Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

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Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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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 practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no 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.

LONDON HOUSE.

W. M. Tupper!

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

CROCKERYWARE.

Boots and Shoes,

Flour & Meal.

Prices as low as at ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

WM. TUPPER.

July 20th. 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 cirnular 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.

Shadows.

Mrs. Mary E Stairs, the lovely and accomplished wife of the Rev Dr. Stairs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., died very suddenly, May, 31, 1866. Among her school compositions was found, after her death, the following poem. It has in an uncommon degree the spirit of true poetry. H. G. W.

Shadows are ever
Seen upon earth;
But though so dreary,
Light gives them birth;
Light that surroundeth
Things which we love;
Light from the bright sun
Shining above.

Shadows are gliding
Round our hearth-stone,
Death may have entered
To darken our home;
More deep the affliction,
From God comes more aid;
The brighter the light is,
The deeper the shade.

* * * * * *

There are shadows of morning,
And shadows of noon,
And shadows of evening,
And shadows of gloom;
And soft shades by moonlight
Have oft given birth
To fanciful things
Which seem not of earth.

Life's morning is lovely,
And soft is its light,
But the shadows of morning
Point ever toward night;
Life's evening is dreary,
Of sunshine 'tis shorn;
But the shadows of evening
Point ever toward morn!

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLII.

'Good-bye,' said De Carteret, shaking hands with him in his turn carelessly. 'Here—stop! I have forgotten to give you one great piece of news. A fellow in the —th Lancers has turned up whom we never thought to see down here again.'

'What?' said Edgar, turning round sharply, and letting the door shut with a heavy bang.

'Ah, you may well be astonished! He left the Lancers, you know, in an odd way, and no one knew what had become of him; and to-day I met him in George Street, walking about as large as life and as tranquil as a statue.'

'You don't know what you are talking about, De Carteret,' returned Edgar in a voice unlike his own. 'I happen to know- ——'

He checked himself suddenly, and with immense self-command held his face rigid. De Carteret resumed—

'You can't know more than I do, who met the man and spoke to him this morning.'

'Lilian,' exclaimed Mrs. Challacombe, what is the matter?'

She was leaning back in her chair, white as marble, her eyes fixed on De Carteret in an agony of fear and hope. He was satisfied; he enjoyed the probing of a human heart, and liked to get at its secrets.

'There is nothing alarming in my story, Miss Challacombe, I assure you,' he said quietly. 'I do not think the gentleman was a great favorite of yours. It was Harwood,' he continued, turning to Mrs. Challacombe with a fine smile—' and he is positively going to get married.'

It was Mrs. Challacombe's turn to change countenance, which she did in a hard, lowering way.

'Indeed,' she said coldly. 'He is marrying for money, no doubt.'

De Carteret's smile expanded into a laugh.

'He is marrying money certainly, but whether he is marrying for money I can't say. I should not think him the sort of man to do that.'

'Who is the lady?' asked his hostess in a tone of ice.

'The heiress Miss Broadmead.'

'I thought so!' cried Mrs. Challacombe, with triumph. 'No one can ever suppose a man marries her for love. Poor Harwood, I pity him!'

'But I assure you that he declares he met her abroad, and that he found so much sympathy between her feelings and his own, especially with regard to a certain affair,' he said, bending forward and speaking low, 'that he became really attached to her. and proposed out of pure affection.'

Mrs. Challacombe smiled.

During this little colloquy Edgar had walked swiftly to the window and bent over Lilian.

'Let me take you into the garden,' he said—'the air is oppressive here.'

He led her through the open window to a seat beneath the flowering limes, and in a moment quitted her, without returning to make any further adieux to the others.

Lilian was thankful to be left alone; she was terrified at the agony of hope that De Carteret's cruel words had racked her heart with, only for his own amusement. She felt she was ungrateful to Edgar, and a flood of self reproach poured over her. Mrs. Challacombe glanced at her where she sat drooping beneath the lime-blossoms.

'She wanted air,' she said to herself. 'She'll get over it directly. It would serve this young fellow right if I gave him a bad dinner, to punish him for frightening her. As for Harwood, I'll avenge myself on him by inviting him to Lilian's wedding—he'll feel that. Now that they are both gone,' she said to her red-haired friend, bestowing a flattering smile on him, 'I must tell you that the sole sympathy between Harwood and Miss Broadmead is hate of Thurlstone and his sister; and I don't think hatred is quite the thing to make a happy marriage with—do you?'

She was very handsome—he could not resist the smile or the long slender hand dangling carelessly so near his own; his fingers first touched, then clasped it.

'You are charming as ever,' he said; 'and—and I really never had a better dinner in my life than the one you gave me on Wednesday.'

'Come and dine with me again to-morrow, will you?'

Her warm white fingers tightened a little on his, and, forgetting that she had no husband to protect her, the infatuated man kissed them, and said 'Yes;' then he drew his chair close to hers.

'Look here,' he said—'I have something to tell you. I could not speak of it before—I feared to do mischief. That foreign fellow mentioned Thurlstone's name—he did, upon my word!'

Mrs. Challacombe stared at him with great hard eyes full of terror.

'Mischief!' she exclaimed. 'It would have done incalculable mischief if you had said that. I am thankful you were silent. Promise me, my dear friend'—and she lifted his hand to her handsome hot cheek, and held it there—' promise me that you will not say a word about this to Lilian or Edgar, or indeed to anyone.'

'I promise. How can I refuse you anything?'

The hand slipped a little, and Mrs. Challacombe's lips touched it—quite inadvertently, of course. This was more than a man of flaming hair, or any kind of hair, could stand without reprisal. In another instant his own lips had touched the warm damask cheek, in total forgetfulness that she was unprotected by a husband who would make it a matter of no consequence to him. There was a little silence—a very pleasant silence—and then he said—

'And I may be mistaken—the man's English was so detestible.'

'You are mistaken, depend on it. How could a Spanish sailor hear of Thurlstone, or name him? Do let us keep this queer mistake of yours quite to ourselves.'

'We will. I have given you my word.' And with this he rose and went away, feeling a little ruefully that he had committed himself quite enough for one morning.

Meanwhile Edgar drove straight to the jeweller's.

'I want to speak to you,' he said, leaning over the counter, with face haggard, and voice hurried and broken.

Philips led the way to the back of the shop, to his little den, which was lighted always by gas, even in broad daylight. Beneath this unwholesome glare both the men's faces took a mean and cruel look.

'Is it anything particular, Mr. Davenant?'

'Yes; did you see that man on board his ship this morning, as you promised?'

'Not this morning, Mr. Davenant, but at two o'clock I saw him safely on board. And the ship is gone, sir, now.'

'I know it. But what did that fellow do with himself this morning?'

'I can't say, sir. I think he walked round the town to see it.'

'Yes; and as he was prowling about he met an acquaintance of mine, and, in spite of knowing no English, he managed to ask him where Thurlstone's regiment was.'

It cost Edgar a dreadful effort to utter his rival's name; his brow contracted with pain, and drops stood on it visibly.

'There's no harm done, sir, I hope, by that,' said Philips.

'I hope not. I think not. As I said last night, the man is an imposter.'

Philips did not answer.

'May I ask, sir, if your wedding-day is fixed?' he asked, after a moment's silence.

'Yes, it is fixed for this day month.'

'Then things are safe enough,' returned the jeweller, rubbing his hands together with a little smile, 'for by that time he will be shot.'

With clenched hand and eyes that blazed, Edgar started from his seat.

'How dare you say that?' he cried. 'It is a lie, I tell you—the whole story is a lie—the man is an imposter.'

'And the letter a forgery?'

'Yes, a forgery. If I had believed it——' But he said no more; he sank down upon his seat again in silence.

'A link or clasp of the necklace is broken,' he observed in a moment, with quite a different voice and manner. 'Put another clasp to it—a handsome one.

'It shall be done, Mr. Davenant. And the man has sailed, I assure you.'

'I know,' said Edgar coldly. 'Pray name him no more And let the necklace be repaired at once, and sent to Miss Challacombe.'

He walked through the shop to his carriage, and drove away. Mr. Philips stood at the door, and looked after him.

'What was it he said the day they made me witness to that odd compact?

'If I save him, he shall rue it;
When he saves me, that shall undo it.'

Yes, that was it, or some such doggerel as that. And it won't be undone, so it seems.'

CHAPTER XLIII.

How swiftly the days flew by! And each one brought to Lilian some gift, some pleasure devised for her alone—some unexpected project to make the hours sail smoothly by and lull her soul into the sleep of ease. She almost forgot certain past events. She had remembered them for two sad and dreadful years—was it not time to forget them? If Jocelyn lived, he had forgotten her; if he were dead, he would forgive her. He would know how forlorn was her fate, he would see how true and tender and patient was Edgar's love, and he would be glad she had such a sure staff to lean upon.

These thoughts came to her one sultry evening as she sat on a rock by the sea. The day had been hot and stormy—the June freshness was over—July had come with thunder-claps and fierce lightning and heavy showers of sullen rain. She had been alone all day, for Edgar was in London, and the heat of the house had oppressed her. She was glad in the evening, when the storm ceased, to take her way through the wet and tangled garden—not so neat now as in her father's days—to the sea-shore, where the long waves rolled, in majestic and sounding strength, lulling the painful voice within her.

Upon the troubled sea there tossed a little boat which tacked and turned and twisted as if it were a weary bird beating its wings against the wind. At length its solitary sail was hauled down, and a pair of sturdy brown hands seized oars and pulled lustily towards her.

'It is old Dan Tregoon,' she said to herself, as the boat drew near. 'What can he want with me?'

She never saw this man without a certain misgiving and fear. The sight of his weather-beaten, tanned, and withered face was as powerful to conjure up past visions as a seer's crystal into which a whole life may glide and vanish. By some wild caprice of fate Dan's life had been linked with hers in all the most momentous hours of her existence, and a shrinking superstition yet dwelt in her mind that the strange chain which bound their fates together was still unsundered, and would bring them face to face again a yet more awful hour.

Dan's boat drew near the shore and tossed there like a cork; he rested on one oar, keeping the little craft as straight with the other as he could, and with his disengaged hand he beckoned to Lilian. She ran down the sands and out on to a jutting rock.

'What is it, Dan?'

'I can't get no nearer, miss, or I shall be swamped—and I don't want to be drowned afore my time.'

She could just catch his words between the break of the waves as they rushed with sullen roar upon the beach.

'Why talk at all of being drowned, Dan?' she said in answer.

'The biggest man that ever lived—emperor or pope—can't escape his fate; and mine will come upon me one of these days onawares, when I arn't thinking of it. That's how it comes to us all, I reckon. Death is a surprise; he steals upon us with feet of wool and hand of iron, and deals his blow like a thief.'

'Yes, yes,' said Lilian impatiently—'quite true. But you have something more than this to say to me, Dan.'

'I have, sure. I've heard you are going to be married very soon, miss—and I'm glad of it. T'other 'un was onloocky; I always said that—though he has sich a taking way with 'un that if he were to ax me for my eyes he'd get 'em.'

Lilian listened to this in vexed pain. Dan's voice from across the waves sounded afar off; it was as if the troubled sea was wafting to her feet memories of her dead love, bringing her a voice that spoke his name in warning.

'Dan, I cannot listen to you,' she said, turning away.

Her garment fluttered in the wind, and the end of a long white scarf or cloud that she wore streamed out over the sea, and Dan caught at and seized it.

'This will do,' he said. 'I have been wondering how I should get the letter ashore, but I can do it now. If you'll hauld one end of this fleecy rope, I'll tie the letter in the other, and then you can haul it in safe.'

Lilian watched him in a sort of dull surprise, as with a bit of coarse cord and the aid of teeth and hands he tied a letter securely to the end of her scarf.

'I havn't lost much time; I only had it this arternoon. I was up to the nunnery—'sisters' they call themselves—selling fish, and then——Haul away, miss; it's all right now.'

Lilian obeyed, and in another instant the letter was in her hand, and her eyes fell on the well-known writing of Poppy. A thrill of terror like an electric shock ran through her frame. It was so unexpected; she had taken the letter so unwittingly, never dreaming of this.

'Dan,' she cried aloud, as with sinewy frame bent to his oars he was preparing to row away, 'stop!' Tell me how you got this letter, and where it came from.'

'I've told 'ee,' returned the old man. 'It's from his sister. I was afeard to take it; for as sure as we two live it will bring ill loock to us both. But I heerd she was dying, and I couldn't say nay then. Don't let it stop the wedding. If you want to see good days and live long, marry; if you turn back——'

But the rest of his words were lost in the roar of the beating surf; and his boat danced over a huge wave, and went down into a gulf and rose again upon the second wave, and so floated away into the sunset, and seemed only a mote upon the waters ready to vanish.

Lilian looked after it a moment with the spray beating on her face, her thin black dress clinging to her form, and both her cold hands upon the fluttering scarf which the wind was seeking to carry away. It she had let it go, her fate might have been changed; but she clutched it tightly, and stood still as one in a dream. Dan Tregoon and his boat had passed like a vision and vanished, but the letter—the reality—was held against her bosom; and she looked around for a sheltered spot in which to find rest and read it. No sooner had she done this than, with face of snow and set lips and eyes full of pain, she rushed homewards, arrayed herself with swift and trembling hands, and then took her way alone to the house of the Sisters of Mercy.

* * * * * * *

'Sister Magdalen, a friend is come to see you.'

Lilian stood trembling on the threshold of the room; a dimness was on her sight, voices sounded far off to her. She saw as in a mist a man rise from his knees beside a low arm-chair, and she knew he came forward and took her hand. Before this she had been grouping for her way blindly, but he led her safely on, and then she too fell upon her knees at the place where he had knelt, and she felt a fevered hand upon her brow, and, looking up, she saw the changed, pale, sorrowful face of Poppy. Seeing that face with death on it, and remembering all the anguish and the pain that Time had swept his wings over but not effaced, her tears burst forth, and, holding Poppy's wasted hand between both hers, she pressed her cheek on it and wept bitterly.

'Hush, I entreat you!' said a voice she seemed to recognize. 'Try to calm yourself; you distress her, and she is too weak for agitation.'

Poppy drew her hand from Lilian's, and with her own handkerchief she dried her tears, and, parting her hair from her brow, she kissed her.

'She will be tranquil now,' she said. 'She will not agitate me.'

The sound of her voice thrilled through Lilian's heart with a thousand memories. It made all real to her which before had seemed a dream. Her faintness, her dimness of vision fled before the first sweet tones of that liquid voice—having the echo of Jocelyn's in it—which poured over her sense of hearing like the music of happier days, when—

'Joy was duty
And love was law.'

'Poppy,' she murmured brokenly, 'I am quite calm now. I am so full of joy, so full of sorrow—joy to see you again, and sorrow to see you thus. Oh, my dear, my love, why not have written to me before? Why not have told me you were here?'

'I have not been here long,' said Poppy. 'I have been in a sisterhood in Ireland, near my mother. I came here to die, Lilian—here where I sinned and suffered; it is here I deserve to die.'

A firm but gentle hand was laid upon hers; a voice that quivered, and was yet strong, spoke as one having authority.

'It is all forgiven, sister. You have deserved pardon, and you have received it. Do not speak of yourself cruelly.' The voice of the speaker changed suddenly, ringing out in the unmistakable accents of human agony, human love. 'Do not, Poppy. I could not bear it!'

'Not before you—not to grieve you answered Poppy, turning her shining eyes on him, dewy with unshed tears; but I must speak the truth to Lilian. Leave us alone a while, dear friend. I will call for you again soon.'

'Miss Challacombe, I entreat you, do not let her excite herself.' And the tall cassocked figure, kneeling again by Poppy's side, arose and held out a hand to Lilian. 'Do you not remember me?' he said.

Till this moment she had heard only his voice, seen him only dimly in the faint light of the small room; now she looked at him with earnest gaze, and in spite of his shaven face and changed aspect, she recognized him.

'Mr. Luffincot!' she said, clasping his hand eagerly. 'Oh, I know I have much to thank you for!'

'He is the best and kindest friend the truest, simplest heart that ever beat,' put in Poppy brokenly.

She could say no more, and he hurried away so as not to hear her praise him. At the door he beckoned to Lilian, and she went to him, and stood out in the long dimly-lighted corridor where Poppy could not hear their voices.

'You will be pitiful to her?' said poor Luffincot, the old pink flush coming warmly up over his honest face. 'You will remember how she has suffered? You will not be hard and unforgiving?'

'I!' returned Lilian, her voice shaking. 'How could I be unpitiful to—to Jocelyn's sister?'

But Luffincot looked unsatisfied.

'Not for his sake'; be pitiful and loving to her for her own sake,' he pleaded, all the infinite honest tenderness of his nature speaking in his quivering tones; 'and do not forget that she has expiated the past by penance, by good deeds, by sufferings not to be gauged by you or me.' He turned away an instant, passing his hand quickly across his eyes; if tears rose in them, they did him no shame, and he dashed them quickly away. 'I am young in my sacred office,' he said—' I have given her what comfort I could; but it is she who could teach me. She will confess to you, Miss Challacombe, more than she has ever told me. I have never asked her a question.' Once more he stooped, his voice failing him for a moment, and when he spoke again it was in a changed tone—a tone in which the priest was forgotten and the soldier lived again. 'If that man had not died as he did, like a dog on Dartmoor, he would have died when he met me. We could not have seen each other face to face without——Heaven forgive me! I forget myself. But he was a pitiful coward, Miss Challacombe—a scoundrel, light and empty. And she loved him! But his love for her was only one of his many sins, for which he deserved to die.'

'Is it of my cousin—of Richard—you are speaking?' said Lilian, shocked inexpressibly by his words.

'Yes, of him; but I will speak of him no more.' There was a little silence; he recovered himself in it, gathering about him again the quiet calm tone of one who had taken up his cross in a brave enduring spirit, and who meant to serve the Master he had chosen. 'I can only guess, Miss Challacombe, what poor Poppy—what sister Magdalen will say to you, but, whatever it may be, bear in mind that your forgiveness will be very sweet to her, and that your love will soothe her dying bed. She will soon pass through the valley of the shadow of death. I think in that dread hour, if your hand holds hers, it will be easier for her trembling soul. It is you, I fear, whom her sin is most injured; to you then, not to me, is left the most generous part. As for me, perhaps the Superior will not permit me—perhaps I shall not be able to be with her when—'

But he could not go on. With hand once more upon his eyes, he went swiftly down the dim corridor through the twilight, passing from Lilian's sight like a shadow.

CHAPTER XLIV.

When Lilian returned to Poppy's room, she found that a sister had entered by another door, and that a small lamp had been lighted, the faint flame of which struggled with the fading twilight, and threw a pale gleam across the bed upon which Poppy was now lying.

'She cannot sit up long,' the sister said to Lilian. 'She is weak, and light as a child, I have carried her in my arms to her bed. I shall be in the next room. Should you want me, you have only to call, and I shall hear you.' She moved away silently as she spoke, and closed the door with a soft touch.

In strange and solemn expectancy Lilian sat down by the bedside—her heart was too full for speech. Every moment, as darker and darker clouds flew over the gray and waning light in the stormy sky, the flame of the lamp burnt clearer, and Poppy's face for the first time grew distinct to Liliad's view. The disfiguring coif she had worn was removed; her hair, still glossy as jet, but not of its old luxuriant length, lay on the pillow, pushed back from her distress as if she could not bear its pressure; her large eyes, which had once looked as if they held a rich and glowing sunbeam, were still preternaturally bright, but the laughing amber lights were quenched forever.

Could this be Poppy—the bright and radiant creature whose rich coloring had gained for her her fantastic name? The cornation of her cheeks was gone, all her brilliancy was faded; but there was something on her face more lovely than its vanished brightness, and her smile had a strange ineffable beauty, so full of sorrow and yet of peace, that, seeing it, Lilian's eyes grew wet with tears. Poppy saw them, and pressed her hand and smiled again.

'There is no need for tears, Lilian. I am glad to go. It is a great mercy that I am called away—life has been terrible to me these two years past.'

'But I have lived,' said Lilian; 'and surely my trouble has been great, though it may not have reached such a measure as yours. I have lost my father and Jocelyn——' She stopped, for a flush came up hastily over Poppy's paleness, and a strange wild terror sprang into her eyes.

'I have been able to bear all things,' she said faintly, 'except the mention of my brother's name. Lilian can you forgive me? It is my fault, my doing that he is an exile, and perhaps dead.' She clasped both hands upon her forehead, and sat up suddenly, a little wildly.

'Calm yourself,' returned Lilian. 'You exaggerate your faults—you cannot be to blame, dear Poppy, for Jocelyn's strange action for forsaking us all.'

(Continued on fourth page.)