The Ingersoll Chronicle,

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN.

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THE INGERSOLL CHRONICLE,

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN.

G. F. GUERNETT, Proprietor.

TERMS for THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN, by mail, if called for at the office of publication, or at the bookstores, $1.50 in advance; $2.00 if not so paid. Delivered at houses, or business places of subscribers, in town, $1.75 in advance, or $2.75 if not so paid.

The circulation of THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN is by general admission many times greater, both in town and surrounding country, than any other newspaper in South Oxford. It is the best medium in this district to reach the farming community of the county and adjoining townships.

It has the largest circulation among Canadian Dairymen, being devoted specially to the interests of that class.

Printing by Steam Power in all its branches.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted in THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN, at 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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Condensed advertisements:—Servants wanted—Situations Wanted—Lost or Found—Strayed—To Rent or For Sale—Board—Situations Wanted, or Vacant, etc., (10 lines or under) will be published at the rate of 50 cts. for the first insertion, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion.

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Time.	2 In.	¼ Col. 4 In.	½ Col. 6 In.	¾ Col. 12 In.	1 Col. 24 In.
1 week..	$1 50	$2 50	$4 00	$6 00	$10 00
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3 weeks..	2 70	4 50	7 20	10 50	18 00
4 weeks..	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00	20 00
8 weeks..	3 30	5 50	8 80	13 20	22 00
6 weeks..	3 60	6 00	9 60	14 40	24 00
3 months.	4 50	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00
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6 months.	9 00	15 00	24 00	40 00	60 00
12 months	15 00	22 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

The above contract prices do not give the right to advertise Houses or Farms for Sale, or to Rent, Clerks, Domestics or Servants Wanted, Articles Lost or Found, Entertainments, Auction Sales, &c., but extend exclusively to the legitimate commercial announcements, ordinarily displayed matter, of the parties contracting. Solid matter will be charged at the rate of 8 and 3 cents per line.

HELLER & JACKSON

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c. Money to Loan at lowest rates. Offices, King Street, over Bank of London, Ingersoll.
J. C. HELLER. J. B. JACKSON, B. A.

M. WALSH,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Solicitor in the Supreme Court of Ontario, &c. Money to lend at lowest rates, Mortgages Bought and Sold.
OFFICE up Stairs, Walsh's Block, Thames Street, Ingersoll, Ont.

JAMES F. McDONALD, L.L.B.,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW. Thames-St., Ingersoll. 1380

JAMES VANCE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office over G.N.W. Co.'s office, Thames street.

W. H. HOLCROFT,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer &c. $100,000 to loan on Mortgages at 6 per cent interest. Mortgages bought Office over Browett's Drug Store Thames St., Ingersoll, Ont. 1688y

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Residence—Charles Street.

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Particular attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.
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Residence, King-st., 3 doors West of Methodist Church

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OFFICE, opposite the Caister House, Woodstock. Office hours from 9.30 a.m. to 4 p.m., and from 6 to 8 p.m. Residence, corner of Ingersoll Avenue and Light Street. 23

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January 31st, 1884. 1586 y

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Ingersoll, 15th Oct. 1885. 1675tf

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DR. VERRINDER, (Organist of St. Peter's Cathedral, London), attends Ingersoll weekly for the purpose of giving lessons on the above. Terms moderate. Apply to
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C. W. DUNPHY, V.S.

GRADUATE AND MEDALLIST of the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto.
Treats all Diseases of Horses and Cattle,
SURGICAL OPERATIONS A SPECIALTY.
A full supply of medicines for horses and cattle always on hand.
SALFORD, ONTARIO.

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VETERINARY SURGEON, (Graduate Ontario Veterinary College), Ingersoll, Ont. Treats all diseases of domestic animals. Residence, End door South Rices' Hotel, Oxford-st., Office Market. 1649y

JAMES BRADY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
INGERSOLL, ONT.,
Is prepared to attend all sales in town or country. Ingersoll, April 20th, 1882. 1498

Lowest Rates to Europe

By the Following

First-Class Steamship Lines:

White Star Line sailing from N.Y. every Wednesday.
Guion Line " " " Tuesday.
Inman Line " " " Saturday.
Dominion Line " " Quebec " Thursday.
Anchor Line " " N.Y. every Saturday.

The White Star and Inman Lines will furnish saloon accomodation on special steamships for passengers holding second cabin tickets.

Price only $35.00. Return, $65.00.
Steerage by all Lines $20.00.

Parties intending to visit the Old Country are requested to call at my office for further information which will be cheerfully given.

WM. ROBINSON,
AGENT,
G. T. R. Station, Ingersoll.

CARSLAKE'S
Grand Derby Sweep
$25,000.00.

			Total
1st horse (in duplicate)	$3,000 each prize,		$6,000
2nd " "	$2,000 "	"	$4,000
3rd " "	$1,000 "	"	$2,000
Other Starters (divided equally) $3,000 in duplicate			$6,000
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5000 Tickets at $5 each.
Drawing May 25th. Race May 30th 1888.
Ten per cent deducted from all prizes.
GEORGE CARSLAKE, Prop.
Address, Masonic House Montreal.

The Great English Prescription.

Cures Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Emissions, Impotency, & all Diseases caused by abuse or indiscretion. One $1, six $5, mail or druggists. Take no substitute. Sealed pamphlet 2 stamps. Address, EUREKA CHEMICAL COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH. For sale by D Secord.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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BANKER & BROKER

(NOT INCORPORATED.

Money Loaned on Notes and Mortgages at Lowest Rates of Interest.

Deposits received and interest allowed thereon, which can be withdrawn at any time. Real estate bought and sold upon reasonable terms. Special attention paid to collections and prompt remittances.

$50,000 to Loan at 5½ & 6 per cent per annum.

Office, King St., Market Building,
INGERSOLL.

Imperial Bank of Canada

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Capital Paid Up, $1,500,000.
Rest, - - 650,000.

Purchases Municipal Debentures, Issues Drafts on its branches and agencies in the North-West. Transfers Moneys by Telegrams to Winnipeg and Brandon. Dealers in Sterling Exchange. Savings Department—Deposits received and interest allowed. Agents in London, Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt & Co., 73 Lombard street, with whom moneys for transmission from Great Britain to Ontario and the North-West may be deposited.

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Deposits of $4 and upward received and Interest allowed thereon at current rates.

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J. A. RICHARDSON,
Manager.

MERCHANT'S BANK OF CANADA.

CAPITAL PAID UP	$5,799,200
RESERVE	1,700,000

INGERSOLL BRANCH.

THIS BANK TRANSACTS A General Banking Business, Buys and Sells Exchange on England and the United States, and issues Drafts on New York and all parts of Canada.
Particular attention paid to collections for Customers and Banks.

A. M. SMITH,
Manager.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - - - $1,000,000

Head Office, Toronto.

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager. ALEX. MANNING, President.

BRANCHES.—Aylmer, Brantford, Drayton, Elmira, Glencoe, Hamilton, Ingersoll, Madoc, Orillia, Ridgetown, St. Thomas, Toronto, Wallaceburg, Watford.

Savings Bank Department.

Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and interest allowed thereon from date of deposit to withdrawal; no notice of withdrawal required.
☞ NOTES discounted at lowest rates.
American and Sterling drafts bought and sold. Drafts issued on all points of Canada.
Special attention paid to Collections.

C. W. M. SIMPSON,
Manager Ingersoll Branch.

J. C. NORSWORTHY,
GENERAL
Banking & Loan Agent
KING STREET, INGERSOLL.

Transacts a General Banking, Loan and Insurance Business.
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

I beg to announce to parties wishing to borrow upon Mortgage Security either to pay off present encumbrance, to purchase additional property or to improve present holdings, that I am authorized by my principals to offer loans for the present at the following low rates of Interest, viz.: For loans of $500 upwards at (5¾ to 6 per cent.) five and a half to six per cent. per annum, according to the terms of repayment required by the borrower, Now is the time for parties wanting loans to make their applications. (The mortgage can be made and the money paid over at any time that it is required.) These exceptional low rates are not likely to be kept open any great length of time. 58ny

CHEESE MAKERS ATTENTION

Having purchased the
DAIRY FURNISHERS SUPPLY
AND
PROVISION BUSINESS
Lately carried on by Mr. C. H. Slawson
At the Old Stand, Thames Street, Ingersoll.

We intend keeping a general stock of the best brands of Annatto, Rennet, Rennett Extract, Presses, Hops, Curd Knives, Rubber Goods, Brushes, Press Rings, Test Instruments, Glassware, Milk Books, Scale Boards, Cheese Cotton, Strainer Cloths, The best brands of salt and all other articles required in the cheese manufacturing business, also Ham, Bacon, Lard, Butter, &c.; all of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices.

We Solicit the Support of all our old Friends,

and the trade generally. Satisfaction guaranteed both in quality and price.

CASSWELL & CO.,

Dealer in Dairy Furnishings and Provision Merchants.

Casswell's old stand, Thames St.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of Invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Countess Narona.

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrations by Cusachs.

This story is full of dramatic situations, in which cupidity, conspiracy, murder and love all have a prominent part. The principal character in the story is a woman of some beauty, great ability, extravagant tastes, whose possibilities for good or evil are very great. She takes the evil course, is a leading and dramatic factor in the events recorded and finally dies most miserably.

The plot includes a number of characters, the majority of whom are good, and some of them lovable—the ladies, of course!

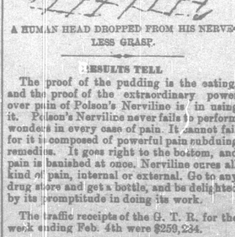
The illustrations are by that master designer, Cusachs, of New York. The following are submitted as showing the general character of the pictures embellishing the text.

Specimen Illustrations.

HE PLACED HER IN THE PATIENTS' CHAIR.

THE GIRLS HUNG AROUND AGNES IN TEARS.

THE PALACE HOTEL, VENICE.



A HUMAN HEAD DROPPED FROM HIS NERVELESS GRASP.

THE MAN OF ALMONACID.

I am free to confess now that when I first heard of him I took him for a swindler. When I heard that Toledo had been his home for ten whole months—Toledo, which lives only by moonlight, and is the mere corpse of a city in the sunshine—when I heard of a modesty so very retiring, and remembered that England had no extradition treaty with Spain, my only wonder was as to the sum of his spoils. Was he a defaulter for thirty thousand pounds, or a petty rogue of all work?

"Ten months! That is a long time!" I said to Donna Mercedes, my informant, and the elder of the two old maids who kept the Casa de Huespedes, in which I found that I had this stranger for a neighbor. "One might see the antiquities even of Toledo in that time."

"Truly," she answered; "but then, Don Iago is a painter."

"Ah, now I understand!" I replied, with a great increase of cheerfulness. "One might paint Toledo for ten years and not have done. I, too, am a painter."

"And no doubt," said the old dame, beaming upon me through her round rimmed spectacles, "Don Iago will be known to you!"

I took up the visitors' book, in which the sand had not yet dried my autograph. "James Client," I said, reading the name to which she pointed. "No, I do not know him."

Donna Mercedes was puzzled, being scarcely able to understand that two Englishmen, even two English artists, might be strangers to one another. But presently she crossed herself. "Don Iago is an old Christian," she said softly, and so went off with her book, benevolent still, but conscious, I fear, of a serpent in her Eden.

Eden was our boarding house. From a paved alley, the Calle del Arzobispo, you turned into an archway and groped for a door up three steps in the darkest corner. Then you pulled a weight which hung there and by and by the iron studded door opened as of itself and lo! a tiny courtyard, in which four orange trees in tubs produced an effect of somber gayety. Round this patio, at the level of a first floor, ran a veranda, reached by an uncovered staircase. All the rooms opened on to this veranda. On the right hand side were four little bedrooms. On the side which faced the entrance was the common parlor and on the left the kitchen and the old ladies' room, at a window of which one was always sitting ready to open the outer door with a cord whenever the bell jangled.

It was all very plain and primitive, but clean, and looking round my bedroom, which had whitewashed walls, and a matted floor, and for furniture a bed, a stool, a basin and a brasero, I found no cause to regret the dingy hôtel I had left.

When I passed No. 1, on my way to dinner, the door was ajar, and Donna Mercedes was inside with a lamp in her hand. I paused before the door, and she, looking up, saw me. "Ah!" she said promptly, "did I not tell you that Don Iago was a painter? See here!" And she threw her light upon a picture which was resting on an easel before the window.

I saw at once that it was not badly painted. There was a show of facility about it. And yet it was mediocre, surprising me less by its execution than its subject. Here in Toledo, the grand and bizarre, in the midst of such architectural beauty and grotesqueness as fairly bewildered an artist's eye, my neighbor had not painted a street scene, a Moorish gateway, or a leafy cloister. He had chosen instead a country landscape almost as commonplace as it was dreary; a gray house and a gray, sloping olive grove, and round them bleak, wind swept uplands. I was scarcely more astonished to find that I knew the place. I had passed it the day before in my walk from Torrijos—walking is a whim of mine— and is was fully seven miles from Toledo.

At the time I said something pretty to Donna Mercedes, and went on to the parlor. My neighbor was late. I had nearly finished when he entered. He was a man of 35, perhaps, with a thin, careworn face and lines below the temples. He was about my height, wearing his hair and mustache cut short—a blonde, and English looking. He had probably heard of my arrival, yet he seemed put out at sight of me—perhaps merely because he was late.

"I have left the head of the table for you," I said, half rising, politely. "You have been here some time, I understand."

He was breaking his bread into morsels and eating with a worried air.

"Yes; the place suits me," he answered rather curtly.

"Yet you like to hear the lark sing as well as the mouse squeak," I replied, smiling. His tone was not encouraging, but I wished to be agreeable. "If I am not mistaken, I met you yesterday."

"Not that I am aware of," he said, with a hasty glance at me, and then devoted himself to his soup with renewed zest.

"No? On the path way—I cannot call it a road—from Torrijos! About 2 o'clock?"

He shook his head. "You are mistaken," he answered. "I was not outside the town yesterday."

"Then I saw a man very like you!" I rejoined, nettled by his manner. "There is a ruined castle, called Almonacid, I believe, about a mile this side of Torrijos. As I was passing it I saw an Englishman, and an artist also, if a portfolio makes an artist, leave it and make quickly for the village before me. Somehow I missed him among the houses, and was too far from him at any time to see his features distinctly. But he was wearing clothes like yours."

"And like yours, too, I presume," he rejoined sharply. He had a way of waiting for you, and taking you up suddenly, of which this was my first experience.

"Just so!" I said, for he was right; we were dressed alike. "But I am not aware that the mirage occurs in Spain. Perhaps you know Almonacid?"

"No," he replied, more equably, as if he were ashamed of his show of temper. "I have heard of it. But it is too far for my legs, and I cannot afford horse hire. I sometimes walk out in that direction, but not half as far."

I made a hasty calculation. Almonacid was nine miles from Toledo. The gray house and solitary olive grove were at least seven. So that when my friend said that he had not been half as far as Almonacid, he was not quite truthful, since he must have been to the scene of his picture. But it was no business of mine. He was a good-looking man, and that which took him to the dreary farm house might well be a love intrigue—a thing dangerous to enter upon in Spain, more dangerous still to meddle with. I changed the subject.

I had had a difficulty about my letters. The postmaster had refused to give them to me because I had not my passport with me. Later the office had been closed. I told Client this, and he listened, but his thoughts seemed far away, and when I had done he said, "No doubt you will get them to-morrow," in a perfunctory way, with scarcely a show of sympathy.

"I hope I shall," I answered, annoyed that he made so little of it. "I do not know what I shall do if I fail to get them."

"Oh, you will get them," he repeated carelessly.

He was wrong, as it turned out. But so was I when I went to bed, vowing I hated him. I did not take into account the change which twenty-four hours may make in our feelings. Just one day later I could not have identified the surly man I have described with my friend James Client—James Client, who had by that time rescued me from a most unpleasant position, and proved triumphantly that under his rough manner he had a sound heart.

It all arose out of the letters. I called at the postoffice next morning and handed in my passport. Ten minutes afterward I issued from the door dazed and bewildered, at my wits' end what to do. A few paces onward I ran against some one, and, muttering "Perdone usted!" would have passed on without looking up if the man had not seized me by the arm. I was Client. "What is it, Mr. Lynton?" he cried good humoredly. "Have some scorpion's eyes shot house! Or—but what is it? Can I help you? And he drew me out of the sunshine into the shade of the covered way which runs round the Zocodover, the great square of Toledo.

"Some one has intercepted my letters," I stammered. "A Spaniard called for them this morning, presented one of my visiting cards, and said I was at the Fonda de Lino—where I did stay one night. All that I can get out of the postmaster is that he gave up the letters and that all was done in order. Confound his stolidity! One of them contained £50!"

He whistled. "Then there is no time to be lost, Mr. Lynton," he cried. "Let us go first to the Fonda. It is possible that some busybody, knowing you did not get your letters yesterday, has fetched them for you on the chance of getting a peseta for his pains."

I gladly assented, and we went together to the hotel. But no one there would confess to knowing anything of my letter. No one had gone for them. As we left the yard I noticed that my companion looked keenly at the waiter, who was not too civil. "Do you suspect him?" I asked, when we were outside.

"I hardly know," Client answered slowly. "Possibly you mislaid a card the night you slept there, so that he is one of the people to be suspected. But come, we will go now to the postoffice. I will help you as far as I can."

And indeed he did. His knowledge of the language was perfect, and it was wonderful to hear him scolding, questioning and complaining, without end of the wrongs his influential friend, whose passport he was waving under their official noses, had suffered. But when presently everything had been tried, and for the time tried fruitlessly, we stood in the square and looked somewhat blankly at one another.

"I say, Mr. Lynton," he began, "fifty pounds is a large sum to lose."

"I wish it were less," I replied, with an attempt at sprightliness.

"It does not cripple you altogether?"

"I can afford it, if that is what you mean. But—but it is a little inconvenient at present," I answered.

"It puts you in a difficulty for a few days?"

"Precisely. I cannot receive another remittance for five days at least. In the meantime I have six—yes, seven pesetas and a half."

"Umph! Call it six shillings and threepence," he replied, laughing. "The cathedral vergers will soon ease you of it, even were it more. But look here! we are next door neighbors, and you must let me help you. In strange countries I always keep a few pounds by me; they are at your service."

As he spoke he drew from an inner pocket a shabby letter case and took out a 200 peseta note—the only note, I saw, that the case contained.

"I am afraid," I said, doubtfully, "that I am inconvenencing you. And besides, you do not know me."

"I shall not need the money," he replied, quickly, "and as to my knowing you, I think I do—not you, personally, but your kind."

"That is well said!" I exclaimed with heartiness, "and I accept your offer on one condition—that if you want the money before Sunday you will tell me so."

"Why, if I do," he replied, laughing merrily, "you will have spent half of it."

"So I shall, I hope!" laughing myself, "but I have a watch, and Toledo, no doubt, has a—let me call it a Mont de Piete."

"Ciertamente!" he cried gayly, and with a word about meeting at dinner, walked rapidly away, leaving me to my thoughts. I watched him as he threaded his way across the square between ladies' asses and graceful girls with pitchers, and comparing his slight upright form with the somber Spaniards who strutted up and down, keeping, even on this sunny day, a corner of the cape over the mouth, I felt proud of my countryman.

"I do not think," I said penitently to Jock (I have not mentioned Jock before, although he was at that time my constant companion—a collie dog with the long Scotch head and the tenderest eyes), "I do not think that I shall be so quick to judge the next man we meet—and do not understand. Ah, these hasty judgments, Jock!" and I shook my head, and Jock his tail.

In due course a second remittance came to hand, and I repaid my friend. By that time some of the wonder I had felt at his solitary life in Toledo—Toledo the somber—had passed away. He was not altogether solitary, putting myself out of the question. More than once, in the archway or on the veranda, I met a priest coming from his room—a small, dark, thin faced man with vivid eyes, a Spaniard, of course, who lifted his low crowned beaver to me and bowed politely. Once, too, I had a glimpse of a petticoat whisking out. Moreover, Client seemed to be doing a better trade than I had judged probable from the specimen of his work which I had seen. Not that he told me this himself. He was reserved on the subject, neither offering to show me his pictures nor accepting my proposal that we should do some work together. But our letters sometimes lay on a slab inside the outer door, and I could not avoid seeing that he received several—dealers' letters, I was sure—from art centers—from Dresden and Munich, for instance. Once there was a letter bearing the postmark of St. Petersburg. This seemed strange in a man of his caliber (in a man who was not known to me. And, perhaps, besides puzzling me, it a little nettled me also. My name was not altogether unknown. Client himself had said pretty things about his acquaintance with it. Yet I had no continental patrons, no market outside Great Britain.

If I had fallen in with him at Madrid or Seville I should have known what to think; I should have set him down as one of those copyists who live by all great galleries. And something upon which I lit one day in his room persuaded me for a time that this was the case, few as were the works in Toledo that could pay for the labor of copying. It was a picture, and the only one I saw at any time in his possession, save the somber landscape of which I have spoken.

I had run short of chrome yellow, and hearing him go to his room followed to ask him if he could let me have some. "I suppose I cannot get any chrome yellow in Toledo?" I began before I was well in the room, "nor anywhere nearer than Madrid?"

He was kneeling on the floor, but sprang up so quickly at the sound of my voice that I hastened to apologize for entering without knocking. He did not seem, at once, to understand me. He had been poring over something placed on the ground where it would catch the best light, and his first aim appeared to be to move so as to hide this from me. "What is it?" he cried hastily. "What do you want?" Even by that light I could see that his face was pale.

"My dear fellow," I said, not trying to hide my surprise, "I am sorry that I entered without ceremony, and I have told you so. I came in for nothing in the world but to ask you if any chrome yellow can be got nearer than Madrid. I was so full of my wants that, seeing the door was unlatched, I did not knock at it."

"Was it unlatched?" he asked, glancing at me askance.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Look for yourself," I said curtly.

He stepped forward and saw what I had already noticed—that the bolt was shot, but not into the socket. Something like a stifled curse escaped him. He turned, muttering that I could only get the material I needed in Madrid.

"That is unfortunate. But what have you got here?" I asked, advancing a step into the room. "What a capital bit of painting! It is a Ribera, is it not? It must be!" And, forgetting in my eagerness everything save that I had before me a singularly good copy of a fine picture, I actually waved him aside when he would have interposed. "No one but Ribera," I cried, stooping over it, "could paint like this lights and shadows! No one! It is a genuine Spagnoletto for a hundred!"

"It is a copy!" burst from him in a tone of vivid contradiction.

"A copy!" I repeated after him in wonder.

"A copy! Of course it is. So I supposed. Riberas do not grow on every bush, my friend. I meant that the original was a Ribera, and not merely of his school. But now you speak of it," and I went down on my knees, "are you so sure that it is a copy? How bright are these high lights, yet how mellow! And see the depth of the coloring here, and the tawny tone over all! By heavens," I said, rising and facing him abruptly, "it is not a copy!"

"It is!" he cried furiously; "I say it is! Do Riberas grow on every bush, madman?"

The word and the passion he threw into it sobered me at once. "I beg your pardon," I said, "I forgot myself. I am sorry for it. But the opinion I have uttered is my opinion still. And if I do not make a mistake," I went on eyeing him shrewdly, "it is yours, too. I fancy, my friend, that you had just made the discovery when I came in, and that you dared hardly to entertain it. It is no wonder that such a thing threw you off your balance."

For he was trembling still, and glancing from me to the painting and back again in a distraught fashion. "Yes," he said at length, getting out his words with difficulty, "I thought it possible, just possible, but how very, very improbable!"

"Yes, very improbable, if, as I suppose, you bought the picture for a copy. But where did you get it?" I asked briskly. I thought that I was beginning to understand him.

"I bought it from a priest for an old song at Almonacid."

"At Almonacid?"

He moved uneasily, as if he would have recalled his last word. But it was too late, and he nodded assent. "Then after all it was you whom I saw that day!" I commented. "You had just bought it, I suppose."

"Yes, I had a doubt about it then."

"It is a strange story, but strange things happen," I said, watching him narrowly.

"It is true."

Of course I pretended to believe him, and seeing clearly that he wished me gone I took myself to my room. In part I did believe him, only I thought it strange that an artist of his kidney should be so greatly ashamed of having outwitted an old monk; so greatly ashamed as to tell the story of his cleverness in that hang dog fashion. It crossed my mind that I might be wrong in my judgment of the picture. It might be that the St. Christopher was only a copy after all, and Client himself had made it, and was even then when I broke in upon him having it out with his conscience whether he should pass it off for an original or not. That was possible; but to me he had been a friend in need, and it was no business of mine.

The next day, the 17th of January, was to be the last of my stay in Toledo. I had all but finished the sketches I required, and if the truth must be told, I longed to be away. The stillness of the place haunted me. I hated the huge square alcazar which towered over all the Moorish gateways, the hundred silent churches. By noon I had made an end of my work, and hastily putting aside my materials I called Jock and started for a long ramble over the hills, where the alcazar did not bar the sunshine, though it was impossible to get out of sight of it. I did not return until darkness drove me back into the town.

Then I saw at once that there was something strange on foot. In the streets was an unwonted bustle, which rather grew than lessened as I approached the middle of the town. Knots of people carrying faggots passed hurriedly or stood together at the street corners. The Zocodover was thronged. As—in part curious and in part annoyed—I was pushing my way through the crowd, a clock struck 6, and, set in motion by that signal, the bells in every tower burst into sound. I was brought to a standstill. I had just time to wonder what it meant, when as by magic the bright glare of a hundred fires leaped up above the crowd, and glowing hotly on pillar and gable, flung huge shadows on the very steeples, and exposed at once a hundred silhouettes.

It was a weird yet a beautiful sight. It pleased me to find it repeated in every street and open space I entered. I spent fully an hour, tired as I was, in hurrying up and down to mark the effect of the firelight on this facade or that archway. And when at length I tore myself away and went home, I made quickly for the parlor to talk of what I had seen.

"I say, Client!" I began, "have you been out? What is it? What does it all mean?"

Such a nervous fellow as he was! He jumped up, dropping his spoon into his plate with a clatter. "What does what mean?" he stuttered.

"These bonfires in the streets, to be sure! The sight is a most singular one! You ought to be out viewing it!"

He sat down at once. "Oh, the bonfires!" he said, resuming his meal. "The people are keeping St. Anthony's eve, that is all. It is customary here to do it in this way. You Know St. Anthony is always represented with a fire by his side."

"I thought that it was something of that kind," I answered, following his example. "Will you come out with me presently and have a look at the town? The sightseers are orderly enough, though to judge from the stir at the gendarmerie the occasion is a special one."

"Is there a stir there?" he asked, pausing with his spoon half way to his mouth.

"Some civil guards, six or eight I dare say, and an officer were dismounting at the door as I passed. Apparently they had just come in."

"What! Did you notice what the officer was like?" Client asked in a curious tone, but I was busy with my dinner.

"Yes," I answered, carelessly, "he had a hare lip. I remarked it because he had a good look at me as I passed. No! You do not mean to say that you have done already?"

He did not answer, and I looked up to learn the reason. I read something in his pale face and trembling lips which chilled me. The man was suddenly afraid. And not afraid merely. He was in such terror that the very instinct of concealment had passed from him. As his distended eyes met mine he tried to speak, but no sound came. Yet I knew what he would have said. His lips formed, "Can I trust you?"

"Can you trust me?" I repeated, trembling a little myself, and my mouth growing dry; "well, I hope so, I think so, Client; I do, indeed. What is it, my good fellow?" for his very ears seemed to rise from his head, so intently was he listening for some sound. "What have you done? What do you fear?" I whispered.

"Fear?" he muttered, with his hand uplifted, "death, man! Hush! Come to my room." I obeyed his gesture as much as his words, and leaving the parlor we crept silently thither. When we were closeted together he stood facing me, and began to speak in breathless haste. "I did you a good turn the other day, Mr. Lynton; help me now. I am a Carlist—a spy! A man sent here to try the fidelity of the troops. Of late I have been suspected. Now I am sure I am betrayed. The punishment is death! In a few minutes they will be here."

"But what—what can I do for you?" I exclaimed in horror. No one seeing the man could doubt his danger, or at least his belief in it. "Why do you not escape while there is time?" I cried impatiently.

"Time! There is no time!" he answered with an oath of despair. "The house is watched. I dare not leave it. But you can do something for me. You can give me your passport and change rooms with me. We are much alike. Take my name for a few hours, nay, a few minutes. It will save my life—my life, sir! And for you—you know our minister! Yes? Then you will be in no danger."

"But," I said faintly—the man's distress was terrible to witness, and it all came so abruptly upon me—"the Spanish police are sometimes hasty and—" He flinched as if I had struck him. A fresh bit of trembling seized him. He turned from me with a curse and flung himself face downward on the bed.

I had hesitated before. I am not a bold man, and I had heard strange tales of summary justice done by the police. But here the risk seemed so little; the man's condition was so pitiable.

"Get up!" I said harshly, after a brief fight with myself. "I will save you if I can. You are an Englishman when all is said and done. But let us lose no time. You know best what must be done."

He sprang to his feet. At once he had all his wits about him. In a couple of minutes I had taken possession of his room, he of mine. With feverish expressions of gratitude he pocketed the passport I gave him. He dressed me in his long; ulster and deer stalker hat; in which I have no doubt that I was like enough to him to pass for him in Spanish eyes. And all this he did with wonderful method, as if he had thought out the details before. It crossed my mind once that he had. His last step was to draw from his mattress two long rolls neatly covered with canvas. "They are papers," he said, pausing to listen, and looking doubtfully at them the while. "Lists of men. And men's lives they will cost if they are found," he added, with excitement. "Yet I dare not take them with me. I dare not. I shall get away by your help, but I shall be stopped more than once, and if these are found on me they will make it all of no use."

He was so reluctant, so sincerely reluctant, as I could see, to leave the papers, despite the risk he would run if he took them, yes, and so very nearly ready to run that risk, that I felt for the first time a sense of real sympathy for him. "Can we not hide them somewhere?" I suggested.

"No!" he answered bitterly, "they will leave no stone unturned here." And with that he thrust the papers back into the mattress—my mattress now.

"Why do you not destroy them?" I asked.

"There is no time," he answered sullenly. Then, moved by the force of habit, I think, he sat down on the bed precisely over them.

I wondered—at his answer first, then at another thing. "Why do they not come?" I said querulously. "Are you sure that they intend to come at all—that you have not made a fool of me for nothing?"

His face grew bright a moment and then fell again. "No," he replied; "they set a watch on this house as soon as they came into the town, and are only waiting now until a time when they may be sure that I am at home. That is all." I found out afterward that he was perfectly right in this.

So we sat in dream expectation, waiting in that little whitewashed room for the clang of musket butts and tramp of feet that should tell us the crisis was at hand. The candle burned dimly, the air was heavy with the pungent odor that rose from the brasero. My eye fell upon his empty cast and the sight carried me back to a time, days before as it seemed instead of hours, when I had still regarded him in the light of a problem to be solved. "And are you an artist?" I asked abruptly. I was glad to break the silence.

"Oh, yes," he said with apathy, "I paint a little."

"And that Spagnoletto—the St. Christopher! Is it really an original?"

"It is the original. You were right," he replied. "It was the gift of a great monastery to the cause."

I whistled. "I think it is a pity," I said, with a jealous eye to the mattress on which he was sitting. The fancy that that priceless Ribera carelessly rolled up might be receiving with each instant some irremediable hurt was a dreadful thing to have on one's mind. When my traveling clock in the next room tinkled nine times, I could bear it no longer. "Look here!" I said, rising, "I am going out. If you are right, I shall be arrested, and there will be an end of it. If not, I shall come back and there will be an end of this foolery. Jock! lie there; good dog!" I added, pointing to the bed. And I strode to the door. Of course I was still disguised in Client's ulster and cap.

He leaped up and caught me by the arm.

"Por Dios!" he cried, clinging to me. "You are going to betray me! You are English, and you can give me up!"

"Man alive!" I answered furiously, the fellow's distrust showed the black spot in him so plainly: "if I wish to betray you, I need only stay here and tell the civil guards who you are!"

He shrank back at that; I suppose he saw its truth, and I went out, passing down the gallery and the stairs to the outer door. As I opened this and, meeting the wind, stepped into the darkness of the entrance, before which the embers of a fire still glowed faintly, I confess that I felt nervous—very nervous. With each step that I took I looked for a challenge or a violent hand upon my shoulder; yet I sprang aside when the lightest of touches fell on my sleeve.

"It is I, Pablo! Go no further!" hissed a voice in my ear. "The street is guarded, senor. I have risked much to save you, but I can do no more. If you get through is it Almonacid?"

"Si, hombre, si," I whispered. Then clutching in my turn the stranger as he was gliding from me I continued: "But stay, amigo. T