# Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 7. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1880. NO. 41



**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.

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

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is **12,154**, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is **10,200**, exceeding by **2,000** copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents **2,000** families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."


## Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Co-partnership hitherto existing under the name and style of SANCTON & PIPER, Printers and Publishers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the senior partner, Jno. E SANCTON, retiring from the late firm. The business will in the future be conducted by HENRY S. PIPER, who assumes all liabilities against and for the late firm.

JOHN E. SANCTON.
HENRY S. PIPER.

Bridgetown, April 20th, 1879.


BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

**BOOK STORE**

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.
July 17th, 1878. n13 y

**NEW RICH BLOOD!**

**Parsons' Purgative Pills** make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.

**MAKE HENS LAY.**

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.**

For Internal and External Use.

CURES—Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere.

**HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER**

THIS standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

**Price, One Dollar.**

**Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.**

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

BRIDGETOWN

**Marble Works.**

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

**FALCONER & WHITMAN**

are now manufacturing

**Monuments & Gravestones**

Of Italian and American Marble.

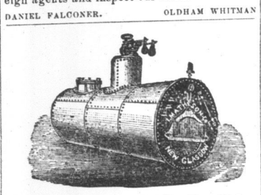
ALSO:

**Granite and Freestone Monuments.**

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN



**I. MATHESON & CO.,**

ENGINEERS

AND

**BOILER MAKERS,**

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

**Engines and Boilers.**

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe, Steam and ater Guages, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups.

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**Look Here, Look Here!**

**S. N. Fallesen's**

— IS THE —

**CHEAPEST PLACE**

-- TO BUY —

**Your Clothes.**

*A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.*

Just Received from Montreal:

A large Lot of

**CLOTHS,**

which will be sold at the lowest prices. Call and inspect Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

S. N. Fallesen,
Merchant Tailor, Water St.

Bridgetown, July 6, '79.

**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

**NOTICE.**

THE Public are warned against buying a Note of hand drawn by me in favor of CALEB KNIFFIN, for twenty dollars, of date Sept. 19th, 1879, as I have received no value for the same.

JOSEPH WOODBURY.
Middleton, Oct. 20th, 1879. n27tf

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and on capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. July 30 y.

**GREAT INDUCEMENT!**

GENUINE

**Waltham Watches.**

Lower than ever before offered. During the month of January I will sell genuine Waltham Watches at the following low value for Cash:

TO A CLUB OF TEN

Two and a half oz. Coin Silver Cased

**P. S. BARTLETT WATCHES**

can be bought for

**$20.00.**

each (Open faced or Hunting). TO A CLUB OF FIVE 75 cents extra each watch. $4.00 allowed to the getter up of club where ten is taken; $3.00 on five:

TO A CLUB OF TEN

Two oz. Coin Silver Cased

**Riverside WALTHAM Watches**

can be bought for

**$15.00**

Cash (Open faced or Hunting case.) TO A CLUB OF FIVE, 75 cents extra each. $3,00 allowed where ten is taken; $2.50 on five.

**Now is Your Chance for Bargains!**

Remember the offer holds good for January only.

JOHN E. SANCTON.

P. S.—Private parties calling upon the subscriber can have special terms made with them.

**$300** A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address jy30y TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

☞ SIDE DOOR.

**John H. Fisher.**

(*Late of Mechias, State of Maine.*)

**Merchant Tailor,**

MASONIC HALL,

GRANVILLE STREET ..... BRIDGETOWN

IS prepared to make all kinds of Clothing to order or from Cloth found.

Broadcloth, Doe Skins, Tweeds, Tailor's Trimmings, etc.,

in variety, now in Stock. No Delay. Prices Moderate. Latest Fashions. First-class Workmen. Garments WARRANTED TO FIT.

TERMS:—Cash or approved credit.
Bridgetown, May 28th '79. 52ly

**35 PER CENT!**

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

**HE DOES NOT INTEND**

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

**Still further Reduction,**

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
BEDSTEADS, $2.50 to $3.00.
WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED.
Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

**Bridgetown Photograph Saloon**

IN FULL BLAST.

NOW is the time to get good Tin-types of yourselves, your sisters, your cousins and your aunts. Come early and often. Motto frames, 40c. and 60c. always on hand.

CHARLIE WILLIS, Operator.

GENERAL

**Insurance Agency.**

THE Subscriber having made Insurance a Specialty for some years past, is prepared to effect risks in the best

English, American, & Canadian Companies,

at Lowest Rates, in the

Fire, Life, and Marine Departments.

Applicants will receive prompt replies to Inquiries for Rates.

ALBERT MORSE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
OFFICE, Queen St..... Bridgetown, N. S.
1Jan1

**C. T. Bohaker,**

Barrister & Att'y-at-Law,

Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.,

has opened a new office in the store now occupied by E. H. Phinney, Esq., at Middleton Corner, where he will promptly attend to all kinds of legal business.

Middleton, March 1st '79. 1y

**Encyclopedia Britannica.**

We live in a reading age, which is distinguished for the almost interminable multiplication of books. The most of them are either frothy fictions or the foggy exhibitions of vague thories that my excite a transient interest, and then sink into merited oblivion. The greater number of volumes in modern libraries are mere literary chaff.—The acquisition of knowledge, on the part of readers, depends not so much on the number of books read, as on the character and substantiality of their contents, thoroughly studied and understood. We call the attention of our readers to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, a new edition of which is now being published. It is a library in itself. It gives a clear and comprehensive view of philosophy in all its many aspects, and pours a flood of light on the physical sciences. It imparts an extended range of information as respects literature, biography, political economy, and all matters of which engage the thoughts and activities of men. It leaves no subject unmentioned, that is of theoretical or practical utility in our busy world. In it there is an oceansfulness of information. As a book of reference, to say nothing of every day study, it cannot be over-estimated. There is scarcely anything in it, from beginning to end, which is not fraught with instruction. It contains the concentration of all knowledge which has been imparted to our world by earth's mightiest intellects. Such a book in a reading family, is a living spring—an ever flowing fountain of information. Its teachings are inexhaustible.

**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.**

**AGENTS WANTED!**

THE NEW STYLE

**'FAMILY' $25 SEWING MACHINE!**

THE USUAL $65 MACHINE REDUCED TO $25

$150 per Week Made Easy.

Horse and Wagon Free to Agents.

The Cheapest and Best in the World! Too Long in Use to Doubt its Superior Merits.

**No money to pay until the Machine is delivered to you and examined.**

It makes the shuttle, double-thread lock-stitch (the same on both sides of the work,) which received the HIGHEST AWARD at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, Pa, 1876. And is complete with a LARGER ASSORTMENT OF ATTACHMENTS for fine work than any other machine, and reduced to only $25.

It is an easy and pleasant machine to operate, requires the least care, produces every variety of work, and will last until the next century begins. Strong, Simple, Rapid and Efficient.

Use it once, and you will use no other. The money cheerfully refunded if it will not outwork and outlast any machine at double the price.

Agents sell them faster than any other in consequence of their being "the Best at the Lowest Price."

Each machine thoroughly warranted with a *Written Guarantee* for five years. Kept in order FREE OF CHARGE; money refunded at once if not satisfactory.

It is the most solid, reliable, and satisfactory machine ever invented for all kinds of family work. It is an acknowledged unequivocal success, thoroughly tested, and used in thousands of homes. An efficient, silent, rapid, reliable, and every ready helper to wife or seamstress, it will do the work of a family for a life-time, or it will earn from $4 to $5 per day for any one who wishes to sew for a living. This machine costs less than HALF THE PRICE of any NEW machines of like quality. Has extra long, large-sized Bobbins, holding 100 yards of thread, doing away with the frequent rewinding of bobbins. It is built for strength and constant hard work. Interchangeable working parts, manufactured of fine polished steel. Will run for years without repairs; it is simple to learn, easy to manage, understood perfectly in an hour, and always ready in a moment to do every description of heavy or fine work at less cost or trouble that any other machines *at any price* ever did, or can do. It will sew anything a needle can pierce, from lace or cambric, to heavy cloth or harness, with any kind of thread, and will run off twenty yards per minute; it uses strong, straight needles, and never breaks them. It cannot miss or break a stich, ravel or break a thread. If you have any other machine, buy this and have a better one. The ease and rapidity of its motion and quality of its work are its best recommendations. It will hem, fell, tuck, braid, cord, bind, gather, quilt, ruffle, pleat, fold, scallop, shirr, roll, baste, embroider, run up breadths, etc., with elegance, ease and quickness, unsurpassed by any machine ever invented.

**BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.**

The Prices for our NEW machines are less than those asked by dealers in second-hand, rebuilt and refinished machines, or those selling out old stock to close up business, many such inferior and old style machines being offered as new at reduced prices; beware of imposition and only buy NEW machines. There are no NEW first-class machines offered as low as the "Family," by many dollars.

**Machines sent for Examination before payment of Bill.**

Extraordinary inducements offered to Clergymen, Teachers, Storekeepers, etc., to act as agents. Horse and waggon furnished free. For testimonials see descriptive books, mailed free with samples of work, liberal terms, circulars, etc. Address,

"Family" Sewing Machine Co.
755 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.


## Poetry.

### Sunshine and Shadow.

Only a bank of weeds, of simple weeds,
Of sweet wild thyme and yellow, scented brown,
Of tangled grass, and slender wind-blown reeds,
Of brown notched ferns and tall spiked foxglove bloom.
And yet a world of beauty garners there,
Low-twitt'ring birds, soft scents, and colors fair.

Only a narrow mound, a long, low mound,
Snow-covered, 'neath a wintry, leaden sky,
Unlit by moon or stars; and all around
Through bare, brown trees the night winds moan and sigh.
And yet a world of love lies buried there,
Passion and pain, bright hopes, and dull despair.

Oh, golden bank, where sunbeams glint and play,
Bloom out in fragrance with a hundred flowers!
Oh, narrow mound, keep till the judgment-day
The mournful secrets of these hearts of ours!
Then in God's light let joy and sorrow fade,
For near *His* brightness both alike are shade.

—*Temple Bar.*

## Select Literature.

### More Bitter Than Death.

(*Continued.*)

She turned away from him. It was useless to tell him that life without her son was living death—it was useless to appeal to him. The more intensely she longed for her boy, the more resolutely he retained his resolution that they must be parted for all time. What would be the use to tell him that she was longing for little Leo until her whole life was one long sigh for him?

'Content, Philip?' she replied. 'What a strange word to choose! You took me from nothing, and place me by your side—you have lavished everything upon me—why should I not be content?'

So she spoke; yet she gazed at him with anxious, wistful eyes, as though she would say, 'You know why all this luxury only frets and troubles me—I want my child;' but she knew how useless it was to say anything to him; she would only provoke his anger—rouse the Lauraine jealousy. So she turned from him coldly—even his loving words and caresses wearied her. If he would only let her see Leo, she would be a happy woman, a happy wife.

'Did he think that I could sell the heart out of my breast?' she moaned. 'Did he think that I could sell my child? Oh, how mad, how foolish, how blind I was to let a false hope mislead me! I had no grounds for it—I ought to have known that he meant every word he said.'

It was part of her punishment that she loved her husband as dearly as ever, yet felt more keenly every day the cruelty of what he had done.

When the season was over they went back to Rainewold. There could have been no greater success than hers was. She had made hosts of friends and acquaintances. Her beauty had made her universally popular. She returned home in the very flush of triumph and success.

There was an addition to the home-party at Rainewold—pretty little Miss Rose Lorimer, the daughter of a distant cousin of Lord Lauraine. The mother, dying, had left her a small fortune, and had asked the Earl to be her guardian. He had solved all difficulties by saying that the child had better live at Rainewold and have a governess there—it would be better than sending her to school. She was quite a shild—not four years old. And Lord Lauraine had another idea in arranging for the child to live at Rainewold—he thought that it would please his wife—that she would love the little girl, who might in some measure replace her lost child. And Lady Lauraine was pleased, for Rose was a pretty little child, and loving her, caring for her, was an occupation that might probably distract her mind.

At first it did so. Lady Lauraine was pleased to have a nursery to manage, to engage a governess, to have a child whom she could love—but, when the novelty of it had worn away, she turned back to the old sorrow. If Philip could do all this for the child of a kinswoman whom he had hardly known or seen, why not let her at least see her child for one half-hour? For one half-hour with little Leo, she would have surrendered all her grandeur, magnificence, beauty and wealth. Yet that one pleasure which above all others she longed for he would not grant.

That Christmas the Earl's happiness was made complete by the birth of a child and heir. Then he had no fear—Gladys would be quite satisfied, quite happy, now that she had a son of her own again. He did not know that Gladys, lying weak and ill, had formed an appeal to him in her own mind—had thought how she would ask him to look at his own child, and, by the love he felt for it, give her back Leo. He had refused before in brief stern words, but he would not refuse now that a baby face would plead for her.

He came into her room, and there was no loving word that he did not lavish upon her. She took courage. She looked up calmly at the dark handsome face.

'Philip,' she said gently, 'do you love your little son?'

'My darling, of course I do,' he answered.

'You would not like to lose him?' she continued.

But he evidently guessed what was in her mind—he kissed the sweet quivering lips and the pale beautiful face.

'I would rather lose him and everything else in the world than you,' he said. 'You will be happy now, Gladys—you have husband and child—there is nothing wanting in your life.'

She was quick enough to understand him—she knew that she was to say no more.

The rejoicings over the birth of the heir to Rainewold were many and great. Gladys could hear the chiming of the bells, the constant roll of carriages—it seemed as though all the county were calling to congratulate the Earl. She saw costly preparations made for the little heir, and her heart turned to the child who had been born in poverty and sold for gold.

It was not that she loved this little one less, but Leo more. Leo had been all her own—he had slept all night in her arms—he had been with her all day. He was Leo Hartland, with his mother's love for his dowry, and little beyond—this was the heir to ancient titles and vast fortunes. This child had every luxury that could be crowded into baby-life—Leo had had no comforts but such as she had found for him. Leo had belonged to her, and her alone—he was her sole possession, her crown of joy, her wondrous treasure, her own to love as she would. This child belonged to the stately Earl, the proud Lauraines, the vast estate; the wealth and magnificence of her new life; she could not do what she would with him. She could not love as she would; he seemed to belong to every one as much as to herself. Trained nurses, clever self-reliant women, took him in hand. He must not sleep in his mother's arms; he must not remain in her ladyship's room—they knew what was best for him. So in some measure he was taken out of her hands.

During the many hours of convalescence, how she longed for a look at the face of her boy—longed until her whole soul was sick with longing, her lips worn with prayer!

There was one heart filled with deadly hatred against her. Albert Lauraine could not forgive her now; she had offended him for ever. She had given the Earl an heir to the estates, and his place would know him no more. That which had been joy to others had been torture to him. He had lost his chance of being Earl of Lauraine, and he hated the beautiful woman through whom he had lost it. He had but one desire; it was vengeance against her in one shape or another—he did not care what. He would have been pleased with any disgrace that would have removed her from her high station. Outwardly he was kind, deferential, and attentive; inwardly, he hated her with a deadly hate.

When the little heir of Rainewold was three months old, there was a grand christening party given at Rainewold. The boy had a royal duchess for his godmother; the festivities were almost endless—so great was the Earl's delight. The saddest face to be seen was that of the young mother, who thought so much of her other child while she listened to the solemn words of the service.

Lord Lauraine would not read the pathetic entreaty of his wife's eyes when he bent over the child—he would not understand the pathos of her voice when she told him how mothers love their children—he would not see that despite her love for him, despite the baby that lay in her arms, she was pining for a glimpse of the child that he detested.

She wondered, with a vague, pained wonder, if he would grow jealous of this child. He was with her one day when the stately head-nurse brought in the child, and her ladyship was allowed to take possession of him for half an hour. She did not caress him, but laid him by her side on a couch.

'Have you no kisses to spare for the baby?' Lord Lauraine asked laughingly.

She looked at him.

'I did not think you liked me to love or caress any one or anything but yourself,' she replied.

'My darling Gladys, I am not jealous of my own child,' he said, with a smile.

'No,' she answered, with a bitter cry—'only of mine—Heaven help me, only of mine!'

She could not have helped that one most bitter cry had her life been the forfeit. He turned from her without a word, and left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

The little heir thrived and grew. It was a strange fatality that he should be like Leo; but he was. Both had the mother's beautiful brow, rounded at the temples, with the blue veins showing under the white skin—both had the same golden-brown hair and sweet mouth. When Lady Lauraine looked on Vere, she saw Leo; and when he was two years old, the age at which she had lost Leo, the bitterness of her anguish was almost more than she could bear.

She had made a vow to herself, after the last scene with her husband, that nothing should induce her to refer to the child again, because for many days afterwards Philip had not spoken to her, except for the ordinary civilities of the table and the household. She loved him very dearly, and she had found his silence very hard to bear. It was a terrible thing to her that she could not have the love of husband and child.

She had borne her love well until Vere had reached the age at which she had lost Leo, and then Glady's anguish became intolerable. Vere's voice when he cried 'Mamma' was so like Leo's; the way in which he kissed her and caressed her, the little clinging hands, the pattering of the tiny footsteps, the silvery laughter, the childish babble—all brought her deserted child as forcibly to her mind that her life was a misery to her.

While the Earl's heir was pampered and fondled, cradled in luxury, loved and worshipped, where was he? She had full faith in the Earl's honor. She felt sure that Leo was well cared for, well fed, well clothed; but who fondled him—whose hands held his at night when he said the simple prayers she had taught him—whose face bent over him when he woke at night frightened or ill—who kissed him in his childish troubles? Her heart yearned for him—she called his name aloud—she cried to Heaven to forgive her sin and give her back her child.

Those who talked to her and found her absent in mind little dreamed that her heart was pleading with Heaven that she might once more have her child. The subject was never mentioned now between husband and wife. He loved her with the same passionate love, but it never entered his mind to relent and give her back her child. So time wore on, the Earl's love for his fair wife deepening meanwhile.

The passionate intensity of Glady's desire to behold her child grew too strong to be borne. At last she felt that it would drive her mad or kill her. It was useless to ask her husband about Leo; he would give her no information. She must if possible find out all herself. Surely amongst his papers there must be a memorandum of where he had sent the child—there must be a note of money paid, or something of the kind. There could be no harm in looking through Philip's papers—he was her husband—he would have no secrets, save this one, from her. All his papers was kept in the library; and just now his secretary, Mr. Dunmore, was away. The keys of the various drawers and safes were often left lying on the table; she must trust to chance, and some day, when Philip had gone out, she would look amongst his papers and see if there was no memorandum or note which would give her a clue as to where her child was.

If she found such clue, she would start at once, regardless of consequences, and see him. If the Earl found her out, she would submit to whatever punishment he chose to inflict. But she must see her child—the very strings of her heart seemed to draw her to him. She must see him or she would die.

She had to wait some days before an opportunity presented itself to her to search the library. One morning the Earl came to her and said—

'I am going to drive over to Hillstone, Gladys; will you come with me? I shall be away the greater part of the day.

Her heart beat quickly; this was her opportunity—she must embrace it. She thanked him, but declined—the morning was warm and she was not inclined to leave the house. He always admired her pretty imperious ways, and never admired her more or liked her better than when she asserted her own will. He touched her fair hair caressingly with his hand.

'I thought you always liked going out with me, Gladys,' he said.

'So I do; but I have something important to attend to this morning, Philip, and I am not inclined to leave the house.'

'You are quite sure that it is not because you love me less?' he asked.

To herself she thought, 'No, but it is because I love my Leo more,' aloud she said, 'I shall never love you less, Philip.'

'Could you ever love me more?' he asked.

And again the sweet sad eyes raised to his told their own story—how she would love him a thousand times more if he would give her back her child.

He read the thought in her eyes. Bending down, he kissed her lips and went away without a word. That hardened her in her purpose; if she had felt any scruples before, she had none now. The man who could expect her so entirely to forget her child could not be surprised if she tried to find out what he resolutely kept from her.

Yet she did not like her self-imposed task when she reached the library. The keys lay upon the table and there was no one in the room. She believed herself to be alone in that part of the house. She had forgotten that Albert Lauraine had not gone with the Earl.

She did not like her task; there was something about it not quite honorable; yet it was the only way in which she could hope to find news of Leo. She took up the keys and opened drawer after drawer. Her beautiful face, with its intent look, was bent over tha papers; she examined them carefully, looked at them keenly. But she saw no note, no memorandum, nothing concerning her child.

Then she went to the desk, with its many compartments. It was the same thing there—not one of the folded papers contained news of little Leo. Her eyes grew dim with tears as she gazed.

She was so intent on her task that she did not perceive the door open. She did not know that any one had entered the room until a shadow fell over the open desk; and, looking up, she saw the evil face of Albert Lauraine gazing steadfastly at her.

'I am relieved to find it is you, Lady Lauraine,' he said. 'I know that the Earl does not like any one to enter his library or examine his papers, and I was really afraid that it was a burglar.'

He saw the beautiful face grow deadly white, and though he could not even guess why she was there, still, from her distress and confusion, he felt sure that it was for some purpose unknown to any one but herself.

'Are you looking for the Earl's will?' he asked in a tone of undescribable insolence. 'When ladies institute such a rigorous search as this amongst their husband's papers, it is generally supposed that some interest of their own is at stake.'

'I have much to concern me besides my husband's will, Mr. Lauraine,' she answered. 'But even if that were made, it would have no interest for me.'

'Can I help you in your search for what is lost?' he continued. 'I wonder that anything should be lost—for the Earl's secretary is a most orderly man.'

'I am the Earl's secretary just now,' she said, 'and in that capacity must ask Mr. Lauraine not to interrupt me at my work.'

He bowed and left her; but he was delighted about the chance interview.

'She is in my power now,' he said to himself—'this is the thin end of the wedge. I shall use my knowledge when the opportunity arrives.'

She continued her serrch until it seemed to her that she had looked over every paper in the library—but there was no mention of her child, no paper on which his dear name was written.

Then the dressing-bell rang. She gave up her task in despair; there was no use in further search; all hope of discovering any trace of her lost child was ended.

A dreadful despair came over her, in after years, when these troubled days were like a dream to her, she wondered how she had lived through them. Sleep and rest forsook her. She could think of nothing—nothing interested her. She grew thin and pale; she began to hope that her troubled life was ending. But the strength of her constitution asserted itself; she recovered in spite of herself. Still she was not the same; she realized that no love on earth can be so great as that which Heaven has implanted in a parent's heart—the love of a mother for her child.

(*To be continued.*)