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We have still about two cars of Mixed Grain (Barley and Peas) on hand that we are grinding for feed, and any person wanting any feed, it will pay them to buy it now as the price will be higher later . . .

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IN conducting our business, we find we have not the time to spare in searching for competitors to be little our competitors, and attend to our customers at the same time.

FURNITURE SELLING is our business, and we always try to mind it.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING in our line that you want, give us a call, and we'll treat you courteously and respectfully.

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We keep always in stock a large assortment of Blankets, All-wool Sheeting, Tweeds, Yarns and general Dry Goods and Groceries.

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Carding and Spinning attended to promptly

S. SCOTT :: GARBRAXA ST. DURHAM

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M. CUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE BURNING OF THE BUNGALOW.

HE went in and had tiffin with them in the hanging garden. Deppingham was surly and preoccupied. Drusilla Browne was unusually vivacious. At best she was not volatile; her greatest accomplishment lay in the ability to appreciate what others had to say.

Her husband, aside from a natural anxiety, was the same blithe optimist as ever. He showed no sign of restraint, no evidence of compunction. Chase found himself secretly speculating on the state of affairs. Were the two heirs working out a preconceived plan, or were they, after all, playing with the fires of spring?

Immediately after tiffin Geneva carried Lady Deppingham off to her room. When they came forth for a proposed stroll in the grounds Lady Agnes was looking very meek and tearful, while the princess had about her the air of one who has conquered by gentleness.

"It has been so appallingly dull, Geneva, don't you understand? That's why. Besides, it isn't necessary for her to be so horrid about it. She—"

"She isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommyrot about Bobby and me wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. No wife to snoop after him and—why, my dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, Agnes, but you forget your husband," said Geneva, with a tolerant smile.

"Geneva," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if you'd been on a barren island for five months as I have with nothing to look at but your husband and the sunsets you would not be so hard on me. I wouldn't take Drusilla's husband away from her for the world. I wouldn't even look at him if he were not on the barren island too. I've read novels in which a man and woman have been wrecked on a desert island and lived there for months, even years, in an atmosphere of righteousness. My dear, those novelists are ninnies. Nobody could be so good as all that without getting wings. I'm tired of men and angels. That's why I want you for a while. You've got no wings, Geneva, but it's of no consequence, as you have no one to fly away from."

"Or to, you might add," laughed Geneva.

"That's very American. You've been talking to Miss Pelham. She's always adding things. By the way, Mr. Chase sees quite a lot of her. She types for him. I fancy she's trying to choose between him and Mr. Saunders. If you were she, dear, which would you choose?"

"Mr. Saunders," said Geneva promptly. "But if I were myself I'd choose Mr. Chase."

"Speaking of angels, he must have wings a yard long. He has been chosen by an entire harem, and he flies from them as if pursued by the devil. I imagine, however, that he'd be rather dangerous if his wings were to get out of order unexpectedly. But he's nice, isn't he?"

The princess nodded her head tolerantly.

Her ladyship went on: "I don't want to walk, after all. Let us sit here in the corridor and count the prisms in the chandeliers. It's such fun. I've done it often. Mr. Britt has advanced a new theory. We are to indulge in double barreled divorce proceedings. As soon as they are over Mr. Browne and I are to marry. Then we are to hurry up and get another divorce. Then we marry our own husband and wife all over again. Isn't it exciting? Only, of course, it isn't going to happen. It would be so frightfully improper—shocking, don't you know. You see, I should go on living with my divorced husband even after I was married to Bobby. I'd be obliged to do that in order to give Bobby grounds for a divorce as soon as the estate is settled. But Deppy has put his foot down hard. He says he had trouble enough getting me to marry him the first time. He won't go through it again. Of course it's utter nonsense!"

"A little nonsense now and then is—"

—began the princess and paused amiably.

"Is Mr. Chase to stay for lunch?" asked Lady Agnes irrelevantly.

"How should I know? I am not his hostess."

"Hoity toity! I've never known you

to look like that before. A little dash of red sets your cheeks off!"—But Geneva threw up her hands in despair and started toward the stairway, her chin tilted high. Lady Agnes, laughing softly, followed. "It's too bad she's down to marry that horrid little Brabetz," she said to herself, with a sudden wistful glance at the proud, vibrant, lovable creature ahead. "She deserves a better fate than that."

Geneva waited for her at the head of the stairway.

"Agnes, I'd like you to promise that you will keep your avaricious claws off Mrs. Browne's husband," she said seriously.

"I'll try, my dear," said Lady Agnes meekly.

When they reached the garden they found Deppingham smoking furiously and quite alone. Chase had left some time before to give warning to the English bank that trouble might be expected. The shadow of disappointment that flitted across Geneva's face was not observed by the others. Bobby Browne and his wife were off strolling in the lower end of the park.

"Poor old Deppy!" cried his wife. "I've made up my mind to be exceedingly nice to you for a whole day."

"I suppose I ought to beat you," he said slowly.

"Beat me? Why, pray?"

"I received an anonymous letter this morning telling me of your goings on with Bobby Browne," said he easily.

"How silly I am!" she said half aloud in her abstraction.

She turned her gaze away from the blinking light in the hills, a queer, guilty smile on her lips.

Across the garden from where she was flaying herself bitterly Lady Deppingham's husband was saying in low, agitated tones to Bobby Browne's wife:

"Now, see here, Drusilla, I'm not saying that our—that is, Lady Deppingham and Bobby—are accountable for what has happened, but that doesn't make it any more pleasant. It's of the consequence who is trying to poison us, don't you know, and all that. They wouldn't do it, I'm sure, but somebody is! That's what I mean, d'ye see? Lady Dep?"

"I know my husband wouldn't—couldn't do such a thing. Lord Deppingham," came from Drusilla's stiff lips almost as a moan. She was very miserable.

"Of course not, my dear Drusilla," he protested nervously. Then suddenly, as his eye caught what he considered a suspicious movement of Bobby's hand as he placed a card close to Lady Deppingham's fingers: "Demme, I— I'd rather he wouldn't! But I beg your pardon, Drusilla! It's all perfectly innocent."

"Of course it's innocent!" whispered Drusilla fiercely.

"It's utter nonsense for us to suspect them of— Pray don't be so upset, Drusilla. It's all right."

"If you think I am worrying over your wife's harmless affair with my husband you are very much mistaken."

Deppingham was silent for a long time.

"I don't sleep at all these nights," he said at last miserably. She could not feel sorry for him. She could only feel for herself and her sleepless nights. "Drusilla, do—do you think they want to get rid of us? We're the obstacles, you know. We can't help it, but we are. Somebody put that pill in my tea today. It must have been a servant. It couldn't have been—"

"My husband, sir?"

"No; my wife. You know, Drusilla, she's not that sort. She has a horror of death and—"

He stopped and wiped his brow pathetically.

"As the servants are trying to poison any of us, Lord Deppingham, it is reasonable to suspect that your wife and my husband are the ones they want to dispose of, not you and me. I don't

believe it was poison you found in your tea, but if it was it was intended for the life of the heirs."

"Well, there's some consolation in that," said Deppy, smiling for the first time.

The sharp rattle of firearms in the distance brought a sudden stop to his lugubrious reflections. Five, a dozen, a score of shots were heard. The blood turned cold in the veins of every one in the garden; faces blanched suddenly, and all voices were hushed. A form of paralysis seized and held them for a full minute.

Then the voice of Britt below broke harshly upon the tense, still air: "Good God! Look! It is the bungalow!"

A bright glow lighted the dark mountain side; a vivid red painted the trees; the smell of burning wood came down with the breeze. Two or three sporadic shots were borne to the ears of those who looked toward the blazing bungalow.

"They've killed Chase!" burst from the stiff lips of Bobby Browne.

So far as Geneva was concerned, on

her part it could mean no more than a diversion, a condescension to coquetry, a simple flirtation; it meant the passing of a few days, the killing of time, the pleasure of gentle conquest, and then—forgetfulness. All this he knew.

At first she revolted against the court he so plainly paid to her in these last few days. It was bold, conscienceless, impudent. She avoided him; she treated him to a short season of disdain; she did all in her power to rebuke his effrontery—and then in the end she decided to give him as good as he sent in this brief battle of folly. It mattered little who came off with the fewest scars, for in a fortnight or two they would go their separate ways, no better, no worse, for the conflict. And, after all, it was very dull in these last days, and he was very attractive and very brave and very gallant and, above all, very sensible.

They rode together in the park every morning, keeping well out of range of marksmen in the hills. Their conflict was with the eyes, the tone of the voice, the intervals of silence; no touch of the hand—nothing except the strategies of Eros.

What did it matter if a few dead impulses, a few crippled ideals, a few blasted hopes, were left strewn upon the battlefield at the end of the fortnight? What did anything matter so long as Prince Karl of Brabetz was not there?

One night toward the end of this week of enchanting encounters—the week of effort to uncover the vulnerable spot in the other's armor—Geneva stood leaning upon the rail which inclosed the hanging garden. She was gazing abstractedly into the black night, out of which far away blinked the light in the bungalow. It was the first night in a week that he had missed coming to the chateau.

She missed him. She was lonely. He had told her of the meeting that was to be held at the bungalow that night at which he was to be asked to deliver over to Rasula's committee the papers, the receipts and the memoranda that he had accumulated during his months of employment in their behalf. She had a feeling of dread—a numb, sweet feeling that she could not explain except that under all of it lay the proud consciousness that he was a man who had courage, a man who was not afraid.

"How silly I am!" she said half aloud in her abstraction.

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So far as Geneva was concerned, on

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J. Townner, Local Agent Durham.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice:—

Read down	Read up
A.M. P.M.	P.M. P.M.
6.45 3.00 Lv. Walkerton Ar. 9.40 12.55	
6.58 3.13 " Maple Hill " 9.27 12.42	
7.03 3.22 " Hanover " 9.19 12.34	
7.14 3.33 " Allan Park " 9.11 12.25	
7.28 3.52 " Durham " 8.57 12.13	
7.38 4.03 " McWilliams " 8.47 12.02	
7.50 4.17 " Pricerville " 8.35 11.50	
8.00 4.30 " Sauguenet Jet. " 8.26 11.40	

R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent

Mr. Land Hunter Look Here H. H. MILLER

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GENERAL COUNTRY STORE five miles from Durham; very cheap.

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W. IRWIN
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