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ROLFF :- :- HOUSE

BY :-
G. H. BENEDICT.

"I said I would consider your claims; but the fact is, my dear Mr. Bruyn, I do not wish to sell the place at all. My ambition has been to put it in repair, and deed the place to my son as a wedding present, of course calculating also to make it my own home for the balance of my days. If there were any immediate prospect of Ralph getting married, I might still adhere to my plans—in fact, I undoubtedly would; but it is an expensive project, and one I would not care to undertake without the boy was to make good match with a young lady who would have something to add to his own fortune and enable them to support the place in the style it would require. As matters are, however, there seems no immediate prospect of Ralph succeeding with the only matrimonial suit he has yet undertaken—of course, my dear sir, you know to what I refer—and the place is rather a weight on my hands; and I don't know as I am justified in refusing such an excellent offer. Of

course, my dear Mr. Bruyn, I would like to oblige you, if my interests rendered it in any way admissible. The truth is, I have indulged the fond hope that Ralph would succeed in his suit with your daughter and that thus our two properties, which seem destined naturally to be united, would come together as the joint property of our children. But, of course, you know, Mr. Bruyn—

"No, I don't know," interrupted the old man. "I thought we understood each other pretty well on that subject, and as far as I'm concerned, I don't see why there is any trouble about it."

"Ah, but Ralph informs me that your daughter positively refuses to give up her belief in the good faith of her former lover, Claude Rolff, and makes every prospect of his winning her hand dependent upon her being first fully assured that young Rolff will not return to fulfill his pledges. Of course, that creates an obstacle whose removal is so uncertain and indefinite that it seems absolutely foolish, from a business point of view, to refuse a good offer to sell in order to take such improbable chances."

"Farmer Bruyn sat down the glass he had been holding in his hand, and leaned forward in his chair.

"And so Rosa tells Ralph she intends to marry Claude Rolff yet?" he asked.

"That's about it," replied the lawyer. "She seems to have full faith that he will come back, and is resolved at least to wait and give him the chance to claim her."

The farmer leaned back in his chair, and laughed heartily.

"Ah, sir, she's a rare girl, and, by my under, I believe she's got some of her own grit in her. But do you fear sir; she'll never throw herself away on that young scamp. I'll take care of that. She's always been a good girl, and she'll do as I say, I'll warrant. I've taken a liking to Ralph myself, and Rosa will like him too, yet. But he's a dunder head. Why don't he spunk her so as to cut out the young scamp? Ain't got the courage of a mouse, eh, sir—ha, ha, ha! 'Twasn't so when I was a young man. I never gave my wife any peace till she said she'd have me. She was bound she wouldn't marry me, but I was bound to have her, and I got her. No, no; Rosa's all right. It's Ralph that don't know how to manage. Well, I must see to it—must see to it. It won't do to have our plans broken up."

"It would grieve me exceedingly," replied the lawyer. "I had already begun to make my estimates for having the old house repaired and fixed over, when this offer came, and, together with Ralph's despondent report, set me to thinking seriously. But, of course, my dear Mr. Bruyn, as you say, we must not allow our plans to fall through so easily. I am disposed now to agree with you that the fault is partly Ralph's. I must talk to him, and give him some advice. These young people need the supervision and advice of their parents, Mr. Bruyn.

"Aye, that they do; and I mean my daughter shall have it."

Thus under the influence of wine and the blandishments of the lawyer, the old farmer was fully caught in the trap that had been laid for him; and, after some further talk, he started for home, full of thoughts and plans that boded no happiness to Rosa.

CHAPTER XXII.

Some days passed by, and the toils about poor Rosa Bruyn grew more distressing and hard to bear. She could see that her father had fully set his mind on her marrying Ralph Saybrook. She was aware that he was a man who, with all his kindness of heart, never could brook being thwarted in any way and was altogether too practical and coarse in his nature to appreciate her sentimental objections to the proposed matrimonial agreement. He apparently did not consider that her objections could be anything more than temporary, or that sooner or later she would not forget Claude Rolff and be ready to accept Ralph in his place with all her accustomed cheerfulness and obedience.

At the same time, a change was going on in the nature of the old farmer. He had for two or three years retired from the more active labor in managing his farm, and now found time every day to spend a few hours in the village, and was certain to make thither a regular evening trip. This spare time was mostly spent either in the tavern or in the company of lawyer Saybrook. The lawyer not only liked a social glass himself, but was well aware of the effect of good spirits in promoting a friendly and complying disposition in those he wished to influence, and, interested as he was in securing the welfare of Ralph with the old farmer, he did not fail to ply him with his best liquors as often as he called. Moreover, the old man took pride in supporting the character of a free-hearted burgher, and did not escape from Ronk's tavern of an evening without having indulged in more strong spirits than was good for him.

Mrs. Bruyn and Rosa could both notice that the effect of these politeness

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Diabetes

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was to increase the irascibility and obstinacy of the head of the household when he was crossed, while the constant brooding to become the possessor of more lands, and particularly of the rich fields and heavy woods adjoining on the side of the Rolff estate, became the means of the old farmer took to influence his daughter—or, rather, the attitude and disposition toward her which were a natural result of his feelings and wishes—were such as to greatly increase her distress and weaken her resolution.

He used no harshness toward her. His irritability showed itself rather in a quarrelsome and dictatorial disposition toward his farm laborers, and a fault-finding habit about the house which was a source of great anxiety to Mrs. Bruyn.

The generous-hearted girl was deeply grieved thus to see herself the innocent cause of trouble to others.

Toward herself, however, her father was more than usually kind. He treated her obstinacy in clinging to her faith in Claude with a bluff and hearty ridicule, but under it his love for her shone out in a certain tenderness of look and tone that belied his curt words.

Rosa recognized this, and it added to the difficulty of her position. Her nature was naturally a self-sacrificing one. Were her own happiness alone involved, she felt that she could yield without a murmur to anything that her father wished. But her word was pledged; deep in her heart she felt convinced of Claude's constancy and faith; she could not face the reflection of his returning one day to find that she had been weak and false.

Thus, all the efforts of her father to convince her of Claude's unworthiness only resulted in her clinging more firmly to her faith in him.

The old farmer was withal amused with her display of firmness, and rather admired her spirit. Had it not been for his frequent visits to lawyer Saybrook's office and the skill with which that accomplished schemer played on his ambition and avarice, he probably would have left Ralph to his own fate.

But the fear of seeing Rolff House go into the hands of a stranger, and the loss of the lands he had coveted for so many years, spurred him on.

He sat on the front stoop one day, in his accustomed chair, smoking his pipe. It was early autumn, and his eyes could wander over a portion of his own land, and down to where the woods and meadows of the Rolff place joined his own line. Over the crest of the intervening hill, the gables and chimneys of Rolff House rose clear against the sky.

It was a beautiful view, and Rosa, who had appeared at the back door stood awhile passively admiring it, indulging, no doubt, sad reflections as to the future.

"Come here, Rosa," said the farmer. She stepped quietly to his side.

"See there," he said taking his pipe from his mouth with one hand, while with the other he pointed toward Rolff House, "there lies the best bit of land in the whole country. The old house there, in my day, was a grand place, and everybody thought it a palace. It's in bad shape now—'twasn't in the best of it when I kept it up. Ah, it's bad-blood, girl, it never could keep what it didn't gain honestly. That place now is Anthony Saybrook's and he tells me he is going to sell it if Ralph don't get married, but if he does he will give it to him. A grand place it would be if it was fixed up and the spooks driven out. It can be yours and Ralph's, and with

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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Wm. Wood

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FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CHAMBERLAIN'S OPINION: "Carter's Little Liver Pills are a purely vegetable preparation, and are the best cure for all the above ailments."

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE LAWN SOCIAL held on the 26th on the lawn of Mr. David Ball was a decided success in spite of the inclement condition of the weather. Mr. Longmore acted as chairman. An excellent program was furnished, consisting of music by Miss Hes, Miss Ferguson, Mr. George and Mr. Miller, and recitation by Miss Ritchie and Miss Hicklin. The proceeds amounted to over \$35.

Those who were fortunate enough to be on the Gravel Road last Wednesday morning viewed an interesting and exciting display of speed. The race commenced with a lively trot and ended in a run. The one driver did not slacken speed as she turned the corner and the result was she and the other occupant were thrown out of the vehicle into the ditch. Luckily the horse was soon stopped and little damage was done.

Mrs. Novek has returned from Woodstock, where she attended the wedding of Miss Clarkson to Mr. Shupe, of Burton.

She—Was Nellie prompt in accepting his proposal?

He—Well, I understand there was not any government contract business about it.

enough money to make it as grand as it ever was. Now, I am going over to Mr. Saybrook's to-night, and if I tell him you are willing to marry Ralph, he'll draw up a deed giving the whole property to you two, and of course what I've got will be yours, and in my old age I'd be happy to see my little girl the lady of the country."

Rosa grew pale, and was silent a moment.

"The place is Claude's father," she said finally; "it was left to him; it ought to be his."

"Tut, tut, girl; he gave it away for the money to waste and riot in a foreign land. It's his no longer. I knew he would never keep it; but I never thought he'd be such a dunderhead as he was about it."

"He was cheated; there is fraud somewhere; Claude would never have given up Rolff House," replied Rosa, speaking low but with painful intensity. "What's done is done, girl," said the old man, resuming his pipe. "I saw the paper deeding the old place away, and it had Claude's name to it. I know his writing well enough. He's lost it, and lost it for good, and there isn't much chance that he'll ever come back here. Come, Rosa, give up your foolishness about Claude, and take a man that's got brains, and knows how to make money and keep it, too. You'll never get a better chance."

"Oh, father, you do not know what you ask me," replied the poor girl, breaking into tears.

"Yes, I do; I ask you to give up a vagabond and scamp for a steady, honest young fellow, who's got everything I want the man that marries you to have. Don't be foolish, girl. It's too good a chance to throw away. I don't want to see anybody else have that property I've wanted for years. Buy it to settle on you when you marry; but now it can be yours with just a word. When Ralph speaks to you next time, Rosa, take an old man's advice, and don't put him off for a poor cool who never meant to marry you."

Poor Rosa could not reply. She attempted to speak, but her tongue refused to perform its office. Finally overcome by her feelings, she turned and walked slowly away and entered the house, her manner showing only too plainly her deep agitation.

The old man turned and gazed after her as she slowly disappeared.

"Ah, poor girl," he muttered. "She's sore hurt by that young scamp, and I was fool enough to let it all happen when I might have nipped it in the bud. But it's better she should suffer now for a little while than all her life. She'll come around. I can trust her; she's got rare good sense; and as soon as her eyes are opened, she'll think more of Ralph than she ever did of that vagabond."

And with this comforting reflection, the old farmer puffed anew on his pipe, and turned his thoughts to the bargains he could drive with the shrewd lawyer when it came to arranging the terms of the marriage settlement.

To be Continued.

S. S. 10, HARWICH.

The following is the honor roll for June:—

Sr. 4th—Ethel Hutchison, George Patterson, Maud Campbell, F. Hales, Johnnie Allison.

Jr. 4th—Stanley Hales, Leda Ball, Third—Mamie Thompson, Stanley Hutchison, Lillian Campbell, Charlie Leclair.

Sr. 2nd—Freddie Gallais, Peter McMullin.

Jr. 2nd—Lila Curtis, Edward Morgan, Lloyd Knight, Clifford Hales.

Pt. II. (a)—Effie McKerracher, F. Hales, Johnnie Allison.

Pt. II. (b)—Manning Morgan.

Pt. II. (c)—John L. Gallais.

Pt. II. (d)—Norman Knight.

First class (a)—Floesie Campbell, Alice L. Gallais, Maud Patterson.

First class (b)—Gracie McKerracher.

First class (c)—Herbie Wills.

First class (d)—Ila Gosnell, Alice Hales.

M. C. SUTHERLAND, Teacher.

COMBER.

Alfred White—who has spent several weeks visiting his parents here, left for California Monday. He was accompanied by Thos. Jackson, who is going out there to visit his brother, Mahlon Jackson.

Harold Hatcher left for Detroit on Monday, where he intends studying electricity.

The ice cream social under the auspices of the Young People's Guild, was a decided success. H. Hallatt's large lawn was crowded all evening. Over \$90 was realized.

Mrs. D. L. Chausse left Saturday for a few weeks' visit with friends in Bay City, Mich.

Rev. Geo. W. Racey returned Monday from attending the Synod at London.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Detroit, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. R. Robb.

R. S. Laidlaw, B. A., of London, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church last Sabbath, in the absence of the regular pastor.

CON. 8, RALEIGH.

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