

(Continued from first page)

"I have heard the dreadful news," she said, "and I feel it very much, although lately we have not been friendly with the young man; still one cannot leave his dear mother to suffer in pain. I wonder his mother lives through such agony."

"And Miss Saterleigh—how is she?" inquired Luffinot anxiously.

"She is not well, cannot help being much affected," replied Lady Luffinot, her face twitched suddenly as with a spasm of pain, and, covering it with her hands, she burst into tears. "All this is so hard on me," she said brokenly, "when I thought to be happy and give my children a quiet surprise. Then too, instead of being here to help me as he ought, my son is gone I don't know where."

"He is not my duty," said Luffinot, "and I have been searching for him vainly at all his haunts."

"He may be at the Chalmerses," rejoined Lady Luffinot, "I wish my husband—she blushed faintly at the word—had not been summoned away. You know he has been obliged to start for Athens."

"I have heard it," said Luffinot, "but Thurlstone is not at Captain Chalmerses'; he has been there, and found Miss Chalmers anxious and alarmed. Can he have accompanied Lord Luffinot, do you think?"

"No. And then in vain fear Lady Luffinot's pretty face paled, and her eyes grew large and wild. "He is not gone with Lord Luffinot; he was angry—very angry—not at my wife, but at her exactly, but at the manner of it. Where can he be? What shall I do, Mr. Luffinot?"

"Will you speak to your daughter? Perhaps she knows where her brother is gone."

Still looking wild and perplexed, Lady Luffinot rose hurriedly and quitted the room. Luffinot looked after her, with his pulses throbbing feverishly, and all his nerves strained to the rack of some painful expectancy. Would Poppy come to him? How would she look? How was she bearing the shock of this strange and unexpected death? She had loved Richard Luffinot, she would be broken-hearted now, crushed perhaps by grief.

There was a faint rattle of silk, a perfume of many roses, and Poppy stood at the door. She stood there silently, feeling her honest lover's eyes fixed on her in amazement. He might well be surprised. There was no trace of grief upon the brilliant beauty of her face. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes were ablaze with light, her rich lips, slightly parted, showed the pearls within—they seemed to smile, and yet were not smiling. Crushed against her bosom she held a profusion of roses; they filled her hands and rested upon her arms and fell down at her feet and lay there unheeded.

"I have been to Luffinot and robbed her garden," she said. "We have no roses here; they are all dead now. They were blighted last night."

"Miss Saterleigh! Poppy!" exclaimed poor Luffinot, aghast. His face had slowly blanched to a deadly white, his heart was standing still with fear. Something in Poppy eyes, her tone, her fixed smile, seemed to say that her mind was gone.

"Why are you frightened?" she asked, coming forward hurriedly now. "You see I am not afraid—I am bearing it very well."

"You are indeed," sighed her friend. "I did not expect to see you so brave. With a defiant air Poppy lifted her beautiful face from the flowers.

"Why should I be otherwise than brave? Is there any reason why I should break my heart for such a man as Richard Luffinot?"

"No, none," said Luffinot in breathless wonder, still keeping his eyes fixed upon her.

"And we were parted long ago," continued Poppy, looking down and smiling on her roses again—"a whole month—long enough to forget his face. Why do you not go to Miss Broadmead and comfort her? Is it she or I must wear widow's weeds? I have forgotten."

Again Luffinot's breath stood on his parted lips, and again his heart shook like a leaf in the summer wind. "It is Miss Broadmead who will wear mourning," he said. "She was engaged to him, you know."

"Engaged to be married," returned Poppy, and she pressed both her arms more tightly on her flowers, crushing them against her bosom. "Yes, and there are so many engagements—so many kinds of marriages. Mamma has stolen a march on us all and got married."

"Yes, so I hear," said Luffinot. Bewildered and uneasy, he could not keep his gaze from Poppy's face, or frame his lips to any words of complaint.

"And that is one kind of marriage," continued Poppy, as if she had not heard him; "but mine is different—so is Lily's. And what sort of an engagement was Richard's?"

"I fear it was a worldly one," answered Luffinot.

"Yes, one has to buy love nowadays—I see that; and, if mamma had told me of her marriage yesterday, or Richard had lived till today, my roses would not have withered. I have been obliged to steal Lily's now—her flowers will never grow again."

"Miss Saterleigh, you are talking strangely for such a time as this! Are you well?" cried Luffinot.

"I am quite well. What is there in the time to make me ill? You may tell all the people who see that I am well. I seem to grieve for a man who left me for money."

A brighter scarlet was on her cheeks, a brighter fire in her eyes. She seemed to quiver with indignation as a flame quivers in the wind.

"But all this, which might have pleased Luffinot had Richard been living, shocked him now that he was dead.

"I understand your feeling," he said quietly; "but still I am sure you are sorry, very sorry for his sudden and awful death."

"A month ago, when I was seeing him every day, it would have been a dreadful shock to me; but now, when we have not met for so long—she stopped for just a second's space, and an indescribable shrinking look gathered in her eyes—"now it is not my roses that have withered, but my flowers. Do you like these roses of Lily's as well as mine?"

Deep pity took possession of Luffinot's heart. He was sure now of the grief and pain and pride had shaken Poppy's reason. He went forward hastily, and would have led her to a seat, for she was still standing—but she avoided his proffered hand, and slipped away from him.

(To be continued)

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READ THE FACTS.
Toronto, April 3, 1880.

Mr. H. STEVENSON, Boston, Mass.:
Sir—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of your valuable family medicine, **VEGETINE**. For three years I was a great sufferer from Chronic Rheumatism and Debility of the Arteries, and after trying innumerable so-called remedies, in the Spring of last year, I was recommended to give **VEGETINE** a trial, and to persevere in using it for some time. I did so, and in a few weeks I was enabled to go out, and a perfect cure had been effected, and I am now, I think, in the full enjoyment of the best of health. I consider it the most effective remedy for the distressing complaints just mentioned, and for Indigestion, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all other diseases of the blood. It is very pleasant to take, vitalizing, and invigorating. I can most confidently recommend it, knowing that it is a powerful purifier of the system, and its use is indicated in all cases of impure blood. I have derived much benefit from its use, and I can most confidently recommend it, knowing that it is a powerful purifier of the system, and its use is indicated in all cases of impure blood.

Superior Blood Purifier.
TONIC FOR THE STOMACH.
Toronto, Oct. 13, 1888.

Mr. H. STEVENSON, Boston, Mass.:
I have great pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your valuable family medicine, **VEGETINE**. For three years I was a great sufferer from Chronic Rheumatism and Debility of the Arteries, and after trying innumerable so-called remedies, in the Spring of last year, I was recommended to give **VEGETINE** a trial, and to persevere in using it for some time. I did so, and in a few weeks I was enabled to go out, and a perfect cure had been effected, and I am now, I think, in the full enjoyment of the best of health. I consider it the most effective remedy for the distressing complaints just mentioned, and for Indigestion, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all other diseases of the blood. It is very pleasant to take, vitalizing, and invigorating. I can most confidently recommend it, knowing that it is a powerful purifier of the system, and its use is indicated in all cases of impure blood.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.
Summer Arrangement.
Time Table,
COMMENCING
THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1880.

Steamer "Empress."

For Digby and Annapolis.

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KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

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