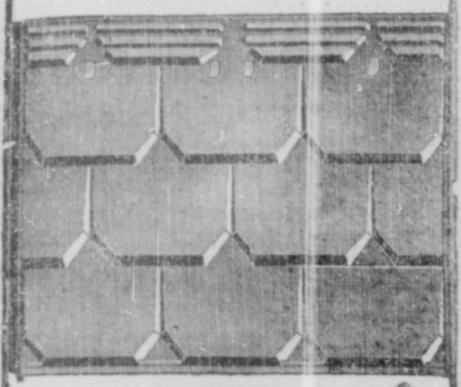


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The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

**HENRY SMITH,**  
Chairman.  
Office of Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 20th 1900.



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knows there is one sure way to reach a man's heart, and that is by always having a nicely spread table. To do this you must have choice groceries, canned goods and provisions.

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# RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

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

(Continued.)

Thus appeared to Honor answered, with pleasant rashness, that it was not at all a good thing for girls to be altered by the way they did their hair; and then she put her head gravely on one side, to criticize the plump little figure which she had so patiently and brightly assisted to adorn.

"Well?" inquired Phoebe, anxiously, "what will they think of me?"

"I can imagine the rector's eyes when he says, 'Phoebe, my dear, what a very secular costume!'"

"You are always laughing, and seeming as if you weren't, Honor," said Phoebe, pettishly. But for all that, now that the arduous performance was over, and she could see the startling tout ensemble in the glass, her own lips broke into a gratified smile. "Lawrence will see that I have made the most of the money he gave me, won't he, Honor?"

"Indeed he will; but I must run off. Think of me here in my dressing-gown at five and twenty minutes past twelve, and Lawrence ordered the wagonette for half-past!"

"But you see," put in Phoebe, unwilling, even yet, for her cousin to go, "Lawrence will wait for you and not be angry, and he makes such a fuss if I am late. Is Jane ready—and how does she look?"

"Very nice," replied Honor, shortly, for she never would allow any of Phoebe's spiteful remarks on Miss Haughton's personal appearance. Hard and suspicious as Jane Haughton might be to her young kinswoman on whom nature had lavished her fairest gifts, this young kinswoman had never a word to say against Jane's appearance.

"In her temper, I mean," explained Phoebe. "There's Lawrence calling! Here we are, Lawrence!" she cried, rushing past Honor and down the stairs. "At least here I am, and Honor won't be a minute."

Without even a thought of Phoebe's selfishness, Honor ran lightly into her own room, and five minutes afterward sprang down the last few steps into the hall, alighting unexpectedly beside Lawrence as he paced to and fro waiting for her.

"Oh! Lawrence, I did not see you! I fancied you would be fuming on the box of the wagonette."

"I chose to fume here instead," said Lawrence, trying to assume a sternness which he could not feel while she stood beside him in her bright and girlish beauty. "Sit on the box beside me, Honor, and the man and the hamper shall go inside."

With only a light shake of the head for answer, Honor stepped up into the wagonette, and Mr. Haughton followed her, to Phoebe's great delight.

"I thought you were going to drive," remarked Jane.

"No," he answered, curtly. "Take the reins, here."

It was scarcely half an hour's drive from the Larches to Abbotsmoor, yet the wagonette was the last vehicle which drew up before the empty mansion, where all the guests were gathered, some dismounting and others standing about. There was Theodora, resplendent in green and white grenadine, lingering near the dog-cart, from which Royden Keith was assisting little Mrs. Payte to alight. There was the jovial rector, winking the sleepy echoes of the place with his hearty laugh, while his comely wife went in and out among the party, dispensing sage but unheeded advice on the subject of hampers. There was Captain Trent, sauntering to and fro, and vouchsafing languid instructions to the men-servants from Deergrove. There was Mrs. Trent, in heavy bronze-colored silk, making strenuous use of her eyes and fan. There was Lady Somerson, courteously apologizing for the absence of Sir Philip, and making herself quietly and unobtrusively pleasant, as high-bred ladies sometimes do. There was Pierce, in possession of a huge luncheon basket; and there was little Monsieur Verrien, arranging his camera in front of the house, and weighed down by a greater amount of anxiety than pressed upon the rest of the company conjointly.

The photograph must be taken first," asserted Miss Trent. "Who will fetch Monsieur Verrien?"

Monsieur Verrien came up, and began at once the "business" of the day. "Pardon, mesdames et messieurs," he said, accosting the whole party in a vague, nervous way, not knowing who took the lead, "but did Lady Lawrence say she would have the facade with the group?"

"Yes, the facade with the family clustered there."

"Thanks, monsieur. And now will you kindly tell me who I am to take?"

He happened now to address Lady Somerson, and she drew back, smiling. "Almost every one but myself," she said.

His speech passed on to the next lady, little Mrs. Payte, in her broad, brown hat and old-fashioned alpaca dress.

"Not me. Bless the man, does he think the whole neighborhood is peopled with old Myddelton's kindred?"

"He is a foreigner," explained Lady Somerson, gently; "and almost a stranger here."

"Oh, I know all about him," said the small old lady, with a grunt which greatly amused some of the bystanders; "but I wish somebody would put it to him in his native tongue that Lady Lawrence, whoever she may be, did not ask for my portrait."

Again the little photographer's question passed on, and this time was intercepted by Royden Keith, who shook his head and smiled.

"No, monsieur," he said, in his courteous way; "I, too, must be left out of your picture."

"You don't scorn the idea of being one of our family quite as Mrs. Payte did," remarked Theodora.

He stood back, watching the little Frenchman arrange his group, and Mrs. Payte chatting volubly all the time, took up her station near him. Lady Somerson and the rector stood near the photographer, apparently more interested.

"Theodora Trent looks very well in that position," remarked Mrs. Payte, her shrewd eyes glistening as she watched the preparation for the photograph; "and she knows it."

It was at that moment, as Verrien walked back toward his camera, that Theodora, with a smiling glance, beckoned to Royden that she wanted him. Mrs. Payte looked sharply up into his face, and saw him shake his head and bow.

"How kind of her," she said, feelingly. "She would have you in the photograph, if possible. It will make a hideous picture," she continued, presently, with placid enjoyment of her idea. "Look at Hervey Trent's lackadaisical attitude, and Mr. Haughton's assumption of careless ease. That blue fabric on Phoebe's head will come out as a huge white blemish; and just notice the amount of space Theodora's skirts occupy. Lady Lawrence will know a great deal more about them from that photograph, won't she? How is she to know, for instance, that Miss Trent made all the arrangements to suit herself, and that Honor Craven, standing so prettily there against the house, is laughing the whole notion of the thing to scorn? Bah! I have no patience with any of them."

"So I see, Mrs. Payte," said Royden, laughing. "Perhaps, if you had the patience, the picture would not seem quite so hideous."

"Maybe. For goodness' sake, let us walk about till that farce is over."

They had strolled quite half a mile from the house, when Royden gave an imperceptible start and stood still.

"This is—I have heard of this oak," he said, as they stopped before a splendid oak tree on the outskirts of the park.

Mrs. Payte looked up into his face, and then higher, among the branches of the oak.

"Of course," she returned, sharply; "everything about old Myddelton's place has been well talked of."

ered, some dismounting and others standing about. There was Theodora, resplendent in green and white grenadine, lingering near the dog-cart, from which Royden Keith was assisting little Mrs. Payte to alight. There was the jovial rector, winking the sleepy echoes of the place with his hearty laugh, while his comely wife went in and out among the party, dispensing sage but unheeded advice on the subject of hampers. There was Captain Trent, sauntering to and fro, and vouchsafing languid instructions to the men-servants from Deergrove. There was Mrs. Trent, in heavy bronze-colored silk, making strenuous use of her eyes and fan. There was Lady Somerson, courteously apologizing for the absence of Sir Philip, and making herself quietly and unobtrusively pleasant, as high-bred ladies sometimes do. There was Pierce, in possession of a huge luncheon basket; and there was little Monsieur Verrien, arranging his camera in front of the house, and weighed down by a greater amount of anxiety than pressed upon the rest of the company conjointly.



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"This tree must be a thousand years old," Royden continued, moving nearer, "and it is hollow."

"How quick you are!" observed the old lady, as she tripped round the tree. "You spoke before you had seen the opening."

She was stopping then in front of an aperture four or five feet high, and a couple of feet wide.

"What a huge trunk," she said, looking in over the foot of bark which still remained and formed a kind of stile at the entrance to the cavity. This hollow would dine a dozen people. I like to see these old trees on an old estate; but I don't like this estate; do you, Mr. Keith?"

"I should," replied Royden, walking quietly on at the little lady's side, "if I could see it utilized and beautified; with a man's hand and heart at work about it, and a woman's bright, sweet presence."

"Can you fancy it?"

"Yes."

"Bah!" said the old lady, answering brusquely Royden's quiet word. "How can old Myddelton's money cause anything but evil, when we remember how it was garnered?"

"Very easily," returned Royden, gazing on the empty house which lay before them. "Can we possibly hold that heathenish idea of there being a curse on old Myddelton's money? Do you believe that his wealth—if well and humbly used—would not do the good that other money could; and—if, as I said, nobly and generously used—return in blessings on the giver?"

(To be continued.)

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