CAMBRIA FREEMAN
is published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA
BY JAMES C. HASSON.

Actual Circulation, - - - 1,200

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

If paid in advance.....$1.50
If not paid within 3 months.. 1.75
If not paid within 6 months.. 2.00
If not paid within the year.. 2.25

Persons residing outside of the county, will please note that per year will be charged to

We prefer that the above terms be definitely understood from the start, and those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not expect to be favored on the same footing as those who do.

Stop your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must, for most editors do otherwise.—Life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance

VOLUME XX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1886. NUMBER 27

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$1.00
1 " 3 months	2.50
1 " 6 months	5.00
1 " 1 year	8.00
2 " 6 months	8.00
2 " 1 year	12.00
¼ col'n 6 months	15.00
¼ " 6 months	20.00
¼ " 1 year	32.00
" 3 months	40.00
" 1 year	75.00

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.
Administrator's and Executor's Notices..... 2.50
Auditor's Notices..... 2.00
Stray and similar Notices..... 1.50

☞ *Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisements.*

Job Printing of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

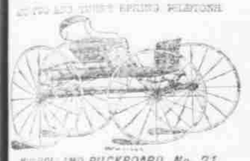
AVERY

SEWING MACHINE

The Improved High Arm, Light Running, Self-Adjusting Tension, Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle, Perfect Automatic Feed, Reversible Feed, New Design, Handsome in Appearance, Unequaled for Speed, Ease of Motion, No Noise, Lightness of Running, No Vibration, No Fatigue, No Breakage, Great Capacity, Unlimited Range, Always in Order, Richly Ornamented, Nickelplated, and Gives Perfect Satisfaction. Send for Circulars.

—Address—
AVERY MACHINE CO.
612 Broadway, New York.

Standard Wagon Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS,
Two-wheeled Village Phaetons,
AND ALL OTHER SPRING VEHICLES.



HOLLAND BUCKBOARD, No. 21.

In Holland Springs do away with SHIVERING. BODY-LOOPS and Side Bars are suitable for either style of Bodies, and superior to all others now in use for Buggies or Spring Wagons. Send for catalogues and prices.

Standard Wagon Co., Cincinnati, O.

DR. SELLERS'
OVER 1000000
BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER
HAS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS,
THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE,
25 CTS.
COUGH SYRUP

DON'T FORGET THAT
HINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER
IS SIMPLE, PURE, SURE, SORE EYES
AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
OLD DRUGGISTS
PEPS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
Cures all Pain, Weakness, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Debility, Kidney Complaints, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Blood Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Chronic Diarrhœa, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Nausea, Faintness, Lowness after Sickness, Want of Energy, Lack of Ambition, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Hysteria, Melancholy, Fits, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia of the Heart, Pain in the Region of the Kidneys, Pain in the Back, Nervous Complaints of Females, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Nervous Debility, Hot Flashes, Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Wakefulness, Bad Dreams, Nervousness, Trembling, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Disorders of the Stomach.

PARKER'S TONIC is not a cure-all nor a patent medicine, but is a scientific preparation of rare medicinal virtues, skillfully compounded, and is the best Tonic ever made. Physicians prescribe it. Druggists recommend it. Ministers and Christian workers use it. Nursing mothers find it invaluable. Mothers of delicate children should give it to them. Ladies who are pale, weak, nervous, sleepless, or suffering from any of the troubles peculiar to their sex, will find immediate relief and a permanent cure in PARKER'S TONIC. Don't be deceived by worthless imitations. Don't let the druggist impose upon you with something he says is "just as good," because it pays him better. If your druggist does not keep PARKER'S TONIC, don't waste time with him, but send $1.00 to us, and we will send you a large bottle by express, prepaid. Write us about your case, and we will send you our illustrated book, containing valuable information and many testimonials. Sold by druggists.

HISCOX & CO., New York.

CORNS
PARKER'S CORN CURE
Is the best and surest cure for Corns, Bunions, Warts, and all troubles of the feet. Makes tender feet comfortable. Makes New Shoes easy. Stops pain instantly. Ask your druggist for PARKER'S CORN CURE. Take no other. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cents. Address HISCOX & CO., New York.

PATENTS
Obtained and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES.
Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.
Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.
Letters, strictly confidential, addressed to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Courts, furnished without charge, and we refer to actual clients in your own State or County, write to
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

Surface Indications

What a miner would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the **Pimples, Sties, Sore Eyes, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions** with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a potson that festers in the blood and may develop into **Scrofula.** This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

which is sufficiently powerful to expel from the system even the taint of **Hereditary Scrofula.**

The medical profession indorse AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and many attestations of the cures effected by it come from all parts of the world. It is, in the language of the Hon. Francis Jewett, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Lowell, "the only preparation that does real, lasting good."

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!
CLAREMONT COLONY!

A new Home every 10 days in the last 6 years. Our village, only 30 minutes from Boston, contains 2 churches, school, newspaper, factory, foundry, 4 steamboats, 2 trains and 2 mail daily. Land rapidly advancing. Title perfect. Sold by all agents, or send for circular to

Address J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Surry Co., N.H.

TWO LETTERS

One of our most intelligent Chester County customers writes us under date of Jan. 26th, as follows:

"Acidulated Rock shows bad effects. It permanently injures the soil and ultimately renders the ground almost worthless except to raise sorrel and other weeds."

DISSOLVED[S] ROCK
or ACID PHOSPHATE is not a complete manure, and when used as such, it *does* impoverish the soil. It is valuable *only* for its Soluble Phosphoric Acid, and contains *no* Ammonia. It is often called "Soluble Bone," "Mineral Bone," "Fossil Bone," etc.

Extract from a Lancaster County letter received January 27th:

"Farmers here inclorse the value of BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE, not only for cereals but also on grass and for the permanent improvement of the soil."

BAUGH & SONS
Sole Manufacturers of the Celebrated
Baugh's $25 Phosphate
Established 1855. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

$2.50 Did It.

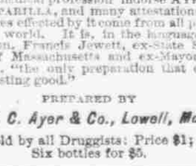
The persons named below had spent thousands of dollars in the aggregate to get relief from rheumatism, but all to no purpose, until they tried the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE, which cost two dollars and fifty cents. They say it quickly and completely cured them, and that they have since had no return of Rheumatic trouble.

We publish a little pamphlet (sent free to any address) giving their testimony just as they gave it to us; but if you have any doubts about the matter, write any of these believed Rheumatics, and get an expression from them:

J. D. WHITE, Bloomsburg, Pa.
SAMUEL BOYER, of Boyer & Burns, Lancaster, Pa.
JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, Lancaster, Pa.
WILLIAM REMPLE, Allegheny, Pa.
F. D. MINNICH, Reading, Pa.
R. C. PORTER, Cherry Hill, Md.
REV. NEWTON HOUGHTON, Pa.
H. M. KERKOW, Newton Hamilton, Pa.
COL. D. TOMBALD, Youngstown, Ohio.

The Russian Rheumatism Cure has saved every Rheumatic sufferer who has taken a fair trial.

ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.
Price $2.50. If mailed for, additional. If registered for postage, 10c. additional.
Be sure this special trade-mark is on every box.



As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

PATENTS
Obtained and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES.
Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.
Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.
Letters, strictly confidential, addressed to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Courts, furnished without charge, and we refer to actual clients in your own State or County, write to
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

THE LAST OF
THE NUGENTS.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "SWEETHEARTS."

CHAPTER III.

Breakfast was over; and the two young people, Dolly and Culverton, stood at the side-door watching the Stanhope phaeton containing the Squire and the Mistress until it disappeared round the Vicarage corner.

"Let us go into the boudoir," said Culverton. But Dolly did not move from the position she had taken up against the door-way.

"The boudoir?" she repeated doubtfully.

"Yes," he returned; "we shall not be interrupted there. No tiresome servants, you know, whisking in and out."

"I believe," she said demurely, tracing absent patterns in the dust with her foot, "that the boudoir is being swept out this morning."

"Bother! Well, we can take possession of the Squire's study. Come," he said persuasively, trying to take her hand.

"Are you going to scold me?" asked Dolly at last in desperation, finding her small strength giving way against his.—"Because, if you are, I won't come."

If Culverton had really intended to do so, he could not have resisted the temptation to burst out laughing at her; and he laughed until Dolly forgot her fears and joined in his mirth.

"Is that the way you are going to look at me when we are married?" he asked.

"When we are married!" repeated Dolly, all the laughter dying out of her eyes.—"Oh, I don't know how I shall look when we are married!"

She turned and walked along the flagged pathway beside him back to the house; then led the way to the untidy little room her father was pleased to term his study, a room with two windows overlooking a tiny garden enclosed within high walls mantled to the very top with ivy. There was a smooth lawn with a single flower-bed in the center, just then bright with radiant blossoms. There was also a narrow gravel walk, which ran entirely round the garden, between the lawn and ivied walls.

It was not exactly a cheerful prospect, but the Squire did not care to have anything altered; for one of his aspirations, a Mistress Adela Nugent, having heard that her husband had met with a sudden and tragical death in a foreign land, made a vow that she would never mix with the world again; so she made the study—it had likewise been her husband's *sanctum* —her sitting room, and had the high walls built, so that she could take the air in her own little garden without fear of onlookers.

Her husband hadn't his opportunities again, after having been in durance vile some two years; and it was said that Mistress Adela's vow fear lost her vow might remain in force, though the cause, if it had returned after all; but the husband never allowed the little room and garden to be altered, nor would his descendant, Squire Nugent.

Culverton closed the door after Dolly had passed into the room, and followed her to the window-seat, sitting down beside her and drawing her head upon his shoulder.

"I don't think you are well, darling," he said presently, finding her quite silent and resting her head wearily against him. "After all, a winter abroad will be the best thing possible for you. I am convinced of it. Why, Dolly, you are not crying! My darling, what is it?"

"I cannot help it!" cried Dolly passionately, and throwing him into fresh confusion. "I know you will be angry, but I cannot help it. I am so afraid of her. I know that she has come to take you away from me. I feel it is so."

"Do you mean Miss Fox? My darling, I don't even like her. I couldn't fall in love with her if I tried, or however much she tried to fascinate me. Why, my sweetest, she has been trying her best for the last three years!"

"I hate her!" said Dolly, shutting her teeth with an angry click.

"I wouldn't take the trouble if I were you," he said, with a laugh, as he lifted her tears—very awkwardly he did it too. "But, as for being afraid of her, why, Dolly, it's absurd! In the first place she is a black beauty."

"But she is a beauty," said Dolly tragically."

"A regular stunner!" laughed Culverton, with which Dolly caught her breath with a great sob. "But then, you know, my darling, I think the Venus de' Medici is beautiful; but I can't say that I should care to marry her."

"What—the Venus de' Medici or Miss Fox?" asked Dolly.

"Neither of them," he returned emphatically, "though, for preference, give me the Venus—she is white."

"I do not know why I should feel this awful foreboding," said Dolly forlornly; "but I do. I tried to shake it off last night and go to sleep; but I could not. I never slept the whole night."

"My poor little darling," he cried compassionately. "Shall I ask the Squire to let us be married at once—say next week? It could be managed, you know, quite easily."

"No, no!" she said. "They would all laugh at me; and I could not tell any one but you that I am afraid of her."

"Then I will tell you what I will do; I see you will never rest if this goes on for a couple of months. If Miss Cave-Fox makes you uneasy, or makes eyes at me, I'll just go away and stop until the end of September."

"No, no!" cried Dolly once more.—"Where will you go?"

"Not where there are any ladies to worry you," he answered, with a smile. "I'll go to the Lodge, where there are no gentle folk within fifteen miles and only a few red-headed Scotch lasses in the village, three miles away. Perhaps I might induce the Squire and the Mistress to bring you for a few weeks; the Squire would enjoy the change."

"Do you think he would?" she asked, hopeful once more.

"I think he generally does what you and the Mistress ask him," he answered her.

"Yes, he does"—with a sigh not of unhappiness this time.

"And you will try not to worry about it any more?"

"Yes, I'll try; only, Bertie, last night you said you were angry, and you said afterwards that I hurt you!—"

Now, if Bertram Lord Culverton was anything, he was truthful; and, as he could not conscientiously say he had been neither angry nor pained, and as he did not wish to hear anything more on the subject, he deemed it wiser to stop the small tender-hearted *fiancée*'s self-accusations first by kissing her, and then by lifting her on to her feet.

"Couldn't you take me for a drive?" he asked. "You know I have not been here for five years, and I want to look about a little."

"We might have the Norwich cart and the only" she answered.

"Then, if you will go and get a hat on, I will order it," he said; "and don't be long."

So they went for a long drive, during which he petted her and made so much of her that she almost forgot such a person as Hermione Cave-Fox lived, both as they were returning rapidly through the village, being rather late for lunch they passed a strange lady dressed in delicate cream-color from head to feet, to whom Culverton raised his hat. Dolly sank back, white and trembling; and Culverton laughed.

"There's your bug-bear, my pet. Not so formidable, after all, is she?"

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life," said Dolly, with quivering lips.

"You are neither more nor less than a little fool, Dolly," said Lord Culverton teasingly.

"Perhaps I am," returned Dolly humbly, "but I can't help it indeed."

However, after lunch, when Dolly went with her father to Deane Ella station to meet Jasper, Culverton took the Mistress into his confidence.

"Mother," he began, "do you consider that Dolly is very nervous?"

"Not at all," returned Mrs. Nugent promptly. "She never knew what fear was."

"But she seems to have an absolutely unconquerable apprehension of those people who have taken the Villa. She talks of a feeling of coming ill and all that; and, indeed, I cannot reason her out of it. We passed Miss Cave-Fox in the village this morning, and I was afraid Dolly would burst into tears before her."

"Well it is rather strange, is it not, Culverton, that they should have fixed upon Deane Ella as a dwelling-place?" she said gravely.

"Oh, I know what they've come for!" he answered, reddening a little. "But then, you know, mother, I don't wish Dolly to be worried about it. She seems so thoroughly impressed with the fact that we Culverton's are unlucky in our marriages, and the story of her aunt's love for my father, has taken such a hold upon her that a very little attention to me on Miss Fox's part will, I am afraid, make Dolly very restless and unhappy. I suggested this morning that we should be married at once—in a week or so; but she was unwilling to do that—afraid of being laughed at, I fancy. So I have promised her that if she is at all uneasy in regard to these people's behavior, I will go to the Lodge and stay there until the end of September."

"You are a good boy, Bertie," said Mrs. Nugent with tears in her eyes.

Culverton possessed himself of her hand and went on with his story, at the point of which he was just arriving.

"But, you know, mother dear, it's very hard upon me to have to go to a lonely house in the Highlands for some two months. Now don't you honestly think it is?"

"Well, yes: it is—very hard," she admitted.

"Then, don't you think you might persuade the Squire to bring Dolly up there for a few weeks? I am sure you could if you tried."

"It might be managed, she answered, smiling at the roundabout way in which he had reached his point. "If do indeed I can for you, Bertie; you take care of my darling. Your father was very much in love with Dolly's aunt."

"But he was six years younger than I am; and I have the result of his love nearly before me. I wonder how many times he wished for his first love back again! Besides that, I never seen Dolly more constantly during the past three years. I am not even Dolly for five."

"I do not doubt you for a moment," cried Mrs. Nugent hastily—"not for a moment! You must not think that."

"Thank you," said Culverton gratefully.

In the excitement of Jasper's return the new-comers were almost forgotten; and so three days passed, until Sunday once more came round. It happened that Mrs. Nugent, keeping in mind that Mrs. and Miss Cave-Fox had come to Deane Ella for the purpose of securing that splendid matrimonial prize the Earl of Culverton, if it was possible for them to do so, had in a most unaccountable manner forgotten all about the Squire's study. Once the idea occurred to her, but she dismissed it as unworthy of her sex, and as being quite impossible.

Consequently, on the morning in question, the Squire, Dolly, Culverton, and Jasper went to the morning service at Deane Ella church, and were shown into the Squire's pew, which was in the chancel, by the clerk, who, in his capacity of sexton, had charge of the church, and was also verger, pew-opener, and bell-ringer.

Now, although the church at Deane Ella was as complete that it possessed a chancel with carved oak stalls at either side which is somewhat unusual in a little country village, there was not a surplized choir.—There were the row of stalls on either side the chancel were occupied, the one by the House people, the other by those from the Vicarage.

Dolly in a white dress, and with a little white bonnet upon her golden hair, walked in first, and took the third seat from the congregation—the one she usually occupied; Jasper followed her, and Culverton came last.

Miss Cave-Fox, watching the whole party from the front pew with keen black eyes, saw Culverton whisper something to Jasper, who half laughed, and, passing Dolly, seated himself in the end stall, Culverton taking possession of that next to Dolly, who gave a grave little smile at the change. It was with that grave smile —which indeed was hardly a smile—upon her face that she turned her head towards the congregation and met the full gaze of Hermione Cave-Fox's dark eyes.

"Does she always wear yellow?" was Dolly's first thought.

She looked at Jasper and saw that he was staring at the new arrival with so fascinated a gaze that it was almost rude.

"Has he too fallen in love with her?" Dolly asked herself rebelliously, and very unjustly, seeing that Culverton had distinctly declared he had never been in love with her at all.

She turned her head in the opposite direction, quite expecting to find his eyes fixed on Miss Fox, as were Jasper's; but Culverton was calmly fastening his sleeve-link, which had come loose; and looking up as she glanced at him, he met her frightened eyes with so loving and steadfast a gaze, that she could not resist slipping her hand into his and gleaning round again at Miss Fox, almost defiantly this time.

As soon as the service was ended Dolly whispered to Culverton to make haste home, never doubting that Jasper would follow them. Jasper however did not affirm his sent until Mrs. Carruthers had moved out of her stall opposite, when he immediately went up to her and asked who the strangers were.

"Dear me, have you not heard?" she said in some surprise. "Is it possible that your mother has not heard that the Villa is let? I should think they have been expecting her to call."

"But who are they? Oh, here they are! Do introduce me."

Mrs. Carruthers rather pleased to have the task of introducing a very beautiful young lady to the Squire's son, did so with some *empressement*; and Jasper informed the two ladies that he had been in Dean Ella three days and had not heard of the charming addition to Deane Ella society.

"But," he added, "my mother will be delighted to hear of it and I shall bring her to call upon you to-morrow."

Miss Fox scarcely spoke; but she smiled—a smile which showed her fine teeth, but which had but little amusement or mirth in it, while Mrs. Fox certainly talked enough for them all put together—Jasper thought so.

He had no excuse to go farther than the gate of the Vicarage with them, where the two ladies parted from Mrs. Carruthers; but Jasper and Mrs. Carruthers stood for a moment and watched them out of sight.

"What a lovely creature!" said Jasper to himself.

"Very," responded the Vicar's wife; "but, my dear Jasper, I know nothing about them. They have come here without introductions of any kind. Mrs. Cave-Fox says she was a great friend of the Countess."

"By Jove!" muttered Jasper, almost in a whisper, partly from surprise and partly out of respect for Mrs. Carruthers' connection with the church. "Well, I don't care much for the mother—she's too plausible; but the daughter is A 1!"

He raised his hat then and turned back towards the House. Mrs. Carruthers stood with her hand upon the handle of the garden-door, watching him with a smile on her lips and laughter in her eyes. If she could have looked forward to the next time when she should watch Jasper Nugent pass up to the home of his ancestors, the smile would have been frozen on her lips, and the laughter changed to most bitter weeping.

CHAPTER IV.

Jasper found Dolly and Culverton in the quaint Queen Anne garden in front of the House.

"Why couldn't you wait a minute, Dolly?" he asked impatiently. "They would think you so rude."

"Oh, very likely!" said Dolly coolly, at which Culverton laughed.

"Yes; that's all you think of—sneaking off with Culverton to spoon," he grumbled.

"Exactly," returned Dolly, slipping her hand into Culverton's arm.

"Well, I shall go round to the stables," continued Jasper; "for I suppose I shall not be able to get a sensible word out of either of you."

"He has fallen in love with her," said Dolly in a tragical half-whisper, as Jasper entered the House.

"Then you needn't worry yourself about that," laughed Culverton. "You don't want to marry Jasper as well as me, do you?"

"No, no; of course not!"—laughing at herself then.

"Oh, mother," said Jasper an hour later, when they were at lunch, "do you know that the Villa is taken?"

"Yes, dear," she returned placidly.

"And you have been at home all this time without having called!" he asked incredulously.

"Yes,"—with more placidity than before.

"Well, I told them you would call to-morrow," he said decidedly.

"Yes; you had better call to-morrow, my dear," put in the Squire—"an hospitable thoughts intent," as was usual with him.

"I don't know at all," said the Mistress, closing her lips very tightly, and sitting quite upright. "I don't know that I shall call at all."

"But why?" asked Jasper imperiently. "You must call, mother! Whatever will they think if you do not?"

"Any thing they please," answered Mrs. Nugent, with iodifference.

"But why should you not?"

"My dear Jasper, who are these people?"

"Oh, I don't know—ladies certainly!"—though as he spoke a remembrance of Mrs. Cave-Fox almost made him doubt his own words. "Mrs. Carruthers says they were very great friends of the Countess."

At this information Mrs. Nugent looked blankly at nothing, and Jasper appealed to Culverton for corroboration of his assertion.

"Well, I do not really know who they are," replied Culverton. "My mother picked them up at a French watering place —Trouville, I believe it was—and, after her impulsive Italian way, took to them. I know nothing beyond that."

"And I never even heard of any Cave-Foxes," interposed the Mistress calmly.—"I don't believe any such family exists."

"After all, does it matter?" asked Jasper impatiently. "You know, mother, it is not as if we were afraid of being cheated; every one knows us."

"Exactly," she answered; "therefore I am sure if they had mentioned to any one of our set that they were coming to reside at Deane Ella they would have brought letters of introduction to us from us. You see, Jasper," she ended with great innocence, "every one knows us."

"Jasper beaten at that point, tried another.

"Well, and if they are of no 'family,' only simple gentlewomen, is that any reason why you should refuse to know them?"

"Certainly not, Jasper. I look at the matter from a purely common-sense point of view. These people when Lady Culverton picked up at a foreign watering place, but knew nothing of, have chosen to take a little house within three miles of Culverton Towers—their friend Lady Culverton being dead. Surely you can draw your own inference from such a proceeding as that! I confess mine is not a very flattering one."

"What, you don't mean that they have come here to look after Culverton?" exclaimed the Squire, who had been quite in the dark during the whole of the conversation, though he was quite sure the Mistress was right, as she always was.—"And they are just too late! What a joke!"

"I don't believe it!" burst out Jasper.

"Oh, you may be right!" remarked his mother placidly. "But to say the least of it, it looks odd that they should fix upon Deane Ella, does it not?"

"And you won't call?"

"I think not, dear. They are not the kind of people that I should want Dolly to associate with, more especially when she will soon have so large a visiting list as the Countess of Culverton. What do you think, Bertie?"

"I quite agree with you," he answered decidedly. "I do not wish Dolly to know them. I saw a good deal more of them than I liked in my mother's time; but then you know, Mrs. Nugent, she was a foreigner and very impulsive, and so she never cared at all who people really were."

"Perhaps, if you saw so very much of them," remarked Jasper glumly, "that is the reason why you don't want Dolly to know them; they might compare notes, you know."

"You are talking like an idiot, my dear Jasper," said Culverton, coolly, using his steely gaze on his future brother-in-law; "but be good enough to keep those sentiments for the future to yourself."

"Do you not think," observed the Mistress, looking at no one in particular, and speaking very sweetly, "that we may as well talk of something else?"

At this the Squire went off in a fit of laughter. It came to a sudden termination, however; for Dolly broke into a passionate flood of tears and rushed out of the room. Her distress made Culverton lose his temper and his manners at the same time.

"Confound you!" he said savagely, as he threw down his napkin and followed his little *fiancee*.

Mrs. Nugent put aside here with more quietness.

"Really, Jasper," she said sharply, as she rose, "I have not patience with you."

"I am sure too excited away in the wake of the lovers, leaving her son in blank amazement.

"Are they all gone mad?" he asked his father.

"There is something we don't understand," answered the Squire. "I only hope Culverton is not playing fast and loose with my little girl. It was rather a risk sanctioning the engagement at all."

It was Culverton who returned first; and very black and sullen he looked.

"Is Dolly coming back?" asked the Squire anxiously.

"Presently," he answered.

"I think I ought to have some explanation of all this," said the Squire, putting on his magisterial air.

"Of course," replied Culverton promptly. "The case is this, Squire. These people were friends of my mother—or rather it pleased her to patronise them. Miss Fox is a beautiful woman who would like to be the Countess of Culverton—in fact she made up her mind three years ago to be the Countess of Culverton, leaving my opinions out of the question. Now I wish to marry Dolly, for I have been in love with her always, and I would not marry Miss Fox if my very life depended upon it. That is the whole story; and as for myself, I should never think of these people a second time; but unfortunately, Dolly is so strongly impressed with the idea that Miss Fox can and will marry me, whether I will or no, that the mere sight or mention of them agitates her beyond measure."

"But what reason has she to think so?" asked the Squire.

"Chiefly because she heard, not very long ago, of that wretched story of her aunt's. I have tried to assure her that the case is different, but it is of no use; and I find the best plan is to prevent her thinking about them at all, simply by avoiding all mention of them. I don't think Dolly is very strong Squire," he ended.

"Not very," answered the Squire gravely. "There is no disease of any kind; but she is so terribly sensitive."

"It was always the same," said Culverton. "Oh, here they are!"

"Is Jasper vexed?" asked Dolly as her brother left the room.

"Never mind Jasper, my darling," said the Mistress. "Give Dolly some jolly, my dear."

"Have a glass of wine my pet," said the Squire, as he handed Dolly her plate.

"My love," observed the Mistress presently to the Squire, "Culverton is going to Scotland to-morrow; we think it will be the best plan. Can you arrange to take us there on Thursday?"

"Of course, if you wish; but can we not all go together?"

"We might," answered Culverton doubtfully. "I say, mother, I might send Mrs. Bolsover to see everything made fit for us." Mrs. Bolsover was the housekeeper of the Towers.

"A very good plan," said the Mistress approvingly. "You know, Squire, Dolly really does require a change of air. I begin to think Yorkshire is not so bracing as I once did."

"Deane Ella air is splendid," asserted the Squire.

"But I think Scotch ale will suit Dolly best at present."

"Now I tell you what it really is," said the Squire wisely. "It is taking Dolly to London and giving her impure air in heated drawing-rooms and theatres, and then finishing her off in that horrid little hole we went to up the Rhine!"

"Oh, it was lovely!" Dolly broke out, at which they all laughed.

The end of it was, that a few days later, they set off together for Lord Culverton's Scotch place, where they remained till the end of September; and Mrs. Nugent did not call upon the occupants of the Villa, nor did Lord Culverton.

Jasper however did, not only on the Monday, but also on the Tuesday, likewise on the Wednesday.

It was not very surprising therefore that, on the Thursday morning during breakfast, he discovered that Scotland had not many charms for him just then, and he thought he should run over to Paris at the beginning of the following week. The letter was addressed to "Dolly," and said "Poor little Nugget!" but no further comment was made. Nor was any one very much surprised when the party returned within a fortnight of the time fixed for Dolly's wedding to find him still at Deane Ella, not having been in Paris at all.

What excuse he had made to Mrs. and Miss Cave-Fox for his mother's non-appearance they did not know; but that they had forgiven the slight, so far as he was concerned, was evident, for he positively lived there.

As Culverton had a good deal to arrange he returned straight to the Towers, only dining at Deane Ella two or three times a week and riding over once or twice in the morning during the same period.

It was within a week of the wedding. Dolly, with her hat on, to be in readiness when Culverton came to drive her to Allathorpe to look at a pony for her especial use, was unpacking several presents which had but recently arrived; and Jasper, after roaming restlessly about the house without any apparent aim, betook himself to the Villa. He returned an hour later to find Culverton had not arrived and Dolly rather worrying over his absence.

"Culverton not come?" he asked.

"No," answered Dolly forlornly, "and he was not here yesterday. He promised to come," she ended petulantly.

A light suddenly broke upon Jasper's mind.

"Dolly," he said abruptly, "has Culverton been the same as usual the last few days?"

"Rather worried, of course," answered Dolly, "but I have not seen very much of him."

"And he promised to come over this morning?"

"Yes, to drive me over to Allathorpe—I wonder what has kept him?"

"I think I know," said Jasper ominously.

He had gone down to the Villa that morning, only to find the ladies out. Mrs. Cave-Fox had gone into York by train, the maid told him; Miss Fox had gone out about half an hour before. Not caring to go back to the House he wandered about, keeping an eye on the entrance to the Villa; but at length, growing tired of that, he turned towards home. When crossing the hill from which the Towers were visible, he saw, some distance off, a glimmer of a pale yellow gown between the trees, which he knew belonged to Miss Fox.

That she was talking to some one he saw, for he had very keen sight; but the trunk of a tree half hid the person from him. He went straight towards them, and presently met her returning alone.—At the sight of him she blushed confusedly and answered incoherently when he asked in what direction she had been.

Now the whole truth had to upon him. It was Culverton she had been to meet—Culverton, who was engaged to his sister! He seized his hat and rushed down to the Villa, passing the servant who let him in, and going straight to the drawing-room.

"Have you been to meet Culverton this morning?" he asked harshly. "Answer me at once."

"Yes," she returned steadily.

"Do you know that he is going to marry my sister next week?"

"Is he?" she said contemptuously.

"Did you not tell me yesterday that you loved me?" he cried passionately.

"Perhaps I did."

"And you do not?"

"No, I like you!" she returned.

"And you have Culverton!"

"She—with a low laugh—"I don't think I do. But what is much more to the purpose, Culverton loves me."

"Loves you!" he shouted stupidly.

"Yes, my dear Jasper," she chanted triumphantly. "I fancy, when your sister's wedding-day comes, the gallant bridegroom will be missing, like the lady in 'Jack o' Hazeldean'; only there is rather to succeed. It is my Dear, good-by to you, and thank you for your kindness to me."

Copplee at eleven to-morrow morning, and you will find that Culverton has gone there to meet me."

Jasper passed his hand over his eyes in a bewildered way, and Miss Fox continued pitilessly—

"I suppose, if she sees that, she will be convinced of his love for me, and will scarcely hold him to his engagement?"

"By Heaven, I should think not!" he burst out indignantly. "The Nugents force themselves on no one."

"After all, it is the kindest thing for both of them," Miss Fox went on calmly. "I understood that his father made a like mistake."

"Has Culverton asked you to meet him at the Coppice?" asked Jasper harshly.

"There is the note," returned Miss Fox quietly, pushing a note that was lying on the table before her towards him. "It came five minutes before you did. This morning he said he would not see me until the afternoon—apparently he has changed his plans."

Jasper took the note from the table; it was addressed to "Miss Cave-Fox, the Villa, Deane Ella."

With trembling fingers he took out the enclosure and read the words which were to bring about the most terrible tragedy that had ever happened in that Rugbel, Arcadia, Deane Ella."

"My precious darling," it began—"I find, after all, my plans altered again—Come and meet me at the Coppice to-morrow morning at eleven—we shall not have to meet each other many more times now —and I will be there without fail.

"Yours, for ever,

"BERTIE."

"Now," asked Hermione exultingly.

"I will take her. As you say, the sight will more than satisfy her that he must be given up. We Nugents, Miss Fox, are people of honor. We do not force men into marrying our women; neither do our women hunt men down. I have the honor to wish you good morning and good-bye."

In his pain, he bade her adieu in the solemn fashion with which he was accustomed to write such few official despatches as fall to the share of a subaltern of Dragoons.

"My letter!" cried the beautiful woman, running after him in her fright.

Jasper however, thrust it resolutely into his pocket.

"I intend to keep it," he said sternly.—"No; do not look so alarmed, Miss Fox.—We shall take no steps to prevent your marriage with Lord Culverton. A marriage with you will bring about a surer punishment than anything that we could do."

"Give it back to me!" she cried, trying to detain him; but he shook her hand off his own with a gesture of absolute loathing.

"Let me go out of this accursed house," he exclaimed to a maid who had come into the hall—"let me go!"

He went back to the House, where Dolly was all alone, for the Squire and the Mistress had gone into York for the day, and as yet the wedding guests had not arrived.

He found his sister in the dining-room; and, as he entered, she looked up with a smile.

"I thought something was the matter," she said with an air of relief.

"Something is the matter," replied Jasper. "Go away, James; I wish to speak to Miss Nugent."

"There has been no accident, sir?" asked the man with trembling lips.

"No, no—nothing of the kind! It is merely a private affair of my own; nothing to trouble any of you."

"Jasper, what is it?" asked Dolly as the door closed behind the man.

"I do not know if I shall tell you."

"You must tell me. I am quite brave—it is Culverton, I know! Is he dead?"

"Worse than dead—false," cried Jasper passionately, putting his arms round her. "Oh, my little darling sister, can you bear it? Can you listen whilst I tell you that they have been fooling both of us?"

"Then they are married!" she said quite calmly.

"I dare say they will marry now that we have found them out," answered Jasper gloomily.

Then he recounted to her the events of the whole morning, ending by placing the letter in her hands. He was touched to see her utter calmness—not a tear dimmed the lustre of the brilliant blue eyes, not a trace of nervousness was apparent in the slim little h