TT IS DIFFICULT to imagine anything more fascinating than our new serial story

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Joy of Living **Sidney Gowing**

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her austers aunt, Lady Erythea Lambe, at Jervaulx abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lambe, Almee, vivacious daughter of the Very Reverend Viscount Scroope, is in a rebellious mood. CHAPTER II.—She wanders into the park, there encountering a strange youth in trouble with a motorcycle. He laughingly introduces himself as "Billy." American. The two cement the acquaintance by a ride on the motorcycle, the, "Flying Sphinx," and part. With Georgina Berners, her cousin, Aimee sets out for Jervaulx. On the way she decides that Georgina shall impersonate her at Jervaulx, while she goes on a holiday. Georgina's horrified protest is unavailing.

CHAPTER III.—Happy in her new free-

horrified protest is unavailing.

CHAPTER III.—Happy in her new freedom, Aimee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives hers as Amy Snooks, at presest "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into partnership in selling the Sphinx. In a spirit of madcap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottage.

CHAPTER IV.—That night Aimee visits Georgina and learns that the deception has not been discovered. By her dominant personality she compels Georgina to continue the subterfuge.

CHAPTER V.—On a trial spin next day on the Sphinx, with Billy, Almee almost collides with a carriage in which are her aunt, Georgina and Alexander. The pair

CHAPTER VI.—Georgina learns that Lord Scroope is coming to visit Lady Ery-thea and, realizing what will happen on his arrival, is in hopeless bewilderment.

CHAPTER VII.-While Almee is secretly visiting Georgina at Jervaulx, the place is burglarized. Aimee escapes.

CHAPTER VIII.—Georgina learns, with much relief, that Aimee has got away.

CHAPTER IX.—Police Inspector Panke decides that the robbery is the work of "Jack the Climber" and "Calamity Kate," moted thieves, who travel on a motorcy-

cle.

CHAPTER X.—Billy, aware of his "partner's" nocturnal jaunts, is troubled. He follows her, on the Sphinx, to Jervaulx. He hears the commotion, at once suspects burgiary, and follows two figures on a motorcycle who are apparently in a dosperate hurry. Cornering the pair, in Hilly knocks out a man who attempts to shoot him, picking up a package the fellow had dropped. He discovers the other fugitive to be a woman. Stopping to aid her, she strikes him with a stone, rendering him unconscious, and the pair escape.

covers the package he had picked up is a jewel case, containing emeraids. Resalizing they must be part of the loot from Jervaulx, he starts for the abbey. On the way he meets Almee, with the police in pursuit. In a secure hiding place, a cave among the crag pits, Almee tells him the whole story. He urges that she make a frank confession to her father, but on reflection both realize Almee's good name has been compromised by her two nights' stay at Ivy cottage.

CHAPTER XII—Assurtes. CHAPTER X1.-Recovering, Billy discovers the package he had picked up is a

CHAPTER XII.—Assuring Aimee he has a plan to save her, Billy leaves her in the cave and proceeding to Jervauly, restores the emeralds to the astounded

CHAPTER XIII.—Rejecting any reward, after explaining how the emeralds came into his possession, Billy accepts the position of chauffeur to Lady Erythea, seeing in the situation a promise of a way out of the embroglio.

CHAPTER XIV.—Realizing what her father's visit to Jervaulx would mean, Aimee goes secretly to her home, disables the family auto, thus preventing his journey, and induces a parlormaid to let her take her place at Jervaulx.

CHAPTER XV.—Alexander recognizes Aimee as the woman on the motorcycle which ran into the Lambe carriage, de-nouncing her as "Calamity Kate." Georgina divulges Aimee's identity. Hearing her story, Alexander consents to keep the CHAPTER XVI.-Alexander finds him-

CHAPTER XVII.—The approaching vis-it of Alexander's sister, Lady Diana (who, of course, knows Almee) brings conster-nation to the two girls.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Another visitor to Jervaulx is the Vicomte de Jussac, Di-ana's suitor. Diana recognizes Aimee and threatens to denounce her. CHAPTER XIX

Arms and the Man.

The housekeeper looked bewildered. Diana's wrath agitated her. Almee was standing quietly in the middle of the room, her hands behind her.

"I dare not disturb her ladyship now that she has retired for the night and her room is locked," said the housekeeper; "my orders are strict. May I suggest that you see her yourself, my lady? If there is anything else I can do-"

Diana paused, and appeared to re-

"No," she said curtly. "You can go." When the housekeeper had left the room, Diana turned to Almee. "You will come with me now-to

Aunt!" "I'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Almee defiantly. "Go and speak to her yourself, if you want to. Rouse her out of bed now, and tell her all you know. I shall get it hot; I'm used to that-but there's one consolation, she'll jolly well fiatten you out, too!'

Again Diana hesitated. She saw herself roaring accusations into the ear-trumpet of an infurlated aunt newly aroused from slumber.

"I am tired, and I do not wish for a scene at this time of night," she said, fixing Aimee with a malignant "On consideration, I shall leave this affair till the morning. And now -you may go."

She stood away from the door. 'Won't you be decent about it, Di?' said Aimee imploringly. "I don't care for myself, but it's going to be awful for Dad. I-I-if you'd only let me tell you-"

"I have no desire to listen to a discreditable story, at which, no doubt, I could give a very good guess. As for your father, he must face the consequences of having allowed you to behave as you do. I have no more to say," replied Diana with cold disdain.

Aimee's eyes blazed at her. "You utter beast, DI!" she said. and flung out of the room.

For half an hour Aimee mused upon the situation, and mentally pronounced it hopeless. The dreary bedroom became impossible to her. She opened the door; the house was in darkness; everyone, apparently, had retired. Aimee made her way to Georgina's bedroom door, and rapped stealthily for some time, for the door was locked. It seemed impossible to arouse Georgina, and after a lengthy effort Aimee desisted. Lady Erythea's room was next door, and even the deaf

hear when they are not wanted to. Finally, Aimee crept down into the hall, where the suits of armor loomed grimly in the half-light, a silent, threatening host. It was impossible to get out of the house. All conceivable outlets were secured, since the burglary. Aimee passed through the paneled dining hall. The darkness got on her nerves. She switched on a single electric light, and looked round her hopelessly.

"Two or three more days, and I believe Billy would have pulled me through," she said dully. "I know he would. Now, it's all up. I'm done. And I can't get to Billy."

Aimee dropped into an armchair, buried her face in her hands, and began to cry. She cried like a child that has hurt itself.

A large figure stole into the room with a remarkably noiseless step. It was the Vicomte de Jussac. He started as he caught sight of the forlorn figure in the chair, and stared in surprise. The spectacle of a damsel in distress at once roused generous sentiments in the beny sabreur.

He crossed the room and seated himself on the arm of the chair.

"Away, dull care," murmured Bertrand. "Such eyes as those-I cannot see them but I am sure they are adorable-were never made for weeping. Tell me your sorrow, ma petite," he said gently; "It shall be swept away!"

"I'm in awful trouble!" sobbed Aimee.

"Alas! But lot me help you. Here am I, a big, gross fellow, but very capable, sent by the gods to aid you. It is what I am for!' Aimee dropped her hands and

stared at him, startled. "Are you Monsleur de Jussac?" she

stammered. "Infinitely at your service, mademoiselle."

Aimee's eyes searched his face. It was rather closer to hers than appeared necessary, but it was undoubtedly sympathetic.

"Tell me!" he murmured. Aimee hesitated.

"Well, I will tell you. I've got to tell somebody, or I shall go mad!" said Aimee with a rush. "Anyway they'll know it tomorrow. I'm not the parlor maid. I'm Almee Scroope-Lady Erythea's niece."

ments of bewilderment.

Aimee plunged into her tale breathlessly. She made it brief; it was also but happiness! very jumbled. But the thread managed to unravel itself. Before she finished, Bertrand turned away. His shoulders quivered and shook, the back of his neck was crimson.

"You're laughing!" cried Aimee accusingly.

choking. "It is grief. Grief and sym- evoked a sigh. pathy-for you-mademoiselte."

"You are laughing!" said Aimee stepping in front of him. "Go on then-laugh! If you can laugh at that, you're-you're all right! Billy She checked herself, and says-" rainbow of laughter and tears. "But what's to be done? It's the finish!"

Bertrand turned and caught her by the hands.

"We shall find a way!" he cried. "Courage! Bah! but that is an im-



"What Does This Mean?" He Said Sternly.

becile remark. If you had not courage you would not be here. Who should betray you?"

"Diana." Aimee told him of the encounter in the bedroom.

"It cannot be! She has a heart. Under that felly exquisite exterior, warm heart beats. It must be softened."

"A heart? Di? She's a-" Aimee stopped just in time. "I'm afraid it's quite hopeless. I only told you because I was in despair."

"A De Jussac never despairs! Es pecially when there is a charming little lady to be rescued from the Philistines. The difficulty must be overcome at any cost. Ah!" he exclaimed, coming near to her. "I believe I have it! Listen-"

"Oh!" said Almee with a gasp. She had become conscious that they were not alone.

Alexander stood before them, in black dressing gown, a candle in his hand. He only needed bell and book to be the very image of an abbot in the act of pronouncing excommunication. De Jussac started violently, and frowned. Alexander took no notice of him; his eyes were fixed on Aimee "What does this mean?" he said

sternly. "Diana's found me out, and she's going to tell Aunt, first thing in the morning," said Aimee, with the calm of despair. "And I've told Monsleur de Jussac. I simply had to tell some-

body. And everybody will know tomorrow,' "Rather a delicate position, Monsleur le Cure-eh?" sald Bertrand

dryly, and not without satisfaction, Alexander flushed to the ears and hung his head. He looked so ashamed and wretched that Aimee felt a pang of remorse.

"For myself," he said unstendily, "I will face the exposure and the penalty-for I have deserved it. It is you, Aimee, that I should have wished to save. I would sacrifice myself to do it now, if there were any way, but I see none. You-and Georgina. That is all that matters."

"Tlens! The true ring!" cried de Jussac enthusiastically. He seized Alexander's hand and shook it with heartfelt warmth. "Never reproach yourself, mon ami. From first to last, you have acted en galant homme!"

"You've been a brick, Alexander. And you'd better go, and not hear any more-I'll keep you out of it if I can," said Aimee quickly.

Alexander looked at his cousin. "I will go, then," he said, "on condition that you return to your room immediately, Aimee." "All right, I will."

"Assuredly-she shall go at once! Till the morning then, Monsleur I' Abbe, and have no fear. The danger shall dissipate itself," said Bertrand, and almost forcibly he shepherded the bewildered Alexander out of the room. Bertrand darted back, and caught Aimee by the hands,

"He is bon enfant, the parson!" he cried, "all shall yet be well. But it is impossible to require deceit from him. Leave that to me! Mademoiselle, I am a magnificent llar!" smote himself proudly on the breast. "You shall see how my talent-"

"But--!" "Not a word! I shall consider it an honor-a privilege. It is the one situation in which prevarication be-"Heln!" exclaimed the Vicomte. He comes a virtue! Retire, then, maderose to his feet, staring at her, and moiselle, and sleep soundly. A way twisted his mustache-a habit in mo- shall be found out of this impasse, I pledge myself to it—fol de chevaller! The morning shall bring, not disaster,

Aimee was whirled out of the room, hardly less bewildered than Alexander. When she had gone upstairs, Monsieur De Jussac returned to the dining room,

He paced the room with long strides, developing a series of plans that flashed through his brain. Some "But no!" gasped the Vicomte, caused him to laugh aloud, others

"In this country of Puritans. schemes that elsewhere would glow like a golden mist, become impossible!" he mused regretfully.

Since the coldness of Lady Diana was the main difficulty, Bertrand's suddenly began to laugh, too; a very thoughts concentrated naturally upon her, and it is to be feared that Almee's predicament faded into a secondary place. Allowances must be made for those swayed by the grand passion, Suddenly de Jussac halted among the suits of mail.

"Tiens! the armor," he said, brightening, "the same of which Diana should have told me the history, but declined. She shall come to it yet! She approves armor-she adores the days of chivalry long dead.

"Lived we in those days," cried Bertrand with rising fervor, "I would hack my way to her favor though a hundred spears barred the path." He struck the nearest breastplate with his fist, "You Sir Knight! If you did not pay swift homage to my lady," said Bertrand, grinding his teeth, "my lance should crash into your midrift! Scrognon-non-non-non-non!"

He turned to inspect the pectoral of another suit, beautifully engraved and chased with gold,

"Of French workmanship, surely never of this country. The English are a great nation, but severe-severe." He passed his hands over the breastplate. It detached quite easily from the stand. With a sudden impulse Bertrand fitted it to his broad chest, passing his arm through the thongs that had held it to the stand. He laughed as he caught sight of his reflection in a mirror.

"It becomes me a merveille! Name of a name! Let me envisage myself the conqueror of my Diana!"

He strapped on the greaves and cuisses over his dress trousers, donned the gorget and, lifting down the big helmet, placed it over his head, abrading his nose in the process. The suit during the night of the burglaryhad certainly been made for a kuight of great stature-it fitted de Jussac very well.

"Magnifique!" said Bertrand. "And. who knows-it may be the very suit of my ancestor! The-

He turned slowly, aware of someone approaching. A tall, spectral figure, white and ethereal, stood in the door

It was Lady Dians, in a long girdled wrap trimmed with white fur. In her hand was a rolled up paper that might have been a piece of music; it trembled visibly. Her face, as she gazed at the armored figure, was as white as

She controlled her nerves with a mighty effort. If it was a spirit, it was indeed a splendid one. To her of all people, this manifestation of the infinite was vouchsafed. For some moments she gazed, in a

thrilled slience. Then she actually advanced a few steps, faltering. "Speak!" she said, in a voice that quavered slightly, "Are you he? Speak to me. I am of the elect. I am

n-n-n-not afraid." De Jussac grasped the situation. He searched his mind swifty for the mot juste-the speech of the Fourteenth

century. "Moult puissante dame-" he began, dropping reverently on one knee.

Diana, the moment the unmistakable voice smote upon her ear, gave a plercing shrick, and clasped her hands to her head. She swayed as If about to fall.

Bertrand rushed forward, caught her just in time. "B-B-B-Bertrand!" she gasped faint-

The name, wrung from her by stress, was such music in the Vicomte's ears that he tore off his helmet and kissed

her rapturously. "Angel!" he cried. "Adored Diana! Say it again!" He made it somewhat difficult for her to say anything. "Say it-whisper it-'Bertrand!' Ah, happlest of men!"

Diana struggled. "How dare you!" she said wildly. "How dare you-pretend to be

"But I did not! I thought you were pretending to be one! Let me bear the blame. I love you-I was in despairand put on this mail that for one moment I might imagine myself approved. Dear lady of Romance, I am no ghost-I own it!"

He proved it with a kiss that was by no means ghostly. "Oh!" said Diana faintly.

The mailed arms encircled her tightly. "Sweetest of all earth's treasures!" exclaimed Bertrand. "You love me?

You tremble-your heart beats. Say it! You love me!" Suddenly she hid her face against his breastplate.

"I-I-I do," she whispered, hardly audible, "and-I should never have dared to let you tell me so." "Thrice blessed accident! To my un-

happy ancestor I owe my happiness! Ah, day of days! Diana, you will marry me, beloved?" "I suppose so. I can't help it, now. Oh-Bertrand!"

"I said that armor was of no avail. But It has conquered!" She glanced up at him shyly,

"I shall wear it for evermore!" said De Jussac rapturously, "It shall never be doffed, save at your orders. Diana

"But my aunt!" exclaimed Diana suddenly, her blushes changing to pallor. "If-" "She will give us her blessing. In

the morning-But if she found out how it happened!" said Diana in a panic. "And the time-you do not know how terrible Aunt can be-"

"She will not know! I will put myself in order-I will propose to you again in the morning. We will announce it with all formalities." Bertrand was alarmed to find her almost collapsing; he led her to the table and raised a goblet to her lips. "A little wine, my angel! It will revive you!" "No. no.!"

"But yes! You are agitated. Just one sip!"

It was impossible to deny anything to the conquering Bertrand. Lady Di-



Wicked Laughter Convulsed Her. ana permitted herself to imbibe

little of the wine; it restored the color to her cheeks. "And now," said the Vicomte ten--it was the same which had fallen | derly, "light of my soul-"

A piercing shrick from Diana jarred painfully on his nerves. Bertrand started and spun around,

In the doorway stood the unspeakable parlor maid, capless, her bronze hair flowing over her shoulders. Wicked laughter convulsed her, her eyes shone with triumph.

"Bless you, my children!" said Afmee, "You've made enough row about it !"

the door in his face; the key turned

Lady Diana had sunk inert into a chair.

"Stop her-make her be quiet!" panted Diana trembling. "Bertrandif my aunt-"Open!" hissed Bertrand, rattling

voice, muffled through the panel. "You Aimee into trouble!" can't get out-either of you. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, yes! Mademoiselle-"

the handle.

"Listen! Within three feet of me is a burglar alarm," said the voice, dia- ghost, bolically. "I'm going to start it. Before you can turn yourselves round, the Especially Aunt. I'm going to count three. When-"

"Misericorde!" gasped Bertrand, is to return evil for good. How have

we deserved-" "I have no quarrel with you, Vicomte. You're all right. But I've got just what he needs."

you both. You'll accept my terms-" "Anything!" panted Bertrand distractedly, "Anything-" 'Stand away from the door, then

Get right back." "Yes, yes!" Aimee applied her eye to the keyobeyed. She opened the door cau- She tiously, and regarded the distressed

pair with intense satisfaction. "Let me be the first to congratulate you!" she said, "Vicomte, I don't not Aimee! It wrings my heart, the grudge my cousin to you. You are position you are placed in-through no welcome. Di!" continued Almee, fixing fault whatever of your own. It cannot Diana with a glittering eye, "I don't go on-it is bound to be known very want your explanation-you can explain the masquerade to Aunt. But I shall hold my tongue about you-and will be dreadful. I shall have to face you'll hold yours about me! I require your word of honor. For you daren't

"Yes!" gasped Diana feebly. "Don't -don't speak so loud, Aimee-' Aimee looked at her, and exploded

with laughter. "Every happiness, dear people!" she said, and vanished.

"Bertrand!" panted Diana, rising unsteadily. "Did you know anything of this? Do you understand-? She is not the parlor maid-she is my cousin, I cannot explain; you must say nothing about it. Neither will she! Oh-let me go!"

He caught her in his arms before she

could escape "My angel! In the morning, our love scene all over again. I have your

promise!" "Yes!" she said, wildly. "Oh, let me

go! Lady Diana fled from the room and scuttled upstairs like an agitated rabbit. The Vicomte, following, blew her an impassioned kiss as she passed out of sight. Returning to the hall, he

and replaced it on the stand. CHAPTER XX

Two Pair.

Lady Erythea beamed. It seems an impossible term to apply to that austere countenance. But it was so, When Georgina entered the drawing room at noon-after nearly twentyfour hours exile in her bedroom-she found her alleged aunt as near to

beaming as her features permitted. "I am glad you have recovered from your temporary indisposition, my dear Almee," she said amiably. "During your absence an event has occurred. both romantic and desirable. How seldom the two things go together !"

"Indeed! What is it?" "Your cousin Diana and Monsleur de Jussae are about to contract an alliance. They became engaged this morn-

ing. "How perfectly delightful!" breathed Georgina, after a pause of dramatic astonishment.

pleased-Aunt?" "Indeed I am. I have not concealed from you my desire that this very thing should come about. It is the more satisfactory, because only last night I quite despaired of it, and came to regard it as hopeless. But Monsleur de Jussac's suit has prospered amazingly; it appears that Diana, as I suspected, has for some time since been far from indifferent to him. I am delighted that I gave them the opportunity. Only two hours after breakfast the Vicomte, with his customary impetuousness, brought Disna to me and begged for my consent. I need not say that I gave it gladly."

Georgina escaped into the garden. It is possible that Aimee was right when she said that all women are natural actresses in time of need. Georgina's assumption of astonishment at hearing Lady Erythea's news was wholly assumed, and not assumed badly. The announcement was, in fact, no news at all to her.

Having an excellent seuse of direction, Georgina soon discovered Mr. Al exander Lambe walking on the shel-

"Have I offended you?" he said al-

most wistfully. "I thought you gave me permission-

"Alexander." murmured Georgina,

flushing very attractively. "That is better," said Mr. Lambe, regarding her with grateful eyes. 'Have you seen your cousin?"

"Yes," said Georgian pathetically, "Aimee came into my room very early this morning; she told me the dreadful thing that had happened-that your De Jussac started hastily towards sister had discovered her and was her. Aimee sprang back and closet going to tell Lady Erythea-and then, when I was nearly frantic with terror, Aimee explained that it was all right, and Lady Diana wouldn't say a word about it. Oh, what a relief it was!" "She told you that!" cried Alexan-

der, amazed. "How could she have known? It was not till an hour or two ago Diana informed me that De Jussac had just proposed to her, and she was "Leave the door alone!" said Aimee's so happy-she felt she could not get

Georgina stammered in confusion. She had nearly made a serious blunder-Almee had told no one but herself about the encounter with the

"She must have felt confident, I suppose, of Diana's g-g-goodness of whole household will be down on you heart!" faltered Georgina. "Are you -from Aunt Erythea to the pageboy. pleased about the engagement? I do hope you are. I was afraid-"

Alexander paused.
"I am not displeased," he said. "De "Mademoiselle, I implore you! This Jussac is a good fellow. I did not always think so. But-I have come to see that he is a very good fellow indeed. The love of a good woman is

"I hope they will be very happy," said Georgina softly.

Alexander was looking at her with an expression that made her heart beat. "Isn't it splendid," she said quickly,

"that Almee won't be suddenly behole to insure that her orders were trayed! She'll have a chance now, "Almee!" Mr. Lambe almost explod-"It is nothing but Almee! It is ed. you I am concerned about, Georgina-

> soon now. And when that happens-"Yes," said Georgins, forlornly. "It

it. They won't defend me."

"Give me the right!" he said. Georgina caught her breath. She looked up at him. There was a wonderful tenderness in his eyes; his face

Alexander took her hands quickly in

was the face of a man inspired, "Georgina, you have known me only a little while. But I love you, You are the only woman in the world for me, I love you! Do you think you could care for me-just a little?"

Georgina tried to free herself, "It is impossible!" she said, turning her face away. "Why? Do you not care for me?" "Oh-It is cruel!" gasped Georgian,

brokenly. "I am not Aimee, I am here under false pretenses. How can you? I am-

"You are the woman I love!" "Oh, let me go!" she said wildly, You are not yourself-you have no right to say this to me," sobbed Georgina, "you believe that a priest in orders may not marry!'

"I never held any such belief! Of tore off his armor in a delirium of joy, my order, there are some who hold the view. I am not with them. I am cell bate, only because I have never loved till now. Look at me, Georgina!" he said almost sternly. "Do you believe that any human passion would cause me to do what was against my faith?" Georgina looked at him through her

> "No," she whispered, "I know that you would not." "Come to me, then, Georgina," he

tears.

said, gently. "What good there is for us to do in the world, let us do it hand in hand. I will make the years wonderful for you. Just tell me that you care."

"I love you." Alexander raised her face and kissed her. "I never hoped to hear you say it." he said. She felt his heart beating

He took her masterfully in his arms.

"I do love you!" sobbed Georgina,

"I have loved you," said Georgina, her voice stiffed in his coat, "from the "I am sure you are first day I saw you." There was a long pause. "It is greater happiness than I

strongly. "You love me!"

dreamed of," said Alexander, humbly. "I have not deserved it." Suddenly be released her and held her at arm's length.

"One thing neither of us shall endure. No subterfuge-no secrecy about this. It is too sacred. We shall make it known at once. It is you I am thinking of. Our betrothal must be announced," said Alexander decisively, "and then-"

Before there was any time for reflection. Fate was upon bim in the shape of Lady Erythea, walking majestically along the path with her littie Highland terrier at her heels. Alexander halted. "Aunt!" he exclaimed, "Georgina-

"What on earth is the matter with you?" said Lady Erythes, raising her ear-trumpet. (Continued next week)

1-we-

He stopped short.

Alex Wilson was in town from Boardman for a few days last week tered paths of the old yew garden he-yond the chapel-st-esse. He looked visiting friends. Mr. Wilson is an quite as relieved as Georgina. And his extensive hay grower at Boardman eyes lit up wonderfully when he saw and he says that business is doing her. He hurried forward to meet her, well. The crop is pretty well cleaned "Mr. Lambe- !" exclaimed Georgina, up on the project and buyers are Mr. Lambe halted, and looked deeply now offering \$18 for baled hay f. o. b., while growers are generally holding for \$21.