Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5 — BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1877 — NO. 11

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3 50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

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.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

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

NOTICE. All persons having any legal demands against the estate of *JOSEPH EDWIN MORSE*, Carpenter, of Bridgetown, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attesd to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MARIA G. MORSE, admx.,
ISAAC P. MORSE, admr.

Bridgetown, April 25th, '77. 6m

Notice. Notice.

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of JACOB DURLING Senr., late of Wilmot, Farmer, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested make immediate payment to

R. B. DURLING, } Administrators.
Z. DURLING. }

Lawrencetown, Jan. 24th, '77 6m n43 t17

NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE W. WOODBURY, late of Wilmot in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within six months, from this date, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to Austin R. Woodbury or

EGBERT S. WOODBURY,
Administrators.

Wilmot, March 16th, 1877.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE

FOR SALE! OR TO LET!!

The well-known residence, formerly owned and occupied by the late R. D. Balcom, is now offered for sale or to let. The above mentioned residence, situated one mile east of Paradise Station, and in the vicinity of churches Schools, &c., contains Three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, on which are One Hundred Fruit Trees, of apple, plum, pear and quince. The dwelling is tastefully built in Gothic style and is finished throughout. Stable, coach-house, and a never failing well of water are on the premises; also, a Tannery and Timber Lot with a residence if required.

TERMS—One half purchase money down, remainder on Mortgage.

For further particulars apply to

SAMUEL E. BALCOM,
B. R. BALCOM,
Executors.
or to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq.,
Bridgetown.

Paradise, May 12th, 1877 n5 tf

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules. Boils, Blotches, Tumors. Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers. Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Ste[illegible] Leucorrhœa, arising from internal [illegible]ation, and Uterine disease, Scr[illegible] and Mercurial diseases, Dro[illegible], Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of Vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority over any other medicine known, that we need go no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax
Wholesale Agents.

Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. W CHESLEY, *Bridgetown, N. S.*

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Monday, 7th of May, 1877.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Express daily, 1st Class only.	Passengers and Frght. Mon, Wed, and Frid, only.	Pass. and Freight daily.
			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	Halifax—	Leave	8 00	9 15	3 30
8	Bedford	"	8 24	10 00	4 05
13	Windsor Junctn.	"	8 35	10 35	4 30
26	Mount Uniacke	"	9 08	11 23	5 10
				P. M.	
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 35	12 02	5 43
39	Newport	"	9 43	12 15	5 55
45	Windsor	"	10 02	1 00	6 30
52	Hantsport	"	10 21	1 28	6 55
63	Wolfville	"	10 50	2 17	7 33
70	Kentville	"	11 25	3 25	
82	Berwick	"	11 56	4 26	
			P. M.		
87	Aylesford	"	12 09	4 45	
98	Wilmot	"	12 40	5 26	
101	Middleton	"	12 49	5 37	
107	Lawrencetown	"	1 05	5 59	
110	Paradise	"	1 14	6 10	
115	Bridgetown	"	1 28	6 28	
123	Roundhill	"	1 48	6 58	
129	Annapolis—Arrive		2 05	7 20	
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	.....	

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Passengers and Freight daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues, Thurs, & Frid, only.	Express Daily, 1st Class only.
			A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		.....	.....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	6 15	2 20
6	Round Hill	"	.....	6 40	2 36
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 05	2 55
19	Paradise	"	.....	7 26	3 07
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	7 39	3 15
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 05	3 32
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 17	3 40
42	Aylesford	"	.....	9 08	4 10
47	Berwick	"	.....	9 28	4 23
59	Kentville	"	6 30	11 10	5 05
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	11 41	5 26
				P. M.	
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 29	5 55
84	Windsor	"	8 20	1 15	6 17
90	Newport	"	8 42	1 40	6 33
93	Ellershouse	"	8 56	1 54	6 41
103	Mount Uniacke	"	9 50	2 36	7 07
116	Windsor Junctn	"	10 40	3 45	7 45
121	Bedford	"	11 00	4 05	8 00
129	Halifax—Arrive		11 30	4 45	8 20

Express trains run daily, and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at all Stations.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns same day, on arrival of 8. a. m. Express train from Halifax.

Intercolonial Railway Trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 9 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5. 12 p. m., and 7.15 p. m., for Truro, Pictou, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.15 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at North Street Depot. and the principal Stations on the Railway.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, May 3rd, '77

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS,"

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock,—returning same day,—connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Halifax and way stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6, p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,

Paper Hangings of all kinds,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at *22 Germain St.....St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.
sept30 y

Dissolution.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Firm of

Pope, Vose & Co.,

LUMBER DEALERS,

has been dissolved by the retirement of Mr. James Pope. The business will in future be carried on by the undersigned, who assume all the liabilities of, and are authorised to collect all outstanding debts due, the late firm.

VOSE, HOLWAY & CO.

Lawrencetown, N. S., April 2, 1877. 13i d11

MacFarlane & Adams

Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.

Agents for

Canada Paper Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Oct. 16th, '76. 6mn27

TWO CASES FINE FELT HATS Just Opening.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, March 21st, 1877.

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,
Barrister, &c., &c.,
Bona Vista House,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.
sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B
sept30 y

GILBERT'S LANE

DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK Goods a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, MISS WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

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."

CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Smuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. S. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappear.

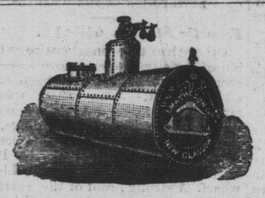
ST. ANNAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

MR. T. J. S. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 32 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe hoarseness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

Price $1 per bottle. HENRY SHILES.

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.



I. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS

—AND—

BOILER MAKERS,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

Engines and Boilers.

Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe,
Steam and Water Guages,
Brass Cocks and Valves,
Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

FLANNELS

—AND—

BLANKETS!

WHITE LANCASHIRE FLANNELS;
WHITE MEDIUM do;
WHITE IMITATION WELSH;
WHITE do do fine;
WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC;
WHITE SAXONY UNION all wool;
WHITE SERGES, all wool;
WHITE PLAIDINGS;
SCARLET LANCASHIRE;
SCARLET MEDIUM do;
YELLOW LANCASHIRE;
GREEN do;
INDIGO BLUE, HEAVY, PLAIN;
INDIGO BLUE, TWILLED;
SCARLET SAXONY;
COLORED do;
CANADIAN ALL WOOL, GREY;
AMERIC'N WHITE, GREY, SCARLET

BLANKETS!

WHITE, BROWN AND GREY,

FOR SALE BY

W. G. LAWTON,

Cor. King and Canterbury Streets, St. John, N. B.

October 1876.

MORSE & PARKER,
Barristers-at-Law,
Solicitors, Conveyancers,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

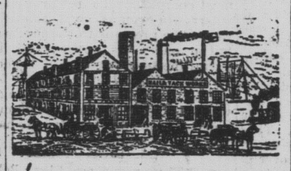
Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.



ESTABLISHED 1849.

(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Having removed to the Store under the MONITOR OFFICE, and fitted the same up in Good Style, and put in a New Lot of

Watches Clocks, and Jewelry,

at Lower Prices than they could be obtained for some years past. We invite our old, and any new customers who may want such articles, to call and inspect our Stock and Prices, which we are determined to sell far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

WATCHES, CLOCKS,
TIMEPIECES,
Rings, Brooches, Earrings,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
STUDS,
GOLD & PLATED CHAINS,
SPOONS, FORKS,
Spectacles, Purses, Charms, &c.

N. B.—OUR WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a speciality, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, '76. y

Poetry.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath the graven stone,
To plead for ailen eyes,
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim,
That drinks the greenness from the ground
And drops their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robbins call,
And ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with the earliest cry.

When turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soil that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow
Lies withered where the violets grow."

Select Literature.

A Life For a Life.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

'I cannot believe it,' he said—'and yet it must be true; everything points to it. It will all come out at the inquest. Poor Vivian! Harding, can nothing be done.'

I shook my head. Nothing could be done indeed. It went like wild-fire all over the parish, and Harold Vivian stood a condemned man in the eyes of all.

In an incautious moment Lady Fane repeated the conversation we had accidentally overheard. There were proofs in plenty; but, when I thought of his brave, noble character, my inmost thoughts held him innocent.

Like a spectre he strode in at the inquest, his eyes feverishly bright, a crimson spot on either cheek. When it was over he looked round upon us all, leaning his hand heavily on a chair. Not a muscle of his face moved as he gazed round on the crowd of faces, his dark eyes, almost reproachful, looking from one to the other. If guilty, could he look like that? His lips were pale and compressed, his tall figure towered above all present, and his keen eyes, brave, truthful, fearless, seemed to read the very thoughts of all.

I went out and walked up and down the silent avenue, thinking it all quietly over—of Isabel's passionate grief and indignation when it first flashed upon her that he was suspected. I had seen her seize his hands, and with streaming eyes beg him to refute the cruel things that were being said. Perhaps he could not; he only pressed her hands tightly and turned away without speaking, with a look on his face that was sad to see.

A little crowd was coming down the avenue from the house. Unwilling to meet them, I turned away through the trees. Lying stretched on the ground, with his face buried in the grass, I found Charlie Austin, sobbing passionately. He would have hurried away, but I detained him.

'Let me go!' he cried, turning his young face, disfigured with grief, away from me. Bursting into a fresh passion of sobs, he exclaimed, "He is my only friend. Oh, Harold, Harold!'

'Will you not go to him now in his trouble?' I asked; and the boy's face was white as he said, in a choking voice—

'No, no, I cannot stay and see the end. Tell Harold Heaven will reward him, and say good-bye for me.'

He was gone, poor fellow! Grief for his friend had nearly broken his heart, and I liked the boy better than hitherto for showing such feeling, repaying in some degree the love Harold had shown for him.

Sad and sorrowful I returned to the house, where gloom and a kind of sad expectancy were on every face. I found Isabel in the drawing-room. Pale and haggard she came up to me, her face quivering. Clasping her hands, she exclaimed—

'He is innocent! He is innocent! Oh, say it is not true.'

Poor child, I tried to comfort her. Her love combated and beat down every proof of his guilt, but she was paralyzed with terror, and shook and trembled as she gasped out—

'Mr Harding, will they put him in prison?'

Lifting her pale, agonized face to me, what could I say but that innocence must prevail?

Sir John and Lady Fane came in, grave and sad. Sir John broke out in a sort of frenzy.

'This is enough to drive one mad! The way those lawyers twist and turn things! Poor, poor Vivian! Heaven help him!

The tears stood in his eyes; he dashed them away.

'To think that he, of all men should be suspected—a man who has been living and preaching amongst us! If ever there was Christian, it is Harold Vivian—and there he stands without a word, and lets them swear away his very life! I cannot understand it!'

'But,' urged Lady Fane, with white, tremulous lips, 'they could never condemn him on that evidence.'

'That evidence!' exclaimed the Baronet, passionately. 'Why it is enough to condemn twenty men; and, poor fellow, his own manner goes dead against him.'

Lady Fane burst into tears.

'He may have done it in a passion; he was jealous of Major Ormsby. Oh, why did I ever ask him here?'

Isabel had stolen from the room, to go and be alone with her sorrow. Vivian was more to her than all, and she could do nothing to help him.

* * * * * * *

Alone in his study sat the Rector—the order for his arrest had not yet been given—his face buried in his hands, his whole attitude that of a man distressed by some great calamity, some sudden blow. He groaned when at last he lifted his pale resolute face to see a figure standing in the doorway, with eyes as sadly sorrowfully as his own. He held out his arms.

'Isabel, my darling!'

She fell weeping on his breast, and the look on his face changed to one of despair as he clasped her tightly to him, without a word. Even to her his lips remained sealed—to her wild, passionate pleadings, he only answerod—

'Isabel, I am innocent; ask me no more.'

'But, Harold, can you not explain it? Tell me all.'

He turned away his face from the eyes raised so pleadingly to his, and his voice was deep with feeling as he replied—

'Not even to you, Isabel.'

'But you are innocent!' she cried, wildly. 'Harold, you are not deceiving me?'

'Isabel,' he answered, sadly, 'all the world think me guilty; and would you believe my bare word before the whole world?'

'I would—I would! I will trust you to the end!'

Harold stroked the hand that lay in his softly.

'And have you courage to think what that end may be—ay, will be?' he asked, bitterly, looking down at Isabel with eyes full of pity, not for himself, but for her. Her only answer was a sob. Presently she raised her pale, tearful face, and asked—

'Harold,' do you know what they say?'

'No, darling.

'They say'—she went on in a low hurried voice—'that you were jealous of Major Ormsby, that you quarreled, and—and——'

'Let them say it,' he interrupted. 'Isabel, he was jealous of me, not I of him; we were not good friends, but, poor fellow, I would not have touched a hair of his head.'

'Harold,' said Isabel, earnestly, 'why will you not trust me? I would not betray you.'

Her tears were falling thick and fast as she laid her hand on his; she little knew how his heart ached as he took her hands in his own, and said, gravely, and sadly—

'Isabel, my darling, there are times when the truth cannot be told. It is harder for me to resist you at this moment than you will ever know—my heart is very heavy. It is a bitter trial to me to appear as an unworthy servant of Heaven—to know that I shall never go in and out amongst my people any more has wellnigh broken my heart. I have gone through a fiercer conflict with myself than you could ever dream of; and now, after I had thought that I had conquered, and that nothing could move me from that purpose, your face, dearest, has quite unmanned me. Isabel, will you not be brave and try to bear all that may come?'

'I cannot,' she sobbed; 'I am so weak and helpless.'

'Be brave, for my sake,' he whispered, tenderly. 'We must pray to Heaven to strengthen us both.'

She looked up at him, her eyes wild with the fear that seemed to be freezing her heart, and grasped his arm convulsively. He turned away his face that she might not see the mental agony he was enduring; his brows were knit, his lips compressed with pain.

'Thank Heaven!' he said, brokenly. 'It is but once in a lifetime a man can go through this.'

Then he looked down at Isabel, and a strange expression flitted across his face.

'Do you remember,' he said, 'the happy future we had planned—the life we had mapped out? How little we thought it would end like this!'

Her head dropped; he laid his hand on her hair tenderly.

'I wish I could die!" wept poor Isabel; and soon afterwards the sad and painful interview drew to a close.

'Promise me,' said Harold, as he held her tightly to his heart, 'that when the end is drawing near you will come to me?'

'I will, I will!' was the response gasped out rather than spoken, and Harold Vivian gave a last yearning look at the face of the woman he loved, and said a long good-bye.

CHAPTER IV.

Silence and gloom fell upon all—the familiar figure of the Rector was seen no more in the parish. There was a stranger in the Rectory, a stranger occupied his pulpit, preaching the truths he had put forth with such fervour and earnestness. Sadly was he missed; he had been much beloved, and was sorely regretted.

The murder of Major Ormsby was all public now; thousands of eyes read it in the daily papers; it was the subject of conversation, the nine days wonder for the time being.

I stayed on at the Beeches, for poor Sir John seemed almost heartbroken

'I shall never hold up my head again,' he would say; 'poor, poor Vivian, one of my best, my truest friends—it seems like murder to have to go and give evidence that must go against him.'

And Isabel, worn to a shadow, her beauty wasted with grief, with but one idea now, one hope in life—to find out the mystery that shrouded the whole affair—a mystery to those who had known Harold Vivian well, none to the rest of the world, who read the facts and drew their own conclusions; to them it seemed all too plain. Poor Isabel, she believed in his innocence, firmly, undoubtingly, because he had assured her of it; but before the stern eyes of Justice what would such belief avail?

I spoke to her one day as an old friend, and urged her not to give way. She burst into tears,

'I cannot help it,' she sobbed; and, as I looked into her sad young face, with the look of horror that never left her eyes, I could not doubt her words. 'I cannot sleep,' she said; 'all night I lie awake, thinking, thinking, till it seems as if my thoughts must drive me mad.'

She put her hands over her eyes and shuddered. Poor Isabel, I trembled when I thought what might be in store for her.

'Mr. Harding,' she said, with a sort of sad desperation in her voice, 'you are a man—you cannot understand what it is to be a woman able to do nothing. Oh, I wish I were dead and at rest!'

She clasped her hands together and rocked to and fro in her agitation. It was the day before Harold Vivian's trial, and, looking at Isabel's agony of grief, I wondered if she would live to go through it all.

'Isabel,' I said, taking her hand, 'if he is guilty, he is unworthy of your love.'

'Stop!' she cried, passionately, almost unconscious, I think, of what she was saying. 'He is innocent; and, if he were not, it would make no difference. Mr. Harding, when the world turns against those who are dearest to woman, she only loves them more.'

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It was the last day of the trial. A sea of faces, a crowd of eager eyes was turned towards one figure, standing pale and determined, waiting for the final decision of twelve men, whose verdict would be life or death.

All through Harold Vivian had preserved the same calm, collected exterior. His eyes never flinched nor faltered; not a muscle of his face betrayed his feelings as, bit by bit, the fabric of evidence was built, and chance words and acts were brought forward—words and acts which had seemed of no importance at the time, but which were of terrible significance now. And breathless with interest, the crowd sat and listened day after day, their eyes on that one noble earnest face, the expression of which changed to that of unspeakable agony and anguish when Isabel was brought forward, pale and almost fainting, to give her share of evidence.

Tears rolled down many a face at the sight of her grief and beauty. After a last long, pleading, lingering look, she was gone. Harold's head sank on his breast, and when he had raised it a close observer could have seen what it had cost him to look unmoved on the face he loved so well, and the sudden light and fire in his eyes told that life was very dear, very sweet to him still.

And so the trial, fraught with such heartfelt interest to some, went on.

A strange circumstance came out which made Harold Vivian lean forward eagerly with sudden interest.

Two boys had heard and all but seen the way in which Major Ormsby had met with death. They had been out poaching on Sir John's grounds, snaring rabbits, and were couched down behind a bank in the wood on the borders of the moor, when hearing voices, they had hidden, dreading discovery and punishment if caught poaching. There they had overheard a quarrel between two men, had heard loud and angry voices in fierce debate, and somebody had exclaimed—'You have driven me to it!' There was a shot, a cry, and then silence, broken by a voice crying out in agony—

'O Heaven, I never meant it!'

Scared and terrified, the boys lay in their hiding-place, till at last they ventured to peep over the bank through the nut-bushes, and then they saw Mr. Vivian bending over the body of Major Ormsby. But they had not dared to tell at first, fearing Sir John's anger had he found out that they had been poaching.

'It is all over with him now!' said Sir John, bursting into tears. 'Look at his face—see how he bears it!'

Breathlessly had Harold listened to the story of the two boys—white to the lips, his hands clenched tightly together. When they had finished, a look almost of relief spread over his face he pushed the damp hair off his brow, and was again calm, undaunted, resolute, standing with folded arms awaiting his doom.

The awful moment of suspense was over at last; every breath was hushed as the word 'Guilty' was pronounced. We knew what it would be, and yet like a sudden shock it fell upon us with awful reality.

Then the judicial sentences were uttered; and Harold's face worked and quivered with pain, and his fortitude forsook him, as a shriek rang through the court. Convulsed with feeling, he turned his face towards the spot from which the sound proceeded and for a brief space forgot the crowd, the place, everything, as he and Isabel looked yearningly at each other, with sad, despairing eyes—a last, long look before they were parted forever. Bravely had Isabel borne up; now she held out her arms, tottered forward, and fainted.

Harold Vivian looked around and his eyes met mine; as he passed down, a condemned man, he whispered hoarsely, 'Take care of her. Good-bye.'

I wrung his hand; it was cold as ice.

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And those that opened the morning papers next day read that Harold Vivian was condemned to death.

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In prison! How little had Isabel dreamed, in the past happy days, that she would ever come to say farewell to him forever thus—that his name would be disgraced before the world. Now she knelt at his feet, and for the last time implored him to tell the truth, and let her save him.

He was changed, his face was haggard and careworn, but his determination was the same. Speak he would not, the firm lips were tightly closed, with their old resolute expression. He raised her in his arms and kissed the tear-stained face.

'You believe in me, Isabel; what care I for the world? Then he gazed down at her. 'Let me look at you for the last time.'

Wet with tears, her eyelashes resting on her pale cheeks, her mouth quivering, he saw the loved face that once was wont to be all smiles—the eyes that brightened at his coming.

'Courage, Isabel; it will be over soon,' he whispered.

'If you had died, I could have borne it!' she moaned. 'But this—O Harold!'

He turned away. The bitterness of death was not yet past.

'Isabel,' he said presently, 'when I am gone, will you go into the cottage as you used to do, and read to the sick, not for my sake, but because it is Heaven's work—will you, darling?'

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