

the slightest participation in laying out the course of the railway, or in deciding whose land it should, or should not demand for its iron rails. It was sufficient in Tinley's eyes that he was connected with it, whether innocently or not, and now by the side of this handsome stranger, who was so apt to fall into the farmer's humours who never trod upon the toes of his favourite hobbies, or tossed the old fashioned mode of farming upon the horns of any new theory, poor Davie stood a bad chance.

And truth to say he did not stand in much better case with regard to Lottie. Her favour, scant as it had ever been was now, although he did not know it, entirely stolen from him by Thornhill. She had never given Davie any decided sign, or token of affection, or any positive assent to his wishes that she should become his wife, but on the other hand she had never driven him from her, and forbid him any hope of the realisation of them, and what was in reality, coquettishness (and might perhaps but for Thornhill have one day become love) he, in the simpleness, and singleness of his heart, never dreamt could be aught else.

But Lottie scarcely more than a child as yet, was frightened more than anything else of Davie, for all she tried to conceal it by a show sometimes of indifference, sometimes of sauciness. His grave, contemplative manner, awed, rather than inspired her with the sweet timidity, and yet daring of love; his mind had passed beyond hers, he had soared whilst she yet remained stationary.

To return for a moment to Frank Thornhill, who somewhat moody and taciturn, still remained at Holme Moss. The thought that Davie Bolden should have any, the least claim upon Lottie irked him bitterly. Could he but get fifty pounds Lottie might be his to-morrow, and as Tinley's son-in-law an easy, prosperous life was before him, with the eventual inheritance of the farmer's property.

But fifty pounds was a large sum, and he possessed scarcely fifty pence. Where and when could he obtain such a sum? he impatiently asked himself, and failing an answer he took revenge upon his fair, long moustache, twirling it in a restless fury.

At last a thought entered his head, by which he might obtain the money, but it was evidently not a good, honest, daylight thought, for he put it from him tugging at his moustache more fiercely the while. But it would return this thought, and he entertained it for one moment just as a passing fancy, and pictured to himself in imagination a train of consequences and results. Then again he put it from him, but he had opened the door a little way to it, and it had pushed it open farther and wider, and would now come in as it liked. And there it stayed worrying him, and tormenting him, and making its voice heard louder and louder as time flew by. He had not the strength to wrench it out