

Weekly Monitor

VOL. 5

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1877.

NO. 2

Weekly Monitor,
PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.
SANOTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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Yearly advertisements charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

NOTICE!
NATHANIEL LANGLEY, late of Bridgetown, Annapolis, deceased. All persons, therefore, having any demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
J. A. ABBOTT.

Notice, Notice.
ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of NATHANIEL LANGLEY, late of Bridgetown, Annapolis, deceased, are requested to exhibit the same for settlement and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
J. A. ABBOTT.

NOTICE!
ALL PERSONS having any legal claims against the estate of EDWARD PARKER, late of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to exhibit the same, duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
W. J. H. BALCOM, Executors.
Notar. Feb. 28, A. D. 1877. 243 3m 4d

NOTICE!
ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE W. WOODBURY, late of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to exhibit the same, duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
W. J. H. BALCOM, Administrators.
Wilmington, March 16th, 1877.

Notice.
ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of JOHN H. BARREAU, late of Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to exhibit the same, duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
W. J. H. BALCOM, Administrators.
Wilmington, Oct. 20th, 76. 229 1/2

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For all the purposes of a Family Remedy, Indigestion, Puff Swelling, Headache, Stomachic and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Neuralgia, and a Dinner Pill for Purifying the Blood.
Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effect the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.
AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their efficacy in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely without effect or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by feeding it from the elements of weakness.
Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these PILLS may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating prevents them from being unpalatable, and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.
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WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.
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ADAM YOUNG.
38, 40, & 42 WATER ST.
and 143 Prince William St. John, N. B.
Manufacturer of
Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves,
Ranges, Furnances, &c.
Marbled and Slate Mantle Pieces,
—AND—
Register Grates.

A large assortment of the above Goods at very low prices, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application.
August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,
Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.
Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.
No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered to do so, may 22 7/6

Jno. B. Mills,
Barrister, &c., &c.,
Bona Vista House,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.
MORSE & PARKER,
Barristers-at-Law,
Solicitors, Conveyancers,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.
Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

ROYAL HOTEL.
(Formerly STUBBS)
148 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.
sept. 7 7/6

WILLIAM HILLMAN,
Silver and Brass Pater,
ELECTOR PLATER
in gold and silver.
ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS
No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
sept. 30 y

THOMAS DEARNESS,
Manufacturer of
Monuments, Grave-Stones
TABLE TOPS, &c.
South Side King Square, St. John, N. B.
P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders.

Great Bargains
DRESS GOODS,
A LOT OF
SUMMER DRESS GOODS!
Now Being Offered at Cost, by
M. C. Barbour,
461 Prince William St. St. John, N. B.

ALBION HOUSE.
FALL AND WINTER!
We have now completed our importations for this Season's Trade, and are showing a Full Assortment of
Fall and Winter
DRY GOODS.
In each Department, which we offer
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
upon the most Liberal Terms, and Solicit Inspection.
—BEARD & VENNING.

GILBERT'S LANE
DYE WORKS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
It is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new. *Cheviots, Fashers, Curstons, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c., &c.* dyed on reasonable terms. Black Goods a specialty.
AGENTS—Annapolis, W. J. SANBORN, Merchant; Digby, Miss Wainwright, Millinery and Dry Goods.
A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.
Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist.
WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in
BRIDGETOWN,
to all engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.
Jan. 10th '77. 256

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of CHRISTIAN WHEELLOCK, late of Middleton, deceased, will please exhibit the same, duly attested within twelve months from this date, and those indebted, make immediate payment to
D. M. TAYLOR,
ALBERT BARTHELEUX, Executors.
Bridgetown, Feb. 24th, 1877. 244 1/2

TWO CASES
FINE WEAVERS
Just Opening.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS,
Wholesale Merchants,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Dry Goods Department
93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.
Keep constantly on hand a large stock of
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.
—ALSO—
AMERICAN GOODS,
such as Pri-sta, Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantities.
Canadian and Domestic Goods.
GROCERY DEPARTMENT,
34 & 36 Water St.
A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, all at the lowest prices.
August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

MacParlane & Adams
Forwarding & Commission
MERCHANTS.
Agents for
Canada Paper Co.
HALIFAX, N. S.
Oct. 16th, '76. 6m27 1/2

THE BANKRUPT
STOCK!
Estate of Lansdowne & Martin
HAVING been purchased by MADRE BROTHERS is now being sold at
DANKOUT PRICES!
and will be continued until
at the
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,
Cor. King & Prince William Sts.
Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring
CHEAP DRY GOODS
at this establishment. Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at
COST PRICES.
MAGEE BROTHERS.
ST. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

Just Received.
1 BBL. SCOTCH WHISKY;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPIRIT;
POWDERED TURMERIC;
BURAK, SALTETTES;
AYER'S Hair Vigor, Wilbur's God Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chloroform, Essencia's Compound Orange, very fine, Best quality Oil of Bergamot.
J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and German Street,
St. John, N. B., May, 76.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk
Prings, Ser. Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Fillings; Ecru Net; Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Mullins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Green Damask; Linen Tea; 40 Lyle's Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs; New Styles Black Trimming Velvets; Mantle Velvets; Matelasse Cloths; Matelasse Brads; Black Dress Buttons; Buttons in Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassels, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Gilt Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Cuffs; Crum Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison
27 King Street, St. John, N. B.
VINCENT & McFATE,
HARVING ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.
RECEIVED about \$5,000.00 worth of the finest quality of Oil-Tanned Leather from the Province of New Brunswick, which will be prepared for the manufacture of all kinds of
LARRIBANS AND SHOE PADS,
And believing the Stock to be far superior to any imported from the United States, will guarantee all our Customers a Superior Article back the leather, and never again will be so disappointed as to receive a better than the three who loved each other best in all the world should have to separate—the three who had only each other to love. It was better that she had come there were only pupils enough near home to occupy Esther; but here she too might have come; she would never let herself feel so much as she had done, not being very patient nor very strong, she felt at times a little lonely and a little weary.
The sun was touching the sea; the pure and peaceful light upon the waves rose and fell in a line of gleaming gold. And now the children ran up from the sand, and threw themselves beside Faith, leaving against her, and seeking her clinging touch, as with little rapt faces turned to the sky, they watched the sun drop languidly down beyond the glistening waters. So intense was their long, silent gaze that a gentleman coming from the great grey

Poetry.
THE TWO ETHELS.
BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Over the moorland black and brown,
I see the spires of Kendal town,
And I hear the bells; at even chime,
Just as they did in the Norman time;
And by her side, in the Norman time,
Or is the tale but "a tale that is told?"

Oh! she was lovely and fair to see,
A wild, fresh rose of the "north
Scottish";
Stately in mien, yet sweet in face,
None were like her for beauty or grace!
But ear, or ear, they used in vain—
This loved a night in her father's train.

Where banners flaunt, where helmets
shine,
In the far-off battles of Palestine,
Mid changing steeds, in the press of men,
Two swords dealt death to the Scanzon;
Together they fell in the rock of fight,
The belted earl and the Red-cross knight!

By the Author of "REVEREND A RECOMPENSE,"
&c., &c.
CHAPTER I.
A dreary, restless Summer evening. A starling sunshine played upon the sea, while the grand old gloomy hills lay all in shadow. The waves laughed and sparkled as they followed each other on and on in their ceaseless race of theirs—the sea a very gentle one to-day, their voices a very whisper. Softly they broke upon the beach, as if, subdued by the wide, calm quiet of the blue above, they left their deep, deep happiness only half uttered.

Group of children played to the music of their own ringing laughter. Higher up upon the beach a young girl sat alone watching the children with a wistful longing in her grave brown eyes, as if in her heart she longed to be among them at their merry play; but from the hill above her the great windows of Lynn Aderlynn overlooked the beach, and Faith Brandon knew how it would astonish Mrs. Monmouth to see her joining in her puppets' games. So the yearning eyes wandered out across the sea, and in their depths there gathered a strange, and loneliness, which was gradually becoming habitual to them, but which she thought she never again would see in them through all the eighteen years that they had been the very sunshine of her loving little home.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Prings, Ser. Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Fillings; Ecru Net; Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Mullins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Green Damask; Linen Tea; 40 Lyle's Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs; New Styles Black Trimming Velvets; Mantle Velvets; Matelasse Cloths; Matelasse Brads; Black Dress Buttons; Buttons in Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassels, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Gilt Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Cuffs; Crum Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

THE CARE OF THE PEOPLE.

house, the towers of which rose above the wood, was close upon them before his step disturbed them. For a minute he stood, quietly observing the group; then he laid one hand on little Ethel's head. The child turned with a quick start, then sprang to her feet with a cry of delight.

"Oh, Mr. Glendower, then you've come home!"
And by that time all the children had clustered round him; and Faith had risen too, but not knowing exactly what to do, she only stood looking at him very shyly and grave, while, unconsciously to herself, the lonely look depended in her eyes.

With a smile, half of amusement, half of curiosity, Victor Glendower held out his hand to her, and though the children were all chattering in concert, he managed to talk to her, and with such an innate courtesy and such a pleasant drolery that soon a ready laughter filled the eyes in which the tears yet lingered, and a great thankfulness began to fill the heart—a thankfulness which only those can feel who know what it is to be unceremoniously of their reception among strangers, and to whom it is no strange thing to be treated with indifference or contempt.

"As you so cleverly discovered, Ethel, I am come home. I was tired of Germany, and longed to see 'Pias Glendower' again, and to whom it is no strange thing to be treated with indifference or contempt."
"And now that I am come home to row the boats, and let out the birds, and cut the flowers, you will come again, I hope."
And then they talked a little of the woods that almost hid the great gray house, noticing how the fading sunlight threw upon their bright roofs a light that was almost sad as well as tender. And when the light had soared to heaven again they turned together, chatting merrily, and walked slowly to Lynn Aderlynn, where a proud and excited welcome awaited this friend whom the children brought.

After this there was hardly a day that Victor Glendower did not either come to Lynn Aderlynn or take the children and Faith to spend the long bright afternoon upon the water. But many and many of these Summer days had passed before Faith guessed why he sought her always, selling her so much of himself, and waiting so eagerly for her shy, gentle sympathy—before she guessed how he had been gradually wooing her to give him a share in every thought, knowing himself the better ever for her unconscious teaching, while she fancied he was only pitiful to the young governess whose home was so far that he gave her, flooding the heart with kindly sunshine, she shivered timidly as she read in look and word the strong inherent pride—pride in his noble name and high and stainless ancestry—which was part of his nature, or why, after the hours he had made so bright, it was a real relief to her to find herself alone in her own room, where she would cry to her heart that it would have been better never to have known him—better to be at home, working harder even than she had ever worked before, because here it was so easy to be untrue, because here they thought her what she was not, and from the first it had been so much easier and pleasanter to let them think what they would than to speak the brave and simple truth, which she would have done had she not been so much loved.

Faith, using both hands to "help little Ethel to climb" by her knee, listened amused while Victor Glendower recalled that evening, a month before when he met her first upon the beach, and had found such difficulty in discovering her name. "You had the advantage of him, had you not, Miss Brandon?" said Mrs. Monmouth. "For I am very sure the little ones would not be long before they shouted 'Victor's name!'"
"They did that most kindly," Victor said; "but I could not make them understand how agreeable they might have made themselves by addressing me 'Miss Brandon' as I could understand."
"Mr. Monmouth, sitting half in and half out of the open bay window, turned his head, saying—
"Suppose you had heard them address her as 'Miss Ap Jones, you know you would have been disgusted, wouldn't you?"
"Rather. Monmouth laughs at me because I think so much of a good name; Miss Brandon; but let me assure you privately that he has the same falling himself, and Mrs. Monmouth thinks more of a good name even than I do."
"Gently, gently," put in Mr. Monmouth, shaking his head gravely; "you affirm an impossibility, Glendower."
"Quite as much, Victor, at any rate," smiled Mrs. Monmouth; "and I do not at all hesitate to own it; nor do I think that my husband, in reality, thinks one whit less of a name than we do. Every one must feel the same about the advantages of birth and descent."
"Miss Brandon," asked Victor, leisurely, though to Faith the words had a startling suddenness in them; "you told me that your home was in Westmoreland; I suppose Sir George Brandon, of Brandon, would be your father's brother?"
"No," stammered Faith, as he waited for her answer.

Never noticing the shrinking drooping of her eyes, he went on, pleasantly, as he sat beside her—
"Then no doubt your grandfathers were brothers. I suppose you do not trouble yourself much about the ins and outs of your long pedigree; but as Mrs. Monmouth says your address is Brandon, you are near enough to examine the family tree to your heart's content. Yours is an unusually large family, is it not?"
Ethel, tired of climbing, knelt upon Faith's knee, put one small hand upon either of her cheeks, and looked laughingly straight into her eyes. But they gave no answering glance, for Faith was thinking of the mother and sister who were all her family, and of the only ancestor of whom she had ever heard—John Brandon, a quiet old man—merchant of Holloway, of whose very existence the Brandon's of Brandon were as ignorant as they were indifferent that the name of one of their most insignificant Westmoreland tenants should be the same as their own. So,

CHAPTER II.
The Summer holidays were rapidly approaching, the holidays to which for months before Faith had been looking forward with such intensely happy anticipation. Now, though she counted the days as anxiously, and the anticipation was all different, then they were to be Faith's return to the life which must always be better and sweeter than any other life could be; now they were to be the rest from a great pain and a great fear.
Faith was sitting at the open window of the school-room, trying, as she had tried a hundred times before, to understand this change, when upon the long and anxious thought the children's voices broke in merrily.
"Here's Mr. Glendower. Miss Brandon, come to see your picture! Let us show them. We know how to open the portfolio."
"I'm very anxious to see what you made of Pias Glendower in my absence, Miss Brandon," Victor said. "Harry says the sketch was never finished because I came home. Could you not guess who, in all Aderlynn, would most enjoy looking at it?"
"I put it away for that very reason," returned Faith, defying the brilliant blush which rose as he looked curiously down upon her. "It was because I knew how proud and fond you are of Pias Glendower that I could not let you see my weak representation of it!"
"It is a beautiful piece," he said, with genuine pleasure in his tone, "and I am glad to like it more, not less."
"I remember it well," returned Faith, and Victor took the painting and examined it, not closely as Faith saw with a little throbbing joy, but holding it just as it looked best. Then he laid it aside with a lingering touch, and began to speak of the other sketches which the children had spread upon the table in their search for his notice.
"Ah, there's Brandon!" he cried at last, taking up a small water-colour drawing. "You certainly have chosen the most artistic view; but no one should pretend to sketch who cannot do that. It is a grand old piece; and, by the way, Miss Brandon did you ever copy any of the pictures? Sir George has one of the finest collections in the kingdom, as you know."
"Yes," said Faith, quietly, in his long pause, recalling, as her fingers trembled among the paintings, the few visits she had paid to Brandon under the wing of the kind old housekeeper.
"This is one picture there which I recollect very distinctly and pleasantly," Victor went on. "The line upon the frame is from the introduction to 'Evangeline,' I think. 'This is the forest primeval,' it is like a dream of marvellous lights and shadows, of cool endless glades where the sun-rays hardly pierce, and still spots where the dew lingers; yet in the whole scene there is a wealth of warmth and sunshine, a wonderful stillness, life, full and perfect, with its pulses hushed. I could look at the painting for hours without moving to another. Will you notice this drawing the children handed him while he waited for her reply."
"I remember it well," returned Faith, in a voice quick with pain. "Yes, Ethel, you may go, dear," she added, relieved to turn to the child who was begging for permission to fetch a picture which hung over her own little bed.
"Mrs. Brandon's place adjoins Brandon, does it not?"
"No answer," Faith had turned wearily away from her aching eyes, which went out over the sea, seeing nothing so plainly as the little cottage near the park gates for which her mother paid Brandon of Brandon sixteen pounds a year. "Could Victor ever guess what 'Mrs. Brandon's place' was like?"
"I am sure that you, being an artist, find untold pleasure in that gallery," he went on, kindly. "Your cousin has no objection to have his pictures copied, has he?"
"No," answered Faith; each falsehood was easier to her now.
"I hope you will be there a good deal during the Summer's holidays."
"Why?" asked Faith, struggling to speak easily, while her heart gave a great leap of fear.
"Because I hope to see you, for I have accepted a long-standing invitation of Sir George's; and I expect to visit your very much."
"Though she never glanced at him, she could not help reading in his tone why he expected to visit her; and a strange cold hopelessness filled her heart. If only they two were alone now, and it could be dark, and the sun not shining so pitilessly on her white face, she thought she could have told him and ended this strange and doubtful year. Could Victor ever guess what 'Mrs. Brandon's place' was like?"
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In a false alliance she accepted his words. But still he sought to draw her on to talk, and doing so he drew her on to open the falsehood which, in her double cowardice, she was trying to avoid.

"The old Sir George, of George the Third's time—your great-grandfather, I take it, Miss Brandon—was wild and reckless enough once, I suppose; but he quite redeemed his character, and you have no occasion to ashamed even of him. Have you?"
"No," said Faith, feeling her voice shake in the silence even over that one word.
"You have need to be proud of all belonging to you; so please to own that you are so, if only that Monmouth's rally may extend to you as well as myself. Every one knows that it is a justifiable pride to acknowledge. You are proud of belonging to the Brandon's of Brandon, are you not?"
"Yes."
"It seemed to Faith that the silence in the room was breathless until her steady answer fell upon it. Then she put Ethel quietly down and left the room; and Mrs. Monmouth, whose grandfather was an earl, looked after the retreating figure, envying its quiet grace; while Faith, restless and unhappy, crept out into the darkening night, wishing in her heart that every one who looked at her could see that she was poor and lowly born.

CHAPTER II.
The Summer holidays were rapidly approaching, the holidays to which for months before Faith had been looking forward with such intensely happy anticipation. Now, though she counted the days as anxiously, and the anticipation was all different, then they were to be Faith's return to the life which must always be better and sweeter than any other life could be; now they were to be the rest from a great pain and a great fear.
Faith was sitting at the open window of the school-room, trying, as she had tried a hundred times before, to understand this change, when upon the long and anxious thought the children's voices broke in merrily.
"Here's Mr. Glendower. Miss Brandon, come to see your picture! Let us show them. We know how to open the portfolio."
"I'm very anxious to see what you made of Pias Glendower in my absence, Miss Brandon," Victor said. "Harry says the sketch was never finished because I came home. Could you not guess who, in all Aderlynn, would most enjoy looking at it?"
"I put it away for that very reason," returned Faith, defying the brilliant blush which rose as he looked curiously down upon her. "It was because I knew how proud and fond you are of Pias Glendower that I could not let you see my weak representation of it!"
"It is a beautiful piece," he said, with genuine pleasure in his tone, "and I am glad to like it more, not less."
"I remember it well," returned Faith, and Victor took the painting and examined it, not closely as Faith saw with a little throbbing joy, but holding it just as it looked best. Then he laid it aside with a lingering touch, and began to speak of the other sketches which the children had spread upon the table in their search for his notice.
"Ah, there's Brandon!" he cried at last, taking up a small water-colour drawing. "You certainly have chosen the most artistic view; but no one should pretend to sketch who cannot do that. It is a grand old piece; and, by the way, Miss Brandon did you ever copy any of the pictures? Sir George has one of the finest collections in the kingdom, as you know."
"Yes," said Faith, quietly, in his long pause, recalling, as her fingers trembled among the paintings, the few visits she had paid to Brandon under the wing of the kind old housekeeper.
"This is one picture there which I recollect very distinctly and pleasantly," Victor went on. "The line upon the frame is from the introduction to 'Evangeline,' I think. 'This is the forest primeval,' it is like a dream of marvellous lights and shadows, of cool endless glades where the sun-rays hardly pierce, and still spots where the dew lingers; yet in the whole scene there is a wealth of warmth and sunshine, a wonderful stillness, life, full and perfect, with its pulses hushed. I could look at the painting for hours without moving to another. Will you notice this drawing the children handed him while he waited for her reply."
"I remember it well," returned Faith, in a voice quick with pain. "Yes, Ethel, you may go, dear," she added, relieved to turn to the child who was begging for permission to fetch a picture which hung over her own little bed.
"Mrs. Brandon's place adjoins Brandon, does it not?"
"No answer," Faith had turned wearily away from her aching eyes, which went out over the sea, seeing nothing so plainly as the little cottage near the park gates for which her mother paid Brandon of Brandon sixteen pounds a year. "Could Victor ever guess what 'Mrs. Brandon's place' was like?"
"I am sure that you, being an artist, find untold pleasure in that gallery," he went on, kindly. "Your cousin has no objection to have his pictures copied, has he?"
"No," answered Faith; each falsehood was easier to her now.
"I hope you will be there a good deal during the Summer's holidays."
"Why?" asked Faith, struggling to speak easily, while her heart gave a great leap of fear.
"Because I hope to see you, for I have accepted a long-standing invitation of Sir George's; and I expect to visit your very much."
"Though she never glanced at him, she could not help reading in his tone why he expected to visit her; and a strange cold hopelessness filled her heart. If only they two were alone now, and it could be dark, and the sun not shining so pitilessly on her white face, she thought she could have told him and ended this strange and doubtful year. Could Victor ever guess what 'Mrs. Brandon's place' was like?"
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