The Mystery of Killard.

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

After the landing of Cahill the two fishermen met again.

"Well, Edward Martin, I was almost right. He took the curragh and the mast, though he did not steal them."

"He did. He stole them."

"And will you take the law of him?"

"No. He has paid me for the use of the boat all the damage done. But he stole the boat all the same, though he may not think he did. He took my property without my leave and that's stealing, and paying me this morning was only making restitution. He did not mean to do any wrong, as far as I know. He says he went out just to try a pull by night. It was too late to come and ask me if he might have the curragh, and he got aground on rocks away north, under Rathmore Head."

"But why could he not launch the curragh there as well as of the Slip Rock of Killard, Edward Martin?"

"He tells me he thought there might be sharp rocks that would cut through the bottom."

"When did he start?"

"At ten, or so."

"And he got there about twelve?"

"Yes."

"About full flood."

"About full flood."

"And where did he go aground?"

"Then, he says,"

"On the top of flood?"

"I tell you what he said."

"But he lies; for it's not the top of flood now near it; and how did he get off?"

"I did not put that question to him. I tell you all he said. If you want to know more you must ask himself. I know no more, except that the curragh was half-full of fresh water, the rain of the night."

In the evening these two men again encountered one another.

"I asked him about it," said Heffernan, "and he had but a lame excuse. He was never under Rathmore Head by his talk. And Edward Martin, it's my impression he was on the Bishop's."

"*On the Bishop's!*" cried Martin, in unusual surprise. "On the Bishop's! What makes you think that?"

"What did he want of the two nets? Why did he splice them together? Can't you climb by them to the Bishop's. Couldn't he?" And you know he is ever and always speaking and making inquiries about the Island and the Lanes."

"So I believe," returned Martin, thoughtfully. Soon after, the two fishermen separated and Edward Martin walked towards home. As he went his thoughts came slowly, as they always did, and to this result:

"Has that man, Cahill, been on the Bishop's, and if so, for what? No good; for no good, I'm certain. He did not go with Lane's knowledge, and I'm sure he went against Lane's will, if Lane was only consulted. He went by night, and told lies when he came back. I don't like this man."

It was not often Edward Martin's judgment leant so near severity. He continued thinking:

"And now, after this, when he comes to pay me the hire of the boat and for the damage done to her, he introduces this old man, Heywood, to me and my wife, with some story about my little Mary being like a dead relative, a dead niece of the old man's; and, moreover, he tells me that this old man, Heywood, has made up his mind to change his place of living from Clonmore to Killard so that he may be near my little Mary, and have the comfort of thinking she is the child who is gone.

"I don't like all this. It seems a plan of some kind; but why he should plan anything about my Mary or my place, and why he should be so curious about the Lanes, I have no glimmer of sight.

"What can he want with us? There is nothing dark or hidden about us that he can wish to find out. Nothing like the Bishop's about us.

"Ah! I never thought of that before. The boy, John Lane, living in my house, and this man Cahill hungry for news. Well, I don't like the whole thing. I don't like plots and plans, and over-inquisitive people. The old man doesn't seem like one who could carry out much of a plot or plan, does he? No. But still I don't like it. Could it be that all about Mary and the dead child is not true? I don't like the look of the whole thing. I wish those people of Clonmore would keep themselves within the four corners of their own town, and not trouble Killard. I wish that, anyway. If this old man stays at Killard, he needn't, because of that, have much to do or say with me or mine."

Martin was thoughtful when he got to the top of the hill. At the door of his cottage stood his wife knitting. She knew her husband well, and judged him to be now in one of his silent moods. He stood before her for a moment, laid his hand gently on her shoulder by way of salutation, and then passed into the cottage.

The boy was still on the beach with the men. Little Mary sat on one of the chests in the chimney-place; and by the table, his elbow resting on it and his head on his hand, was the bent, shrunken figure of the old philosopher. Martin drew back a step in surprise, not unmixed with displeasure.

"God save you, sir," he said coldly, addressing the old man. He did not like plots and plans, but, at the same time, he respected age and the claims to good breeding of any person under his roof, until that person should be guilty of misconduct.

Mr. Heywood looked up and stared rather vacantly at the tall, powerful figure of the fisherman.

"Did you speak?" asked he, in a weak, faltering voice.

"I said, 'God save you sir,'" repeated Martin gravely.

"It is a most beautiful form of salutation. One of the most beautiful. It is not, as you no doubt are aware, universal. In England they say, "How d'ye do?" in France, in the French language, of course, they express greeting in another form, which I cannot recall. It is sometime," with a weary attempt at a smile, "since I have studied the rudiments of the French tongue, and of course, the form of salutation is radical."

"It's a good thing to mention a good name when people meet," said Martin, with great slowness of speech, "for it may keep evil from between them. The man who could name a good name, and after speaking it, do a bad action to him he named it to, is a man I should wish to live without meeting."

Although this speech partook of the nature of an extract from Martin's private unalterable code, nothing but a general statement of an article of a moral law, the tone was such as almost to imply particular application, or perhaps, more accurately, indicated the determination of the speaker to make this idea apply practically, *should occasion* ever arise. Mr. Heywood saw nothing in the words or manner but an abstract theory.

"You are right," he said, "speaking generally of manifestations, a name has often more influence than an idea, or a right which requires to be thought over before it may be recognized. I, at one time, devoted myself very much to metaphysics and moral philosophy, and ideas under metaphysics. You must know that people, especially the young and frivolous, use words without knowing the *exact meaning of them*. There now, for instance, is the word idea. It is a most beautiful and expressive word, and comes from—from—from a foreign tongue."

He seemed painfully startled at not being able to recollect the Greek, for this was a pet theme of the old philosophers. In a second he picked up courage and started afresh.

"And one of the first of English philosophers, named—named M.—or was it? No. Strange my head feels tired of looking back at things I know quite well. I have it!" he cried, with a flush of pride on his withered face, "Locke. You see they are both philosophers, and locks are often on mi(ll) course; that is how I made the mistake. Quite natural, as you perceive. Well Locke contains an idea to be a—a—John Locke . . . . idea . . . . Pray, sir—I but trouble you with such subtleties?"

"No. I am listening."

Little Mary had risen, and was setting the supper things on the table. Mr. Heywood followed her fitfully and intermittently with his dim eyes.

"An idea" he attempted to go on, "Spinoza defines an idea—and I say Spinoza! But I only trouble you with matters metaphysical."

"It pleases me to learn," answered Martin a little sturdily. Could this old man be trifling with him, and was he an impostor? He had often heard of kids coming, but he now made little sport of it.

"We will then, if you please, sir, at my request, discontinue the discourse. I—I never could collect my thoughts sufficiently for discourse when my little Mary moved about, and I seem to see her once again. Since I saw your child yesterday I seem to grow weaker and weaker of looking back on all I have read. In my little Mary's lifetime I always felt weary of looking back when she was by. I used to look forward—to look forward then, and then only. My learning, often to my shame I speak it, seemed only a musty hoard of barren skeletons; my Mary—my little Mary, a bright and beautiful volume fresh from God's great hand! I used to sit and watch her, and make up a future for her. I used to see her grow into womanhood; and then I could see her with her baby in her arms, for no woman is fully blest, or fully perfect, or truly beautiful, or fully holy, or truly the sacred priestess of God's noble science, until then. I know my Mary is dead, but I think of her when I look at yours. Will you, sir, let your Mary, who is alive, kiss an old man whose Mary is in the grave?"

"Mary, come and kiss this gentleman." Fine Sheridan had found out he was a gentleman.

"And," said the old man, rising, when he had released the child's hand, "I shall go now. May I come again?"

"As often as you please and welcome, sir." Martin took the hand of the old man as he stood. "You will have some supper with us? You must not go from under the roof without eating."

"You are very kind, but I could eat nothing now. I could not swallow anything. I'm tired and my throat is very dry, and I want air. Good-night!"

"God save you, sir!"

"God save you kindly," answered the old man, as he walked feebly through the doorway.

"What do you think of him, Edward?" asked Martin's wife, coming in after the old man had gone.

"I think his heart is right, and when that is so, I trust a man."

To himself he thought, "I saw his heart bleed over the grave of that child, and he will do no hurt to me or mine—no, not for all the gold in the world."

CHAPTER VIII.

A SILLY FAIRY-STORY

Thus it happened that, in his declining days, Mr. James Heywood, gentleman, hired a room of one of the fishermen of Killard, and came to reside in that village. A great change was observable in the old philosopher. His interest in learning greatly decayed, and his long dissertations disappeared almost wholly. The former bland, infallible manner altered to one of gentle dogmatism, which gradually yielded to assertion, almost timid at times. He also acquired the habit of observing more closely those around him; his interest awakened slightly towards the people among whom his latter days were cast. The humanity of the man broke somewhat through the scientific cold in which it had been wound for years, and the gentleman of Killard *blossomed some of his knowledge for activity* of sentiment. The head was going; the heart was coming back.

He became a favorite with the villagers. They, by nature, had a respect and reverence for learning, and the old man's guileless ways won upon them daily. But it was his love of children, and his gentle way of talking to them and of them that chiefly endeared him to those simple people. He seemed never to weary of the companionship of the little folk. In a short time he could call them by name, and had learned the cottage where each lived. And yet with all this, save in the matter of little Mary Martin, he appeared to regard children somewhat abstractedly; they were fresh and joyous youth, harmless gaiety, innocent men and women, rather than distinct personalities. He looked on them as a species, rather than as a number of *various beings*.

But with regard to the fisherman's chestnut-haired daughter, all this was different. He had never been able to dispossess his mind utterly of its impression when he had seen her first. She was to him, in a manner, the little Mary he had lost long ago. The unskilful physicians had slain his darling; and by some merciful interposition of Providence, a substitute was given to him for his consolation in this far-off time. Accordingly, here old not be too patient in painstaking, or too mild to her. Though she was often even more willful than the dead child, it never once occurred to him to teach her Greek. All these changes did not arise very rapidly; it was months before they became apparent to those who remembered the old man during his six years at Clonmore.

Every day he came and sat for a while with Edward Martin and his family. Mrs. Martin regarded him as second to Father Murtagh in deserving respect. His age, and feebleness, and knowledge, all tended to elevate him in her esteem; but his strange attachment to her child lifted him clear above all others, even Father Murtagh himself, in her love. She made the case her own, and supposed that if was her child had died and his niece lived, what would she not have thought of his cruelty if he denied her access to his niece. To fancy he, for no good reason, would not permit her to come and look at the likeness of her dead child—the thought always ever came here, and she could not refrain from tears; after which she would protest to herself a hundred times that nothing should keep the old man from his only earthly pleasure now. But no one wanted the philosopher to stay away; he came without fear or hinderance, and always found a good welcome waiting him, and, she better, smiles.

The boy Lane was very little in the house when Mr. Heywood visited. Night he usually spent out fishing with the boats. Edward Martin, now very prosperous for a man of his class did not always go to sea, and when he did not, the lad took Martin's place, and although some of the older sailors grumbled at yielding a share of profit to a novice, they had to admit, even among themselves, that none of them knew better the business of the sea.

The time which John Lane did not devote to seeing Clonmore was often spent in the quiet, reading the priest's books, or in the silent house of the priest's housekeeper, where he was free to come as often as he chose, and stay till he wished to go.

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE CRUCIFIXION NAILS.

Curious Relic in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

One of the most curious relics preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, England, is a crown having a framework said to have been made of the nails that were driven through the hands and feet of Jesus at Calvary. The crown itself is embossed with jewels and gold, exhibiting a close resemblance to the enamelled work of the present day, notwithstanding the fact, that its history can be traced back to the time of the coronation of Agilulfus, King of Normandy, in the year 591. Associated in the foregoing, the portion of the crown which is of greatest traditional interest is the framework of iron, about three eighths of an inch broad and one tenth of an inch in thickness attached to the inner circumference of the jewelled superstructure. The iron band was made from the identical nails, according to legendary report, used at the crucifixion, given by the Empress Helena—who, history says, was the discoverer of the cross—to her son, Constantine the Great, as a miraculous protection from the dangers of the battlefield. The priest, who exhibits the crown to curious visitors, points out, as a permanent miracle, the fact that there is not a single speck of rust upon the iron, although it has now been exposed to the dampness of the atmosphere for more than fifteen centuries. The crown was originally made for Agilulfus, King of the Lombards, under the supervision of Theodelinde, his wife, who had taken refuge in the sacred nunnery of Monza for the Catholics.

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Reporter—Can I see Mrs. B.

Servant—She's out, sir.

Reporter—One of the family, then?

Servant—All out, sir.

Reporter—Well wasn't there a fire here last night?

Servant—Yes; but that's out, too.—*Ex.*

As He Found Him.—Philistine: Of what use is the editor of a paper?

Young Reporter—To make a long story short.—*Puck.*

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COMMERCIAL.

Grain.—There is nothing new, the market being firm and prices steady: Manitoba wheat, No 2 hard, $1.12½@$1.14; No. 3, $1.05. Corn, none. Peas, 91c afloat May. Oats, Quebec, 55c@57c; Manitoba, 56c@58c; Ontario, 58c@60c. Barley, malting, 65c@67c; feeding 56c@60c; rye, nominal.

Flour.—The market is fairly active, and prices are steady. We quote: Patent spring, $5.80; Patent winter, $5.10@$5.30; straight roller, $5.10@$5.25; extra, $4.50@$4.80; superfine, $3.75@$4.00; fine, $3.75@$4; city strong bakers', $5.50; strong bakers', $5.25@$5.50; extra, bags, $2.20@$2.30; superfine bags, $2.00@$2.10; fine, $1.75@$2; oats, shelled, $2.55@$2.60; oats, granulated, $2.75@$2.85; oats, rolled, $2.75@$2.80.

Butter.—There is not much change to report. Best butter is selling all the way from 20c to 22c, as to quality. It is reported that Americans have been buying poor to medium freely at from 12c to 14c per lb. Good ordinary old is quoted at 12c to 15c. New butter is selling at from 24c to 28c. The demand is strong, but receipts are small. We quote:—Creamery, 20c@24c; fine, 21c@22c; finest dairy, 20c@21c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 19c@21c; Western dairy, 16c@17c; old butter, 9c@12c per lb. Retail to jobbing prices are from 2c to 3c higher.

Cheese.—There is little going in cheese. Prices are nominal. We quote finest, 11c; fine 10c@10½c; medium grades, 9½c@10c.

Provisions.—The local market is quiet but firm. We quote:—Canadian short cut, per brl, $15.50@$16.50; mess pork, western, per brl, $15.50@$16.50; short cut, western, per brl, $16@$16.75; hams, city cured, per lb, 10½c@11½c; hams, canvassed, per lb, 10½c@11½c; lard, Canadian, in pails, 8c@8½c; bacon, per lb, 8c@10c; lard, common refined, per lb, 7c@7½c; bran at $16; shorts at $20.

Eggs.—Market is active, and eggs are selling at from 22c to 22½c per dozen, the demand is good and receipts are fair.

FARMERS MARKETS.

Poultry.—Turkeys, 11c@12c per lb; geese, 8c; fowls, 90c@1.20; ducks, 50c@75c.

Roots and Vegetables.—Potatoes, 50c@60c per bag; Quebec turnips, 50c; carrots, 35c@40c per bushel; beets, 30c@40c per bushel; cabbages, 50c@60c per barrel; celery, 50c@$1 per dozen; onions, 70c@$1 per bushel; parsnips, 40c@50c; artichokes, 50c.

Hay and straw.—Hay $7@$8 per hundred bundles of 15 lbs; pressed hay, $6@$6.50 per 100 lbs; straw, $5@$5.50 per hundred bundles of 12 lbs each.

Maple Sugar is selling at from 8c@10c, according to quality. There is little arriving yet. Syrup is also coming in and sells at from 60c to 70c per tin in bulk, and at from 70c@80c in tins, according to size.

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APOLINAR CASTILLO, Director.

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1 Capital Prize of 40,000	is		40,000
1 Capital Prize of 20,000	is		20,000
1 Grand Prize of 5,000	is		5,000
2 Prizes of $2,000	are		4,000
5 Prizes of 1,000	are		5,000
20 Prizes of 500	are		10,000
100 Prizes of 200	are		20,000
780 Prizes of 100	are		78,000
800 Prizes of 50	are		40,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
180 Prizes of $120, approximating to $120,000 prize,			$18,000
180 Prizes of $100, approximating to $40,000 prize,			$18,000
180 Prizes of $50, approximating to $20,000 prize,			$9,000
780 Terminals of $40 approximating to $120,000 prize,			$31,200
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5 "	"	250—	1,250.00
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100 "	"	25—	2,500.00
200 "	"	15—	3,000.00
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100 "	"	25—	2,500.00
100 "	"	15—	1,500.00
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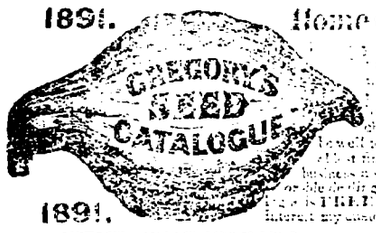

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