

"Three?" said he. "Who is the third?"

"Three," said he. "Who is the third?"  
"Oh, somebody that everybody likes and I love. It is Mr. Hope. Such a duck. I am sure you would like him."  
"Hope? Is his name William?"  
"Yes, it is. Do you know him?" asked Mary Kettley, somewhat eagerly.  
"I have never had a chance to know him," he replied good turn once, and I shall never forget him."  
"Just like him," cried Mary. "He is always doing people good turns. He is the best, the truest, the cleverest, the dearest, the darling dear, that ever stepped, and a second father to me; and, cousin, this village is his birthplace, and he didn't say much, but it was he who told us of this farm, and he would be so pleased, if I could write and say, 'We are to have the farm, cousin Walter says so.'"  
She turned her lovely eyes, brimming with tenderness, towards her cousin Walter, and he was done for.  
"Of course, you shall have it," he said warmly, "only you will not be angry with me if I should insist on the increased rent. You know, cousin Mary, I have a father too,

“That is all right,” said Bartley. “Then to-morrow we can go home.”

better be done in writing. Why, Mary, what

"I forgot that," said Mary, with a little sigh. It seemed so ungracious to get what they wanted and then turned their backs directly. She hinted as much very timidly.

But Bartley was inexorable, and they reached home next day.

Mary would have liked to write to Walter and announce their safe arrival, but nature withheld her. She was a child no longer.

But they came to the shop's proprietor, and had a long interview with him. The result was, that in about ten days he sent Walter Clifford a letter and the draft of a lease, very favorable to the landlord on the whole, but cunningly inserting one unusual clause, that looked in-

"What does the fellow say?" grunted Colonel Clifford.

"He says: 'We are doing very well here, but Hope says a bailiff can now carry out our system; and he is evidently sweet on his native place, and thinks the proposed rent is fair, and even moderate. As for me, my life used to be so bustling that I require a change now and then; so I will be your tenant.

Hope says I am to pay the expense of the lease; so I have requested Arrowsmith and Cox to draw it. I have no experiences in leases.. They have drawn hundreds. I told them to make it fair. If they have not, send

"Oh, oh!" said Colonel Clifford. "He draws the lease, does he? Then look at it with a microscope."

Walter laughed.

"I should not like to encounter him on his own ground. But here he is a fish out of water; he must be. However, I will pass my

He takes over the house, the hammer goes down over the clauses us, if he draws the lease, is in the clauses that protect him on leaving. He gets part possession for months without paying rent, and he hampers and fleeces the incoming

"Show it to our man of business, and let him study every line. Set an attorney to catch an attorney."

"Of course I shall submit it to our solicitor," said Walter.

This was done, and the experienced practitioner read it very carefully. He pronounced it unusually equitable for a farmer's lease.

"However," said he, "we might suggest

that he does all the repairs and draining, and that you find the materials; and also, that he insures all the farm buildings. But you cannot hardly stand out for the insurance if he objects. There's no harm trying. Stay, here's one clause that is unusual: the tenant is to have the right to bore for water, or to penetrate

gravel, or chalk, or minerals, if any. I don't like that clause. He might quarry, and cut the farm in pieces. Ah, there's a proviso, that any damage to the surface or the agricul

turner made shall be thirty pounds, and the amount of such injury to be settled by the landlord's valuer or surveyor. Oh, come, if you can charge your own price, that can't kill you."

In short, the draft was approved, subject to certain corrections. These were accepted. The lease was engrossed in duplicate, and in due course signed and delivered. The old tenant left, abusing the Cliffords, and saying it was unfair to bring in a stranger, for he would have given all the money.

Walter welcomed Hope very warmly, and often came to see him. He took a great interest in Hope's theories of farming, and often came to the farm for lessons. But that interest was very much increased by the oppor-

ward or indiscreet. She was not yet sixteen, and he tried to remember she was a child. Unfortunately for that theory, she looked a ripe woman, and this very Walter made her more and more womanly. Whenever

Walter was near she had new timidity, new blushes, fewer gushes, less impetuosity, more reserve. Sweet innocent! She was set by

Oh, it was a pretty subtle piece of nature, and each sex played its part. Bold advances of the man with internal fear to offend, mock retreats of the girl with internal throbs of complacency, and life invested with a newness and growing charm to both.

Leaving this pretty little pastime to glide along the flowery path that beautifies young life, the university class mixer was on up to the

Hope had hardly started the farm, when Bartley sent him off to Belgium--TO STUDY COAL MINES.

**CHAPTER VII.—THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE**  
Mr. Hope left his powerful opera-glass with Mary Bartley. One day, that Walter called, she was looking through it at the landscape.

"Oh," said he, "how could that be?"

Then she told him how Hope had seen her drowning a mile off with it, and ridden a barebacked steed to her rescue.

our best friend. Might I borrow this famous glass?"

"Oh," said Mary, "I am not going into any more streams; I am not so brave as I used to be."

"Please lend it to me for all that."

"Of course I will, if you wish it."

Strange to say, after this, whether Mary

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