

but what kind of stone is that? I must come out to the light." Did she want to see the stone better? or was it only the *ruse* of a coquette to get close up beside the giver of the ring? who can tell? Any way, she came outside the bar, and holding it up, admired and praised it. But the colour came not back to her cheeks, and there was a tender tremor of feeling in her voice when she spoke that touched the youth of nineteen.

Ramsay was right—the poor girl *was* smitten; he would be a fool indeed not to see that, or the expression of sadness and disappointment she tried to veil with smile and chatter.

"Well, I must be off. Good-bye, Hetty."

"Good-bye, Mr Arbuckle; and thank you," she said, almost inaudibly, and Ned, thankful that it was over, bounded out upon the lawn. He was but nineteen, remember, so it is without a blush for him that we record the fact that, despite his thankfulness, there arose in his throat a lump that he had some difficulty in swallowing.

"Good gracious! what am I to do?" he suddenly exclaimed, for he had just discovered that he had left his pocket-book on the bar counter. He could not proceed a step farther without it; all the cash he possessed in the world was in it, having drawn it to be ready for his journey next morning. He hesitated a moment, then made a desperate rush back again, and leaped into the bar through the open window.

The pocket-book was lying on the counter where he had left it. At once he seized it, and was about to vanish by the way he came, when the sight of Hetty cowered up, with her face buried in her hands and sobbing bitterly, arrested him.