

scenes and amusements are played out for the present. Mrs. Kynaston welcomed her visitor warmly. She was in that state of *ennui* and depression that makes even the appearance of one's pet antipathy subject of rejoicing, so that she was most unfeignedly glad to see Lettie.

"How good of you to come!" she exclaimed. "I was just wondering what I should do with myself. The country has grown so *triste*, and I am positively pining for London."

"I don't think you have much cause for complaint," rejoined Miss Devereux, "not but what I quite agree with you that it is a dull time with us; still, two or three weeks will see you out of it."

"Yes; and I believe it is nothing but sheer perversity on Dick's part that makes us stay even that long. He insists upon staying for Lincoln Races; declares he's going to win a hunters' flat-race there. What a jolly party we were there two years ago."

"Yes," said Lettie; "poor Charlie, how mortified he was at being—as he said—gammoned out of the race by the Walkers. It was a bitter pill for him having to leave the—th Hussars; but I verily believe having to part with Polestar caused him as much grief as anything."

"Yes, I dare say. It's sad to think of, my dear, but I fancy the Laureate knew what he was writing about. It is rather humiliating—

Something nearer than his dog,
Not so dear, quite, as his horse.

But the noble animal does come first, I'm afraid, with these hard riders. When Mrs. Morrison got such a nasty fall last year, they say her husband's first anxious inquiry was, 'Is the mare much hurt?'

"I won't have Charlie compared to a brute like Mr. Morrison," said Lettie, laughing; "besides, that couple are very well matched. If he had come to grief I can quite fancy her making the like inquiry. Shall you go to Lincoln with the Major?"

"No; it's no fun by myself in that way. I wish you would come."

"We've none of us any heart for it this year," replied Lettie. "Mother is quite convinced that she will never see Charlie again, and he was her favorite, you know; and even father, I believe, is sorry now that he didn't pay all that money sooner than Charlie should have had to exchange."

"The old story," says Mrs. Kynaston, meditatively. "Fathers are so fond of playing the relentless parent to start with, forgetting they are usually fitted for the rôle; besides, 'the cutting off with a shilling' is quite out of fashion nowadays. Do you ever hear anything of Mr. Slade, or any of Charlie's old friends?"

"I know nothing of Mr. Slade, and haven't seen him for more than a year. Of Mr. Furzedon—who, I suppose, must be included in that list—I have seen a good deal too much, though not lately. I have come to detest that man."

"Which is hard," rejoined Mrs. Kynaston, "considering how he has striven to produce an opposite result. No," she continued, as Miss Devereux made an impatient gesture of dissent, "I am going to advocate his cause no longer; but what you call his persecution many women would regard as a proof of the sincerity of his love. There's much truth in the old adage, and faint heart never *did* win fair lady. I suppose there are women who from very weariness yield at last to man's pertinacity."

"Poor weak creatures! But I am made of sterner stuff. I don't like Mr. Furzedon, and I never shall. And you may call it what you like, but I'm still pursuing me with his addresses I regard as persecution."

"Well, it's a persecution that most girls look upon with a lenient eye," retorted Mrs. Kynaston, who, although declaring that she could no longer advocate Furzedon's cause, and who in her heart was convinced that it was hopeless, still never could resist giving him such support as came to her hand.

"Do you know," said Lettie, "that there has rather a curious thing happened about Mr. Furzedon lately?"

"No," replied her companion, "and, if anything of importance had happened to him, I fancy Dick would have heard of it."

"I had a letter the other day from my aunt Mrs. Connop, which has mystified me a good deal. She says she had a few lines from Mr. Slade, who tells her that Mr. Furzedon has got involved in a very serious scrape; whether he has told her of what nature or not I don't know; she at all events does not tell me, but as far as I can make out the gist of Mr. Slade's letter it appears to be that the less we see of Mr. Furzedon the better."

"You mean to say, Lettie," said Mrs. Kynaston, eagerly, "that he has done something which would involve his acquaintance dropping him, because Mr. Slade's letter means *that* or nothing?"

"It is putting things rather strongly, perhaps, but that is pretty much what I make out of Aunt Sarah's letter. Mr. Slade no doubt imagines that Mr. Furzedon is a constant visitor in Onslow Gardens."

"Instead of being merely anxious to be one," interrupted Mrs. Kynaston, "Well, never mind, I'll not allude to all that, but you do surprise me. Mr. Furzedon is such a shrewd, self-possessed person, I should have thought him the last man likely to get into an awkward scrape. By the way, Mr. Slade might have vouchsafed me a hint as well as Mrs. Connop. Mr. Furzedon is always at our house when we're in town. He and Dick are partners in racing matters. It can't be anything of that sort surely," continued Mrs. Kynaston, thoughtfully.

"I know no more than I have told you," replied Lettie, "but I don't quite share your opinion of Mr. Furzedon; I'll quite admit that he is too shrewd and sensible to get into what's called a scrape, but I can quite imagine him capable in pursuit of his own schemes of what the world would call something unpardonable," and Lettie thought bitterly of how Furzedon had proposed to purchase her hand by the payment of her brother's debts.

(To be continued.)

To the Electors of Ward 5 CARD.

Having been requested by a number of the Rate-payers of Ward 5, and nominated by the Amalgamated Trades Union, as well as at the public meeting held in Temperance Hall, Cornwallis St., on March 8th, to allow myself to be their representative in the City Council, I have decided to place myself in the hands of the Electors of this important Ward, and I pledge myself, if elected, to serve them faithfully and independently.

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
P. F. MARTIN.

WARD THREE.

To the Electors of Ward III.

In acceding to the request of a large number of electors of Ward III, to offer as a candidate at the ensuing elections for the City Council, I beg to say that if elected, it will be my constant aim, by strict attention to the interests of Ward III and the City generally, to merit the confidence reposed in me.

WILLIAM DENNIS.

Halifax, March 27th.

To the Electors of Ward 5.

Having been solicited by a number of influential residents of this portion of the city, and having been nominated at a public meeting called to select candidates to represent the Ward in the City Council, I accept the nomination so readily made without my knowledge. I beg to thank those gentlemen who so freely voted for the resolution naming me as their candidate, also beg to thank the electors who have so willingly supported me in past contests, and trust that my conduct in the past has been such as to merit your confidence in the approaching election.

Yours, very truly,
WILLIAM WOODILL.

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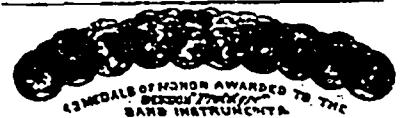
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