

this, and appreciated it, and when the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, he sank at once languidly down on the couch by Isabel's side.

"I may talk to you, may I not?" he asked. "Yes," replied Isabel, smiling, and opening her large fan with a jerk.

"Thank you," said Captain Hugh. "Do you mean to stay long in this part of the country?" asked Isabel.

"I came for two days," answered the handsome guardman, "but if I find it agreeable, I can remain longer."

"Perhaps you will find it agreeable," said Isabel, smiling again.

"Perhaps I shall," said Captain Warrington, "and perhaps—as I understand we are neighbours—we may sometimes see each other during the next few days."

In such common-place words did Isabel begin her acquaintance with Capt. Hugh Warrington. But then it must be admitted that most of our acquaintances begin in common-place and uninteresting language. But she admired him. He was young and handsome; and instead of Sir George's cloudy brow and moody manner, he was lively, easily amused, and apparently as well pleased with Isabel's society as she was with his.

Mr. Trevor fidgeted and frowned, when he heard Isabel's low laugh ring again and again through the shabby-furnished drawing-room.

Good Heavens! he thought, was this foolish girl going to upset all his calculations, and throw away such a fine position as she now had the chance of, by her vain folly? He looked uneasily at Hilda, but Hilda's eyes were cast down, and gave no answering glance. Then he crossed the room and went to her side.

"Who is that person," he said, "with whom Isabel appears to be carrying on such an animated conversation?"

"He is the Vicar's brother-in-law, I believe," answered Hilda.

"She is extremely injudicious," said Mr. Trevor, in a tone that Hilda well understood. Mr. Trevor expected she would become his wife, Hilda knew from that tone, and her face flushed and her heart beat quickly when she heard it.

After this there was music; Lucinda Featherstone playing one of the old pieces she had learnt at school, and which Isabel Trevor remembered so well, as she informed Captain Warrington in a half whisper. Then there was conversation again, more or less animated, and by and by, Mr. Trevor rose, and after looking at his watch, proposed to Isabel to order the carriage.

"Is it time to go?" replied Isabel, glancing up at her father. "The evening seems to have passed very quickly."

"It is a quarter to eleven," said the Squire stiffly.

"Pray stay the quarter," said Capt. Warrington, addressing the Squire. "The evening has seemed so short."

"It is quite time to go," answered the Squire, yet more stiffly, and Isabel gave a little shrug of her fine shoulders.

"You see what a tyrant I have to deal with," she said, smiling at Captain Warrington. "How do you return to the Vicarage?" she went on.

"As my worthy brother-in-law has not been amongst the lucky servants of the Church, I suppose we must walk," answered Capt. Hugh Warrington, also shrugging his shoulders.

"But is it a fine evening?" said Isabel. "If it rains, or if Mrs. Woodford and you will accept a seat in the Massam carriage, there is plenty of room for us all."

"Scarcely, I think, my dear Isabel," said Mr. Trevor, repressively.

"See if it rains," said Isabel to Capt. Warrington, ignoring her father's remark.

"It rains," said Captain Hugh, solemnly, after he had inspected the weather through the window, and then returned to Isabel's side.

Upon which Isabel went to the parson's wife. "Mrs. Woodford," she said, addressing this lady, who was fanning herself disconsolately, "your brother tells me it rains, so I trust you will accept a seat in the Massam carriage."

"I'm sure, if it will not inconvenience you, I shall feel exceedingly obliged. I am so unaccustomed to this kind of thing. I feel it so much." And Mrs. Woodford sighed.

"But, my dear," said poor little Woodford, advancing towards his wife, and rubbing his hands together, "there are so many of us—"

"You can walk," said Mrs. Woodford, and so it was finally arranged. The parson, with the Massam footman behind him, walked to the vicarage, which was only a quarter of a mile distant from the Featherstone Hall, and the three ladies went inside the carriage, and Capt. Hugh Warrington sat beside the coachman.

It was a miserable drive for Hilda Marston. She sat next to Mr. Trevor, on the back seat of the carriage, and Mr. Trevor had the audacity to take hold of her hand! The poor girl turned red, and then pale. She dared not take away her hand—the poor little hand that was not by any means at home in the rich man's clasp.

"Oh, what shall I do?" Hilda was thinking, "what shall I do?" She knew what she ought to do, but that meant giving up home and help for little Ned. She sat still, while Mrs. Woodford kept complaining, in her thin, high-pitched voice, of the society which, as a clergyman's wife, she was forced to endure, complaints of which, however, Isabel took but scant notice.

At last the carriage stopped at the gate of the Vicarage, and Captain Hugh Warrington descended from his seat by the coachman and opened the carriage door to assist his sister out of it.

"Good-bye, Miss Trevor," he said, after he had performed this duty, holding out his hand to Isabel.

"Good-bye," she answered, and that was all; but something in the way they both spoke made Mr. Trevor more uneasy even than he had been in the drawing-room.

In the meanwhile, at Massam, Sir George was restlessly awaiting their arrival. The great house had felt doubly desolate to him during their absence. Isabel's presence there for the last few days had filled his life with a new excitement at least, and as he wandered up and down the library, he was beginning to shape into form the vague feelings with which, in spite of himself, she had inspired him.

"If she only loved me," he was thinking. He knew enough of women to know that when they love they will forgive much, and Isabel had done her best during the last few days to make Sir George think he was anything but indifferent to her.

"But perhaps it is Massam she thinks of," presently thought Sir George with some bitterness. Massam, the splendid home, that now seemed no home for him. "But I have no right to marry," he reflected the next minute, "none, none,—and yet she is so beautiful."

Yes, there it was. It was her beauty, and but her beauty, that bewitched him. Sir George felt distrust in her, even now. The subtle, God-given instinct, with which we recognize truth, warned him already, but another instinct carried him on. She fascinated him, in fact, just as she fascinated Philip Hayward, and almost every other man she had tried to win.

When Sir George heard the sound of the carriage wheels announce the return of the party from Featherstone, he went down at once to the hall to receive his guests. For his amusement, Isabel by and by gave a satirical account of their entertainment, to which Sir George listened with a smile.

"And who is Captain Warrington?" he asked.

"A very handsome young man," replied Isabel, smiling.

"A forward person, I thought," said Mr. Trevor, so testily that Sir George remarked it.

"Well, you shall judge for yourself," said Isabel still smiling and looking at Sir George, "for Captain Warrington is coming here to call upon me. He complained so pitiously of the dullness of his life at his sister's house that I took compassion on him,—so I hope you won't turn him out, Sir George?"

"Any friend of yours will always be welcome here," said Sir George, gravely. But he was displeased. He scarcely admitted it to himself, but he was jealous always of Isabel Trevor.

CHAPTER XII.

HUGH WARRINGTON.

But he felt yet more displeased, and more jealous the next day. In passing the door of the billiard-room, about twelve o'clock, he heard the crack of the balls and, on looking in to see who were the players, saw Isabel, cue in hand, with her fair face flushed, while leaning on the table by her side was a tall, handsome stranger.

Isabel looked up at Sir George opened the room door, and at once beckoned to her host to come in.

"Come and see me play," she said. "I have got a splendid adversary. Captain Warrington—Sir George Hamilton."

As Isabel introduced them, the two men looked at each other and bowed, Sir George coldly and stiffly, Capt. Warrington courteously and good-temperedly. Sir George, in fact, was jealous, but Captain Warrington was not. Sir George avoided women in general, and Captain Warrington sought them. Thus a man accustomed to associate with the belles of London society saw nothing so wonderful in Isabel's beauty as the cold proud man did, who shrank from all communion with his equals. Captain Warrington admired Isabel, but that was all, while Sir George was gradually permitting himself to feel for her a deep and absorbing passion.

"I am considered a good player," went on Isabel. "Why don't you play with me, sometimes, Sir George?"

"You have got an efficient substitute apparently," answered Sir George. "I will not spoil your game." And, with a slight bow, he turned and left the room.

"So that is Sir George Hamilton!" said Captain Warrington, after he had done so. "Not a bad-looking fellow, eh? There are queer stories about him, aren't there?"

"What stories?" asked Isabel, quickly.

"Don't know. About some lady or other, I believe. But it's your turn to play. Hadn't we better go on with the game?"

Isabel did go on with the game, and she also went on coquetting with Capt. Hugh Warrington. Was Sir George making a fool of her? she was thinking all the time. There must be some truth in these reports that she was continually hearing about him. She was an excellent player at billiards in general, but she did not play well that morning. "I will not trouble about Sir George any more," she decided, and so when they met at lunch, she addressed her host with studied coldness. Sir George instantly noticed the change in her manner, and his restlessness and impatience under it soon grew painful. He thought that he had offended her in the billiard room, and tried to conciliate her, but Isabel's manner continued carelessly indifferent.

"I am going to ride over to Featherstone this afternoon, papa," she said to Mr. Trevor during the meal, "the girls there have got up a riding party. We are going to see some Abbey or other in the neighbourhood."

"Are you going, Sir George?" asked Mr. Trevor, with some discomfort in his tone, addressing their host.

"I have not even been asked to go," replied Sir George with a forced smile.

"Oh, it is only the Featherstone girls and myself and—Captain Warrington, I believe," said Isabel.

Upon this, Sir George bit his lips nervously and his face flushed.

"Oh—" said Mr. Trevor disapprovingly.

"May I ride Monaco?" asked Isabel, turning to Sir George with something more like her old manner to him.

"Certainly," answered Sir George, rising and ringing the bell, and when a servant appeared, he ordered Monaco (his favourite horse) to be saddled for Miss Trevor's use, and having done this, with a word of apology to Mr. Trevor, he left his guests to themselves.

"My dear Isabel," said Mr. Trevor in his severest tone, as the door closed behind their host, "do you think you are acting courteously to Sir George, in making arrangements in which he is in no way consulted?"

Isabel shrugged her shoulders as her father spoke.

"I am getting a little weary of Sir George," she said, "and feel inclined for a little more likely conversation than he favoured me with."

"I think you are extremely injudicious," said Mr. Trevor, turning extremely red, and stammering with indignation.

"Why?" asked Isabel, coolly, helping herself to a bunch of grapes.

"I—repeat what I have said," replied the Squire, rising indignantly from the table.

"I repeat,—you are highly injudicious." And, having said this, Mr. Trevor quitted the room, leaving Isabel and Hilda Marston alone.

"What a rage papa is in," said Isabel, with a light laugh, going on with her grapes. Hilda moved uncomfortably—in fact, she did not know what to say.

"Why should I never speak to any one but Sir George, I wonder?" went on Isabel, still eating her grapes. "Captain Warrington amuses me, and I like being amused."

"Perhaps Mr. Trevor thinks—" hesitated Hilda.

"That I am losing a chance of Massam," laughed Isabel, rising also. "Ah, well, it can't be helped." And with another laugh she turned away.

She had, in fact, arranged this riding party, as she called it, with Captain Hugh Warrington alone. They had agreed in the morning over the billiard table, that Captain Hugh was to borrow a horse of Mr. Featherstone, as his brother-in-law, Mr. Woodford, was not possessed of one, and that he was to meet Isabel on such and such a spot, on the road between Featherstone and Massam.

"If the girls would like to come you can bring them," said Isabel, in her careless, coquettish way, to Captain Hugh, as she was making these arrangements.

"Needn't be very pressing about their coming, I suppose?" said Captain Hugh, looking at Isabel with his handsome eyes and smiling, as he spoke.

"I leave it in your hands," replied Isabel, and so Captain Hugh never said anything about this meeting to the girls at all.

Thus, when Isabel, mounted on Monaco, and with one of the Massam grooms behind her (splendidly mounted also), rode up to the appointed spot, though somewhat past the appointed hour, they found Captain Hugh gazing disconsolately at the partridges over the hedge of an adjoining field mounted on a "screw" (as Isabel would have called it) from the Featherstone stables.

"I am weary with waiting," he said, affectedly, as Isabel, bright and beautiful as usual, approached him.

"Are you?" she laughed. "Well, you see, I have come at last."

"I was just going away in despair," said Captain Hugh. "And after mounting this animal" (and he touched the poor horse which he was riding) "for your sake, I think it was cruel of you to keep me so long."

"I must try to console you," answered Isabel, smiling. "So—that was all they could give you?" she went on critically inspecting Captain Hugh's horse.

"Unforeseen and unexpected misfortunes had happened to the whole of the rest of Mr. Featherstone's stud," replied Captain Hugh, "which he and I equally regretted."

"Perhaps they are in the hands of the bailiffs," said Isabel, with a laugh, who had heard something of the Featherstones' embarrassments, since she had been at Massam.

"Perhaps," replied Captain Hugh, "and the bailiffs have been too knowing to lay hands on this one." And he once more slightly touched the poor animal on which he was mounted.

But presently they forgot all about their horses. Isabel intended to be charming, and she perfectly succeeded. You see ordinary and common-place words sometimes sound charming from lovely lips, and speech that would be called harsh and cutting coming from the plain or old, do not seem so when the voice is fresh and young. Isabel, tired of having made love to Sir George, with seemingly so little result, now amused herself by making love to a younger and apparently a more susceptible man. But it

is curious how these outer shells in which we are enveloped will sometimes deceive. Captain Hugh Warrington, with his large pensive grey eyes, which looked so full of feeling, was by no means an impulsive person. He, in fact, never dreamed of falling in love with Isabel Trevor as they rode in the misty October evening through the Yorkshire lanes. He admired her, but she was not the kind of woman he would have given his heart to, if he had had any thought of giving it away.

Sir George Hamilton, on the contrary, with all his gloom and reticence, was really both impulsive and passionate. He had left the luncheon table feeling angry and jealous almost beyond control, because Isabel was going to ride with Captain Warrington—so angry and jealous that he did not even condescend to tell her his own news. This news that he had just received by telegram was that Philip Hayward, the tutor, was then on his road to Massam.

Thus, when Isabel, flushed and smiling, with Captain Warrington by her side, was returning in the gathering twilight towards the Park, a wagonette passed them—a wagonette in which two gentlemen were seated, and whom Isabel instantly recognised, even before they took off their hats in token of her presence.

These were Hayward and Sir George; Sir George having gone to the station to meet the tutor, and with a start Hayward also recognised Isabel as they passed the riders.

"That is Miss Trevor, is it not?" he said a moment later with quivering lips.

"Yes," answered Sir George with sudden reserve and coldness, for before this meeting with Isabel he had been exerting himself to be kind and attentive to Hayward.

"And the gentleman?" asked Hayward.

"I do not know," replied Sir George. "Some officer I think that she met the other day at Featherstone." And as he spoke the tutor suppressed a restless sigh.

Living down at Sanda; living in a lonely and secluded spot where the great social differences which divide men were almost forgotten, Philip Hayward the tutor had lately been nursing a sweet dream of love. There was something almost pathetic in its simplicity. He had read and dreamed of men and women loving each other too well to part, in spite of all obstacles and laws, and he had told himself that his love was as strong and great as any man or woman's who had ever lived. He had believed in Isabel's sweet glances, in her few sugared words, in the rosebud that she had given him in jest, but which he treasured now as most men treasure gold. It came upon him, therefore, as a kind of shock when he saw her riding with another man—a shock that made his lips quiver and his heart beat with a dull, cold pain.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

WHISKEY is about the only enemy man has succeeded in really loving.

THE following classical poser is submitted for college debating clubs: Did Leander swim the Hellespont, or did Hero?

ROBERT EMMET asked that his epitaph should not be written. He has seen too much queer spelling and bad poetry on tombstones.

THE borrowing fiend, who is always a little short of change, is an enemy to whom no quarter should be shown.

"GENTLEMEN, there's no use talking," remarked the man to a crowd on the corner, and then he talked away for about half an hour without a pause.

"WHAT'S your jography, Bill?" "It's a tellin' of forin lands that we know nothin' about by 'cute chaps that's never seen 'em.' Bill got a government situation.

WHAT is more aggravating than, when starting out in a heavy rainstorm, to attempt to button your overcoat up to the neck and ascertain that the only button on the coat is located down at its equator?

WHO can explain why a collar button and a shirt always sever their connections when a man is away from home? As long as a man stays in the house he might wear a shirt ten years and never lose a button.

VICTOR NOIR, who was afterwards shot down by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, challenged M. Paul de Cassagnac, who, having the choice of weapons, selected orthography, in which his opponent was deficient.

THE cactus plant will take root on a stone window sill, and be nourished with the promise of rain. Men who make a living by writing consequently have a sympathetic interest in the cactus.

When a man is hanging by his toes from the cornice of a high building, and expects momentarily to drop, nothing so completely reassures and so thoroughly satisfies him as the sudden discovery that he is safely at home in bed.

A KENTUCKY paper remarks that the look of intelligence assumed by the young lawyer as he sits in court should be put a stop to. It is calculated to cause the presiding judge to lose confidence in himself—to make him believe he doesn't know anything.

A WORTHY but poor minister requested a loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of a bank, and in the note requesting the favour he said he would "pay in ten days on the faith of Abraham." The cashier returned word that by the rules of the bank the endorser must reside in the State.

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