

TOUT SORTE DE CHOSSES.

The floods in Ohio and Pennsylvania are becoming serious.

A LONG TIME.

Fifteen years of suffering from the tortures of Dyspepsia is indeed a long time.

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

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for the cure of eczema, chaps, chapped hands, pimples, Tan, etc.

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

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

Bathe the feet for ten or fifteen minutes in water as hot as can be borne; then apply Hagar's Yellow Oil, and a cure is certain.

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

DR. LOW'S WORM EXPELLER has removed tape worms from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worms.

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

The most discouraging cough, as well as Bronchitis and Hoarseness, yield at once to the influence of DOWNS' ELIXIR.

Minneapolis has had its first case of sand-bagging.

IN DIXIE'S LAND.

J. Kennedy, dealer in drugs, &c., Dixie, Ontario, recommends Hagar's Pectoral Balm to his customers, it having cured his wife of a bad cough.

It is asserted that there have never been more scandalous sheets looked after Paris than at present.

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

Two Chinese opium joints have been prosecuted in Louisville under the law requiring pharmacists to have a license to sell poisons.

A GOOD COSMETIC.

The best cosmetics are good soap and water, to obtain purity of the skin; while for boils, blotches, obstinate eruptions and impurities of the face, Burdock Blood Bitters is the best of all purifiers.

Henry Bergs is behind the bill now pending in the New York Legislature introducing the whipping post in that State for wife beaters.

Fever and ague and chills and fever broken up and prevented by using the purely vegetable remedy, Carter's Liver Bitters. An antidote to all malarial poisons.

William H. Trego has won the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts for the \$3,000 prize awarded him for the best painting last fall.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDER requires no other purgative. It is safe and sure to remove all varieties of worms.

The frigate Colorado, which has cost \$1,410,603, has been condemned at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and she will be sold at auction.

BLOOD RELATIONS.

The best blood relations consist of a perfect circulation of healthy, vital fluid—pure blood and proper circulation may be established in the system by the use of that grand blood purifier, Burdock Blood Bitters.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior away from the St. John's River.

AN OPEN LETTER.

MEASURES, T. MURPHY & CO. Dear Sirs:—I can honestly recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as the best relief of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy.

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

WHAD IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY.

COENOSTON 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 had not been able to be around her home.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior away from the St. John's River.

AN OPEN LETTER. MEASURES, T. MURPHY & CO. Dear Sirs:—I can honestly recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as the best relief of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy.

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

WHAD IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY. COENOSTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878. GENTS:—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior away from the St. John's River.

AN OPEN LETTER. MEASURES, T. MURPHY & CO. Dear Sirs:—I can honestly recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as the best relief of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy.

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

WHAD IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY. COENOSTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878. GENTS:—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior away from the St. John's River.

AN OPEN LETTER. MEASURES, T. MURPHY & CO. Dear Sirs:—I can honestly recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as the best relief of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy.

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

WHAD IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY. COENOSTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878. GENTS:—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior away from the St. John's River.

AN OPEN LETTER. MEASURES, T. MURPHY & CO. Dear Sirs:—I can honestly recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as the best relief of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy.

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

WHAD IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY. COENOSTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878. GENTS:—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior away from the St. John's River.

AN OPEN LETTER. MEASURES, T. MURPHY & CO. Dear Sirs:—I can honestly recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as the best relief of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy.

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

WHAD IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY. COENOSTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878. GENTS:—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior away from the St. John's River.

AN OPEN LETTER. MEASURES, T. MURPHY & CO. Dear Sirs:—I can honestly recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil as the best relief of rheumatic pains of all the many specifics offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy.

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

WHAD IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY. COENOSTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878. GENTS:—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect.

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior away from the St. John's River.

THE QUEEN'S SECRET

CHAPTER XLIV.—Continued.

"And what the devil d'ye 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 left, either on the pope's 'bout the late taste-iv' apology in the world? Well, now, upon my conscience, to be a decent-looking man, ye have the most unreasonable ways with ye I ever seen since I was christened. Oime, 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 deigned to answer, looking as fierce as a bull 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 dhrir, can't ye? eh?" No answer.

"Wed ye know it again? provokingly inquired the Irishman, drawing a dagger from under his blouse, and holding it up for inspection.

"Da—don!" growled Southron, surprised at length out of his dogged silence on recognizing the weapon; "how camest thou by that?"

"I'll tell ye. Ye came in last night to the Paycock, with a onid in yer arms, and sither givin' it to Oliver Goodenough here to hold for a milt, ye went up to the tap and called for a stoop iv wine. It happened that an innocent-looking, gray-headed old gentlem'n was inquirin' of the landlord for a place called Whitestone Hollow, and iv one Nell Gower that lived there, just as ye came up to the counter. Well, ye took the old man by the collar, and dragged him back, tellin' him to wait till his betthers 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 face with the back iv yer hand, and told him to go to hell for a dsmned old cross-worshipper.

The poor old gentlem'n his cane to strike back, when ye hit him a second time with yer clenched fist, and fell him on the face, like the post, mane, dhrity, cowardly blackguard that ye are. Well, two or three iv the bys-ndrers, who had some pity iv their hearts, and God knows his reason they'd have for more of that same, if they knew all the poor innocent old cratur suffered from ye and the likes iv ye—two or three iv the bys-ndrers then got a hold iv ye, to prevent any further harm, while, cowardly to the last, ye drew this dagger on them. It happened that I had returned from Whitestone Hollow after findin' the woman the old gentlem'n came in search of, just in time to wrench the dhrir from yer hand, an only for the mercy iv God and the intercession of the people, I'd have buried it to the hilt in yer dhrity heart's blood. Knowin' the business ye were on, and where ye were goin', I left ye to drink yer wine, an trustin' the old man to the care iv God and the lady-lady. I set out before ye; and so here I am. Now, sounder, on yer knees with ye this milt, an ask God's pardon an the old gentlem'n's, or may I niver see the light again," he continued, growing excited at the thoughts of the ruffian's inhuman conduct, and twirling the cudgel over his head, "but I'll brak every bone iv yer body."

"I acknowledge I have done wrong," replied Southron, at last, drawing back from reach of the frightful weapon; "natheless, being vexed and disappointed when I entered the Paycock—"

"Dawn, dawn, and beg pardon," interrupted the angry Celt, no longer able to control his rage—"Dawn, or I'll tear ye in obugies. Oward, if it was only myself ye struck, I could forgive it; but a drop from that old man's little finger is dearer to me than my life's blood. Here, take that," he added, striking the brawny Englishman on the face with the back of his hand; "may be that id provoke ye, as it did my old master."

"Ha, dastardly cat! assault an unprotected stranger with six strong men at thy back!" snarled Southron.

"Senseless churl, remember the blow at the Paycock. But I'll have ye no reason to complain iv foul play; so move on there, boys—whip the sword from him, and so saying, he flung it across the counter, striking Oliver such a blow on the paunch as made him roar like an ox. "Now, come on, ye big, false, lubberly dog," he continued, glaring at him with his fists, "and never have it to say that a Tyroonnel boy took a dhrity advantage."

Southron moved not an inch.

"Bid look 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?" cried Reddy, scratching his head, and completely nonplussed. "Oliver, have ye iv'er an old sword in the house, or a sothe, or rapin' hook, or any thing iv the kind?"

The innkeeper replied in the negative, assuring him that, even if he had, he should hesitate to produce it to the endangering of his own life.

"Then take a bout of him, boys, since he won't fight, and on his knees with him again. I don't strike a man that hasn't pluck enough to fight, but it's mane 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 Baddy Connor, advanced with a wine cup in his hand, and ordered him peremptorily to drink the toast.

Southron was again silent.

Then cried Reddy, "Here's success to the Pope iv Rome and confesion to his enemies!" and having swallowed about half the contents of the vessel, he handed it to one of his associates, and directed him how to administer the draught; then stepping behind Southron, he seized him by the collar with the one hand and by the nose with the other, and gave both such a wrench as opened his jaw wider than they had ever before opened for the wine cup or beer can.

"Hog!" growled the wretch, looking up, and breathing up in Reddy's face.

"Will ye drink the toast?" demanded the latter, loosening his hold.

"Ay, any thing to save me from obokin'." "Zounds! thou'rt a most incarnate devil!"

"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 nose from butting with his horns.

"And confesion to his enemies."

"And confesion to his enemies." Then raising the vessel to his lips, he drained it of its contents.

"I scarce had night you'd pay dearly for yer ruffianly assault on my heart-broken old master," said Reddy; but as fate

had it, yer cowardice saved ye as it saves many a blusterin' red-faced turkey-cock, like ye, when he happens to fall into a decent man's hands. But away now, ye manesprit-ed hound, and take this with ye," he added, snapping 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 his teeth, as he quitted the tap amid the jeers of the bystanders.

"God forbid," replied Reddy, with inexorable scorn on his sunken face—"God forbid that ye and I should ever meet alone; for my hands are yet unstained by human gore, and id fain have them rest clean 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 Miltner 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 Wimbleson, in the gray light of the morning, to retrace their steps, each by a different route, to the good city of London, there to execute the further orders of the spawite in reference to the child.

As the last of the merry party passed the threshold of the tavern, he stooped for a moment to the his nose, and was heard muttering faintly in the distance, "May the devil be from me, Barney, if that Connor didn't hate the walloppin' Ned out and out."

"O then, the sons'! Ned out and out," returned Barney; "isn't he the mate spaker?"

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

"Ay, bogorra, an himself's the boy can hand it; I'll go bull for ye; upon my troth id don't heart good to see the touch he gave that big-headed budach on the arm."

"And did ye see how quietly he gave us the password? 'I'll warrant Nell an him's old cronies; bedad, he's no gossin', any way, that's one thing.'"

Like the sound of the voices began to grow indistinct, and at length entirely died 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 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 something in his ear in the very heat of the discussion, he concluded all was a plot from the beginning, and that Oliver Goodoff and the Irishman were both implicated in it under the direction of Nell Gower.

Returning again to the tap, he found Reddy Connor and Oliver whispering to each other, apparently in great confidence, across the counter.

"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!" said Southron, in the same harsh, unsteady voice, "and thou, Oliver Goodoff, art privy to the theft."

"I privy to the theft? grace and patience! thou'rt short of yer wits this morning. Gad-zooks! man, thinkst thou I have nought better to hand than plots and schemes for stealing infants?" and growling out his indignant resentment at the vile charge, he hurried through the tap, and affixed to busy himself searching every room and passage, hole and corner for the missing babe. But "alas!" as he said to himself, "to no purpose." At length, he sat down exhausted, and began to wipe the perspiration from his brow, red face, with the napkin he ever kept hanging from the button hole of his jacket, exclaiming between each breath, "Odds, barrels and bodkins; this savors most damnablely."

"As thy carcass shall, when it hangeth a week before Tyburn," returned Southron; "so I should have thy fat sides from the kites and jackdaws, 'hun! it take measures incontinently to have the child forthcoming!"

"Marry come up with these, Robert Southron; speak me not thus of feeding kites and crows, for no legal and chargeable cause; but rather bethink o' thyself, whom my natural hatred of sudden deaths hath saved from the gallows these twenty years gone."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Southron, with a fiendish expression of countenance, as he shot a glance across the counter at his quondam school-fellow; "less of the past and more of the present, an thou pleasest. The child—the child! I shall have the child or thou diest."

"Grace and patience! and what wouldst with the child, Master Southron, eh? Murder it as thou once tried to murder thine own flesh and blood? Nay, thou needst not try to bully me with thy dark brows, Master Kesper; an thou'ld find the child, go elsewhere an seek it; and look ye here, Sir Bravo, an I but hear of thee occupying my name with this foundling, by my carter! I'll have thee houseled where thou'ldst soon be taught to mend thy manners."

Again Southron laughed, as in defiance of the threat; but the look which accompanied it was this time less undaunted than before.

"More of this anon, Master Oliver; but now would I learn from thee something of the child. Shouldst thou refuse to declare whether it had been carried off, or give o'w to its discovery, I'll have thee taken before the lord justice ere thou'rt a day older. As for this fellow, he said," turning to speak to Reddy—"But Reddy was gone. And so we must take breath for a moment, and have a fair start with him in the next chapter."

CHAPTER XLV.

We have had occasion once, we believe, in the course of this story, to say something of a certain Sam Wabble, nephew of old Wattle, of Brocton, the licensed beggar of that district, and apprentice to one Peter Towravel, an honest cordwainer of the city of London. This young lad, as appears from Wattle's conversation with 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 pleasure, felt somewhat surprised at seeing her brother, Luke Davidson, enter the hospitable disengaged as a Catholic priest, and accompanied by a courtly-dressed gentleman of rank; who addressed him as Master Miller; and conversed with him in very familiar terms on various subjects relating to Brocton Hall, but particularly to Mistress Allon, the great heiress; and of the riches her father had been so carefully hoarding up against her marriage

day. Sam, who sat in a remote corner of the room, and overheard the conversation unnoted, or perhaps, disregarded, suspected there was something in the close companionship of the distinguished-looking courtier and the discarded servant of Sir Geoffrey Wentworth that boded no good to Brocton Hall or its inmates; and hence he 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.

Baddy 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 again 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 illness resulting from old age, fatigue, and a breaking 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 vexatious 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 helping 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 clue 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 Sam Waddle, the cordwainer's apprentice; but honest Reddy had not been five years from Tyroonnel 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 Wimbleson, after his altercation with Southron, he had already provided himself with some information respecting Sam's place of residence. Nell Gower, in fact, during the short interview she had with him 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 search.

Buttoning his doublet over his broad chest to keep out the cold air of the morning, and spitting gayly on his stick, Reddy turned his face 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 Baddy 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 Towravel.

On entering the long, narrow, ill-lighted cellar, in which the worthy tradesman and his apprentice were busy at work after their early meal, Baddy turned up his cudgel under his arm, and passing the proprietor by with a 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 so sensible a proof of his affection.

"Zounds!" cried the astonished apprentice, "what doth this mean?"

"Bad son to ye! how is every bone in yer body, man?" cried Reddy. "Eh, by the powers! patience! ye've grown a brave, thumpin', rattlin' fellow, so ye have; an bow did the world use ye, man, since ye left us?"

The apprentice thanked him kindly for his good will, and then, leaning back against a bench, folded his bare, dusty arms, and began to make the ordinary inquiries about his friends and acquaintances in Worcestershire.

Baddy shook his head, signifying he had a long, sad story to tell, and begged his friend would come with him to some alehouse hard by, where they might drink a stoop together for old acquaintance's sake, and talk over matters more at their leisure.

Honest Sam, but too glad to meet one whom he had always ranked among his best friends, when he used long ago to water the plants and weed the beds in Mistress Allon's flower garden, readily consented; and having obtained leave of absence from his master, accompanied Baddy to a tavern, where they soon found themselves comfortably seated in a snug room, behind the bar, with a well-furnished table before them, on which lay sundry cold meats, and a can of foaming ale occupying the centre. Baddy now informed his young acquaintance of the various occurrences that took place in his absence, but especially of the fatal catastrophe which left him without a home.

"Zooks! man, I knew it," exclaimed Sam. "I knew something should come of it."

"Of what?"

"Why, marry, of his secret communications and plots with Davidson, his knavish brother-in-law. Ah, gad's me, since I saw the false varlet in company of the great courtier, whom I afterwards found to be Sir Thomas Plimpton, I did well to there was foul play in the game."

"Ah, this," bad luck to the black villain; dy'e happen to know where he lives, Sam?" inquired Baddy, filling his companion's pint pot again, and showing it across the table with an accompanying nod of invitation; "but it's myself id like to see the house, if it was only just to stand before it night an day, an wait for him to come out, that I might make mine mate iv him, the eternal scoundrel. They say it's in a place called Blinder Lane he lives; but shure, myself knows no more iv where Blinder Lane is than the man iv the moon."

"Blinder Lane is but two streets below," replied Sam, after swallowing the ale. "I can bring thee thither in the twisting of a whiplodder."

"Bedad, then it's myself that'll be beholdin' to ye, Sam; and in troth, if ye only knew how the divin' infer threatened your poor old delect uncle, Wattle Wabble, ye wouldn't think much trouble iv that same. But shure, it's little we can expect of the likes iv him, the insatiable hypocrite—God forgive me for sayin' it; and as for poor Wattle, the cratur, when I heard the black-bearted robber order him to be gone, just as he wad a dog, from the place where he had so warm relations from the full hand, and the pleasant countenance, these twenty years, and more, I thought I cud have melted him on the spot."

"Did he lay hands on the old man?" inquired Sam, biting his lip and slaking the point of the knife he held deep into the deal table before him.

"Well," replied Baddy, glancing at the expression of his companion's face, "as for what happened before he dragged him to the door, I can't tell, standin' as I was on the stairs, with the wall iv the room between us."

"Dragged to the door!" repeated Sam, coughing up the phlegm which his riding anger had accumulated; "ab, and thou'rt a power!"

"Why, all I can see, when I stooped and looked into the hall, was Sewall, takin' the old man by the back of the neck, and plumbin' him down the steps with a shove that might have driven an ox, and curst him to be gone for an old scoury-tongued impostor."

"Wattle Wabble was a kind uncle to me," said the phlegmatic 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 baste," continued Reddy, still adding fuel to the fiery flame, "that id go to brak the neck iv a poor, distressed, cripple like that—an old cratur that never hurted a fly in his life, either by thought, word, deed, or omission. An as to yer old master, Sir Geoffrey, that used to take ye the prayers sittin' on his knee under the sundial, on the green plot, who fed ye and clad ye till ye were able to do for yerself; why, if I was only to tell ye the half! what he did to that bilious old man, ye'd think it was out iv all manner of malice for any mortal to be guilty of it. Bad cess to th's-much as one sixpence he left him to cross another with; nor even his purty was good while he used to call ye on, or even a goblet to drink his wine out iv, (that's set in case he had it; but the devil a bit had to wet his lips); and then, after all, to burn the house over his head, that the blackguard iv hell might consume every purty iv his damnable robbery—och, och, Sam, dear, it makes the blood boil in my veins to think of it."

"Zounds! an I but caught him!" muttered Sam, clinching his teeth, "methinks I cud tear the heart from the wretch's body."

"Bedad, thin, if it's an earnest yer in, we might catch him yet."

"Ah, marry, how may that be?" earnestly demanded Sam; "hath he not escaped?"

"Ay, 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 doubtfully.

"He's too knowing for that," said Reddy. "Sewall's not the man to venture his good bags on a crupper-stick times as these, when one is not sure iv the buttons on his jacket; O, sozza fear of him; he'll take some safe way to secure his plunder; but never mind, Sam; I've a notion we can resolve him, either all, and save somethin' too out iv the plunder for the old master, if ye'll only stick by me."

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