Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

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HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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

For Sale, or To Let.

A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING

FOUR ACRES OF LAND,

with comfortable

HOUSE AND BARN.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, May 10th, '80.

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 ⅝ to 1¼ 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, Moon-ey's Horse Nails, &c., &c., &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

BESSONETT AND WILSON.

Middleton, Annapolis Co. aug 6

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.

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.

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.

MANHOOD: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediaments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internel medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,

Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box 4586.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT by Private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence

at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrels. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

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.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment

of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.

Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very

LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov.., '78

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

ANCHOR LINE.

London to Halifax & Boston.

ANGLIA, ELYSIA, ALSATIA, TRINACRIA,

THE next sailing of this new regular steamship service will be:

FROM LONDON—S. S. Trinacria, July 21st; Anglia, Aug. 11th; Alsatia, Aug. 21st; Elysia, Sept. 2nd.

Leaving Halifax about Twelve Days Later.

To be followed fortnightly by first class steamships of the line. Superior accommodation for passengers—Cabin, 12 guineas; steerage 6 guineas.

Freight carried for Halifax, St. John and all parts of the Maritime Provinces.

Arrangements have been made with the W. & A. R. for special low through rates of freight to London and Boston as can be ascertained from their agents at all stations.

Lowest rates of insurance, and every information obtained on application to

T. A. S. DeWOLF & SON, Agents.

Halifax, July 20th, '80.

LONDON HOUSE.

W. M. Tupper!

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

CROCKERYWARE.

Boots and Shoes,

Flour & Meal.

Prices as low as at ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

WM. TUPPER.

July 20th. 1880.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs 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. m3ltf

List Ye! List Ye!

YE YEOMANRY of Annapolis County this is to inform you that

I STILL LIVE

Notwithstanding recent importations from New Germany, Waltham and Lawrencetown, and have on hand my usual assortment of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARE &C., &C.

Which I will dispose of during the Spring

At Lower Prices Than Ever.

REMEMBER ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRED & WARRANTED.

John E. Sancton,

MURDOCH'S BUILDING,

Bridgetown, March, 1880.

For further particulars, call and look at me or consult small bills when they are sent out

☞ MONEY! ☜ TO LEND!

The Annapolis Building Society

LOANS MONEY ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. INTEREST 6 per cent.

Send stamp for ciruular and form of aplication.

A. W. CORBITT, Presdt.

W. HALIBURTON, Secty.

Address all communications to BUILDING SOCIETY, Annapolis. dec3y

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Poetry.

The Night Cometh.

Cometh the night when no man may labor,
Therefore we work while yet the day is light;
To thee, to me, to foemen, to friend and neighbor
Cometh the night—the night.

Toil on, toil on, nor dally with the morning,
Sweet syren crouching to a thousand snares
Faithless she flies, scanty and brief her warning,
Leaving thee unawares.

The arm'rous breath of noon will tempt to pleasure,
And ease and rest until the heat is passed!—
Arise, and work! We have no time for leisure,
Whose sky is overcast.

Aye, overcast. Tho' morn be sweet and pleasant,
And later noon shall offer fresh delight,
He surely sees who looks beyond the present,
The shadow of the night.

Terrible night to those with task half ended.
Who revel careless thro' the rosy hours;
Leaving the corn, the goodly corn, untended,
To gather in the flow'rs:

Which close, or droop, or die when eve advances,
And lo, the sorry harvest withered lies;
And phantoms of lost hopes, lost time, lost chances,
Out of the gloom arise.

Not so comes night to all. Sweet sleep will strengthen
Toilers with burden of day opprest;
To whom the evening shadows, while they lengthen,
Bring peace, and hard-worn rest.

Oh, welcome rest for weary hearts and aching,
And wounded feet, all travel-stained and sore;
Welcome the rest—thrice welcome the awaking,
Never to need it more.

Work then, nor fear the struggle and the labor;
For though, may be, the day yet seemeth bright,
To thee, to me, to foeman, friend and neighbor
Cometh the night—the night.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLIV.

'I sent for you that you might hear it. I have made up my mind to speak,' said said Poppy resolutely. 'I loved him as it was my nature to love—'not wisely, but too well.' I was wilful, impatient, passionate; he, with all his lightness, was cool and cautious and worldly. Oh, I can judge him, Lilian, truly, in spite of love! In his anger at the blow Jocelyn gave him on the beach, on the last of my happy days, he revenged himself on me. He was cruel to me. I justified him to myself because I thought Jocelyn to blame in that quarrel. No, no, don't interrupt; let me tell things in the light in which they appeared to me. When my brother forbade me to speak to him after his rudeness at the Lancross' ball, I grew fiercely angry. I burst out with some bitter truths, as I thought them, accusing Jocelyn of being the cause of all my sorrow. I said he had thrust me in Richard's way when it suited him to do so, and now that he had won you he wanted me to leave him, but I would not. I reminded him how often he had neglected and forgotten me for you. I said if I loved Richard it was his doing, his fault. I bade him recollect how often he had sent me to Mrs. Lancross's to gain news of you—how often he had planned walks and excursions with Richard and his sister only in the hope of your joining us. And all this had brought Richard and me in daily contact, and made me love him. I spoke in flame as from a volcano. I was mad at the time. I did not know my words would cut into Jocelyn's heart, but they did.'

Lilian hid her face, weeping. It was useless to be angry, and such grief as hers had no speech. Poppy went on rapidly with all the strength of fever.

'I met Richard secretly after this. I went to the Werrington's nearly every evening, and on leaving them I met Richard at an appointed spot. I wore a light summer ulster and a riding-hat. I looked at a little distance like a boy, not like a woman. Richard drove his dog cart. We sought the most secluded roads; we drove out to Dartmoor, and got among the lonely tors, or into the short, stunted oak-woods, where the rivulets' flow and the rustle of leaves are the sole sounds that break the silence. The evenings were full of summer warmth and softness, the air was fragrant with the scent of bruised balm and thyme. I took no note of the hours while I had Richard with me. It was when I was alone, when I crept home guiltily, that I began to think that if my folly were known I was lost. But, when I spoke to Richard of my fears, he had always a light word ready, a laugh, a merry way, a hundred kisses, that sent my fears flying into forgetfulness. All through this mad time I heard rumors of his intended marriage with the heiress. I did not believe them. He ridiculed her to me, or he answered me with a caress. And I loved him. Oh, Lilian, Lilian, you are about to marry and I to die! Which of us two knows love best?'

Lilian was silent. Every word Poppy uttered struck upon her heart, and she had only tears to give her in answer. The girl threw her weary arms above her head once more, and went on with her sad story.

'At last the day come—it was not long in coming—when I knew that Richard was deceiving me. He had resolved to marry Miss Broadmead. I reproached him bitterly. I told him that I was his wife, and that he should not leave me. He answered me that in marriage he had to consider other things than love; he had his family to care for, and, if he married me, he would be ruined, for Mr. Davenant hated Jocelyn's sister for your sake, and had told him he would never forgive an alliance with me. Again my brother's love for you seemed a hateful thing, for it shattered my happiness—it did more, it ruined my name. I expostulated, I wept; but in the end I saw I was to be forsaken. When I went home that night, I stole one of Jocelyn's pistols from the case in his room. He was away at that time. The next day my mother went to London. I did not know then that it was to marry Lord Ramsden that she went. If I had known—oh, if I had known it!'—all would have been changed.'

'Poppy, I entreat you, tranquillise yourself!' implored Lilian. 'You frighten me!'

'If only the telling this alarms you, think what the reality was to me, Lilian I took opium that night—yes, and for many nights afterwards, for I could not lie awake and bear my own thoughts. All was happiness around me, every one joyful, preparing for your marriage. And I was mad, and Jocelyn could not see it. He had eyes only for you; he forgot even that I lived. I repeat, I was mad, for the opium I had procured and was taking affected both brain and nerves. I determined to die, and in Richard's presence. We had parted in anger, but I took advantage of my mother's absence and my brother's carefulness to meet Richard openly on the Hoe and tell him hurriedly that I should be at the old place that evening and should expect him. He came, and we drove to the moor and down a rugged path into a narrow glen, through which a rivulet ran; and beyond this was a wood, climbing the lower side of a high tor, the huge shadows of which fell like a dark cloud not only on the little valley, but far up the heath. It had been a favourite spot of curs; we had sat there many an hour in those still June evenings. It was completely shut out from the world, in a solitude guarded by rock and river, and closed in by the tor's shadow. I cannot tell you all that was said on this last dreadful night. Richard loved me and I him—and he is dead. I have forgiven him—I could have pardoned him then all things except desertion. I will not blame him now; but, to make you understand how things happened, I am obliged to own he was hard and cruel. I wore myself out with tears; I beat against his light, careless heart in vain. I grew wild with jealousy and grief.

''You shall not marry Miss Broadmead!' I cried at last. 'I will confess these wild, foolish, reckless drives to Jocelyn, and you will have to answer to him for your conduct.'

''You would give me the pleasantest vengeance a man could have,' said Richard, laughing in his lightest tone. 'Do you know that, madly in love as I was with you, I should never have asked you to do this but for the grudge I owe Thurlstone? It is a sweet revenge to compromise the sister of the man you hate. I have enjoyed mine to the full. I should like to see his face when you tell him so. If you send him to me, I shall say, 'Vengeance is sweet!'—and let him make the best or the worst of my words. My real love for you died on the day he struck me; the rest, sweet Poppy, has been revenge!'

'His words snapped the last fibre that held me to clear sense. I know not what I said or what I did; but all the while he had been speaking my fingers tightly held the loaded pistol I had brought with me, and when he had finished it flashed before his startled eyes as I put it to my temple. He dragged my hand downwards and the pistol went off. At the same instant he fell backwards upon the heath, and shrieked aloud.

''You have shot me!' he said; and I saw his face in the dim light getting white as snow.

''Help, help!' I shrieked again.

''Will you be silent?' Richard said. 'Do you want to ruin yourself?'

'But it was too late. Some vehicle was tearing madly down the gorge towards us, and in another moment a voice cried out—

''What is the matter? Who is hurt?'

'The voice was Jocelyn's. He came forward and looked into my face, and then into Richard's.

''I have shot him,' I said.

''I am glad of it,' he answered. 'You have saved me the task.'

'I was still holding the pistol; I dropped it now in my terror; I did not even look for it. I knelt by Richard's side. Jocelyn dragged me to my feet by my arm.

'Come away!' he said hoarsely. Then he bent over Richard. 'Listen, dastard!' he said. 'My sister has shot you, she tells me, but you are not much hurt; when you recover from this, if you ever dare to utter her name or say how this happened, then will come my turn to shoot you, and I will do it. And my pistols makes no mistakes. I have a sure hand—a hand that will find you, no matter in what hole you hide your reptile life. Come away!' Jocelyn repeated to me, still grasping my arm.

''I cannot leave him!' I cried, struggling to free myself. 'Richard—Richard—are you much hurt?'

''I think not,' he said faintly. 'Poppy, for your sake, not for his threats, I will be silent.'

'He held his hand towards me, and in a mad way I burst from Jocelyn's grasp, and rushed forward and seized it, hanging over his pale face in agony.

''Poppy, my poor Poppy, there's much to forgive, and no time——'

'Those were his last words; his lip fell, his eyes closed, he seemed dead. I started up with a shriek upon my lips, but Jocelyn's hand was on them. His quick ears had caught the sound of approaching horses and voices.

''There's help coming,' he said, 'and no one must see you here. You need not fear for the coward's life; I have seen him in a dead swoon like that before. And why shoot him, useless you wanted him to die?'

'His voice was hard, cold unnatural. He lifted me into his dog-cart as he spoke, and drove noiselessly over the heath. When we reached the top of the gorge I laid my hand upon the reins.

''Let me see if help has come,' I implored piteously. We waited until we heard the voices of two men. We recognized them.

''It is Luffincot and Harwood,' Jocelyn said. 'The coward is safe enough now.'

'He drove off on the heath along the deep shadow of the tor, driving madly like the wind. Luffincot, looking after us through the gloom, took me for a man—my hat and ulster deceived him. Neither Jocelyn nor I spoke till we had gone over two miles of ground. I did not weep or utter a cry; I felt like one stunned.

''How long has this been going on?' Jocelyn said at last.

''Nearly a month,' I answered in sullen defiance. 'And what then? It is nothing to you—you have Lilian.'

''Have I?' he said wistfully. 'You need not be jealous and angry any more. I shall never see Lilian again.'

''What do you mean?' I cried.

''I mean that I have to save you even if I sacrifice myself and her. Poppy, the world shall not say my sister has disgraced herself.'

'I felt myself grow very pale—I clutched at the reins again, and tried to check the galloping of the horse.

''Let go!' Jocelyn said sternly. 'I have to prove an *alibi* for you, and the horse must help me.'

'I saw what he meant—he intended to reach Tavistock in such an incredibly short time that no one could believe I had been with Richard beneath the giant tor.

''There is no need,' I answered, gasping for breath. 'I am not what you called me. What have I done? I own I have been imprudent, foolish, a little mad perhaps, but nothing more. I loved him; I could not live so near and not speak to him, not see him; and you would not let me speak openly; so we have met in secret, and driven on through the summer night forgetting time. There—I have told you all.'

'Jocelyn drew a long breath, and drove furiously onwards. Looking into his face, I felt afraid to utter another word; and it was not until we had stopped and given the horse a little water that he spoke to me again. We were nearing Tavistock then, and he took out his watch and looked at it.

''We have done the distance in the time I resolved on,' he said; 'and now, even if Luffincot and Harwood saw you, it would take strong swearing to make a jury believe them. I must make as many here see you as I can. Take off that ulster, can you?'

'I obeyed him quickly, and thrust it beneath the seat. I had a summer dress and jacket on, which were displayed now, and I was easily recognisable.

''You have worn that for disguise,' Jocelyn said as I put the ulster away.

''Yes—and I am sure no one has ever recognized me; we have met only farmers and carters. And, Jocelyn, truly there has been no harm in those foolish drives. You believe me?'

''Poppy, were you as innocent as a babe, the world would not credit it. If your mad conduct is known, you are ruined and lost.'

''But Richard promised silence,' I said, wringing my hands—'he will keep his word.'

''Do not name that hound to me!' Jocelyn answered. 'I shall save you myself—I have no faith in your dastard lover. See here, Poppy—the only father I ever knew was your father. I promised him, when he was dying, I would care for you. I have not kept my promise, and yet I am a better man, I hope, than Richard Lancross.'

''Not kept your promise?' I echoed faintly.

'No. Your reproaches were just. I have forgotten you of late. I mean to atone for it now. Some of your wild, wilful folly is my fault. But for that, I should have killed you when I came upon you in the glen. Moreover, your first greeting was that you had shot Lancross. I half forgave you then.'

''I dare not say, 'I meant to shoot myself—I injured him only by accident.' In my miserable cowardice I deferred the confession, thinking I would tell him in a few hours' time, when he was calmer.

'It was your pistol I had,' I said. 'I took it from the case.'

''And you have it with you now?' Jocelyn asked, turning to me quickly.

'No. I dropped it on the heath. I could not find it again.

'He grew very white, even to the lips.

'Then the coward has us in his power,' he said, 'if he chooses to speak.

'But he will not speak,' I cried.

'Never mind, it is my pistol, not yours,' Jocelyn said sternly.

'We were driving through the silent streets of Tavistock as he said this, and the dawn was on us, vaporous and gray. The man was asleep whom Jocelyn had come to see—it was some man who had a horse to sell. He came to his window grumbling—

'I did not expect you at this unearthly hour, Captain.'

'Jocelyn laughed, and talked merrily to the man, and told him to bring his horse to him the next day.

'I did not mean to stop in Tavistock to-night,' he said; 'but I have my sister with me, so I shall return home.'

'I was amazed at his power of self-control; his tone was as easy and happy as ever.

'Now we can spare the horse, and go leisurely,' he said, as we turned homeward. 'What do the Werringtons know?' he asked me suddenly.

'I was obliged to own that latterly I thought the Major had suspected me of at least seeing Richard, either as I went to his house or as I returned homewards.

'Then I must bribe him,' Jocelyn said. 'I did not pay much heed to his words; my heart was with Richard out on the moor. Was he safe? Would he soon be well again? Jocelyn had declared that he was not much hurt, and yet there was a load of terror on my brain turning me sick at heart. We came on so slowly that it was bright sunshine when we reached home and passed Major Werrington's. Jocelyn threw me the reins, and ran to call him. He came down, and they walked together in the garden, talking earnestly. When my brother came back, his face was hard, set, and resolute.

'He knows more than you think,' he observed to me, 'and I must bribe him high to swear that it is at his house you have stayed so late. I have given him a hint that there is something wrong, and that he must stand by me, no mattar what comes of it.'

'Stand by you!' I said. 'You mean by me'

'I mean what I have said. Whatever mischief has happened Werrington thinks is my doing. But all I have asked him to affirm is that you were his wife's guest nightly till late.'

'You will remember, Lilian, that Jocelyn had lately been to London. While there he sold out certain sums that he had in the English Funds, and bought foreign bonds. This he did for your sake that he might have a larger income for your comfort. I saw him put these bonds into a travelling-bag, and then he went back to Major Werrington. I did not know what he was going to do. I waited an hour in dread suspense; then the Major came to me in our garden, his face puffed like a frightened adder's.

'Here is a letter from your brother,' he said to me shortly; and, afraid of what my reply might be, he strode away.

'I tore the letter open, and fell upon my knees on the grass; sky and earth reeled around me.

'The man is dead,' Jocelyn wrote—'I have just heard of it. There is only one way in which to save you. I must disappear. The pistol, being mine, suspicion will naturally fall upon me. I owe you this atonement, and, if you make it of no avail by weak confession on my folly, you must never look for my pardon. Let my flight do what I mean it to do, or never more be sister of mine. Werrington will do as I have bidden him. I have paid him royally. I have made him send off all his womenkind—I would not trust them. Do not fear for me; I have the rest of my bonds and money with me. I will write as soon as I will be safe. Let every one think the worst of me, including Lilian. It is the only way; half measures will not save you. But remember, Poppy, this is a bitter atonement; so do not make it useless. It is the one sin of yours I could not forgive; the other I pardon. If ever a man deserved to die, Lancross did. I divine his cowardly motive for his conduct to you—revenge on me. But he shall not succeed; your name will be saved.'

Then followed directions to me how to act my part bravely, but not a word of himself, of his own broken heart, lost honour, lost love, tarnished name, and hopeless exile. Oh, it was horrible, most horrible! Now that it was too late I saw all my crime, all my cruel headlong wickedness. And, worst of all, in my sullen grief for Richard I had felt a dreadful indifference to Jocelyn's pain. I had wrung his heart by silently letting him believe that I had fired that shot purposely. I had only meant at most to let him think this an hour or two till he was calmer—and now what had come of it? I had kept my peace from cowardice. I was afraid to own that I had pointed the pistol against my own life; he would have thought what was not true—he would not have understood that I was mad from anger and slighted love. So I held in my words—I could not speak them. Coward that I was, I have ruined him. I seized the letter in both my hands and read it again and again with strained eyeballs till I could no longer see the words. But they were written on my heart. Richard was dead and Jocelyn was gone, and I had to live and play my part well if I wished to save and spare him. As the dreadful hours crawled on I saw that he had done right to go, for, if he had remained, and his pistol found, he would be arrested, and this would be worse for me, worse for his mother and for you, than his flight. He could only defend himself then by betraying me—and that he would never do. I could see he had really gone to avoid giving evidence against me. Rather than do this he had preferred to lose all a man lives for. So he had fled, and I had to do all he had bidden me that his sacrifice might not be made in vain. Remember, I thought then, and for many days, that it was I who had killed Richard. You know the rest, and what I did, and how the inquest finished.'

With flushed cheeks and wild eyes, and dry lips standing apart with thirst and fever, Poppy stopped the torrent of her speech.

Lilian knelt near her, with arms flung forward on the bed and face hidden; for the last half hour she had not interrupted Poppy's broken utterance by a single word. She had told her story with many breaks, and yet like one who had long thought it out, and had weighed her words and resolved how much to tell, how much to leave out.

The sky had cleared; the moon looked in placidly through the casement window, her pure ivory light falling upon Poppy's fevered face and Lilian's kneeling figure, and throwing softly across them both the shadow of the crucifix standing on a little altar near the bed.

CHAPTER XLV.

Thus the good sister found them when, wondering at their silence, she came into the room to minister to Poppy. She seemed soothed and refreshed by the cooling drink she took, and the burning color on her cheeks slowly faded out, leaving her very wan.

'You have talked too much,' the sister said. 'Miss Challacombe, would it not be wise to leave her now?'

'Give me another moment or two, sister Grace,' pleaded Poppy. 'I will let Lilian talk; I will scarcely speak myself.'

Once more left to themselves, Lilian roused herself from her lethargic bitterness.

'Where is Jocelyn? Do you know nothing of him, Poppy?' she said in agony.

'Nothing. No line, no message, has reached me since that dreadful morning when he fled—I know not how.'

'Oh, Poppy, you have been unmerciful to him and me!'

'No, I have been merciless only to myself. I condemned myself to die. I am carrying out the sentence. You are about to marry, and I go down to my grave. I have suffered more and remember better than you. Do not reproach me.'

Some of Poppy's old wilfulness, old impatience, broke out her, but, looking on her wan face, Lilian had not the heart to expostulate.

'Let it be so,' she said. 'You have suffered most. I own it.'

'And sinned most,' added Poppy humbly; 'therefore I make no complaint. But I pity you, and pity my mother more.'

In the selfish agony of love Lilian had forgotton Lady Ramsden. Yes, her heart must be pierced indeed.

'Is your mother well? Is she here with you?' she asked.

'No; she will come to me soon. She has a little baby son, Lilian, and he has comforted her grief—has changed her greatly. She took months to realize the truth that Jocelyn's bright face had vanished from her eyes for ever. He was always coming—each day coming; she looked for him every morning and she waited for him every night. Oh, we have suffered martyrdom, she and I!'

'And no line has reached you? pursued Lilian.

(Continued on fourth page.)