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 mat' what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,

Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box 4586.

GREAT BARGAIN!

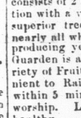
THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT by Private Contract,

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.

Something New!

THE Subscribers have just received their first advance of

SPRING STOCK

consisting of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Millinery, Ready-made Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries, Crockery,
Glass Ware, Stationery,
Room Paper,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

all of which have been personally selected. And notwithstanding the great rise in prices, we will continue to sell at very low rates as we are determined to keep up our reputation as the

Cheap Cash Store.

The highest market prices paid for produce in exchange for goods.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO.

Middleton Corner, April 20th, '80.

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

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.

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.

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 apllication.

A. W. CORBITT, Presdt.

W. HALIBURTON, Secty.

Address all communications to BUILDING SOCIETY, Annapolis. dec3y

Ready - Made

CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment

of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes,

Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very

LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov ., '78

Poetry.

In Memoriam.

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Upon that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue—
Mon dieu!

She took a bite and John a chew
And the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue—
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo hoo!

What of the peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through—
Adieu!

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

(Continued.)

'I hope you will have the opportunity of trying,' said Edgar coolly, though he was white to the lips.

'I hope I shall,' returned Luffincot ramming his hat down upon his head with immense firmness. 'Good day, Mr. Davenant. I do not warn you not to repeat any word said between us respecting the two ladies we have named, because, after all, I give you credit for being a gentleman, not a sneak or a coward.'

'Thank you,' said Edgar. 'Perhaps you will spare me any further words, sir. I believe you know your way to the door.'

'For your precious friend's sake, with regard to whose reputation you are so careful,' resumed Luffincot, looking back with a dangerous fire in his blue eyes, 'I should advise you to be silent, unless you wish every man with a man's heart in him to post the fellow's name as a scoundrel whenever it is mentioned in his hearing.'

'Leave dead men alone,' retorted Edgar, 'and deal with the living. You and I can find a way to quarrel one day without dragging women's names into the mud.'

'The nearer the day the better I shall be pleased,' said Luffincot.

Edgar nodded; the door was closed, and in another instant Luffincot was out in the hot street, with a blaze of sunshine on him, and a lamentable sense of failure cold at his heart, mingling with wrath and a violent desire to fight the whole world.

* * * * *

Men like Dan Tregoon are reckoned among the uneducated, because the polite world chose to consider that education is to be found only in books. This is one of the great mistakes which the next generation will rectify. There is nothing educates like a handicraft; to deal with things themselves is better than to deal with books which prate of them. Old Dan had an observing eye and a skilful hand; he knew the sea and the creatures that dwell therein; and he knew the shore and the inhabitants thereof, and the wary eye and the cunning hand were wise to watch and crafty to hold. He went straight from the coroner's court to Captain Challacombe's house.

"Apparently this isn't no business of mine,' he said to himself; 'and yet I can no more help what I do than the fish can when they sink to deep waters from a troubled sea. Even the sheep feel the coming storm. I ain't going to be more stupid than a dumb animal just because I avvn't got no name, nor eyes, nor yeers, nor mouth speech, will so fill him up when it falls in with the face he loves that he's bound to do whatever he's axed. An' his fish's yeers will be aching for the sound of her voice again before long!'

Luffincot was an officer and a gentleman; he had passed examinations of a mild order, yet for him severe enough to put him into a succession of cold sweats and give him dyspepsia for six months. He had failed in his misstion. Old Dan was an ignorant fisherman, but a shrewd observer; he knew that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh—that Lilian could not see Edga Davenant without uttering a prayer to him, and that he could not look on her face and not grant it. The real question was, had he the power to interpose and save Poppy from that searhing cross-fire which would destroy her? Old Dan believed he had, for he had seen money do many things declared to be impossible.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

There was one circumstance not yet named which had caused the coroner to go out of the usual course in his investigation. This circumstance was the absence of the eminent surgeon to whose hands had been entrusted the examination of the cold shell of flesh that once held the light spirit of Richard Lancross.

The examination was scarcely concluded when the surgeon was summoned by telegram to the bedside of a nobleman whose life was looked on as so valuable to his country that all other interests went down before the potent desire to save him. An operation was necessary, and the surgeon stayed with his patient until it was successfully performed. Meanwhile he wrote to the coroner with due apologies for being obliged to postpone his evidence, adding that he should be back in a day or two, and in the interval other witnesses could be examined.

Thus it happened that the jury had not yet brought before them the medical report containing the true and succinct account of the causes of Richard Lancross's death.

The surgeon met Edgar Davenant as he was hurrying onwards, and stopped him to give him the latest news of his illustrious patient's health. It was a matter of such intense interest to the world that he made no apology for doing so.

'By-the-bye,' he said, 'how they have blundered on this inquest in my absence! I am anxious to give my report at once, and proposed doing so to-morrow; but it seems the cross-examination of Miss Saterleigh is coming on then, and the coroner considers it so important that he refuses to put it off. It would be much better if he did.'

He gave his horse a flick of the whip and was off, leaving Edgar somewhat puzzled by his manner.

Mrs. Lancross's villa had two drawing-rooms with doors between, and as Edgar was shown into the larger one he was startled by hearing Lilian's voice in accents of tearful, piteous entreaty.

'Oh, aunt, you must have influence—your prayer will assuredly be heard! Who has such a right as you to speak? You have only to say you do not wish that poor unhappy girl to be persecuted, and she will be spared.'

'But I will not say it, Lilian! You have no feeling to ask me such a thing. It is that wicked girl who has slandered Richard, and pretended that he continued to pay attention to her after his engagement to Rose Broadmead. The Broadmeats would never forgive me if I were to befriend her. And I won't do it. I will not aid her in her wicked falsehoods against my poor dear murdered boy.'

Mrs. Lancross broke into weeping, and sobbed audibly. Lilian was silent, but Edgar, bending forward, caught a glimpse of her face, white with sorrow, and wrung with pain. It had all its old power over him. His hear gave a sudden leap, all his veins filled with a joy which was half anguish; he felt himself grow very pale. All the ache and weariness, the passionate desire and longings of his old love, which he had driven back so painfully, rushed upon him again in a new flood. He was overcome in a moment, only by the sight of that pale beautiful face, which had more power to subdue him than a sword in the hand of a giant. He walked rapidly forward, impelled by his love, and yet withheld by it, in bonds which kept his voice calm and his hand steady.

'What can I do for you?' he said in a distressed tone to Mrs. Lancross. 'You know how I am grieved for you—and for you too, Lilian,' he added, holding out his hand to her.

She took it, but she could not speak a word. Her voice died away on her lips. In another moment she had broken down, and, falling upon her knees by her aunt's side, she hid her face and gave way for the first time to a burst of bitter weeping.

Her tears and sobs fell on Edgar's heart. 'Oh for the right to comfort her!' his soul cried out within him. 'Oh for the privilege to wipe away her tears and lead her back to peace and happiness again!' Would it never more be his? He bent over her, longing to take her in his arms, and yet not permitting even his shadow to fall upon her.

'Lilian,' he said,' 'we have known each other nearly all our lives. You can trust me as a friend and believe that I care for you as a friend, can you not?'

'Yes,' she answered.

'Then tell me what new distress has come upon you, and let me help you if I can.'

In another instant, without even surprise at herself, Lilian was pleading with him for Poppy, and was doing what she had said she could never do—asking a favour of Edgar Davenant.

Mrs. Lancross looked on and said little. Even in her grief worldly thoughts would rise up and present visions to her of prosperity yet to come. If the match come on again, as it ought to do, her second boy might be Edgar's partner, and the poverty she dreaded would never fall upon her children.

'Mr. Davenant cannot interfere with the coroner and the law,' she said at last, fearing to deprive herself of all power if she kept too long silent. 'And for my sake, my dear, he cannot seem to befriend those dreadful people.'

'Only a little mercy—that is all I ask for,' pleaded Lilian. 'And I am sure, aunt, Edgar will never forget what is due to you,' she added, using the old familiar name in her passionate eagerness.

His name spoken by her voice fell like a touch of balm on Edgar's sore spirit. His eyes filled with light. He began to feel a wonderful compassion for Poppy and her brave falsehoods as he thought them.

'I will try my best,' he said falteringly. 'Perhaps I have some influence, and I will use it.'

He had forgotten Luffincot's existence when he said this. He clasped Mrs. Lancross's hand—he felt an imperative necessity on him at that instant for the clinging touch of some human sympathy. As their hands met, so did their eyes, and each read the other's hope.

'Do not fear for the future, Mrs. Lancross,' he said—'that shall be my care. I shall be all the more your friend if I do something to relieve the distress of your niece. I will go on my errand at once. Lilian, will you let me come back and tell you how I have sped?'

'Oh, thank you, thank you!' she cried, her eyes looking up to his in tearful gratitude. 'I shall never forget this kindness while I live.'

'I have understood all you have suffered Lilian, and you know how I have held back from this affair for your sake, and because he risked his life once for me.'

'I know,' she said, her unconscious eyes still resting on him.

'And now I intervene not on the side where justice lies. You will not forget it, Lilian? You will feel that I am your friend through all, ready as ever to save you pain?'

It was the one word too many. He felt it the instant he had spoken, when Lilian's eyes dropped, and a faint colour rose in the clear whiteness of her face.

'I have always known you to be my friend,' she said.

He strove to be content with this—he wrung her hand and hurried away.

'He is a good man,' said Mrs. Lancross, as the door closed—a faithful and true lover if ever man was. Ah, Lilian, if——'

But Lilian gave her a wild look and fled from the room into the garden. Her aunt saw that it would be wise to keep her thoughts for the present in her own mind only.

In less than an hour Edgar was back again. There was a changed look in his face—it was not so hopeful as it had been, and even his voice was sadder.

'I have succeeded,' he said, 'in gaining a delay—and a delay may be, or rather is, everything. The coroner will hear Doctor Millwood's evidence to-morrow. It is very important evidence: it may render Miss Saterleigh's cross-examination unnecessary.'

'Thank Heaven!' Lilian cried, bending her head upon her hands in prayer. 'And how shall I thank you?' she added.

'By being happier, Lilian.'

Then she noticed his despondent tone, and liked him the better for it, as it proved he had no hopes in showing her a kindness. He did not trouble her with his presence when his errand was done; just a few words more were spoken, and he left her as though his heart were not burning within him with the renewed fears and hopes of an unhappy love.

* * * * *

Doctor Millwood's evidence had been listened to with breathless attention; it had changed the whole character of the proceedings; it had altered the beliefs and shaken the prejudices of all present, and it had brought to some among the crowd a relief from the tension of overwrought feeling past words to express. The bullet touched no vital part of the frame—it could not have caused death. This was the substance of the surgeon's report, as the result of his examination.

'Then to what cause do you ascribe Richard Lancross's death?'

'To heart-disease of long standing.'

This reply, like an electric shock, passed through the assembly with a strange thrill.

'Then you have discovered the wound to be an insignificant flesh-wound?'

'It is that in reality, and yet not insignificant to a man in his state of health, inasmuch as the shock of receiving it might have brought on the syncope which proved fatal.'

'Are you of opinion that the wound could have been inflicted accidently by his own hand?'

'It is within the range of possibility that it might be so, but it is extremely unlikely, as it would be very difficult to fire with the left hand.'

More evidence was adduced on this head; the fact however remained doubtful.

After hearing Doctor Millwood the coroner seemed inclined to return the verdict at once, but here Thurlstone's friends and Lord Ramsden intervened, and urgently insisted that their witnesses should be called, as they could strongly corroborate Poppy's evidence. The landlord of the little wayside inn was the first who made his appearance. His statement agreed with hers in every particular except as to time. He placed their halt at his inn an hour later than Poppy did.

'You looked out of window. Should you know the lady and gentleman again?'

'I believe I s hould.'

'Look around; do you see the lady here?'

'Yes, over there, sitting next that old gentleman. But she is not dressed the same. I took her for a young man at first that night.'

Luffincot turned pale, some of the thoughtless laughed, Poppy, with steadfast eyes fixed on the witness, remained unmoved.

'I wore an ulster,' she said quietly. She spoke only to Lord Ramsden, but her strangely clear voice was heard distinctly.

'I knew she was a lady when she spoke,' continued the man; 'I recognize her voice again now.'

'What did she say?' asked the coroner.

'She said, 'Do not give the horse too much water; remember what he has to do.' Then the gentleman pulled his head up from the trough and started him off like the wind.'

'That's just how Thurlstone drives,' observed a voice.

'Silence—silence!' cried an official.

'Should you know the gentleman again?'

'Yes, quite well; he was a very proper gentleman.'

Three or four photographs were handed to him, with the request that he should pick out the one he knew. After a curious scrutiny he selected Thurlstone's with the odd remark that the picture looked a deal happier than the real man.

A turf-cutter who had gone early to his work was the next called. He had seen Poppy and her brother pass, driving very fast; but again there was a descrepency in the time named by her and himself.

'Ladies' watches are not to be trusted always,' said counsel. 'But you are sure of the lady, though not sure of the time?'

'Quite sure; I couldn't mistake such a pretty lady.'

Other evidence followed, and the boy who had once been Poppy's messenger distinguished himself as a wonderful witness. He had seen the pistol in Mr. Lancross's hand, and knew it for the same pistol he had watched Captain Thurlstone's servant clean.

Where was the other pistol?

Neither friend, relative, witness, nor police could answer this question. Search had been made in vain at Lady Ramsden's, Captain Thurlstone's quarters, Mrs. Lancross's, and at all the gunsmiths' in the three towns.

This having been proved, the inquiry closed, and the jury were called upon to give their verdict. They returned one in accordance with the medical evidence.

'We find,' said the foreman, 'that Mr. Richard Lancross died of disease of the heart and sudden syncope; but whether the slight flesh-wound he had received caused this latter, and how that wound was inflicted, there is no evidence to show.'

It was an unsatisfactory conclusion to the long and anxious inquiry, and, as the crowd slowly melted away, a thousand rumours still in the air floated homewards with them, and gathered into speech as they went.

As Lord Ramsden and his step-daughter drove away they were cheered slightly. Poppy took it as a sign that the wave of suspicion was passing away from her brother, and, covering her eyes with her hand, she wept silent tears of thankfulness.

CHAPTER XL.

Time changes all things—from the feudal tower the crumbling walls of which are held upright only by mantling ivy, to the hearts once linked together, which now stand apart like coldest strangers, chilled by time.

Two years had passed since the excitement and terror of that day on which Thurlstone had disappeared, and Lilian felt herself desolate and a widow. She was young, and she bore her grief as the young do, with passion and with hope. But, as days glided into months, and no word reached her from her lover, a gradual belief grew upon her that Poppy's evidence only hid the truth, and he would never dare again to hold her hands or breathe in her ear a vow of love. He was gone from her for ever; he was hiding his pain in a foreign land; or, most likely of all, death had relieved him of sorrow.

Thoughts such as these worked in her brain and brought no solution of the mystery, which would be cleared up only by Thurlstone himself. And meanwhile, through all the time of her passionate hope, through all the mouths of her silent patience and despair, Edgar Davenant was constantly her helper and defender. She needed help and defence, for good John Challacombe fell into ill health and kept his room, and Mrs. Challacombe was free to be hard and bitter with her step-daughter, and, but for her rich suitor, would have made her life a daily trial. Many were the miseries, as she knew, from which Edgar saved her—petty miseries, perhaps, and yet as sore to bear as greater woes. At last come the crowning sorrow of her days. Her good father died, and the sharp shrewish woman who had managed him and his household so well had managed also that his will should be made in her favor. Lilian was left in her step-mother's mercy. Stunned at first by grief, she did not consider her position; but, as it dawned upon her thought comforts curtailed, through words that stung, though all the hard unkindness that wounds the soul, she looked around the world for succour, and found none, except with Edgar Davenant.

Therefore it was that amid the clash of military music on a bright day of summer she was seen on the Plymouth Hoe, with face a little paler, though lovely as of old, and with eyes a little sadder, smiling at Edgar's words as he bent forward to speak softly amid the sharp tones of bugle and drum.

'So that is to be a match at last,' said the Honorable Alwyn de Carteret to an angular young subaltern whose guest he was. 'When I was down here with my regiment two years ago, she was engaved to Thurlstone, and she had snubbed the millionnaire.'

'Ah, poor Thurlstone!' sighed the sub. 'Every one seems to have forgotten him.'

'N-no, they haven't,' interpolated Mrs. Werrington. 'Luffincot is advertising for him as frantically as ever.'

'How do you know that?' asked De Carteret, with interest. 'I thought Luffincot had turned monk, and was walking about in sandals and a serge gown, with a rope round his waist.'

'What nonsense you talk! He has left the Army, and has just entered the Church—that's all. And he is a real good fellow,' said Mrs. Werrington, without a single stutter.

'So he is. But he is among the elevated ones, I believe. He fasts and does penance—and I'll swear to the serge and rope.'

'But look here,' interrupted the subaltern. 'What is become of Thurlstone? Does nobody know—not even his own people?'

'I don't think they do,' resumed Mrs. Werrington. 'I was abroad at the time of that affair—the inquest, you know—and the Major left the Army and joined me almost immediately, and he told me that Lord and Lady Ramsden and Miss Saterleigh quitted the town at once and went to

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