all her heart.

"Darling Madeap," said Donne, I shall be glad when we get home again, though London is not half such a back place as I expected."

BONJINGER REEL MEET Rolling Wilson, Chicked V

the thire time "ir.

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