Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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

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

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 AND 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.

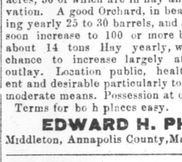
THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

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, Impediments 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 internal 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.

Something New!

THE Subscribers have just received their first advance of

SPRING STOCK

consisting of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Millinery, Ready-made Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries, Crockery,
Glass Ware, Stationery,
Room Paper,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

all of which have been personally selected. And notwithstanding the great rise in prices, we will continue to sell at very low rates as we are determined to keep up our reputation as the

Cheap Cash Store.

The highest market prices paid for produce in exchange for goods.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO.

Middleton Corner, April 20th, '80.

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

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.

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.

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. n31tf

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 circular and form of application.

A. W. CORBITT, Presdt.

W. HALIBURTON, Secty.

Address all communications to BUILDING SOCIETY, Annapolis. dec3y

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

Poetry.

Keats.

Upon thy tomb 'tis graven, "Here lies one
Whose name is writ in water. Could there be
A flight of Fancy fitlier feigned for thee,
A fairer motto for her favorite son?
For, as the wave, thy varying numbers run—
Now crested proud in tidal majesty,
Now tranquil as the twilight reverie
Of some dim lake the white moon looks upon
While teems the world with silence. Even there,
In each Protean rainbow-tint that stains
The breathing canvas of the atmosphere,
We read an exhalation of thy strains;
Thus, on the scroll of Nature, everywhere,
Thy name, a deathless syllable, remains.

—JOHN B. TABB, in "Harper's Magazine" for October.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XL.

(Continued.)

Mr. de Carteret did say Wednesday, and felt himself a victim; but secretly he was longing to hear some of the family news. A sight of Lilian's sweet pale face had brought vividly to his mind past events, and his curiosity was aroused again to fathom, if possible, the strength of her feeling for the lover who had so strongly quitted her. He nodded to his friend, and joined Mrs. Challacombe in her promenade.

'You are not changed in the least,' he said gallantly; 'but I am sorry to see Miss Challacombe looking so delicate.'

'Ah, yes, Lilian has felt her father's loss so deeply—almost indeed as much as I have. Of course a daughter cannot be expected to feel grief as a wife does; yet, in a different way, she has grieved very much.'

'A different way indeed,' thought the Honorable Alwyn. 'But she ought to be looking a little brighter now,' he said, 'since, as I hear, she is going to get married.'

'Yes,' returned Mrs. Challacombe, with a great sigh. 'She is about to make a splendid match, and quite a love-match too. Mr. Davenant, you know, was her first love. How she could ever forget him, as she did for a month or two, for such a very inferior man as that Captain Thurlstone, I cannot imagine. But some women, dear Mr. Carteret, have a great power of forgetfulness in them. It is a power I envy. I never forget an affection or a friend.'

Her big stony eyes shot a glance at him which but for their hard brightness might have been tender. In other days he would have answered this; but, as she had no husband now to protect him, he thought the game hazardous to himself, and so looked steadily out over the bay.

'I feel quite sure you will never forget so good a man as Captain Challacome,' he said gravely. 'And now, between ourselves, have you any idea what is become of Thurlstone?'

'I believe he is dead; but hush—do! Here is Lilian coming, and she hates the sound of his name.'

CHAPTER XLI.

It was a soft and glorious summer evening; green and lilac lights floated on the sea, while the clear amber of the sky was flushed here and there by a pale rose—the fading of a gorgeous sunset. Two figures had long been pacing the bowered walks surrounding Mrs. Challacombe's villa. Lilian's and Edgar's. She was silent, speaking only rarely; but he was talking in a low, impassioned voice.

'Will you continue to sacrifice your life for a folly—a dream?' he said. 'To what do you look forward? You cannot continue here much longer, beneath the hard rule of a woman who secretly hates you, and whose fear of me is the sole motive for any little kindness she shows you. And where will you go, what will you do, Lilian, when you leave this home, wretched as it is?'

'I cannot tell,' replied the girl hopelessly.

'All the world gives us to each other,' continued Edgar, 'and you have known me all your life. You can surely trust me?'

'Yes,' she answered very low.

'And you will trust me, Lilian?' he cried. 'I shall surround you with such care, such devotion, that you will never regret it. Say you have some faith in my love.'

'I have all faith in it'; it is myself I fear.'

'But I have no feor, Lilian, for you. I swear I can and will make you happy. On just such a June night as this two years ago you bade me wait this time, and I have waited—not coldly and silently, nor yet pressing you unduly. Surely now I am worthy of a better answer than the cold one you have given me. Could this other man, if he were living, love you with a firmer love than I who have loved you from childhood?'

Lilian shuddered, and yet she placed her hand on Edgar's arm. It touched her that this man, so reserved and proud and silent with others, could yet plead with painful words for a little hope from her. All her forlornness, her orphanhood, her poverty, were striking chill upon her heart. Her step-mother had begun her flirtations and her dinners again, and had plainly shown that her jealousy would not permit much longer the presence of a fairer rival. Lilian knew that in a little while this home could no more be hers; and the strong logic of poverty and of friendlessness was urging her with powerful voice to accept the patient love that had waited and hoped so many years—and yet she shuddered as she put her hand upon Edgar's arm.

'Not a firmer love,' she thought, 'but dearer—oh, a thousand times dearer! Oh, Jocelyn—Jocelyn!'

Her head drooped, and tears started to her eyes; Edgar bent forward and gazed into her face with the ardent longing of a passion that had waited and suffered and chafed beneath jealousy and suppression till the bonds of passion were passed and a fierce determination filled every avenue of his soul.

'Lilian,' he said in tones she had never yet heard from him, 'I can and will bear no more. The choice is before you for the last time. Will you still cling to the shadow of the man who forsook you, or will you turn to the real affection of the one who has stood by you through every sorrow? I have a right to put that question firmly, and I do so put it. Do not answer hastily,' he added, as he saw her about to speak. 'Remember, a word from you now may separate us forever; and in losing me you lose your only friend.'

Lilian's heart swelled painfully. The latent hardness of Edgar's nature had revealed itself in his words, but she did not feel this or his reference to her friendlessness; it was his assertion that Thurlstone had forsaken her which pierced her like an arrow.

'Jocelyn never forsook me,' she said in a trembling tone; 'it is only death that has parted us. Yes, he must be dead; he was not cruel.'

'Granted,' returned Edgar in the same hard way—'not cruel, but driven by some strong necessity to quit you without a word, three days before that appointed for your marriage. And two years have passed in the same silence. If he be living, he is unworthy of a thought; if he be dead, I shall not reckon it a sin in you to remember him when you are my wife. But to cling to this memory, Lilian, to the rejection of all other ties, would be a sin even in my sight, who love you so well.'

There was reason in his words, but Lilian wished they had not sounded so much like the echo of Mrs. Challacombe's ceaseless arguements. How often had she not said—

'Can you live upon a memory? Will your sickly love for that runaway Captain feed you and clothe you—give you a home, and a carriage, and a position, and everything you want?'

They were coarse and dreadful questions too brutally logical for the heart to answer; and yet all these things are not bred. A woman may have them and find her soul dwindling into leanness and her spirit famishing for love. It was Edgar's love, in truth, on which Lilian secretly leant—it was this she feared to lose. It was her only stay, the one sole support left to her since her father was gone.

'If you can accept my gratitude, my esteem,' she said—and her voice broke pitifully—'instead of my warmer feelin—then I will be your wife. But, if I am giving you too poor a gift, it is for you to say No, not for me. I am too forlorn to dare refuse such a love as yours.'

'It is a priceless gift,' returned Edgar. 'You are giving me yourself—I want no more. I will make you love me yet, Lilian.'

He had taken her hand in his, and he drew her towards him as he spoke and pressed her head upon his shoulder; then he stooped and laid his lips on hers. It was the first kiss that had touched them since Thurlstone had said a smiling farewell beneath the lime-trees at Lady Saterleigh's, and the contrast between the passion of that caress and the coldness of this ran through Lilian's veins with a chill foreboding.

The betrothed pair walked on for a few moments in silence, the man's heart beating madly, the girl's fluttering with a sick pain. In another instant he took a ring from his little finger—the sapphire and diamonds bought so long before—and, holding her hand, he drew from her finger Thurlstone's ring of pearls and replaced it with his own.

'At last!' he said with a great breath of relief. 'This ring has waited long for you, Lilian, but I always knew it would be yours.'

With frightened eyes Lilian looked up at him and recognised the spot where they both stood. They were beneath the tree under the summer shade of which Thurlstone had placed the pearls on her finger, with the words, 'With this ring I thee wed.'

'Not here!' she cried, pulling Edgar's ring hastily from her finger. 'Do not put your ring on my hand here.'

'Why not?' he asked. 'Have you a superstition against shadow? Let us go into the light, then. See—there is a broad glare of moonlight farther on.' He supported her steps tenderly; he was full of love and happiness, and did not guess the cause of her trouble. 'Here are your pearls,' he said gaily. 'I suppose I must give them back to you; but you must never wear them again. I do not wish to boast, but my ring, you know, is worth a dozen such as this. Now give me your dear hand.'

She gave it, while her heart within her felt sick with a strange fear, and once more the sapphires were on her finger.

'Mine now forever!' said Edgar, and he kissed her again.

It was not a kiss of passion; it was more, much more than that. It was a kiss of possession, calm, determined, firm—a kiss which, could Lilian have interpreted it, told that henceforth no human being, save at his own great peril, could dare come between him and her. It was the seal of his long passion and forbearance, his suffering, his jealousy, his patient hope and final resolve. It would be a hazardhus deed now should any man attempt to separate him from the woman he had won at last.

Beneath this kiss Lilian trembled and grew white as snow. She knew it was the seal of their compact; she felt it at the strange silent tranquillity of right, the impress of owtership, the quiet certainty that she was his—and only the dead, if he rose again, could part them.

'It is late,' she said, freeing herself from his arm. 'Let us go in.'

'No, I will say good night here. My own darling, my wife, good night!'

He held her tightly to his heart, and she yielded passively to the embrace and gave her cheek to his lips. Then he went away hurriedly, too moved to utter another word. The tree beneath which they stood shook silvery moonlight on them—it seemed like silent laughter; it was the same that had witnessed her vows to Jocelyn. Lilian sank down at his feet, hid her face on her arms, and wept.

Edgar walked home like a man who treads on air. He went straight to his mother's room. Her pale patient face looked up meekly from the book of devotion on which her eyes were bent; her thin hand was stretched out to him, her lips smiled with ineffable content. The sight of her son was the one joy of her life; her eyes, filled with his image, grew bright and happy always.

'You have good news to tell me,' she said, as her fevered fingers clasped his and her gaze caught the radiance on his face.

'Yes, mother. I have inherited some of your patience, and it has won me my reward at last. Lilian is mine.'

His mother's pale cheeks flushed suddenly, her lips quivered, her clasp upon his hand tightened. A mother's joy at a son's happiness has a taste of bitterness in it always. Another woman would soon stand between Edgar and her.

'I am glad,' she said, but her voice broke and stopped, and tears in her eyes blinded her sight of her son.

'I knew you would rejoice, mother. Lilian is a dear, tender-hearted girl; she will make you a good daughter.'

'Yes,' said his mother.

He did not see the tears on her trembling eyelids, he could not hear the tender pain in her voice—his heart was too full of his love. His hold on her hand was relaxing, when suddenly she drew him towards her and put her wasted arms upon his neck.

'I am thankful—very thankful—do not think I am not glad. I can go in peace now. Another woman will give you a better love than your poor sick mother's—your mother, who can do so little—who has so long, long been a burden.'

A man hates even a mother's tears, and Edgar half wondered at them even as he soothed her.

'You have been the sufferer, mother—yours the burden, not mine. Why, what should I have done without you through all my times of trouble? This quiet sick-room, mother, has always held a world of comfort for me. And now you and I are going to have brighter, better years by Lilian's help.'

As he spoke a servant came to the door, and in order that she might not see his mother's agitation Edgar opened it instead of telling her to enter.

'Mr. Philips, the jeweller, sir, is here. He has called twice before, and says he wishes much to see you, and hopes you will excuse his calling so late.'

'He comes very *apropos*,' said Edgar, turning to his mother with a laugh. 'What shall I order for the bride's *corbeille*?'

'The best you can afford,' returned his mother. 'How fortunate Philips should call!'

'Diamonds and opals are the best,' said Edgar.

'But opals are unlucky.'

'Never mind—we will make them luck this time.' And closing the door he ran lightly down-stairs, with the sunshine of his great happiness lying warmly on his heart.

* * * * * *

An hour later he himself let Mr. Philips out at the hall-door.

'Thank you—thank you!' said that gentleman tradesman, with eager politeness. 'Your order shall be attended to, Mr. Davenant—all your order, sir; you may rely on me.'

'I shall do so, Mr. Philips. Depend on it, the whole story is false—a mere attempt to get money.'

'I am quite of your opinion, sir; and will send the jewels for inspection. I am afraid, sir, the sort of set you would like can't be got under three thousand pounds.'

'Make it four, Mr. Philips. Let me see—you said the man who brought this—he touched with quivering fingers a letter he he held in his hand—'was a sailor—a foreign sailor; Spanish, did you say?'

'Yes, Mr. Davenant—a low fellow—very low—scarcely intelligible in his English. I'll make a note that the set may be four thousand.'

'Do; and I shall not be particular if it is a hundred or two over. And the ship was Spanish too, I think?'

'Yes; and it sails to-morrow—rather a contraband cargo, I fancy, on board for the Carlists. Ha, ha!)

'Would it be wise to give a hint to the authorities, do you think?' said Edgar, bending forward and speaking low.

The jeweller pursed out his lips in deep thought.

'No, sir, no; that would not do for us. Better let her sail away quietly; there will be an end to the matttr then; and I believe we shall never hear any more of it.'

'I am certain we shall not. Good night, Mr. Philips.'

Edgar closed the door on the man's last obsequious bow, and then turned round with a startled gaze, as though he feared some servant had been spying on his act or listening to his words. But the hall was deserted—not a step or sound was near. He walked across it wearily to his own study, then locked the door and flung himself into a chair. The lamp shining down on him showed that all the lines of his face were relaxed, that his aspect was haggard and white. He grasped the letter that was in his hands and held it out at arm's length, his eyes fixed on it with a terrible look of hatred and fear.

'The merchant's honor equal to the soldier's—was that it—did I say that? Yes, yes; and what then? To come between us now! No, I could not bear it, and by Heaven I will not! I have done well to let him die!'

He held the letter over the flame of the lamp till it was consumed, and then he flung the light gray ashes of the paper upon the floor.

'He saved my life,' he murmured in sudden revulsion of feeling; then, flinging his arms outstretched upon the table, his head fell prone upon them, and he sobbed in the bitter anguish of a man who has lost honor.

CHAPTER XLII.

'For me!' said Lilian; and her dazzled eyes looked down upon an open case of brilliants and opals glittering like clearest water-drops when the sun is painting a mimic rainbow on their evanescent beauty.

'For you,' returned Edgar. 'My mother chose them,' he added, at if he felt this fact enhanced their value.

'Your mother's choice is beautiful, but they are too good, too expensive for me.' And Lilian quietly moved the case from beneath her eyes.

'Nothing is too rich or lovely for you; and, as my wife, you will have a right to wear diamonds. Let me try them on your neck.'

For an instant she drew back, then, with a faint blush, bent her fair neck towards him, and he clasped the necklace round her white throat and kissed it. There was something in this kiss which reminded her of that which Thurlstone had laid upon her neck with fervent lips on that memorable day by the sea, when all things were forgotten but love, and Poppy, lonely and neglected, had sailed away with Richard. The long, limpid stream of diamonds seemed to strangle her; she put her hand up to her neck to unfasten them, but could not find the clasp.

'Will you undo it?' she said to Edgar.

'Undo it!' he repeated in a strange voice. 'There is nothing can be undone.'

She looked at him in surprise, and saw him very white and gazing through the window at a large ship in full sail tacking swiftly out of the Sound.

'Are you ill?' asked Lilian; and she put her hand upon his arm almost tenderly.

He turned and seized her hand with eagerness, and put his arm around her, straining her in a sudden tight clasp.

'There is nothing can part us now, Lilian,' he said, in the same strange voice. 'Look up, darling, into my eyes, and say that my long love has won you.'

'It has indeed,' returned Lilian, with a gentle sigh.

'My love—only my love—not jewels, or wealth, or anything I can give you?'

'No; it is your love only that has touched my heart. I am grateful for it—you know I am.'

Yes, she was grateful; and in time her love would come. He was content with her words, though they were as calm and passionless and clear as her untroubled eyes, into which he looked down long and wistfully.

'My own, my own now,' he murmured—'and no human being, living or dead, can come between us henceforth for evermore.'

He spoke so low, with scarcely moving lips, that Lilian did not wholly grasp his words. She felt the breathing of passion in them, but did not understand their meaning. She moved away from his side, and tried again to unclasp the necklace.

'I fear I shall break the chain if you will not help me to undo it,' she said.

'I will never help you to undo a chain I have put on you, Lilian. I shall hold you fast now—mine all your life. Let the necklace be. I want Mrs. Challacombe to see it on your neck.' His eyes burned with a strange fire; he drew her towards him again, holding her by her slender arm. 'Look at that great ship out there. Your sight is better than mine. What colors is she carrying?'

Lilian looked a moment fixedly, and then said—

'Belgian—no, I see now; it is the Spanish flag she carries.'

'Have you a glass? I should like to make sure.'

'What can it matter?' said Lilian, smiling at his odd earnestness. 'But here is a glass—poor papa's.'

He looked through it, and put it down with a great sigh.

'Yes, you are right. She is the Spanish ship. And—and the necklace is beautiful, Lilian, and becomes you well.'

'I am afraid it has cost you a great deal,' she said, plucking at it nervously.

'You must not ask its cost,' he returned; and the strange whiteness crept over his face again. 'There—the ship has passed the breakwater; in a little while she will round the Eddystone and be out of sight.'

'This Spanish ship seems to interest you very much. Come, tell me at what cost you have bought these gems to deck a foolish girl who will be afraid to wear them.'

'I shall never tell you their cost,' he said gravely. 'And why should you be afraid to wear them?'

'I am not used to wearing a fortune on my neck. The money would give bread to hundreds. I feel as if I had human lives—lost lives—around my throat; the thought strangles me. Do unclasp the chain.

Yes, it was a life she was wearing, had she known it—a dear life; that was the cost of the jewels—just a human life.

Edgar seemed amused at her words; he smiled at her, and again refused to unfasten the clasp. The hardness and possibility of cruelty in his nature which so few guessed at possessed him at this moment strongly.

'Never mind the lost lives; I care for no one's life but yours and mine. Does the chain gall?' And he lifted the gems an instant from her neck, and let them fall again. 'Well, I am sorry, but you must wear it now—it is riveted on.'

'I shall break it,' returned Lilian half playfully, half angrily; and she put both her hands upon the river of diamonds, once more searching for the clasp.

'Really, Lilian,' exclaimed Mrs. Challacombe's voice, 'If I had not heard you with my own ears, I should never have believed any girl could talk so foolishly and ungratefully. I have been standing at the door these two minutes admiring that lovely necklace, and wondering at you for the poor cold thanks you have given for it. If any man had made me such a present, I should have——'

'Pray say no more,' interposed Edgar. 'I am quite contented with Lilian's acceptance of the gift—I need no thanks.'

He gave a glance at the glittering and sunny sea. The sail he had watched was fading into a white and distant speck; in another instant it had vanished behind the headland which shut in the sound.

'Out of sight forever,' he murmured in thought; and then he turned to Lilian with a sudden brightness on his face, as though a cloud had been lifted from it. 'I will unclasp the necklace now.'

But Lilian had the shining gift in her hands, and held it out to him a little ruefully.

'I fear I have broken it,' she said.

'What a pity!' exclaimed Mrs. Challacombe. 'How dreadful impatient you are, Lilian!'

'It is nothing,' cried Edgar. 'I will get Philips to repair it for you.'

'Ah, he is a first-rate jeweller!' remarked Mrs. Challacombe, letting the diamond river ripple over her fingers. 'I declare Lilian has broken one of the links! And what rubbish you talked, child, about lost lives! The luxury of the rich makes the bread of the poor. There is a great deal more of life than of death in this pretty necklace.'

'And of happy life, I hope, since it is for Lilian I bought it. But for her Philips would never have bought me.'

'Of what are you talking, Mr. Davenent?' asked Mrs. Challacombe. 'The idea of a poor creature like Philips buying you! The man is not worth a thousand pounds beyond his shop.'

'Did I say he had bought me? I mean I have bought him—his body and his soul and his goods.'

'That is far more likely, I should say,' answered Mrs. Challacombe, laughing. 'I expect you have given him a tremendous order. Well, have you two settled when the wedding is to be?'

'It is to be this day month,' said Edgar, taking Lilian's hand.

'Oh, no! That is too soon. I cannot be ready. I have no *trousseau*.'

'That can be got in a week,' returned her lover. 'Come, Mrs. Challacombe—array yourself on my side; with you to help me, I shall prevail.

It so happened that that very morning a letter had been received by that lady from Mrs. Davenant, saying it was her wish secretly to charge herself with the expense of Lilian's outfit;

(Continued on fourth page.)