## WIDOW BY BERTHA M. OLAY.

MBER, 11th, 1902,

an the horse that is

berb Stock of fine

any styles in Coach,

Frack harness, and

oods are of Superior

te style and finish

st Stock that money

fine Lap Robes an

MPTLY DONE

itle's Old Stand

Co.

GLASS, al

Paints and

m by using

ace to buy.

UGHT"

" Нарру

e Range,

patented

en plates,

erent and

n't know

NTYORD

OWER

Marlin 50

IN, COUNT

-

ou v'ant a

plete.

NOTES SECTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

(Continued from last week).

And Wilmot, usually one of the indest and friendliest of fellows to to met with in a day's walk, meets Capt. Glynne's mood by one equally diff and cold. He does not notice the apology for the "intrusion." How d'ye do. Captain Glynne?" g says, in his briefest business man-"Want Mr. Dormer's address?

wir View, of course." "I thought they had gone abroad," allas remarks, a little stuggered. I suppose Miss Dormer and her

rother are at home?" "Yes, they're at home," Wilmot splies more curtly, looking at Dalwith eyes burning with

w a long time, I suppose?" in to glitter dangerously. "He is Poor child!" going to bring me to book," misks, with pride and temper risng in flood tide.

oh, no-not for quite a long difference.

Ah!" Wilmot Sarjent says, with I the vehement meaning he can onvey by the ejaculation. "Well. hey're there-if you've any business ith them.

"Yes, a little business. I think an spare the time," Dallas says. his coolest and most languid

At this moment his eyes fall on a The fourth page lies uppermost, and | she be?" allas can read, nearly as plain as rint, from where he sits, the termation of the letter-'And with love to aunt and uncle

and to yourself, dear Yolande, I am ours most affectionately, "WILMOT SARJENT."

Dallas Glynne's brain seems to be iddenly set on fire as he reads it. folande's faithful and "most affecionate" cousin is doing his best to console her for her faithless husand! This is the secret reason of a great many things-he cannot quite ell what-her cold avoidance im since the date of that hurried visit, her neglect to write a line to ask him how he was-ill, alone, solate, almost destitute as as been, while she was living

uxury! He grinds his teeth as he thinks And to think that he has ever once suspected this; that, like other women-false, selfish, treaherous creatures—she, gentle and neek and modest as she looks, has wa as selfish and false as any one them! His sight grows dim, his wises are beating violently, heart ad brain are raging like a volcano in the fury of wrath and grief and alousy that sweeps over him.

Forgetting everything, but impellby a fierce longing to be gone out Wilmot Sarjent's presence, with fleshy well-fed countenance. his s aspect of respectacle prosperity d his intolerable assumption periority, Dallas rises hastily, and blindly groping for his hat- not ging it though it is on the table fore him - when Mrs. Sarjent eeps into the room, with the usual rustle of her voluminous

## CHAPTER XLII.

You didn't send off that letter of the to Yolande. I hope?" Mrs. Sarat begins, and pauses astounded an she sees who is confronting her. law bless me, Captain Glynne! Is at you?" she exclaims sharply, mewhat amazed, for haughty Capa Glynne, who has never been ore than coldly civil to her, ming at her now with almost ding smile struggling over his

Won't you - won't you shake ands with me, Mrs. Sarjent?" he s, with an odd convulsive laugh, the moisture of relief and me and excitement starts out on

Law, yes," the good-humored replies, giving his hand a hearsqueeze - "but I've a good mind to! Why, you're not looking thing at all!" she adds, gazing him concernedly. "Have you been

les, Mrs. Sarjent," Dallas as, with strange humility; for vulgar, good-natured woman has enly appeared to him in the light the best of friends, and released from torture. "I have been very and in great trouble for a long Things are much better with

elad to hear that!" Mrs. Sarjent ms briskly, appraising his handweil cut clothes and glossy hat one keen glance. "But if you or in trouble, Captain me - Wilmot, go and get a glass Merry, and some o' them new crackers you like so much Captain Glynne" - and Wilmot Pears in instant obedience on earth didn't you let your and relations know it?" at are they?" he asks coldly, miling still, and his pale lips

ander his moustache. I suppose your wife is a and relation, isn't she?" Mrs. at says bluntly, "Your poor

she she is not ill, is she?" he huskily. 'I have stayed away her because I thought she did ladeed she did — twice!" inter-Mrs. Sarjent more bluntly. "I from her aunt; and, talking



## TROOP OIL

LINIMENT

FOR

Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Scres, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsey, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 250.

"I have been a fool and misled and mistaken, Mrs. Sarjent," he says in a low, choking voice, "but not a "Dallas replies, with studied wilfully; I never knowingly caused lande. I suppose what's hers her pain - only once, through folly and thoughtlessness. I love her and I honor her."

"Well said!" exclaims Mrs. Sarjent, giving him a sounding slap. Well, what are you going to do?" "Where is she?" he asks sorrowshall run down and see them if I fully, thinking of the long miles, the

her bands. "Where is she? That's a pretty fishly-written letter lying on the question for a man to ask me about miting-table just beside Wilmot's his own wife!" Mrs. Sarjent says

hand. The ink on the heavy busi- sharply. "She is at home with her ness-like writing is glistening yet. own people of course! Where should

"At Fair View?" he questions, starting.

"Fair View, of course," Mrs. Sarent replies, beginning to stare. Bless my soul, don't you know they've no place else now, and nothing else to live on, until uncle Silas's affairs are settled. but Yo-

lande's money? And aunt Keren won't spend a shilling of that without moaning about it, poor old soul! She does get tiresome - that's a fact. As soon as poor uncle was able to travel, they took him down there, you know."

"Was he ill?" Dallas asks, putting his hand to his head in bewilderment. "Was he will?" Mrs. Sarjent repeats. "Don't you know? I'm sure

thought it worth her while to tell you that! He had a fit the day the crash came in the city, and he was nearly twenty-four hours unconscious. It was enough to kill him, poor man! More than forty thousand went in a sweep in that blessed n't have given them waste paper for how!" their shares any day - and in other things."

"He was ruined then?" Dallas queries, trembling and astonished and, oh, so humbled and ashamed.

"If he wasn't then, he is now," of everything will be only a few the air of the silent, shadowy, -he and poor Yolande; and of course, being a married woman, the poor child couldn't do anything without you in the way of signing or settling. You haven't behaved well to her nor any of us. Captain Glynne, and I tell you so to your face!" she adds determinedly. "All you've been to that poor child is a misery and a heart-break, and I don't suppose you'll ever be much else unless she

learns how to manage you." "I'll try, with Heaven's help, to be very different in the future," he says humbly, and Mrs. Sarjent gives him another slap in an extremely hearty and unrefined fashion, nods her head, and wipes her eyes.

"You'd do if you'd keep to that," she responds dolefully; "but you know as well as I do that you and yours have been the ruin of the Dormers. Would to Heaven they'd never seen you! Poor uncle was always such a one for trying to run after people with handles to their names. He's had enough of his earls and viscounts by this time. I don't want to blame you for others' faults," Mrs. Sarjent goes on, using her handkerchief energetically until her resy face is beefy in hue; "but near sickened me of aristocrats grand relations, forsooth, that that poor feolish eld man made so much of-and poor aunt Keren and Yolande, for the matter of that squandering money like water on fripperies and jipperies." Mrs. Sarjent says, coining a scornful word, "because she was 'my lady,' I suppose, or because she was your mother! Goodness help her, poor little soft-hearted goose, with a bill enough to make an honest woman's hair stand up on her head sent in

this very morning." "Whose? What?" Dallas asks with a confused belief that he is listening to a description of some ornithological curiosity.

"Your mother - my Lady Nora; who else?" Mrs. Sarjent replies new for her wedding, though Yolande dred pounds for new clothes since or his feelings-I think no one can spring, and goodness knows how lay that to my charge!"

much before that!" "Mrs. Sarjent," Dallas says, looking at her as if he doubts her sanity, 'whose wedding?"

Nora's!" Mrs. Sarjent answers, and bless my soul, don't you know you've | the window open. got a step-father?"

I am naturally a little surprised."

Sarjent says, chuckling; but Captain a while. Dallas checks her again.

to see you soon again-in happier I do?" circumstances."

positively. "Wilmot!"

of her, I don't think she'ir shake when Wilmot brings in the wine him- against Heaven and against man pleasure. "You haven't seen them hands with you. She thinks you've self; he drinks about a half-glass of dull despair, which tries to call itspoiled Yolande's life, and nearly sherry, and bids them both good- self resignation, prevents her. Ballas Glynne's gray-blue eyes be- broken her heart - and so you have! bye "About that bill you mentioned "I am tired of hoping, tired of let me have it?"

"Indeed I won't," Mrs. Sarjent re- Heaven that I should be happy. yours and yours is hers now, you're going to be as you ought to be. Well, neither of you shall pay one penny of Lady Nora Carter's penny - so you needn't ask for it, for you sha'n't get it!"

long days that may lie between him in a better temper with me, Mrs. and the sight of her face, a touch of Sarjent," Dallas says faintly smiling her aching head, with all the brown ter him to the very doorsteps.

"Captain Glynne, I needn't ask you where you are going now?" And there is such desperate anxiety to ask evident in her face that Dallas laughs a little maliciously. "No, you needn't," he says coolly,

raising his hat and marching off at a swinging pace. When he is quite out of sight Mrs. Sarjent turns round from the win-

dow, and sits down suddenly with a dismayad face "There," she says-"I've never asked him a question about his position or prospects, or what he's doing, or what he's going to do, or whether he's going to drag that poor child down into poverty with him, or whether he's going to take her

or one single question I meant to have asked him." "Never mind, mother," Wilmot I thought her ladyship would have says consolingly; "maybe Yolande

will ask him all those questions "Not she!" Mrs. Sarjent rejoins with bitter compassionateness. "She will ask nothing but to put her arms around his neck and cry for joy over him. Poor little fool! Pacific Salvage rubbish - I would- She's too soft for this world, any-

> On this quiet sunless autumn afternoon the "poor little fool" is certainly feeling that the world is too hard for her.

Down at Fair View, in the fading Mrs. Sarjent replies drily. "The most gardens and in the leaf-sprinkled that can be saved or scraped up out paths, the breath of autumn is in hundred pounds a year Wilmot says, | ing day; the soft melancholy of the so far as he can see. Of course he spirit of autumn pervades the overhas had to do everything for them blown flowers, the over-ripe herbs and vegetables, and the harvest fields getting reaped and bare.

More than the silence and melancholy of autumn for the summer of wealth and luxury that has gone forever pervades the silent household, narrowed down to five individuals now, whereof one is broken down to a state of almost childish weakness of body and mind, one is querulous, fretful, and eccentric through age and trouble, and one is young, with a breaking heart and a spirit well-nigh crushed. There are only two servants now

and neither of them is properly trained or efficient; but poor old Miss Dormer, with a childish, reasoning fear of debt and poverty. suddenly overwhelming her, has obstinately refused to disten to advice or logical arguments from any one concerning her brother's position or future income, and at once, on her return home, has begun a wholesale work of cutting down expenses by dismissing her good cook and cellent housemaid, telling them, with martyr-like heroism, that she can no longer afford to pay them wages as she has been giving, and so has inflicted a good deal of unnecessary discomfort and privation on herself and everyone around her. Once Yolande attempts to remonstrate earnestly with her; but she

never attempts it again. "It was enough to bring down a judgment on us to see how money was flung here and flung there," Miss Dormer says wrathfully. "H I'd kept things in my own hands as I ought, I wouldn't have been as am now."

"You need not repeat Mrs. Sarspiteful speeches, aunt Keren," Yolande says, with a heaving breast; "and you need not speak before poor uncle," she adds reproachfully, as Mr. Dormer goes feebly out of the room, "about your money being flung away."

"Thank you, Yolande, for remindble very much. "I don't think you | wild blasts howling around reckless about my brother's interests | ments of Home.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Why your mother's - Lady dure it L" Yolande is saying to hard work and not too much salary ed honeymoon on the continent; and

herself this afternoon, as she sits then bursts into a loud laugh. "Law alone sewing in the work-room with

It is a relief-a great relief-to be Dallas's face is crimson, and he is alone, the greatest that the sorrowtrembling from head to foot, but he ful monotony of her days ever brings recovers himself with a desperate ef- to her now. Her aunt Keren has gone to a neighbor's house to tea, "No," he replies composedly, with and old Uncle Silas, after his early a slight smile, "I was not aware of dinner, has listened feebly to the it. I have not seen my mother for reading of the newspaper by Yolsome time. She was at perfect lib- ande until he falls asleep. So there erty to please herself, of course; but is an end to the small woes and the petty fidgets and cross-grained "I should think you were," Mrs. speeches and martyr-like moods for

Glynne's face and manner check her "I do not know how I am to enfrom saying what she longs to say. | dure it," Yolande repeats, with "He's a Mr. Carter - a very weal- dreary calmness-"week after week, thy man and a most respectable month after month-perhaps year afman," she begins cautiously, but ter year-trying to be patient with aunt, trying to be cheerful with un-"I am glad to hear it," he says cle, putting up with unnecessary disicily, "but I can't be expected to comfort, pinching, contriving with take much interest in hearing of a needless economy for nothing! If person whom I do not know in the there were a special or worthy obleast. If you will excuse me now, ject in it-if it were to benefit any Mrs. Sarjent, I will say good-bye to one dear to me-I could do it easyou," he adds, smiling pleasantly ily, cheerfully, willingly. I can't and taking her hand, "and I hope now! What shall I do? What can

Despondency like a thick cloud "Indeed you'll not go without a envelops the lonely girl, sitting glass of wine!" Mrs. Sarjent says there in the gloomy silent room, thinking of her life, marred before "Thank you, I would rather not," she is two-and-twenty. Impatience he assures her; but she insists; and, at her fate tempts her to cry out

just now," he says hurriedly, flush- | praying," Yolande moans, with her ing before them - "will you please head laid down on a pile of household linen. "It is not the will of knave. I never wronged my wife plies coolly - "neither you nor Yo- have lost all that made life precious to me, and yet I must try to live on somehow."

> She is very tired with bodily fatigue from a long hard morning's work in helping the two inefficient debts for fine clothes - not a ha'- young servants; she feels solitary and helpless and forlorn, spending this calm pleasant afternoon sewing "I'll talk to you again when you're in a dull room facing a dead wall. Her tears are flowing as she rests and is going out, when she runs af- hair roughened and dishevelled, on the pile of coarse kitchen towelling which is being mended. And in the stillness of the silent house and the quiet grounds she fancies she hears footsteps walking up the gravelled drive to the house, and then pausing--loitering in a curious purposeless fashion.

She does not trouble to ascertain whose are the steps, though knows that they are neither maid-servant's nor those of solitaru gardener-it does not matter

whose the footsteps are. "Some visitor, I am afraid," she thinks at last, with an unsettled look at her gown and tumbled cuffs. "Why don't they ring or knock? I hope Anna won't open the door with a soiled apron, as she did yesterday. Well, I can't help it if she does! Oh, dear-I hope it isn't

away from those poor old folk who want some one to look after them, a visitor whom I must go in and There is silence now for a moment and Yolande is laying her head down with a weary sigh of relief, when she fancies she hears the footsteps again crossing the sward at the corner of the house, and then com-

> ing down the narrow gravelled space right in front of the work-room. "It is only Tom Blackford, after all! How stupid I am!" she says with a quick tremulous sigh. Her heart beats wildly even yet

at the barest chance of tidings of her darling.

Tom Blackford has a very quick firm step for a heavily-shod garextraordinary presumption in pausing at the open window to stare in at the desolate little figure by the work-table. Tom Blackford too has a very goodly presence, if this pale handsome young fellow with the silky fair moustache and brilliant gray-blue eyes is he!

The next moment he has leaped over the low window-sill, and with incoherent words of gladness and Dallas replies, laughing, but tenderness and pleading has caught

Yolande in his arms. "My poor little girl! My little wife! My own dear little wife!" she hears him saying over and over again, while he covers her face with kisses. "Yolande, won't pecting a letter from Lady you speak to he? Won't you try to forgive me, darling?" he pleads, straining her to his heart, lifting head with its dishevelled brown hair tightly against his breast. "Sweet- ness and numerous other perfections. heart, won't you speak to me? heard that you wrote to me, but never got any letter-never knew anything of your terrible troubles, my darling! I would have come from the ends of the earth to you if I had thought you wanted me! Yolande, speak to me, dear!"

But Yolande literally cannot speak to him for a full minute. She feels with excitement, but strives bravely to keep control of herself. She gazes at him with wild eyes full of agonized longing, and, with her hand clenched on his, raises her head from his breast to look at him. "There is no use in my saying more.

anything or being glad," she says, in a low piteous way; "you will go away again and leave me alone!" Tears fill Dallas Glynne's eyes, though hers are bright and tearless. He raises her left hand to his lips and kisses her wedding-ring.

"As surely as my marriage ring is on your finger-as truly as Heasays solemnly-"you and I will never part again as long as we both shall live!"

That sweet calm autumn day has passed, and many more have followed, and now October's rough winds ing me to be considerate of my are stripping the woodlands bare dressing gowns and under linen and poor brother's feelings," Miss Dor- and bringing wet stormy nights, with things with French names, all got mer rejoins very irefully, stiffening the windows rattling and the rain

> Yolande Glynne and her husband are in their own home. It is a pretty unpretentious little house forty miles nearer London than Fair View, for Dallas goes to business

Inere

Place in Lindsay to purchase anything in the Jewellry line than at C. Hughans. We are showing an elegantline of Brooches and Gem Rings which you should see. Prices away down. We will also sell a limited number of Ladies' Gold Filled Waltham Watches for the exceedingly low price of \$11.00 Ladies' Solid Silver Watche \$3 up. Bring along your Watch and Jewellery

repairing. Issuer of Marriage Licenses C. Hughan,

to begin with. 'At present you're not worth more than what we are paying you, but if you'll let me see what's in you,

in the course of a couple of years or so. I'll not forget you." It is an under secretaryship of railway company; and Dallas Glynne most thankfully accepted it as an enormous improvement on the Daltimore Hotel and Mr. Davison.

That shining light resigns his situation soon after Mr. Daville's return from the States, and the head-waiter steps into his place. But Yolande's letters never come to light, though hall-porter and head- ring. waiter agree in telling Mr. Daville that letters such as he describes were certainly handed in by the postman at the hall office.

The Pacific Salvage Company being wound up, and of their money the luckless shareholders will never see so much as a pinch of golder sand from depths that have sucke down tens of thousands of sovere

Some other of old Silas Dormer' speculations have turned out no quite so badly as was expected there are three or four thousar pounds more than any one hopefor rescued from the ruin. There will be perhaps about five hundred a year secured when the winding-tiprocess is over; and to this suboth Dallas Glynne and his wi insist on adding three hundred

After a great deal of persuasion Miss Dormer is induced to conferto this arrangement. Her brothes does not appear to care much one way or the other. The blow has seemed to stun him, and he potterabout his garden, and talks about his fruit-trees and celery-beds, but very seldom of his lost fortune. .

"You are not to blame for the deeds of that wicked Lord Pentreath, your cousin, Captain Glynne," Miss Dormer says plaintively; "and it's hardly fair, I think, for you and Yolande to deprive yourselves of three hundred a year to add to our comforts. It shows a nice mi-end in you-that is all I dener; and Tom Blackford is guilty of can say. Of course you know that every shilling we have will be left to you and Yolande and your children, Captain Glynne?"

"Thank you, aunt Keren," says gaily. "I hope the young beggars will have to wait a long time for it."

"The what?" asks the old lady looking scandalized. "Beggars-babies- youngsters !

solving not to talk slang again a precise old lady. But October has not closed when Yolande receives one morning black-edged envelope with a coronet above the seal. She has been treath for two or three weeks answer to one she has written her to tell her of her happiness and her upon his knee, pressing the little | the goodness of her beloved to her, and his amiability and thoughtful-And now a letter comes from Isabelle to tell her that poor Lady gloomily, when the will was read. Pentreath's sufferings are over, telling her too the date fixed for the

liest huge anchor of snowy flowers one, and in a sweetly-pious frame that she is suffocating and choking that Covent Garden can produce - of mind. He has enjoyed an exone mass of waxen blossoms and cellent dinner, and his digestion, for trembling glimpses of maiden-hair a wonder, is not troubling him. fern-and send it with their names and their love and deep regret, and soda-water and turning over the think only that they have lost friend of whom they will hear

funeral, that ceremony that seems

after the last gasping breath

dear," Yolande says-"not because she was a countess and a relative, setting off her white throat and but because I mourn her in my

And, on the very evening that she comes down to dinner dressed in her | ment that she is leaving Pentreath fresh mourning for the first time, the | Place in the morning. post brings a letter from Lord Penven hears me, my darling wife," he treath's solicitor, and Dallas hears of his legacy.

"In token of my friendship-

regard for Dallas Glynne and wife Yolande" Lady Pentreath has bequeathed twelve thousand pounds to him and his heirs absolutely. "Shall we take a grander house, dignity and pathos. "I can dulittle woman, or shall we save it up | nothing else." for the beirs?" Dallas asks. "I am very happy here dearest," for a while, at all events?" his

CHAPTER XLIV., and Last.

In their unpretentious little house | "Until the new Countess comes," Lady Nora finds her son and her Miss Glover supplements deliberateevery day. His friend Mr. Daville daughter-in-law when Mr. Carter ty. "No. thank you my lord: with "I do not know how I am to en- has got him a post, with plenty of brings back his wife from a lengthen-

"We'll work you up to somethin; with as much smiling audacity as better by-and-by," Mr. Daville said she has been their tender benefacte ress, the little lady, looking perfectly radiant, comes one cold day in November to see them, wrapped in splendid sealskin and sables for; which Mr. Carter has just paid at hundred guineas. She makes herself quite at home, and ignores all unpleasant things in the past - she does not quite approve of such a modest menage, but still she is very affectionate and pleasant and cheerful and gracefully maternal. But before she goes her son takes her aside and sternly and determinedly demands the diamond and sapphire

"If I must pay for it, I will, mother, no matter what it costs," he says, "but the ring I must and will

"You shall have it, Dallas-I told you so before," Lady Nora responds, with a pout. "I have only just returned home, you see; and now I want you and Yolande to come up and see me and Mr. Carter, and ding with us, and be friendly altogether. He is really the best of good kind creatures!"

"I am glad to hear it," Dallas says in very cool curt tones. "I hope you will be happy, mother, but I don't want my happiness endangered any more. Mother, I must have Joyce Murray's ring back without delay-I will pay you whatever you please to charge me for it." "You shall have it next week, Dale

las," Lady Nora says briskly. But she reckons without Mademoiselle Bella Glover. She offers forty -fifty-eighty guineas in vain for the ring. Miss Glover informs her that if she were to offer a thousand it would be all the same.

"I am well off now, Lady North and money is not so much an object to me as the possession of the thing I fancy," she writes in reply. "Besides," she adds in a postscript, "the ring is not really yours in any sense of the word. I have never been asked for it by either its former owner or its later owner, Captain Dallas

Glynne." In her despair at this answer, Lady Nora confesses to her son what she has done with the ring, and he himself writes to Isabelle Glover for it. This letter is all that that astute young woman has been waiting for-On that very day she pucks up her trunks to leave Pentreath, where she has remained since the Countess, funeral, with her friend and staunch ally, Mrs. Vavasor. The Earl, who has been staying with a friend im Derbyshire to seek consolation for his widowed heart, returns home the next day, and in the evening, when he has retired to his study, he has as

visit from his "little friend." He is in a particularly amiable temper this evening - some speculations have turned out splendidly within the last few days, and, for a newly bereaved widower, he is in very good spirits. His late Countess's weak-minded will was a blow to him certainly, but then the money he inherited at her death is a solace in itself. "Not that I grudged you her lady-

ship's bequest, Belle," he said "Not you-of course not!" Belle thought. "You would not have cut down my legacy to five hundred to follow with such ghastly rapidity pounds if you had known the terms

has of her will! Of course not!" But on this evening he feels Yolande and Dallas choose the love | conciled to everything and every

He is sipping Scotch whiskey and a pages of a review when Isabelle enno ters, and the sight of his "little friend" in her exquisite mourning-"I shall put on black for her, gown of thick dull brocade, jet-embroidered, and with ruffles of crape arms, is an additional pleasure to him. Suddenly his "little friend" overwhelms him with the announce-

"Leaving! For good?" he asks... too startled to be angry. "Belle, you're not serious! You can't be \$ You can't mean you're going to

leave me?" "Indeed, I do mean that I am going to leave you, my dear Lord Pentreath," Miss Glover replies, with

"Why can't you stay on here former rejoins very freiding, stated beating against the panes, and the Yolande answers; 'I was never so lordship asks, fidgeting in his chair happy in any house before in my and mumbling over his words. "I herself told me—I made her tell me have ever found me neglectful or and show me her cheque-book—that have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you and mumbling over his words. "I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you and mumbling over his words. "I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you and mumbling over his words. "I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you and mumbling over his words. "I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you and mumbling over his words. "I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you and mumbling over his words. "I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much. I don't think you are the life, and,"—with a shiver—"I have ever found me neglectful or ble very much and the life, and the l flying visits; and you can be mistress here, Belle, and de just as you please."

(concluded, on page 8)