Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 8. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1880. NO. 9

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.

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."

WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Bridge-builders.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office en and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to $250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tenger will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN.
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880. 52tj15

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 invaluablework.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Saint John to Halifax and Yarmouth. via Steamer and Rail

Steamer "Empress."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from

KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX,

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

UNTIL further notice, Stmr. "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and return same day.

Fare—St. John to Digby.....$1.50
" " Annapolis.....2.00
Fare St. John to Halifax, 1st class.....5.00
Fare—St. John to Yarmouth, 1st class...$4.00

R.B. HUMPHREY, AGENT

F. PHEASANT, Union Line Office,
Freight agent, 41 Dock St.
Empress Warehouse,
Reed's Point. sep29

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.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

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.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in

BRIDGETOWN

for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

Nov. 19th, 1879. n31tf

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.

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.

CAUTION!

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

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

For Sale, or To Let.

A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING

FOUR ACRES OF LAND,

with comfortable

HOUSE AND BARN.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, May 10th, '80.

21 CASKS Refined Sugar!

Received This Day, Ex. Steamer via. Halifax.

J. & W. F. Harrison.

11 and 12 North Wharf, St. John, N. B.

mar2

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 ⅝ 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, Moonsey's Horse Nails, &c., &c., &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

BESSONETT AND WILSON.

Middleton, Annapolis Co. aug 6

Bendalari's Cough Remedy.

THIS preparation is not warranted to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." It is recommended only for the cure of Coughs, and as a Cough Medicine it is proving wonderfully efficacious. There are very many so-called "sure cures" for Coughs, Colds, Bronchetis, Sore Throat, &c., sold for One Dollar per bottle, not half so effectual as BENDALARI'S REMEDY at one-fourth the price.

Twenty-five Cents per Bottle.

For Sale in Middleton by H. CROSSKILL, in Lawrencetown, by DR. LEANDER MORSE, Bridgetown, Parris & Co., Wm. M. Tupper, Palfrey, A. Cameron; Melvern Square, Beniah Spinney; East Torbrook, George Spurr; Handley Mountain, Caleb Miller.

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

Poetry.

At the Stile.

BY A. LOCKER.

The leaves are growing ruddy as the sun begins to dip,
The birds are twitt'ring forth their evening song;
Little Lucy sits expectant with her finger at her lip—
What makes her sister Alice stay so long?
There are butterflies and dragon-flies are ready to be chased,
There are daisy chains to weave, there are blackberries to taste;
Why not play about the meadows for a while?
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

Impatient little Lucy is a simple-witted mite—
Her sweetheart days are future joys, 'tis clear;
Why should Henry keep his arm around her sister's waist so tight?
Why make her blush by whisp'ring in her ear?
The sun will soon be setting—Lucy does not love the dark;
She does not love the silent bats that flit across the park;
Since he met her, Alice might have walked a mile—
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

This dialogue, small Lucy, which seems tedious as you tarry,
To Alice is a rather serious thing;
For it means that she and Harry have this evening vowed to marry;
It means a cake, lace veil, and wedding-ring.
And when a little bridesmaid, uncommonly like you,
Comes into church so trippingly all dressed in white and blue,
You'll discover, as you reach the middle aisle,
Why they linger'd, linger'd at the stile.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued.)

'Too much and too little. I ought not to have dropped the oars, Poppy, unless I could have held you, relieve the ache, you know, in my tired arms.'

A shade of disquiet stole over Poppy's face as she listened to his light words.

'Do take up the oars and row me back,' she said anxiously. 'It is getting late.'

'So you only want me for a galley-slave?' he answered, rising reluctantly with lingering pressure of his lips upon her white wrist. 'When will you give me another opportunity for making poor old Luffincot jealous? Will you ride with me on Wednesday to Cornwood?'

'I have no horse,' said Poppy. 'I am not rich enough to have an animal of my own.'

'I will bring one to your door—a first rate animal, a real beauty—if you will say "Yes."'

'Yes,' said indiscreet Poppy instantly. 'Oh, yes, that will be so delightful!'

'Very well—at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Mind you are ready. Horse and man won't wait.'

'Agreed,' said Poppy.

'And now own we have had a pleasant time?'

'I own it—a lovely time, as the Americans say.'

'And you won't mind if you get scolded?'

'Not a bit.'

'All right then. Now for home.'

And the boat flew again over that sparkling, glittering mirror, the sea, in which lay reflected the summer day, with its light clouds hurrying on to a close, like the vanishing thoughts and fancies of a transient love.

Poppy was very silent. She had drunk 'A beaker full of the warm South—
Full of the true, the blushful hippocrene.'
And now, with the lightuing of the noontide ocean flashing around her, she felt weary of too much joy, and, like a tired child, would fain lie down and sleep her life away before she could feel her heart grow cold in the warm air, and know the truth that the cup she had tasted was not divine. She sat with one hand outside the boat, plunged into the water—it was the hand Richard had kissed; but the sea and all its waves could not wash that kiss away. Her other hand held the tiller heedlessly.

'Are you going to wreck us?' asked Richarn's easy, careless voice, waking her from her reverie with a start.

Then she lifted her white fingers, jewelled with diamond-drops from the ocean, and steered with deft hands for the shore.

'By-the-bye,' continued Richard, 'what gave you the happy thought to-day of wandering to the Cornish side?'

'It was Jocelyn's thought. He hates the Hoe—there is no beach there and no solitude.'

'And he particularly desired a solitary, wild, and lonely shore, to-day? Is he talking treason then with his friend, or are they planning a mutiny against old Colonel Lanager?'

Poppy turned away her conscious face without reply, and Richard was too light and happy to heed her silence.

'What shall we do if your brother has grown weary of waiting?' he said. 'Can you walk home from Causand, as I mean to do?'

'I must in that case; but I think I shall find my brother at the little inn where he left his dogscart. I hope I shall, for I walked out from Plymouth, and I am tired.'

'And your brother did not drive you out?' 'No.'

'What made you take such a long walk alone?' asked Richard in surprise.

There was silence again, and Richard, seeing the bright color which came and went so swiftly, smiled with the thought that she had done this in the hope of seeing him.

They touched the shore—the keel grated on the sands. Richard sprang into the shallow water, and dragged the boat up higher, for Poppy to land with dry feet.

'How long have I been away?' she asked, with a little terror in her eyes.

'Two hours and a half,' said Richard, looking at his watch. 'But you promised you would not mind a scolding.'

'Neither will I.' And their hands met and parted.

'I shall call at the inn in half an hour to see if you are gone, and, if not, we will walk home together.'

She nodded assent, and went away up the rugged path to the little village of Causand. At the top of the step ascent she paused and looked back, and thought Richard had parted from her coldly.

All down the shore, and along the rocks where she had sat, and where Lilian and Jocelyn had met, the waves rolled, and the high tide lapped the cliff with touch of silk. The whole glittering sea seemed a mirror for the sun, and on the land there rested a purple haze full of dreamy quiet, while along the heathy cliff not a creature was in sight, excepting a boy asleep upon a pile of nets with a dog lying panting at his feet.

'They are gone home,' Poppy said to herself in a frightened, forboding mood.

Then she stood a moment longer, and let the last sweet monotony of the sea breathe over her, and felt her heart ache, and a strange numbness touch all her sense, as though she had drunk of hemlock instead of love. And from the shadowless horizon there rose to her mental vision a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which spread and spread and blackened all her sky.

With the shadow dark upon her spirit, she turned her steps from that fateful summer sea, and set her face against the rugged heights on which stood the wild sea-girt village where Lilian and Jocelyn waited. They were pacing the little garden of the inn; and here Poppy met the anger of the one, and the silent reproach and wonder of the other, and she laughed at both with tears behind her mirth.

CHAPTER XII.

The drive home was a somewhat silent one. Poppy sat on the back seat alone, with thoughts rushing on her swift as shadows, short as dreams, and mingling with them a little black cross of care which would not lift itself from her light heart.

Lilian was silent too, mostly from the fullness of joy, that content unutterable which fills up all the being when one beloved is with us, by our very side—voice, eyes, touch all ours, satisfying to the soul as fruits from Paradise, or wine that bears the fragrance of Eden. Yet in her mind also, brooding and unformed, and unlooked at to-day amid the joy, lay a cloud of fears, terrors for the future, petty dreads of daily vexations and thwartings yet to come; and the nearest of these was the anger that would burst upon her on reaching home. Never before had she tried her step-mother's patience by such an unwonted stretch of liberty as this, and from the very strangeness of the act she dreaded all the more the gibes and lashings of that cutting sword, Mrs. Challacombe's tongue. But she could not speak of this either to Jocelyn or to Poppy, because on the latter lay the blame of the long delay at Causand.

Poppy however thought of it, and bewildered her brain with schemes to find a remedy.

The sea stretched up an arm between Devon and Cornwall, and therefore a ferry had to be crossed in returning as in going. On reaching this they found a great crowd waiting for the boat, which was only just creeping towards the opposite shore. As this crowd turned to gaze at them, a gentleman disengaged himself from the rest and walked towards them, lifting his hat with a flush of surprise glowing on his rather rugged but honest face. It was young Harwood, and a happy thought instantly darted into Poppy's mind. She would send him home with Lilian and transform the maternal hailstorm into a soft shower of dew.

'Have you been excursionising to Mount Edgecombe?' said Harwood, just nodding to Thurlstone, who, chafing at the delay, was unharnessing his horse himself for the ferry-boat.

'No,' answered Poppy quickly; 'Lilian and I walked to Causand this morning, and, luckily for us, my brother drove over there this afternoon and has given us a lift back. We never could have walked the distance in this heat—I am dead tired as it is.'

In this speech there was just the mixture of truth, and falsehood which Lilian hated; but to expostulate would have been stupid, so she said nothing.

'It was too long a walk for you, Miss Challacombe,' said Harwood; 'you are not strong enough for such pedestrian feats.'

'Yes, I am very tired,' returned Lilian; and her eyes looked anxiously across at the ferry-boat, waiting now on the other side for passengers.

'What a time that tiresome boat is!' said Poppy.

'Why do you not take a shore-boat?' asked Harwood.

'It would not carry Captain Thurlstone's horse and carriage,' said Lilian.

'Look here!' cried Poppy. 'I have a happy thought. Mr Harwood, will you call a shore boat and escort my friend Miss Challacombe safely home? Then Jocelyn and I will wait for the ferry-boat. It does not matter in the least to us how long we have to stay. Our mamma is never out of temper.'

Harwood gave her a glance of rapturous gratitude and hailed a boat at once, Lilian vainly striving to stop him.

'Do be quiet,' said Poppy aside—'I am managing splendidly for you.'

Then she ran off to Jocelyn and told him what she had done.

'The step-mother is sweet as nuts on Harwood,' she said. 'If Lilian brings him home, the domestic atmosphere will be all roses.'

'I cannot allow it,' declared Jocelyn, very grim. 'I shall drive Lilian back myself.'

'And advertise the state of your affections to the three towns before anything is settled, and topple down an avalanche on Lilian's head besides? No, you shall not do it. Moreover, this long delay is my fault, so I am bound to remedy any mischief which has occurred through it. Lilian would have been home two hours ago if I had not gone fishing with Richard Lancross.'

'That is quite true,' said Jocelyn, with a face black as midnight.

'Then you see this is the best plan,' returned Poppy, rattling on fast to stop her brother's anger. 'A storm to-night will not bode any good, will it, for your interview with Captain Challacombe to-morrow? Whereas, if you send Harwood this evening to meet the foe you will prepare your way before you.'

'Let it be,' Jocelyn said gloomily. 'It is hateful to me to think of Mrs. Challacombe bullying Lilian. I wish Harwood would jump down her throat with his spurs on.'

'Well, Lilian, my brother thinks it is an excellent arrangement,' cried Poppy, running back to her. 'So now, Mr. Harwood, do be as quick as you can, for you know Mrs. Challacombe hates to keep her dinner waiting.'

So, with very hasty leave-taking, Lilian was hurried into the boat, and Harward departed with her as happy as a king.

'I am awfully sorry, Miss Challacombe,' the poor fellow said after they had landed, 'that I shall not have the pleasure of a dance with you at our ball. I am ordered off to Cornwall on that day. It is hard lines, is it not?'

'I suppose it is, since you think it is so,' answered Lilian.

'It is hard, awfully hard,' said Harwood, 'and I could not forgive Thurlstone at first for fixing on the twenty-fifth; but, since I have known it is your birthday, I am content.'

'So it is,' observed Lilian; 'I had not thought of that before.'

'Not thought of it! Is it possible that you don't know the ball is fixed for that day purposely to do you honor? It was Thurlstone's doing, of course. Oh, Miss Challacombe, I am very unfortunate!'

'I hope not,' said Lilian gently; and she turned her face away partly to avoid his gaze, and partly to hide the troubled red that had risen at hearing this story of the ball.

'Yes, I am unfortunate indeed,' persisted poor Harwood. 'I think I shall exchange and go to India. I am sorry for Thurlstone too—only he has such a way with him, he carries all things before him. Somehow one can't think of him as knocked down and bowled over as other men are. He won't go to India, or do anything desperate as I shall.'

'I do not see why he should, or you either, Mr. Harwood,' said Lilian innocently.

'You don't? Oh, Miss Challacombe, do you say that, when you know you are going to marry Mr. Davenant?'

In his earnestness Harwood spake a little loud. Some people passing stared and smiled, and then a lady of stout aspect, very upright, and with her nose in the air, cried out with a slight splutter—

'Why, it's Mr. Harwood? What are you doing here? You'll get hauled over the coals if you don't look out. Don't you think he will, Miss Challacombe? How are you, my dear?'

'Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Werrington,' Lilian said, trying to pass on.

'No, now—st-op, do! Where have you two been? Not out boating again?'

'No,' muttered Harwood very shortly. 'And we are in a hurry, Mrs. Werrington.'

But Mrs. Werrington gave little heed to this.

'Well,' she said, with a broad smile, 'I overheard you talking about the wedding. When is it to be, Miss Challacombe?'

'Really,' began Lilian, much distressed.

'Oh, I see—you won't tell me—you prefer being confidential with Mr. Harwood! That's too bad! Beware of him, Miss Challacombe! He is breaking the tenth commandment this very minute. You have no idea how covetous he is.'

And with this parting shot Mrs. Werrington sailed away, her full figure displayed to view in the tightest of costume, and a fashionable hat blazing with gold braid stuck at the back of her brazen head.

'She is such an awful woman!' declared Harwood, aghast. 'She is quite a disgrace to the regiment. I wish we could try her by court-martial and shoot her.'

'Mr. Harwood,' said Lilian timidly, 'pray do not believe or say anywhere that I am going to marry Mr. Davenant. It is not true, I assure you.'

'Not true!' exclaimed Harwood. 'Then in that case——'

But as he spoke his eyes met Lilian's, and he saw in hers a shrinking fear, a dread of what he was about to say, and this stopped his words abruptly; and, after a moment's pause, he changed them to quite another meaning.

'In that case I shall be very happy to contradict the report. And I shall do so upon all occasions, if you will allow me.'

'Thank you,' Lilian said, very low.

'It is most unfair in people to say these things,' continued Harwood hurriedly. 'And I hope you will give me leave, Miss Challacombe, to declare that you are quite free.'

There was an instant's silence—just time enough for Harwood to see how quickly her colour rose and faded—then she spoke, steading her voice to firmness.

'From all ties to Mr. Davenant I am quite free. I value him as a very old friend, nothing more.'

Harwood pondered her words, and wondered at the inflection of her voice, the flush on her cheek, the look in her eyes, as the long lashes fell and covered them; then a light broke on him, and a gradual whiteness crept over his brown face. 'Free from all ties to Davenant,' he repeated to himself. 'Yes, but engaged to another. Thurlstone is the man! I see it now—I have seen it always; and I am a fool and a loser as usual. And here have I been thinking that he was going to be knocked down and bowled over by Davenant's wealth, like the rest of us. Not he! Thurlestone wins what he goes in for. Curse the follow! Success is with him always. He is like one of the heroes of those confounded German stories who sell their souls to Satan for the girls they want. He would do that rather than be thwarted.'

With this fierce soliloquy in his mind Harwood was still careful about his companion's way, placing her on the inside with gentlemanly grace, and guarding her adroitly from contact with passers-by; but he was strangely silent, and his moustache hid a shaking lip.

Meanwhile Mrs. Challacombe sat grim and composed as a glacier, waiting for the right moment to fall with a rush upon the head of her victims.

'What do you think of your daughter's behaviour, Captain Challacombe?' she said to that much-tired father, as, with newspaper in hand, he presented himself in a sacred way at the window.

'Think, my dear? I think perhaps she is staying at Lady Saterleigh's, and will send over and let us know where she is by-and-by.'

'Then you think quite wrong, Captain Challacombe, as usual. That flighty little woman was here this afternoon, looking as if she only wanted a broomstick to set off gallivanting among the stars. And what do you suppose was the object of her visit?'

'I have not the least idea, my love.'

'Why, simply to ask me—me, if you please—what had become of her fly-away daughter and her gunpowder son. 'Are our young people quite lost, or have they run away together, Mrs. Challacombe?' she said, giggling like a girl—as if there was nothing serious in the matter, and it was an affair of no consequense if they were all idiots.'

'My dear, I hope you gave her a proper answer,' said the Captain meekly.

'I don't know what you call a proper answer,' returned Mrs. Challacombe with much snappishness, 'but I made her understand that what her young people did was nothing to me, and that I knew nothing about them and did not want to know, but that I did intend to know for the future where my daughter was and what she was about.

'Quite right, my dear. But did she mean her son when she spoke of her young people, or——'

'Whom else could she mean when she talked like a simpleton of their running away? Girls don't run away with each other, do they?'

With a sense of disastrous defeat the Captain sighed and retreated behind his newspaper.

'It is a sad pity Lady Saterleigh should say such foolish things. She ought not to talk in such a manner of my girl.'

'Your girl should not do things to cause such remarks,' returned his wife grimly—'Throwing away all her prospects in life for a dangler and a detrimental. You can't expect that a sensible man like Edgar Davenant will stand forever hat in hand waiting for a civil word to be thrown to him.'

'I don't expect it, Lucy—neither does Lilian.'

'Then, if you don't expect that, I warn you you may expect something a good deal worse.'

'My dear, you have such a way of putting things,' exclaimed the exasperated Captain. 'You are really exaggerating the truth now. Lilian will never act in the stupid way you suppose.'

'Wait and see,' returned the lady in an iron tone. 'I understand your daughter, and you don't. I tell you she is not quite so wise as you think. She would throw away all the substantial happiness of life for a fancy, and think she was doing a grand thing. There is no romance, no folly, she is not capable of committing.'

'Now see here, Lucy, I have had enough of it. I will not hear another word against my girl to-day. Let us drop the subject.'

And Captain Challacombe lowered that rampart, the newspaper, from before his buff countenance, and gave his wife the full benefit of its quarter-deck expression.

Mrs. Challacombe stooped and bit off an end of thread from her work, showing all her handsome teeth viciously.

'Who is saying anything against her? I am sure I am not; and, if you choose to encourage her in her folly, you are quite welcome. That is your look out, not mine. I shall be dumb in the future and let her take her own course. I'll interfere no more—remember that. But I will say this—and it is the last word you'll hear from me on the subject—if she does not treat Mr. Davenant in a proper manner this evening when he dines with us, then this will be the last visit he will ever pay to your house. Now you mark my words, Captain Challacombe, and see if they don't prove true.'

Domestic prophesying is a species of annoyance which everyone has to bear more or less, and Captain Challacombe usually took his share of oracular denunciation with meekness. This prophetic utterence however particularly annoyed him, since it was in obedience to his wife's order that he had asked Edgar Davenant to dine with them that evening.

'It will be your fault if the girl does not treat the man well. You should have given her time; you should have let me talk to her first; you should not have been in such a hurry to bring him here.'

Captain Challacombe was looking within the window, but Mrs. Challacombe, being seated facing her husband, was gazing without; thus it happened that she caught sight of Lilian and her companion walking up the garden a full minute before he did. Her whole aspect changed; her cheeks flushed a pretty rose; her eyes smiled.

'My dear John, do not let us quarrel over the girl any more. What I say is surely for her own sake—you'll own that?'

'Of course I do,' said the mollified Captain.

'Well, then, rather than have words with you about the matter, I would let you think I did not care about your daughter, and had no wish to see her happily settled in life. It is only my anxiety makes me cross.'

Mrs. Challacombe bent low over her work, and lifting her eyes, a little air of contrition on her handsome face softening and beautifying it. Her husbrnd, with the thought of a marital kiss on his mind, folded up the newspaper preparatory to entering by the window; but in doing this he turned and exclaimed—

'Here's Lilian coming! And she has some one with her. Who is it? It's not Thurlstone. Oh, I see! It is Harwood.'

'Is it?' said Mrs. Challacombe quietly. 'Then what do you think of asking him to stay and dine with us? We have a nice little dinner, and it will be less awkward than having Davenant here by himself.'

'So it will,' observed the relieved Captain, who was rather dreading his coming *tete-a-tete* with his daughter's undeclared lover. 'Now don't you bother the girl, Lucy, directly she comes in.'

'I promise you I won't say a word,' returned Mrs. Challacombe solemnly, 'since you wish me not.'

Thus it happened that, while Lilian and Mr. Harwood wended their way slowly through the shrubbery, peace was made; and, as Poppy had foreseen, smiles instead of frowns met Lilian on the threshold of her home.

CHAPTER XIII.

'I saw you with young Lancross,' said Thurlstone to his sister. 'It annoyed me very much. Why did you trust yourself in that giddy fellow's boat?'

'There could be no danger on a day like this, with the sea like a pond,' returned Poppy.

'Danger!' repeated Thurlstone impatiently. 'The danger consists in acting imprudently.'

'What possible harm can there be in having an hour's row?' cried Poppy, with an injured air.

'You were with Lancross—there's the harm. I don't like the man.'

'It's easy to know why,' said Poppy, with a laugh—'he is Mr. Davenant's friend.'

'You are mistaken—I dislike the man for his own sake. He may be Davenant's friend as much as he pleases, but he shall not be yours. I warn you, Poppy, that the man is mean; he is an extraordinary compound of caution and heedlessness—but his caution is for himself, and his heedlessness for others. There, I have

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