

the storm in the bay. And she knew that she wanted to see him: she had waited, with more or less patience, for him to avail him-self of her offer and visit the Hall; "Oh, he still carries you, 'Polly?" self of her offer and visit the Hali; but day after day passed, and he had not come. It was possible that he had not cared to come, that he had forgoiter her—and yet something far hack in her heart whispered that he

girl to forget such an incident in her life as that which had accompanied

the storm in the bay.

had not done so.

gotter her heart whispered that be ck in her heart whispered that he d not done so. Was it pride that d not done him away? She knew had not done so. Was it pride that was keeping him away? She knew, that he was proud, as proud as he was fearless; and if it were pride then— Ah! well, he was right; but still she wanted to see him, to hear the deep, musical voice, now grave and elmost storp now serils and y the deep, musical voice, now grave and almost stern, now gentle and a'go----'' Mrs. Westaway came out of the cotmost tender. A faint blush stained the ivory of tage at this moment and eyed the pair with a mixture of pleasure and reher check as she looked dreaming at the now leafless trees, the beech and pine towering above the road and casting sombre shadows in the mellow proach "Lor' bless the child! if she ain't allus in mischief, and makin' a noo-sense of herself! Give her to me, Miss Clytie, and do 'ee come in and have a cup of tea." She took the child, giving at a "Oh, very well," he said. "No doubt "Lor' bless the child! if she ain't of the winter sunlight. Clytie, and do te could giving at a She took the child, giving at a loving shake, and called to a boy to take the horse to the stable, and Clyte followed her into the cottage. "The kettle's boiling, miss. I put it "The kettle's boiling miss. I put it How happy she had been in those How happy she had been in those weeks which seemed so long ago? She had almost forgotten the miscrable problem of the will, and her own re-sponsibility and cares in connection with it; and felt almost as free as the

also was fighting. "No." He laughed grimly. "I never catch cold. And you? Were you not-hurt?"

She smiled. "No; oh, no. There cut the ground from under my feet; was a tiny bruise on my forehead there is a barrier--" where I struck it; but it has gone; at She raised her brows and took hold least, I think so." She brushed the hair from her brow

"On, he still carries me adout. "Yes; he isn't too bad for that," said Polly, in a tone of thankfulness; "though muvver often tells him to put the brat down—I'm the brat. I think he's going to leave Withycombe; I hope he won't, don't you, Miss Clytle?" Clytle felt as if a weight had sud-denly fallep on her heart i He looked at her. "Wealth, fame, position?" he repeated, as if he were puzzled, bewilder-ed. "Who cares for them? I mean-no, no; that's not what I want." He for, quite erroneously, he had been tell. ing himself, even as he sat there, that he was getting used to her absence, that he should in time come to forget

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EVER?

g a coat to a woman a'am," he said, "I genuine skunk fur ears," ears." it wet in the rain," "What effect will it. What will hap-m't it spoil"" he furrier, "I have bid you ever hear of a umbrella?"

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with it; and felt almost as free as the fisher-girls who laughed and played on the jetty, the girls she was inclined to envy; for they were free to live and marry whom they would, and were the mistresses of their own lives. Presently she came to the bend of the road, and a child ran out from among the trees calling joyously to her. It was Polly, and Clytie pulled up with an answering note of welcome in her volce. "Why, Polly, is it you? How lucky

in her volce. "Why, Polly, is it you? How lacky to have met you; for I was coming to "Was 'oo?" said Polly, her rosebud mouth stretched in a delighted grin, "What a boo'ful horse!" "Was 'oo?" said Clytie. "Would you like to come up? There is plenty of in the stirrup-come to the bank where in the stirrup-come to the bank were in the stirrup-come to the bank were the stirrup-come to the bank were "Cove," responded Mrs. Westaway?" "Love," responded Mrs. Westaway sententiously. Clytie bent over her sententiously. Clytie bent over her

hand. That's it!" "Do you think he'll bear me?" asked Polly, gravely, as she nestled down "An' so I kep' a watch on the young

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on, thinking that Mr. Jack might drop in for a cup; but there's no dependin' on him these days. The best o' men are a worry an' a fret, and he's no better than the rest at botherin'. They're a trying lot, miss." "Polly tells me that Mr. Douglas has been ill," said Clytie, as she cut the bread and butter, and surrepti-tiously covered a slice with sugar for Polly. But Mrs. Westaway's eyes were sharp.

her. "And how does the jetty get on?"

thing much to do till the early spring; so I can go away with a clear con-

science." He spoke in a careless tone, and even smiled; and Clytie nodded assent-

"You have earned a holiday, "You have earned as she spoke, l "You have earned a holiday, I know," she said. As she spoke, her eyes wandered dreamily to the sea; she was wandering vaguely why she should suddenly feel as if the spirit of rest and contentment, of a happi-ness too nebulous to be called happi-ness, had fallen lightly, soothingly, upon her like the descent of a wood-dove with outstretched wings. "Holiday? Oh, I shall find some work," he said absently. "And will you be long away?" she asked.

asked.

He turned his face from her as he op!!ed. replica. "I-don't know. I'm half inclined to leave for good." She did not stort; but her hands gripped each other, and her lids droop-ed so that her eyes were hidden if he should chance to turn.

"What would Lord Stanton do?" she

"In the second and th

"He doesn't think so," she said, in low voice. "He is always talking of ou-he appreciates you, Mr. Douglas. But pernaps you are tired of this quiet place, of the people." He half-rose, then fell back, and

moked furiously. "No; I'm not tired of the place or

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cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from The Dr. W Brockville, Ont. ..............................

THE BRAEMAR

on the

eagerly watched by the people on the plain and a mighty shout rent the alt when it was seen that young Macgregor had won. The time occupied in the race is said to have been "something" over three minutes. The race, which marks the geneals of the Braemar Gathering, was continued right down to 1850, when it was discon-tinued owing to the injury caused to com-petitors. Queen Victoria, in her Leaves of a Journal in the Tightands, gives a description of the race and the reasons for its discontinuance. The Queen, writ-ing under date of September 12, 1850, says "We lunched early and then went at 230 with the Castle of Braemar... There, was the usual games, of putting

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