Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

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HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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Wholesale and Retail.

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Middleton, Annapolis Co. aug 6

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Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

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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.

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Millinery, Ready-made Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
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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.

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Lowest rates of insurance, and every information obtained on application to

T. A. S. DEWOLF & SON,
Agents.

Halifax, July 20th, '80.

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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.

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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 5th, 1879,

—WITH A—

FULLY EQUIPPED STAFF OF TEACHERS.

Liberal Courses of Study.

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

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Send stamp for circular and form of aplication.

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BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

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

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

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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.

[Original.]

Round Hill Cemetery.

Oh! beautiful place, by nature formed—
More beautiful still when with taste adorned.
When from its height we stood and gazed,
My soul was filled with rapturous praise
To Him who made all things—appropriate spot—
For the sleeping dead, Ah! was it not?
It needed no consecrating power,
To make it holy from that hour.
"For the earth is mine," hath not He said.
Down at my feet and far away
The winding river and hamlets lay,
Once homes of those scattered far and wide,
Now gathered here on this little hillside.
But turn again, still another scene—
The old saw mill and its placid stream,
Gliding away until lost from sight,
In the deep, dense woods dark as night.
There over the mill-dam, night and day
The water never ceases to play,
Which seemed like a sad sweet lullaby
To those sleeping on the hill close by.
Here were gathered and laid side by side
The friend and the foe, the youth and pride.
Or some lone one from a foreign land
Had found a home with this little band.
Some graves were marked with monuments high,
Which drew the attention of the passer-by.
On one low mound in the upturned sand,
Were flowers laid by some loving hand.
A touching sight, t'would remind us that we,
Like flowers, fade and pass to eternity,
I thought as we read the names and the day
Of those who had passed from earth away.
How many aching hearts with burthens prest'
From the cares of life, had here found a rest.
Then of that land that is not afar,
With its pearly gates standing ajar,
And looking up to the clear blue sky,
May we find a home there by and bye,
Though strangers here but strangers no more,
When we meet together on the other shore.

ELIZA FORSYTH.

Digby, Aug. 8th., 1879.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XXXI.

(Continued.)

'But I must go back to my quarters by morning; so good-bye, old fellow. You must whistle to keep up your courage, and don't lose your way.'

They had dropped from a hard trot to a canter, and from this to a walk, and now their horses stood still, breathing the summer wind with nostrils wide and ears alert.

'Well, good-bye,' said Luffincot, 'since you will have it.'

'Good-bye,' Harwood said again; 'and thanks for riding over to tell me the worst. It is a sharp wrench, but I am glad it will be so soon over. Three days—to be married in three days! They have made quick work of it. Well, I won't wish him joy, for he does not deserve it.'

'And why not?' asked Luffincot.

'Well, he has not acted on the square to get that girl. There are some things he has done connected with myself which I don't forgive him. There is one especially which, if known—if I could tell it, which I can't—would utterly damn him in the estimation of every gentleman.'

'That's rather strong, Harwood.'

'I could make it stronger very easily. But I don't want to talk of him. You would have lost your bet, Luff, about his sister. The acres, you see, have won, and the pretty Field-flower has lost.'

The words stayed upon his lips unspoken, for the crack of a pistol-shot broke into the stillness, followed instantly by a shrill and piercing cry; then the old silence fell again upon wood and rock and hill. Both horses started and plunged violently; it cost a moment or two of precious time to quiet them.

'What can it mean?' Harwood cried.

'Poaching rabbits,' said Luffincot, 'I should say—only it can't be, since the month is June. And it was a pistol-shot, too.'

'Which way did the cry come? interposed Harwood.

'It seemed to me to rise from the ravine down there.'

'It looks dark as the Pit,' said Harwood. 'Come on Luffincot.' He turned his horse's bridle, and plunged downwards over the rough and rocky declivity, followed in headlong haste by his friend.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Harwood led the way at a hand-galop down the declivity at Deadman's Tor. To Luffincot, who followed more cautiously, this seemed a wild, vain, mad descent into empty darkness. Every step was a danger. Great boulders strewed the way, and stunted heath, and thick bushes of furze, and rolling rocks added double risks to the dark uncertainty of their path.

'Hold hard!' shouted Luffincot. 'We are rolling down a precipice, and shall break our horses' necks and our own too in a minute!'

But Harwood stumbled onwards, heedless of the warning, and with a strong word Luffincot followed, and came up with him just on the edge of the deepest darkness.

'Halt!' he said suddenly. 'I believe it is a precipice! I hear the dash of water below.'

'I hear wheels,' Luffincot answered in a quick voice. 'Hark!' There they go now on the outer road! What a pity we left it!

'You hear the waterfall,' said his friend. 'It is the roar of the cascade, not the rumble of wheels in your ears.'

'Listen then, a moment at least!'

They listened in a breathless silence save for the quick pant of the horses; and, as the sound of their voices ceased, there stole upon the ear the roar and dash of a little mountain-torrent and the wild, wistful sighing of the pines in the wood. All else was as still as the path of the stars above them.

'Are you convinced?' asked Harwood.

Before Luffincot could answer, his horse leaped into the air in terror, and then took a wild plunge forward, clearing some unseen obstacle, and landing him safely on the other side. In an instant he shouted to Harwood that he was all right, and then in another moment, and in a voice strangely changed, he called out—

'Come down here, Harwood! Come at once! There's a horse and trap down here, and no one with them!'

His voice sounded from the ravine below. In the darkness and in her terror the mare had taken the strangest, maddest leap that ever horse could take and live. It was impossible for Harwood's charger in cold blood to do what this one had done in the craze of her fear.

This became an instant certainty to both men, and, dismounting, Harwood scrambled down the precipice on foot, after securing his horse to a tall moorstone. Meanwhile Luffincot went towards the rumbling carriage and caught at the trailing reins of the horse. Scarcely had he clutched it, when a hurried and dreadful exclamation from Harwood made him turn back. Then he saw him dimly, kneeling beside some shapeless heap lying on the heath by the brink of the little brook, at that point just escaping smoothly from the turmoil of its fall. With one bound Luffincot brought his horse to the spot, sprang from the saddle, and knelt beside his friend. Then he saw the face of Richard Lancross upturned to the sky, dead, and his arms and clenched hand flung outwards upon the heath, wet and clammy with blood.

'How can it have happened? Has he been thrown out of the carriage?' asked Luffincot, his lips growing white as he spoke.

'It looks more like murder. He has been shot!' said Harwood in a hard calm tone.

'No, no, my dear fellow; it is impossible. And he can't be dead. Let us get some water.'

'It is all useless,' returned Harwood. 'You may fetch water if you like, but Richard Lancross is murdered, and he will never speak or move again. He is dead, I tell you.'

It was true. The light-hearted, easy, careless man, who had made life a summerday, and enjoyed it like the ephemeral creatures who exist through an hour or two of sunshine, lay cold and silent, a dreadful witness against himself. The face, once so handsome, so full of changing expression and saucy laughter, was pale and passionless now—cold, still, and immobile till the grave should cover it. As it lay at the feet of the Deadman's Tor upturned to the dusky sky, it seemed the only reality there. It filled the drear landscape; all else were shadows. And the huge white giant profile at the peak, seemed only a mockery of this—the white, stonier profile, the poor pale flesh, from which the soul had fled.

A moment or two of solemn silence passed between those two watchers kneeling in that stern and lonely place, for both were full of awe and ruth.

Harwood was the first to speak.

'It is very important we should search this place, Luffincot; we ought to look for the pistol.'

'Better get help quickly, and leave the search to the police,' returned Luffincot.

'There is not much chance of getting help in such a place as Dartmoor.'

'Then let us lift the poor fellow into the carriage and drive to the nearest village. It is really the sole thing to be done.'

They performed the task gently and carefully, and then, as Luffincot led the horse, Harwood went forward, searching for a path.

'I am quite sure there is an old bridle-road down to this wood,' he said. 'Ha! What is this?'

He stooped and picked up a little glove—a lady's glove! It was a fresh and unsoiled as if just drawn from the small white hand it must have fitted.

'What is it?' Luffincot asked; and his voice shook a little.

'I'll tell you in a minute.' And Harwood took a box of fusees from his pocket and struck a light. 'It is a woman's glove,' he continued. 'I had better give it to the police; it may lead to something.'

'Let me look at it,' Luffincot said. He took it in his hand, and almost immediately dropped it, stumbling forward as he did so.

'What are you about?' asked Harwood in a loud voice. 'Do see where you are going, Luff! You are nearly in the river! Now how are we to find that glove again in the darkness? It will be a nuisance if it is lost, and we shall get blamed.'

Harwood lighted fusee after fusee, and went down upon his knees and searched among heath and stones, and at last lighted on the lost glove.

'Here it is! But either you or the horse has stepped on it, and it does not look in the least as when I picked it up first.'

'Let me see,' said Luffincot quietly. 'Oh, it is just the same! I don't perceive any difference in it. People have pic-nics down here sometimes. It is an old glove some lady has left behind her.'

'I don't think so. However, other heads than yours and mine will have to decide that point. For pity's sake let us get on faster! Here is the road, as I thought. It is only a track on the heath, but it is quite practicable.'

'All right,' returned Luffincot. 'I had better mount my horse, then, here. And what will you do? Will you go back now for yours?'

'No—I'll see this vehicle upon the high road first. Hark! I hear wheels! By Jove, there is some one out there on the road! Now we shall get help.' And, putting both hands to his lips, Harwood shouted the word, 'Help!' with all the force of his lungs.

In reply the horses started, and the one in the distance winnied pitifully, a few birds fluttered from the wood and flew above them in a scared way, and the sighing of the pines seemed for a moment to gather strength ere all sounds again dropped into the old deathly stillness.

'You are deceived, as I was by the roar of the torrent,' said Luffincot. 'The water here stuns one's ears.'

'You persisted then that you heard wheels, and I persist now,' his friend returned. 'Come on! Let us get out of this dreary ravine, and not waste time in discussion. There's light dawning on the hill-tops.'

Slowly and with difficulty they ascended the steep, stone-strewed path which conducted from the deep, sombre gorge to the heath above. When half-way to the summit, Luffincot paused suddenly and looked back at Harwood, who, being on foot, was some little way behind.

'You had better go back for your horse now,' he said, 'and I'll wait for you here.'

'I thought of going the other way,' Harwood answered—'round by the rock above there.'

'Better not. It will be far easier and safer to scramble up to your horse than to go down to him; and it is much the shortest cut,' concluded Luffincot suddenly.

'Then I shall mount and ride round by the upper way,' said Harwood. 'So you had better go on to the high road with all the speed you can, and I'll meet you there.'

He was gone, vanishing almost instantly, so steep was the rugged declivity he descended, and so intense the darkness of that shadowed place. Left alone, Luffincot dropped the bridle upon his horse's neck, and, gathering up the reins of the harnessed horse, brought him to a standstill; then he rose in his stirrups and gazed anxiously along the white line of road just visible above the steep on which he rested. It was bare. Far as he could see on either side no moving thing or creature disturbed the summer dust of the solitary way.

'Thank Heaven!' the young man murmured; and for an instant his face drooped upon his hands, and, bending forward, his whole frame relaxed and fell, as though some great strain which had held him up had snapped suddenly. As he sat his horse thus, the very image of a man broken by grief, the creature pricked up her ears and began to shake and quiver. 'Steady, old girl, steady!' said Luffincot, seizing the reins with a quick hand. Then he looked up the road and saw the cause of the mare's terror.

A dark mass was moving along the line of shadow thrown by the great rock which stood at the head of the declivity. It was going with tremendous speed; but its avoidance of the road, and the lack of dust and sound of wheels in its movements, seemed to show that it could scarcely be a vehicle. But the soft springy turf along which it rolled would deaden sound, and, it was not more than a second or two before Luffincot, with one long steady gaze, convinced himself that it was a carriage of some light sort, and that it was certainly choosing the turf and keeping in the shadow purposely. With strained eyes, and a heart beating with a fear it would never feel in battle or in danger, he fixed his gaze on the departing vehicle, and dimly descerned the figures of two men, tho taller of whom was driving. It was with an infinite relief he drew himself up in the saddle and passed his hand across his eyes like a man in prayer.

'They were two men,' he said to himself. 'Thank Heaven, now I can breathe again!'

He got upon the high-road and stood paitently in the faint starlight, his thoughts passing from the dim, pale figure before him to the bright face of Poppy. How would she hear of this? How would she hear it? She loved this man, light and unworthy as it was, and perhaps such a blow as this, coming suddenly upon her, would crush her to the earth. She was like a flower—she had a fragile nature; she could not live through grief and storm.

Luffincot's eyes grew moist; he brushed his hand across them as the beat of a horse's hoofs broke the silence, which, like some awful presence, gathered around the burden he guarded.

'Is that you, Harwood?'

'Yes. All right!'

'Have you met or seen anything?'

'Nothing. Have you?'

'Yes. I have seen a carriage or gig passing up the long shadow thrown by the rock.'

'Did you hail it?'

'No. I was too far down in the ravine then. It was useless to shout.'

'Then why did you not ride after it?' Harwood asked impatiently.

'How could I, and leave this?' said Luffincot, glancing at the shrouded form beside him. 'There was nothing near to which I could fasten the horse.'

'What a pity!' resumed Harwood, after a moment's pause. 'Could you see who was in the gig?'

'Two men,' said his friend.

'And you could not recognize them?'

'Impossible! I saw them only dimly in the darkness. The one that was driving was going furiously.'

'Does that strike you as suspicious?' asked Harwood.

'Well, yes, especially as they kept upon the turf, in shadow of the rock.'

'It does not strike me in the same way,' Harwood answered. 'Whoever the miscreant may be who has done this, he would not linger about the spot with his accomplice till help came to the victim; he or they would make good their escape at once. The men you saw were commercial travellers, or farmers going home too tipsy to know the road from the turf.'

'I don't think so. There was an air of flight and haste in the driving of the vehicle that brought a strange conviction to my mind. But of course that proves nothing; it was only an impression. Now will you ride on to the nearest police-station? It is at a little village about three miles off. I will follow you more slowly.'

This was done; and, as the dawn of the summer day broke fresh and fair over the fragrant hills, the two men rode into the sleeping village with their silent burden.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

'Hullo!' cried Major Werrington. 'What are you two young fellows doing up so early?'

'Tell him nothing,' muttered Luffincot in an undertone. 'Let us save Mrs. Lancross as long as we can.'

'Why, it is Harwood! continued the Major in wonder. 'What's up? Why are you come back? Is it to go to the wedding?'

'I am more likely to go to a funeral,' returned Harwood shortly.

The Major received this news with a laugh. Like the careless worldling he was, he deemed it a sort of duty to laugh when death was mentioned, or when any speech touched upon topics in themselves dreadful and solemn. On this day there was something odd about the man; his face was red only in spots, his eyes started a little from their sockets, his unshaved chin rested on his hand, and his first thick finger held down a shaking lip.

'Early as it is, he has been drinking,' whispered Luffincot in disgust, riding past him with just a nod.

'Stop!' cried the Major, swinging his garden gate back, and coming into the road. 'Have you heard the news?'

The friends looked at each other. Their thoughts rushed back to the village station where, under the care of the police, they had left their sad charge.

'I think we are more likely to be better acquainted with it than you,' said Luffincot.

'Oh! So Thurlstone has told you then?' returned the Major.

'Thurlstone!' exclaimed Harwood. 'How should Thurlstone know it?'

The Major stared and laughed again.

'Well, she had to tell him when the news came last night of this unexpected death. She kept it secret as long as she could.'

'It is something about Lady Saterleigh,' said Harwood, restraining Luffincot's excitement, and motioning to him to be silent.

'Yes, you are right. She has got married.'

'Married?'

'Yes' and done a very good thing for herself too, as it happens. You remember she was in town two or three days last week?'

'Yes,' said Luffincot shortly.

'Well, she got married then, like the kitten she is. And now the old Colonel is Lord Ramsden!'

The Major threw himself into an attitude of astonishment, not so much by way of expressing his own feelings, as in expectation of the surprise he thought to see in his listeners. But they had other feelings, and Lady Saterleigh's skittishness only raised a passing smile.

'Young Lord Ramsden died of fever at Athens two days ago,' continued the Major rapidly—'telegram brought the news last night—so our old Colonel—who is his uncle, you know—came in for the marquisate, and a splendid property, by Jove, in Yorkshire!'

'And how does Thurlstone take the news of his mother's marriage?' asked Luffincot.

There was a preceptible change in the Major's spotted countenance; a purplish shade crossed it, and his thick finger and thumb plucked at his lip again.

'There's the strange part of it. That's what I meant to tell you. I never saw a man so cut up. Upon my word, I believe he is capable of doing something desperate. He cares nothing for the title or the money. He is as angry as a mad dog. He come and roused me up this morning at six o'clock, and declared he would leave the regiment altogether. He would not face the thing, he said; that his mother at her age should make a runaway match was disgraceful, and he was ashamed of it.'

'She might have done a worse thing than make herself Lady Ramsden,' said Harwood.

'Where is Thurlstone now?' asked Luffincot. 'I want to see him.'

'He is gone to bathe,' returned the Major. 'I recommended him to take a dip in the sea to cool himself. Ha, ha! It would do him good, I thought.'

Somehow the laugh was forced, and the man stopped abruptly, and with anxious eyes gazed at his listeners.

'You are both odd this morning,' he said after a pause. 'You don't seem much interested in my news. There's one thing makes me glad about it. I fancy that young fellow Lancross will see that his interest lies now on the same side with his inclinations, and that we shall have the pretty Poppy looking bright again as she used to do. The Marquis is as likely as not to give her a large fortune, for the next heir is a distant relative and a man he does not like. Perhaps, though, he thinks Lancross not good enough for his step-daughter, and the tables will be turned on him nicely.'

'There will be nothing turned over him except a sod,' said Harwood. 'The poor young fellow is dead.'

'Dead!' exclaimed the Major, reeling backwards like a man shot. 'Good Heaven! No, it's not that surely?' His drinking-empurpled visage grew a ghastly white, and terror sprang into his rolling eyes as he spoke.

'I am sorry to say it is that. We are taking the news to his family. Pray keep silent till after we have seen Mrs. Lancross,' said Luffincot.

'Dead! Shot! You said shot?' returned the Major, with a gasp in his breath.

'He is shot, but we did not say it,' rejoined Harwood.

'Yes, yes, I assure you! Shot—that was the word you used.'

'You are quite mistaken,' Harwood answered. 'Come, Luffincot—we must press onwards.'

'Where shall I see you by-and-by?' asked the Major. 'I am burning to hear all the details.'

'Come down to the club then. And where do you think it is likely I shall find Thurlstone?' demanded Luffincot.

'Well not at his mother's—at the barracks, I should say.'

The Major waved his puffy hand as the friends departed, and kept a smile on his strangely spotted and streaked face; but the moment they were gone his whole countenance changed and fell, and an expression of intense fear crept over it, whitening it slowly.

'I did not bargain for this,' he said to himself. 'I must consult a lawyer. I must keep myself safe.'

'It struck me as very strange,' observed Harwood, as he rode on, 'that the old Major should use the word 'shot'

'It was a drunken inspiration,' said Luffincot—'Nothing more. If we get a new Colonel, as I suppose we shall, the old fellow is safe to be tried by court-martial and dismissed the service. And it is time too—we are growing ashamed of him.'

'Did you notice that he said he had had an interview with Thurlstone this morning?'

'Yes; and what then?' said Luffincot hastily.

'Oh, nothing! I only wished to know if you had remarked it. He has been very useful to Thurlstone at times.'

'Speak out, Harwood—I am not in a mood to stand insinuations,' said Luffincot, his colour rising.

'There's nothing to be hot about,' returned Harwood. 'I only have a sort of vague feeling or suspicion that old Werrington knows more than he pretends.'

'How can he know?'

'That's just the question. But here we are at our own destination. Let us say no more at present. I think we have done right to come to Davenant. He is an old friend; he will break this grief to the poor fellow's people better than we could.'

In another moment Edgar Davenant, in amazed sorrow, was listening to the strange story of his young partner's death.

And now the news spread from lip to lip, and from street to street; and the shadow of that dark pall which rested on the careless and happy household, where the dead man had been so beloved for his very lightness, darkened many a thoughtless face, and wrung sympathy from many a heart, young and old.

Early in the day Luffincot, having failed to find Thurlstone, called upon Lady Saterleigh, now Lady Ramsden. Her pretty fair face was shaded by care.

(Continued on fourth page.)