Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 8. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1880. NO. 13

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11.00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

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 1¾ 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.

21 CASKS Refined Sugar!

Received This Day, Ex. Steamer via. Halifax.

J. & W. F. Harrison.

11 and 12 North Wharf, St. John, N. B. mar2

Bendalari's Cough Remedy.

THIS preparation is not warranted to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." It is recommended only for the cure of Coughs, and as a Cough Medicine it is proving wonderfully efficacious. There are very many so-called "sure cures" for Coughs, Colds, Bronchetis, Sore Throat, &c., sold for One Dollar per bottle, not half so effectual as BENDALARI'S REMEDY at one-fourth the price.

Twenty-five Cents per Bottle.

For Sale in Middleton by H. CROSSKILL, in Lawrencetown, by DR. LEANDER MORSE, Bridgetown, Farris & Co., Wm. M. Tupper, Paltrey, A. Cameron; Melvern Square, Beniah Spinney; East Torbrook, George Spurr; Handley Mountain, Caleb Miller.

PURE WATER.

Pure water is obtained by using

Corey's Patent Expansion Rubber Bucket Chain Pump.

It is the best chain pump ever invented and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Al orders promptly attended to.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co.

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 barrels. 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.

Boots & Shoes Hats & Caps!

LADIES' Kid, Goat, Serge and Leather Boots,
MENS' Boots Shoes and BROGANS,
MISSES' Boots and Slippers,
Boys' Boots & Shoes
Children's Shoes

HATS!

LADIES' Hats,
Misses' and Boys' Hats,
Men's Fur, Felt and Straw Hats,

In all the leading STYLES of the day, At the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE for CASH or Prompt Pay.

At J. W. Tomlison's

Larwencetown, Apl. 5, '80.

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.

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 & WARANTED.

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.

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.

MONEY! TO LEND!

The Annapolis Building Society

LOANS MONEY ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. INTEREST 6 per cent.

Send stamp for cirualar and form of aplication.

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

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Poetry.

The Mowing.

The clock has struck six,
And the morning is fair,
While the east in red splendor is growing;
There's a dew on the grass, and a song in the air—
Let us up and be off to the mowing.

Wouldst know why I wait
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing?
Why all night I've kept my own vigils, nor slept?
'Tis to-day is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing.
If she waits at the lane, I'm to know all is well,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing.
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
'Tis a sheen of brown hair
In the lane where the poppies are blowing.
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me there,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare
That I scarcely have noticed their going;
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her sheen of brown hair
And we had a good time at the mowing.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XX.

(*Continued.*)

'Some mistake, I suppose,' returned Edgar. 'To tell the truth'—in a still lower voice—'there is a little awkward feeling between him and me, and I would not have come if I had known he had joined you.'

'But he has not,' persisted Richard—and their two heads bent together in conference; 'I wrote and told you so.'

'Yes; I started when I got your note. But Thurlstone is on the beach.'

Richard started amazed.

'But not with any of our party,' he said; 'we are all here.'

Edgar was silent, but his glass went swiftly to his lips, and his pained drawn face had intense lines when he set his glass down.

'I should not have turned back in any scramble but for seeing him,' he resumed—and a strange smile drew his lips in a rigid way. 'It was the return up the cliff which brought on this old giddiness.'

'And then you fell?' said Richard.

'I slipped, and, seeing the immense height of the precipice from which I looked down, I turned faint suddenly. It was the queerest feeling I have ever had. However I am all right now, and I am going to enjoy myself. I believe, Dick, that I am drinking too much champagne; you had better carry the bottle off bodily.'

'Hand it to Mrs. Werrington,' whispered Richard—'and you must have something to eat; 'fizz' is a poor lunch alone.'

'And all your party is here?' asked Edgar, as he swallowed cold chicken, much in the same way as a Red Indian eats earth, without caring for its flavor.

'Oh, yes, all here!' returned Richard carelessly.

Edgar looked down the table and nodded to Mrs. Challacombe, who gave him a gracious smile, as she forced a motherly, affectionate expression upon her handsome face.

'Poor fellow, he is looking quite ill,' she said confidentially to a wicked old whist-player on her left hand, who was the biggest gossip in three towns. 'It is such a pity when these little quarrels take place between lovers, is it not?'

'Yes,' returned the old card-player cheerfully; 'but you know there's a Latin proverb about the quarrels of lovers which says——'

'Oh, don't quote Latin to me!' said Mrs. Challacombe, with an alarmed countenance. 'I am a perfect ignoramus except in my household affairs. I am one of the old-fashioned domestic sort. I think Latin is for men, and a woman's province is to mind her house and obey her husband.'

Captain Challacombe groaned in spirit as he heard this; but a man who is under the harrow says nothing at such times.

Lady Saterleigh laughed.

'What do you think of that, Flip?' she said, pulling her dog's ears. Then, with her usual mixture of truth and lightness, she added, 'It is the meek little women who wear the doctor's gown, Flip, and the termagants who flourish the dish-cloth.'

The old whist-player laughed now, but he sided with Mrs. Challacombe, for such theories on the tongues of practical shrews always please these fogies of the old school. The poor man had no more Latin in him than the dog Flip, but it was pleasant to have a little learning conferred on him in a flattering way by a handsome woman.

'I'll go into the air,' said Edgar, rising. 'I can't get on here somehow. No—I really can't manage any lunch. I'll lie down on the grass, and have a cigar. Don't move—I will slip away quietly.'

He rested his hand a moment on Richard's shoulder, and the young man felt it tremble, and dimly wondered that he should be so upset by a mere tumble.

'Davenant's nerves are all to pieces today,' he said to Poppy, as he saw her eyes follow Edgar's departure.

The girl started and changed color. She had divined it all. He had seen Lilian and her brother, and, as 'things seen are mightier than things heard,' they had struck him to the heart, and he was still fainting beneath the blow. There was a shrinking look, half pity, half fear, in Poppy's eyes as she withdrew them from the partially-closed door, through which she had seen Edgar fling himself upon the grass and beneath the shade of his hand gaze down the long line of shore by which Lilian must return.

'Why is she so long in coming?' Poppy cried to herself impatiently.

No one as yet had noticed her absence except Edgar, and he had kept silence. Poppy felt grateful to him for this. In her nervousness she forgot to answer Richard, and he turned half smiling to her rival.

'Miss Broadmead, let me give you a glass of Hermitage; I can recommend it.'

'Can you?' inspired the young lady, delighted at this small attention. 'Then I am sure it must be good. I don't usually take wine, but since you praise it'—and she held out her glass affectedly—'I'll have just half-a-quarter of a glass. Oh, there, thank you—plenty—plenty! Oh, dear, I don't know how I shall drink all this'!

'Why, the u-usual way!' blurted out Mrs. Werrington. 'And you needn't be frightened at it. You'll survive it if you do drink it all.'

'Such a coarse creature!' whispered Miss Broadmead to her mother. 'She is too absurd for anything; I shan't answer her.'

Meanwhile one pair of eyes had cast restless glances up the table and down, in vain search of Lilian. These eyes were Harwood's; but, distracted by the constant calls upon his attention as he carved for hungry people, he kept his thoughts to himself. For the first ten minutes he concluded that Lilian had strolled away with some lady, with whom he expected to see her enter. But she never came; and, after mentally counting the numerous heads bending over plates in a Balaclava charge upon viands, he had at last perceived she was the only person missing. Great were the mistakes that he made during the counting process, the demand on his energies as a carver never ceasing all the while.

'Dear me,' cried Lady Saterleigh, with burst of laughter, 'what have you on your mind to-day, Mr. Harwood? You are helping me to clotted cream with cold salmon.'

'We are on Cornish ground, Lady Saterleigh,' said Harwood, mentally scoring twenty-one heads, 'and that excuses everything in the way of cream. The Cornish eat it, you know, with mackerel-pie and leek-pie and——'

'Don't get among the Cornish pies,' interrupted Mrs. Challacombe in her softest voice, 'or you'll certainly come to grief. No one but a native can count them up.'

'There are thirty-seven,' said Harwood, again lost, 'including carrots.'

'Carrots!' cried a lady a little indignantly. 'No, I deny that. Turnips and parsley, and potatoes if you will, but we don't put carrots in a pie.'

'I foresaw you would come to grief!' laughed Mrs. Challacombe.

'I beg your pardon,' said Harwood, 'I was not thinking of pies, Mrs. Trelawney, when I said carrots. I meant——'

'All right, old fellow!' said a young Cavalry officer with a ferociously red head. 'I saw you look at me admiringly. I forgive you. I won't call you out. A hundred years ago I should have tied myself on to a big sword, and I should have spitted you to a certainty. But we live in civilized times; we pardon these little jokes. I have rather a carroty appearance, I confess, but it does not break my heart.'

A peal of laughter followed this speech, and the two Misses Werrington turned and looked at the young man affectionately.

'He is awfully good-tempered,' mumbled Emily to her sister, under cover of the shout, which rose again at some speech, unheard, of Harwood's.

'Yes; I wonder if he's engaged,' said Anne. 'We must find out somehow.'

'Pa says he's very well off. He has just joined the—th Hussars, you know.'

'No, I don't know,' murmured Ann waspishly. 'And, if you are going to begin at him, I of course shall let——'

'Hush, for goodness sake! Yes, I want some salt, please. Oh, here it is in a wine-glass! That's the absurdity and fun of a pic-nic—is it not?—to have everything in the wrong place.'

'But not people,' said Carrots softly; 'I hate people in the wrong place, don't you?'

Emily gave him one quick glance from the corner of her painted eyelid. His countenance was perfectly grave, his red moustache drooped with a pensive air over an unsmiling lip.

'He means it,' thought Emily, with a little thrill of elation threading her veins.

'Yes,' she said, 'I do hate that thoroughly. But do you see any one particularly in the wrong place at present?'

'I think I see two or three suffering from a misplaced attachment to—the wrong chair,' observed her companion; and the red moustache expanded in a quiet smile. 'Do you see that tall fellow blushing like a young lobster—the one who paid me that compliment just now?'

'Yes, that is Mr. Harwood of the—th Lancers,' said Emily.

'Thanks for the information; I'll note it down, and pay him back his vegetable remark on the first opportunity. Well, he is very ill-placed. He is not in love with his aunt or his godmother, whoever the lady may be, who is sharpening her eyes upon his ruddy countenance.'

'Hush, do! That is Mrs. Challacombe; and that is her husband—that stout good-natured man helping ma now to iced pudding.'

'Oh! And I suppose Mr. Harwood is his nephew?'

'No—no relation,' said Emily hurriedly.

'Oh!' returned her companion again. 'I see; he is simply permitting himself to be adored. No wonder he looks as comfortable as if his chair were a gridiron.'

'You are really quite too awful!' whispered Emily.

'Am I? Well, if, as a stranger, I put my foot into a hole, you must help me out of it. Will you?'

'That depends. You will be in a shaft soon, if you don't take care; and I can't promise to drag you up from the depths of a mine.'

'Am I on such dangerous grounds then?'

'Rather!' returned Emily. 'No one likes to offend Mrs. Challacombe. It is much like running one's head against a granite post; the one who gives the blow gets the worst of it.'

'Ah, then I am very sorry for the young fellow who threw his lance at me! I think I'll forgive the 'carrots' in consideration of the penance he is undergoing.'

'I really won't listen to you,' said Emily, in a state of high delight.

'Won't you? Then I shall not tell you who besides is wrongly placed at this table.'

'Oh, pray don't be so cruel as that!' exclaimed Emily. 'I am so anxious to hear your remarks; they are so amusing!'

'Don't speak so loud,' said Anne, under her voice. 'Every one will be listening to you in a moment.'

Anne's face wore an air of protest—righteous protest—she was devoting her attention to a thin curate, who was giving her the history of Edward the sixth's prayer-book.

'Holloa,' said Carrots, 'my enemy is departing, and I have not thought yet of any impromptu remark through which to annihilate him!'

It was quite true. Mr. Harwood was striding out of the room at a pace which showed he was in good training for a foot-race.

'W-where are you running to? asked Mrs. Werrington in her loud-pitched voice.

This brought all eyes upon the young Lieutenant, who looked back a little wildly upon the assembled company, and, with an angry smile flitting over his bewildered countenance, he vanished.

'Here, Harwood, old fellow!' cried Richard.

'Pray do not trouble yourself to call him back,' said Mrs. Challacombe, with a little sharp laugh, and two angry fires in her eyes. 'Captain Challacombe has sent him to look for Lilian. So stupid of her to give all this trouble!'

'I did not send him,' contradicted the Captain. 'I did not know Lilian was not here. Where is she, dear?'

Mrs. Challacombe's handsome face hardened and her lip curled.

'I was going to ask you, John, where she was. I thought that perhaps for once you might have considered it your duty to look after your daughter.'

'What fun!' whispered the young Hussar to Emily. 'Can't we keep them up to it somehow?'

'Is Mr. Harwood gone to look for Lilian?' said Poppy in a low voice to Richard.

'It seems so,' he answered.

'Oh, call him back! Do call him back!'

'Sit still,' said Richard, quite amused at her distress. 'He is glad enough to go. Don't you see what an escape it is for him?'

But Poppy persisted in rising, and her clear pretty voice made itself heard above all the din and laughter.

'Captain Challacombe, pray do not be anxious about Lilian. I know where she is; she is on the sands. She told me she had a headache, and felt quite unequal to join us at lunch. She will come in by-and-by, I am certain.'

'There—I told you there was no need to make a fuss,' said the Captain, turning to his wife.

'Fuss?' repeated Mrs. Challacombe. 'I think it is Lilian who is making the fuss—depriving people of their lunch and upsetting everyone in this manner. I do so hate selfishness,' she added in a low voice to Lady Saterleigh, who was seated near her.

'It is a sad quality,' said the lady lightly, 'but it is not so hateful, I think, as many others—jealousy, for instance, which is a feeling that worries and annoys everybody, and may lead to such awful sins and catastrophes, you know. Here, Flip, you darling, will you have this little chicken bone?'

This was Lady Saterleiph's way. The depths of sin and the heights of holiness she skimmed over with equal lightness, and turn from the sublimest subject to pat or kiss her dog and give him a bone or a biscuit.

'What are you going to do?' asked Richard of Poppy in a surprised tone as she rose and pushed back her chair. 'You have not finished your lunch. 'There's pippins and cheese to come,' as Justice Shallow says, and a fresh relay of strawberries.'

'I must go and find Lilian,' Poppy returned, with tears very near her eyes. 'How officious Mr. Harwood is!'

'Well, but, since he has gone on his blundering errand, is there any use in you following him?'

'I mean to stop him,' said Poppy, 'and send him back to keep Mrs. Challacombe quiet.'

'He ought to feel much obliged to you,' laughed Richard. 'But is there any particular reason for this manœuvre?'

'Oh, no—no!' said Poppy hastily, escaping to the door with a quick step.

Lieutenant Luffincot looked after her wistfully, put down his untasted wine, looked again, then rose and followed her. Richard glanced after him and caught in his eyes, as the door opened, the gleam of Poppy's ivory-colored dress; then he too rose and went headlong after the Lieutenant.

CHAPTER XXI.

Luffincot was the first to overtake Poppy as she ran down the steep winding paths of the cliff garden.

'I am very sorry you should have this trouble,' he said breathlessly. 'Excuse me, but it is really thoughtless in your brother to expose you to annoyance.'

'How do you know my brother has anything to do with this matter?' demanded Poppy.

'I heard Davenant say that Thurlstone was on the beach, and guessed instantly that he had caught at this chance of speaking to your friend.'

'Well,' cried Poppy impatiently, 'and he has a right to speak to her; and it is a great shame that that dreadful woman, who is all teeth and claws, like a griffin, should interfere to ruin Lilian's happiness.'

'Yes,' returned Luffincot hesitatingly; 'but perhaps she considers her daughter's happiness would be safer if she——'

'What—you too?' cried Poppy, flashing her eyes into his in anger. 'I thought you liked my brother.'

'So I do—everyone likes him; he is too well liked; his popularity makes him think he can do just what he pleases—and that is exactly what he can't do,' said Luffincot, 'without getting himself and others into mischief. Where are you going now, Miss Saterleigh? What are you going to try to do?'

'I am going to fetch Lilian and bring her back with him, in order that her griffin of a step-mother may not box her ears when they get home for having met Jocelyn. I don't want her to become aware of that fact to-day.'

'You can't prevent it,' said Luffincot. 'Harwood has set off like a steam-engine in front of us, and, I am not mistaken, Lancross is down upon us in the rear.'

Poppy looked back and then stood still.

'What can I do?' she said. 'You see I have tried to save Lilian from vexation, and it is not my fault if I cannot succeed. You men are so officious!'

'Thank you,' responded Luffincot ruefully; 'but I am so used to snubbings from you that I do not much heed an extra one or two.'

'I alluded to Mr. Harwood,' she said pettishly. 'Why did he send himself flying like a catapult after business that is none of his?'

'By this time he is rather sorry, I except. Remember, he had no idea that Miss Challacombe was not alone; she has managed her affairs very ill, I think, to-day. Thurlstone should have accepted the invite, and then he would have had plenty of chances.'

'And do you not know,' interrupted Poppy, 'that Lilian herself was not allowed to come until the Griffin had made sure that my brother would not be here?'

'Oh, indeed! Well, in that case there is an excuse,' said good-hearted Luffincot. 'But these stolen interviews of lovers are awfully awkward things, you see, for other people. Had we not better turn back and leave Harwood to face it all out? If he has chosen to rush into the scrape, I don't see why we should too.'

'I suppose not,' returned Poppy; 'and nothing can save a fuss now, for Jocelyn will not ask a favor of Mr Harwood, I am certain.'

'But, without being asked, he will say nothing.'

'That is not likely, considering all the motives which will turn him the other way. At all events he had better go back and stop Mr. Lancross.'

Poppy turned as she spoke, and in two steps came face to face with Richard. He glanced at her and her companion with a jealous look. To his eyes—misinterpreting Poppy's crimsoned cheeks and Luffincot's conscious air—they seemed to have been saying a good deal to each other, or to want to say it. He made room in the narrow path for them to pass, but both stood still, and then he passed them.

'Where are you going, Mr. Lancross?' Poppy cried a little excitedly.

'I have been all over the garden searching for Davenant,' said Richard carelessly. 'Have you seen him anywhere?'

'No,' returned Luffincot.

'Oh, then I'll go on to the sands! I shall find him there, no doubt.'

'Had you not better come back with us?' said Poppy, lifting her long lashes in a pleading look. 'I think I saw Mr. Davenant lounging on the grass smoking a cigar.'

'That was ten minutes ago,' replied Richard in a short tone.

The 'us' in Poppy's speech had annoyed him; and, moreover, he was angry that he should have searched for her through the garden vainly, while she had managed to let Luffincot overtake her at once.

'Oh, no, not ten, not five minutes ago!' said Poppy. 'Won't you come?'

'No, thanks. I think it is safer to go on to the sands. So you have not found Lilian? Perhaps Davenant is hunting her up; and perhaps I, in my chase for him, shall find some fair lady too. It seems the fashion to hunt after one person and find another,' remarked Richard, lifting his hat slightly above his handsome angry face. In another instant he had turned the angle of the leafy walk and vanished.

'There will be a lively *tableau vivant* in a minute,' said Luffincot. 'We may as well go back and 'assist' at it, as the French say.'

'I do nothing of the kind!' exclaimed Poppy. 'Everything is horribly provoking to-day. And why did you run after me, Mr. Luffincot? I should have gone on and joined Lilian if you had not come.'

'I thought I could save you some trouble,' said Luffincot, 'but I am always in the wrong. Yet I do wish, Poppy——'

'And I wish you would not call me 'Poppy'!' she cried. 'I am not aware that I have ever given you leave to do so. It is a name that only my mother and brother have a right to call me.'

'I beg your pardon, Miss Saterleigh. But there was a time when you were not so very angry at my venturing to use the name Poppy—the fittest name for you that was ever imagined—the loveliest, most brilliant flower of the field——'

'How can you be so silly?' said Poppy, stopping him in mid-career. 'I thought we had agreed that you were to be sensible for the future.'

'I throw sense to the winds,' declared Luffincot, 'when I see your face. Away from you, I am not altogether a fool.'

'I am rather sorry for you,' returned Poppy, half inclined to laugh, yet holding herself gravely, 'but you really must not talk any more nonsense to me.'

'Are you engaged then?' asked Luffincot, with a huge sigh. 'Don't be angry at my venturing on the question. When one's head is on the block, it is a relief when the axe falls.'

'There is no axe to fall.' And, echoing the sigh, Poppy threw herself a little wearily into a garden-seat.

After a moment's hesitation, Luffincot took a place beside her.

'I wish,' he began, and stopped.

'Well?' said Poppy, looking up from the gravel on which, with the point of her parasol, she was pursuing the path of a green beetle.

'Yes; but you stopped me just now,' said Luffincot.

'And now I am asking you to go on. I hope he wont fly away.'

'Who? What?' demanded her bewildered admirer.

'That green beetle. I have laid a bet on him, and a wish. I shall pay myself a pair of gloves if I win.'

'What is your bet? Make it with me, and I'll pay you the gloves.'

'Well, then, my bet is that you are going to talk about Richard Lancross, and that the beetle will not reach that pebble before we quarrel over him.'

'Right,' said Luffincot. 'I am going to talk of him, and I dare say you will be angry.'

'Well, never mind,' returned Poppy, with a shadow of pain on her bright face. 'Go on—I will not quarrel with you. I'll let you win the bet; that will be something new. What is your great wish with regard to Mr. Lancross?'

But Luffincot did not answer. His eyes were bent on the ground, and there was trouble on every line of his young, honest face.

'I am afraid to let you know what people are saying,' he began.

'I don't want to know! I care nothing for Mrs. Grundy,' said Poppy defiantly.

'Yes; but still I wish you would protect yourself more from idle tongues. Lancross is a man who—who is said never to be in earnest in his attentions——'

'Another word and we shall quarrel,'

(*Continued on fourth page.*)