# THE BELLE

CHAPTER IV. Farmer Holt rose and put down his down again, reminded of hospitality \$101E

said Mr. Leigh.

"Let me give you a cup," said Mur

"Thank you," he said, and it was 'evident that he accepted for fear o seeming cold or churlish.

Muriel handed him his tea, and th three farmers got into conversationof course on farming. The fact was Farmer Holt was anxious to ascertain if Mr. Leigh was orthodox- as h called it-and not a "new-notioned" man, so he put this question during a lull in the conversation:

"Now, Mr. Leigh, how do you take your courses up North way?"

Mr. Leight answered straightfor

"First year we lie fallow and so roots such as mongold wurzel, or tur nips; next year we sow barley o spring corn; next year we take clover next year, wheat; next year, oats then again turnips and feed sheep."

Farmer Holf gave a sigh of relief. Muriel, hearing and understanding that sigh, felt glad, though she scarcely knew why.

Mr. Leigh rose.

"I hear, said the farmer, "that you have been sniffing round these new fangled machines at Hopwood. Wha do you think of them?"

"I haven't bought or hired any," h said, holding out his hand.

Farmer Holt rose, put down his

"Good night, Miss Holt," said Mr Leigh. "Good night," said Muriel, givin

him her hand And so ended Mr. Leigh's first visit to Rubywood.

CHAPTER V.

The three gentlemen having depart ed Muriel took up her needlework and waited for her father's return.

He returned alone-Mr. Heather bridge having taken the near cut to the Howe-and not in the best of hum

"Cattle a-got all over the place," h growled. "This Mister Leigh came suddenly that I neve thought of the old fences. Wish I'd bought the home as I thought of do ing; I don't take to new neighbors!"

Muriel said nothing; the farmer' little burst of irritation always dis persed the quicker if left alone, and, grumbling at intervals, he finished his pipe, drank his regulation nightcap of Scotch whiskey, and retreated to

A week passed and Muriel tried persuade herself that she had forgo: ten the new tenant, or, at least, has

No recluse could have kept closto his prescribed hermitage than di Mr. Wynter Leigh to his farm, If Mur iel caught a glimpse of him at all i was at a distance, when he would b tramping over a meadow, riding across a field, or bending over some

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Mr. Vandike, who declared that he neant to paint a picture of the farm ground, gave vent to his disappointnent at not being able to catch his

"I never saw such a creature; looks as if he had all the world on his back; scarcely time to give me a civil answer, Miss Holt. Would you believe t? I asked him to give me leave to paint the left wing-the ruined one ou know-and what do you think he eplied? 'Paint it off the face of the earth, sir, if you like,' said he, 'for it's sadly in the way of my barn.' nows nothing of art."

"Quite enough if he knows farming; crowled the farmer, who came up i ime to hear the lamentation.

"And if he doesn't, I should think ne is going the way to learn it," said oung Vandike. "He is up with the ark-there is one bird under my win low that takes its time from himand the last to go to bed. And as for ramping about down hill and up dale 'll back him to walk Jemmy Hernhaw off his legs in a couple of days. "And who's Jemmy Hernshaw?

sked Miss Muriel. "Jemmy Hernshaw is the champion edestrian, Miss Holt," said Mr. Vanlike politely, but pityingly.

lever heard of him?" "No," said Muriel: and as she ran ndoors, "don't wish to hear."

Having received what he called his isual grace, Mr. Vandike walked off ighing

'There's truth, in what that harum carum chap says; young Leigh is ticking like wax, lass. He works narder than any man at the farm, and le's hardly time for a word, so much 's 'good mornin'. What's more, he's out the fence up, himself, and that's

incommon polite.' was a reluctant one, for on some inaccountable ground he had taken dislike to his near neighbor; probably because he was his near neighbor and part proprietor of his precious

A fortnight passed. The ewes were ambing, and the shepherds were

Mr. Leigh, being poor, possessed on one shenherd and a lad, as auxiliary and consequently was compelled to bear a hand, which he did, adding the work to his already long list of labors stoically and cheerfully.

Thus Muriel, from her window which overlooked the Holme pasturage, could see his stalwart figure passing among the ewes, and reprehensibly fell into the habit of leaning against the sill and contemplating it.

"He works from morning till night. again, and takes no pleasure. Indeed, where is he to get it, without a soul to speak to in that old house, and not oice to cheer him? Poor Mr. Leigh! Meanwhile, poor Mr. Leigh, quite inconscious of the pity his industry

had awakened in the tender bosom o his neighbor's daughter, toiled on, and very likely would have forgotten her existence had not an incident occurred

and made the best butter in the coun-

Women, even in matters of strict ousiness, must have their little favor-

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that she never lost an opportunity of

One afternoon, in the second week of Mr. Leigh's arrival, Muriel had car

gentler sex. His head was bared in an nstant, and he turned from the path, down which he was speeding, hat in

Muriel extended her hand across the cow-Daisy refused to move with a smile, he took it.

"Good evening, Miss Holt. A full

"Very," said Muriel; "see."

He nodded. "A good cow." he said, scanning paisy's points with his calm, gray "And your favorite, doubtless Are you going to the farm?"

"Yes." said Muriel, lifting the pail "Let me carry it for you," he said. "No thank you," said Muriel, "I am sed to it; it is no great weight-But very gently, but also very firm-, he took the pail from her and valked along as if he were carrying

"You are very busy now," said Juriel, walking at his side and wonlering why men should be so much tronger than women.

"Yes." he said. "I am short-handed, nd the lambs are troublesome." "Are they all doing well?" asked

"Yes, very," he said. "No fault to

nd with the cattle," he added grave

She noticed the emphasis and the

"Is the land not satisfactory?" she

He laughed a short, curt laugh. "No: far from it," he repled. "It has een starved. I can scarcely believe, ooking at that field," nodding at some Subywood wheat, "and that," waving is hand to a piece of the Holme land, that they lie so close together."

"It will be hard work for you," she "Yes, that is a comfort," he replied.

Muriel sighed softly.

She looked up, surprised. "A comfort?" she repeated. "One

enerally counts that a trouble."

"No," he said, "not to me. Work is ly only pleasure, and the harder the etter. An idle man is an unhappy

"And one too hard worked is veary one," interrupted Muriel gent-

"All work and no play makes Jack dull boy," he repeated, smiling That proberb's not unqualified truth, liss Holt; there are a few things you an take to excess that will do you ess harm than hard work."

"I can't argue," said Muriel, "but do not confess myself convinced." "No," he said, "that is the vanuished's privilege. But how is it hat you, who are an advocate for ess work fail to carry out your docrine in practice? This pail is too eavy for your hands," and he glanced gravely at the small fists grasping

he milking stool She shook her head.

"You underestimate my strength," she said. "I can carry that pail easly. I wish you would let me now. am taking you from the Holme." "No," he said. "I can cut across by

# **Lost Control** of His Temper

Once there was a man whose liver was not working right. When dressing in the morning he had trouble with his collar. Then he lost the collar button. Then he said some-By the hime he got to breakfast he was so irritated that he had no

appetite and quarrelled with his wife. He went to the office with a headache and when he had some important business to transact he bungled it. When you find yourself easily irritated and lose control of yourself and your temper, look to the condi-tion of the liver, and take one of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at bed-

The dark-brown taste will



the footpath; and I would rather carry it, please. A magnificent sunset. The marquis's trees over yonde are turned to gold, if he but knew it.' "You are an admirer of nature?"

said Muriel "Yes," said Mr. Leigh. ne. Who is not?"

"Farmers, very often," replied Mur "They grow accustomed to all the varyng changes, and view them rom a money-making light. troyer of blight, and a sunset-well suppose that, being of little pall able use in agriculture, passes unre garded.

Mr. Leight was guilty of a prolong ed, genuine stare. Was this the laughter of a country farmer?

"There are farmers and farmers, ne replied, after a pause, during which he allowed his astonishment t politely evaporate. "I am not an er husiast-one in a neighborhood is sufficient: and you have Mr. Vandike -but I love nature; indeed, I hav nothing else to love."

A strange speech, savoring o effeminacy from a strong, healthy nan's lips, but it had nothing ridiculous about it. coming from him; fo was simple, solemn truth, and was poken as truth should be-gravel and without strain for effect.

Muriel looked straight before her nd then up at a starling. (To be continued.)

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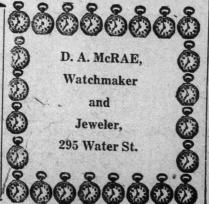
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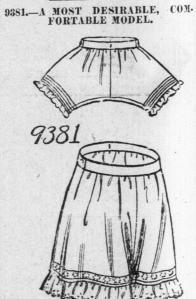
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tern Department. A man travelling in Maine met middle-aged farmer, who told him his father, aged ninety, was still on the farm where he was born. 'Ninety farm where he was born. years old, eh?' 'Yep; pop's close to ninety.' 'Is his health good?" "Taint't much now. He's been complainin' for a few months back.' What's the mat-ter with him?' 'I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him!

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