

abudden at the idea of being false to her old love, though that was now but a shadow, and she felt sincerely enough at the time that it would be impossible for her ever to listen to the words of a suitor.

But, as thousands of girls before her have done, Mabel found the void in her heart gradually being filled by the image of this manly, good-looking, frank-spoken young farmer, and while she was at first sorely puzzled to see when and how she had crossed the line of devotion to the past, which had once seemed so well defined, she found herself taking more and more pleasure in Wilfrid's company, and anxiously awaiting his visits.

This went on until at last she heard without surprise the words that are so potent, and had replied with a blush which was all of pleasure and love, and carried no painful reminiscence of her former suitor; while her murmured reply made Wilfrid burn the happiest young fellow in the country.

All this will show how embarrassing to Mabel was the return of Mr. Roderick Warstone, and will justify the tone in which she spoke to the young Squire. If she thought frequently of Roderick after this interview, as was inevitable, on his part he thought still oftener of her.

The next morning he strolled out with his dogs to a favorite spot, a rising ground a mile or so from the Manor, to see, he said, if the view was as beautiful as ever; but when he arrived there he threw himself at length on the green sward and scarcely gave a second glance to the prospect. He had gone there to meditate, and his reverie was of Mabel.

"Who would have thought," he muttered, "she would have grown up so beautiful a girl? I remember her, certainly, as good looking, but now she might be a princess for her beauty and carriage. Egad! I have seen many a princess during the last three years who looked only fit to trundle a mop in comparison with Mabel; and she might be some saint out of an Italian canvas for the depth of liquid charm in her eyes. Italian canvas! Bah! as if any of the tawny, high-checked beauties of the South, who look, for all their languishing, as hard as nails, ever approach the blush, the complexion, the charms of a— Oh, I say! I am growing romantic, this will never do. Well, come what may, I mean to see more of Mabel, and that before long. I may cause some little inconvenience to the excellent young rustic to whom I introduced myself yesterday, but that is his concern, not mine. Now, how shall I set about it?"

One of the grooms at the Manor was by no means a favorite in the village, as he had the bad reputation of being cunning and deceitful, with something very spy-like about him; but he was the son of the old coachman, who had died after about fifty years service in the family, and so was kept on. To this man Roderick gravitated, as it were, by some strange but certain instinct, and by his agency knew as much of Miss Mabel Rayford's habits and movements, ere he had been at home a week, as was necessary for his arrangements. Had it not been for this valuable auxiliary, it is doubtful if fate would have so far befriended Roderick as to enable him to meet Miss Rayford on her return from a visit to an old servant, who was now a pensioner on the farm. It did not take much to keep an aged woman in the quiet, outlying hamlets to which even Langaul was a metropolis, and this visit she paid weekly.

Old Hop, as this retainer was called, was slowly but surely sinking from age and infirmity, and she had no friends or even acquaintances to call upon her, so that Mabel's visit was as much prized for the change and brightness she brought as for the weekly dole. There had been always something strange, almost wild, about old Hepzibah which prevented her from being popular with the villagers or her fellow-servants, nor would she have been kept so long in the family but for her having been Mabel's nurse, and thenceforward entertaining almost a devotion for the child, which appeared to increase as Mabel grew to womanhood.

The by-road to Upford Green, old Hep's abode, was one but seldom traversed, and its tall, ragged hedges, frequent banks and still more frequent trees, rendered it as secluded a road as need be seen. Mabel was returning after her weekly visit, and was walking slowly and thoughtfully on, completely absorbed in reflection called up by some recent events, when, just as she arrived at the wildest and most solitary part of the road, where the branches of a huge elm stretched almost from side to side, she was startled by seeing the figure of a man suddenly appear from the side of the great trunk of the tree, where he had evidently been hidden, and as he came forward she recognized Roderick Warstone.

The young man came forward with the same easy, confident smile he usually wore, and offered his hand.

"Mr. Roderick!" exclaimed Mabel. "This is not fair on your part; it is cruel to me, and you know it!"

"My dear Mabel," said Roderick, taking his place by her side with as much calmness as though he had been addressed in the most flattering manner—"my dear Mabel, it is not cruel, and you know it. Were I to act otherwise I should be unfair to myself, I should be playing a false part, and concealing the warmest love I can ever feel for any being on earth; and for what, Mabel? To leave you to become the companion of a well-meaning, honest clown, as unfit for you, as unable to appreciate you—"

"As you are to appreciate him," interrupted Mabel. "You showed your appreciation of me three years ago, and I must thank you, I suppose, for the delicate compliment you pay me, in offering to pick up and amuse yourself with a toy that you grew tired of then."

"By all that is sacred you do me injustice!" exclaimed the young man. "It was impossible for me to foresee what has occurred, and while I thought I never should return to England, or have anything better than a wanderer's life to offer you, I felt I dared not ask you to remain bound to me."

(To be continued.)



Horse Cars pass the Nursery.

**P. W. LEVERMAN & SON,**  
Pianoforte Makers.

Pianos Tuned, Toned & Regulated  
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All kinds of Piano Material for sale.  
COVERED STRINGS made to order. Call or write.

**56 SOUTH PARK ST.**

HALIFAX, N. S.

Horse Cars Pass the Door

Fresh and Salted Beef, Vegetables,  
Mutton, Pork, Bread, &c.

**J. A. LEAMAN & CO.**  
Wholesale & Retail Victuallers.

A. H. MANUFACTURERS OF

**CANNED GOODS, BOLOGNAS, & C.**

6 to 10 Bedford Row,

ESTABLISHED 1874 HALIFAX, N. S.

**MOIR'S**  
DESICCATED COCOANUT

Best and Cheapest.

**Moir, Son & Co.**

HALIFAX, N. S.

Wholesale and Retail

**MIRRORS,**  
Picture and Room Mouldings,  
**OIL PAINTINGS,**  
ENGRAVINGS AND CHROMOS,

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Picture Framing a specialty.

**REARDON'S,**

40, 42 and 44 Barrington St.

**POPULAR PLANTS**  
AT  
**POPULAR PRICES.**

**NOVA SCOTIA**  
**NURSERY,**

Near Intercolonial Railway Depot,

HALIFAX, N. S.

**JAMES H. HARRIS, MANAGER.**

**LOOK.**

We are offering Excellent Value in

**TROUSERINGS.**

**STANFORD**

The Tailor.

156 HOLLIS ST.

163-Barrington Street-163

**ROBERT WALLACE,**

(Established in Halifax 1871) Importer and dealer in WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, OPTICAL GOODS, SILVER PLATED WARE & SEWING MACHINES; THE WHITE NEW HOME, AND FAVORITE KINGS OF AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES. Which we will sell very cheap, wholesale and retail, on the most favorable terms. Also ORGANS, from Fort Wayne, Indiana. A few gold beaded WALKING CANES, which will be sold cheap. Repairing in all branches promptly attended to by first-class workmen.

**Ungar's Steam Laundry,**  
62 & 64 GRANVILLE ST.

We have been in the Laundry Business over twenty years in New York and St. John, and have always given satisfaction. All parties entrusting their work to our care will be sure to be satisfied.

Goods called for and delivered free of extra charge. TELEPHONE 655.

**MAX UNGAR,**

PROPRIETOR.

BUY DIRECT  
FROM  
THE MILLS.

**MANITOBA**  
**FLOUR.**

ALL GRADES

FROM

CHOICE HARD WHEAT.

Correspondence from Cash Buyers Solicited

**LEITCH BROS.**

FLOUR MILLS,

OAK LAKE, MANITOBA.