Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 8. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1880. NO. 20

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.

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

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11.00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

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

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

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 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, 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 mat' 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.,

41 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 ground 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.

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

L. H. S.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, at Lawrencetown, opened for THIRD YEARS' work

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,
or C. S. PHINNEY, Associate Principal.

MONEY! TO LEND!

The Annapolis Building Society

LOANS MONEY ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. INTEREST 6 per cent.

Send stamp for ciruular and form of aplication.

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.

The Dignity of Human Life.

MARY E WARD.

Beating, beating, throbbing, quivering,
Oh, the mystery of life!
Meaning love and meaning hatred,
Meaning peace and meaning strife.

Who has never waked and listened,
In the silent, solemn night,
To the strong and steady heart-beat,
With a calm, intense delight?

Every beating, every pausing,
Though the wheels of trade stand still,
Noting neither time nor seasons
Nor obeying human will.

Sometimes 'mid the din and bustle
Of a crowded city street,
Hymns life seems but an atom
'Neath some monster's rushing feet.

Think we, deafened by the roar
"What is one poor human soul?
Were it lost, a thousand more
Might be brought to make it whole."

Through the day such thoughts may vex us,
But as night creeps slowly on,
Find we that with human footsteps,
So our monster, too, is gone.

All the crash and all the tumult,
Which are accidents of trade
Ceases when man's weary forehead
Is upon its pillow laid.

Learn we then that life is holy,
That each soul must wear its crown,
That though walking ways most lowly
It were sin to lay it down.

Life is life, and life in death,
Life in Heaven and life on earth,
Differ only by a breath,
And the nature of a birth.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

(Continued.)

'Do not touch me,' she said. 'My roses are full of thorns—they will wound you.'

'Where is Thurlstone?' thought Luffincot impatiently. 'He ought to be here to look after his sister. She is ill—she is in a fever; she must have medical attendance instantly.'

He walked to the bell, meaning to ring it and ask for Lady Ramsden, but at that instant she entered the room, fevered and flushed, and followed by Major Werrington.

'I cannot believe you,' she said excitedly. 'It is a vile and false report. Why do you come to me, Major Werrington, with the low gossip of the crowd?'

'I assure you, Marchioness, it is true. And you had better telegraph to the Marquis to return at once,' he concluded roughly.

Respect for Lady Ramsden's new rank, and some terrible fear which shook him visibly, seemed to pull the Major in opposite directions and bring him to the verge of apoplexy.

'What is the matter?' asked Luffincot. 'The pistol is found,' returned the Major—'and it is Thurlstone's!'

In the memory and breathless silence that followed this announcement Luffincot turned and looked at Poppy. All her color had faded; even her lips were white; but there was an expression of courage on her pale face which it had not worn in its flushed beauty. She came forward with a quick, firm step, and stood by her mother's side, and soothed her with hand and voice.

'There is nothing to fear,' she said. 'Jocelyn is innocent of this man's death—you know that, mother.'

Lady Ramsden had thrown herself into a chair and was weeping bitterly, but more from indignation than terror. She raised her head now, and flung her arm around her daughter.

'Do I need any assurance of my son's innocence?' she exclaimed. 'He will be here directly, no doubt, and then will refute this vile charge. As for you, Major Werrington, you are indebted to him for much kindness, and I am surprised that you should be the one to come and tell me such a miserable lie.'

'I came in friendliness—and unfortunately it is no lie. I have seen the pistol, and know it to be your son's.'

'My son's pistols are both in their cases in his dressing-room,' replied Lady Ramsden passionately. 'Mr. Luffincot, will you ring the bell for me? I will have the case brought down.'

'No, no, mamma!' Poppy said eagerly; but her mother waved her away, and persisted in her resolve.

Luffincot kept silent, but all his senses, stung by pain, were watchfully alert, and every nerve was quivering with some separate anguish.

During the servant's absence the Major began to utter rambling apologies.

'Why look upon me as an enemy because I bring you the earliest news of this strange affair? I do it out of kindness. I have always been your son's friend—I'll stand by him in anything except—except—you can't expect a man to stand by another in a case like this now, can you?'

No one answered him. All eyes were fixed on the pistol-case which the servant laid on the table, then retiring.

'Now,' said Lady Ramsden triumphantly, 'we shall see how mistaken you were, Major Werrington, in your supposed recognition of my son's pistol.' The case was locked. 'Has no one a key to fit it?' she asked impatiently.

The Major and Luffincot both presented the keys in their possession and tried them on the lock vainly. Lastly, Lady Ramsden from a basket on her work-table took her own keys and tried them, and one turned the lock with ease.

The case was empty! After one look, one involuntary cry of surprise, Lady Ramsden fell back into her chair, trembling visibly. She covered the ghastly paleness of her face with both hands and uttered not a word. The Major grew livid, but he too was silent. With both hands in his pockets, he walked to the window and, with a stony glare in his bloodshot eyes, stood there looking out upon the waving green.

Then it was that Luffincot looked at Poppy and caught a glance which made him quiver from head to heel. In another instant both had looked away, and her large eyes, filled with the golden sunny light which made their glory, were shining and trembling with tears. She brushed them away quickly and spoke in steady voice.

'Do not be alarmed, mamma. I can explain the absence of the pistols, and will do so at the right time.'

'You!' exclaimed the Major, turning his bloated face towards her. 'You had better take care what you say, Miss Saterleigh, in this matter. I advise you that as a friend.'

'I will be careful,' rejoined Poppy quietly. 'Let me counsel you too, Major Werrington, to use caution.'

There was meaning in her voice, and the man stared at her with protruding eyes, and face growing spotted with a livid white.

'It is no affair of mine, Miss Saterleigh, except in always having had friendly feelings towards her brother. It is the business of the police—entirely theirs.'

'Just so,' said Poppy calmly.

Luffincot listened in wonder. Could this be the girl whose strange fevered excitement and incoherent words had led him to believe her to be wandering in mind? There was no sign now in her of rambling speech and foolish weakness; except for her deathly paleness, no one would have deemed her agitated even, her words were so cold and quiet, her manner was so calm.

'Yes, just so,' repeated the Major, 'taking up his hat and brushing it round with a shaking hand. 'And I won't intrude on Lady Ramsden any longer. I am very sorry—I am sure you know, Marchioness—I am very sorry for this trouble. And let me advise you now to telegraph for the Marquis. It is an extremely fortunate thing for you that old Lam—I mean that your husband is a Marquis. You'll find the benefit of that now.'

Lady Ramsden rose and bowed her farewell without seeing his proffered hand. Her usual light manner was gone. She spoke gravely and with dignity.

'I shall not trouble my husband,' she said, 'until he has performed his duty to his dead nephew. My son can protect his own name, and his mother's and sister's also. I expect his return every minute, Major Werrington, and this mystery will then be cleared up.'

'Yes, I hope so, but—but I am afraid Thurlstone won't come back,' he remarked.

'What do you mean by saying that?' Lady Ramsden cried, the fair whiteness of her face flushing with indignation.

'Nothing! Oh, nothing! Good-bye;' and the Major took his departure hurriedly, not venturing on a word more.

'That man was always hateful,' said Lady Ramsden passionately; 'but to-day he surpasses himself. Oh, where is Jocelyn? Why does he not come back? Will you search for him, Mr. Luffincot, and entreat him not to leave me in this distress but return here instantly, and refute the wicked imputation laid upon him by this odious man?'

'I will do all I can,' returned Luffincot.

'I will go and look for him again at once.'

'Stop one moment first. Tell me yourself all that happened last night. I have not heard the details properly.' The poor lady spoke with a gasping breath. It was evident that though she craved to hear the truth she also feared it. Her belief in her son's innocence was beginning to be clouded over by the anguish of her terror.

Without lifting his eyes towards Poppy Luffincot related concisely all that had occurred.

'Then you searched for a pistol?' said Lady Ramsden, with fear on her parted lips.

'No. Harwood wished to make a search, but I objected, as we had not time.'

'And you found nothing but that glove?'

'Nothing.'

'And where is it now?'

'In the hands of the police.' Luffincot's voice shook in saying this, in spite of the great effort he made at self-control; and his eyes half raised themselves, but fell again—perhaps in pity.

No one spoke for a moment. It was Poppy who broke the silence.

'Mamma, do lie down, and try to sleep a little,' she said. 'And do not be at all alarmed or nervous—there is no need. Everything will be made clear at the inquest.'

'Yes, yes; I am sure of that.' Lady Ramsden answered in nervous haste. 'I will take your advice, Poppy. Thank you very much, Mr. Luffincot, for your kind promise. You will bring back my son in an hour?'

'I will try to do so,' said Luffincot, rising as she passed out of the room. He looked after her pitifully as she went; she seemed but the ghost of the gay, light-hearted Lady Saterleigh, who was beginning already to fade from his mind as a thing of the past.

The door was closed on him and Poppy. There was a dead, breathless silence; neither dared lift an eyelid to take a glance at the other's face. The room seemed filled with a double light; there was a glare of sunshine at the window which fell upon the walls and carpet, mingling with the furtive shadows which crept and shook round about threateningly. Poppy again was the first to break through the pain and fear of the silence.

'I must not ask what your thoughts are?' she said. No whiteness on any living face could exceed the whiteness that gathered slowly on hers as she uttered these few words.

'It would be better not,' replied Luffincot, putting his lips together by a mighty effort.

'No, better not,' echoed Poppy. She clasped her hands together a little wildly, then checked herself and let them fall upon her lap. 'It is better not to know each other's thoughts. You might be asked what I had said.'

'Yes,' said poor Luffincot desolately.

'You will help me to keep up mamma's courage? Poor mamma! She was so happy till to-day.'

There was a little silence again. Luffincot was looking at her now; he could not keep the tears from his eyes. Poppy saw them.

'I am not worthy,' she said suddenly, putting her hand upon her forehead. 'Don't—don't pity me—it will kill me!'

Luffincot could not speak; he held a shaking hand towards her. At that moment he would fain have gathered her to his heart and comforted her as one comforts a child.

'No, no,' Poppy said, shrinking from his friendly hand—'I am past comfort!'

Then she broke down suddenly and fell upon her knees, but shed no tears, nor bowed her face nor hid it. Luffincot saw that she was unconscious even of his presence. She was quite wild, quite beside herself, all things forgotton but one.

'Richard, Richard!' she murmured. 'My love, Richard, speak one word—only one! Dead, dead! Yes, it is true. He is dead!' She came to herself as suddenly as she had fallen into this mood, and rose from her knees quietly. 'I have been giving way a little, have I not?' she said, looking at Luffincot with a wild smile. 'But you will not tell it. You know I loved him. I do not mind showing some of my grief before you. I tried to cheat you when you first came; I was a little wild. I will tell the truth. I could not bear it at first. I took opium this morning when——'

'Hush!' interrupted Luffincot. 'Do not tell me anything.'

'No,' said Poppy forlornly; 'but it was no harm what I was going to say. It was when Jocelyn left me. You know he will not come back?'

'I suppose not,' replied Luffincot, his voice broken and choked.

'What can I do for Lilian?' asked Poppy. 'Do you think she will die?'

'I hope not. I believe not.'

'But it is very hard for her,' continued Poppy, her eyes and face still fixed and passionless—'Yet it is not so hard as death. Will his mother die because of it?'

'I hope not,' Luffincot said again. 'Think of yourself a little—try to be composed.'

With a strange look full of intolerable pain Poppy fixed her great amber eyes on him.

'I have thought of myself too much,' she said slowly. 'This is the day of retribution now.'

Luffincot could not answer her. The swelling tide of sorrow within him was rising too high; he was fast giving way before it.

'When the inquest is held,' said Poppy, still quietly, 'You will do all you can for Jocelyn?'

Luffincot bowed his head, and then with his hand tried to check the throbbing of his heart as he spoke.

'All that one man can do for another I will do for him. Perhaps I should have done more has done under the same circumstances,' thought Luffincot as his glance rested on the forlorn figure and pale lovely face of Poppy. 'Who shall say that Richard Lancross did not deserve to die?'

'Thank you,' said Poppy smilingly. 'Thank you for Jocelyn.'

'In return you must do something for me,' Luffincot said, bending towards her to speak very low.

A momentary flush tinged her paleness, and then vanished; her lip shook—she did not try to speak.

'You must promise me you will take no more opium.'

At this she looked up and shook her head.

'For your brother's sake,' pleaded Luffincot. 'If you do not keep your mind clear, how can you help him? When I first saw you to-day, you were not in a fit state to answer questions. Think how much may depend on your courage.'

Again a faint colour touched the whiteness of her face, but the pang passed, and she answered calmly—

'You are right. I give you my promise. I will save myself no more—I will suffer all.'

'That is well said,' returned Luffincot, his voice faltering with all he dared not speak. 'I shall leave you the happier for having heard those words. I think I had better go on.'

He rose, gazing at her wistfully with quivering nerves, and arms that longed to hold her to his breast and press her head there and rain down tears upon her face, while he whispered of comfort that could never come.

'Yes, you had better go,' Poppy said quietly, 'and come back by-and-by and tell mamma that you could not find Jocelyn. Good-bye now.'

'And you will not give me your hand, Poppy?'

She broke down again for one instant—one wild instant—with hands pressed upon her forehead, and eyes tearless and full of horror.

'No, I cannot—I must not. Do not ask it!'

He did not; he turned away overcome; his eyes overflowed with tears, his hand fell by his side.

'I will do all I can for your brother; is there nothing I can do for you?' he asked brokenly.

'Will you do something for me?' she said. 'I have not dared to ask you.'

'I will do anything for you that man can. You know I will,' he answered earnestly.

She rose and drew a step nearer to him; the lovely vivid carnation that had faded from her face overspread it once again, and then left it quickly for ever. She was white as marble when she spoke.

'Then search the wood for the other glove. It is there, near the stream, to the left.'

'I will find it,' said Luffincot; and, turning blindly to the door, he went out into the open air and saw neither earth nor sky.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

'There are frightful reports afloat about Thurlstone,' said Mrs. Challacome to her husband. 'You had better speak to Lilian. Unless the man clears his character, the marriage can't go on.'

Captain Challacombe was hanging his hat on the rack, having just entered the hall. He turned a changed agitated face towards his shrewish wife.

'It is more than report,' he said. 'His pistol has been picked up on the spot. Where is Lilian?'

'In the garden,' returned Mrs. Challacombe shortly. She was frightened, and words failed her for once.

'Thurlstone is missing,' continued the Captain. 'He will be arrested if found. There is grave cause for suspicion against him. Harwood asserts there was ill-blood between Lancross and him. He has related facts about that quarrel they hushed up which prove this. It is an awful affair. I wish my poor girl was not mixed up in it.'

'I always warned you that the Saterleigh lot were as flighty as moon-rakers,' said Mrs. Challacombe. 'I never expected any happiness for Lilian in the engagement. Now you see how right I was! You should not have encouraged her to jilt Edgar Davenant.'

'For pity's sake cease that theme!' returned the man sadly. 'It is useless to regret the past. What I have to do now is to guard my poor girl, if I can, from any shadow of Thurlstone's guilt falling on her name.'

'So you think him guilty?' cried Mrs. Challacombe in alarm.

'No, I do not—at least, not of Lancross's death,' her husband rejoined, with a sort of resolute firmness. 'But I believe it is very probable there was a quarrel—a scuffle in which the pistol may have gone off by accident. That is my view of the case, and I do not intend to believe worse things until proved facts compel me.'

His voice and look for once silenced his voluble wife.

'You had better go to Lilian,' she observed quite meekly. 'I do not pretend to be equal to the task of soothing such grief as hers.'

The Captain put on his hat again and walked out slowly; at the door he turned.

'I have forgotten to say that the last report prevalent is that Thurlstone is drowned. He went to bathe at six this morning; he has not been seen since. It is this I have to break to Lilian.'

The rigid lines of his set honest face quivered; he walked away hastily, leaving his wife standing in the hall with her hard heart fluttering and her cheeks growing pale.

Down among the shadows of rocks, where still pools held the red glory of the dying day, Lilian sat alone with her grief. The hours of amazement and of terror had passed; the slow hours of suspense and fear were gathering in upon her darkly. Her world was broken up; the joy, the love, the beauty around her yesterday, to-day were dead; she could not even remember them or count them dear; the little raging in her heart was too strong, the anguish too fierce and new. Hosts upon hosts of thoughts rose in her, fought, strove, died, fled, and came again. The chaos of confused sensation into which her mind fell was like to an earthquake which overwhelms, shakes, destroys, and leaves the fairest edifices in ruins.

Where was her happiness? It had crumbled away. Where was her trust? It was shaken, and was falling. Where were her young joy and pride in her lover? They were swallowed up in horror. Her life lay in fragments before her. Things that yesterday were stable and sure as the sun were to-day shattered into dust. Nothing remained but love; this was immutable, eternal, beautiful even in the midst of this dire heap of confusion on which her mind dwelt desolate.

Whatever had happened or could happen, love was still the same, perfect and glorious, and true through all. Dimly, gropingly, she turned from the ea thly love to the heavenly, and felt faintly for the peace she longed for. If human love could be so strong, so sustaining, so comforting, so resolved to stand by the loved one through good and evil, then surely she could trust to the infinite divine love, which, with wisdom past our ken, leads us through trouble into rest, through death into life. She covered her face with her hands and prayed.

Silently the shadows of the evening fell and crept about her dimly. The shining pools of pale-green water, erstwhile glistening golden in the western sun, died into laden gray; and over the rough crags and slippery hollows, where long shadows and rosy lights had blended, the incoming sea rushed soft and strong with melodious, insidious swell. From prayers came tears, then hope and calmness. Heaven would temper the wind to the shorn lamb. All was not lost while love and life were safe. Weeping might endure for a night, but joy would come in the morning.

A long sweeping wave rolled up to the rock on which she sat, touched it, still swept onwards, and broke its frothy crest close to her feet. Her hands dropped down from her face; her wistful eyes looked all along the wild expanse of the gray sea yearningly, as though she half hoped to see the feet of some succouring angel on the waves. Often from this spot, in the June evenings, she had watched the dance of her lover's boat as the breeze brought it onwards to the shore. Many a time had he waited for her with resting oars and sail half furled; many a time from this very rock had she stretched out arms to his eager hands, and been close enfolded for a moment ere he set her down upon the cushioned seat, and, joyful as a king, rowed away along the shadowed fringe of this lovely sea. Then they had not spoken much, but his eyes had smiled, and hers had drooped to hide their joy.

Now the waves were gray and pitiless and all the sea was a blank. No! Was that a boat creeping quietly along the shadows of the tall cliffs, hiding now and again behind some jutting rock or huge gray boulder, round which the surf lapped chill and white?

The question broke on Lilian's mind with a hope which was a terror. She arose the better to gaze seaward, and with parted lips and strained eyes she watched the flash of the oars as each stalwart stroke brought the boat nearer to her. At length only a narrow blank of gray sea stood between her and the face of the rower, and then with a deep sigh, she passed her hand across her weary eyes and turned away.

The rower was old Dan Tregoon. He arose in his boat and beckoned to her silently. She looked back and shook her head.

'I cannot row to-night, Dan.' Then she stopped, for the man's face had a look which commanded her attention.

'I want to take you a little way out to sea,' said Dan quietly.

He placed his coat on the seat for her, and held out his brown hand to assist her. There was no question nor doubt on his face as to her obeying his wish, neither was there any question on her side. She stepped into the boat instantly, and with two strokes Dan made her fly over the waves like a swi .

'You have news for me?' said Lilian breathlessly.

Dan looked around upon earth and sea and sky before he answered—

'Yes, but not om him. Bide a bit; we ain't out o' ear-shot or eyesight.'

On flew the boat till gray sea and sky and mist were their only walls and roof and floor, and nothing but the cry of the cormorant broke upon the intense and sorrowful solitude.

Dan rested on his oars and listened intently with his brown, wrinkled face bent forward, and it was not till he had convinced himself that they were alone upon the waste of waters that he spoke.

'I reckon we are safe here, miss. Them perlicemen can't row to speak of—that's why I took to my oars. And they can't sail and they can't swim. They be poor critters on the whole, but they can shut their hand on a shilling faster than most folks—and that is about the most they can do.'

(Continued on fourth page.)