THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

TOUT SORTE DE CHOSES.

The floods in Ohio and Pennsylvania are becoming serious.

A LONG TIME.

2

Fifteen years of suffering from the tortures of Dyspepsia is indeed a long time. A. Burns, blacksmith, of Cobourg, was thus stilleted, but it only required four bottles of Burdeck Blood Bitters to completely oure a

Whitney, a spiritualist, has been arrested and fined in Bangor, Me., as a fraud.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is high-y recommended for the cureof Eruption, inafes, Chapped hands, Fimples, Tan, is.

Li Hung Chang has been ordered to draw up a plan for a campaign in Tonquin.

OUBE FOR CHILBLAINS. Baths the feet for ten or fifteen minutes in water as hot as can be borne; then apply

Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and a cure is certain. Yellow Oil cures Bheumatism, Neuraigia, Deafness, Lameness, and Pain generally; and Internally oures Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Asthma, and many painful affections. a

The fruit crop in the Mississippi Valley is anything but promising.

BE. LOW'S WORN YRUP has removed tape worm from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also desiroys all kinds of worm.

A thousand weavers at the Atlantic Mille, Lawrence, Mass., struck yesterday.

The most discouraging Cough, as well as Bionchitis and Hoarseness, yield at once to the influence of DOWN'S ELIXIR. Pamphlets free. Send address to Henry, Johnsons & Lord, Montreal, Que.

Minrespolls has had its first case of sandbagging.

IN DIXIE'S LAND.

J. Kennedy, dealer in drugs, &c , Dixle. Ontarlo, recommends Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam to his customers, it having cured his wife of a had cough. It is the safest and surest remedy for all Throat and Lung troubles, such as Asihms, Bronchilis, Whooping Ough and most pectoral complaints. and most pectoral complaints.

It is asserted that there have never been more scandalous sheets hawked about Paris than at present. Sometimes the police seize them.

NATIONAL PILLS act promptly upon the Liver, requisite the Boweis and as a purgative are mild and thorough.

Two Chinese opium joints have been prosecuted in Louisville under the law requiring ye, to purvent any further harm, whin, cowpharmacists to have a license to sell poisons.

A GOOD COSMETIC.

purifies of the lood, Burdock Blood Bitters Rì) is the bes: of all purificrs.

Henry Bergn is behind the bill now pend-Henry Bergh is behied the bill now pend-ing in the New York Legisisture introducing the ould man to the care iv God and the landthe whipping post in that State for wile beaters.

en up and prevented by u-ing the purely vegetable remedy, Garter's Liver Bitters. An metidate all male the first and the set of the 1ta-26 antidoteto all malarial poisou.

phia Academy of Fine Arts for the \$3000 prize awarded him for the best painting last tall.

THEQUEEN'S SECRET OHAPTEB XLIV.-Continued.

"And what the devil d've want, then? Bid win' to ye! d'ye mane to give us no satisfaction at all at all? Is it out ye expect to be let, aither oursin' the pope 'Ithout the laste taste iv apology in the world? Well, now, upon my conscience, to be a decent-looking man, yo have the most onreisonable ways with ye iver I seen since I was christened. Olme, come, if ye won't fight, down with ye, and no more palaverin' about it." Then turning to one of his companions, he took him aside, and having asked a question or two, to which the fellow seemed to reply in the affirmative, again repeated

his command. But Southron no longer deigne d to answer, looking as firce as a buil in the ring, his left hand groping his breast for his dagger from mere force

of habit, whilst his right kept continually jerking his sword, as if impatient, yet

afraid to strike. " So ye can't find yer dhirk, can't ye ? eh ?" No answer.

"Wed ye know it again ?' provokingly in. quired the Irishman, drawing a dagger from under his blouse, and holding it up for in-

spection. -tion !" growled Southron, sur-" Da---prised at length out of his dogged silence on recognizing the wespon; " how camest thou by that ?

" I'll tell ye. Ye came in last night to the Paycock, with a child in yer arms, and sither givin' it to Oliver Goodenough here to hould or a minit, ye went up to the tap and called for a stoup iv wine. It hap-pened that an innocent-looking, gray headed ould gentlem n was inquiring of the landlord for a place called Whinstone Hollow, and iv one Nell Gower that lived there, just as you came up to the counter. Well, ye tuck the ould man by the collar, and dragged him back, tellin' him to wait till his betchers was served. Then, seein' a cross peepin' out from the foulds iv his jarkin as he turned round, ye struck him a heavy blow on the lace with the back iv yer hand, and tould him to go to hell for a demned ould cross-worshipper. The with yer clinched fist, and felled him on the flare, like the poor, mane, dhirty, cowardly blackgnard that ye are. Well, two or three iv the bystandhers, who had some pity in their hearts, (and God knows it's raison' they'd have for more of that same, if they knew all the poor innocent ould crathur suffered from you and the ilkes iv ye,)- two or three iv the bystanders then got a hould iv

ardly to the last, ye drew this dagger on them It happened that I had returned from Whinstone Hollow after findin' the woman The best commetics are good soap and the ould gentleman osme in search of, jist water, to obtain pullty of the skin; while in time to wrench the dhirk from your hand, for boils, block hes, obstivate humors and imterence of the people, 1'd have buried it to the bilt in yer dhircy heart's blood. Knowin' the business ye were on, and where ye were lady, i set out before ye; and so here I am. Now, scoundrel, on yer knees with ye this minit, an ask God's pardon an the ould

and twilling the cudgel over his head, " but William H. Trego has such the Philadel. I'll brak every bone in yer body."

"I acknowledge I have done wrong," replied Southrop, at last, drawing back from reach of the frightful weapon ; "natheless, being vexed and dissphointed when I en-

"Down, dog, and beg pardon," interrupted the angry Celt, no longer able to con-The frigate Colorado, which has cost \$1,- | troi his rage-"down, or I'll tear ye in obug-#10,603, has been condemned at the Brook- gins. Coward, if it was only myself ye struck,

id have it, yer cowardles saved ye, as it saves many a blusterin' red-faced turkey cook, like ye, when he happens to fall into a decent man's hands. But away now, ye manespirised bound, and take this with ye," be added, scapping the blade of his sword across his knee, and pitching the fragments at his feet, "for yer only worthy to carry a butcher's knife at yer belt."

"We shall meet again," muttered Southron between bis testb, as he quitted the tap amid the jeers of the bystanders.

"God forbid," replied Beddy, with inexpressible scorn on his fiue manly tace-"God forbid that you and I should iver meet alone; for my hands are yet unstained by human gore, and id fain have them rest clane in my father's grave, unpolluted by the swinish blood of a beggarly Sassenagh."

Having called for a round, the jolly blue coats now drank each a hearty draught to their further acquaintance with Misther Redmond O'Connor, and requesting Oliver to chalk it to the account of a certain old lady, whose name it was then unnecessary to mention. left the Whitehorse of Wimbleton, in the gray light of the morning, to retrace their steps, each by a different route, to the good city of Loadon, there to execute the further orders of the spacwife in reference to the obild.

As the last of the merry party passed the threshold of the tavern, he stooped for a moment to the his hose, and was heard muttering faintly in the distance, " May the divil be from me, Barney, if that Connor disn't bate walloppin' Ned out and out." "O then, the sorra whip the tongue out iv him," returned Barney; isn't he the nate spaker ?"

"Faith, and that's a purty bit iv black thorn he carries-eh?"

"Ay, begorrs, an himselt's the boy can handle it, I'll go bail for ye; upon my troth It did hay heart good to ese the touch he gave that big-headed budgeh on the arm." But honest Beddy had not been for five years "And did ye see how quately he gave us the password ? I'll warrant Nell an him's ould oronies; bedad, he's no goslin', any

way, that's one thing. Here the sound of the volces began to away in the distance.

When Southron left the tap, his first look was at the settle in the kitchen, where he had deposited the child ; but the settle was empty, and the child was gone. He then searched in the bed chamber adjoining the kitchen, thinking some of the servants might have snatched it up when the quarrel commenced, and carried it there from reach of danger; but he could there see neither servant nor babe. He then began to suspect, for the first time, that the Irishman's object in protracting the dispute was nothing more than to keep him engaged till some one, whom they had been waiting for, should come to take the infant; and remembering also that his assailant had beckoned one of his associates aside, and whispered constaing in his ear in the very heat of the discussion, he concluded all was a plot from the beginning, and that Oliver Goodniff and the Irishman were both implicated in it under the direction of Nell Gower.

Beturning again to the tap, he found Beddy Connor and Oliver whispering to each other, apparently in great confidence, across the ecunter.

"The child is gone !" cried Southron In a voice intended to be calm, but which trembled with passion.

" Gone !" repeated Oliver, raising his hands in feigned astonishment; "bless my soul! that cannot be."

"Ay, stolen I' said Southron, in the same barsh, unsteady voice, "and thou, Oliver Goodniff, art privy to the theft."

"I privy to the theft? grace and patience! thou'st short o' tay with this morning. Gad. zooksi man, thinkest thou I have nought better on hand than plots and schemes for stealing intents?" and growling out his indignant resentment at the vile charge, he through the tap, and affeoted to himself searching every room and passage, hole and corper for the missing babe. But "alas!" as he said to himself, "to no purpose." At length, he sat down eshausted, and began to wipe the perspirasion from his broad, red face, with the napkin he ever kept hanging from the button hole of his jerkin, exclaiming between each breath, "Odde, barrels and bodkins; this savors most

day. Sam, who sat in a remote corner of the day, cam, who sat in a remote corner of the room, and overheard the conversation un-noticed, or perhaps, diaregarded, suspected there was something in the close companion-ship of the distinguished looking courter and the discarded servant of Sir Geoffrey Wentworth that boded no good to Brockton Hall or its inmates; and hence the communicated his doubts about the matter, the next convenient opportunity, to some friends who happened to come on business to the city, and they doubtless, on their return, repeated the story to old Wattle.

Beddy paid little attention, at the time, to the angry dispute he chanced to overhear between the mendicant and the steward, and most likely never would have thought of it sgain had affairs gone on as usual at the Hall; but now that he found himself an outcast on the world, a good hundred miles from home, with scarce a penny in his purse, his master confined to his lodgings by iliness resulting from old age, fatigue, and a bresking heart, his young mistress carried off to the royal palace, from which she might never return, and even Nell Gower, from whom he expected some help in his distress, left without a spot to shelter herself, much less a friend,-with all these veflections crowding in upon his mind, no wonder, we say, he tried to brush the cobwebs off his memory, and to think of some one who might lend him a heiping hand in his forlorn condition. Of all the inhabitants of London, the reader may readily believe Sam Wabble was not the last he chanced to remember; now, particularly, since Sam had given the first clew to the detection of the

plot. Being, however an entire stranger in the great metropolis, he might have searched through it for a whole year, and inquired of half its population, ere he had discovered the whereabouts of so obscure an individual as from Tyrconnell for nothing; he had learned something of the ways of the world, and therefore it was that, when he set out for the Whitehorse of Wimbleton, after his altercation with Southron, he grow indistinct, and at length entirely died bad already provided himself with some information respecting Sam's place of residence. Nel: Gower, in fact, during the short inter-

view she had with bim at the cavern on the preceding night, had' told him all she knew concerning Sam; and Oliver had added a few particulars on his own account during the confidential whispering across the counter, in which Southron had detected them on his return from his fruitless asarch.

Battoning his doublet over his broad chest to keep out the cold air of the morning, and spitting gayly on his stick, Beddy turned his ace to London, resolving to do the best he could, and leave the rest to Providence. With such a supple pair of legs, and such a stout heart to drive them, as Beddy Connor had at his service, there can be little doubt he soon accomplished his journey, and after the necessary inquiries as to streets, lanes, etc., at length discovered the humble abode of Peter Townavel,

On entering the long, narrow, ill-lighted cellar, in which the worthy tradasman and his apprentice were bury at work after their early meal, Reddy turned up his cudgel under bis arm, and passing the proprietor by with s nod, walked straight up to his quondam friend, and dealing him a smart blow with the heel of his fist between the shoulders, (Irish fashion), snatched his brawny hand and gave it so warm and loving a squeeze. that, to judge from the expression of Sam's face, he would willingly have all right with quired for Mrs. Sewell. so sensible a proof of his affection.

"Zounds!" oried the astonished appren tice, "what doth this mean ?" " Bad soran to ye! how is every bone in

yer body, man ?" cried Beddy. "Eb, by the powers i' patience ! ye've grown a brave, thumpin, rattlin' fellow, so ye have; an bow diz the world use ye, man, since ye left **us**?1

The pprentice thanked him kindly for his

long, sad story to tell, and begged his friend

would come with him to some alchouse hard

for old acquaintance' sake, and talk over mat

Honest Sam, but too glad to meet one

whom he had always ranked among his bes

friends, when he used long ago to water the

plants and weed the beds in Mistress Alice's

the fatal catastrophe which left him withou

"I knew shomething should come of it."

" Of what ?"

"Zooks! man, I knew it," exclaimed Sam

"Why, marry, of his secret communings

in-law. Ab, gad's me, since I saw the false

variet in company o' the great courtier, whom

"Ab, thie, bad luck to the black villain

" Blinder Lane is but two streets below,

" Bedad, then it's mhselt that'll be behoul

din to yet, Sam; and, in troth, if ye only

knew how the disavin' thief threated your

poor old dacint uncle, Wattle Wabble, ye wouldn't think much throuble I' that

same. But shure, it's little we cud expect

Wattle, the crathur, when I heard the black-

he wad a dog, from the place where he had

the warm welcome from the full hand, and

ters more at their leisure.

"Dragged to the door !" repeated Sam, he tould me he'd write and let ye know the coughing up the phigm which his rising anger had accumulated;""ah, and then

"Why, all I and see, when I' stooped and looked into the hall, was Sawall, takin' the ould man by the back I' the neok, and pitchin' him down the steps with a shove that all." might have driven sn 'ox, and cursin' him to be gone for an ould sourvy-tongued imposthur." "Wattle Wabble was a kind uncle to me."

said the phiegmatic Sam, now somewhat flushed and excited by the relation, "and I swear by St. Dunstan, I'll see Sewall's outrage to the helpless old man repaid."

"He's an inhuman basten" continued Beddy, still adding fuel to the fardy flame, " that id go to brak the neck iv a poor, dis-tressed oripple like that an ould crathur that never hurted is fly in his life, aither by thought, word, deed or omision.' An as to yer ould masther, Sir Geoffrey, that used to tache ye the prayers sittin' on his knee under the sundial, on the green plot, who fed ye and chad ye till ye were able to do for yerself; why, if I was only at the track of the totell ye the half i' what he did to that blissed ould man, ye'd think it was out iv all manner of mains for any mortal to be guilty of it. Bad cess to th'as-much as one sixpence he left him to cross anither with ; nor even his purty wee goold whistle he used to call ye on, or even a goblet to dhrink his wine out iv, (that's set in case he had it, but the devil a tint he had to wet his lips;) and then, afther all, to burn the house over his head, that the blackguard iv hell might conshume every proof iv his damnable

blood boil in my veine to think of it." "Zounds1 an I but caught him," muttered Sam, clinching his testh, " methinks I could tear the heart from the wretch's body."

"Bedad, thin, if it's an earnest yer in, we might catch him vet." "Ab, marry, how may that be?" earnestly

demanded Sam : "hath he not escaped ?" "Av coorse; but he didn't get home yet."

"How long since he left ?"

"Just five days the night."

"Nay, he must have travelled fast to outrun pursuit," observed Sam, shaking his head dou btfully.

"He's too knowing for that," said Beddy. Sewall's not the man to venture his goold bags on a crupper sitch times as these, when one is not sure i' the buttons on his jerkia; O, sorra fear of him ; he'll take some safer way to secure his plundher; but never mind, Sam; I've a notion we can reach him afther all, and save somethin' too out i' the plunder for the ould masther, if ye'll only stick by i me."

"Bight faithfully," cried Sam; "ay, marry shall I; and as for Peter Towravel, zounds! let him bring me to the leet court, an he likes it; 1 care not a barley-corn."

"Then empty yer ale can, an let's be movin', for there's no time to lose." Having cheerfully paid the reckoning

with the last piece of coin in his purse, Beddy sgain turned up his oudgel under his arm, and set out to accompany his conductor to Bilnder Lane.

On arriving in front of the small but comfortable-looking house occupied by the worthy Mistress Sewall, Beddy directed his companion to remain in the immediate vicinity till his return, cautioning him at the same time, if he happened to see Davidson coming about the house, to keep him engaged; and then, waiking up to the door which opened into a narrow alley, he lifted the latch unhesitatingly, and stepping in, in-

"An what may thy business be with her, good man," said a smart, buxom-looking woman, about forty years of age, rising from ber seat and meeting Reddy at the room door, as if she supposed it was some passing inquiry he wished to make; or perhaps thought his rough appearance hardly en. titled him to a more respectful reception. "What may thy business be?"

February 13, 1884.

"And is he coming home soon ?" careles

ly inquired Mrs. Bewall. "Comin' home?" repeated Beddy, with a well-feigned astonishment ; "orrs, then, may be yer not the lady I was sent to at all at

"I am Master Sewall's wife."

An thunder an turf, what diz yer ladyship

mane by strivin' to conceal it from me ?" "Conceal what?"

"Why, yer resavin' a letter sayin' what day he'd be home. But shure that's none i my business, and so I needn't trouble my head about it." "Grameroy, man, thou'rt a strange.spoke

messenger to send hither."

"Well" orled Beddy, rising and taking up his hat and oudgel preparing to leave, "all I bave to say is, that the whole place was in blazss afore I left, and that Masther

"An what proof have I that my husband sent thee hither, good man ?"

"Proof!" repeated Beddy, scratching his head under his hat, and looking inquisitively at the cautious woman.

"Ay, marry, how know I thour't not a spy come hither to mislead us?"

"A spy! to mislade ye!' sgain repeated Reddy ; " is it to inthrap ye, ye mane ?" "Truly, yee, such things have happened."

"Begorra, then, yer ladyship," he respond-ed, turning on his heel, "if them's the thoughts ye have, yer salest way's not to robbery--och, och, Sam, dear, it makes the thrust me. I delivered my message, any way ; so the top i' the mornin' to ye, Mistress Sewall. And divil whip the legs from un. dher me if iver I come on sitch a message egain."

"Stay, good man; I meant no offence In such times as these thou shouldst wonder not we use caution ; and albeit thou wearest an honest face, yet we have seen rogues whose faces were as honest looking as thine."

"Keep on the safe side, mam; it's the wisest way," muttered Beddy, moving cff. "Hold, good fellow-stay-I would speak further with thee."

"Ye'll be plazed to tell the masther," he continued unconcernedly, "that Tim was here and delivered the mossage, for I'd niver draw an aley breath if he thought I'd decave him in the amplush he's in. An ye may tell him too that Houghton's in purshalt of him. Waglippet's kilt dead, and that afther he give me the message to yer ladyship, I had to turn back to the stable, and by the time I got the horse out the whole house was in flames. So the ould man and that divil of a sarvint av his, Reddy Connor, will niver give him any throuble again, barrin it's their ghosts. Se fair drames to ye mam."

"Stay a moment- come back, Tim, come hither," she critd, now completely deceived by the fellow's careless indifference to her good or bad opinion, no less than by the accurate accounts he seemed to give of the occurrences at Brockton. Bu: this time Reddy would not return so readily ; in fact, he at first absolutely refused, alleging as a reason the want of time, having some important business to transact in the city, and besides, the possibillty of his being again insulted by her doubts and misgivings. But the good woman's apologies and entreaties at length prevailed, and leading Reddy back by the hand, she begged him to take some refreshment after his long journey, and accordingly placed before, him a fissk of wine and an untouched pasty, the former of which Beddy at once recognized as an ancient occupant of the old celler at Brockton.

"I darn't touch it, yer ladyship," said he, modestly, refusing the cup which his entertainer filled from the flask and handed him. "I promised the masther I wudn't let sitch a thing cross my lips till id lave the clty."

"Nay, it will refresh thee; do, Tim, take "O, begorra, I cudn't, mam; I must keep my promise to the masther; but shure om as much obliged to yer ladyship as if I did." "Well, well, Tim, I may not insist (urther, since thou'rt not so inclined," observed Mrs. Sewell, laying down the cup, seemingly well pleased with the messenger's faithful observance of his promise. "And so the old place is burnt." "Ivery chip av it," replied he, still looking cautiously around from time to time, as if laboring under a terrible apprehension of being detected.

lyn Navy Yard, and she will be sold at ano- I could torgive it; but a durop from that ould

BLOOD BELATIONS.

circulation of healthy, viter fluid-pure blood | with the back of his hand; may be that id and proper circulation may be established in provoke ye, as it did my ould masther." the system by the use of that grand blood Ø purifier, Burdock Blood Bitters.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land the Paycock. But I'll lave ye no raison to the interior away from the St. John's Biver.

AN OPEN LETTER. Messis, T. MILBURN & UO.

Dear Sers,-I can honestly recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oll as the best reliever of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known re~edy. I remain, respectfully yours,

JOHN TAYLOB, 190 Parliament St., Toronto. £

A bill in the Texas Legislature fixes a penalty of \$100 to \$1,000 fine and thirty days in jsil for ordering a citizen to leave his county or ordering, him to remove his stock from the county.

WHAD IT DID FOB AN OLD LADY. COSHOOTON STATION, N.Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

GENTS,-A. number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In one case, a lady over seventy years had been sick for years, and for the past ten years has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was helpless. Her old remodies, or physicians, being of no avail I sent to De. posit, forty-five miles away, and got a bottle e' Hop Bitters. It improved her so she was Able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use. W. B HATHAWAY,

Agt. U. S. Er. Co.

"Peace if possible, justice at any rate," is what Wendell Phillips is most fond of prefixing to his signature for autograph collect tors.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPOSTING ----By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of diges tion and nutrition, and yet by a careful appli. cation of the fine properties of well selected Occos Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of devil." diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to realist overy tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to at. tack wk rever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished trame."-Oivil Service Galand."

man's little floger is dearer to me than my life's bloo. Here, take that," he added, stilking the brawny Englishman on the face

"Ha, dustardly caltifil assault an unprotected stranger with six strong men at thy back !' ensered Bouthron,

"Sassenagh churl, remember the blow at complain iv foul play; so move on there, boys-whip the sword from him, and here's good by to the blackthorn;" and so saying, he flung it across the counter, striking Oliver such a blow on the paunch as made him rosr like an ox. "Now, come on, ye big, false, lubberly dog," he continued, equaring at him with his fists, "and never

have it to say that a Tyrconnel boy tuck a dhirty advantage." Southron moved not an inch.

"Bid luck to ye, ye mane blackguard; won't ye fight at all?"

"With the sword blade," growled Southron; nought else."

"Heavens an earth! what's this for ?" orled Beddy, scratching his head, and compietely nonplussed. "Oliver, have ye iver an ould sword in the house, or a scythe, or Ispin' hook, or any thing i' the kind ?"

The innkeeper replied in the negative, agsuring him that, even if he had, he should hesitate to produce is to the endargering of humaa life.

"Then take a hoult of him, boys, since ha won't fight, and on his knees with him again. I dam't strike a man that hasn's pluck enough to fight, but it's clane again my conscience to let him go scot free without an apology."

Southron was now seized, and placed kneeling on the floor, and the Irishman, whom the reader will long ago have recognized as Beddy Connor, advanced with a wine cup in his hand, and ordered him peremptorily to drink the toast.

Southron was again silent.

Then oried Beddy, "Here's success to the Pope i' Rome and confusion to his enemies ;" and having swallowed about half the contents of the vessel, he handed it to one of his assoclates, and directed him how to administer the draught; then stepping behind Southron. he selzed him by the chin with the one hand and by the nose with the other, and gave both such a wrench es opened his jaws wider than they had ever before opened for the wine cup or beer can.

"Hough I' groated the wretch, looking en treatingly up in Beddy's face.

"Will ye dhrink the toest ?' demanded the latter, loosening his bold.

"Ay, ay, sny thing to save me from ohok-Zounds, thou'rt a most incarnate tng.

"Here, then, take the cup, and pronounce the words, ' God bless the Pope."

"God bless the pope," repeated Southron, half uttering the words, and bending his head like a bull in the ring held by the ness from builting with his horne.

" And confusion to his enemies."

"And confusion to his enemies." Then

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damnably.' "As thy carcase shall, when it hangeth a week before Typurn," returned Southron ; "so if thon'd cave thy fat sides from the kites and jackdaws, thou it take measures incontinently to have the child forthcoming." "Marry come up with thee, Robert South-

flower gerden, readily consented; and hav ron; speat me not thus of feeding kites sud ing obtained leave of absence from his mas crows, for no legal and chargeable cause ; but ter, accompanied Beddy to a tavern, where rather bethink o' thyself, whom my natural they soon found themselves comfortably hatred of sudden deaths hath saved from the sected in a snug room, behind the br gallows these twenty years gone." with a well-furniched table before gallows these twenty years gone,"

"Ha, hal' laughed Southron, with a fiendish expression of countenance, as he shot a and a can of foaming ale occupying the glance scross the counter at his quondam centre. Beddy now informed his young school-fellow ; "less of the past and more of the present, an thou pleasest. The childthe child ! I shall have the child or thou diest,"

a home. "Grace and patience! and what wouldst with the child, Master Southron, ch ? Murder it as thou once tried to marder thins own flish and blocd? Nev. thou needst not try to buily me with thy dark brows, Master Keeper ; and plots with Davidson, his knavish brotheran thou'd find the child, go elsewhere an seek it; and look ve here, Sir Brave, an I but hear 1 afterwards found to be Sir Thomas Plimp of thee coupling my name with this foundling, by my certies! I'll have thes houselled top, I did well wot there was foul play in the where thou'lt coon be taught to mend thy game." mannets."

d'ye happen to know where he lives, Sam? Again Southron laughed, as in defiance of the threat ; but the look which accompanied inquired Beidy, filling his companion's pint pot sgain, and shoving it across the table with it was this time less undaunted than before. an accompanying nod of invitation ; " but it's "More of this anon, Master Oliver; but now would I learn from thee something of myself id like to see the house, if it was only just to stand before it night an day, an wait the child. Shouldst thou refuse to declare for him to come out, that I might make mince whether it had been carried off, or give c ew mate iv him, the etarnal scoundrel. They say to ite discovery, I'll have thes taken before the lord justice ere thou'rt a day older. As it's in a place called Bliader Lane he lives ; but shure, myself knows no more iv where Blinder for this fellow, he said," turning to speak to Lane is than the man in the moon." Beddy-But Heildy was gone. And so we must take breath for a moment, and have a replied Sam, after swallowing the ale. "] fair start with him in the next chapter. can bring thee thither in the twisting of a

OHAPTER XLV.

We have had cocasion once, we believe, in the course of this story, to say something of a certain Sam Wabble, nephew of old Wattle, of Brockton, the licensed of the city of London. This young lad, as Wattle, the crathur, when I heard the black-appears from Wattle's conversation with bearted robber ordher him to be gone, jist as Sewall the steward, was sent on a certain day with a special message to that worthy man's wife, and while awaiting the good lady's ples- the pleasant countenance, these twenty years sure, feit somewhat surprised at seeing her and more, I thought I cud have melted him brother, Luke Davidson, enter the honse. on the spot."

disguised as a Catholic priezt, and accom- ... "Did he lay hards on the old man ?" inpanied by a courtly dressed gentleman of quired Sam, biting his lip and sinking the rank; who addressed him as Master woint of the knile he held deep into the deal Millar, and conversed with him in table before him.

"Well," replied Beddy, glancing at the ex-& Co., Homes: pathio Chemists, London,Eng- yer ruffianly assault on my heart-broken helress, and of the riches her father had been doore, I can't tell, standin' as I was on the ould meether," said Beddy; but as fate so carefully hoarding up against her marriage stairs, with the wall iv the room atween us." hear from him. Well now, that's quare, for

whipcord.

"Why then, bedad, yer ladyship," replied good will, and then, leaning back a tainst a Beddy, looking furtively round to see if bench, folded his bare, dusty arms, and began there was any one within hearing, and speakto make the ordinary inquiries about his ing in a low, confidential tone-" bedad, friends and acquaintances in Worcestershire. yer ladyship, I'd like to have a word with ye Beddy shook his head, signifying he had a in private, if ye've no objections."

"With me, man, and in private?" repeated the good woman, eying the stranger doubtby, where they might drink a stoup together I fully.

"Whisht, whisht!" elaculated the grimacing Beddy; "don't spake so loud."

"What dost mean, fellow ?" she demanded, attributing to Beddy's words and gestures a very different meaning from that they were intended to convey : " eh ? dost come here to insult me?"

"Alsy, alsy, mistress, for Heaven's sake." he entreated, attempting to stop her month with the crown of his hat in very familiar fashion; "aisy, or ye'll spoil all "

"Hos, there, Gilbert ! Gilbert ! Andrews !" them, on which lay sundry cold meats, cried the now indignant woman, opening an inner door and calling help from the fower story of the building ; " haste thee up here ! acquaintance of the various occurrences that haste thes up, and bring the arquebuse with took place in his absence, but especially of thee to expel this impudent y. ... t

> In a moment, a tall strapping terlow made his appearance with the storesaid to strument. in his hand, and ordered Reddy, on pain of instant annihilation to quit the house.

> "Faith, then, an welcome," responded Beddy, putting on his hat and turning away : begorra, it's all one to me. I was ordered to carry ye a message, and shure, if ye don't like to resave it, it's not' my fault. By the powers! it's what I call the height of ondacent thratement to be turned out av a woman's house," he continued, leisurely walking along the passage and stepping into the street, "afther comin' a journey of a hundher miles an more with a token from her husband !

"From my huband?"

"O, ye heard that, did ye ?'

"Come back, honest man; mayhap l've mistaken thy words," 'cried the good woman, stretching her head out of the door.

"O, then, had luck to the message ye'll get from me, till ye larn betther manners, Mistrees Sewall," muttered Beddy, affecting to be greatly offended at the reception he met with. "To the divil I pitch, sitch a country as this, where a man can't open his lips but he'll be shot; may be, before he can close them."

" Nay, I beg thee return, good man, and deliver thy message; right sorry I am for having mistaken the purport of thy speech ; come back, I entreat thee." "Well," responded Reddy, "il's hard to re-

fuse a lady when she enthrates ye; but, upon my conscience, it id anger anybody, mam, to be sarved this way afther sitch a journey.

"And now to the message," said Mrs. Bewall, motioning Beddy to a sent.

ft's a bad business, yer ladyship-a mighty bad business, I'm aleard; but shure all's not lost that's in danger. Ye've heard from the masther iv late?"

"Not very lately-that is "she added, hesitatingly, "not within a few days; dost know aught of him?"

"Is it me? O, but I beg yer pardon, yer ladyship; shure ye niver saw me afore an av ocorse yo cudu't know me. lose his life for it." Bedad, I was almost forgettin³ myself ... Good heavens l'and from the fluether ye put me in. So ye didn't he hath slready gone to guard the r oud ?"

"And the gold and silver plate -----"Saved," responded Beddy, winking significantly.

" Much?"

"O, a power; but as the masther was jist makin' his escape with a bag undher his arm, whin I met him, he hadn't a minit to spake a word barrin' the message to yer ladyship; only for that I cud tell ye more i' the particklars."

"And where now lieth the danger, thinkest thou ?"

"In convaying the plate," he promptly answered : " for it must be carried on a wagon, and that'll take so much time that Houghton can easily scour the country with his troopers, an may ketch him on the road."

"Have not his men deserted him for some C& 1180 ?"

Reddy saw in this question a clear evidence of her having received some secret and hasty communication from her husband on the very day of the fire,otherwise she could not so scon have heard of his trick on the trooper, there being none to carry the news save the soldiers, and they, in all likelihood, were still at Hoxley, patiently awaiting the arrival of their superior officer. He therefore replied, that Houghton himself had probably reached London last night, after travelling night and day from Worcestershire and on making an oath before a magistrate, obtained a reinforcement and warrant for the arrest of Master Sewall on charge of robbery, and was then very likely on his way back to assassinate him on the road.

"True," replied Mistress Sewall, "but thou'lt remember there be many ways he can reach Blinden Lane without passing through Charing Cross."

"Divil a doubt o' that, yer ladyship; but the throuble is, Houghton won's wait till the masther gets near the city; he'll scatter his men along the roads, may be twenty miles out, where there's a betther chance iv takin' him."

" Marry, I had not thought of that," muttered the good lady with increasing anxiety, "and I fear me it may now be too late to warn him of the danger."

"Betther late than niver, mam."

"And yet in such disguise he could hardly be recognized, methinks."

"Bedad, yer ladyship; Southron 'lll find him out if he's to be had in the three kingdoms, for I heard him mysell swearin' a most terrivle cath he'd have him swing at Tyburn for the murdher of the ould knight if he'd

"Good heavens l'and dost thou truly think (To be continued.)

Star Barth sa ku shinov s⊀'£.