

everything pawnable, to bury his sweetheart's great uncle, and to relieve her later necessities. He began to ransack his wardrobe. Half a dozen shirts; one very elderly shabby suit of clothes; one pair of ivory-backed brushes; one very battered old portmanteau. Into the portmanteau went the shirts, the shabby suit, the ivory-backed brushes; and away through the dusk went the barrister to the sign of the triune globes of gold. My uncle's myrmidon surveyed the lot with depreciatory air, and offered less by half a crown than the third-class fare to Liverpool.

"Take 'em over the counter," said the bullet-headed Briton. "I'll be back in five minutes."

He dived out of the shop into Holborn, and went hurriedly back to his chambers. Finding a felt hat there he rammed it into an old leather hat-box and returned. Again reaching my uncle's he opened the hat-box, took off his guinea castor, much worn, but decent still, and assumed the felt.

"Half a crown on that lot," he said, cheerily.

"Two shillin'," said my uncle's myrmidon.

"Give me the old coat out of the portmanteau," said the barrister-at-law. He emptied the pockets of the new coat he had on, took off that garment, and assumed the old one. "Now how much?"

"Go yer an extra five bob on this," said the myrmidon, having carefully examined the coat with an especial eye to seams, button-holes, cuffs, and linings.

"That will do."

"Name?" said the myrmidon.

"John Jones."

"Address?"

"Seven Dials."

The myrmidon grinned and substituted "Holborn." He slammed the silver and copper on the counter and pushed the ticket across it. A second later, looking a trifle shabby, the hurrying John Jones was in the street again, and five minutes later was seated in the chambers, consulting a time-table.

"I fancy I shall do best to go at once," he said aloud. "Rug and overcoat both gone. Night journey. Don't like it." There he took a mental stand, and with an air of much scorn and severity addressed himself: "Look here, young man. What you like and what you have to do are very often very different things. You do your duty, and shut your trap, and cease to grumble. That's your lay, young man. I've heard me now! Ha! would you! Very well, then!"

Reaching Liverpool whilst the day was yet scarcely alive, he walked into a second-rate coffee-house and breakfasted, dawdling over the local morning papers and an odd number of *Punch*, old enough for its jokes to have acquired a sort of freshness. Ten o'clock came at last and he started for the office of Messrs. Thwaite and Tolby. On the road the announcement, "Wash and brush-up, two-pence," appeared before him, and a glance at the mirrored window assured him that two-pence so expended would be wisely bestowed. He had not many two-pences, but he had the wash and brush-up notwithstanding, and in spite of the crumpled felt and the seedy coat he looked a gentleman.

Neither the great Tolby nor the greater Thwaite had yet arrived when he reached their offices, and he sat down to wait, beginning a new study of the local papers and yesterday's *Times*. After a weary waiting Thwaite and Tolby came, elderly, fresh-coloured gentlemen, so much alike that they might have seemed John Doe and Richard Roe in person.

"Our business is very simple, Mr. Mackenzie," said Mr. Thwaite; "very simple. Our late client, Mr. Barclay, himself accompanied this safe to the office." Mr. Thwaite waved his hand behind him, and it was not yet certain which was the safe alluded to. The visitor was curious on that point. "In our presence he put a seal upon the lock." Ah, then, that was the safe with the sprawling red seal upon the keyhole. "He left written instructions that the safe was not to be opened until a fortnight after his death, and then only in your presence and ours. The specified time having expired, and we three being present, we may, I presume, at once open the safe and hand its contents over to your care. That is the limit of our instructions."

With grave interest the young barrister and the junior partner stood by whilst Mr. Thwaite demolished the seal by two or three smart taps with a big key, and then with a smaller key turned the lock. The door came heavily back, for it was a big safe, and the hinges seemed somewhat dull. None knew what he expected to see; but there was at least an idea in each mind that there would be something more in so large a safe than a single blue envelope. Yet that was all. Mr. Thwaite gravely handed it to the chilled and wondering Mackenzie. There was his own name written, and after it the words: "To be opened at once."

"The mountain in labour," said Walter, nodding at the safe, "has brought forth a mouse."

"Perhaps not, Mr. Mackenzie, perhaps not," said the junior partner.

The envelope, being opened, revealed a single page of note-paper and a packet no bigger than a penny-piece. The packet was tightly folded, and carefully gummed. The single page of note-paper contained these words only: "It is my wish that Walter Mackenzie should carry this package to Ellen Barclay, my great-niece, and should open it in her presence."

"Well! That was all. There was obviously

nothing to do but to say "Good morning" and go about their respective businesses. The partners smiled, and looked serious, and said that Mr. Barclay was always a singular man from his youth up. They trusted that Mr. Mackenzie would find matters satisfactory yet. They bowed Mr. Mackenzie out civilly; and Mr. Mackenzie, with a packet of unknown contents no bigger than a penny-piece, was standing with wondering indecision in the street, and asking himself vaguely what was to be done. How far to Ashford Warren? to begin with. Two-pence for a glass of beer and a look at a local ABC time-table. One hundred and ninety-eight miles. Mr. Mackenzie, with his glass of beer untouched before him, looked dismally at that record. Call it two hundred miles. Call his possible rate of travel on foot three and thirty miles a day. Call it a six days' journey. How to live in the meantime. Total funds, two and three-pence-halfpenny. Four pence-halfpenny per diem and a halfpenny to spare. He drank his glass of beer and walked into the street again.

Bullet-headed, square set, with honest gray eyes and plain manly countenance; puzzled, but not downcast, he stood and planned. Not a brilliant man, not a clever fellow, by any means. The problem was very simple—borrow the fare from the lawyers. There was a solution. Not for him, though. He began to walk, set his first stage in his mind, inquired his way, kept solidly on at it. Tramp, tramp, tramp a set, regular, measured swing. He was in splendid training, and the miles went by—miles of streets, miles of suburbs, miles of country road, country town and scattered villages.

The little packet rested in a limp chamois-leather purse, otherwise empty. He drew it out as he went, and looked at it, and there saw clearly impressed upon the paper in a blurred outline, like the beginning of a small key. He could follow in the same outline with his fingers. It seemed probable that the key was intended for a lock, somewhere or other, and that the lock protected something. He put the little packet carefully back again, and munching fragments of his loaf marched on castle building. Five and thirty miles since morning. Exhausted nature said, "Do no more." sturdy will of the bullet-headed Briton said, "Another mile." Six and thirty miles since morning. Exhausted nature cried out: "Beware a break-down!" Said the bullet-headed Briton, stumbling sorely, "One more mile. And so the light went on till forty miles were finished. Feet raw, with much galling. Honest gray eyes dim with great fatigue and pain. Boots wrecked, shoulders bent, plain, resolute countenance pale and worn, with streaks of rain-drawn dye from forehead to chin, distilled from the crumbling felt. He sold his waistcoat for sixpence to an old clothes man in the next town he came to, and bought food, and pegged along munching. As he munched he sighted a miserable figure ahead, and by and by overtook it. The miserable figure threw him a salutation in a foreign accent. He returned it and went on, not being in the mood for converse with anybody. But looking back he saw that the man looked pale and weak, and so waited for him to come up.

"Hungry, mate?" said the barrister-at-law.

"Half-dead," said the man with the foreign accent.

Walter shared his loaf, and the other fell ravenously at it without a thank-you.

"How far are you going?" asked the Englishman.

"Ten miles to-day," said the foreigner, with a groan and a French anathema.

"Good-day and good-luck to you."

The barrister-at-law was ahead again, meaning to do much more than ten miles that day; but before ten miles were done, or for that matter five, the rain came down in such drenching torrents that he took refuge in an open barn, and thither came the Frenchman also, dripping wet and looking scarce alive. They sat upon straw and watched the rain as it pelted down. Walter shared his last pipe of tobacco with the miserable stranger, and the two fell to talk together, and shared confidences so far as to tell each other nothing that was true. The barrister trotted out his simple *alias* of John Jones, and announced his destination as Seven Dials. The Frenchman gave his name as Tiburce Menseau, and frankly avowed himself without a destination. The rain subsiding a little they made another start, but before they had gone a mile it came down worse than ever, and they took shelter in another outhouse.

"Where shall you sleep to-night?" asked John Jones.

"At the next workhouse," said Tiburce Menseau. "They will give me bed and supper, and although they will make me work before I go, they will give me bread for breakfast. That is something, let me tell you, when a man is starving."

"Something—yes," said John Jones, and fell a thinking.

John Jones was faint; John Jones was weary and forlorn. For a dweller in the Seven Dials he entertained a singular objection to sleeping in a workhouse. Yet where else could he rest? who would give him shelter?

"Nell shan't suffer for any fine-mouthed freak of mine," said the bullet-headed. "I'm not going to break down to oblige anybody's notions of pride. You'll lie in the workhouse to-night, John Jones, as befits your Seven Dials' breeding."

When the rain ceased again they plodded on once more, and, turning matters over in his bullet-head, John Jones determined to *cacher*

his little packet. So, finding a crumb or two of bread, he moistened them into paste between his lips, and retreating behind a hay-stack, he smeared the glutinous softened bread upon one side of the paper packet, and fastened it within the leather lining of his felt hat. Who knew what treasure he carried there? Not he; though he had all sorts of visions. The visions were all for Nell, but Nell belonged to a hungry tramp whose boots were broken, and who carried El Dorado in his hat.

The two travellers slept in a country workhouse, and Tiburce Menseau, before entering, had his own little treasure to *cacher*. He hid it high above a door-jamb in the broken wall of the very workhouse he slept in. The wall looked on bare fields at the edge of the country town, and the little treasure was nothing but a small bunch of skeleton keys, necessary, perhaps, for some future operation Tiburce may have had in mind.

(To be continued.)

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE *Morning Post* appears on Whit Monday as a penny paper.

If Mr. Gladstone goes to the "Upper," it will be as the Earl of Oxford.

THE Earl of Camperdown is likely to be the new Governor-General of Madras.

ALL officers whose regiments are quartered in Ireland and who are at present on leave have been ordered to return at once.

A DOG-OWNER'S protective society has been formed to exterminate, if possible, by the united co-operation of dog-owners, the spreading practice of dog-stealing.

ON account of the Princess of Wales riding on the opposite side of her horse to that which ladies usually do, there have been of late several imitations of the fashion seen in London.

It is announced that the Queen has signified her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross upon Lieutenant-Colonel George S. White, C.B., for gallant conduct in Afghanistan.

THE International Rifle Match between England and Ireland will take place on the 1st of July next at Dollymount, near Dublin. The English team will be under the captaincy of Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., president of the English eight; the Irish under that of Viscount Massarene and Ferrard. The Lord-Lieutenant has promised to attend the match.

THE controversy recently carried on in the *Times* respecting Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" is not likely to terminate soon. Mr. Froude, wishing to act a generous part and to bring all bitterness to an end, sent unsolicited to Mrs. Mary Carlyle a cheque for the handsome sum of £1,500. This is believed to be the entire profits on the work that has occasioned so much ill-feeling among the historian's friends.

Only one town ventures to predict that within a given period it will be ahead of the metropolis in the matter of population. This is that thriving mushroom city, Barrow-in-Furness, whose inhabitants have increased by 150 per cent. since 1871, when the little town was scarcely known outside Lancashire. At present there seems no limit to its growth, and it is calculated that in sixty years it will contain as many people as London does now. But what will Londoners be at for the next sixty years to permit this? London will, perhaps, have eight millions of inhabitants and still not be rivalled by the highly renowned Barrow cum Furnish.

THE May meetings at Exeter Hall have been as fully attended as ever, and are likely to be prolonged into June. One of the number was a meeting of revivalists now pretty well known by their chosen name of the Salvation Army. The spiritual troops mustered thrice during the day—in the morning, afternoon, and evening. Each time the Strand entrance was densely thronged before the opening of the doors, which was half an hour before the commencement of the proceedings. The floor was allotted to the rank and file, while the platform was occupied by the Salvation Army's military band and by the whole hierarchy of its officers, male and female, from the president, General Booth, downwards. On the General's right were his two daughters, both eloquent preachers. The officers appeared in uniform, the males mostly in dark green cloth, like some of our Volunteers, with the letter "S" on the right side of the collar and "A" on the left. The ladies were in dark blue or black, wore pretty cottage bonnets, and had their right arms encircled by a ribbon bearing the words "Salvation Army." There were four flags on the platform.

THE grand outlets of disease from the system are the Skin, the Bowels, and the Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most safe, pleasant and effectual purifier and health restoring tonic in the world. Trial bottles 10 cents.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

M. DE LESSEPS is going to cut through the Isthmus of Corinth. Nothing seems sacred to Monsieur; he would have severed the Siamese Twins.

THE journal *Le Petit Marseillais* publishes a telegram from its London correspondent, in which Mr. *Blue-Book* is stated to have made a speech to which Lord Granville replied!

THE one hundredth performance of *Nana* in Paris was celebrated by a supper and ball. It would have been more appropriate to have taken all the performers in this filthy piece to visit a small-pox hospital.

THE ship on which Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt returned from America has become an object of worship on the part of the inhabitants of Havre. They visit the state-room where she lived, where she slept, where she ate, where she was sea-sick. Probably some enterprising person will buy the fixtures of the room and sell them in fragments as precious and curious relics.

M. HENRI PREVOST, the young gentleman who astonished all Paris a short time ago by the unusual compass of his powerful voice, has been engaged at the Grand Opéra, on which stage he is to appear after studying for two years under an excellent master. M. Vaucorbeil, in order to secure the future services of this promising tenor, had to pay a forfeit of 5,000 francs to the manager of the Château-d'Eau theatre, with whom M. Henri Prevost had signed a previous engagement.

AN interesting experiment took place in the scenery store-room of the Opéra in the Rue Richer last week. The store-room was connected by a double wire with the prompter's box of the Opéra. Four Ader telephones were fixed to the wall and a commutator allowed the sound to be transferred from one pair of telephones to the other. The *Tribut de Zannora*, orchestra, choruses and soloists were heard admirably. This experiment was made with a view to establishing 120 telephones on the same plan at the Electrical Exhibition which is to open at the Palais de l'Industrie in August. It proved by demonstration that at the present moment it is possible to have gas, water, and the Opéra laid on in every house in Paris.

SEVERAL Parisian papers last week spread an absurd rumour concerning the marriage of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, with a princess of the Bonaparte family. No one has been so often and so brilliantly married by the French press as Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who, by the way, is dubbed a knight by many of these ingenious organs, under the title of Sir James Gordon Bennett, when he is not simply called Mr. James Bennett Gordon. Concerning the *canard* of the marriage with Princess Bonaparte, it is evident that it was invented *de toutes pièces* by one of those conscientious gentlemen charged with providing the "light" Paris press with "fashionable" information, and afterwards amplified by *confères* who assumed to know a great deal more about the matter than the man who evolved it from his lively imagination. It is an axiom with French reporters that no news is so valuable as a *canard*; for after it has been stated, which gives one paragraph, it is contradicted, which gives another.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS MINNIE HAWK finished last month a most successful tour through Holland.

MADAME GERSTER has been engaged by Max Strakosch for a concert and opera season next year.

MR. STRAKOSCH has also been negotiating with Campanini, and it is reported that his engagement is not impossible.

CIRE HERSE, the comedian of the Soldene Opera Troupe, has committed suicide.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for presenting a suitable testimonial to Mr. Manna, of the Crystal Palace, in recognition of his valuable services to music in England.

AN application has been made to Mr. Irving on behalf of Signora Ristori, who wishes to play "Lady Macbeth" in English with some actor of position.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON's promised representations at Her Majesty's Theatre are throwing other arrangements in the shade. Mlle. Irma di Murska's impersonation of *Marta*, excepted.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.