













Literature.  
HOW IT ENDED.  
"Can you listen to me for a few moments?" asked Mrs. Stangrove of her husband and niece, as they sat at work together.  
"Certainly, aunt. What is it?" asked the girl smiling.  
The smile, however, vanished as she saw the gravity of her companion's features.  
"I have long suspected, my child, but lately I have felt convinced, that you love Captain Conway."  
Margaret's gaze dropped; her cheek flushed crimson.  
"Then some one was in the shrubbery last night," she thought; and it was my aunt.  
Mrs. Stangrove noticed the flush with evident pain.  
"Am I right, Margaret?" she inquired. A second the girl paused; then, raising her bright young face, her eyes clear, steady and brave, answered quietly:  
"Yes, aunt; I love Capt. Conway fondly, as he loves me. Our affection is not only mutual, but has been confessed."  
"I am sorry—very sorry for it. I fear he is not worthy of you."  
Margaret rose from her chair, paused, then, approaching her companion, and kneeling on the stool at her feet, her complexion a trifle paler, but her voice steady, said:  
"Aunt, what have you heard to the detriment of Arthur Conway? Last night I promised to be his wife; thus I have a right to know, while so certain that my happiness is yours, that I feel whatever you have heard, whether right or wrong, you have cut off no disliking to Arthur, or to give me pain."  
Mrs. Stangrove tenderly kissed Margaret's white forehead.  
"You read me correctly, darling," she said. "Yes, you say truly; you have a right to know all. Listen. My suspicion was first aroused that evening when Capt. Conway brought those photographs to show you the likeness of his family. While you and he were engaged with others, I took up the packet, and was instantly struck by the extreme loveliness of one, a vignette representing a young girl of hardly twenty. I exclaimed:  
"What exquisite features! Is it a relation, Captain Conway?"  
"He turned red to the hair. His manner was confused, vexed. Almost unthinkingly taking the photograph, and thrusting it into his pocket, saying:  
"It is no relation, Mrs. Stangrove—it is no one of consequence. It has got in by mistake."  
Margaret had become as grave as her companion's.  
"If, aunt," she said, "you mean he loves this lady, why does he not marry her? What necessity makes him wed me?"  
"My child, you are as yet unversed in worldly experience. Still, you may understand when I say you are not only an heiress, but have great future expectations."  
"How!" and her hazel eyes flashed indignation with her words. "You would imply Arthur weds me for my money—that he is a fortune-hunter?"  
"Aunt—sister, you cruelly malign him!"  
"I trust so. Nevertheless, Margaret, as your guardian, it was my duty to be careful. I had inquiries made, and Captain Conway watched."  
"Watched!" ejaculated Margaret. "Aunt, why have you told me this? How dare I ever look in his face again? It is humiliating. Why not have asked him himself? It would have been a brave honorable."  
"Because, Margaret, had I proved wrong, as I hoped, I would not have pained him by the thought that you whom he loved possessed even the least suspicion of his fidelity."  
"Had you proved wrong?" interrupted her niece, turning very pale. "Oh, heaven! you were, then, right. What have you heard?"  
"That once a week regularly Captain Conway visits a house in Brunton Street, where the original of that little live in apartments. He remains there two or three hours together, and appears on the most friendly footing."  
Margaret dropped into a chair, and buried her face in her hands.  
"Do not be alarmed," the girl said, in dull, stunted accents. "I shall not faint. The paroxysm will soon have passed—so perfectly ceased, as my engagement between me and Capt. Conway, if he does not explain all this, not only to me, but also to your satisfaction."  
"My love, will you really promise me that?"  
"I will, and do."  
Such a happy ending, however, was not to be. When the officer came that evening, by Margaret's desire, Mrs. Stangrove saw him alone, and referring to his intention towards her niece requested an explanation of the vignette and the weekly visits.  
Capt. Conway's complexion went white, then red, first with surprise, after with anger—as anger he could hardly keep within bounds as he inquired:  
"Mrs. Stangrove, how have you learned this? Who told you?"  
"I may not say. Enough that the information is correct."  
"Correct!" he broke in, passionately. "It is not correct. That is, in the meaning, madam, you give to it. This lady is nothing to me."  
"Nothing!" repeated Mrs. Stangrove, smiling incredulously.  
"Nothing more than a friend, I would have said. She is a lady I respect, and would do anything to serve, but about whom to you I may not—cannot say anything."  
"Under those circumstances, Capt. Conway, I must decline you as a suitor to my niece."  
Earnestly, but in vain, the officer entreated, expostulated, and stood upon his own dignity. Mrs. Stangrove was firm. Finally he requested to see Margaret, and with reluctance, the aunt consented. She need not have feared. Truly, to Margaret, her love was her life; but this mystery was an insult to her confidence, and she was ready to surrender love and even life itself rather than bestow herself on one who feared to confide in her in turn—whom, perhaps, preferred another.  
"Margaret," remarked Capt. Conway, bitterly, holding her hand, which lay cold and passive in his, "it is your determination, then, that from this moment all is over between us?"  
"It is, Arthur," was the answer. "But the blame is not mine; the misery is not of my making; all rests with you. You have but to speak, and I am gone."  
"Impossible!" he broke in. "Margaret, the secret is not mine. I have given my word of honor, and, with a soldier, that is dearer than life."  
"Or," she remarked, with slight bitterness, "love."  
"Yes, love," he answered, bending his head "it must be an entire sacrifice. Farewell!"  
"Farewell!" she replied, and drew away her hand.  
There was a brief silence, then he said, almost with a cry of pain blended with reproach:  
"Margaret, can it be that after all this—after the love which has been, which I feel, does yet exist between us—that we are to part? Can you not trust me?"  
"Arthur, I repeat the interrogation."  
"I am bound by oath."  
"And I, for I made one to my aunt that all should cease between us, unless this matter was explained to my own and my aunt's satisfaction."  
"Then all is over, indeed," ejaculated the officer, with a groan.  
"Farewell, Margaret; still, I will pray for you ever."  
"It rests with you, Arthur—you alone. Though I regret you, I can never wed another," she said, extending her hand.  
"Bless you for that," he exclaimed, gratefully, as he pressed his lips to the slender fingers. "May fate have mercy on us both!"  
A moment after he had gone, and Margaret had fallen in a swoon upon the carpet.  
Mrs. Stangrove felt truly grieved for her niece's great trouble. Nevertheless, she considered she had acted quite correctly.  
If Captain Conway chose to keep a secret, in which a young and a beautiful woman was concerned, it promised ill for his sister for Margaret and the latter's married happiness. Still she felt out to heart when she observed her niece growing daily thinner and more wan.  
"I wish George would come home," she thought. "He might cheer her. Besides, too, Lady Pomerooy and Sophia are returned to the Cedars. Thank good-

**1882—1882**  
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**HANINGTON BROS.,**  
Wholesale Agents, - - - St. John, N. B.  
February 2, 1882  
**A NOTED BUT UNTOLD WOMAN.**  
[From the Boston Globe.]  
Margaret was no good nurse to act in this fashion. She couldn't have helped it, however, to have saved her life. Fortunately, Captain Conway's wound was not so slight. Placing his hand tenderly on hers, he said, fervently:  
"Praise Heaven for having sent me here to learn the truth, darling! See! another desire to speak to you."  
He motioned towards the next bed, and looking, Margaret in sorrow beheld her cousin. His eyes had her approach. Eagerly she did so, when, faintly, he spoke:  
"Margaret, I have heard all, and cruelly have you wronged Arthur, the most noble of men! Be henceforth as true to him as his has been to you. Do not let me see you again. I do not understand, dear George," he murmured. "Pray explain."  
"I will. You know my mother's intention respecting my marriage with Sophia Pomerooy. I could not fulfil them for I loved one as good as she was beautiful, though poor, and we were married. Only one knew my secret—Arthur Conway—and to keep his heart made me, though poor, and we were married. The day, as she sat by the latter's side, a lady entered. It was Mrs. Stangrove. She had heard of his peril, and had hastened to him.  
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