



**Deceived
AND
Disowned
BUT
True as Steel!**

**CHAPTER XI.
AN ATOWAL OF LOVE.**

On the day following the trial, therefore, when Reuben came unexpectedly up the hill, the farmer met him and shook hands with a heartiness that was almost overwhelming. "Welcome, lad," he said, "you're looking a little fresher than yesterday; a bad day it was, too; but truth got the best of it—and you showed up well. Come to have a chat with Polly, eh?"

"I've come to thank you, as I should have done yesterday, if I hadn't been—"

"I know, lad," interrupted Farmer Styles, putting an approving hand on his shoulder. "Don't say another word about it; I was main proud of you, and so was Polly." He jerked a thumb over his shoulder, with a wink and a loud guffaw that puzzled Reuben considerably.

"But I must thank you," said Reuben, "and I've brought some of the money of the loan you made yesterday."

"Nonsense, lad—put it in your pocket, and come inside. I'll bet Polly's seen you through the window."

Laughing slyly, he drew the mystified Reuben into the house, where they found Polly about to preside over the tea table.

After the meal, to which the farmer literally forced Reuben to stay, Polly left the two men together; and when she had disappeared with the last trayful of china, the farmer gave a

sigh of relief and hitched his chair closer to Reuben's.

"Reuben," he said, almost solemnly, "there ain't a better girl in Bingleigh than what my little maid is; and there ain't a young fellow in the whole county but what might be proud to call her his wife."

"I'm sure of that," said Reuben, still wondering.

"Spoken like a man," said the old man. "My lad, I like you; you proved yourself a true Englishman—and if you can ride to Woolney and back without bite or sup for a lady, as 's maught to you, it shows you know how to treat a lass as loves you. So have no fear—I was young myself once. Ah, there she goes, bless her!" he exclaimed, pointing with the stem of his pipe to Polly, going down toward the garden gate—now her favorite place. "I'm off—and shan't be back for an hour."

With another prodigious chuckle, Farmer Styles caught up his hat from behind the door, and passed out to the back of the farm.

Thoroughly bewildered, Reuben made up his mind to depart. It never occurred to him that the farmer was thinking of a marriage between him and Polly. To Reuben there was only one woman in the world; and the idea that he should wed another—and that one Polly Styles, pretty though she was—would have filled him with horror. As it was, he took up his hat and went down the path to her. Polly met him, but indifferently; all her feeling for him had vanished in her liking and admiration of Morgan Verner.

She bade him farewell carelessly enough; and Reuben, his mind rendered more at ease by her demeanor, set off farther up the hill. After a few minutes he turned to look back at the sun, and saw a man's figure walking, almost cautiously, toward the farm. He was too far off to recognize the stranger; but he saw Polly run to meet him, and he smiled half sadly as he turned back and proceeded on his way.

On the following day he was duly appointed to the command of Sir Edwin's stables, much to the disgust of the old coachman. Reuben set to work with a will; and in a very few weeks had so altered and improved the general arrangements that Sir Edwin blessed the day on which he had come across him. Olive, too, never seemed to tire of sounding or hearing his praises.

One morning, as they were seated at breakfast, Sir Edwin watched Reuben come up the drive.

"It's a funny thing," he said, musingly, "he looks more like a gentleman than a horse trainer—and I never see his face but I seem to have some dim recollection of having known it years ago. He's a strange lad, and a trustworthy one," he added to himself, as he became absorbed in the pile of letters beside his plate, while Olive, who had blushed as usual at any praise of her favorite, watched him anxiously. Those

letters had largely increased of late, and she suspected that affairs were not always so smooth as they might be. In a vague way, she attributed this change to the Verners.

Scarcely a day passed without a visit from Squire Verner; and when he came, he and Sir Edwin invariably repaired to the library, there to talk over piles of letters and papers. Sometimes Morgan accompanied his father, and was always accorded a genial welcome by Sir Edwin. To Olive he was always deferential, and listened when she spoke, as if her words were law to him; but Olive, though she could not fail to note his efforts to please her, still distrusted both father and son—a feeling engendered on the day of Reuben's trial.

Sometimes Mr. Normanby would ride over from Falcot, where he seemed to be staying indefinitely, and for him Olive had a sincerer welcome. Indeed, every one seemed to like him, if only for his nonchalance and calm good temper. Olive even put down the slight improvement in Morgan Verner to his influence; but she did not suspect how great an influence the quiet Mr. Normanby wielded over all who crossed his path.

Now, no sooner had breakfast been disposed of than Olive heard the rattling of carriage wheels; and a minute or two later rose with her father to greet the now familiar visitor. Morgan crossed over to Olive directly.

"I hope we are not too early," he said. "My father had some urgent business to transact with Sir Edwin, and I ventured to come with him."

Olive made the conventional reply, though there was no real welcome in her heart.

"We old folks will go into the library," Mr. Morgan, if we are too long for your patience, then Olive will show you her conservatories," said Sir Edwin; and, with a smile, he disappeared with Mr. Verner, senior.

"Shall we go at once?" asked Olive; and they passed out into the beautifully stocked glass houses. Morgan was most attentive, doing his best to please his hostess, till at last he brought the subject around to the object of their visit.

"My father has come over to try and persuade Sir Edwin to spend the winter in London."

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"Oh, no," said Olive, though she flushed again. "Reuben was taking the calf to the paddock for me."

She turned as she spoke, and Lord Cravenden walked with her beneath the shade of the Bingleigh trees, wearing their summer's pride. At last they reached a slightly more secluded spot, wherein was a rustic seat, and Lord Cravenden determined to seize his opportunity.

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Olive was in no mood for the house, and made her way to the orchard, where, halter in hand, stood Reuben, studying a young calf which had been ailing. He did not see her, and she stood for some minutes, looking at his absorbed face, before she passed through the long grass to him. His head was uncovered directly, and he drew back, as if to let her pass in silence. Olive noticed this, and determined to break through the barrier of rank he had so carefully set up.

"Ah, Reuben," she said, sweetly, "is this the calf that was ill?"

"Yes, Miss Olive," he said respectfully. "It is quite right now, though I suppose it will be killed just the same," he added, with a half sigh.

"Indeed, it shall not," said Olive, indignantly. "I will have it for my very own, and you shall bring it to the paddock for me now." She stroked the animal's face as she spoke, all unconscious of Reuben's devouring gaze bent on her fair face.

He put the halter over the calf's neck and led it away, Olive walking by his side. As they walked, once more the heiress of Bingleigh felt the charm of this unknown stranger. She listened with delight, as he pointed out the names of the trees and birds, some hitherto unknown to her. His quick eyes noted a squirrel, as it darted from branch to branch; and as they stood together to watch it, that sense of sympathy of two fresh, unstrained minds went out from one to the other, till Olive, turning, met Reuben's eyes fixed upon her with such ardent worship as only eyes can render. A thrill passed through her; she blushed vividly, and half turned to him; another minute, and Reuben's passion would have been beyond control, his avowal would have passed his lips—when a sharp step sounded on the turf, and Lord Cravenden was in front of them.

He raised his hat quickly to Olive, who turned to him as Reuben with pale face, fell back a few steps.

"I was told I should find you in the grounds, Miss Seymour," said his lordship politely.

Olive greeted him shyly, her heart beating tumultuously. Lord Cravenden stooped to pat the calf—which had lain down contentedly enough—then turned to Reuben.

"Why, this is Reuben Wynter, is it not?" he said kindly.

Reuben bowed. His face was gravely set in its usual lines; then, without a word, he led away the calf.

"I do not interrupt you, do I?" asked Lord Cravenden, almost anxiously.

"Oh, no," said Olive, though she flushed again. "Reuben was taking the calf to the paddock for me."

She turned as she spoke, and Lord Cravenden walked with her beneath the shade of the Bingleigh trees, wearing their summer's pride. At last they reached a slightly more secluded spot, wherein was a rustic seat, and Lord Cravenden determined to seize his opportunity.

"Miss Seymour," he said suddenly, "I came to see Sir Edwin this morning on a matter of importance—a matter of life and death—to me."

Olive started; and, seeing it, Lord Cravenden strove to speak less passionately.

"Miss Seymour, forgive me if I have startled you—I know I have no right to speak to you so abruptly—but love comes suddenly, unheralded, in a man's life, and will not be dismissed."

Olive half rose from the seat, but at the sight of his eager, earnest face, sank down with a sigh. She would have given words for some interruption, for she saw that a proposal was inevitable; but no interruption was to come just then, and Lord Cravenden, taking her silence for consent, continued with his suit.

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Christmas Gifts for "HIM."

There's a time for everything.
To-Day It's Choosing HIS GIFT.

We Stock THE BEST that MEN'S Wear-Makers are Capable of Turning Out.
OUR STORE Practically Overflows To-Day with PRACTICAL GIFTS for HIM.

MAY WE SHOW YOU?

FELT HATS!
Hard and Soft Felt Hats from the world's best makers. Always the latest styles here.
Prices \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$10.00.

TWEED CAPS!
The best that experts can produce from both sides of the Atlantic. Our price range is complete.
Prices 50c., 75c.,