

(Continued from First page.)

this morning, and I take it up and fling it into the fire. There is some pleasure in watching it writhe and wriggle in the flames, and finally disappear altogether. I am morbidly thinking about exorcising one's sins with fire, when Amy interrupts my lively meditations.

"Has Jack gone away?"

"Jack? Oh no, he'll be around to-morrow. He's busy to-day, I think I'll go to bed."

And I gave a gigantic yawn to cover my embarrassment. Honest little Amy suspects nothing. She fetches my flowers from the hall and arranges them carefully.

"I wish people sent me bouquets," she says longingly. Is it because you are engaged?"

"It's because I hate them," I burst forth angrily, "I wish he had swallowed his flowers instead of sending them. I wish he was dead."

With which kindly sentiment I betake myself to rest.

For some time I toss about recklessly, wondering what has become of Jack, trying to revive the dying embers of my resentment with the remembrance of all the unkind things he said during our quarrel. But, somehow, I can only recall my own spiteful retorts, and that last speech of his—"Perhaps when you want me you will send for me." That unpleasant illusion to the fire-irons strikes me now as being comic, and in the midst of my vigil, I laugh.

"Poor old Jack," I think, "I was rather hard on him. I will write to him in the morning, and tell him he may come; most likely he is waiting for me to send for him."

There is consolation in the thought, and I worry no more.

CHAPTER III.

I have written a letter to Jack, an absurd little note, full of mock humility, yet with an under current of command in it, telling him that I expect him to come to me at once, with a face as full of amiability as mine is clouded of woe. And now I sit twirling it round my fingers, considering whether I shall send it after all. The first advance ought to come from him; but then he seems in no hurry to make it. I might wait till to-morrow; but the prospect of another whole day without Jack is too much for my fortitude. I seize my pen and begin the address—"J. Graham, Esq." A knock at the street door. My letter disappears into my blotting book, and I go to the window.

A man, but not my man. A short stout gentleman, in a black coat. No one for me, so back I go to my writing. I will send my letter by the servant. It will go there quicker, and I begin to get impatient. I am rather lively this morning. I hum a waltz tune, and beat time with my pen against my desk, while I wait for an answer to my ring. The dog is barking vociferously, humming is to him what scarlet is to a mad bull. The stout gentleman closeted with my father must think we are a noisy household. The servant does not seem to be coming, I will go and take her my letter. I open the door, and stand face to face with Amy, not our bright happy little Amy, but a pale, trembling girl, with a deep sorrow in

her eyes. The waltz tune dies on my lips, the note falls from my hand, and I ask hoarsely, "What is it?"

The answer comes in a terrified whisper.

"Oh, how shall I tell you? Jack—he—he is dead."

And then she puts her head on my shoulder, and bursts into a passion of tears. I do not cry. I don't even think that I am sorry, only there is a strange numb feeling at my heart, as though it were turning to stone. I know I stroke Amy's hair tenderly and say, poor "little girl," as though it were her sorrow, not mine. Then somebody puts me into a chair, and I hear all about it: hear quite composedly how Jack was summoned up to London on business, and traveled up by the midnight train. I am told how many hours he spent with his Lawyer listening to the bitter news of the loss of his fortune, and it does not move me in the very least. He went to his hotel, and was taken ill, heart disease the doctors had said. Yes, it was all very sad, but it has nothing to do with me. I wish Amy wouldn't cry so, it makes me feel as though I ought to be sorry. I walk away to my own room, and sit dry-eyed and still for a long long time. I know that Jack is dead, the very ticking of the clock says it over and over again "Dead, dead—dead, dead."

I put up my hands to keep out the sound, but I feel it just the same. And then my eyes fall on my mother's ring, the little worn old ring, that has caused all my troubles. I draw it slowly off my finger and look at it dreamily. It seems to bring me a message, "When you want me, send for me." Send for him! Where? Where is he? Oh, very mockingly to say he is in heaven! And then comes a great burst of sobs, mingled with cries for Jack. The memory of my vengeance stabs me with a bitter unendurable pain. Could I but blot these three days out of my life! And through all the agony of my remorse, I hear the clock tick on, "Dead, dead—dead, dead."

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W. & A. Railway Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm.	Accm.	Exp.
	Daily.	T.T.S.	Daily
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Le've		5 30	1 45
14 Bridgetown "		6 25	2 23
28 Middleton "		7 25	2 57
42 Aylesford "		8 32	3 30
47 Berwick "		8 55	3 43
50 Waterville "		9 10	3 50
59 Kentville d'pt	5 40	10 40	4 20
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 33
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 38
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 46
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35	4 54
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55	5 08
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45	5 30
116 Windsor Junc "	10 00	3 10	6 50
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

GOING WEST.	Exp.	Accm.	Accm.
	Daily.	M W F	daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 20		2 30
14 Windsor Jun—" "	8 00	8 30	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00	5 35
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 30	6 03
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50	6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	12 06	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 10	12 36	6 55
71 Kentville "	10 40	1 25	7 10
80 Waterville "	10 58	2 02	
83 Berwick "	11 05	2 17	
88 Aylesford "	11 18	2 40	
102 Middleton "	11 48	3 47	
116 Bridgetown "	12 23	4 52	
130 Annapolis Ar've	1 00	5 50	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.

Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.

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P. Innes, General Manager. Wolfville, 30th May 1884

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