Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 8. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1880. NO. 27

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.

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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, Mooney'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 practice, 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 matter 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.,

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 grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

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 barrals. 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.

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 Buffaio Robes.

Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very

LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov .. '78

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

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.

A NEW STOCK

—OF—

Grey Cottons,

to 15 cents per yard, EXTRA VALUE.

FINE WHITE SHIRTING

cheap and good.

HEAVY TWEEDS, very low.

GREY COTTONS.

MENS' AMBER AND GREY

UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS.

Splendid quality, just received, and with the usual stock of

GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
PLATED WARE,
GLASSWARE,
EARTHENWARE,
BROOMS,
SPRING BEDS,

CLOTHS, COATINGS & TRIMMINGS, AND CARPETS,

will be sold extremely low for cash about this time.

J. W. Whitman.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 6th., 1880.

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

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

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

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.

Poetry.

A Farmer's Reverie.

A HARVEST-HOME SONG.

The setting sun reluctant leaves
These vales and hills, with verdure drest;
And gold with purple light he weaves,
Then sinks behind the clouds to rest.

To their round nests the birds have flown,
Into the forests dim and deep;
The dial of the sky has shown
To them the silent time for sleep.

A sweet and holy calm pervades
The wooded hills and evening air;
Even the trees bend down their heads,
And stand like multitudes at prayer.

Here every living thing is fled,
No cry of hunger here is heard;
For these green fields are tables spread
With plenty, for man, beast and bird.

The farmer sitting on his stoop,
Finding from toil a brief release,
Looks out upon his fields with hope,
And in "a waking dream" of peace.

The lines of light left on the sky
Rounds in a golden ladder seem;
With white wings coming from on high,
Like those that came in Jacob's dream.

In whispers to himself he said,
"What a broad, goodly land is this!
Our bins and barns are filled with bread,
Our glad hearts overflow with bliss.

From these fair hills it is not far
To Heaven—it seems around us here;
There comes a telescopic star,
Through which we see that Heaven is near."

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLV.

'But she is very peaceful now,' he resumed in his changed steady voice. 'Do you think she looks very ill, Miss Challacombe?'

'I think she is dying,' Lilian said simply.

'I know you were kind and forgiving, though she had to hurt you.'

'I hope I was.'

'She behaved nobly at the inquest. She was brave as a lion. Shall I ever forget it?' said poor Luffincot, with a sudden tremor.

'You know what she has told me?' interrogated Lilian.

'I guess it. I have no wish to hear more. I only wonder why men so carelessly, lightly cruel are loved so well.'

He sighed and checked his sigh. He strove to think it was better as it was. If she had loved him, both would then be worldlings still, and he was unworthy of her love; now she had purified her life—she was sister Magdalen, hoping, praying, yearning for a higher love than earth could give. Yes, it was better, infinitely better as it was.

'Oh, Mr. Luffincot,' broke out Lilian suddenly, 'do you believe Jocelyn is dead?'

'I grieve to say I do. If you knew, Miss Challacome, all the efforts Lord Ramsden and I have made to find him, you would think so too. I have advertised incessantly in all the European and American papers. I have written to consuls, I have inquired at ports, of shipping-masters, and all vainly.'

'Poppy mentioned Spain,' said Lilian brokenly.

'Yes, but Spain is devastated now by the Carlist war. I could learn nothing at Madrid or at any of the ports.'

'Then you have tried Spain?' cried Lilian hopelessly.

'I have. I made it the business of my vacations, when free from my theological studies, to search for Poppy's brother.'

'You have been very, very good,' Lilian answered in a trembling voice.

"It was for her sake. I thought at first to save her life. But it is better, happier for me as it is." He gave another sigh and then said, "Miss Challacombe, will you allow me to speak to you earnestly respecting yourself?'

"Yes," replied Lilian listlessly.

"Then I entreat you not to let your thoughts wander back to poor Thurlstone. Whether he be dead or living, he is gone out of your life for ever. I know him. Believing what he did of his sister, he would be reckless of himself. Above all, he would never return to you. He would remember too bitterly that Lancross was your cousin. Miss Challacombe, I understand perfectly your position; I know how cruel it is. Believe me, you will be doing yourself a great wrong if, for the sake of a love dead and passed, you reject so patient and faithful an affection as Mr. Davenant's. You owe it now to him to become his wife. You owe it to yourself and your own sense of honour. You feel grieved now, naturally, after having seen sister Magdalen, but the grief will pass, and you must not allow it to influence your conduct. Marriage is the safest and happiest position to which a woman can attain Believe me in that; and, situated as you are, it is one you can reject only at an awful peril to your own future. I am young, and but for the sacred office I have taken on myself I would not presume to speak thus."

He ceased, and Lilian thanked him, feeling that his words were wise, though they were like sharp swords to her spirit.

"One thing more. I have Poppy's—sister Magdalen's—leave to tell you that she has made her will greatly in your aunt's favour. She believes she has injured Mrs. Lancross more than any other person living, through the death of her son; and so she has left her half she possesses after paying her dowry to the sisterhood that she has entered. These religious houses must have money;' and one of Luffincot's old military smiles touched his face oddly for a moment. 'The rest of the fortune is not much—is left to Thurlstone; and, should he never return to claim it, then to her mother. Let Mrs. Lancross hear nothing of this till the end comes.'

They had reached the gate of Mrs. Challacombe's villa; he opened it for her, and, grasping her hands an instant, said 'Good night,' and then walked swiftly away.

CHAPTER XLVI.

To whom should she go for counsel, whether should she turn for help? This was Lilian's first thought on the morning after her interview with Poppy, as the broad glare of the July sun awoke her from a restless slumber. It was useless to look for sympathy in the hard eyes, the handsome shrewish face of her step-mother; instinctively she shrank from uttering Jocelyn's name to her. Then she thought of her aunt Lancross, and dressed herself quietly and went to her. The untidy house, the noisy children, the uncultivated garden, all told of the poverty that had fallen upon her since Richard's death.

"Help you to find out what has become of that wicked Captain Thurlstone?' exclaimed Mrs. Lancross. "No—never! And I am astonished, Lilian, that you should ever name him to me. It is cruel; and for your own sake you should not speak of him on the eve of marriage, as you are, with a good man."

Lilian looked up with heavy sorrow-laden eyes.

"Jocelyn never harmed you, aunt."

"Don't tell me that!" cried Mrs. Lancross excitedly. 'I know better. Why was his pistol found beside my poor boy, if it was not his hand that did that vile deed? As for the verdict, I thought nothing of it. The shot killed him—he would not have fainted but for that. And Thurlstone knew it—that is why he fled. The verdict has never deceived me, Lilian.'

Lilian thought of Poppy and held her peace.

'I am sure you will think differently of Jocelyn one day, aunt,' was all she said.

'That's not likely; he has brought too many miseries on me—his name is a horror to me. But for Lilian and his wicked sister, Richard would be with me now.'

Knowing of Poppy's bequest to her aunt, Lilian felt a thrill of pain at hearing her speak thus of her.

'Don't speak unkindly of Jocelyn's sister,' she said; 'she is dying, and you know she loved Richard dearly.'

'I know she would have taken him in and married him if she could—the wicked girl, wanting to beguile him away from Rose Broadmead! It was shameful! Love? Who wanted her love?'

Ah, indeed, who wanted it? It had been flung back upon her heart and was killing her.

'But they will be glad of her money,' Lilian thought as she looked around upon the untidy room.

'Poor Rose Broadmead,' continued Mrs. Lancross pathetically—'poor dear, faithful-hearted little thing! She came here the other day and cried in my arms. "I am going to marry Mr. Harwood,' she said, 'but I shall never love any one as I did Richard. We first got to like each other, Mr. Harwood and I, through talking of him and of that wicked Captain Thurlstone and his flirting, heartless sister, who tried so hard to take him away from me. She was a very bad, cruel girl.' 'So she was, my dear,' I answered. 'There, Lilian, that is what Rose said—and she is a girl who has a right to have an opinion.'

'Rich people generally have rights, and are always amiable,' returned Lilian bitterly, 'and their love is a love worth having. I hope, aunt, Rose Broadmead will prove as good a friend to you as Miss Saterleigh. It you had seen her as I have, you would not have the heart to speak of her so unjustly'

'So you have seen her?' said Mrs. Lancross. 'I heard she was up there among the Pope's friends—the sisters, as they call themselves. Well, it was the only thing she could do with herself. She was a wilful, flighty, worthless girl; and no one will make me believe that she and her brother between them did not compass poor Richard's death. I am shocked at your going to see her, Lilian; it shows a very sad want of feeling—and I am sure it will annoy Edgar.'

'I care nothing if it does, rejoined Lilian, her voice quivering. 'I shall go to see Poppy every day while she lives.'

These words, and the tone in which they were spoken, alarmed Mrs. Lancross. She began therefore to coax and flatter her niece

'My dear love, I know you will not do anything foolish or wrong. I can always rely on your sense. You must not mind my being hasty. When I talk of Richard, it breaks my heart.'

She bent her head upon her hands and began to cry. There was nothing so successful in softening Lilian as grief.

'My dear, you can't guess all my troubles—the rent in arrears, and the schooling not paid. Oh, it is all dreadful! And Richard, if he had lived, would have been as rich as Miss Broadmead's husband. Ah, there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip! You won't do nothing to vex Edgar, I am sure. Lilian, when you know how much depends on it.' Lilian remained silent, her eyes fixed on the floor, her face taking a gray cold look. 'And you are so unhappy at home, my dear, with all those cubs around you, who are not a bit like John. And how he could ever marry that woman I can't tell. How glad you must feel, my dear child, that you are soon going to leave it for such a splendid home!'

'I may leave it for a poorer place, aunt most likely to be governess at a school.'

'What are you saying, child?' and poor Mrs. Lancross came hastily to Lilian's chair, and flung herself upon her knees beside her. 'You cannot have quarrelled with Edgar? It is impossible.'

'I have not quarrelled; but, if Jocelyn is alive——'

'No, no, my dear Lilian, I can't hear it—I won't hear it! It would be too ungrateful, too dreadful—poor as you are, and as I am, not able to do anything for you, and that man a wandering Cain on the earth. Oh, Lilian, you are poor dear John's own child—don't break my heart!'

This discursive speech recalled Lilian to herself; she saw there was no help to come from her aunt—what she meant to do she must do alone. She tried to rise, but Mrs. Lancross held her in her seat with tightly clasping arms.

'I am going to tell you a secreat, Lilian. That dear good man to whom you are engaged—I am sure he is an angel, if ever an angel walked on earth—has prepared a surprise for you. On your wedding morning, before he meets you at church, he signs a deed of partnership with Willie. He makes him junior partner, as his brother Richard was, and gives him five hundred pounds a year to begin with. When he came and told me this, he said, with tears in his eyes, 'Thank your niece, Mrs. Lancross, not me. It is all done for Lilian; it is my wedding gift to her. And I know it will please her more than if I gave her ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds'. You see he knows you have a generous heart. And when your wedding morning comes, Lilian, you'll be glad you are making me happy as well as yourself. You'll think of my ten children, dear, and all my troubles vanishing with the sound of your wedding bells. There, my love, don't cry. You are John's own dear child—my brother's child—just the same to me as one of my own. I never have anything to say to that second brood—you know that.'

She stopped at last, and Lilian gained her feet with a quiver all over her flesh. Still what did it matter, her knowing this secret? it was but one cord the more. Yet, if Jocelyn lived, she would break even this, although it was the strongest. And with this resolution settling down hard upon her face she kissed her aunt and left her. She went straight to the jeweller's. Some flying thoughts of the strange appearance it would have to ask anxiously for one man when nearly the bride of another touched her an instant with black wing, and then vanished before her earnestness.

'Set a chair for Miss Challacombe!' cried Mr. Philips hurriedly to his gentlemanly assistant. Then he himself leant over the counter to attend to her, every flabby muscle of his fat countenance changed to lines of deferential politeness.

'It is about the diamond necklace no doubt, madam. The clasp is finished; it is a very handsome one. I am certain the link will never break again when you wear it. Mr. Davenant was paticular in ordering it to fasten well. Fetch Miss Challacombe's necklace, Barret, from the inner shop.'

Lilian took advantage of this young gentleman's short absence to say in a firm low voice—

'I wish to speak to you in private, Mr. Philips—I am not come to see the diamonds.'

The jeweller looked a little strange; the pin-spots of light in his sharp eyes quivered, but he answered with unchanged voice—

'Certainly, Miss Chollacombe. Will you do me the honor to walk up-stairs to my poor drawing-room?'

Lilian glanced towards the inner room, where the gas burnt surrounded by a sort of Golconda glory.

'That place will do quite as well,' she said.

She was beginning to dislike this man; she could even feel he was putting an armour of defence and furbishing weapons of warfare as if he smelt a battle. She followed him to the glittering room, where jewels lay shrined, worth so much and worth so little. One human tear of repentance or of love balanced by a wise heart would weigh down all these gleaming drops.

Lilian sat down, Mr. Philips stood obsequiously. She was troubled for a moment in beginning, but her voice steadied as she went on.

'Mr. Philips, I have received from an authentic source some information respecting yourself and Captain Thurlstone.' The pin-point lights quivered again, but he kept his lips shut; inwardly he bristled. 'I have reason to know that, were he in circumstances of danger, he would be likely to apply to you and ask you to inform another person of it—in fact, Mr. Davenant.'

'Indeed, madam! That is rather strange information.' He smiled with his lips, but his eyes were watchful of her, wondering how much she knew.

'I am aware,' continued Lilian, 'of a curious compact, half jest, half earnest, between Mr. Davenant and Captain Thurlstone to which you were witness. You remember, Mr. Philips?'

'I can't say that I do,' he answered first; then the rapid thought came that Thurlstone or Davenant had told her, and that denial was useless, so he assumed a reflecting attitude, and in a moment added, 'Stay! I do recollect some such thing, madame; but it was jest, a mere jest, I assure you.'

'And nothing has come of it?' said Lilian. 'You have received no letter, no message from Captain Thurlstone during these two years that he has been so strangely lost to his friends?'

'Certainly not'—and Mr. Philips straightened himself and struck an attitude which in his own mind was a fine representation of truth. 'I thought, madam, Captain Thurlstone had his own reasons for remaining absent, and was not likely to trouble me or anyone with letters or messages.'

Lilian bore the sneer unanswered; before the thought of Jocelyn's loyalty and self-sacrifice this man's meanness was smaller than a midge's sting.

'The letter or message would not be for you,' she said calmly; 'it would be for Mr. Davenant.'

'So I understand, madam; and were I to receive such a thing I should give it in to his hands at once.'

'Then you have had no word, no message, no sign?' said Lilian, raising pleading lovely eyes of sorrow to his fat face.

'None, madame, not a word—I should say the gentleman was dead. That is the general belief.'

'Yes; thank you.' She rose and went away as if her limbs were of lead. Mr. Philips rubbed his hands together thoughtfully and looked after her.

'A good stroke of business,' he said; 'it is worth a set of silver dishes at least. I fancy this will be a rather profitable affair—last for years, I expect—always a chance of its cropping up again, and that will mean an order. Ha, ha! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Put those diamonds away, Barret.'

Lilian had taken a sudden resolve; she would trust Edgar — she would appeal to his generous goodness. She walked to the post-office and filled up a telegram form with these words—

'Can you return to-morrow? I earnestly need your help in a matter of vital importance to me.'

In leaving the office she met Mr. Philips face to face at the door. He skipped aside with all the agility of fat, and she heard him ask loudly for ten shillings' worth of stamps. But had she waited she would have seen him too fill up and despatch a telegram.

'Young lady been asking for certain party. Think she has received information. Advise you to come back and sift matters.'

So Edgar had two telegrams, and subject for thought that would have occupied the longest summer's day in a man's life.

At home Lilian found a note from Luffincot awaiting her.

'Do not come to-day,' he wrote. 'Lord and Lady Ramsden are here, and their arrival has greatly increased the invalid's suffering. Come to-morrow, when she has rested.'

'Well, it was better so; after all this fever, she was not a fit visitor to soothe Poppy. The hot day came to a close, a silent, sluggish rain fell, lulling the still troubled waves, and down from the over-hanging clouds and the green heights of Edgecombe there stole a warm stifling mist which brought the night in darkly with noiseless step—a step soft, insidious, and full of danger to travellers by land or sea.

* * * * * *

Down through the steaming air, with mists about its path, through which it seemed to cut its way blindly, rushed the night mail, speeding on its way to the west.

'It is the darkest night for July that I have ever seen.' This remark fell from Edgar's fellow-traveller—a pale, thin, gray-eyed man, wrapped in ulster and rug, as if it were mid-winter.

'Yes, it is very dark certainly. This mist in the air obscures the stars, and there is no moon; but we shall have daylight in another hour.'

'I wish it was come,' returned the other. 'Do you think there is any danger from this fog?'

'None whatever; this is a very safe line.'

'I am glad to hear it; but somehow I don't feel safe. Do you mind my putting up the window?'

'Not at all. You seem cold.'

'Yes I am just come from a warmer country than this, and the mist chills my bones. I am just arrived from Spain.'

Edgar grew suddenly interested.

'What part?' he said eagerly. 'Have you been among the Carlists?'

'No; I value my life too much for that. I have been in the south, but I have seen some of the Carlist prisoners, poor fellows! And oddly enough one——'

There was a sudden shock, then a rebound, then a second shock, a noise of falling and crackling timbers, a darkness of dust and ruin, a crash, a mingled shreak of hissing steam and human voices, and then the wreck of the train stood still, trembling in all its linked frame like a living monster wounded.

Giddy and confused, but unhurt, Edgar opened the door of his carriage and sprang out into the darkness. Men came running forward with lights; he saw the train was near a small station. It had run into a wrong siding, and come into collision with a long line of empty trucks. These had 'telescoped' and mounted one on the other, and some had run to and fro madly; others lay shattered and broken on the roadway.

'It is well we were slacking speed,' observed the engine-driver, 'or the accident would have been a bad one. As it is, there is no one much hurt.'

The passengers had alighted; some were bruised and shaken, others slightly cut. The slow rate at which the train was going at the time of the collision had caused the injury to fall mostly on the trucks.

'Was there any one in your carriage, sir?' said one of the guards to Edgar.

'Yes, a gentleman.'

'I thought you were the only passenger there.'

The man ran back along the train, and, holding up his lantern, looked into a first-class carriage. Edgar followed him and looked also. His fellow-traveller was lying on the shattered floor; he was unconscious.

'I fear he is much hurt. Call one of the doctors.'

There were two in the train; one was a Plymouth man. He grasped Edgar's hand.

'Glad to see you unhurt, Mr. Davenant.'

'Thank you. Look at this poor fellow, will you? A minute ago he was speaking to me.'

The light was held low, near the sufferer's face. The doctor knelt down beside him, and in a minute rose again.

'He is dead! Who is he? Does any one know? We ought to telegraph to his friends. Poor fellow! He has evidently died from concussion of the brain—hit, you see, on the temple.'

The guard had thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of the dead man's ulster.

'Here is a pocket-book,' he said. 'I dare say it will tell the gentleman's name and address.'

Edgar took it from his hand and read on the first page—"Mathew Restronguet.'

'Here is his name, but no address. I'll take it to the lamp—I cannot see here; there may be a letter with his address on it in the book somewhere.'

He walked a little way down the line, and stood beneath the light of the first lamp on the station platform. He turned two or three pages, and then started as though struck by a bullet. His eyes had fallen on Lilian's name and address. Underneath was written—

'The exact words of the message were—'Tell Miss Challacombe you have seen Jocelyn Thurlstone.' I understood I was to deliver this message verbally, as it was not certain that a letter or telegram would reach the lady's hands. Promised I would do so.'

This memorandum was signed with the initials 'M. R.,' and then followed the date, just twelve days before.

Edgar tore the leaf from the pocket-book and crimpled it in his hand.

'It is no fault of mine that this man is dead. I am justified—she shall never see this. How providential that it falls into my hands!'

He drew a great breath of relief, but his fingers shook as they rapidly turned the remaining pages. There was no other mention of Lilian or of Jocelyn.

'Have you found anything, sir?' asked the guard, coming up to him.

Edgar raised his eyes—they had a trouble yet elated look.

'Nothing. Stay—here is a letter. Better telegraph to that address, and give the pocket book to the station-master—there is money in it. Do you know where the gentleman was going?'

(Continued on fourth page.)