BY ROSE RAYNESFORD.

From New York Weekly

CHAPTER I. (CONTINED.)

three flights of sairs to the vttic, future to take care of itself. where, throwing her skirts about bays. Ivy could distinguish the glowed at the remembrance of it squir's portly figure on the front She had gone down the garden beating heart told her was Joe's. elms, and hidden from the house her, one arm extended behind her clasp till all the warm blood came on the tack of the seat, the other billowing up over cheek and brow, pointing here and there, though and her eyes fell beneath his ard drawing her attention to the differ- ent gaze Then, almost before she ent beauties of the landscape.

said, to herself, as she went slowly pressed closely, lingeringly, on her ally malicious twinkle lurking in down the stairs to her own room. lown. The apron must be removed, the "Good-by till Thanksgiving," he silky braids smoothed with extra laughed, and was off before she care, and the plain linen collar re- could chide him placed with frills of dainty lace. He hadn't told her in just so Then from its little sandal-wood many words that he loved her, but box Ivy drew forth a slender chain how could she doubt it? Hadn't and locket, the sole ornament she every look and act declared it over possessed, and settled it among the and over during that happy vaca frills with a satisfied smile. Tender tion time? And then if he didn't brown eyes, crimson lips, a low love her, why that last tender white forehead framed in silken caress, speaking volumes to her ancorls-it certainly was a pretty swering heart? picture that looked back at her Innocent little Ivy! over that very night?

But as soon as tea was over, with some strip of fancy work, she draw her own little rocker before the wood fire on the sittin 3-room hearth, and while her swift fingers evolved the mysteries of satin stitch, point, and wheels, her happy thoughts went staying over all that brief. bright month when Joe Dalton had spent his summer vacation in Redleaf, and eyery spare moment of it in close vicinity to the Sunderland farm-house.

Joe, be it known, was the squire's step son. Only the year before the squire had married a daseing, though elderly, widow from the city, with two grown up sous. One of them Ivv had never seen, but Joe had been in the habit of paying frequent flying visits from the city, where he resided, and, as report said, was amassing a fortune fairly fabulous for so young a man.

Of course, he was an object of eager curiosity to all the Redleaf belles, and on Sundays, when he walked slowly up the aisle by his mother's side, and took his place in the squire's great square pew, many a pair of brigh eyes turned to gaze on his tall, graceful figure, brown curly head, and dark eyes full of lurking diablerie.

But when summer came, and he spent a whole month at the squire's, he had singled out Ivy from the

tongue in motion. Many were the even to live. invidious remarks from the other | She made haste to finish her light fair damsels as to the flirting pro- morning tasks, and then daintily pensities of "these city fellows," arrayed herself for church She which reached Ivy's ears; but, too was to walk. It was only a mile Just then the whistle of the even- blindly happy to listen or to care, and the choir had arranged to come ing train was heard, and away the innocent child "took the gifts early and practice their anthem went the tired foot, twinking up the gods provided," and left the once more before service began.

And what a delightful month it her shoulders, Ivy cuddled down in was! How they had picnicked the window commanding a view of frolicked together through the long the turn in the road by which the summer days, and strollec through squire's open wagon must pass on dewy lanes in the ereamy twilight, its way home from the depot. Yes, and rowed on moonlit nights down sure enough, there came the wagon the shining river! And then that behind the pair of high-stepping last scene of all! Ivy's cheeks

seat, beside the coachman, and be- path with him to the little gate, hind was a slenderer form that lvy's and there, under the shodow of the But a little half-jealous pang shot by a cluster of syringa bushes, through that same heart as she saw they had somehow found saying that a lady, evidently young, sat good-by a very lingering transaction besice him, and marked the devot- indeed. Ivy remembered how he ed air with which he leaned toward had held her hand in his tight knew it, an arm had stole around "Some cousin, I suppose," she her waist. & pair of warm lips were the poles. She fancied an unusu-

Ivy was looking her prettiest, and things, eight, nine o'clock chimed Ivy full in the face. "He's mar knew it, and was so glad, for who from the eight-day clock in the riea!" she said, and there was a eculd tell but that he might come [corner, and with a little sigh she hateful, cruel light on her mean] laid aside her "company work," face as she watched the effect of her However, she said nothing to her and took out the blue silk for its words. mother of any such expectation. finishing touches. Of course, she "Married!" echoed Ivy, with wide home so seldom she was very fool- ment forgetting her politeness. ish to think he would come to her 'Oh, very well," sniffed Alvira, the very night of his arrival, when her nose in the air, as she turned the whole family would be wanting to go. him to themselves. But he would "Excuse me," stammered Ivy, surely be here to morrow - Thanks | putting out her hand to detain her, | giving Day. So she stitched away, "I-I thought you must have been picturing to herself the wide family misinformed. How did you her?" side, perhaps. Again she sighed - he brought her home. The sewing to her room, where she was soon her as their new daughter. Then. stood beneath the old elm at the dressmaker from witnessing their gate, and just as he was stooping to family joys, I suppose." kiss her the unknown cousin appeared in the guise of a winged evil spirit, and snatching Joe in her long arms bore him away through the air, leaving her alone and sobbing with terror

But at last the morning came-Thanksgiving morning-with floods of golden sunlight, and the air so crisp and bracing that it made one's blood tingle just to breath it. Ivy looked from her window with bounding heart and thrilling pulses. whole bevy of rustic beauties, and In the glad light doubt and misgivdevoted himself to her with a per- inp fled away as if by enchantment.

sistence that soon set every gossip's Earth was beautiful. It was a joy

'Vith a light step she tripped down the narrow path. But at the little gate she stopped suddenly. trying to check a frown; for there, under the elm, behind the leafless syringa bushes, stood Alvira Simms, the village dressmaker, evidently lying in wait to walk to the church | with her; and Miss Simms was one of Ivy's pet aversions. Many a time she and Joe had amused themselves at the expense of those corkscrew curls, and affected ways, and tones of yinegar sourness.

"Goodmorning," simpered Miss Alvira. "I thought likely vou'd be coming along, so I walked slow on purpose to see if I couldn't have the pleasure of your company to church. It's a beautiful morning."

"Beautiful," said Ivy, briefly, and she looked curiously at Miss Simms as if to divine the cause of this sudden desire for her society, for they wore usually as distant as, the seamstress' snaky black eyes.

"I suppose you've heard the news?" with a sharp side glance and an air of immense importance.

"News? No, I've heard no news worth mentioning," returned Ivy, in her most indifferent tones.

"Well, I don't know that you'll consider this worth mentioning.' retorted Alvira, bridling up. "It's perhaps it might interest you to from the glass. In spite of fatigue, But while she pondered these know." She paused and looked

> said to herself, she had no right to startled eves, "I don't believe it!" expect hin that evening. He came she added, bluntly, in her bewilder-

room up at the squir's, all the 'Oh," said Miss Simms, soften househould gathered about the ing, only too glad to go over the; blazing wood fire Joe in the midt details. "I didn't hear at all-I of them, the stranger cousin at his saw! I was up at the squire's when she was just beginning to know that room door was open, and I saw she was tired-and folding the Then his mother and the squire completed ress, she went wearily ran out, and I heard him introduce tossing in troubled dreams, wherein in the middle of the laughing, and it seemed that she and Joe again kissing, and handshaking, someone closed the door, to prevent the

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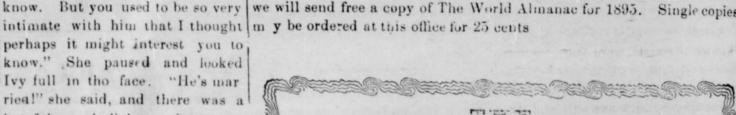
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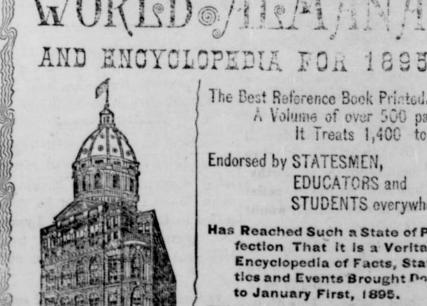
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