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SOURIS, P. E. I.

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Auction.

A first class farm, good young orchard good buildings, 62 acres in a high state of cultivation 2 1/2 miles from Charlottetown. The farm of Mrs. William Gillispie on the Brackley Point Road, opposite Sherwood Cemetery to be sold by auction on the farm on Monday, April 23rd, 1900, at 10 o'clock, a. m. A rare chance to get a good farm.

F. H. HORNE, Auctioneer.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

"Strange of Lady Lawrence to wait so long before she comes to visit her family or her native place."
"She never liked Abbotsmoor," Mrs. Trent replied. "I believe she never liked England; and I am sure she did not care for her brother."
"Suppose she never comes, but leaves her money to Indian charities?" said Honor.
"She dare not," retorted Theodora, quickly. "She is bound to leave it to Mr. Myddelton arranged, either to one of us, or to some of us, or to all of us."

"Who is the most likely to inherit it?" questioned Royden, coolly.
"I should certainly never dream of the other side of the house—"
"Do not hesitate to say it, Hervey," observed Honor, in his pause. "You mean that she will never acknowledge the Cravens. I don't think she will, Mr. Keith. Mr. Myddelton was very angry with his brother for marrying my aunt. The Cravens were poor, and always had been poor; and—it is to be surmised—they always will be poor."
"You are evidently grieving for that," "Yes," she answered, with no shade of grief in her eyes. "I should love to be rich—I think."

"Strange thing," mused Royden, "that the old squire should at last shuffle off the responsibility of his wealth upon his sister. Has she been using the money since his death?"
"No; it has been accumulating, luckily for us," replied Hervey; "indeed, it was accumulating for years before his death. Old Myddelton's money is more than a million in hard cash now, independent of the landed property."
"Lady Lawrence may very well divide such wealth as that."
"Yes, of course she may, Mr. Keith," assented his hostess, languidly; "but still I fancy she will choose an heir, and that will naturally be Hervey."
"But Mr. Haughton is as nearly related to her, is he not?"
"Oh, she will not think of him," interposed Captain Trent, superciliously; "he is a regular snob, settled down into a pettifogging country lawyer, and almost as mean as was old Myddelton himself."

"Suppose you were to recollect the fact that he's my guardian, Hervey," observed Honor, quietly.
"That would make no difference," returned Captain Trent, laughing. "You know very well how little you think of him."
A vivid, painful blush rose to the girl's cheeks, and even Royden could see that she had not the power of contradicting the last statement.

"Perhaps," he said, "Lady Lawrence may choose an heiress in preference to an heir. She might very naturally wish for a young relative to live with her, as she has no daughters of her own."
"So I often say," spoke Mrs. Trent, kindly; "and it pleases me to think how admirably my daughter is fitted for the post."
"More than the others?"
Theodora turned to Mr. Keith in blank astonishment when he uttered

"I guess I've been victimized." That's the guess of many a hard-working man, who, worn-out, nervous and sleepless, has been for months paying exorbitant bills to a high-priced doctor without a dollar's worth of benefit. Frequently the guess is entirely correct. There are too many doctors who are only lifted out of obscurity by the size of their bills.

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question; but the sight of his carefree face disarmed her quick suspicion.
"As for the others," she said, with a deprecating gesture of her hands, "Mr. Haughton would grind and save like an exaggerated female copy of old Myddelton himself, and Phoebe would spend all his money on her person."
"It is a small person to spend a million on," observed Honor, with a quick flash in her eyes, half of anger, half of amusement.
"And—" questioned Royden, his own eyes full of laughter.
"The only other niece is Honor," said Theodora, hurrying over the words, "and I'm sure she would not have an idea what to do with the money; should you, Honor?"
"Yes, I would live all alone in a splendid house, with no one to order me about."
"What a childish idea," said Theodora.
"And I would do good to others, for I could afford to pay for a master in department, and so relieve Hervey from his most onerous duty."
"You are right. Such wealth should have some such noble end in view," said Royden, with a laugh of quiet irony. "Gold is, as we all know, 'Heaven's physic, Life's restorative,' but we also know there are other virtues it can possess."
"There is one evil it cannot cure," observed Honor, puzzling a little over his tone, but answering it merrily, "and that is our family falling-avarice. I often think how readily Lady Lawrence will recognize us all as Myddeltons, when she sees us crowding eagerly about her, and paying court to the riches which she holds in bond for some of us."
"All the women of Blois are freckled and ill-tempered," quoted Royden, rising as Mrs. Trent rose.
Honor paused where she stood, and forgot every practical answer to Captain Hervey's catechism on the exigencies of society.

"How do you mean, Mr. Keith?" He smiled into the innocent, questioning eyes, and answered her, while Mrs. Trent and Theodora swept omnisciently past.
"A lazy traveller in Blois, who found his landlady freckled and ill-tempered, wrote his experience so: 'All the women of Blois are freckled and ill-tempered.'"
"I hope, Honor," remarked Mrs. Trent, as the girl entered the drawing-room, "that you may some day grow to understand what is required of you when you are the least important person in company. I despair of ever teaching you."

"Suppose I learn that thoroughly, and then find I am not always the least important person in company," said Honor, with a mischievous glance from under her lashes, "I shall have all to unlearn, and a fresh lesson to begin. Oh, dear me! how pleasant it would be if one need only act on instinct!"
"If I were a girl like you, Honor," put in Theodora, with an exaggerated expression of despair, and perhaps not very strict adherence to truth, "I should feel very grateful to those who tried to train me."
"Under those circumstances, it might almost be a good thing if you were me," was Honor's dry and ungrammatical rejoinder, as she took as comfortable a seat as Mrs. Trent and Theodora allowed her, and settled herself to gain as much enjoyment as possible from the inevitable dissertation on dress.

"It would be rude to take a book and entertain myself with other people's thoughts," she mused, when at last Mrs. Trent succumbed to her after-dinner somnolence, and Theodora posed herself in an attitude of graceful indolence, "but I am apparently at liberty to indulge in my own—such as they are."
There was a circular mirror on the wall opposite her, and between the candles burning on each side of it she could see the fireside group; the elder lady sleeping in her chair, comfortable and handsome, and the younger one almost as motionless, with one ringed hand supporting the fair, regular face, round which the mirror showed such gorgeous setting of silk and gold.

Honor's eyes lingered on these two figures, hardly glancing for a moment at her own, so still and white.
"Suppose," she mused idly to herself, "that were the mirror of Lao, and reflected the mind as well as the person. What should I see? Not much," she added, with a half smile, still unconsciously ignoring her own image; "there is not much in either Mrs. Trent or Theodora which it would need Lao's glass to reflect."
As she thought this, still with her eyes upon the mirror, the door behind her was opened, and another figure was added to the group on which she gazed. Then an involuntary and rather puzzled feeling rose in her mind, and this

sure had given a new character to the picture in the glass.
"Now," she said, letting her fanciful thoughts run on, "if it were but the glass of Lao now!"
Most probably Royden Keith would have objected to enter the room at all if that circular mirror had been the magic instrument she thought of, but, being the harmless reflector it was, he sat down, opposite it with the greatest ease, and was to all appearances, totally unconscious of its very presence on the wall.
Mrs. Trent, wide awake now, graciously called Honor over to sit beside her while she sipped her tea; and then entreated her daughter to sing a duet with Hervey, and to persuade Mr. Keith to sing with her, too.
Theodora did sing with her cousin, once or twice, and then once or twice alone; then once or twice with Mr. Keith, but Honor had not been asked, when, feeling the neglect acutely, she rose and said she must go home.
"Jane told me to be early," she explained, standing before Mrs. Trent, with a fading flush upon her cheeks. And just then the mirror gave back a lovely picture, while Royden Keith stood waiting for his hand-shake. There was no inattentiveness in his gaze, yet for all his life this picture lived unblemished in his memory.

"This is a new idea, Honor," observed Captain Trent, coming forward with a shade of annoyance on his face. "Why should Jane's wishes be paramount? Are they not alone at the Larches to-night?"
"I hope so."
"Whom are you afraid of finding at home?" inquired Theodora, wondering why Mr. Keith smiled, when of course he could not understand anything about Honor's home.

(To be continued.)

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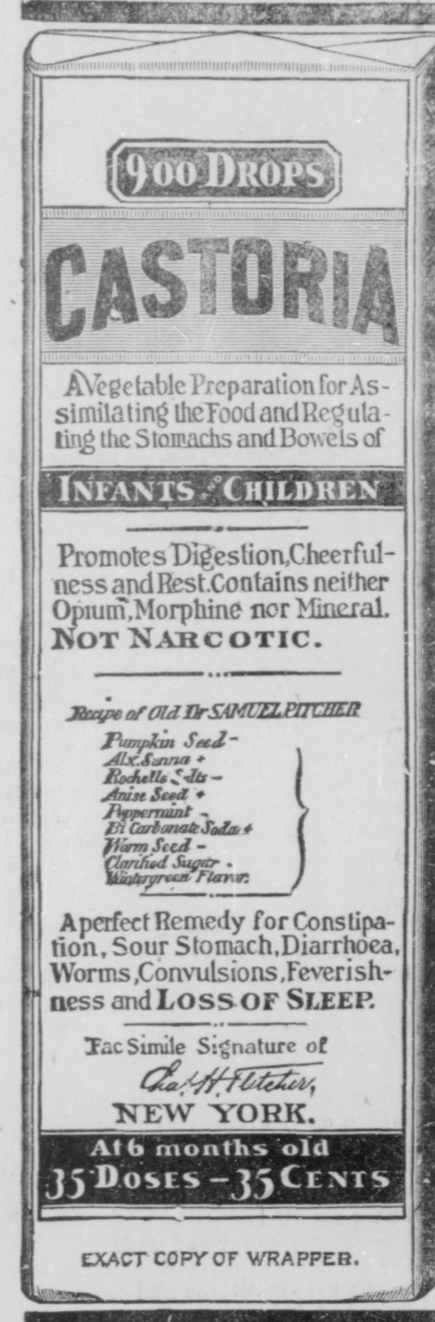
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