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The above comprises one of the Best Bought and Best Selected STOCK of BUILDING MATERIALS in the Lower Provinces, and is well worth inspection. Come and see us, or send for our Price List.

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1880.

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Good Patterns

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The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

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LADIES' Kid, Goat, Serge and Leather Boots,
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HATS!

LADIES' Hats,
Misses' and Boys' Hats,
Men's Fur, Felt and Straw Hats,
In all the leading STYLES of the day,
At the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE for CASH or Prompt Pay.

At J. W. Tomlison's

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THE Subscribers have just received their first advance of

SPRING STOCK

consisting of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
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Boots and Shoes,
Groceries, Crockery,
Glass Ware, Stationery,
Room Paper,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

all of which have been personally selected. And notwithstanding the great rise in prices, we will continue to sell at very low rates as we are determined to keep up our reputation as the

Cheap Cash Store.

The highest market prices paid for produce in exchange for goods.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO.

Middleton Corner, April 20th, '80.

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YE YEOMANRY of Annapolis County this is to inform you that

I STILL LIVE

Notwithstanding recent importations from New Germany, Waltham and Lawrencetown, and have on hand my usual assortment of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARE &C., &C.

Which I will dispose of during the Spring

At Lower Prices Than Ever.

REMEMBER ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRED & WARRANTED.

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Bridgetown, March, 1880.

For further particulars, call and look at me or consult small bills when they are sent out

L. H. S.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, at Lawrencetown, opened for THIRD YEARS' work

OCTOBER 8th, 1879,

—WITH A—

FULLY EQUIPPED STAFF OF TEACHERS.

Liberal Courses of Study.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEACHERS' COURSE.

Room, Board, Fire, Light, and Plain Washing, $2.00 per week.

For particulars, address for Circular,

C. F. HALL, Principal,

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SPECIAL NOTICE!

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,

240 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

☞ MONEY! ☞ TO LEND!

The Annapolis Building Society

LOANS MONEY ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. INTEREST 6 per cent.

Send stamp for ciruular and form of aplication.

A. W. CORBITT, Presdt.

W. HALIBURTON, Secty.

Address all communications to BUILDING SOCIETY, Annapolis. dec3y

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffaio Robes.

Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov., '78

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Poetry.

What Then?

'What then? Why then another pilgrim song,
And then a hush of rest divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage, (ah me, so long!)
And then a brook just where it most is wanted.

'What then? The pitching of the evening tent,
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

'What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
And then a little water cruise to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

'What then? I am not careful to inquire:
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow;
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher
And saying, 'I will answer for the morrow.'

'What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace,
For all my wants and woes His loving kindness;
For darkest shades the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

'What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim,
And then a deep, dark, rolling river;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile for ever and for ever.'

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

Neither Richard Lancross nor his wealthy partner was quite without the latent feeling of dislike to men of a profession more glittering and showy than their own. But in the West of England the Army is popular, and men are too scarce and too valuable to be ignored because they wear red coats and risk their lives for small pay. Hence, with some little trepidation on the part of heads of families, a warmer welcome is extended in the West to the military element in society than it meets with in the cautious North; and Richard Lancross and Edgar Davenant, in common with many other young men in sober apparel, had to join in that welcome in spite of their natural disgust.

Jealousy is a potent feeling, and, although Richard's nature was so light and cold that, like a glass, it reflected all things, and caught the breath of all passion, and felt none, yet it could and did flame a little in that fire which Solomon has said burneth for ever.

He had told himself a dozen times that he was only flirting with Poppy; but then his flirtation was pleasant, and he did not choose to be interfered with by tailors' hacks from the garrison. This was what he said to himself, as he walked on swiftly, with a fiery current of wrath running through his veins, making his heart beat with an odd loudness.

'Why, Davenant, what are you doing down here?' he cried, as he came suddenly face to face with his friend.

'I've been having a meditative cigar,' said Edgar; 'and now I am going home.'

'Home! Why, you must be famished! Come and replenish first, at all events.'

'No, Dick, I won't stay. I had better not,' said Edgar. 'I can't meet Thurlstone.'

'Neither will you. The fellow is not here. And I wish I could say the same of the rest of his cool lot. I don't like any of them.'

'Nor I,' returned Edgar. 'See here, Dick—I have something to tell you. People have been saying that there is a coolness between me and your cousin, have they not?'

'Yes,' said Richard shortly. 'But I never listen to those things.'

'It is true, Dick—more than true. Your cousin and I are parted; and Thurlstone is the man who has parted us. I am not betraying her confidence in telling you, for it is a secret which all the world will know soon. I saw her with him on the beach. They were walking together, he with his arm around her."

If Edgar Davenant could not quite control his voice or keep his lips steady, these were the only signs of agitation that betrayed his feelings; but Richard, on the contrary, flushed red, and then grew ghastly white.

'I can't believe it,' he said, grasping his friend's arm with sudden tightness. 'You and Lilian parted, and by Thurlstone! Are all the girls mad? But of course you won't have it—you won't allow it?'

'Since your cousin prefers Captain Thurlstone to me; there is an end of the implied engagement between us,' answered Edgar, 'and I have no right to interfere. She is certainly free to do as she pleases.'

But for the suppressed pain and anguish that spoke in Edgar's voice, Richard would have been surprised at these words; now he saw that they were the mere forced expression of his hurt pride.

He could find no speech at that moment meet for his own confused feelings. For years he had looked on Lilian as Edgar's future wife; it was just that cementing of family ties which would keep their partnership firm. If Edgar had had a sister, he would have married her long ago; but, having none, he looked on Lilian's marriage as the next best thing that could happen for him. Before Captain Challacombe's second marriage he and Lilian had been as brother and sister, and their cousinship still, owing to her loneliness at home, was a far nearer and dearer relationship to them than cousinship usually is. Thus many feelings in him were hurt by the news just conveyed to him, and that little touch of selfish fear was added to them which always shook him the most. In his secret heart he knew that he would never have crept into the great firm of Davenant & Son and been endowed with a share in its wealth but for Edgar's love for Lilian. Now who could tell how long the friendship would last? Marrying some other lady—not Lilian—would naturally lead to Edgar's placing her relatives in the firm, and there would be a conspiracy to get rid of him. In his cold, calculating way he saw it all looming ahead of him painfully, and his heart shook in his breast.

His many brothers and sisters poor and dependent on him, his mother trustful of his kindness—all swam before his eyes like people clinging to a wreck, and he cursed Thurlstone's handsome face as he had never cursed man before.

'By Jove, the fellow shall not ruin me if I can stop him!' he cried mentally. 'I have some influence over Lilian yet. I'll put her selfish conduct, her heartless fickleness, in their right light before her. Where did you see this military swaggerer with my cousin?' he said to Edgar in a bitter tone.

'There, around that point where the rocks jut out into the sea, where there lies a very secluded little beach. What are you going to do, Dick?' Edgar added hurriedly.

'I am going to fetch Lilian. The man has no right to compromise her in this way, and so I shall let him know. It is a deuced ungentlemanly way of going on.'

'I am quite of your opinion as to that,' Edgar answered.

'Look here, old fellow—will you drive Lilian home if I bring her up the road?' continued Richard hurriedly. 'This nonsensical affair won't go on, you know. Her father won't have it—nor any of the family, including myself. But we'll get her out of it quietly.'

'I will drive her home certainly, if she will go with me,' respoulded his friend calmly—'a thing I doubt.'

'I'll manage it, answered Richard, hurrying away across the sands with a sort of fury which made him blind to the height of the tide and the narrowness or the path.

Up many a narrow channel, between rocks and boulders, the green water crept and curled, while over the smoother sands it swept and rolled without a break. Still Richard ran on, springing from rock to rock when the tide barred his progress, till the sharp point of land was met which formed an arm of the little Bay it held within it. Nearly up to the edge of this the waves rolled; but in the long sweep back of the sea it was possible for a swift runner to escape the surf and pass safely round the point. Failing to do this, the only other way would have been to climb the ridge of rocks and descend on the other side. This would have been slow, difficult work, so Richard preferred the run, and, after waiting a moment or two for the rush back of a huge wave, he dashed forward between the wall of sea and the wall of rock.

At the same instant a man on the other side of the point, having made up his mind to do precisely the same thing, rushed forward also; and thus, on one of the narrowest paths that could have been devised by nature, Thurlstone and Richard met.

Both stopped involuntarily for a second, and then the tide, which stays for no man, rushed in upon their path, and Thurlstone, springing at a rock above, clutched it, and swung upwards and let the wave pass under his feet; but Richard, not being so ready, got a drenching, and grew the angrier for it.

'Why the deuce did you stop me?' he said, shouting over his shoulder to Thurlstone as he passed on.

In another instant he came in sight of Lilian and Harwood standing together at the edge of the waves. Wiping the spray from his face, and shaking it from his arms and shoulders, Richard strode towards them in a very black humor.

'I hope you have given trouble enough to your friends to-day, Lilian,' he said. 'It is not very polite, to say the least of it, to leave your own party in this way in order to saunter about alone with a gentleman not approved of by your parents.'

At the first word he spoke Harwood drew back several paces, and Lilian, pale and startled, with lips apart, looked piteously in Richard's face.

'I am sorry you are vexed,' she said. 'I should have come back earlier, but the tide stopped me.'

'That's a foolish fib,' returned Richard, with a hard laugh. 'Why not say at once that you preferred to remain here with Captain Thurlstone, and that you are utterly regardless of appearances? I shall tell your father and mother with whom I found you.'

'You have no right to speak to me in this way!' exclaimed Lilian.

'And I say I have the right! And I tell you, you are acting selfishly and indiscreetly into the bargain. It will be a pleasant thing for your father and myself to defend you against slanderous tongues, will it not?'

'I am Miss Challacombe's rightful defender if she needs defence, which I deny,' said Thurlstone, his voice clear, calm, and incisive, breaking on them suddenly. 'And whatever you may have to say to your cousin, Mr. Lancross, had better be said to me. Your remarks appear to me to be scarcely fit for her ear.'

'Very well,' returned Richard, the blood rushing to his face, and then as swiftly leaving it. 'I will have a talk with you by-and-by, Captain Thurlstone.'

'As you please,' said the other. 'Lilian, I have been round the point, as I proposed, to see if it was safe, and I find that the tide is on the ebb, and that you will be able to pass in a minute or two. Indeed you can do it now if you will let me carry you.'

'In that case my cousin would trust herself to me,' interposed Richard, laying his hand on Lilian's arm and drawing her towards him.

'A wave nearly knocked you down just now,' returned Thurlstone, 'and you had hard work to save yourself; I will not trust Lilian to your care.'

'I will go with Mr. Harwood,' interposed Lilian hurriedly, hoping that by choosing a third party she would avert a quarrel.

She only made matters worse.

'With no one but me,' said Thurlstone quietly.

'And why with you?' cried Richard in a voice of rage, and his self-control fast leaving him. Harwood laid a hand upon his shoulder.

'Lancross,' he said, 'come with me—I have a word to say to you.'

Richard allowed himself to be drawn away, but he held a quivering hand towards Thurlstone.

'This is not finished!' he cried.

'All right,' said Thurlstone, with cool ease. 'Lilian, are you ready?'

She was eager now to get him away from Richard's presence. She caught at his arm and hurried him towards the point, and, the tide having turned, there was just room for them to pass between surf and rock, Thurlstone having to lift her only once out of the water's reach. As he set her down she felt the strain of his arms holding her for an instant tightly; then he took both her hands in his.

'You have a fawn's nature,' he said, his eyes looking a little sadly into hers. 'You could easily be frightened and hunted to death. Poor little Lily! Do not fear any tongues to-day, to-morrow all the world shall know you are to be my wife. You are not afraid to go back, are you?'

'No,' she answered, still clinging to him. 'I will find my father, and tell him you are coming this evening.'

'To ask for his best treasure,' said Thurlstone gaily. 'Good-bye, darling, till then. I wish I could take you back in face of them all, but, having just quarreled with the host, it would be rather awkward to join his party.'

'But the quarrel is over?' said Lilian anxiously.

'Oh, yes, unless your fiery cousin picks it up again!'

With this assurance she had to be content, and Thurlstone watched her smiling as she took a step or two across the sands; then he waved his hand and vanished round the jutting point of rocks. The moment he was gone her heart fell; she ran back and called him, but her voice was lost in the roar of waters.

'Oh, why is he gone back? Richard will quarrel again. And Jocelyn does not understand his quick passionate temper.'

There are times when a sudden horror falls unaccountably upon us; it seems unreasonable or too great for the cause from which it springs, and yet it will not pass away for all the logic we can bring against it. Such a fear fell now upon Lilian. It was like the horror of a great darkness, and, springing forward blindly, she made a vain effort to follow her lover's steps; but the rush and roar of the waves deterred her—she feared to take the path alone. Then she turned to the wall of rocks and climbed the ridge high enough to look over, and saw Thurlstone standing by himself, upright and rigid as iron, and Harwood holding back Richard Lancross, whose hands were clenched and voice raised in fury.

Almost fainting with terror, Lilian released her grasp of the rock, and in an anguish of entreaty called aloud on her cousin's name, and then on her lover's. The men neither saw nor heard her. She might as well have shrieked out to the wind and waves. Perceiving this, and recognizing the impossibility of surmounting the barrier of rocks, Lilian felt for a moment bewildered and helpless. She hid her eyes, fearing to see a blow, and then suddenly she bethought her of Poppy's brave spirit, and rapidly as a frightened bird she sped away in search of her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Across the glistening sands, heavy and wet with the retreating sea, Lilian and Poppy ran, with hearts beating fast and faces full of fear and trouble.

A quarrel between men has a strength and fire in it before which most women quail; and, when the men are near and dear, there is a terror added which beats down before it all conventionalities, and flings off all the bindings with which society clothes and hides its poor human nature.

With eyes fixed on the great wall of rocks running out into the waves, Thurlstone's sister and his love hurried onwards, one thinking only of him, the other having her heart torn by conflicting fears. Voices from gay careless group returning to the gardens called to the girls from cliff and scaur, but they neither turned their heads nor answered.

'Is the tide low enough? Can we get round the point?' asked Poppy, gasping for breath as she hurried on.

'If not, by helping each other we can climb the rocks,' said Lilian. 'They cannot quarrel before us, Poppy. Our presence alone will make peace at once.'

'Our best plan will be to quarrel with them both on our own account,' returned Poppy. 'They will have to unite then in pacifying you and me. I intend to be frightfully angry. Quarrelling like two schoolboys—it is disgraceful! And I shall tell Jocelyn so.'

'You will do nothing of the kind, Poppy. My cousin was very rude both to him and me. Your brother is not to blame; it is Richard who is in fault.'

'I can't believe that, Lily. Jocelyn is not free of blame, I am certain. I know he keeps his temper up to a certain point, but then he loses it suddenly, and with it all his self-control. He is not a lamb then, I assure you.'

'I think you might find something better to do than to speak ill of your brother at such a time as this!' exclaimed Lilian, giving Poppy one glance of angry wonder.

'I am not speaking ill of him; I am only saying I am sure the quarrel is of his own seeking. I know his hot temper, Lilian, and you don't. You must allow, surely, that I know my own brother better than you do.'

'I don't allow anything of the kind. I am certain that Jocelyn has done all that is right, and that it is Richard who has forced a dispute on him. I am fully acquainted with Richard's character and temper, and I assure you, Poppy, he is not a lamb—there is much more of the fox in him.'

'I am astonished at you, Lilian!' exclaimed Poppy, with flashing eyes. 'I give you back your own words now. I think you might find something better to do than to abuse your cousin.'

Lilian's answer died on her lips, for she and Poppy were at the point now, and there was Thurlstone facing them and barring their way.

'What is the matter?' he said, smiling on them both, and by some subtle means turning them back on the path they had come. 'You look oddly, both of you. Surely you two have not been quarreling?'

'Oh no!' cried Poppy.—'Oh no!' echoed Lilian.

Miss Challacombe felt frightfully guilty and ashamed, and almost wished the next wave might cover her out of Jocelyn's sight. His eyes were on her, seeming to search her spirit through, and there was an odd smile on his lips.

'Upon my word, I don't believe either of you!' he said in a light, jesting tone. 'I have a very grave suspicion in my mind that I came up just in time to stop a battle.'

'Oh, no, I assure you!' said Lilian, growing crimson. 'Poppy and I are very good friends.'

'Very good friends,' echoed Poppy; 'but friends may have a difference of opinion sometimes.'

'Ah, I thought so!' resumed Thurlstone. 'I am sure you were on the edge of a fight, Poppy; and I arrived exactly at the right moment to stop you from 'going in.' Now own I did.'

'I will own nothing of the kind!' cried Poppy angrily. 'And I hate slang.'

Her brother burst into a laugh, and took her hand on his arm.

'She is a good fighter, Lilian,' he said, still carrying on his jesting tone. 'I am afraid you would have got the worst of it. You may feel very thankful you had such an opportune reinforcement in my arrival. But I must really give you a lecture. It is sadly naughty in young ladies to quarrel, is it not?'

'We came to stop you and Richard Lancross from quarrelling,' blurted out Poppy, dragging away her hand in a rage.

'Oh, come, I admire that!' exclaimed her brother. 'I think the fact runs in quite another line. It is I who have stopped a quarrel.'

He laughed provokingly; and yet all the while his eyes sought Lilian's anxiously; and when he caught her hand, he held it with a clinging, throbbing pressure which betrayed some feeling his laughing words hid. She looked into his face with one quick, eager glance, and felt sure that there was some anger or grief hidden behind this mockery.

'You heard what Poppy said? It is true that we came here fearing that you and Richard——'

'And fell out by the way, like most peacemakers!' laughed Thurlstone. 'Take care that you do not quarrel again when I am gone. I am off now; I am taking a message for Harwood, and must be quick about it.'

He put Lilian's hand playfully in Poppy's as he spoke, and held them thus within his own for a moment.

'Have I made peace?' he said, looking down on them both and laughing. 'Will you kiss and be friends—always friends—you two?'

'You great goose,' said Poppy, 'we are angry only with you, not with each other! We shall turn and rend you in a moment if you don't cease this nonsense!'

'You are not angry, Lilian?' Thurlstone interrogated, looking over his shoulder with a last smile as he walked on quickly.

She smiled back, and watched him with a curious expectancy and fear upon her of which she could not speak.

Poppy burst into a laugh.

'He has turned the tables on us completely,' she said, 'and he has been perfectly impenetrable himself.'

'Something has happened, Poppy—I feel sure of it.'

'Oh, nonsense! Nothing has happened. Jocelyn was full of his fun and chaff. He will tease you dreadfully now about this little bickering of ours; and mind you don't pay him the compliament of confessing what it was about.'

'See—he has passed my mother without a word, yet now he is stopping to speak to your mother!'

'What a wonder,' laughed Poppy, 'that a man should stop and speak to his mother!'

'Oh, don't laugh, Poppy! I feel so strangely nervous!'

'Then in that case come back boldly and dispel your fears. Let us go round the point, and see that Richard is safe and sound.'

Lilian looked back wistfully, and a slight sensation of surprise touched her when she noted the long stretch of sands that lay between her and the ridge of rocks which shut out the next bay from view.

'How fast we have walked!' she said.

'How fast Jocelyn walked, you mean! I had no idea he has hurrying us along at such a pace.'

A shade of deeper disquiet passed over Lilian's face. Why had he been in such haste, not stopping an instant for all his laughter and light words?

'It is a long way, but I will go back and around the point, Poppy, if you will,' she said, dropping her voice involuntarily to a tone of fear.

'What a coward you are! I should enjoy going, but we can't manage it now. There is mamma beckoning frantically with all her might; and here is Mr. Luffincot charging down upon us too, as her messenger, I suppose. But it will be of no use. I promised to drive home with your cousin and I mean to do it.'

'Lilian did not answer; she hurried onward till she come within speaking distance of the tall lieutenant, and then she stopped suddenly.

'Is anything the matter?' she asked quickly.

'Nothing at all,' returned Luffincot in the most cheerful manner—'only every one is going home, and Lady Saterleigh begged me to hurry her daughter's movements.'

'Why, we have been walking like the Flying Dutchman!' said Poppy 'It is quite impossible for me to increase my speed.'

She looked back over the long waste of sands, wondering a little angerily why Richard delayed so long to follow them. All was blank along the shore. The beach lay shining in the sun, void of all things living, except here and there a solitary gull, or a flock of little saunderlings whirling to and fro, with wings flashing into silver in the light, and turning into shadows as they touched the darkness of rock or wave. A sudden listlessness fell on Poppy's bright manner.

'I am quite sure there is a fuss going on about nothing,' she said, 'only you do not like to own it.'

Then, by a quick movement, and a little gesture towards Lilian, she made Luffincot understand that she feared some disagreeable scene awaited her companion for her delinquency in meeting Jocelyn.

'Nothing of the kind, I assure you,' said Luffincot, growing more and more cheerful. 'Everybody is as pleasant as possible. It has been a delightful pic-nic. I have enjoyed it immensely. Have not you?'

'Yes—the first part of the day,' returned Poppy ungraciously. 'But now I am tired.'

'I was so surprised to find you gone when I got back,' continued Luffincot,

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