Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY E. PIPER, Proprietor.

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HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

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Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is **12,154**, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is **10,200**, exceeding by **2,000** copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents **2,000** families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-builders.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mail on TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to $250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN.
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, Ottawa, 29th March, 1880. } 52tj15

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Saint John to Halifax and Yarmouth, via Steamer and Rail

Steamer "Empress."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from

KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX,

and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

UNTIL further notice, Stmr. "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and return same day.

Fare—St. John to Digby.....$1.50
" " Annapolis.....2.00
Fare St. John to Halifax, 1st class.....5.00
Fare—St. John to Yarmouth, 1st class...$4.00

R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT
Union Line Office,
41 Dock St.

F. PHEASANT
Freight agent,
Empress Warehouse,
Reed's Point. sep29

1000 Agents Wanted for VISITING CARDS, Games, &c., Outfit & Sample Pack, 3c. Water Pen, 5c. Oil Chromo, 12c. 50 Tinted Cards, with name, 15c. Fine Photo. Album, 30c. Dream Book, 30c. Cards Courtship, 35c. Toy Steam Engine, $1.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are **AS LOW IN PRICE** as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

DENTISTRY.

DR. JAMES PRIMROSE, Lawrencetown.

MECHANICAL and OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended to in all its branches.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 10th, '80. 6m

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in

BRIDGETOWN

for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

Nov. 19th, 1879. n31tf

L. H. S.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, at Lawrencetown, opened for THIRD YEARS' work

OCTOBER 8th, 1879,

—WITH A—

FULLY EQUIPPED STAFF OF TEACHERS.

Liberal Courses of Study.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEACHERS' COURSE.

Room, Board, Fire, Light, and Plain Washing, **$2.00 per week.**

For particulars, address for Circular,
C. F. HALL, Principal,
or C. S. PHINNEY, Associate Principal.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

CAUTION!

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy!

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

35 PER CENT!

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

HE DOES NOT INTEND

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

Still further Reduction,

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
BEDSTEADS, $2.50 to $3.00.
WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED.

Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

21 CASKS Refined Sugar!

Received This Day, Ex. Steamer via. Halifax.

J. & W. F. Harrison.
11 and 12 North Wharf, St. John, N. B.
mar2

Hardware AND Carriage STOCK EMPORIUM,

MIDDLETON,

Annapolis County, N. S.

OUR IMPORTATIONS this season have been unusually large, and our Stock in the following lines is very heavy. To those who are building, or who contemplate doing so, will find it to their advantage TO CALL ON US FIRST BEFORE SENDING AWAY FOR THEIR

Building Materials,

—SUCH AS—

CUT NAILS, 3dy FINE LATH to 40dy, FLOOR BRADS, FINISHING NAILS, 6dy to 10dy.

CHANCES SHEET; AND BELGIAN GLASS, 3rds and 4ths, from 7x9 to 30x40.

BOILED AND RAW OILS, PRESSED BY THE CELEBRATED "BLUNDELL & SPENCE, LONDON."

SHEET, ZINC, DRY AND TARRED SHEATHING, SHEET LEAD, LEAD PIPE ⅜ to 1¾ IN BORE.

—TOGETHER WITH—

Brandram's Celebrated

London Lead,

in which we keep two grades—No. 1 and Extra—the latter taking EIGHT GALLONS OIL TO THE HUNDRED.

Our Stock for Inside Furnishing is also replete with everything needed, such as

Mortise Locks, Mineral and Porcelain Mortise-knobs, Inside Silver Glass Knobs, Loose Pin and Loose Joint Butts, in Plain, Japanned, and Silver Tipped, Sash Fasts, Thumb Latches, Top and Bottom Bolts, &c., &c., &c.

ALSO:

GRAINING COLORS

In Light Oak, Ash and Walnut. Dry Colors for Tinting, &c., &c., &c.

The above comprises one of the Best Bought and Best Selected STOCK of BUILDING MATERIALS in the Lower Provinces, and is well worth inspection. Come and see us, or send for our Price List.

With our general full assortment Carriage-Bent Stuff, Bar and Bolt Iron, Mooney's Horse Nails, &c., &c., &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

BESSONETT AND WILSON.

Middleton, Annapolis Co. aug 6

Bendalari's Cough Remedy.

THIS preparation is not warranted to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." It is recommended only for the cure of Coughs, and as a Cough Medicine it is proving wonderfully efficacious. There are very many so-called "sure cures" for Coughs, Colds, Bronchetis, Sore Throat, &c., sold for One Dollar per bottle, not half so effectual as BENDALARI'S REMEDY at one-fourth the price.

Twenty-five Cents per Bottle.

For Sale in Middleton by H. CROSSKILL, in Lawrencetown, by DR. LEANDER MORSE, Bridgetown, Harris & Co., Wm. M. Tupper, Paltrey, A. Cameron; Melvern Square, Beniah Spinney; East Torbrook, George Spurr; Handley Mountain, Caleb Miller.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.
July 17th, 1878. n13 y

Poetry.

Old St. David's at Randor.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What an image of peace and rest
Is this little church among its graves!
All is so quiet; the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,
Here may find the repose it craves.

See how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress with its little hands
The rough, gray stones as a coil that stands
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age.

You cross the threshold, and dim and small
Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's fold;
The narrow aisle, the bare white wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,
Whisper and say, 'Alas! we are old.'

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton
Hardly more spacious is than this,
But Poet and Pastor, blend in one,
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,
More than a bishop's diocese,
Should I prize this place of rest and release
From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay, and let the world
With its distant thunder roar and roll;
Storms do not rend the sail that is furled,
Nor like a dead leaf tossed and whirled
In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

—*From the June Lippincott.*

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER IX.

(*Continued.*)

'Lilian, will you answer me? I want to be forgiven—and yet I am not sorry. Remember that—not sorry in the least—only glad that I have held you in my arms, and that my lips have broken silence and told you the truth. Answer me—look me in the face for only a moment, and say you too are not sorry.'

Ah, he was asking for much more than forgiveness now—he was asking, manlike, for happiness and love!

She raised her eyes for a single instant and flashed her own into his, and caught back a fire which burned upon her cheeks bright as the heart of a rose when the sun is high.

'I am sorry,' she said—'not very sorry.'

'Are you glad, Lilian? Are you glad that you know now that I love you? But you have always known it. Still, after that mad moment yesterday—after speaking as I did in the terror and anguish and joy of holding you fast here upon my heart—you must have felt that the barrier had gone down, and that I could never meet you coldly again, as I have done.'

'Oh, do not say so!' she said. 'How can we meet otherwise than coldly in the future? We must forget yesterday and today.'

'I will never forget them,' declared her lover, drawing her towards him in eager passion; 'they shall be the brightest, whitest days to me that ever shone upon the world. Only say you love me, Lilian—those three words is all I ask for to make earth heaven. Will you say it? Oh, my darling, I am in pain till you speak!'

His ardor overcome her prudence. As a torrent rushes over all obstacles and sweeps outworks and walls before it, so did the fire of his eyes, his hand, his voice, quiver and flame upon her and burn up her cooler thoughts. She yielded her lips and cheeks to the burning kisses that fell upon them, and it was with his arm around her, and her heart beating wildly against his, that she whispered back the words—

'I love you.'

His kiss took her breath away ere the the words had left her lips, and, trembling with fear and joy and hope, an unutterable tumult in her heart, she broke from him, and then came back and hid her face upon his shoulder.

'Look up, Lilian,' he whispered, greedy of a sight of her sweet face again—'look up and show me your eyes; let me read there what your lips have said. I am not content with words; give me love from your eyes too.'

'No, no!' she said, and shyness and shame held her head still closer upon its tender resting-place, with blushes flying even to her neck, upon which with happy lips he laid a kiss.

'Yes, yes,' he answered, lifting her face in his triumph and letting all his joy shine upon it—'you must refuse me nothing today. This day of your life is mine, and all the days of my life henceforth are yours. Look at me, Lilian, and say with your eyes, 'Jocelyn, I love you, and I will be true to you through life unto death.'

She obeyed him, for her heart was in his hand, her soul was at his feet. She lifted up her bent head, and let her eyes rest upon his face; and they saw this, and more than this, for an ocean of tenderness, of love unutterable, swam in their dewy depths with unshed tears; and, with a sudden paleness, swift as a white shadow, she herself raised her lips to his. Then a cruel blush seized her, and, hiding her face again, she whispered—

'Jocelyn, I love you, and I will be true to you through life unto death.'

For a moment he was content; for a moment, as he held her with greedy arms, knowing she was his own, his very own, he drew great breaths of happiness, and was at peace. Then came a jealous thought, stinging his veins like a creeping fire.

'Lilian,' he said, 'they will try to take you from me. You must promise me it shall never be done.'

'I promise you,' she answered.

'That is a cold promise, darling. Promise it with your hand in mine, your lips on my lips; then your kiss shall be an oath to swear it to me.'

'Jocelyn, you frighten me a little.'

And, as he lifted his passionate lips from hers, Lilian clung to him, with fear in her eyes mingling with the tenderness they held.

'I want you to be afraid, Lilian, afraid to cheat me or deceive me, for I think I should kill you if you did. Remember you have sworn to be true to me—with your lips to mine you have sworn it. No other hand must touch yours now, no other eyes but mine must ever look into yours again. Is not this your promise? Is not this your vow?'

Trembling still, but loving his loving voice, subdued by his vehemence, yet rejoicing in it, Lilian whispered—

'Yes, I promise you, Jocelyn. No other voice but yours shall speak of love to me, no lips but yours ever touch mine.'

'My love, my flower, my darling,' he said in a caressing voice filled with love's ecstasy, 'now you make me feel that I am a king, having you, and that no sorrow can ever touch us more. Let us sit down here upon this rock—I have many things yet to say.'

For a moment they stood with interlacing arms, her fair head upon his breast, her forehead touching the bared pillar of his throat; then he stooped and kissed her neck just beneath the coiled and shining tresses on which his hand rested as joyfully as a miser's on burnished gold.

With that last kiss he contented himself; there was a touch of proprietorship in it, a something masterful which only ownership could venture on, which pleased him, and his eyes were full of triumphant light as he looked down upon the beautiful head resting on him so trustfully. Then he raised it and smiled into her eyes, and hand in hand they passed across the sands, and seated themselves on the shelving rocks fringing the sea. It was the same line of rocks on the extreme point of which Poppy sat, looking, with her scarlet shawl around her, like the veritable flower whose name she bore. Sometimes she called out to them a merry word or two, a cry to look at some great cormorant sailing by, or a command to watch a flock of little sanderlings whirling and wheeling like mimic troops, showing silvery wings like glistening steel. But for these companions and Poppy's call coming at intervals, all was silence and solitude around the lovers.

Into the stillness ever and anon a great wave broke with a sound full of glory and of strength, only to Lilian, even in her happiness, there seemed to be a voice of sorrow in it; for as the wave fell back it murmured as it went of shadows, spent life, past fancies, dead hopes, and forgetfulness. But, even as it whispered of these dying, the next wave rolled onwards in its strength, and all was buried for ever in this fresh rush and roar of mighty life, was like the waves of time, each one rolling on the other to sweep away its sound and stir and engulf its momentary turmoil in the unfathomable ocean of eternity.

'How wonderful it is,' said Lilian softly, 'to mark how fast one wave effaces another—and there is nothing left to tell of its sound and its glory, except a little furrow in the sand.'

'Will that be like your vows, Lilian? Will you write them on sand and forget them?'

He asked the question knowing what her answer would be, and smiling into her eyes; and so both together these two laughed at inconstancy.

And meanwhile the sea rushed on and covered the spot where they had stood and kissed, rushed onwards still even to their feet, and the shadows of the day lengthened around them, and birds flew homewards over their happy heads, and they took no heed of sea, or shadow, or song of bird, for this was the first day of love—a long summer day; yet the sun went down too soon for them.

Poppy had wandered away. She flitted from the rock where she had sat like a flower wafted away by the summer wind. They never missed her or noted the great green billows curling over the point where her pretty figure had rested so long like a scarlet wind-flower, making perchance a landmark to some boat out at sea.

CHAPTER X.

'I took you for a bird,' said Richard Lancross, leaning on his oar with one hand, while with the other he shaded his eyes and stared up at Poppy's rocky perch. 'This half hour, while rowing to land, I have been asking myself if some stray flamingo had flown to England by mistake. It is well I had no gun with me—I might have shot you.'

'Thanks,' laughed Poppy. 'It would have been scarcely a worse compliment than calling me a flamingo.'

'I think it a good compliment—flamingoes are very handsome creatures.'

'Are they?' returned Poppy, with much contempt. 'Don't you know they have legs like that?'—and she held up a long stick of seaweed like a thin yellow pipe.

'I never thought of their legs,' responded Richard, with contrition. 'But, leaving these out of the question, you'll own you may have looked like a flamingo, when I was a mile off? You appeared a little speck over there, and you were looking at me.'

'I took you for old Dan Tragoon—that is why I looked.'

'Thanks. Now we are quits, I think, and may leave off our mutual compliments. Are you here alone on that perch?'

'No, my brother is with me.'

Even in that bright glare of sunshine with his hand still guarding his eyes, Richard's face gathered a little shadow, which Poppy noticed.

'He has a friend with him,' she added, just glancing slightly behind her, 'and they have been talking—business, so they have not much minded me.'

Richard instantly concluded that the friend was a brother-officer?

'Where are they?' he asked,

'Oh, behind that point! You can't see them from your boat.'

'Then it follows they cannot see me either?'

'Not unless they choose suddenly to mount the ridge and gaze down upon you from that vantage-ground,' said Poppy—'and they are far too much engrossed to think of such a thing.'

'So it appears. And you have quite a neglected and forlorn air on your solitary rock, so I come to the conclusion that Captain Thurlestone's friend is not that particular favourite of yours, Mr. Luffincot.'

Poppy laughed.

'No; the friend is quite another individual,' she said, 'and one who prefers the brother to the sister. If it were poor Luffincot, he of course would be sitting into my pocket, and we should be counting sea-gulls together, and betting gloves upon the number in each flock.'

'Is betting one of your amusements? You can bet gloves with me, if you like, instead of making a bankrupt of Luffincot.'

'Nonsense,' said Poppy; 'he can afford any amount of gloves, or I would not bet with him. I don't rob the poor.'

'Except of their hearts,' returned Richard carelessly. 'You will not deny that you have made a bankrupt of poor Luffincot's affections?'

'Love is never lost,' said Poppy, 'so I deny the bankruptcy. Banks may be broken, but love is such a safe investment that it always comes back to its giver with interest.'

Richard's hand fell down from his shaded eyes, and he laughed in a vexed mood.

'It is a pity Mr. Luffincot cannot hear you; he would demand some of that interest at once. Shall I tell him that it is payable at sight?'

'You may tell him what you like,' said Poppy, with a blush glorifying her face. 'Coming from you, it will be counted such pleasant news.'

'What do you mean?' asked Richard, looking up suddenly and catching one gleam of fire from the splendor of her eyes.

Poppy felt that she had betrayed herself; she looked down, and there crept over the crimson of her cheeks a soft shadow which dimmed their brightness.

'I mean nothing,' she said.

'I don't in the least believe you,' returned Richard in a glow of victory. 'And I intend to have a full explanation. Here—catch the painter for me, will you? I am coming ashore.'

'That will be a labor lost,' cried Poppy provokingly. 'If you land, I shall shut myself up in a pyramid of silence. I am within ear-shot of my brother here.'

'I don't care for your brother,' said Richard, rising in his boat and preparing to fling the painter round a jutting rock.

'Stop!' cried Poppy eagerly. 'Do you really want to know what I meant?'

'Of course I do—and I intend to know too.'

'Well, it can be told only where there is not even a ghost or a shadow to listen. Do you know, when I saw you were not old Dan Tragoon, I felt so disappointed?'

'Thank you,' returned Richard. 'I believe the truth is you took me for Luffincot, and I am sorry to have disappointed you.'

'Luffincot can't row; he catches crabs, and turns head over heels when he takes an oar in his hand. And how impatient you are! You will not wait to hear the cause of my regret at perceiving you were not that sweet specimen of old fish, Tregoon. The sea looked so blue and the sky so azure that I longed for a row, and I intended to offer old Dan a shilling to let me sit in his boat while he fished.'

'Why not have said at once that you would like a row?' cried Richard. 'I shall be only too delighted to put my arms and my boat at your service.'

'Your arms?' said Poppy. 'Your hand will do at present.'

She skipped down the rocks as light as a bird, giving him just a peep of pretty feet and ankles not in the least resembling a flamingo's, and then he backed water, the oars falling softly into the sea, with a sound strangely, sweetly full of summer, until he reached a little ledge of rock from which she could step safely into the boat.

'You must sit there and be coxswain,' he said, holding her with both hands, as she stood daintily on the sea in doubt. 'My boat is built to hold only one; but then a Poppy weighs but a feather or two, and, if you keep still, I promise not to drown you.'

He did not let her go as he spoke; thus it happened that they were face to face for a full minute, with the summer sun on them, and the shining sea around them, and a solitude like Eden round about.

Richard being in the boat, and Poppy standing on the seat above him, brought their eyes on a level—for she was little and dark, like Rosalind, and he was tall and fair, like Orlando. So the amber eyes, all full of merry golden lights, looked into the blue, and the fire in her soul touched him, and his lighter nature quivered into a flame. It was the embarrassment of just an instant, a hesitation which the tiniest shadow would have strengthened, but which a little sunbeam quivering over them danced away with. Then he brought his face to hers.

'I take toll!' he said. And he kissed her, and thought her cheek sweeter than a rose. When he released her hands they were quite pink with the pressure of his, and they trembled and could scarce hold the tiller.

Down went the oars into the water, making melody in the summer sea, and still face to face they glided onwards, their fair shadows painting a fairy picture on the waves which the birds stopped to gaze at as they flew.

'It was unfair to claim toll,' said Poppy in a little flutter.

'If a lady comes into my boat, she pays,' returned Richard; 'that is my due. You would have given old Dan a shilling.'

'What a comprison!' laughed Poppy. 'And suppose Miss Broadmead was your fare—would you have demanded payment then?'

'I can't suppose an impossibility. Miss Broadmead would make a hole in the sea for me and my boat if she entered it.'

'Well, but if she came?' persisted Poppy.

'Then I should ask her to go as quickly as her weight would permit. I should tell her my boat was licensed to carry only myself and a few fish, or a bird or two, or, rarer chance still, some stray flower which a fair wind might waft on board from the rocks.'

'Don't be absurd,' said Poppy. 'And I am sure Miss Broadmead is a great favorite of yours.'

'Yes, 'great' is the right word, but 'immense' would be better. She is an immense favorite of mine; she is so big and good-natured.'

'She is dreadfully ugly,' returned Poppy in a sharp tone; and the amber eyes looked away from him quite out at sea, as if his face were a mere blank, not worth looking at.

'She is a little plain,' said Richard, as if reflecting on the matter. 'I am afraid I must say the same of your favorite too. You can't call Luffincot good-looking.'

'No, but he is immensely good-natured. One can't help being fond of him.'

Richard rowed with a swifter stroke, the boat shot on a dozen yards from fall to fall of the oars, and the little rippling waves which danced upon her sides to their own music seemed to rush forwards with hurrying feet.

'Oh, I have no doubt he is the best of good fellows,' resumed Richard, drily, resting on his oars with brown hands crossed before him; 'but we are not discussing his qualities—we are talking of his looks.'

'They are well enough for a man,' said Poppy.

'Oh, if you do not object to them, I am sure I don't. It is a sad pity he cannot row, or he might be in my place at this moment. When do you wish to be put ashore, Miss Saterleigh?'

Poppy brought her gaze back from the dim horizon where blue met blue in a soft purple line, and she gave him the light of her glorious eyes and breathed out a gentle sigh which touched his cheek like a zephyr's wing.

'I do not wish to be set ashore, Mr. Lancross, unless you are very tired.'

'I am never tired,' broke in Richard, with oars beating the water again.

'Of me?' concluded Poppy quite sorrowfully.

Richard smiled, and the sun blazed out on sea and land, bringing gleams of orange light on his blue eyes and changing his chestnut locks to gold.

'Tired of you?' he said. 'That is an absurdity which will get no answer. Now where do you wish to go?'

'As far out to sea as will be safe,' answered Poppy. 'I want to be over there'—pointing with one dainty hand—'right to the heart of the sunshine, where there is not a speck or a shadow upon the shining waves.'

'All right,' returned Richard, glancing behind him towards the spot she indicated. 'Steer for it straight as an arrow, and I'll do the rowing. It will be a blazing hot pull, and I shall expect a handsome fee for my work.'

Poppy looked down demurely, and he saw eyelashes an inch long resting on cheeks which the sun had ripened to richest crimson; he saw too a smile lurking at the corners of her red lips, and over all her face a glow of love and mischief which provoked and tempted. He looked from her to his sunburned hands grasping the oars so tightly, showing goodly muscles fit for toil, and he felt inclined for sloth and a summer wind to sail by, and a seat by Poppy's side where he might dream the day away amid murmured talk of love and soft kisses falling on lips and brow. This was his dream, but he rowed the faster for it, and promised himself a reward in the heart of the sunshine.

'What a pity we cannot sail!' he said at last.

'I should not be with you if you sailed,' Poppy answered. 'I am too great a coward. See what came of sailing the other day.'

'Ah, yes!' said Richard. 'And what a grand wedding we should have lost if the lovers had been drowned! I am to be groomsman, of course, and you will be first bridesmaid; that will be a delightful arrangement.'

Poppy was silent. The oars made two long sweeps and the boat flew. The little waves in their wake held a laugh in their ripples and followed them with mocking music, in which there lay bid a strain of sorrow. Something troubled the girl; she feared to speak. For the first time she saw darkly, as though a cloud, all the crosses and cares that would come from her brother's wild passion for Lilian. She saw what fair hopes it would wither, what happy lives it would blight, and how possible it was that the thread of her own destiny might be warped and twisted through its evil power. She began to repent of her share in the work, and to wish that her too-ready tongue had not repeated to Jocelyn all Lilian's words of encouragement.

'I see the arrangement does not please you,' said Richard. 'You want Luffincot for best man, as you are to be first bridesmaid.'

Poppy started; his words were a foreshadowing of truth. If Jocelyn and Lilian married, this very thing would happen.

'Let us be sure of a wedding before we arrange our parts in it,' she said forcing herself to answer gaily.

'Oh, the wedding is certain enough! I am Davenant's right hand, you know and he always tells me what he is going to do. I had a long talk with him last night.'

'There is many a slip betwixt cup and lip,' said Poppy. 'A man should not make to sure of a woman, least when he looks for a 'Yea' he should get a 'Nay.''

'Now here is an opportunity for gloves,' exclaimed Richard. 'I'll bet you as many dozen pairs as you please that Miss Challacombe takes him.'

'No, no, I won't bet,' Poppy answered, with a sudden shrinking in her eyes. 'It would not be fair in me.'

'Not be fair!' cried Richard, blinded still by his devotion to his friend. 'In my opinion nothing can be fairer. Here's my pocket-book; you mark it down—three dozen to one——'

'No, no!'—and Poppy rejected the proffered book. 'I will promise you, though, that if at Lilian's wedding Luffincot falls to my share I will take care that Miss Broadmead falls to yours.'

She spoke gaily, but something in her tone made Richard pause and wonder. With a sudden jerk he stopped rowing, and looked around upon the shadowless, glittering sea.

'Here we are,' he cried, 'in the full blaze and glare you love—and there is not a speck or a spot within a mile of us! Now for the promised communication. I begin to feel that Luffincot is a most mysterious individual, surrounded by plots and secrets. Ever since I mentioned his name I have seen the shadow of a secret upon your face.'

'Luffincot mysterious!' said Poppy, much relieved. 'Why, he is so candid that I do believe he would walk about in his skeleton if he could!'

'I am very glad he can't—he is ugly enough already. Now for some sandwiches and a nice little talk.'

'Oh, please don't rock the boat so!' cried Poppy, in alarm, as he came towards her.

'Nonsense—the beat is right enough I want that basket beneath your seat—there is all sorts of good things in it—and you must make room for me; I am going to rest my bones now.'

'You will upset the boat if you both set in the stern,' said Poppy.

'I shall sit there at your feet,' he answered, stretching his well-made limbs to their full length, and leaning back his handsome head to gaze fully at her face. 'I must ballast, you see,

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