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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1881. NO. 20.

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Weekly Monitor

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—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

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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.

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His Beautiful Residence

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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.

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Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

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Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

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COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK, Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....75c.
" St. John.....$2.00
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

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Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St. John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

Spring Goods arriving;
Prices very low;
Everything thriving

—AT—

Murdoch & Co's.

2 TONS WHITE LEAD, best quality in the market.

5 BARRELS RAW AND BOILED OIL.

VARNISHES, DRYERS, BRUSHES, &c., &c.

To Grangers and Farmers,

Attention is called to 30 bus. TIMOTHY, and 500 lbs. RED CLOVER, in stock and offered very low for CASH.

GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS in abundance

1200 Rolls Room Paper at cost.

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS, the cheapest in the market.

Full stock of Groceries and Hardware.

Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to us on note or book account, that payment must be made at once or in 30 days from 1st April.

MURDOCH & CO.

Bridgetown, April 1st, 1881.

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PUMPS

THE subscribers wish to announce to the public that they have ordered a large stock, and are prepared to fill orders with promptness.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

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(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs. Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD,

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

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BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, and perfumery. Stationery, &c., Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Terms Cash.

J. DENNISON.

n8 3m

Poetry.

On Star Island.

High on the lichened ledges, like
A lonely sea-fowl on its perch,
Blown by the cold sea winds, it stands,
Old Gosport's quaint forsaken church.

No sign is left of all the town
Except a few forgotten graves;
But two and fro the white sails go
Slowly across the glittering waves;

All summer idlers stray about
With curious questions of the lost
And vanished village and its men,
Whose boats by these same waves were tossed.

I wonder if the old church dreams
About its parish, and the days
The fisher people came to hear
The preaching and the songs of praise?

Rough-handed, browned by sun and wind,
Heedless of fashion or of creed,
They listened to the parson's words—
Their pilot heavenward indeed.

Their eyes on week-days sought the church,
Their surest landmark, and the guide
That led them in from far at sea,
Until they anchored safe beside

The harbor wall that braved the storm
With its resistless strength of stone.
Those busy fishers all are gone—
The church is standing here alone.

But still I hear their voices strange,
And still I see the people go
Over the ledges to their homes;
The bent old women's footsteps slow!

The faithful parson stopped to give
Some timely word to one astray;
The little children hurrying on
Together, chattering of their play.

I know the blue sea covered some,
And others in the rocky ground
Found narrow lodgings for their bones
God grant their rest is sweet and sound!

I saw the worn rope idle hang
Beside me in the belfry brown.
I gave the bell a solemn toll—
I rang the knell for Gosport town.

—SARAH O. JEWETT, in *Harper's Magazine for September.*

Select Literature.

A Mild Flirtation.

Clara read over her brief letter just before sealing it, to be sure that she had dotted her i's and crossed her t's.

DEAR WALTER:—I have been at auntie's a week and already I feel better physically; the air is so pure and fresh, the calm restfulness of the home so unbroken, the new milk so sweet, and no wearisome dressing, or calling or dining—just perfect rest, and that Dr. Peters said, was all I needed. But, oh! Walter, it is so fearfully lonesome here, and the liberty you so kindly accorded me I shall have no opportunity of carrying into practice, for I haven't seen a male biped in the shape of a man, except uncle and a servant, since I came. I hope to hear from you by the next mail.

Affectionately,
CLARA MAXWELL.

Finding the i's and the t's quite correct, she sealed and directed the envelope to Mr. W. A. Louden, London, and donning her broad brimmed hat and gathering up her fresh pink draperies in one gloved hand, she sauntered forth in the June sunlight to post her letter. She walked down the dusty highway to the village post office, half a mile distant, and dropped in her letter, turning homeward without having seen a soul. The day was still and the sun was hot. Her pretty pink dress was dusty about the bottom in spite of her care.

'I wonder,' she soliloquized, 'if I cannot make a short cut home? Why, of course I can—for there is aunt Sarah's house just across that meadow and clover-field. Two fences to climb—but I have no doubt I can manage that, and there is no one to see me.'

So she left the dusty highway for the green field. The clover field was one great bed of bloom, and Clare walked very slowly through it, watching the yellow-coated bees, and drinking in the delicious perfume. Then she came to the fence. It was a four-bar fence, and looked very formidable. But, casting a sweeping look about to see if there were any observers, and finding none, Clare essayed her first gymnastic feat since she left school.

It was successfully accomplished with only a fleeting display of white skirts and handsome hose. And now there was a poplar grove to pass through and then a stretch of meadow, where a few peaceful-looking cows were browsing, and another fence, and she would be almost home—just in the rear of the orchard.

But after the grove was passed an unlooked for obstacle presented itself. It was nothing less than a brook which ran the whole length of the meadow, between her and home. No bridge, no point narrow enough to leap, no stepping-stones. Clare pushed her hat back from her flushed face, and uttered a troubled and amazed 'Oh!' At the same time she made another discovery. A tall young man, dressed in brown jean, with a gun slung over his shoulder, stood on the opposite side of the stream, laughing at her dismay out of a pair of the handsomest brown eyes she had ever beheld. So soon as he met her eyes he lifted his hat, and bowed with an easy grace.

'Pardon me,' he said, 'but I think you would like to cross. If you wait a moment I will assist you.'

Before she could speak, he had put his gun down, and wrenched a loose board from the fence beyond, and had thrown it across the stream, forming a narrow bridge. Then he reached out his hand:

'Take hold of my hand,' he said, 'and step very carefully. There!—here you are.'

And there she was, standing beside him, with flushed cheeks and softly lifted eyes.

'I thank you,' she said.

'Not at all,' he rejoined, as he slung his gun over his shoulder again. 'And if you will allow me, I will assist you over the fence.'

'Oh, but—' began Clare, with a deepening color in her cheeks; but the handsome rustic interrupted her:

'Indeed it will be necessary,' he said, 'for this fence has a wire at the top and you might catch your clothing in the barbs and be seriously hurt. Now just please put your arms lightly about my neck, and give your whole weight on me—I am very strong in the arms, and will set you safely on the other side—there!' And before she could realize how it was all done, Clare was standing in the lane, just back of her uncle's orchard, and the young man had touched his hat and walked away.

'Oh, auntie, such an adventure!' cried Clare, bursting into the kitchen, where Aunt Sarah was preparing dinner, and proceeded to relate her story.

'Lor' sakes!' laughed Aunt Sarah; 'that was young Hugh Webster, our nearest neigobor's son. Nice young man, too. Just like his mother, for all the world—the very picture of her. I took care of her during her last sickness; died of consumption when Hugh was five years old. I've always thought he would go the same way, but he seems healthy enough. Only he has just her look in his eyes when he gets tired.'

'What was he doing with that gun, I wonder?' queried Clare.

'Shooting corncrakes; very likely,' Aunt Sarah responded. 'Your uncle said this morning the horrid creatures were fairly over-running the fields.'

'That evening, just after tea, Clare and Aunt Sarah sat on the quiet, roseshaded veranda, when the gate clicked and a quick step sounded on the gravel walk. Looking up, Clare saw her hero of the morning advancing without his gun, but with a long lace scarf in his hand.

'Beg pardon,' he said, touching his hat again; 'but I found this in the clover field after I met you this morning, and thought it must belong to you.'

'It does,' thank you,' said Clare, rising, and then Aunt Sarah introduced them.

'My niece, Miss Maxwell, Mr. Webster. Won't you take a seat, Hugh? How is Amanda to-day?'

'Well, thank you,' answered Hugh, as he sat down on the steps at Aunt Sarah's feet, facing Miss Clare, and fanned his handsome, flushed face with his broad hat.

'Amanda is Hugh's sister,' explained Aunt Sarah to Clare. 'She was thirteen years old when their mother died, and I heard her promise her on her death-bed to be like a mother to the little brown eyed boy, who was only five years old then, and I think she has kept her trust, Hugh. If ever there was a faithful girl, it's Amanda.'

Hugh's handsome eyes grew soft. 'Yes,' he said, 'she is a good girl. She gave up her youth—her hopes of a home and children of her own—and resolutely devoted her girlhood to father and me. It seems almost cruel to me now, as I think of it. She is old beyond her years, and has had so little to make her life bright. And now, after twenty years, when the sacrifice is no longer needed, she finds her youth and youthful friends passed away.'

'But she finds you left,' said aunt Sarah.

'Yes,' answered Hugh, and a gleam of fun came into his grave eyes; 'and she seems to think me just as young and dependent as the day mother died. My six feet and twenty-five years fail to impress her utterly.'

Then he turned to Clare.

'Are you to spend the summer here?' he asked.

'Yes—I think so; until September. My physician said I needed to go to a country home and stay all summer, or I could never hope to regain the strength I have been losing for a year or two; so I came to Aunt Sarah, whom I had not seen since I was a wee girl, and she has kindly taken me to stay as I will.'

'You will find it very dull, I fear, after the city.'

'That is what I fear,' said Aunt Sarah. 'And Clare is so used to gay pastimes and hosts of young people, and there are no young ladies out here at all, and no young men for several miles, save yourself. I hope you will be neighborly, Hugh, and drop in every day. We might get a—what is it?—cro—cro—croket set.'

'Croquet?' laughed Clare. 'Oh, I have one in my trunk, and bows and arrows, too. And if Mr. Webster will help me place them, we might have a good deal of pleasure.'

'Certainly, I shall be delighted,' said Hugh, rising. 'I will drop in to-morrow. Good-night.'

'What a 'nice figure,' said Clare, as she watched him go down the walk. Such handsome, broad shoulders; but his chest is hollow; I fear he hasn't got good lungs.'

'No; and did you see how white he was as soon as the flush died off his face?' added Aunt Sarah. 'He looked so like his mother to me as he sat there. She was the handsomest woman ever this country saw. But I wouldn't wonder if Hugh lived to be a good deal older than she was.'

'Why does he stay here?' queried Clare. 'He would make an elegant man with a little polish.'

'It is the saving of him, working on the farm,' said Aunt Sarah; 'and besides it would break Amanda's heart to part with him. They set the world on each other. I don't know what Amanda would do if Hugh should marry. But he never seems to care for girls, someway.'

The next night Clare wrote another letter which began and was addressed like the other, in which she described her adventure, and added; 'I am tempted to use the liberty you so kindly accorded me, and get up a mild flirtation with this handsome, unsophisticated rustic. It would relieve the monotony of these changeless summer days very much. If I do, I will keep you informed as to its progress.'

A week later, Aunt Sarah, sitting on the porch, with her knitting, and watching Hugh and Clare on the little lawn before her, mentally told herself that her niece Clare, was the sweetest, most natural and unaffected girl she had ever seen from a city. 'No airs, no ways calculated to mislead; no coquettish or flirtish notions,' she soliloquized, 'but just a dear, sweet, natural girl, that likes to be friendly with the young men. Just the girl to make life a little pleasanter for Hugh, poor boy, who sees so little of the world.'

'Ah, unsuspecting Aunt Sarah! You did not know that the most dangerous artfulness in the world is artlessness.

That night Clare wrote to Walter Louden:

'My rustic swain and I have been playing at croquet and archery two hours this afternoon; and to-morrow I am to ride with him to see a wonderful farm some miles away. He is very kind and pleasant, and really very intelligent; but not at all used to society, of course, and wonderfully honest. I do not think he could understand how he could do or say anything under any circumstances which was not meant from the bottom of the heart. You see he is a poor specimen to get up 'an affair' with. My flirtation, perforce, must be very mild, indeed.'

Behind a handsome pair of bays, seated in a light, easy carriage, beside her pale, dark-eyed escort, the next day Clara rode along the country road, feeling that she might well be proud to be seen by any of her city friends, who had so commiserated her upon her desolate summer.

Fully as interesting, too, she found the conversation of her companion as that of many of her own admirers. It was not theatre or opera chat, to be sure, or empty compliments, or silly praise; but it was full of information on things pertaining to nature—birds, insects and animals, whose habits were as familiar to Hugh Webster as his own, for he was a passionate lover of nature. And, too, she found him well read in books, for he had a poet's soul, and a fine ear for melody and rythm.

'It is so strange to me,' she said to him that day, 'so strange you stay here. You should go out into the world. You are fitted for it; and it holds so much pleasure.'

'I don't know,' he said, musingly. 'I think I never could be quite happy away from the fields and brooks, and the old farm where my boyhood was spent. Every spot is dear to me. But I have often thought I would get away to the city for the winter. It would benefit me I know. I think I will next winter. You will be there then very likely?'

For a moment the truth trembled on Clara's lips, as she looked into the honest face and handsome brown eyes that shone upon her with a new interest in their beautiful depths. Then the temptation to sound that interest, to make it serve her selfish pleasure, got the better of her good impulse; and she answered, 'I am usually there in the winter; and should you come to town, you must let me know next season.'

As they drove homeward through a narrow valley, between the steep hills, Hugh remarked, 'We must come up here a week or two later—this valley will be just red with the wild lilies. And some time, when the day is pleasant, and you care to go, I know where there is a lovely lake; and I own a little boat just large enough for two. It is only a mile from home—in another direction.

'You are so kind,' answered Clare. 'But I do not want to take your time too much. I know how many things you have to do, more important and more profitable than amusing an idle young lady.'

And then she looked up into his face with a childish smile and a glance of her eye no man could resist

'It is a great pleasure to me,' he made answer, very earnestly, 'to be able to add to your stay among us in any way. You have brought me the pleasantest hours of my life. I am not so much tied to the farm as usual. I was not at all well in the spring—just weak and tired all the time; and we hired an extra hand for the season—a man who is experienced and trusty, and who seems to take a personal interest in the farm business; and I am relieved of a good deal of care. I am glad it chanced to be this summer you came to us, for it enables me to see more of you than I could have done any previous season.'

In her next communication to Walter Louden, Clare wrote:—

'My mild flirtation progresses with such such earnest solemnity, that I am inclined to be more saddened than amused by it. My brown-eyed rustic informed me recently that I had given him the pleasantest hours of his life. But while that same remark by a society youth might have been delightfully edifying by the proof of the progress of a flirtation, from his lips it sounded so honest and earnest I grew quite grave—as if I might if he told me I had converted him from Atheism to Christianity. I have done so little to give him pleasure—indeed he has been the one to confer that, but the poor fellow has known so little of life he is starved. You will agree with me, Walter, that this flirtation is indeed mild—for he has never paid me a compliment or taken my hand unless compelled to. He is a queer specimen of a man to find in this nineteenth century.'

Had Clare been writing for a few days later, she could not have truthfully added the closing sentences.

They drove, she and Hugh, to the valley for lilies. It was a superb day in midsummer. Clare was a vision of loveliness in a suit of soft white, a straw hat covered with fine lace ruching shading her lovely innocent face. With her lap and hands full of the beautiful red and spotted lilies, she made a delightful picture as she sat in the carriage, its top thrown back.

Hugh, standing by the side of the carriage, holding the reins in one hand, his head resting against the other, his elbow on the carriage-rim, his dark eyes resting upon its lovely occupant, found his voice at last. It was very low and very calm, and very earnest, as were the beautiful eyes.

'You are the most perfect woman in the world,' he said. 'Physically, mentally, Morally. Heaven was good to put you in this world, that we might see you.'

Clare looked down in surprise, and met the impassioned dark eyes, so full of almost unearthly beauty.

She reached out her fair hand and stroked his white brow, and ran her little fingers through the dark, moist hair. But she did not speak; she only looked at him and smiled.

'Why is it,' he said, presently, 'that if your hand or your garments touch me I tremble from head to foot? No other person ever affected me so. Why is it?'

'How can I tell?' answered Clare, still smiling. But she knew.

Somehow, she did not relate all or any of this occurrence when she wrote her next letter to Walter Louden. She only said her friend continued to be kind, and gave her many pleasures she would otherwise be debarred from.

After that it was nothing unusal for Hugh to take her hand and hold it in his when they drove, or stroke her soft hair with reverent touches as they sat on the old veranda in the moonlight, and he talked of the future in a new, strange way, it seemed to Clare—of the city—of travel—of the great world he seemed eager to know and be known by.

'I should like,' he said, 'to have a home in the city, and live there in winter; but I should always want to come back to the old farm in the summer.'

'The flirtation grows in earnest,' she wrote to Walter, in early August; 'though it must remain mild to the last of the chapter—of that I am convinced. The dark-eyed youth has a good deal more of poet and dreamer, and the woman about him than he has of the man. I think he admires me in a vague, dreamy way; indeed, he tells me so, but not like other men. He seems to dwell in dreamland, apart from common mortals.'

Indeed, he did just then—a dreamland so beautiful it glorified the world for him with wondrous beauty, and caused the grave-featured Amanda to watch him with serious, concerned eyes.

'What has come over Hugh of late?' she said to her father one day after Hugh had gone out. 'He seems unlike himself, someway—do you notice it? And where does he go so often? He never used to go away that he did not tell me where.'

The old farmer smiled.

'He goes down to see Neighbor Maxwell's pretty niece, I should think, from appearances, Amanda. We can't expect Hugh to be a boy always—he is a man in years, remember.'

Amanda's heart stood still. Hugh, a man! and Hugh in love—and with her! She grew numb, even to her extremities, and sat down to gather her thoughts.

She had seen this niece of Neighbor Maxwell's—a pretty, fair, graceful creature, she remembered—but so dainty, so elegant, so soft-figured and white-skinned, she seemed a part of another world than the one Amanda and Hugh had always known.

'Oh, it must not, must not be!' she cried. 'He must not love her, for it will only bring him pain and sorrow. Oh, Hugh, my own dear boy, Hugh!' And spinster Amanda buried her face in her hands, and the tears fell through upon her checked apron.

Then she arose and wiped her eyes, and put on a clean collar and apron, and went over to Neighbor Maxwell's.

She found Aunt Sarah quite alone, busy at her ironing table.

'Your niece hasn't left you, has she?' she queried, as she took a proffered chair near the open window.

'Oh, no,' answered Aunt Sarah, as she continued with her ironing. 'She has gone out for a forest ride, I believe, with Hugh. They seem to take a great deal of comfort with each other; and I am glad enough, for I thought I'd have a homesick girl on my hands before the summer was over. She's so used to having a good many folks about her. But Hugh, he's with her so much, and they seem to get along so well; she seems to be quite contented. They're like two children together.'

Amanda fanned her flushed face with a newspaper that lay conveniently on the window-sill.

'Does your niece intend to stay long?' she asked, looking out of the window.

'Until Septemer, I think,' Aunt Sarah replied, polishing a shirt wristband. 'Her beau is coming back to the city from the continent in September, and they are going to be married in October. She was sent out here to get a good rest, in order to recruit. She's been up so late at nights at parties, and the like, all winter, the doctors said she'd be an invalid if she didn't take a long rest. So she came out here; and I must say she has improved every day since she came.'

'So she is to be married, is she?' said Amanda, with a queer feeling of pleasure and pain at her heart she could not divine.

'O yes—to a Mr. Louden—quite an oldish man—and rich; and in some government business that took him off to London for all summer. He thinks the world of Clare; but I fancy sometimes it's more respect than love she gives him. But no doubt they'll be very happy. You are not going, are you, Amanda? You come in so seldom. I think you might make a longer stay. You haven't been over for six weeks before.'

'No; I'm always busy, you know. I just ran over to see how you were getting along. Left my pot on the fire, and must go back.'

'I wonder if Hugh knows this,' she mused, as she wolked home. 'Well, if he don't, it's time he did.'

She watched him keenly as he sat at the dinner table that night. How bright his eyes were; how red his lips; how like marble his brow, and how absent-minded he seemed—she repeated her remarks twice and thrice before he heard her.

After dinner he sat down by the western window with a book; but Amanda saw he was not reading. The sun set and the twilight fell, and still he had not spoken.

Amanda cleared her throat. It was a hard thing she was about to do—but it must be done. Better give him a blow than wait for another hand to give him a stab.

'Hugh, I called on Mrs. Maxwell today, while you were gone,' she said.

'Did you?' said Hugh, looking up with languid interest. 'It's quite a while since you were there before, isn't it, Amanda?'

'Yes—quite a while; I've only been in once since her niece came. She's a very pretty girl, I thought.'

She saw his cheek flush slowly through the gathering dusk as he answered, 'She is a beautiful girl, Amanda, and as sweet as beautiful.'

Amanda cleared her throat.

'Mrs. Maxwell tells me she is to be married in October. Very likely you know all about it, though. It seems strange to think so young and pretty a girl will marry an old man—her lover is quite old, Mrs. Maxwell says, but rich. I'm sure I hope she will be happy; she seems a nice girl.'

Hugh had turned his face toward the skies where the sunset had faded into dull gray. Not a gleam of color was left.

'Did you hear the name of this—this lover of Miss Maxwell?' he asked presently, in a very quiet way.

'Louden, I believe, and he is now on the continent. Comes back in September. He is very devoted to her.'

Hugh rose and went out. When he came back, an hour later, he went directly to his room.

During that hour he had seen Clare—had appeared to her suddenly as she stood alone by the gate in the moonlight—appeared to her so pale and white she had started in actual terror.

'I thought it was your ghost, she said, laughing; but her laugh died out suddenly, when he took her hand in his, which was as cold as ice and said, 'It is my ghost, I think, Clare. I have just this moment heard of your approaching marriage.'

She looked up with confused, startled eyes. 'Who told you?' she said.

'Then it is true?'

'Yes, Hugh.'

'Heavens!' he cried and flung her hand from him. 'You have been cruel, cruel to me, Clare—you have given me my death-blow. Heaven forgive you!'

Then he strode away from her in the pallid moonlight.

She crept up to her room, frightened and conscious-stricken. She had not thought he would take it so to heart. His words rang in her ears; but, after all, he would get over it. Men always did—men who were far more ardent lovers than he lived down their passions and their pain in a few months, and wooed anew. So she comforted herself and fell asleep at last.

They were at breakfast the next morning, when Amanda appeared in the doorway, white as a sheet and trembling in every limb.

'Hugh is dying,' she said. 'I want you all to come. He was taken with a hemorrage of the lungs at dawn, and we cannot stop the flow. He cannot live till noon, the physician says; and he is calling for Miss Clare.'

He only spoke once after she entered the room. His voice was very weak. 'Lean down,' he said; and she bent very close to the white lips, her own almost as white, her eyes frightened and tearless.

'I wanted to say,' he gasped, 'that I am sorry I spoke to you as I did last night. I had no right to blame you—I am alone in fault. I was mad, wild to love you—love you so, Clare—and may you be very happy! Kiss me, Clare!'

She leaned down and kissed him. He smiled, and then he opened his eyes very wide.

'Amanda—my sister,' he said, and reached out his hand to her—but before she could clasp it, it had fallen lifeless. He was dead.

'He spoke *my* name last—he thought of me last,' said Amanda. 'Oh, thank heaven!' Then she turned to Clare; 'Go now,' she said, and pointed to the door. 'He is nothing to you now—he can no longer contribute to your pleasure or amusement. Leave him to me.'

They were bitter words, and Clare felt them in all their stinging force, as she went out with her bowed head.

When she wrote to