



Deceived AND Disowned BUT True as Steel!

CHAPTER II.
SOWING THE SEEDS.

"Bingleigh Hall shall be Morgan Verner's," said old Griley, "or my name isn't what it is!"

The following evening the Verners dined at Bingleigh Hall, where they found that a small party had been invited to meet them. Olive, clad in a clinging white evening gown, which marked the graceful outlines of her figure and enhanced the brilliance of her complexion, received the guests, and Morgan was literally dazzled by her beauty. In all, there were ten to dinner—Lord and Lady St. Germain the member for the county, the vicar, and their wives.

Before the dinner was half through, Mr. Verner perceived that he was out of his element. He was interested in neither politics nor the church, and Lady St. Germain, after a scrutinizing look, had politely ignored him. It was not until after the ladies had retired that father and son began to feel more comfortable. Morgan applied himself to the port, while his father, found willing listeners when he brought the conversation around to financial matters—for money rules with both peer and commoner.

"Nothing like money!" said Lord St. Germain, as he lit a cigar. "By Jove, what with rents and taxes, the country's going to the dogs, positively. Wish I could make a thousand or two."

"Nothing easier," said Mr. Verner, lightly. "Take to speculation: a cool head and a good adviser go a long way. Speaking personally, I myself have met with a great deal of luck."

"Indeed!" said Sir Edwin, who, although wealthy enough as to income, would have liked to expend a certain sum in bulk on the purchase of some adjoining land.

"Yes," continued Mr. Verner, "my poor brother left very little behind him."

"Indeed!" repeated Sir Edwin, but this time with evident surprise.

"There were a great many encumbrances on the estate," continued Mr. Verner, sadly; "and, of course, I was unable to pay them off while poor little Ernest was alive." He sighed deeply.

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Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract and it knows the world over for its prompt healing effect on the throat membranes. Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Poor little fellow!" said Sir Edwin, who had seen the child once or twice in his old friend's lifetime. "I never heard the full particulars of his death."

"No?" said Mr. Verner. "He died, poor boy, in France, while on a holiday. He died of diphtheria; and it has always been a great grief to me that I was not by his bedside."

"Was he alone there?" asked Sir Edwin.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Verner, eyeing his host keenly from behind his glass. "Mr. Griley, my servant, was with him at the time. He was deeply attached to the boy, and watched by him as if he were his own child."

"Poor little fellow!" said Sir Edwin again, with unconscious sarcasm. "As I was saying," continued Mr. Verner, "I could not speculate with his money; but when it came to be mine, I felt that I ought to make an effort to clear the estate, and I have done so. I am thankful that I shall leave it to my son unhampered. He is a good lad, without a vice, Sir Edwin, and a great comfort to me."

"I am sure of that," said his host, glancing at the "comfort," then busily engaged with the decanter.

Mr. Verner changed the topic, and did not refer to the subject of speculation again until Sir Edwin himself led up to it, when, with considerable astuteness, he painted such vivid pictures of the simplicity of money-getting that his host was almost dazzled. Then, having sown the seed, the cautious Mr. Verner once more changed the subject, and shortly after this the gentlemen joined the ladies.

Olive was at the piano, and thither Morgan made his way. For the rest of the evening he devoted himself to her and strove his utmost to make himself agreeable; for the port had given him courage, and Olive was too good a hostess to repulse him in her own house.

Late that night, when the guests had departed, father and daughter stood talking over the events of the evening.

"What do you think of our new neighbors?" asked Sir Edwin.

"It's almost too soon to form an opinion, isn't it, dear?" returned Olive, with a smile. "Mr. Morgan seems very polite."

"Very," agreed her father, "and Mr. Verner appears to be a very clever man; he has cleared all the debts off his estate. A very clever man! I think I like him."

Olive laughed. "Think, only, father, dear? That does not say very much."

"Well, well, it is too early to form an opinion, as you say—my dear—and too late! Off you go, and get your beauty sleep." He kissed her fondly, and, with a happy laugh, the girl went upstairs to her room.

When she had dismissed her maid, she stood wondering whether she really did like Morgan Verner or not.

"No," she said, half aloud, "I don't think I do—for I believe that, if I saw much of him, I should hate him."

Humming lightly, she crossed to the window. It was a lovely moonlight night, and, as the soft breezes wafted waves of perfume through the air, she leaned out and gazed on the tranquil scene.

As she did so, something moved among the lime trees of the avenue. Watching almost indifferently, she saw a man emerge from the shadows and recognized him instantly as Reuben Wynter, the horse rider; there was no mistaking the tall figure and graceful gait. He seemed to be watching the house, and Olive softly closed her window. Slight as was the noise, he seemed to hear it, for when she looked out once again he had disappeared.

Olive did not stop to wonder why he was there, or to analyze the feeling of trust which had sprung up within her heart. She got into bed, to sleep the dreamless slumber of the young and innocent.

CHAPTER III.
AN UNAVENGED INSULT.

EVERY morning, punctual to the moment, Reuben presented himself at the Hall, and Olive cantered beside him onto the downs. Nothing was said by either of them as to the meaning of Reuben's presence in the avenue; all else was forgotten in the pleasure of the lesson. Not only was Reuben a good rider, but a fine teacher.

No more home-made Chutney or Tomato Catsup for me—that is what everybody says when they have tried H. P.—the new sauce from England



The things that had been attempted before were now accomplished, and for Olive the time seemed to slip away on the wings of the wind. She was perfectly happy, gaining every day fresh confidence in her horse and greater interest in her riding master.

Suddenly, as they pulled up after a gallop, she said:

"Oh, Reuben, you must not let me keep you too long to-day."

Reuben, who had slipped off his horse, and was walking by its side, looked up at her.

"All my time is at your disposal," he said gravely. "My grandfather has gone away for a little while, so I am like Robinson Crusoe, all alone, and 'monarch of all I survey.'"

"Are you fond of reading?" asked Olive, with evident interest.

Reuben sighed.

"Very," he returned, "but I have so few books. Still, Shakespeare is a world in itself."

Olive smiled approvingly.

"I will lend you some, if you like," she said.

He thanked her respectfully, and was preparing to mount again, when suddenly, as they neared a little brook a terrier darted into the water. Olive's young horse, unprepared for the noise and splash, sprang to the side and reared. Equally unprepared, Olive swayed to and fro, and would have fallen had not Reuben put up his hand and supported her. It was done in an instant, and the horse, was soon quieted.

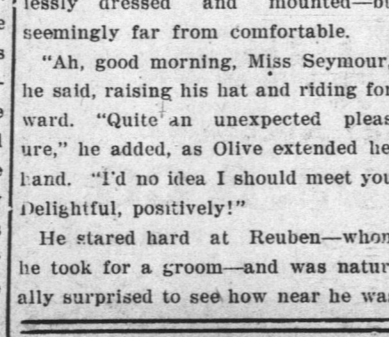
Not so either Reuben or Olive; she felt the touch of his strong hand thrill her as if with an electric shock; and he—half frightened at his audacity—sprang upon his horse and allowed it to drop behind. In that one instant when her form had leaned its weight upon his arm, Reuben had solved that mystery which is made plain to every man once in his lifetime. He had learned to love; unconsciously, perhaps, but never more would the old peace of mind be restored to him; never more would his wild, open-air, unconventional existence seem to suffice for him.

Olive had not spoken; and he—glowing and fearful—followed her, waiting for a word or look which should dismiss him forever.

None came. Suddenly there appeared over the sky line of the downs another horseman, the owner of the dog. It was Morgan Verner—faultlessly dressed and mounted—but seemingly far from comfortable.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Seymour," he said, raising his hat and riding forward. "Quite an unexpected pleasure," he added, as Olive extended her hand. "I'd no idea I should meet you, pelliglitful, positively!"

He stared hard at Reuben—whom he took for a groom—and was naturally surprised to see how near he was to dropping.



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to his young mistress.

"You are far from home," said Olive as he drew up his horse beside hers.

"Yes," he drawled. "Fact is, I was riding over to inquire after you and Sir Edwin."

"That is very kind of you," said Olive. "I am sure my father will be very pleased to see you."

She fidgeted with the reins of her horse as she spoke; and the animal, as if answering his mistress' thoughts, darted forward.

Reuben was about to follow her, when Morgan Verner called to him.

"Wait, my good man," he said, authoritatively; then, as he came closer to him, he continued, "Look here, don't stick quite so close to your mistress for half an hour. Hang back a little—I want to talk—"

Before he had finished, Reuben had lashed off after Olive, his face lit up with scorn.

"Hi!" shouted Morgan angrily, and purred his own horse forward. Having the better mount, he soon caught up with Reuben. "Hi, you rascal," he gasped. "Didn't you hear me bid you keep behind, you idiot?"

"Yes," said Reuben, "I did."

"Then why the deuce don't you do it?" said Morgan, violently.

"Firstly, because the lady is in my charge," rejoined Reuben; "and, secondly, because you are too bad a rider to take care of her."

Morgan, with the passion of a vain man and a coward, raised his heavy hunting whip, and aimed a blow at Reuben's head; Reuben's arm was quickly raised, however, and the blow fell upon the arm instead. Another moment, and Morgan would have been hurled from his horse—for Reuben's brow was dark with passion—but at that instant, Olive's clear voice rang out, and Reuben's arm dropped to his side.

"What is the matter, Reuben?" she panted breathlessly; she had seen something of the quarrel from a distance, and had swept down upon them like the wind.

The two men glared at each other; then Morgan, who was pale with anger, stammered:

"Your groom, Miss Seymour, was insolent—and—and—for the moment—I was irritated."

Olive, now pale and offended, turned her face toward Reuben.

"What have you to say?" she asked, coldly.

Reuben looked at her proudly.

"He bade me leave you—and I refused," he said, after a slight pause.

Olive turned to the discomfited Verner, and said haughtily:

"Mr. Wynter is my riding master, and I thought I saw you raise your whip, Mr. Verner."

"No, no, there is some mistake," said Morgan, attempting to smile, "the fellow misunderstood me—and I—I apologize."

Reuben looked at him steadily, with bitter scorn; and Olive, after a pause, said coldly:

"Pray say no more, Mr. Verner. I think I had best be returning home."

With a cold shake of the hand and a distant bow, she turned away, followed by Reuben, in whose breast a storm raged, wild and high.

Olive rode homeward in silence; but when the gates were in sight, Reuben could bear it no longer.

"Miss Seymour," he panted, "I'm sorry; do—do say you forgive me."

Few could have resisted the handsome face and the voice hoarse with emotion. Olive, looking down on him, relented.

"I do not quite know what happened yet," she said.

"Sir Edwin left you in my charge. I could not leave you at another's bidding," said Reuben. "Do say you forgive me."

"Very well," said the girl, gently. "I will try to forget it."

(To be Continued.)

Everyday Etiquette.

"I have received an announcement card from a newly married couple in another city, and, as they will not be at home for a month, I am in doubt how to send them a gift," remarked John.

"A wedding announcement does not call for a gift, but if you wish to give one, you may wait until they are settled in their new home," suggested his brother.

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This model is nice for wash fabrics, and equally attractive for serge, gabardine, voile, taffeta, challis and cashmere. The sleeve is nice in wrist length or in elbow style. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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LATE ARRIVALS OF GOODS which we have opened and are opening

Will Bring Our Stock Up to a Comparatively High Standard for the present strenuous times.

Our Values are the BEST Obtainable,

as we make our trade on Low Prices and Good Value, as every careful shopper knows. We know we now have in fair variety many lines of

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Smart Styles in FLOWERS, FEATHERS and MILLINERY—A new shipment.

LADIES' WHITE, BLACK and COLOURED WOOL GLOVES—Extra special values.

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We have the goods, we have the men, We have the women too; Both goods and men are hard to get, But both are here for you.

Henry Blair

DEL

Owing to at the seven Right Christmas ren; w com til the Do til 9

Official Ne

(Official Admiralty Ph... Courtesy of Major... eral Staff Officer.)

BRITISH OFF

A raid attempted by night southwest of La... driven off before they... Another hostile party... one of our posts near... was repulsed with loss... It was announced in... Commons this afternoon... alem has been captured... Law said General All... to make official entry... to-morrow. General A... ed that on the 8th he... enemy positions south... Jerusalem, Wels and... ties troops advanced fr... They drove the enemy... Jerusalem in the e... themselves on the Jer... road. Infantry and un... many attacked strong... tions west and north... tablished themselves... uslem-Sheehand road... City being thus isolate... dered.

ITALIAN OFFI

At dawn yesterday... the enemy by a surpr... force succeeded in reach... servation trenches held... left of the Piave at... Azenzia, and in taking... these after a hand-to... with a small, but gall... Early last night we... counter attack upon... Numerous enemy were... promptly came up, were... tacked and put to flight... heavy losses. Along... of the front the usual... took place. Our batt... enemy masses and mov... and there. A battery... Navy having range... thrown by the enemy... ello Casca, obtained a... it, interrupting it whi... traffic of troops and... going on.

BRITISH OFFI

A successful local... carried out early this... Cambrai front against... the enemy east of B... hostile detachment... was driven out by Se... with loss of several G... or taken prisoners. The... tillery has been activ... west of Cambrai. The... increased hostile artil... so east and northwe...

ABSENT-MIN

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