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BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Hatch, M.A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 P.M. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M.A., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sunday School at 9:45 A.M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P.M. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 10 A.M. Sunday School at 10 A.M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P.M.

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St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Holy Communion at 10 O'clock. A.M. and 10 A.M. at 8 A.M. Service every Wednesday at 1:30 P.M.

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PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

"Oh, Aunt Dinah, please don't be angry with me for my grandfather's doings! I am sorry he has foreclosed the mortgage, and I came to tell dear Mrs. Grant that I am ashamed of it all," cried the beauty so sweetly that the old woman's anger was at once dissipated, and with returning smiles, she ushered the visitor into the large, shabby parlor with its faded carpet and curtains, and took the card to her mistress.

Mrs. Grant was in her own cozy little sitting-room, lying dejectedly upon a sofa drawn near the glowing wood-fire in the grate, and she looked with a weary frown at the bit of postcard, exclaiming:

"Amber Laurens! Why, what does the girl want with me? I should think she would have better taste than to come to Bonnycastle now."

"Oh, missis, she told me she was real sorry her granddaddy was so ugly by you, and she come to tell you so. An', missis, she am got on de beautifullest gown I eber see, all black and yellow silk, and de finest hat, black velvet wid yellow canary birds onto it, as natural as life! I sholy did like dem fine clothes!" admitted Aunt Dinah.

"But, Dinah, I do not feel well enough to see callers to-day. You must tell Miss Laurens to excuse me," murmured the lady, shrinking from a meeting with any of the household from Golden Willows.

"Oh, sho, now, missus, you can see her jes' as well as not, for you needn't go down to de parlor room at all. She can come to de settin'-room and talk ter yer, layin' dere so comfortable, dere now," urged Aunt Dinah, thinking that the call might divert the lady's melancholy thoughts.

"Oh, very well, Dinah; bring her in here, then. You will always have your way," sighed Mrs. Grant, and the old woman retreated, chuckling, and soon ushered the beautiful young visitor into the room of her mistress.

"Dear Mrs. Grant, will you pardon me for coming at this time? Oh, I could not help it! My heart ached for your trouble. I had to come and tell you how grieved and sorry I am and how ashamed of poor granddaddy, who is getting so old that he is too much under the influence of his lawyers. They have persuaded him to do this grasping thing, I know; but although I have begged and begged him not to do it, he will not listen to me. Oh, do say you will not blame me!"

Mrs. Grant had risen in her latest manner to receive the unwelcome guest, but Amber's gushing outburst completely disarmed her hostility.

She took the outstretched hand and lightly kissed the inviting, upturned lips.

"You are very good, my dear girl," she said, falteringly, and made room for Amber on her sofa, though she realized in a moment how shabby her worn cashmere looked by the side of the visitor's rich striped silk.

Aunt Dinah withdrew, with a low chuckle of satisfaction, and Amber sat gazing with curious eyes at the mistress of Bonnycastle and thinking how much older she had grown since yesterday, when this crushing sorrow had fallen upon her. The way, dark hair was streaked with gray, the pretty face was pale, the dark eyes dim and shadowed from constant weeping.

"Oh, Mrs. Grant, how ill you look!" pursued Amber, tenderly. "It is a burning shame that granddaddy should have distressed you so, and I will never forgive him—never! I told him so only this morning, but he could not move his hard heart. We will outwit him yet, dear Mrs. Grant, for I have a plan—if you will only permit me to help you."

"You may dear Miss Laurens," exclaimed her mistress, doubtfully, but with a little thrill of hope.

"It would break her heart, she knows, to leave the dear old home, and she ought eagerly at every little gleam of hope."

"Please call the Amber—Miss Laurens sounds so distant. And Cecil always calls me Amber. We are great friends, you know," cried the girl, eagerly.

"Indeed?" returned the lady, with slight surprise.

"She thought she did not say that it was Violet early in whom Cecil was so much interested."

"Oh, Mrs. Grant, you have not heard the news about Violet, I suppose? She eloped last night with a gentleman who has been visiting at Golden Willows—a Mr. Castello, of Chicago. Oh, how surprised you look! You thought she was Cecil's sweetheart, did you not? So did we all, but our Violet was always a sad flirt, and always preferred her latest lover. Mr. Castello was very rich, too, and that carried the day with Violet. So off they went to Washington last night and were married. Did not Cecil tell you?"

"No, he did not mention it. I suppose he thought it unimportant compared with our trouble!" Mrs. Grant answered proudly, treating the whole matter lightly, though her heart ached in secret for her poor boy, thus made the victim of a heartless jilt.

Amber did not wish to wound her sensitive pride too deeply, so she made no further reference to the elopement and began, wheedlingly:

"Dear Mrs. Grant, my heart is almost broken over this affair. I cannot bear to have you and Cecil give up your old home and go away among strangers. It would be very cruel for you both."

"I will break my heart to go!" cried Mrs. Grant, choking back a sob that rose at Amber's sweet sympathy.

"It must not be. You shall remain at Bonnycastle!" cried the young girl, with a resolute air.

"Ah, my dear young girl, we are compelled to go! Cecil cannot raise the money to pay off the mortgage, and Judge Camden has sworn that unless he does so, we must give up the place in a week. Do not distress yourself, my sweet young friend, over our fate, for it is fixed, and I must cultivate resignation," sighed the unhappy lady.

"Perhaps if you would appeal in person to my grandfather," began Amber, but Mrs. Grant shook her head decisively.

"Never!" she replied, with flashing eyes, and lips curled in disdainful pride.

"How she despises the old gentleman!" Amber thought with secret amusement, then said, aloud, gently:

"Perhaps you are right not to humiliate yourself to that old man. And, indeed, there is no need, for you can defy his power. I can help you to do it."

Mrs. Grant looked in unfeigned wonder at the beautiful creature whose face was so bright and spirited in the leaping flames of the firelight.

"My dear Amber, I do not understand you," she answered, with a helpless little sigh.

"I know you do not, dear Mrs. Grant, but I will soon make it clear to you. I did not intrude on you this morning to offer useless sympathy, but to give you real help. I have a little fortune of my own, quite independent of my grandfather, and I will lend you the money to pay off the mortgage on Bonnycastle and keep your home."

The startling words were spoken, and Mrs. Grant could not answer, from sheer surprise.

She had not known that either of the pieces of Judge Camden possessed a dollar in their own right, and she instantly decided that some of her father's relatives had left Amber a legacy. But her kindly sympathy, her generous offer of so large a sum struck her dumb.

Amber saw the effect of her words and smiled. Without waiting for a reply, she continued, eagerly:

"Do not refuse my offer, Mrs. Grant, for it will make me very happy to enable you to pay off the mortgage and remain at Bonnycastle. And granddaddy need never know the truth. My money is under my own control, and I can convey it to you without his knowledge. Oh, how proud and glad I should be to do this small favor for you and your dear son!"

"This is very noble, very unexpected, and very—tempting—to me, dear Amber; but—but—I am sure it could not be right to accept. Cecil is very proud," Mrs. Grant sobbed, almost breaking down in her gratitude to the fair young girl, her eagerness to accept the offer, and her consciousness that Cecil was far too proud to accept this favor from Judge Camden's granddaughter.

Amber did not tell her that she had already spoken to Cecil on the subject. She answered, hopefully:

"I cannot believe that Cecil would be so cruel as to let you leave Bonnycastle, if by any fair means he can retain it for you. I know he loves you very dearly, and would be willing to sacrifice his pride a little for your dear sake. May I stay with you, dear friend, till he comes, and we will plead with him together?"

"Yes, yes, dear Mrs. Grant, I will do so," replied the girl, tenderly, and, choking back a sob, the girl continued:

"I was called very pretty, and I kept company with some very gay young girls in my own class of life. We delighted in dressing in our best and promenading on Pennsylvania avenue, where we were guilty of flirting in a way that makes me bitterly ashamed now, for I realize too late that no pure young girl who respects herself should stoop to court attention and admiration from strangers. But I was giddy and thoughtless, my companions the same, and thus I made the acquaintance of the man who wrecked my life. He was handsome, as you know, and a few chance meetings and stolen glances completed the conquest of my silly heart. I permitted him to call on me at my home, and he told me that he lived in Chicago, and if I made a visit to the great World's Fair he would be pleased to escort me through its wonders. He would return home in a week and ardently wished I were going then, so that he might have the pleasure of my company."

"To hasten over this unpleasant story, I begged my parents to take me to the great fair, but they refused to do so, and desired me to put the notion out of my head. They also disapproved of my fine new lover, and made me drop his acquaintance."

"Smarting with resentment, I told Harold everything. A few secret meetings followed, then he persuaded me to elope with him. I agreed, and we were married, as I thought, by a Methodist minister and left for Chicago."

TO BE CONTINUED.
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To begin at the beginning, I made his acquaintance in a way that I am ashamed of now—by a street flirtation! Pretty young girls are often vain and thoughtless; I am afraid I was both, for I delighted in the admiring glances I met from gay young men upon the street. I forgot to tell you that my home is in Washington. My poor father was a druggist, and we had a neat little home of our own. I was the only child. Father and mother had married late in life, and they fairly doted on me, and gave me all the advantages they could afford. Ah, how good they were to me, and how poorly I repaid their love! I sighed for an unhappy and repentant girl.

CHAPTER XXXI.
The two girls, Violet and Lena, spent the remaining hours of the night in the garret of the lonely old woodland cabin.

As there was no bed they could not sleep, but indeed the were so excited that they did not care to do so. They preferred to remain awake and discuss their plans for the future.

Although Violet was wild to communicate at once with Cecil Grant, she permitted Lena to persuade her that it would be unwise to attempt it yet.

Harold Castello will be watching him very closely, and detection might follow on the slightest correspondence. It is best to wait a while," she said.

For the same reason Violet's first intention of seeking her father's relatives was abandoned, since it was natural that suspicion should be directed toward them.

"Your best plan is to come home with me to my poor widowed mother, and remain awhile in hiding," advised Lena Lavare.

"But I have no money, dear Lena." "That makes no difference, my friend, for we have a cozy little home of our own. Ah, would that I had never left it at the temptings of that black-hearted scoundrel who won my heart and betrayed my trust!" sighed Lena, with unavailing remorse.

"Tell me how it happened, please," cried Violet, with childish curiosity over a love affair.

The poor girl dashed the bitter tears from her brown eyes and answered: "It is a very simple story, dear Violet, though it ended so tragically."

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