Reconciliation.

She stands where ivies cluster green,
A pink bud at her throat.
The gardener seeks her, grave of mien,
Bearing my contrite note.

She breaks the seal..In damask flood
Her color comes and goes.....
Nay, do I dream, or has the bud
Burst richly to a rose?

—*Andrew Hussey Allen*

An Isolated Case of Honesty.

(Arkansaw Traveller.)

A man of shambling gait and ragged appearacce forced his way into the counting-room of a large publishing house, and addressing the proprietor, who looked up in astonishment, said:—

"I want 50 cents."

"Don't owe you anything."

"I know that, but I need the money."

"Want to buy something to eat, I suppose?"

"No sir, I don't want anything to eat."

"Oh, I see, you want to buy your baby a pair of shoes."

"No, I don't."

"Ah, you want to buy an undershirt."

"No, I don't."

"Then why do you want 50 cents?"

"Want to get drunk."

"By George!" exclaimed the great business man, "you are further from being a hypocrite than any fellow I have seen this year. Here's a dollar for you."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

—Portage la Prairie has a resident named Janner who claims to be the long lost Charlie Ross.

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

MY PREMISES situated in Lower Sackville, consisting of House (nearly new), Barn and ten acres of Land, with a never-failing Well of Water. Only a few minutes' walk from Railway Station, Academies and Churches.

JOHN FORD, JR.
April 11th, 1888. 1m

For Sale or to Let.

THE HOUSE on Salem Street, near Capt. B. A. Read's, at present owned and occupied by Mrs. Albert Black. It is in good order, has frost-proof cellar, is situated within convenient distance of schools, academies, public offices, etc. A never failing well of water, good garden, and about two and a half acres of pasture land. For particulars apply to Mrs. Black or Josiah Wood, M. P.

Sackville, Feb. 14, 1888.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville.
Sackville, April 13th, 1887. tf

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outhouses and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station.

If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately.

Title undoubted. Apply to

T. A. WELLING.
Baie Verte, May 25th, 1887

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on TUESDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF JUNE NEXT, A. D. 1888, in front of the Court House, in Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

All the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and Demand of JOHN W. CLARE, his Possessory Right and Right of Entry, both at Law and in Equity, of, in and to the Lands and Premises situate in the Parish of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, and bounded and described as follow:

All that certain piece or parcel of Land and Premises situate in Sackville, in the County of Westmorland aforesaid, bounded on the west by a road leading from Salem Chapel (so called) to the Main Road through Sackville, on the north by a Road leading from said Road to and joining the Main Post Road leading through Sackville at or near David G. Dickson's, on the east by Lands owned by the Estate of the late Sir Albert J. Smith, and on the south by Lands owned and occupied by John W. Sangster, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less, being the same Premises on which the said John W. Clare resides at the date hereof; also all other Real Estate of the said John W. Clare, wheresoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick, the same having been seized by and to be sold under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Westmorland at the suit of John E. Hickey versus the said John W. Clare.

Dated at Dorchester, March 1st, A. D. 1888.

ANGUS McQUEEN,
Sheriff.
mar7-3m

Flour and Tobacco!

JUST RECEIVED:

125 Bbls. Daily Bread, Choice Superior;
125 " Stockwell, Choice Patent;
250 " Tilson's Patent, Choice Patent;
250 " White Granite, " "
250 " Queen City, Choice Superior;
125 " Silver Spray, High Grade P'tent.
25 Caddies Index Smoking Tobacco;
25 " Myrtle Navy, Smoking;
50 " Napoleon, Chewing;
50 Butts Pilot, 8s;
50 " No. 1 Crown, 12s.

For Sale Low to the Trade.

A. J. BABANG & CO.,
apl24 Moncton, N. B.

New Crop Molasses, &c.

2 CAR Loads Choice Retailing Molasses;
100 Tubs Choice Canadian Lard;
25 Bbls. Rankin's Soda & Sugar Biscuits;
80 " Choice Labrador Herring;
1 Car Load Bbls. and Half-Bbls. Labrador Herring.

apl24 A. J. BABANG & CO.

Salt! Salt!

Landing Ex Ship from Liverpool:

2,000 Bags Coarse Salt,
300 Bags F. F. Fine Salt.

GEO. S. DeFOREST,
13 South Wharf,
feb29 ST. JOHN, N. B.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,

Manufacturers and Builders.

Doors, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD Mantels, MOULDings, etc

WALNUT Cherry, ASH, BIRCH, BEECH, PINE & Whitewo'd HOUSE FINISH.

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials

jan27 Send for Estimates.

SACKVILLE Drug Store

Just Received and on Hand:

5 GROSS DIAMOND DYES;
2 Gross Minard's Liniment;
1 Gross Johnson's Liniment;
1 Gross Burdock Bitters;
½ Gross Scott's Emulsion;
½ Gross Eclectric Oil;
½ Gross Beef, Iron and Wine;
½ Gross Mother Seigel's Syrup;

Wholesale and Retail.

Warner's Safe Cure, Warner's Nervine, Robinson's Emulsion, Fellow's Hypophosphites, Puttner's Hypophosphites, Paine's Celery Compound, Quinine Wine, Hamlin's Wizard Oil, Pierce Medical Discovery, Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Castoria, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Hair Vigor, Lactated Food, etc., etc.

Also just Received a Full Line of

Garden and Flower Seeds

From the most reliable Seed Houses of the Dominion.

A. DIXON,
apl24 DRUGGIST.

IMPORTED CLYDE STALLION,

COLIN CAMPBELL.

COLOR, Brown; foaled May, 1878; weight 1600 lbs.; bred by Mr. Grieve, Longlees, Torryburn, Fife Shire, Scotland, (and purchased from James Drummond, Black Law, Dunfermline, Fife Shire, Scotland), sired by Lord Imcrune, 487, in Clyde Stud Book; he by dam Bess, by Rory O'Moore. Colin Campbell's dam by Sir Colin, 776, C. S. B., he by Sir Colin Campbell, and he by Sir Walter Scott, all noted horses and prize winners, etc. Colin Campbell was purchased by Simon Beattie for Hon. J. H. Pope and shipped to Canada in September, 1880, by steamer Montreal.

COLIN CAMPBELL will make his headquarters at the AMHERST Hotel.

ROUTE:—Will leave Amherst on Tuesday, May 1st, for Sackville, Midgic, Shemogue, Port Elgin, Baie Verte; home by Point de Bute on Saturday, 6th. Monday, 7th, will leave Amherst for Maccan, by Amherst Point, thence to River Hebert, thence back to Nappan, Leicester, Salem to Amherst by Friday, 11th. The above route will be made once a fortnight, health and weather permitting.

SERVICE FEES:—Single, $5; Season, $10; Insure, $15.

Mares changing ownership considered with foal.

Colin Campbell has proved himself a superior stock-getter by his stock in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, which are now matured and selling at high figures, especially in matched pairs.

At the Cumberland and Westmorland County Exhibitions last autumn they made a good show; at the place taking first and second prizes in their class.

Rufus Seaman, of Minudie, has a colt sired by Colin Campbell, which was purchased in St. John, and weighed 700 lbs. at 5 months old. Mr. Ainsley Black, of Amherst, owns one, 11 months old, that weighs 760 lbs.

J. S. LOWE,
GEO. PUGSLEY, } Owners.
Amherst, April 10, 1888. 5i

Pedigree of "Grey Chester."

"GREY CHESTER," dappled grey horse, foaled May, 1871, the property of Bradford Gilbert, Burton, Salisbury County, N. B., who sold the colt, with his dam, "Lady Messenger," to T. B. Barker, St. John, N. B., when he was about 6 weeks old. He was sired by the chestnut horse, "General Havelock," who was by "Deerfield Morgan." "General Havelock" was a trotter and the getter of trotters. "Grey Chester's" dam is "Lady Messenger," who was by "Warrior," grandson of "Winthrop Messenger," who was a son of "Imported Messenger." Her dam was by "Circus Messenger." "Lady Messenger" is the dam of the celebrated trotter "Crown Prince," record 2.25; also "Crown Princess," the handsomest and fastest trotting filly ever raised in New Brunswick, now in the hands of the well-known trainer, Carle S. Burr.

"Grey Chester" stands about 16½ hands high, weighs when in stud condition over 1,200 lbs., is very stylish in appearance, and from his breeding (combining as he does the Messenger and Morgan blood) should be equal to any horse in this country to get such stock as is required for all purposes. "Grey Chester's" pedigree is fully recorded in the 2nd Volume of Wallace's Trotting Register.

"Grey Chester" will be in Dorchester, Monday, April 30th; Sackville, Tuesday, 1st day of May; Amherst, Wednesday, 2nd day of May; returning to Sackville on Thursday, and will remain in Sackville all day; Friday, to Jolicure, at the Albion House; thence to Port Elgin, Saturday; returning to Sackville Saturday night. This route will be continued every week, health and weather permitting. "Chester's" colts command large prices and are all large, stylish horses. He has one in Sackville, 9 months old, that weighs 600 lbs., and is very promising; also a great many that show speed, as they must by the horse's breeding. For terms enquire of H. N. RICHARDSON, Sackville, N. B.

Stallion Ben Franklin.

COLOR light bay, foaled May 3rd, 1858; weighs 1,400 lbs. Bred by Francis Siddall, Westcock, Sackville. Sired by General Frank, he by a thoroughbred Clydes from the P. E. I. Stock Farm. Dam, Nell, by Jock, imported by the S. & W. Agricultural Society. Ben Franklin is, therefore, half Clydesdale, the other half being Morgan and Arabian. Route—Will leave Westcock, Monday, April 30th, for Amherst, Nappan, Maccan, Athol, Southampton, Mapleton, Canaan, and Halfway River, thence return over Boar's Back to Maccan and through Fenwick to Amherst, through Fort Lawrence, Mount Whatley, Point de Bute, Jolicure, Sackville, and home Friday night, May 11th, remaining there till Monday. The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting. Terms, single $4, season $7, to insure $10. Mares sold or traded considered with foal.

FRANCIS SIDDALL,
apl25 4i Owner.

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. H. Griffins, Amherst, N. S.:

3 CASES,

CONTAINING

$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware,

ALL ELEGANT GOODS.

Remember Special Sale

—AND—

Discount of 20 per Cent.

DURING THIS MONTH.

New Meat and Provision Store.

To the People of Sackville.

WE take this opportunity of thanking you for the liberal patronage with which you have favored us while we have carried on the Oyster Business. We have now much pleasure in informing you that we are about extending our Business by adding a full line of

Meats and Provisions.

Hereafter our patrons can rely upon getting from us Choice Meats of all kinds, thoroughly dressed and carefully cut up.

Fresh Beef, Fresh Lamb, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry,

When in season, will be kept constantly on sale. We will give our personal attention to putting up choice CORNED BEEF cured by the most approved methods. Good SUGAR CURED HAMS and SHOULDERS, smoked or unsmoked, sold whole or sliced for the pan. DRIED BEEF in quantities or nicely shaved ready for the table. In CANNED PROVISIONS we will keep a full line, fresh and reliable. SAUSAGES of our own manufacture always on hand. OYSTERS by the peck or bushel, or shelled by the pint, quart or gallon.

We have Telephone connection, and orders by Telephone will be promptly attended to. Our wagon will deliver Goods to all parts of the town. Soliciting your esteemed patronage,

We are yours very truly,

mar28 H. W. KNIGHT.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. The true remedy for Rheumatism.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a Cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
Montreal, P. Q.

New Spring Prints!

JUST OPENED:

1,100 Pieces New Spring Prints;
200 " Chocolate Prints;
200 " Mourning Prints;
100 " Picquets, in White & Fancy;
100 " White & Blk Louise Linings.

A. EVERITT,
Wholesale Warehouse,
92, 94 and 96 Germain Street,
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HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

PAPER BAGS

20,000

Paper Bags, all Sizes,

For sale very Cheap

At Office of Chignecto Post.

"That Girl in Black."

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

CONTINUED.

"Do you mean am I sure she cares for me?" he said. "Oh, yes—as for that——"

"I don't like a girl who—who lets it be seen if she cares for a man," she said.

Mr. Norreys turned upon her.

"Lets it be seen," he repeated angrily. "Maddie, you put things very disagreeably. Would I—tell me it is likely that I would take to a girl so utterly devoid of delicacy as your words sound? And is it so improbable that a girl would care for me?" He smiled in spite of himself, and Mrs. Selby's answering smile as she murmured, "I did not mean that, you know," helped to smoothe him down. "She did her best to make me think she detested me," he added. "But——"

"Ah, yes, but—" said his sister fondly. "Then it is settled, Despard," she went on. "I shall tackle Mrs. Englewood in my own way. You can trust me. You don't know where Miss Ford is at present?" she added.

He shook his head despondently.

Not the ghost of an idea. I didn't try to hear. I thought I didn't want to know, you see. But—Maddie," he added, half timidly, "you'll write at once?"

"As soon as I possibly can," she replied kindly, for glancing at him she saw that he looked really ill and worn. "And," she went on, as my reward, you will go with me to the Densters' garden party, this afternoon. Charles can't, and I hate going alone. I don't know them—it is their first year here, though everebody says they are very nice people."

"Oh dear," said Despard. "Very well, Maddie. I must, I suppose."

"Then be ready at a quarter to four. I'll drive you in the pony-carriage," and Madeline disappeared through the glass door whence she had emerged.

"I wonder if she will write to-day," thought Mr. Norreys, though he would have been ashamed to ask it. "I should like to know it's done—a sort of crossing the rubicon. And it's a good while now since that last day I saw her. She was never quite so sweet as that day. Supposing I heard she was married?"

His heart seemed to stop beating at the thought, and he grew white, though there was no one to see him, but he reassured himself. Few things were less likely. Portionless girls, however charming, don't marry so quickly nowadays.

Madeline's feelings were mingled. She was honestly and unselfishly glad of what she believed might be a real turning-point towards good for Despard. Yet—"if only he had not chosen a girl quite so denuded of worldly advantages as she evidently is," she reflected. "For of course if she had either money or connection Mrs. Englewood would not have kept it a secret. She is far too outspoken. I must beg her to tell everything she knows, not to be afraid of my mixing her name up in the matter in any way. When she sees that Charles and I will not disapprove she will feel less responsibility.

And it was with a comfortable sense of her own and Charles's unworldliness that Mrs. Selby prepared to indite the important letter.

She saw little of her brother till the afternoon. He did not appear at luncheon, having left word that he had gone for a long walk.

"Provided only that he is not too late for the Densters," thought Madeline, with a little sigh over the perversity of mankind.

But her fears were unfounded. At ten minutes to four Mr. Norreys made his appearance in the hall, faultlessly attired, apologizing with his usual courtesy, in which to his sister he never failed, for his five minutes' delay, and Mrs. Selby, feeling pleased with herself outwardly and inwardly, for she was conscious both of looking well in a very pretty new bonnet, and of acting a truly high-minded part as a sister, seated herself in her place, with a glance of satisfaction at her companion.

"Everybody will be envying me," she said to herself, with a tiny sigh as she remembered former air-castles in Despard's behoof. "The Flores-Carter girls and Edith and Bertha Ryder, indeed all the neighborhood, get quite excited if they know he's here. He might have had his choice of the best matches in this country, to my own knowledge, and there are several girls with money. Ah, well!"

The ground seemed already full of guests when the brother and sister drove up to the Densters' door. Mrs. Selby was at once seized upon by some of her special cronies, and for half-an-hour or so Despard kept dutifully beside her, allowing himself to be introduced to any extent, doing his best to please his sister by responding graciously to the various attentions which were showered upon him. But he grew very tired of it all in a little while—a curious dreamy feeling began to come over him, born no doubt of the unwonted excitement of his conversation with Madeline that morning. He had gone a long walk in hopes of recovering his usual equanimity, but had only succeeded in tiring himself physically. The mere fact of having put in words to another the conflict of the last few months seemed to have given actual existence to that which he had by fits and starts been trying to persuade himself was but a passing fancy. And even to himself he could not have told whether he was glad or sorry that the matter had come to a point—had, as it were, been taken out of his own hands. For that Madeline had already written to Mrs. Englewood, he felt little doubt.

"Women are always in such a desperate hurry," he said to himself, which, all things considered, was surely most unreasonable. Nor could he have denied that it was so, for even as he made the reflection he began to calculate in how many, or how few rather, days they might look for an answer, and to speculate on the chances of Mrs. Englewood's being acquainted with Maisie's present whereabouts.

"Maisie," he called her to himself, though he had somehow shrunk from telling the name to his sister. It was so sweet—so *like* her, he repeated softly, though truth to tell, sweetness was not the most conspicuous quality in our heroine. But Despard was honestly in love after all, as many better men have been before him, and will be again. And love of the best kind, which on the whole his was, is clairvoyant—he was not wrong about Maisie's real sweetness.

"I do care for her, as deeply, as thoroughly, as ever a man cared for a woman. But I don't want to marry; it's against all my plans and ideas. I didn't want to fall in love either, for that matter. The whole affair upsets everything I had ever dreamt of."

He felt dreaming now—he had managed to leave his sister and her friends, absorbed in the excitement of watching a game of lawn tennis between the best players of the county, and had stolen by himself down some shady walks away from the sparkle and chatter of the garden party. The quiet and dimness soothed him, but increased the strange unreal feeling, of which he had been conscious since the morning. He felt as if nothing that could happen would surprise him—he was actually, in point of fact *not* surprised, when at a turn in the path he saw suddenly before him, advancing towards him, her cloudy black drapery—for she was in black as ever—scarcely distinguishable from the dark shrubs at each side, the very person around whom all his thoughts were centring—Maisie—Maisie Ford herself!

He did not start, he made no exclamation. A strange intent look came into his eyes, as he walked on towards her. Long afterwards he remembered, and it helped to explain things, that she too had testified no surprise. But her face flushed a little, and the first expression he caught sight of was one of pleasure—afterwards, long afterwards, he remembered this too.

They met—their hands touched. But for a moment he did not speak.

"How do you do, Mr. Norreys?" she said then. "It is hot and glaring on the lawn, is it not? I have just been seeing my father off. He was too tired to stay longer, and I was glad to wander about here in the shade a little."

"Your father?" he repeated half mechanically.

"Yes—we are staying, he and I, for a few days at Laxter's Hill. I am so sorry he has gone—I would so have liked you to see him."

She spoke eagerly, and with the peculiar, bright girlishness really natural to her, which was one of her greatest charms.

Despard looked at her; her voice and manner helped him a little to throw off the curious sensation of unreality. But he was, though he scarcely knew it, becoming inwardly more and more wrought up.

"I should have liked to see him exceedingly," he began, "any one so dear to you. I may hope some other time perhaps, to do so. I—I was thinking of you when I first caught sight of you just now, Miss Ford—indeed, I have done nothing—upon my word, you may believe me—I have done little else than think of you since we last met."

The girl's face grew strangely still and intent, yet with a wistful look in the eyes telling of feelings not to be easily read. It was as if she were listening, in spite of herself, for something she still vaguely hoped she was mistaken in expecting.

"Indeed," she began to say, but he interrupted her.

"No," he said, "do not speak till you have heard me. I had made up my mind to it before I met you just now. I was just wondering how and when it could be. But now that this opportunity has come so quickly I will not lose it. I love you—I have loved you for longer than I knew myself, than I would own to myself——"

"From the very first, from that evening at Mrs. Englewood's?" she said, and but for his intense preoccupation, he would have been startled by her tone.

"Yes," he said simply, yet with a strain of retrospection in his eyes, as if determined to control himself and speak nothing but the unexaggerated truth—"yes, I almost think it began that first evening, rude, brutally rude as I was to you. I would not own it—I struggled against it, for I did not want to marry. I had no thought of it. I am selfish, very selfish, I fear, and I preferred to keep clear of all ties and responsibilities, which too often become terribly galling on small means. I am no hero—but now—you will forgive my hesitation and—and reluctance, will you not? You are generous, I know, and my frankness will not injure me with you, will it? You will believe that I loved you almost from the first, though I could not all at once make up my mind to marrying on small means? And now—now that I understand—that—that all seems different to me—that nothing seems of consequence except to hear you say you love me, as—as I have thought sometimes—Maisie—you will not be hard on me——"

He stopped; he could have gone on much longer, and there was nothing now outwardly to interrupt him. She had stood there motionless, listening. Her face he could scarcely see, it was half turned away, but that seemed not unnatural. What then caused his sudden misgiving?

"Maisie," he repeated more timidly.

Then she turned—there was a burning spot of red on each cheek, her eyes were flaming. Yet her voice was low and quiet.

"Hard on you!" she repeated. "I am too sorry for my self to think or care much about you. I am—yes, I may own it, I am so horribly disappointed. I had really allowed myself to think of you as sincere, as, in spite of your unmanly affectations your contemptible conceit, an honest man, a possible friend. I was beginning to forgive your ill-bred insolence to me as a stranger at the first, thinking there was something worthy of respect about you after all. But—oh, dear! And to try to humbug me by this sham honesty—to dare to say you did not think you could have cared for me enough to risk curtailing your own self-indulgence, but that now—it is too pitiful. But, oh dear—it is too horribly disappointing!"

And, as she looked at him again, he saw that her eyes were actually full of tears.

His brain was in a whirl of bewilderment, bitter mortification and indignation. For the moment the last had the best of it.

"You have a right to refuse me, to despise my weakness if you choose—whether it is generous to take advantage of my misplaced confidence in you in having told you all—yes, *all*, is another matter. But one thing you shall not accuse me of, and that is, of lying to you. I have not said one untruthful word. I did—yes, I *did* love you, Mary Ford—what I feel to you now is something more like——"

He hesitated.

"Hate, I suppose," she suggested mockingly. "All the better. It cannot be a pleasant feeling to hate any one, and I do not wish you anything pleasant. If I could believe," she went on slowly, "if I could believe you had loved me, I think I should be glad, for it would be what you deserve. I would have liked to make you love me from that very first evening if I could—just to——But unluckily I am not the sort of woman to succeed in anything of that kind. However——"

She stopped; steps approaching them were heard through the stillness. Maisie turned. "I have nothing more to say, and I do not suppose you wish to continue this conversation. Good-bye, Mr. Norreys."

And almost before he knew she had gone, she had quite disappeared.

Despard was a strong man, but for a moment or two he really thought he was going to faint. He had grown deathly white while Maisie's hard, bitter words rained down upon him like hailstones; now that she had left him he grew so giddy that had he not suddenly caught hold of a tree, he would have fallen.

"It feels like a sunstroke," he said vaguely to himself, as he realized that his senses were deserting him, not knowing that he spoke aloud.

He did not know either that someone had seen him stagger, and almost fall. A slightly uneasy feeling had made Maisie stop as she hurried off and glance back, herself unobserved.

"He looked so fearfully white," she said; "do—do men always look like that when girls refuse them, I wonder?"

For Maisie's experience of such things actually coming to the point, was, as should be the case with all true women, but small.

"I thought—I used to think I would enjoy seeing him humbled. But he did seem in earnest."

And then came the glimpse of the young fellow's physical discomfiture. Maisie was horribly frightened, throwing all considerations but those of humanity to the wind she rushed back again.

"Perhaps he has heart-disease, though he looks so strong," she thought, "and if so—oh, perhaps I have killed him."

She was beside him in an instant. A rustic bench, which Despard was too dizzy to see, stood near. The girl seized hold of his arm and half drew it round her shoulder. He let her do so unresistingly.

"Try to walk a step or two, Mr. Norreys," she said, "I am very strong. There, now." as he obeyed her mechanically, "there is a seat," and she somehow half pushed, half drew him on to it. "Please smell this," and she took out a little silver vinaigrette, of strong and pungent contents, "I am never without this, for papa is so delicate, you know."

Despard tried to open his eyes, tried to speak, but the attempt was not very successful. Maisie held the vinaigrette close to his nose; he started back, the strong essence revived him almost at once. He took it into his own hand and smelt it again. Then his face grew crimson.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times. I am most ashamed, utterly ashamed of myself," he began.

But Maisie was too practically interrested in his recovery to feel embarrassed.

"Keep sniffing at that thing," she said, "you will soon be all right. Only just tell me—" she added anxiously—"there isn't anything wrong with your heart, is there?"

"For if so," she added to herself, I must at all costs run and see if there is a doctor to be had."

Despard smiled—a successfully bitter smile.

"No, thank you," he said. "I am surprised that you credit me with possessing one," he could not resist adding. "The real cause of this absurd faintness is a very prosaic one, I fancy. I went a long walk in the hot sun this morning."

"Oh, indeed, that quite explains it," said Maisie, slightly nettled. "Good-bye again then," and for the second time she ran off.

"All the same, I will get Conrad or somebody to come round that way," she said to herself. "I will just say I saw a man looking as if he was fainting. *He* won't be likely to tell."

And Despard sat there looking at the little silver toy in his hands.

"I did not thank her," he said to himself. "I suppose I should have done so, though she would have done as much, or more, for a starving tramp on the road."

Then he heard again steps coming nearer like those which had startled Maisie away.

They had apparently turned off elsewhere the first time—this time they came steadily on.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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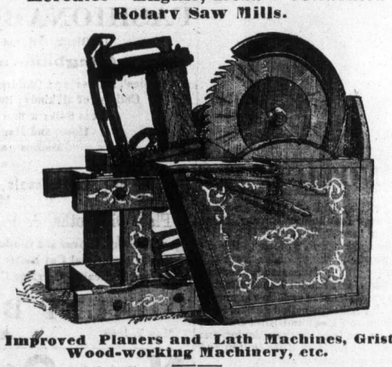

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