

AN UNEXPECTED FIND.

BY WALTER FERRY.

In the whole community there was no man who better knew when and how to sell than did John Huggill, a close-fisted farmer, in the county of York, Ontario, Canada.

So it happened that one morning in June, he set out for the city of Toronto, with a batch of carefully selected spring lambs, for which he shrewdly realized much higher prices than could have been obtained for the same animals when full grown; and when he returned at eight fifteen golden sovereigns jingled merrily in his pocket—one of the man's peculiarities being to accept nothing but hard coin in payment for anything he had to sell.

Winter or summer, dark or light, John's invariable habit was to go to work, indoors or out, at four o'clock in the morning and come in at breakfast at seven.

On the morning, next after the lambs were so profitably disposed of, he returned for the early meal as usual, but before sitting down, he went into the little room where he always slept, alone—his faithful wife having died some years—

A moment afterward, he rushed excitedly out, and addressing Maggie McFarlane, maid-of-all-work, and the only inmate of the small log-house beside himself and his only child, ten-year-old Bessie, gruffly asked, "Where have you put the cash, Maggie?"

"Cash! What cash, Mr. Huggill?" queried the girl.

"Why, the buckskin bag of gold, woman—the fifteen sovereigns I brought home last night, and left under the pillow of my bed."

"Bless me, man! I've seen no gold nor bag. I just made up the bed a few minutes ago, and there was nothing in it."

"Do you mean to say that you did not move the gold girl?" rejoined Huggill, turning pale with anxiety.

"I've told you already, sir, that I saw nothing of it. I know no more of your sovereigns than does this little beast," pointing to Bob, Bessie's pet coon, which sat on a bench, stroking its innocent-looking face with its paws.

"You lie! Woman, you lie!" thundered the now furious man. "You've stolen the bag, and hid it away somewhere."

As the insulting words were uttered, the girl staggered back as if from a blow, but, quickly recovering, walked with calm dignity across to where the frightened Bessie sat, and, taking the child in her arms, cried, "Oh, poor, motherless bairn, I must leave you! Your father accuses me of stealing, and I will not bear such a charge. I'll go home to my mother, and stay until he finds out his mistake!"

Bessie threw herself into the arms of her friend, and, bursting into tears, pitifully implored her to stay, while, to the harsh accuser, she said, "Father, rather how can you do so? You know that Maggie could not steal—my own dear, pretty Maggie!"

But the poor gold-worshiper, groaning under his loss, would not listen even to his child, and angrily drove the suspected young woman from his door by a threat of immediate arrest.

Then, while Bessie rocked her four-footed pet to and fro in her arms, and sobbed, "Oh, Bob, Bob, Maggie's gone! What shall we do without her, Bob?" John Huggill drew up to the table, and tried to eat; but every mouthful seemed to choke him, and he was not half through, when in strode the tall, grey Scotman, Andrew McFarlane, a laborer on the farm.

"Mr. Huggill, what is all this I hear?" he sternly said. "Do you dare to call my bairn a thief?"

"It looks that way, Andrew," coolly replied the farmer. "I left the money in my bag, and no one but Maggie has entered the house since and the case is gone."

"Well, man, I'd advise you to take back your words, or I'll maybe give you a chance to prove them in open court."

"I'll take back no words of mine," said Huggill. "Here's your own and your girl's wages up to date, and I'll trouble you to move off my farm before night. Like father, like child. I darsay the stolen money will keep you till you get a new place."

McFarlane turned on his heel to go, but, before doing so, impressively said, "If it were not for that motherless bairn there, I'd tan your hide! But never fear, I'll leave your place long before night, and engage with decent Davie Bruce. I'll tell him the whole story myself, and I warn you that if you have the brass to make your false charge public, I'll prosecute you for slander, as sure's my names Andrew."

Avaricious John Huggill, however, was altogether too prudent a man to do this, lacking incontestible proof, and his knowledge of the matter was confined to the people on the two farms, none of whom, except Huggill himself, believed Maggie guilty, so the girl suffered no loss of character or popularity. Her remarkable beauty, sprightliness, and proficiency in dancing and singing, had long made her an especial favorite in the neighborhood, and nothing that miserly Huggill could do was likely to hurt her in public estimation.

In order to make up for the loss of his gold, the miserable man now worked harder than ever, and all through the ensuing hay and harvest, drove his laborers so relentlessly that most of them left on the first opportunity.

he would find and capture game, when dogs of far higher pretensions were utterly at fault.

With this faithful companion, and a couple of axes, the boys would sally out on an evening along the creeks, over the stubble, oaks, and cornfields, or perhaps through the dry swamps and wooded uplands, in search of the cunning "ringtails," seldom, indeed, returning empty handed.

A dog of rare gifts; he made no mistakes, and never got mixed up. He had a distinctive bay for each kind of game, and if his tongue said "deer," "wolf," "fox," or "coon" the special animal so indicated was sure to be in front of him.

Having once taken a trail, nothing could turn him aside until that particular quarry was run down or finally lost. The consequence was that the Bruce boys secured more game and furs than all their competitors together, and were always full of pocket-money when other young Nimrods were "dead broke."

One night, it was the ninth of September—I remember it well—the brothers set out shortly after dark to beat up their own and Farmer Huggill's cornfield, and, while yet on the ground and killed two coons. Then he took up an evidently fresh scent, and went off, with his "treating bark," in the direction of Huggill's wood-pasture, only a few hundred yards from the farmer's house.

About the middle of this half-cleared field there was, in wet seasons, a big pond and in the centre of the pond an immense swamp elm-tree, hollow as to its trunk, but yet in vigorous life, and with great, spreading branches reaching far out on every side. Now, after the summer's drought, the pond was dry, and Tiger seemed to be making straight for it.

"Well, Aleck," said Willie Bruce, "I guess the old dog's going to drive to the big elm this time, and if the 'coon don't run into the hollow, so's we can smoke him out, we'll have quite a job of chopping."

"All right," replied Aleck. "I've got a spite against that tree, anyway, and would like no better fun than cutting it down."

Following at their best speed the dog's lead, the boys, sure enough found him tearing away at the decayed wood inside the elm, and knowing now that the coon had climbed the hollow shaft, they struck fire with flint, steel, and punk, kindled a smudge of rotten sticks and moss at the bottom, and prepared to smoke him out.

But, somehow the thing didn't work this time; and after keeping up the pungent fumes for a good half-hour in vain, the experienced hunters concluded that their game had taken refuge in the cavity of some great lateral limb, to which the smoke, for lack of draught, perhaps, did not penetrate.

So, putting out the smudge, and building a huge outside fire to give light, they went gaily to work to fell the forest giant, finding the task not so very arduous, after all, as the sheath of green wood surrounding the hollow, although it was circumferenced, was less than five inches thick.

Twenty minutes or so sufficed for the skilled axemen to cut through this, and the patriarch of a century's growth, with a premonitory shiver, slowly swayed to one side, bowing his mighty head, and, with swiftly accelerating momentum, came crashing to the ground.

Boys and dog rushed to the widespread top, and the unerring nose of the hound quickly pointed to one particularly large branch as the coon's hiding-place. On tapping the limb, it proved to be hollow, though no orifice appeared on the surface; so the boys cut it off close to the parent stem, and then asked Tiger whether "Stripes" was in that cavity of the trunk, or in that of the bough?

The knowing brute's reply being unmistakably in favor of the latter hypothesis, the hunters plugged up the big end and cut notches in the limb at intervals of about eighteen inches, shutting off each blank division as they went along, until at last they came to the snug retreat of a whole coon colony.

One, two, three, four were drawn out and painlessly dispatched, and the bonanza was supposed to be exhausted. But Tiger said "No," something still remained.

Once more Aleck thrust in his leather-gloved hand, and justified the dog's sagacity by pulling out a rather under-sized specimen, of which the boys no sooner caught sight, than both started back in astonishment, for around the little animal's neck was tied a red ribbon.

'Twas, beyond all peradventure, Bessie Huggill's pet coon, which had evidently taken a break to sleep once more among its wild kindred in what was, very probably, its own birthplace.

The recient Bob looked awfully ashamed of himself, and after being secured by a piece of string, lay down to watch further proceedings with curious interest.

"Let's open the limb up, and see what kind of a nest the little rascals have made," proposed Willie.

No sooner said than done. The already-nicked slabs were split off, and the whole long chamber exposed to view; and a singularly furnished apartment it was.

The searchers threw out great handfuls of hair, wool, feathers, clam-shells, soft mosses and leaves, and were carefully examining the bottom of the semi-circular trough, when they came upon surprising evidences of coon acquisitiveness in the shape of several spools of thread, a brass tumbler, three horn buttons, two pewter spoons, a piece of broken mirror, some patches of red cotton, and, last of all, firmly wedged in a crack a little bay buckskin bag.

On bringing this to light, the boys simultaneously yelled, "Huggill's lost money! Huggill's lost money!" And on their untying the string, out rolled the fifteen untarnished sovereigns!

"Oh, Bob, you villain, what mischief you have done!" cried Aleck. "How will you ever make up for it?"

But Bob demurely stroked his face, and answered not a word. Staggering along under their heavy load of dead game, and carrying also the sly thief, the jubilant youths now hurried home.

few quaint words of devout thanksgiving. Soon, however, he shook himself together again, and called out, in stentorian tones, "Guide wife—Maggie, lass, rise quickly! Here's the conquering Bruce to the fore and, I'faith, it'll be a Bannockburn to the pride of Master John Huggill."

The startled women, hastily donning part of their garments, hurried out from the sleeping-room, and, in the intervals of laughing, crying, and hugging each other, soon convinced themselves, by the indisputable evidence of touch and sight, that the gold was actually found.

"But you braw laddies, whaur's the thief?" queried Mistress McFarlane, who still stuck to her broad Scotch.

"Oh, he's tied up safe at our house. And would you think it is Maggie?" said Willie Bruce.

"I cannot even guess, Willie," replied the delighted girl.

"Why, Maggie, it's that little scamp Bob."

"Bob—Bob! What Bob?" asked she.

"Why, Bob—Bessie's pet coon," explained the boy. "He stole the bag that morning, before you went in to make the bed, I suppose; and when we were hunting to-night we cut the tree down, and found him, and the money, too, in an old limb."

Maggie's cheeks were wet with joyous tears, but she broke now into peals of merry laughter, as she inquired, "Did you find aught else, lads?"

"Yes, lots of things—butons, thimbles, and such like."

"Well, well the cunning, we rogue! We often missed bits of odds and ends, but I blamed it all to the rats."

Punctually at seven o'clock next morning, John Huggill came to breakfast in very ill-humor, and grumbled to Bessie that somebody—her friends, the Bruce boys he supposed—had felled the big elm.

"The tree was no good," he added, "but the young rascals will have to cut it up and pile it out of the way, or pay for doing it."

Bessie, who had been vainly hunting all the morning for Bob, prudently kept silence, and the two sat down to their meal.

Presently, the child happening to glance through the window, exclaimed, "Why, father, here comes Andrew McFarlane and his wife and Maggie—yes, and Willie Bruce and Aleck, too!"

"Coming to beg off about the tree, I suppose," muttered her father.

The next moment the little party entered the room, and Andrew, marching straight up to his former employer, laid the well-remembered buckskin bag beside his plate, with the quiet remark, "Your idol's found, Mr. Huggill."

"What, what, what?" cried the amazed man, as, with trembling hands, he emptied the shinning coon on the table. "So the girl has confessed at last, eh?"

McFarlane flushed an angry red, and seemed about to strike the speaker down, when Willie Bruce stepped forward, drew the real culprit from behind his back, placed him in Bessie's waiting arms, and said, "This little fellow is the thief, Mr. Huggill."

As the rising sun dispels the gloom of night, so now the sight of his recovered treasure swept the cruel lines from Huggill's hard face, and, in a burst of magnanimity, he exclaimed, "Well, boys, I'll say nothing about the tree, though it's going to give me a lot of work," the idea of dividing the prize with his finders having evidently never occurred to him.

He had the grace, however to mumble an apology to Maggie McFarlane; and the girl, for Bessie's sake, consented to resume her old place in the household.

The strange find brought about some good results, for the suspicious old farmer's pride in his own infallibility was thoroughly humbled, and he became, in time, a quite affectionate father and pleasant neighbor.

In conclusion, I may say that this story is strictly true, all the actors having been well known to me in my youth, and the incidents having occurred under my own observation—proper names, only, being changed.

The Mohammedans, it is said, consider silk unclean, because it is produced by a worm.

Pope Leo XIII. will celebrate two jubilees next year if his life should be spared so long. On February 19, 1893, half a century will have passed since he was called to the episcopate by being appointed Bishop of Damietta, and on December 13, 1893, forty years will have passed away since he received the cardinal's hat.

The double-breasted pique waistcoat is very popular, though it must be confessed that as a shirt and a jacket are necessary with it, it is not very cool. With the shirts the tailor-made girl has elected to wear the stiff, black satin tie that gentlemen choose for evening. There is always a method in her choice, and finding that the white scarfs soil very easily, she decides to wear the one that will last longest, and elects that it shall be the most fashionable.

M. Tard, a countryman, in Paris for a few days recently, stood in the Rue de Richelieu in a pouring rain protected only by his umbrella. He inquired of M. Bezuchel the way to the Chateau d'Eau. That gentleman, who had no umbrella, thereupon volunteered to guide the countryman part way to his destination, but instead of taking him in the right direction he led him a mile in a directly opposite course, sharing his umbrella, and then held him to retrace his steps and keep right on 'till he reached the Chateau d'Eau. Then M. Tard slapped the Parisian's face. He was arrested for assault, but was acquitted, and the wily Parisian had to pay the costs.

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