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1 Milton	Wm. Panton.	27	29	25	13	28	30	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	11	7	9	11	12	7	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	17	13	15	4	15	13	9.30a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	19	15	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	6	2	4	"	7	2	9.30 "
6 Burlington	Jas. Robinson	10	6	8	10	11	6	11 "

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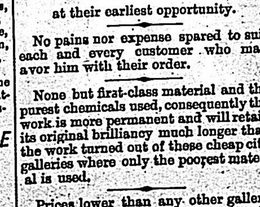
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"There was no occasion for that. He wears his chains with a most engaging openness. I am so old a friend of yours that I suppose I may make myself disagreeable, and ask you any question I please? Tell me then—you mean to marry him?"

She hesitates. Her colour fades altogether, and she grows a little pale beneath his gaze.

"I may," she says at last.

"You may? Surely you have given him cause to think you will?"

"Oh, I know what all that means!" exclaims she impatiently, giving him an angry half-glance. "Are a few kind words and a smile or two equivalent to an acceptance of the handkerchief whenever my lord, after due deliberation, may choose to throw it? It is all too absurd. One is called a coquette if one smiles and then declines to accept a man; one is sneered at if one smiles and the man fails to come to one's feet. I am tired of the whole theory."

"There has not been much 'due deliberation' on the part of Greville."

"How can you tell that?"

She glances at him keenly for a moment from under her long lashes.

"I have already told you that I think him the most ingenuous youth I know. He wears his heart upon his sleeve."

"For me to peck at?"—with a low unmirthful laugh. "Am I then indeed a bird of prey? It is well to know how I stand with you. And so I owe this Captain Greville some return, you think?"

"I am sure he counts upon you acceptance."

"That may be so indeed. It would be too much to expect of any man that he should believe a woman could reject him!"

She leans back in her seat, and lets her lids droop until her eyes are altogether hidden; a little carelessly-supercilious smile full of pretty malice curves her faultless lips.

"You are bitter!" says Vyner slowly.

He has not once removed his gaze from her mocking downcast face, so fair, so cold, so full of clashing possibilities.

"I am as nature made me," returns she.

"Nature should be congratulated; you are indeed a masterpiece.

"'There is no one beside thee and no one above thee:
Thou standest alone as the nightingale sings.'"

Miss Ponsonby, raising her white lids with slow grace, gazes at him in an astonishment half feigned, wholly scornful.

"You do know how to utilise your time," she says. "But to rehearse to me! I think it only fair you should reveal the name of the happy being for whom all this rhapsody is really meant."

"Some other time, some other day," quotes Vyner carelessly. "My affaires are too intricate to be discussed all in one moment. Let us return to Greville. A marriage with him would please your aunt. You complain of her coldness; this might propitiate her."

"Pah!" she says. "What a stranger I am to you in reality, in spite of the years that bind us! Of all in this world, I am the very last who would seek to propitiate Lady Bouverie. Be assured I shall not marry to please her."

"Whom then?"—bending rather eagerly towards her. "'Dad'?"

"No"—coldly—"myself! In doing that I shall please dad too. You at least understand him sufficiently to know I speak the truth when I say that. But, as to pleasing Lady Bouverie, I owe her too many little elegant insults to be on her side."

"Does she owe you nothing?"

"Really I don't care whether she does or not," says Audrey, with rather undue warmth. "Take her part as much as ever you like; I expect nothing better of you. I dare say she is the most catimando of her sex, and that it is my lamentable want of taste that makes me think otherwise."

"I don't take her part," says Vyner, losing his self-control so far as to let an angry gleam come into his eyes. "I take no one's part, for that matter."

"You are right. There is nothing so safe as neutrality. True wisdom consists in looking carefully after the interests of number one. I am truly wise."

"I hope so; but you must pardon me"—curtly—"if I confess I don't think so. If you considered Lady Bouverie's relationship to you a little more than you do, it might, I think, be of some use to you."

There is silence for a very short minute; and then—

"It is such a pity," says Miss Ponsonby slowly, "that you cannot cure yourself of that shocking habit you have of lecturing me. If, in all the years we have known each other, you could even once congratulate yourself on the certainty that you have done me any good by your preaching, I would say by all means continue it, objectionable though it be; but can you?"

"No; therefore I must beg your pardon," says Vyner, with ill-suppressed mortification, "whilst feeling that my presumption precludes the possibility of your granting it." Then, in a moment, he recovers himself, and, throwing himself back against the cushions, laughs a little. "I deserved it, didn't I," he says lightly, "to rush upon my fate like that? But how little mercy there is in you! Do you know I dread a woman without a heart."

"So do I"—with a little shrug; "that is why I take such care of mine; I can tell you I wouldn't be without it for the world, though you are always advising me to dispose of it to Sir Chickey or Captain Greville—or indeed it doesn't seem to matter to you whom."

"You mistake," says Vyner coolly; "when I did so far presume as to offer you advice, I alluded to your hand, not your heart. For my own part, in spite of your words just now, I do not believe you have a heart at all."

"Have you?" asks she quickly, turning to him. There is an angry defiance in her eyes.

"No"—with a chill smile—"it is gone from me—lost—never to be regained!"

Silence follows upon his words. They seem to have established even a greater coldness, a deeper chill in the conversation, than existed before. A certain sternness has come into Vyner's face which, as a rule, is utterly foreign to it. When the stillness has become insupportable, Audrey by an effort breaks it.

"Your advocacy of my aunt was unfortunate," she says quietly. "Let us never discuss her again. She jars upon me. Her conduct towards me is that of an enemy. She keeps her eye upon my lightest action."

"Why should your actions be light?" asks he slowly.

When his words are beyond recall, he would gladly have them back again; but it is then too late. Her very lips grow white as she turns her face with a startled passion to his. For one second she looks as if she could kill him as she sits there, apparently so calm, so indifferent; then an anguished sound breaks from her, a sigh that grows into a hushed sob of concentrated anger.

"You mean?" she says, in a chocked voice, her slender fingers tightening convulsively upon a fold of her white gown.

It is too late for retreat or apology.

"I mean that I saw you in the conservatory half an hour ago," says Vyner, his face now nearly as white as hers.

"You are a spy!" returns she, in a low strange voice.

"I am not!" says Vyner, with a quick flush and a touch of dignity. "It was the merest chance—the greatest misfortune—and I was there for a moment only! But he was kissing your hands—he was on his knees—I shall never forget his face! And yet now you tell me—you give me to understand at least—that you mean nothing! What am I to think? But perhaps you only lied to me as women will, and you do care for him?"

He lays his hands roughly upon hers. Every vestige of colour is now gone from his face. He has evidently felt that *better* not be known.

"I did not lie!" returns she, in a low tone. She draws her hand from his and turns away her face.

"I am sorry I said—that," says Vyner presently. He is looking moodily upon the ground.

"About my actions? It is nothing." A rather wan little smile curves her lips. "I am accustomed to hard speeches," she says. "And, after all, sound is only broken air"—so think no more of it."

"I shall never cease to think of it until I am sure I have obtained your forgiveness."

"Be sure of it then. Let us say you but jested. 'Life is a jest, and all things show it.'" She laughs in a tuneless way that is very mournful, and moves her head from side to side with a fretful weary gesture. "Shall we return to the ballroom?"

She half rises as she speaks; but he detains her.

"I wonder how you regard me?" he says earnestly, his hand upon her arm. "As a friend—an enemy?"

"An enemy? No. That would be too great an exertion. And besides"—quickly—"I do you the justice to say that I believe you are one who would not wilfully or of a set purpose injure any one."

"As a friend then?"

"Oh, no"—with a little bitter smile—"not that! You do not love me, you could not hate me. Sometimes I am an amusement to you; but always you are as indifferent to me as—I am to you."

"In one particular you wrong me," says Vyner, dropping her arm. "I could find it the easiest thing in the world to hate you—at times."

She laughs, and turns towards the floor that leads into the room beyond. The sweet subtle sound of the distant music comes to them on the scented air, soaring, dying, thrilling as it passes them, to fade away amongst the leaves beyond. No human voice is near to mar its harmony or kill the sad charm of it. The melancholy drip, drip of a small fountain blends with it, rising and falling with it in gentlest sympathy, with a little plaintif sobbing, sad, but pleasant to the ear. They two are as much alone as though leagues, not paces, separated them from a laughing, glittering crowd—and even more apart in soul than in body are they from each other, so strangely do their spirits jar, so wide is the gulf that yawns between her heart and his.

"You are rested?" he says, following her.

"And refreshed. You cannot think what good you have done me," returns she, glancing at him with a mocking light in her beautiful eyes. "To sit a while and listen in tranquil silence to the voice of friendship is——"

"A truce to all that!" interrupts Vyner, with an impatient wave of the hand. Then he comes closer to her. "And so you really don't mean to marry Greville?" he says calmly.

"No"—carelessly. "That affecting scene you witnessed in the conservatory a while ago meant my refusal."

She stoops to give her train a little careful set, and then moves forward into the more brilliant ante-chamber outside. Having gained the ballroom and an anxiously expectant partner, she turns and dismisses Vyner with a little polished inclination of her haughty

CHAPTER XVIII.

The night is waning; the stars are growing faint; the sweet, sweet summer dawn is near at hand. In the perfumed darkness of the gardens the lanterns are dying out one by one. Already the flower-laden breezes of early morn are waking midst the slumbering leaves, and, though as yet "the stars make gold of all the air," a whisper of the coming birth of blessed day quivers through garden and yew-bound alley.

"What a scene!" says Dolores, in a happy voice. "See those great luminous stars up there! How they gleam! What a tremulous beauty is theirs! Oh, how I love the night!"

She stretches out her arms in childish admiration in the gentle darkness; with all the chastened rapture of a pure spirit, she seems to drink in the exquisite loveliness around her.

"Naughty child!" says her lover tenderly. "How often have you read that darkness must not be preferred to light!"

They are standing alone in the quiet garden, with only the drowsy flowers for company and the sanctity of the near dawn full upon them. As he speaks he possesses himself of her pretty extended arms, and, by a little beseeching movement, induces her to lay them round his neck.

"I will have you love nothing but me," he says, with fond, foolish jealousy.

"'A wilful man will have his way,'" quotes she prettily.

"Is that so? Shall I have mine? I she'n't mind being called wilful if such an end be gained." He presses one little delicate pink palm to his lips, and then—"You have been happy to-night?" he asks, more with sure hope in his tone than anxiety.

"Too happy," says Dolores, with a bright flush. "A little while since some thought flashed across me, and I felt afraid of it all. Why should the world give me only good, and to others so much misery? What am I that I should be so blest above my fellows? See"—running her slender fingers with a loving, lingering touch through his hair—"let me recount my riches. I have you—you! That"—with a little quickening of her breath and a raising of her charming face to his—"means everything; but, besides, how many other joys are mine!"

To this sweet speech he makes her no reply; but he lays his lips upon her bonny head and draws her yet closer to him.

"All this," says Dolores, with a comprehensive wave of her hand to the moonlit scenery around, "reminds me of some other night when we were abroad—auntie and I. But it was not so nice a night as this"—rubbing her cheek softly against his—"because you were not in it."

"I hate those other nights," says Dick.

"Oh, no, you mustn't! They were delicious in their own way. I owe them nothing but the very sweetest memories."

"Tell me," says Dick—"if I wasn't with you there, there wasn't any other fellow, was there?"

"Oh, yes, very often!"—with a merry laugh. "What? Would you have had me live upon a desert island, or spring into life full-grown, say yesterday? We know many people. There was a little prince auntie specially affected, and he came with us everywhere; but there was no one, there is no one in all the world like you."

"I wonder you didn't want to be a princess," says he moodily.

"I wonder I didn't!" retorts she mischievously. "What a pity the idea never entered my head until now, when you put it there! Poor little prince; perhaps he is still unmarried and pining for me!"

"Dolores, don't talk to me like that!" says Bouverie, giving her an angry little shake that would hardly have disturbed the repose of a fly.

"Then don't you talk to me like that. One would imagine you really believed it would be a finer thing for a woman to be a princess than your wife!"

"True. How absurdly silly of me!" says Bouverie, with a laugh. "My excessive modesty is a positive affectation. Oh, love, love, to think you will really be my wife some day! It sounds too good to be true. There—never mind me; I'll say that it is not too good if you wish, and then it shall be true."

"Hush!" whispers she, with a sudden vague tremor in her voice. "Do not be so entirely sure. How can we tell, how can we know, what lies before us? It is unlucky to speak with such a boastful certainty." She shivers a little, and clings to him.

"I am sure," persists he boldly, "nothing—unless it be death—can come between us. And why think of death on such a night as this? Think, instead, of the happy life that lies before us. It shall be as beautiful, as tranquil as this scene on which we gaze. Look up and think of the eternal stars above us, and remember that our love is eternal even as they. Now what shall part us?"

He laughs aloud, and kisses her with a triumphant fervour. And she smiles back at him and returns his caress, and forgets the shadow that for years has followed on her path.

"Now tell me of those 'other nights,'" he says gaily. "I defy them —I no longer grudge them to you. Go on!"

"The telling would carry us into another week. And just now only a flitting vision of them is with me. Again I seem to be creeping along in a gaudy gondola beneath a moon that—Pouf! Even that sweet thing over there," cries she, pointing to the fat burlesque where Diana, pale and spent, is preparing to lay down her bow, "is but as 'water unto wine' compared with it!"

"When you talk to me of your former life," says Bouverie, holding her somewhat back from him that he may the better look into those mystic eyes of hers, that never cease to hold their charm for him, "it makes me marvel to think so frail a creature could have travelled so much and so far."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Confiding Farmer Swindled by Sharpers.

From the Philadelphia Daily Record.

An elderly man, with hayseed in his hair, wearing a broad-brimed slouched hat, very wide breeches, and a coat the ample proportions of which indicated its bucolic origin, arrived at the Broad Street Station yesterday at noon on the New York Express. He carefully removed two heavy valises from the car seat to a cab and was driven to the Mint. Here, after making cautious inquiries, he was directed to Weigh Clerk H. S. Cockran, into whose custody he delivered the two valises with a sigh of relief.

The old man was an honest farmer from Onedia county, New York, and he told Mr. Cochran that the contents of the two valices were two gold bricks, upon which he had loaned two Western miners $7,500 in cash.

It did not require much investigation upon the part of the Mint officials to discover that the two "gold" bricks were bogus and in reality were two well "doctored" composition bricks easily calculated to deceive careless chemists.

When this information was communicated to the old man he was at first amazed, and then he became heart-broken.

He told a long and circumstantial story of how two strangers, claiming to be Western miners had come to his country home and, by means of letters from some of his Western friends, gained confidence They had remained at the little village near his farm for some time and displayed considerable money. Finally they disclosed to him a great secret. They had found a paying gold mine, from which they had taken enough gold to make two bricks which they were taking to the Philadelphia Mint to get enough capital to return and work their mine.

The upshot was that by various skillful stories the men induced the old farmer to advance at first $200 and finally $7,500 upon. To secure this money the farmer was compelled to mortgage his farm for nearly all it is worth and borrowed from friends. The men pretened to send the money West with which to work their mine.

On Monday they volunteered to come to this city with the old farmer and sell the bricks to the Mint for their bullion value. The two pretended miners slipped away at a dining station on the route and left the old man to come to the city alone with his bricks. The farmer, supposing that his two friends had become lost and would turn up here in due time, came on with the presumed golden treasure. The old man was sent home almost crazed.

Mr. Coolman and some officials in the Mint loaned the poor man enough money to pay his fare back to Oneida county. The old farmer wept bitterly over the loss and could scarcely console himself.

How to be Healthy and Wealthy.

Don't worry.

"Seek peace and pursue it."

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's passion may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't overheat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air."

Some Useful Information.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will remove grease spots from cloth.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply it with a nail-brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly.

When you give your cellar its spring cleaning add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash.

For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia, drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

For stains on the hands nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots and then washed off with cleap water.

If a chimney or flue catch on fire, close all windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, as it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the flue is much better.