Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 8. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1880. NO. 5

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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.

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H. S. PIPER.

Bridgetown, Feb. 9th. 1880.

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20 Locomotive Engines,
16 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers),
20 Second-class Cars, do
3 Express and Baggage Cars,
3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
2 Wing Ploughs,
2 Snow Ploughs,
2 Flangers,
40 Hand Cars,

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

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Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880. 19it12

Encyclopedia Britannica.

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For Digby and Annapolis.

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

KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX,

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Fare—St. John to Digby.....$1.50
" " Annapolis.....2.00
Fare St. John to Halifax, 1st class.....5.00
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Union Line Office,
41 Dock St.

F. PHEASANT
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Reed's Point. sep29

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BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

July 17th, 1878. n13 y

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

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Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

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DR. JAMES PRIMROSE, Lawrencetown.

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

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

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BRIDGETOWN

for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

Nov. 19th, 1879. n31tf

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Floral Designs,
Ecclesiastical Designs,
Flowers and Figures,
Ferns and Butterflies

And hundreds of new and attractive designs to suit all.

Call and see the Best Assortment in Halifax at

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

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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.

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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

L. H. S.

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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,
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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 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, 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, Bronchctis, 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 Palfrey, A. Cameron; Melvern Square, Beniah Spinney; East Torbrook, George Spurr; Handley Mountain, Caleb Miller.

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.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

Old Dan Tregoon was a privileged person—he knew everybody, and everybody knew him. He was a man of insatiable curiosity. No sooner did a strange fare step into his boat to be rowed across the ferry, or to be taken aboard ship or steamer, than Dan, like a ferret, hunted out his history, dug out his antecedents, and worried over his name. The result of this peculiarity was a fund of odd knowledge which made his tongue a weapon to be feared—hence his familiarity was borne with often as an amusement, and oftner still because people were not quite easy if they provoked his temper by a rebuff.

'The wind is gone,' he said now a little sulkily, 'and we sha'n't catch it again till we get round the Point. It's no good keeping up the sail, sir.'

'Down with it then,' returned Edgar, 'and I'll help you to row, Dan, if you are tired.'

'Thank'ee, sir—you see it's such an uncommon hot day.'

He wiped his forehead, and took the oar in his strong hand, and waited for Edgar to change his seat. As he did so he said to Lilian—

'Suppose we row to Long Island, and land there? I think you will like it just as well. The grass is beautiful, and the may is in full blossom now.'

'Oh, no! Do let us go on to the Point. I have made up my mind to have a nice sail—and Long Island is so hot,' she added hastily.

'Very well,' Edgar answered, and he dipped his oar in the water quietly. But an uneasy silence followed, unbroken except for the measured stroke of oars and the murmuring ripple of the waves as the boat sped onwards.

The wind had fallen suddenly, the day's old sultriness had returned with a sort of sullen strength, calm, yet menacing, and the strangely smooth sea was dark with the shadow of a lowering sky. The very silence had a breath of storm in it, and perchance the silence in two human souls was also but the precursor of some sharp tempest.

'There's oogly weather brewing,' said Dan; 'but we shall land at the Point afore it catches us, if we put on a spurt, sir.'

The spurt was put on, the two rowers strove with stout arms to round the jutting point of land, inside which lay the haven, but, though the boat flew beneath their strokes, they could not outrun the storm.

'The rain is coming—put on your cloak, Lilian,' Edgar Davenant said anxiously.

The girl obeyed him without a word; she held all speech locked within her lips; strange beatings of thought stirred her heart painfully; her eyes were fixed on her lover's face, not in fear, but in sorrow. He caught her look and smiled at it.

'Do not be afraid, Lilian! There is nothing to fear—is there, Dan?'

'Nort in the 'varsal world,' said Dan.

He lifted his weather-beaten face to the sky as he spoke, and received right across it a quivering flash of lightning. A roar like a park of artillery followed, shaking sea and sky, and the waves rose up in heaps and boiled around them with a suddenness that was both a terror and a wonder.

'Row, Dan—row!' Edgar cried, as the boat turned broadside to the waves and reeled to and fro.

'He has lost his oar,' Lilian said in a low awed voice.

It was true. In the momentary blindness followed that great flash of lightning the oar had dropped from the man's hand, and the sea took it in its strength and whirled it away like a bit of drift-wood. They were left with one oar in the fury of the storm.

'Keep her straight, Mr. Davenant, while I rig the sail,' said old Dan, raising like a sailor with courage equal to the time. It is our only chance,' he added in a lower voice.

'Lilian, sit still, I entreat you!' cried Edgar in anguish.

'No, no! This is my doing—this is my fault!' the girl exclaimed wildly. 'Let me drown. It will be better for me to die than to live!'

She sank down, hiding her face in her hands, as though her eyes could not bear the sight of their danger. But in very truth there was a greater fear in her heart than the storm could bring, and some shadow of this, touching her lover, unnerved his hand.

'Keep her head to the waves, sir, and let Miss Lilian be!' roared old Dan, as the wind, rushing at the sail that he held, nearly tore it from his hand. 'We shall be all right in a minute. Lie still, young lady—lie still. It's the best thing you can do, to get to the bottom of the boat and keep quiet.'

There was no need of further words. Lilian Challacombe was not a coward. It was the suppressed excitement of a terror greater than the storm which had sprung to her lips in words, and, this being silenced and held in, she could quietly wait and watch the efforts made by the two brave men to save her and themselves from death.

The sail was up, the boat flew like a bird, wind and waves followed it, lightning played around it, and rain came into it with the steady dash of a torrent. Then old Dan began to crawl on his hands and knees from the low to the stern, tying to the rowlock, in passing, the rope which held the sail.

'What are you about?' Edgar asked, aghast.

'I am going to take that there rudder in my two hands,' said Dan—'nobody steers this boat but me—and I'm going to put you two ashore safe or never grasp oar again. My tarnation word on it, Mr. Davenant—and that's a oath Dan Tragoon never swears in vain. Now, as soon as I've sat down and took the rudder-lines out of your hands, you go to the bow and take the sail into yours. Never mind the young lady. She's right enough, and lying still as a lamb.'

There are times when one man obeys another as simply and as quietly as only a man can obey, for such tranquil reasoning obedience rarely dwells in women. And thus Edgar carried out the old sailor's instructions, with just one tender touch on Lilian's bowed head as he crept silently by her.

'I am not afraid,' she whispered; but she did not look up or let him see her face.

The wind being with them and the boat well steered, there was perhaps no imminent danger in their position; and yet it was one that might have made many a stout heart quail. The grim necessity they were under of sailing in a sea, having no oare, was the great element of risk. A sudden gust swooping on them from an unexpected quarter might overturn their small bark in an instant, or a heavy sea striking them might swamp it.

With these chances in his mind, Edgar sat silent, with eyes full of watchful agony. Old Dan, on the contrary, grew garrulous.

'He's onlooky—that's what he is—an onlooky man. You mind what I say, Miss Lilian. For all his gay laughing ways and his handsome face, he's onlooky. Don't let him cross your look, Miss Lilian. There's sorrow in his shadow.'

His words reached Lilian's ears only—in the howling of the storm they could not travel to Edgar—and yet, in the terror of her heart, she fancied that the very winds were repeating them to him.

'I don't know what you mean,' she said hurriedly. 'I can't listen now, Dan, in the fury of the storm.'

'You know well enough what I mean, Miss. There's a still voice speaking in the tempest, if you'd only heed it. What if it speaks through me? Don't despise it. Heaven can send a warning by the humblest creature that lives.'

'What are you saying, Dan?' cried Edgar, putting his hand to his mouth to send his voice farther.

'I'm saying them people brought us ill-luck. Somehow I never come across this rare-voiced Captain that he don't throw a shadow athwart my day's work.'

Lilian partly rose and lifted her eyes anxiously to the old man's weather-beaten face, striving by a look to stay his speech; but, unheeding her, he went on gruffy—

'There's his sister too—for all her bright looks, she's most as bad. Her shadow is death. And Poppy—there's a name for a christian woman!'

'It is only her pet name,' said Lilian trying to smile, 'given her for her flashing beauty and brightness. Her real name is Phœbe.'

'That's better,' grumbled old Dan. 'Poppies have got poison in 'em—so some people say.'

'So they have, but not a bad poison, Dan—only a soothing one that sends to sleep.'

'Ah, you be more learned than me, Miss. I don't know nothing 'bout them things, but I do know when folks bring me bad luck.'

'Look alive, Dan,' shouted Edgar; 'there's a twister coming!'

It was a wave that rolled and tossed onwards with a force that has no simile beyond itself; it took their frail bark on its mighty crest, and lifted it like a straw, then plunged it downwards into a dark gulf, tossed it upwards again, and with this last throw flung it into smoother water, but shaken and quivering, and with sail rent in twain.

'We are a wreck now!' said Engar; and he half rose, as though he would have come to Lilian to shelter her in his arms.

'Sit still, sir, sit still, and bail for your life!' shouted Dan. 'We have shipped half a sea! I've got another sail here; I'll rig her up in half a minute.'

It was done skilfully and quickly, and soon, like one to whom death has drawn close in a ghastly dream, Lilian saw the bright green of the sward at the Devil's Point, and the sweet odor of the drenched may hanging from the cliffs came to her in the mist, and life was a certainty again.

'Thank heaven!' she breathed very low; and now for the first time she looked into her lover's eyes and smiled.

Danger had brought her nearer to him; she was content at this moment to be safe under his care. He and Dan had once more changed places, and it was Edgar now who was steering the boat to the landing-place.

'It will be awk'ard work, here,' said Dan, as they drew near the steps, while with anxious eyes he watched for a wave to bear them in.

Tossed and drenched like a storm-driven, weary-bird, the boat flew inshore and tacked back to sea, and could find no resting-place.

'I knew it would be awk'ard,' said Dan. 'Now sir, when I get her in again, you must take Miss Lilian right up in your arms and spring ashore—never mind a drenching.'

'All right,' Edgar answered and he laughed into Lilian's eyes, but she lowered hers in fear, and shuddered.

Down at the foot of the steps, knee-deep in water, shrouded in rain and mist, and drenched with spray, there stood a dim, tall figure; and Lilian saw him, and trembled in her heart.

Once more the boat flew towards the beach on the top of a great rolling wave, and Dan's brown hand, like a grappling-iron, seized a rock and held to it; at the same instant a pair of swift strong arms caught Lilian from the boat, and, holding her tightly, the tall, dim figure struggled with the sea and bore her to land. There was a world of passion, of grief, of anger, and yet of brief happiness in that clasp; and, overwhelmed with all this and with the terror, she had passed, Lilian closed her weary eyes upon his shoulder, and lost sight and sense.

CHAPTER IV.

The storm had driven all the gay promenaders away from the Hoe, the band had shut up their instruments and gone back to barracks forlornly, the streets were empty except for a few wind-battered individuals returning home from business or from work, and Plymouth looked its dullest—and yet there was excitement in the town.

Young Mr. Davenant had been nearly drowned—Mr. Davenant, the favored of fortune, the young, rich, happy, successful man, whom so many envied. Caught in the sudden storm, and bringing his boat in at the point with only one oar, it had upset, and he and the boatman had had a narrow escape for their lives. Luckily it was old Dan Tregoon, who could swim like a fish, and he had caught hold of the young man as he was sinking and saved him. More fortunately still, Captain Thurlstone, who was a good swimmer too, happened by chance to be on the spot, and he sprang into the sea, and, in fact, rescued both men, for poor young Davenant had clutched old Tregoon so tightly that he could not swim, and both were perishing when Thurlstone came to their aid so gallantly.

Nor was this all. The most wonderful the most romantic part of the story was that Captain Thurlestone had succeeded in saving Miss Challacombe before the swamping of the boat. Seeing the danger, he had dashed into the sea and caught her up in his arms a moment before the other two were overwhelmed.

'What a providence he was there!' said pious people.

'It was an odd chance,' said the careless.

'There is no understanding these things,' said the majority. 'But what a splendid brave fellow Thurlestone is!'

So the young captain was the hero of the hour, and bore the honors lavished upon him with silent rage.

Lilian alone knew the truth, and she hid it in her heart and wept over it bitterly. Could she ever forget the burning words of love poured into her ears as she awoke to sense? Could she ever forget Thurlestone's white face and the strange dreadful voice in which he had said—

'Merciful Heaven, the boat is gone! Davenant is drowning!'

All the floods swept over her then; the breath of her life seemed drawn away, yet she had found strength to cry, 'Save him! Save him!'

'For your sake!' said Thurlstone; and in another instant he was in the sea, battling with death to save a life she loved.

Did she love him? For whom was it that her agonized prayer rang out to the sky, as the issue of that battle hung in the balance?

Oh, it was too horrible to dwell on! She would think of it, she would remember it no more. And, burying her face in her pillow, Lilian saw the vision rise again, and watched every detail, and felt, like hammer-strokes of pain, the great heart-throbs of her own anguish.

At last she slept. As the lovely May day came to a close, and the shadows lengthened, and the sweet pure air, freshened by the storm, breathed peace about her, she slept and dreamed of a fair garden where roses grew and a touch and a voice were with her which made it Eden. She awoke slowly from her happy dream, as loath to part with it, and, keeping her eyes closed, she gave a heavy sigh, and with it the dream vanished.

'Are you better? I have been watching you this long while,' said a bright, clear voice—a voice which had an echo in it of another tone.

'I am well, quite well,' answered Lilian, starting up. 'And the others—how are they?' She could not help the flush that rushed over her face as she spoke, nor the trembling of her tone.

'You are very weak and fevered still,' said Poppy, bending to kiss her. 'I am afraid to give you the news unless you will promise me to bare it bravely.'

'I will try,' the girl answered, looking into Poppy's eyes in terror.

'Do not be frightened. He is in no danger—only lying much exhausted, and not allowed to speak to any one. The worst is that the shock has been so great to his mother.'

'His mother?' Lilian said, and her wide-open eyes relaxed their look of terror, and her parted lips breathed again.

'Yes. You know her state of health, and how a feather's weight of trouble might kill her. She is very, very ill now, and they have not dared to tell her son.'

'I shall never forgive myself,' said Lilian, 'if she dies.' And, covering her face with her hands, her tears gushed forth suddenly.

'My dear Lilian, what a folly is this!' cried bright-eyed Poppy in dismay. 'Could you help the storm and the boat upsetting? You might as well blame yourself for the tides.'

This was the outside voice of the world, and Lilian knew it; but there was an inner voice which told her other things; and, hearing this, she could not answer Captain Thurlstone's sister. She might have landed at Long Island, and spared Mrs. Davenant this sorrow falling on her weakness; but an electric look crossing hers in momentary passionate appeal had lured her on to the day's catastrophe, and events were written now by Time's finger which eternity could not erase.

'All your tears are for those Davenants,' continued Poppy crossly; 'and I think, Lilian, you might have asked after my poor mamma and my brother. You don't consider what a horrible, dreadful misfortune it would be for her and me if Joscelyn—Lilian, are you faint?' cried the girl, breaking off in terror at sight of the sudden whiteness spreading over her friend's face.

'No—only a little weak. And I—I wanted to ask for your mother and brother How are they, Poppy?'

'Well, my mother is very much overcome, very frightened, and very proud, of course, of her son's bravery—for you will own it was brave, Lilian, was it not?'

'It was bravely done,' Lilian answered softly.

'Every one says so,' Poppy continued, with a glow over her brilliant face; 'and yet no one knows but me how bravely done it was, for no one guessed that Jocelyn risked his life to save a man he hates.'

There was a moment's silence, and then, with a great breath of pain, Lilian repeated the word.

'Hates?' she said. 'Oh, no, Poppy!'

'Yes, hates, I tell you; and I don't like him either.'

'Why not, Poppy?' She could ask the cause of the sister's hate, but not the brother's.

Poppy blushed rose-red, and then laughed in her old bright way.

'He always abuses me to your cousin Richard Lancross,' she said; 'and I know he is constantly advising him to marry that odious heiress, Miss Broadmead.'

'But nothing will make him do it;' and Lilian smiled a little at the thought. 'You have not said how your brother is, Poppy.'

'Oh, he is like a rock or an oak—quite unshaken! I'll tell him you asked for him after you had inquired after everyone else.'

Lilian did not answer; and, after a moment's pause, Poppy rattled on as girls do when their youth is still careless, thoughtless, and untouched by sorrow.

'It is almost a miracle that Jocelyn and I and your cousin'—a swift flush here flitted over Poppy's damask cheeks—'were not caught in the storm too to-day. We were going for a sail, you know, when we met you, and then Jocelyn unaccountably changed his mind and rowed us ashore. Oh, I was so cross and angry! I would not speak to him. But, as mamma says, it all seems like a providence now. And it was so odd Jocelyn could have driven to the Point, and odder still that Mrs. Werrington should be there in that shabby little pony-carriage of hers just in time to make herself useful by driving Mr. Davenant straight home. And that left Jocelyn free to take care of you, which he would have done at all costs. Oh, it is a clear providence, the whole of it! Did it astonish your folk very much to see you come home under his charge?'

'They were surprised,' said Lilian, 'and my father was of course frightened when he heard from Captain Thurlstone how it happened that—that I was with him.'

'And your handsome step-mamma was not too well pleased, I expect,' laughed Poppy. 'You see, drowning a too lovely step-daughter is quite as effectual way of getting rid of her as making her marry.'

'Poppy, why do you say such wild, wicked things?' exclaimed Lilian, seizing her hand.

'Oh, truth is always wicked,' said Poppy. 'It is amazing to think of the uliness of truth. The ghastly skeleton thing, it scares everybody when it stalks abroad in its bones without a decent fib or two to cover it! But don't think that I let the skeleton out of the cupboard; Mrs. Werrington is the chief delinquent. At this very moment she is driving the 'industrious fleas,' as we call her ponies, all round the town in order to tell how your step-mother——'

'Oh, stop, Poppy—you distress me! And Mrs. Werrington, I am sure, is too good-natured——'

'Is she?' interrupted Poppy. 'You ask the ponies what they think of her. Those long-suffering animals know her, and so do I.'

'But surely Major Werrington is a great friend of your brother's?' said Lilian.

Poppy shook her head at the question.

'He is a mere cask,' she answered, 'a cask never empty, and apparently never full. Yet somehow he gets the young men around to laugh at him, I think. Jocelyn is obliged to be friendly with him, but mamma and I don't vist the Werringtons now. We used to do so, but they tried to make mischief between us, and I quarrelled with the whole lot. They were always telling tales about me to Jocelyn, and always supposing in their mean way that he did not really care for me because he is only my step brother. I shall show them one day that there is not a brother in the world loves a sister better than my brother loves me.'

Poppy grew warm and flushed as she finished, and Lilian looked at her with the admiration that one beautiful girl feels for another when there is no jealousy between them.

'Every one knows what a good brother Captain Thurlestone is to you, Poppy,' she said, taking the girl's hand fondly. 'You have the same mother, and his father and your father are both dead. You are not like an ordinary step-brother and sister.'

'We never think of ourselves as that,' returned Poppy, 'and could not if we tried. Jocelyn may not be all good—not over good, I mean, like a saint—but he has always been good to me. He has been father and brother in one.'

Her eyes filled up with tears, and she turned away hurriedly to hide them; then her glance fell on a great bunch of the freshest, loveliest roses lying on a chair, hidden from Lilian by the curtain. Poppy instantly brushed away her tears by a sudden joyous laugh.

'I have a surprise for you here, Lilian—such a pretty, fragrant surprise. I have kept it for the last; when I give it, I shall go.' She held it up the nosegay as she spoke; it was all of moss-rose-buds mingled only with lightest sprays of fern. 'Now guess who sent this,' she said.

A rush of color, a strange flush of joy chased by pain in Lilian's eyes, answered her.

'Ah, I see you know whose taste this is! How delightfully jealous we should make Mr. Davenant, if he only knew it, should we not, Lilian? I should like to see him miserable, I own, because he does not like me.'

'Oh, Poppy, do you say such things! And I fear I must not accept the roses.'

'I shall put them in your hand. I am not going to do so ungracious an thing as take them back again, for fear their perfume should offend Mr. Davenant't nose. Why, Jocelyn has just saved the man's life! Roses from our garden ought to be delightful to him. And Poppy clasped her hands and laughed thoughtlessly, without a shadow on her careless nature of the grief preparing for two human hearts—the tragedy that might grow from bitter and slighted love.

Lilian took the roses.

'It was my life your brother saved,' she said—'at least so I feel and think. It would be ungrateful indeed to refuse a few flowers from your garden, Poppy.'

'Shall I tell him you take them out of the immense gratitude you feel to him for jumping into the sea to save Saint Edgar? and Poppy laughed again, as lightly as a child. To her sorrow and passion were as yet only empty words.

'Oh, do not jest on such a dreadful—such an awful theme!' said Lilian. 'You frighten me, Poppy, at times. Nothing seems serious to you.'

'I am not made to be preached at,' returned Poppy, her rich voice ringing out in careless glee, so like her brother's that it sent a little thrill of pleasure through Lilian's veins. 'I am made to be loved and petted and laughed at. A short life and a merry one—that will be my fate. Good-bye, Lilian''—stooping to kiss her. 'I wish with all my heart you were not engaged to a Methodist.'

'But I am not engaged to Mr. Davenant—if you mean him—not really engaged,' Lilian said, her very lips turning white as she spoke. 'The truth is, it has long been an understood thing between our females; he has always loved me, and I—oh, Poppy, Poppy, what shall I do? I was content to let it be till lately. I thought it was a good and happy thing for me. They all said so.'

She threw down her arms wearily in the abandonment of passion, and fixed eager, longing eyes on Poppy's happy face.

Poppy was a rare adviser—a creature with no more descretion and sense than a swallow skimming the sea—a creature with a heart like a feather, ready to be carried away by the first light wind that blew—and Lilian, with wistful eyes fixed on the sunny, careless beauty of her face, waited for words of wisdom from lips that knew only how to laugh and kiss and sing. Poppy started at first with amazement paling her bright color, and then she burst into speech.

'Not engaged!' she cried. 'Not even

(Concluded on last page.)