Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

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HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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BESSONETT AND WILSON.

Middleton, Annapolis Co. aug 6

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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

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Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

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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

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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.

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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.

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

L. H. S.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, at Lawrencetown, opened for THIRD YEARS' work

OCTOBER 8th, 1879,

—WITH A—

FULLY EQUIPPED STAFF OF TEACHERS.

Liberal Courses of Study.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEACHERS' COURSE.

Room, Board, Fire, Light, and Plain Washing, $2.00 per week.

For particulars, address for Circular,

C. F. HALL, Principal,

or C. S. PHINNEY, Associate Principal.

MONEY! TO LEND!

The Annapolis Building Society

LOANS MONEY ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. INTEREST 6 per cent. Send stamp for circular and form of application.

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.

Other Fellows Think so Too.

There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife,
That makes the business not too bad,
And that one thing's an easy wife.
Dost fancy that I love my girl
For rosy cheeks or raven hair?
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them, too,
That is a thing, you must allow,
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my papers on my desk;
She never dusts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove
The very ones I want to keep.

On winter nights my cozy dame
Will warm her toes before the fire;
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or wants the wick a trifle higher.
On Sundays she is not so fine
But what her ruffles I can hug;
I light my pipe just where I please,
And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"—
A thing some women vilely plan
To worry servants half to death,
And spoil the temper of a man.
She lets me sleep to any hour,
Nor raises any horrid din
If it just happens, now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you Jack, if you would wed,
Just get a girl who lets things run;
She'll keep her temper like a lamb,
And help you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style, or show,
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways
Are just perchance a little mixed;
Oh, when they get too horrid bad,
We stir about and get things fixed.
What compensation has a man
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
If home is made a battle-ground,
And life one long, eternal row?

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

(Continued.)

'I might be put upon the Testament,' he said. 'If I was, I should like to kiss the book with a small bit of truth about me somewheres. So I can swear I dunno where things be, I reckon I'm safe, soul and body; but to swear that, when I know a thing is in the sea, would be rank blasphemy, I'm afraid. And it would be uncommon hard for me in my old age to fall into the hands of them perlicemen, when all my life long, 'cept giving 'em a pint in dry times, I've had naught to do with 'em, but have always walked round 'em on every beat. No, no; you put that bit of silver in among all the fine things ready for your wedding. It will never be looked for there.'

A sad smile rose to Lilian's lips; it was such a bitter mockery to hear her wedding spoken of thus. She did not demur to old Dan's proposition; she felt it would be better to let him have his own way. If questioned, not knowing what she had done with the pistol, his odd conscience, as he said, would be clear, and she might trust to his shrewdness to avoid damaging answers. But, if his superstition or self-interest were touched, his very weak reverence for truth might grow greater.

'Very well,' she said resignedly; 'I will take your advice, Dan, and neither you nor any living soul shall ever know what becomes of this. Have you anything else to say?' she added wistfully.

'No; only this, that good swimmers ain't drowned easy. You bear that in mind when all manners of tales reach your ears. A man that can swim twelve miles without so much as turning on his back don't go under water unless he wants to hide his head. There, that's old Dan's last word—except the warning. I wish I could make 'ee take that to heart. There's good loock and bad loock, and folks born to both; and when he comed across your path and mine he put a black shadow on it, as sure as you and I be now out in the midst of the pathless sea. There's your father waiting for 'ee, miss, down on this little garden pier. A handy little pier it is; there's no time of the tide when a boat can't be landed or launched from them steps. Good evening, Cap'en. I've bin taking Miss Challacombe out for a row, and it have done her good. Here's your cloak, miss. I've rolled it up handy to carry, since you won't put 'im on.'

The old fishermen took half-a-crown kindly from Captain Challacombe, and rowed away over the misty sea, leaving father and daughter on the strand, with the shadow of night falling on their drooped and sorrowful faces.

CHAPTER XXXV.

On the first day of the inquest Harwood's evidence was taken, then Luffincot's. The first was cruelly damaging to Thurlstone. Harwood related minutely all the details of the quarrel on the beach between him and Lancross, and showed that there was an animus and hatred between them which his intervention alone had prevented that day from reaching a climax.

'Captain Thurlstone,' he said, 'bore Mr. Lancross's taunts quietly for a time, but, on his mentioning his cousin Miss Challacombe's name, he broke into fury with a suddenness that astounded me, and, seizing Lancross, he flung him upon the sands with great violence. Apparently his intention was to fling him into the sea, but I caught his arm and prevented this—thus the fall was only upon the beach. I held Captoin Thurlstone back from attacking him a second time, and then he cooled down a little, and we both wondered that Lancross did not rise. Upon this I ran forward and leant over him, and cried out that he was dead. He seemed so to me; he was white and cold and perfectly without sense or motion. At my cry Captain Thurlstone came forward also—and I confess he showed alarm and anxiety, and aided me in every way towards bringing back Mr. Lancross to consciousness. Yet he still expressed hatred and contempt of him, and justified his own violence towards him. He spoke of him as a coward, using the words, 'a vain, light, selfish coward—a creature unworthy even of indignation.'

Cross-examined on this evidence, Harwood acknowledged that Richard Lancross had given immense provocation before a blow was struck; but on re-examination he swore with increased firmness that Captain Thurlstone's retaliation was unnecessarily violent, and he had hurled Lancross to the ground with such force that he himself believed that he had killed him. This was proved by his having remained at the barracks that night in expectation of arrest.

'Which shows he was perfectly ready to meet all charges,' said his defender.

'Certainly; he did not run away that time,' observed Mrs. Lancross's council, with suavity, 'but on the second occasion he has considered discretion the better part of valor.'

Such remarks as these were only the bys play which drew the crowd's attention from the graver business, and raised a smile. There is, too, always a crowd within a crowd—that inner circle which calls itself society, and has better chances of hearing than the outside roughs; these knew of whispers and of rumors which declared that Thurlstone had bitter cause to hate the dead man—and these one and all condemned him.

For the verdict of society Lieutenant Harwood was greatly responsible. The pent-up dislike, the long-smothered jealousy and sense of annoyance which had rankled in his mind, found vent at this period in an outspoken conviction of Thurlstone's guilt, and not in this only, but in hints of other guilt—of dishonorable acts, shrewd, mean expedients to further his own ends, advantage taken of a woman's weakness, or a friend's imprudence, or order to gain for himself some success he coveted.

All this told against Thurlstone terribly. Tongues and papers wafted the rumors hither and thither till the man's name was blackened in the public eye, and every voice was ready to declare him guilty.

When the first day of the inquest was over, and Lieutenant Luffincot's evidence had been wrung from his unwilling lips, the coronor granted a warrant for Captain Thurlstone's arrest, and the press and people applauded the act as just and necessary. But he had fled from justice and escaped. No injury, no search brought any fact to notice except the simple one of his mysterious disappearance. This alone was sufficient to condemn him. It is the guilty who flee, the innocent who remain to confront their enemies.

On the second day Thurlstone's servant was examined, and proved that the pistol was his master's, and that he had seen it in his possession about a month before. He had not seen him later; neither had he cleaned the pistol later. Of the pistol missing he knew nothing; they were both there when he last cleaned them.

For the glove no owner could be found. Every draper's shop had been visited by the police, and not one could say that they sold that make of glove. One draper professed to have had gloves of a similar sort from a Viennese firm a year before, but he had sold them all to numerous customers and he could not particularize one more than another.

The ladies who had lost gloves at picnics or excursions on Dartmoor were respectfully desired to come forward; and a number of very curious and interested ladies of all ages, size and stations responded to the call. An amazing number among then owned the glove at first, but ended in repudiating it virtuously. The police wished they had left the matter of the glove alone.

Thus stood the case at the beginning of the third day of the inquiry, when Lieutenant Luffincot was again called upon to speak. Questiond now as to the appearance of the two men he had seen driving away from the spot, the admission was wrung from him that the taller man had the air and build of Thurlstone, but, not having seen his face, he refused to swear to his identity. The shorter person was not like any man whom he knew. The witness swore to this in a firm voice, but his agitation was marked, and his evidence was looked on with suspicion as being too friendly to the accused.

The glove was put into his hand to examine, in order that he might swear it was in the same condition as when found. As he held it, and, by desire of the coroner, looked at it intently, there sat upon his face an expression so strange and resolute that some few among the gazers who had seeing eyes beheld, as in a vision for one fleeting instant, the flood of sorrow—'for human line too deep to fathom'—which filled his heart. With iron force he hid his anguish and kept emotion down beneath an icy calmness, and no living creature save one, and that one a woman, divined the effort or knew how great was his courage or how generous his love.

People pitied Lilian—the forsaken, heart-broken bride; they pitied Mrs. Lancross, the bereaved mother; they pitied Lady Ramsden, for she was a Marchioness, and Poppy, for she was a Marchioness's daughter; they even pitied Miss Broadmead. But no one gave a thought of pity to the pink-faced blue-eyed young lieutenant, who was a boy in years, a lion in heart, and a martyr in spirit.

It was after the warrant was issued for Captain Thurlstone's arrest that Major Werrington was called on to give evidence regarding the early interview held with him on the morning after the event.

'Was Captain Thurlstone agitated and his manner peculiar?'

'Yes, very,' answered the Major. 'He was in a towering rage at his mother's hasty marriage. He characterized it as unnecessary, unbecoming, detrimental to her character as a lady; and he declared that he could not face the remarks and slander it would cause. He avowed his intention to send in his papers and leave England. I advised him to take a dip in the sea, and said he would feel calm after it, and perhaps change his mind. He left me in order to bathe. I have not seen him since.'

'Is not Captain Thurlstone a very wonderful swimmer?'

'Not wonderful for men of these days, when men swim across the Channel, but he is an exceptionally good swimmer.'

'And it was a very calm day?'

'I believe it was.'

'And the tide running out?'

'Yes.'

'Did not Captain Thurlstone say something to you about his pistols?'

'Yes, he said he had lost them, or they had been stolen from him.'

'He said something more; you had better repeat it.'

Major Werrington's purple face took a darker shade, and grew apoplectic. He was sober—a rare circumstance—which gave him a scared and unfamiliar look to his acquaintances. In fact, the man was ghastly to behold.

'I remember nothing more,' he said at first doggedly.

'Let me refresh your memory. Did he not say you might fear of his pistols or pistol being found?'

'Not exactly that. He remarked that his pistols might be found in odd company. A man could not answer for the innocence of a weapon when it had left his own hand.'

'And did he not say also that his pistol was in fault?'

'If you know what he said you had better repeat it,' retorted the badgered Major.

'The coronor prefers to hear it from you,' rejoined his interlocutor blandly. 'Now come, what further admission did Captain Thurlstone make to you that morning?'

Fencing answers brought sharper questions, till at length the wearied Major, growing dangerously apoplectic, succumbed to his tormentor and acknowledged that Thurlstone had confessed to him that something extraordinay had occurred.

'Something in which his pistol is not innocent?' asked the questioner.

'No, I deny that he said that. He never used those words. I cannot tell how you have heard what he said to me,' cried the Major, irate and purple.

'At another time do not hold confidential conversations too near your gardener. One more question and I have done. You have resigned your commission in the—th Lancers, I believe?'

'Yes,' returned the Major shortly.

'Has anyone paid you the price of your commission?'

'No!' thundered the Major. 'I resign for family reasons; and I refuse to discuss my private affairs here.'

'Your family has gone abroad very precipitately, I believe?'

'My wife was summoned by telegram to the sick bed of her mother at Florence; my daughter accompanied her,' returned the Major in an aggrieved tone. 'I have no wish to intrude my domestic calamities on the time and attention of this Court.'

'Perhaps not; but it is a calamity that has occurred so very opportunely that you must expect it to elect some remark. But for Mrs. Werrington's abrupt departure I should have had the pleasure of questioning her instead of yourself.'

'She could tell you no more than I have told you. She did not see Captain Thurlstone that morning.'

'Did she see him on the night of Mr. Lancross's death?'

'She might have done so when he called at my house for his sister.'

'Oh, he called at your place for Miss Saterleigh! Did he enter your house?'

'No, he waited in his T-cart at the gate.'

'At what hour was that?'

'About ten o'clock.'

'Did you see him on that occasion?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'And what did he say to you?'

'Nothing,' returned the Major. 'He drove off so quickly, I had not time to speak to him. I saw him from the window only. Of late he has called very often at my house for his sister, as she has been in the habit of spending her evenings with my wife and daughters.'

'You can swear that she has spent her evenings with your family, and her brother has called to take her home?'

'I can swear to it,' answered the Major. 'What do you mean, sir,' he added, blustering, 'by asking such a question as that?'

The gentleman feed by the Marquis of Ramsden started up here and stopped him. It was his turn to cross-examine the witness, and by a few judicious questions he elicited the fact that during the last few weeks Poppy had spent nearly every evening with the charming Mrs. Werrington and his daughters. On some occasions the Major had himself conducted her home as far as the gate of Lady Saterleigh's grounds, but on most evenings her brother had called for her, sending in a message that he was waiting in the road, and Miss Saterleigh had then left immediately under his escort. At these times the Major had constantly seen Captain Thurlstone, but had not gone out to speak to him.

'Slippers and smoke were things too comfortable to leave,' observed the Major, 'for the mere sake of saying good night to a man who constantly refused to enter my house.'

'Then it struck you as strange that Captain Thurlstone never came in on these occasions?' asked the other counsel, starting up to seize his opportunity.

'Not at all. Captain Thurlstone was friendly with me, but neither he nor his mother were on good terms with Mrs. Werrington; and on the last morning that I saw him—the last of his life, as I believe—he apologised to me for not having entered on the evenings he called for his sister. 'I thought it better not,' he said, 'since your wife and I only bore each other.'

'So you had it from Captain Thurlstone's own lips that he called each evening for his sister?' said Lady Ramsden's man.

'Yes, decidedly I had.'

'And you could not possibly be mistaken, since you saw him yourself at your gate?'

'Quite impossible I should be mistaken,' the Major answered sturdily.

Every one felt—they knew not why—that this evidence was important; every one felt also that the Lancross party had tried to fling some slur on Poppy which was not rebutted. There were rumours and shadows of rumours about her name which this inquest would either quicken into life or destroy entirely. At the close of the third day's proceedings the tide had turned in her favor, while it ran strongly against her brother, gathering as it went every title of evidence, spoken and unspoken, every shadow and shape and echo that pointed and whispered against his name.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

There was one man in the three towns whom neither interest, nor sorrow, nor amazement could induce to appear among the crowd who waited day by day for the coroner's verdict. That man was Edgar Davenant. Richard Lancross was his friend and partner, and yet he took no share in the proceedings which inquired into the cause of his death. He paid a daily visit to Mrs. Lancross; he comforted her with gifts, he consoled her with promises, he forgot no single act of sympathy that could soothe her grief; but again and again he positively refused to give the slightest aid in an inquiry which hourly as it proceeded recorded proof upon proof of Thurlstone's guilt.

Secretly Edgar Davenant was too glad of this man's ruin to aid in it openly. For his own honor's sake he withheld his hand when it might have struck him a deadly blow, for he had it in his power to give criminating evidence, and yet he held his peace.

'There are enough to speak without me,' he said to himself, 'and a day may come when I shall tell Lilian what I might have said and did not. Meanwhile I will stand aside and see this shadow pass, and leave her, I trust, free.'

It was only to his invalid mother that he whispered of the hope awakening within him, and yet it breathed about him in some inexplicable way, had changed his aspect so strangely that people spoke to him with congratulations on his improved health. Mr. Philips the jeweller was one of these.

'Glad to see you looking so well Mr. Davenant. I have not seen you looking so much like yourself since the day you and Captain Thurlstone were in my shop together. A sad, and strange piece of business this, sir. I knew Captain Thurlstone was a hasty passionate young man, but I never thought he could be capable of such a deed as this.'

'Nor I,' said Edgar shortly.

'Somehow, sir, I think it will turn out to be an accident,' observed Mr. Philips blandly.

'Then why is it not explained?' returned Edgar. 'Why has the person implicated taken to flight?'

'Ah, very true! That looks bad—that looks like guilt. Every one has supposed, sir, that you would come forward and throw some light on the subject.'

'In what way, Mr. Philips?'

'Well, sir, people have thought you could explain these long evening rambles and drives that poor Mr. Lancross took. His people all say he went out alone and came back alone. Now the question is, where did he go? Some said he went to Lady Broadmead's, but that idea is exploded now.'

'Quite,' said Edgar.

The jeweller was baffled and curious.

'In my opinion it should be found out where Mr. Lancross went; no one seemed to know—unless indeed those who know won't tell.'

'You have hit the mark there, Mr. Philips,' Edgar answered gravely. 'So you recollect the day Captain Thurlstone and I were in your shop together?'

'Perfectly well, sir; he bought a ring and so did you.'

It was an unfortunate reminiscence; the jeweller felt his blunder, and hastened to remedy it by a fib.

'It was a ring for Lady Saterleigh,' he added hastily.

Edgar passed his words by quietly.

'Since you have such a good memory,' he said, 'can you tell me what doggrel lines those were that either you or Captain Thurlstone repeated on that day?'

'Oh, yes! I remember them quite well.'

'If I save you, you shall rue it;
If you save me, that will undo it.'

Those are the lines, sir—or something like them—a mere nonsense. We were talking about Captain Thurlstone having dragged you out of the surf.'

'Yes,' returned Edgar abstractedly. 'But it was more than that. He saved my life, and, as your lines say, Mr. Philips, one good turn deserves another.'

The jeweller smiled meaningly; he was sure now that Edgar Davenant could, if he chose, forge the last link in the chain that was being welded around Captain Thurlstone.

'I think I was witness to that bargain, sir,' he said, rubbing his hands together with enjoyment. 'You were to save him when you had a chance, as he had saved you.'

'Just so,' observed Edgar, with marked gravity; 'and, if that time comes, I shall keep my word.'

The jeweller raised his eyebrows slightly and smiled again.

'Perhaps you have kept it already, Mr. Davenant; but there—that is not my business. Can I show you anything today? As a tradesman he felt that it would be unwise not to take advantage of this little episode.

'Yes, I want a watch—a repeater, to place by my mother's bedside.'

This bought, Edgar strolled away, leaving the impression with Mr. Philips that he had held to his bargain with Thurlstone.

'The merchant's word is worth the soldier's, as he said,' repeated the jeweller to himself. 'Well, I must say he has acted nobly; and, if the proverb is true, luck will turn to his side now.'

To Mrs. Lancross Edgar had spoken frankly of the reasons which induced him to hold himself aloof from proceedings inimical to Thurlstone.

'Not only because the man once saved my life,' he said, 'but because he became my enemy and rival. If I stood on your side in this matter, as I wish to do, and so I do in feeling, my conduct would bear an interpretation in other eyes which I could not endure. To no one will I appear as the persecutor of a fallen man whom I hate for a too just cause.'

'He is out of your path now for ever,' returned Mrs. Lancross, 'and my niece is spared a miserable fate. Heaven grant you happier days, Mr. Davenant, through this bitter grief of mine! And, if you feel that this wretched man had better be brought to justice through any other hand than yours, and your own good heart holds you back from moving a finger against him, then I will say no more to urge you on a different path. But you must let me tell my niece how nobly and generously you are acting towards the cruel and terrible man.'

From this Edgar only faintly dissented. It was but natural he should wish Lilian to hear that he was sparing Thurlstone; she would guess he was doing it for her sake.

The piece of evidence which he held in his possession was the passionate and reproachful letter which Poppy had written to Richard on the morning after the Lancers' ball. This, with his usual carelessness, the young man had thrust into a pigeon-hole of his desk at his office, and here Edgar had found it. He withdrew it from police inspection at first out of the regard for a lady's name which gentlemen usually feel; but, as the inquest continued, and the chain of evidence grew stronger link by link, he perceived that the letter was more important than he at first supposed. There were expressions in it which might partly justify a brother's violence, and there was a demand for a meeting, and a place appointed not far from the very spot where Richard was afterwards found dead. As in a glass darkly, Edgar saw the truth, and then closed up the vision in his own heart.

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