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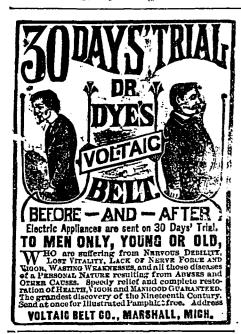
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL—Superior Court. No. 203. Dame Eugenie Perreault, of the City of Montreal, wife of Pierre aux liens Marien, of the same place, trader, duly authorized à estér en justice against her said husband, Detendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause.

Montreal, 23rd August, 1884. T. & C. C. DELORIMIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.



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PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

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IN THOUSANDS OF CASES thas cured where all else had failed. It is mile out efficient, OERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but

harmloss in all cases.

(3) It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

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And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of October is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Outinclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly in-talments. For orders, circulars, or any other nformation, address

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ESTABLISHED IN 1874. The above Government Bonds are not t be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do

ot conflict with any of the laws of the United N.B.—In writing, please state that you saw is in the True Witness,

3-tf WHERE THE SUMMER EVER REIGNS

Through the fields of scented clover, With a lingering sad refrain, Comes the wind from haunts elysian With its southing sighing strain— Where the shades of eye are densest, And the uplands looketh dim There the meadow-bird is thrilling To the day her vesper hymn;

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Paths of gold, and floods of crimson Gleameth from a land afar, Where the misty dim horizon Winds its fateful mystic bar; Winds its fateful mysuc par;
Through the paths of fading splendor,
With a blush that never wanes,
Comes the nymph of youth's fair dreamland
Where the summer ever reigns;

Snowy arms with May-flowers aden, Swaying bells of wintry white Violets from recesses—gathered Where their beauty shunned the light— Modest field-flowers, royal dahlias— Chastened lilies crown the lot; While 'neath beds of half-blown roses. Peeps the blue forget-me-not.

Beauteous flowers in dreamland gathered; Blooming once in vanished spring; Memories of the sunlit places, That our fancies hoped to win—

When the tide of life is ebbing, May it drift to sunny plains, And a grave in some bright valley Where the summer ever reigns. GRACE O'BOYLE, Ottawa.

THE LATEST DYNAMITE HOAX. It was known that a certain smart U. S. young man had studied chemistry for six months; had ordered a sectioned hand-bag and sailed for England. It was subsequently ascertained that he had made several visits to a clock and watch maker before leaving. The cable was used to cause his arrest on arrival and a trio of metaphysicians were summoned to open the bag, which, in view of probabilities, were regarded as patriotic heroism of the highest order. The official verdict reported 23 samples of Johnston's Fluid Beef, 10,000 circulars, 4 shirt collars, and a box of tooth-picks.—

The Salvation Army is petering out in England. Its stale war cry has perceptibly dwindled, and its receipts have fallen off immensely.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered Liver. Only one pill a doze.

Clements R. Markham, a London author ity on arctic questions, commends Greely's work as valuable and says the research must

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGale, chemist, Montreal.

ARRIVAL OF ABBE HOGAN.

THE DISTINGUISHED PRIEST EXPLAINS THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—Among the passengers who arrived from Liverpool yesterday was the well-known Abbe Hogan of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris. The Abbe's profound attainments as theologian and teacher of that famous institution are known throughout the Catholic world. He has come here at the request of the Superior General of the Order of St. Sulpice, Father Icard, to take charge of the seminary of that name recently completed in Boston.

in stating his sentiments to a reporter rela tive to America, the Abbe remarked that he looked upon the United States as the Ireland of the future-that bigger Ireland to which so many of his countrymen resorted. "I am, "an enthusiastic Irishman, and I thank God for it. I shall immediately enter upon my work. I have been teaching and preparing young men for the priesthood for many years, so when I reach Boston I shall enter the new seminary to commence the old

The Abbe will remain a few days at the rectory of St. Patrick's Church, Brooklyn, before leaving for Boston.

An order-in-council has been passedamend ng the order of 13th March, 1879, respectng lobster fishing by extending the time for ten days in the Province of Quebec and Prince Edward Island, the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland, N. B., and that part of Westmoreland lying on the north strait, and the counties of Inverness, Antigonishe, l'ictou, and those portions of Colchester and Cumberland, N. S., lying on the Strait of Northumberland.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING -"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, 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 diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins, (4th and 1th) by grocers, labelled, "JAMES EPPS & Co., Homocopathic Chemists, London, Englan

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BY CHARLES READE.

or of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," Griffith Gaunt." "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Gaunt." "Hara Place," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX .- CONTINUED. And with that he showed Bartley's order

and signature. Hope bit his lips, merely said: " He will rue it."

Burnley sidled away; but Hope cried to one or two men who were about: "Keep a sharp lookout on him, my men; your lives are not safe whilst he's in the

mine.' Burnley leaned insolently against a truck, and gave the men nothing to observe; the next minute in bustled the honest miner at whose instance Hope had come down the mine, and begged him to come and visit the shoring at once.

Hope asked if there were any other men there; the miner replied in the negative. "Very well, then," said Hope; "I'll just take one look at the water here, and I'll be at the shoring in five minutes."

Unfortunately this unwary statement let Burnley know exactly what to do; he had already concealed in the wood-work a canister of dynamite and a fuse to it to last about five minutes. He now wriggled away under cover of Hope's dialogue and lighted the fuse, then he came flying back to get safe out of the mine, and leave Hope in his death-trap. But in the meantime Grace Hope came

down in the cage, and caught sight of her father, and came screaming to him: "Father! father!"

"You here, my child !" "There's a plot to murder you! A man called Burnley is to cause an explosion at the old works just as you visit them."
"An explosion," crid Hope, "and fire-

damp about! One explosion will cause fifty. Ring the bell! Here, men! danger!" Then there was a rush of men. "Ben Burnley is firing the mine!"

There was a yell of fury; but a distant explosion turned it to one of dismay. Hope caught his daughter up in his arms and put her into a cavity.

"Fly, men, to the other part of the mine! he cried. There was a louder explosion. In ran Burnley, terrified at his own work, and flying

to escape. Hope sprang out upon him. 'No, you don't; living or dead, you are the last to leave this mine!" Burnley struggled furiously, but Hope

dashed him down at his feet. Just as a far more awful explosion than all took place, one side of that amphitheatre fell in, and the very earth heaved. part of the shaft fell in upon the cage, and upon many poor miners who were hoping to escape by it; but those escaped for the pres-ent who had obeyed Hope's order and fled to another part of the mine, and when the stifling vapors drifted away there stood Hope, pale as death, but strong as iron, with the assassin at his feet, and poor Grace crouching and quivering in her recess.

Their fate now awaited these three--a speedy death by choke-damp, or a slow death by starvation, or a rescue from the outside under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, since there was but one shaft completed, and that was now closed by a mountain of

CHAPTER XXI.—BURIED ALIVE.

The explosions so tremendously loud below were but muffled sounds at the pit's mouth; but, alas! these muffled sounds, and one flash of lurid flame that shot up into the air, told the tale of horror to every experienced pitman and his wife, and the cry of a whole village went up to heaven.
"The calamity spread like wild-fire. It

very soon found its way to Clifford Hall, and the deputy ran himself with the news to Mr. Bartley. Bartley received it at first with a stoney glare and trembled all over; then the deputy, lowering his voice, said:
"Sir, the worst of it is, there is foul play

in it. There is good authority to say that Ben Burnley fired the mine to destroy his betters, and he has done it; for Mr. Hope and Miss Hope—that is, Miss Bartley that was—are both there." He added, in a broken voice: "And if they are not buried or stifled it will be hard work to save them. The mine is a ruin.'

Bartley delivered a wild scream, and dashed out of the house at once; he did not even take his hat; but the deputy, more selfpossessed, took one out of the hall, and fol-

Bartley hurried to the mine, and found that several stout fellows had gone down with their pick-axes and other tools to clear the shaft, but it must be terribly slow work, so few men could work at a time in that narrow

Bartley telegraphed to Derby for a more

powerful steam-engine and experienced engineers, and set another gang to open the new shaft to the bottom, and see if any sufferers could be saved that way. Whatever he did was wise, but his manner was frenzied. None of his people thought he had so much feeling, and more than one of the quaking women gave him a kind word. He made no reply; he did not even seem to hear. He wandered about the mine all night, wringing his hands, and at last he was taken home almost by force. Humanity overpowered prejudice, and Colonel Clifford came to the mine to see if he could be of any use to the sufferers. He got hold of the deputy, and learned from him what Bartley was doing. He said he thought that was the best course, as there would be division of labor: but, said he:

"I am an old campaigner, and I know that men cannot fight without food, and this work will be a fight. How will you house the new

comers ? "There are forty-seven men missing, and the new men can sleep in their cottages. "That's so," said the Colonel; "but there the wives and the children. I shall send sleeping tents and eating tents, and provisions enough to feed a battalion. Forty-

seven lives!" said he pityingly.
"Ay, sir," said the deputy, "and such lives, some of them; for Mr. Hope and Miss Mary Bartley—leastways that is not her name now: she's Mr. Hope's daughter." "Why, what has she to do with it?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, but she is down in the mine !" "God forbid," said the Colonel, noble girl dead, or in mortal danger!"

"She is, sir, and"-lowering his voice-' by foul play."
Then, seeing the Colonel greatly shocked

and moved, he said: "And I ought not to keep it from you, You are our nearest magistrate. The young lady told me at the pit mouth she is Mr. Hope's daughter."
"And so she is." "And she said there was a plot to destroy

her father in the mine by exploding the old workings he was going to visit. One Ben Burnley was to do it—a blackguard that has a spite against Mr. Hope for discharging him.

But there was money behind him, and a villain that she described to us—black eyebrows, a miners, but not to any one that I love, and face like a corpse, and dressed in a suit of that you have learned to respect," that you have learned to respect, "that you have learned to respect," that you have learned to respect, solemnly, have been mistaken, or she might have warn. "the mine was fired by foul play."

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LOVE AND MONEY ed Mr. Hope in time; but now it is to be seen that there was no mistake and she had not time to warn him. The deed is done; and a darker deed was never done, even in the dark

Colonel Clifford groaned.

After a while he said : "Seize that Ben Burnley at once, or he will soon leave this place behind him." "No, he won't," said the deputy.

in the mine: that is one comfort; and if he comes out alive his life won't be worth much, with law on one side of the blackguard, and Judge Lynch on the other."

The first thing," said the Colonel, "is to save these precious lives. God help us and

them:' He then went to the railway, and wired certain leading tradesmen in Derby for provisions, salt and fresh, on a large scale, and for new tents. He had some old ones stored away in his own house. He also secured abundance of knives, forks, plates, buckets, pitchers, and jugs, and, in short, he opened a commissariat. He inquired for his son Walter, and why he was late. He could learn nothing to Walter had mounted a hunter, and left word with Baker that he should not be home till eight o'clock.

"John," said the Colonel, solemnly, am in great trouble; and Walter is in worse. I fear. Let nobody speak to him about this accident at the mine till he has seen me. Walter Clifford rode to the Lake Hotel to

inquire after the bracelet. The landlady told him she had sent her husband over with it that day. "Confound it!" said Walter, "why, he won't know whom to take it to."
"Oh, it's all right, sir," said she, "My

Sam won't give it to the wrong person, you may be surë." "How do I know that?" said Walter; and

pray whom did you tell him to give it to?"
"Why, to the lady as was here with you." "And how the deuce is he to find her? He does not know her name. It's a great pity you could not keep it till I came.'

Well, sir, you was so long a-coming."
"That's true," said Walter; "let us make the best of it. I shall feed my horse, and get

home as quickly as I can " However, he knew he would be late, and thought he had better go straight home. He sent a telegram to Mary Bartley: "Landlord gone to you with bracelet," and this he signed with the name of the landlady, but no uldress. He was afraid to say more, though he would have liked to put his wife upon her guard; but he trusted to her natural shrewd-He mounted his horse and went straight home, but he was late for dinner, and that vexed him a little, for it was a matter Colonel Clifford was particular about. He dashed up to his bedroom and began to dress all in a hurry.

John Baker came to him wearing a very extraordinary look, and after some hesitation

"I would not change my clothes if I were you, Mr. Walter.

"Oh," said Walter, "I'm too late, you know; in for a penny, in for a pound."
"But, sir," said old John, "the Colonel
wants to speak to you in the drawing-room." Now, Walter was excited with the events of the day, irritated by the affront his father had put upon him and Mary, strung by hard riding, etc.; he burst out, "Well, I shall not go to him; I have had enough of this—badgered and bullied, and my sweetheart affronted-and now I suppose I am to be lectured again. You say I am not well, and bring my dinner up here."
"No, Mr. Walter," said the oid man grave-

ly; "I must not do that. Sir, don't you think as you are to be scolded, or the angel you love affronted; all that is over forever. There has been many a strange thing happen-ed since you rode out of our stable last; but I wish you would go to the Colonel and let him tell you all; however, I suppose I may tell you as much as this, that your sweet heart is not Mary Bartley at all; she is Mr.

Hope's daughter.
"What!' cried Walter, in utter amaze-"There is no doubt about it, sir," said the

old man; and I believe it is all out about you and her: but it would not matter, for the Colonel he takes it quite different from what you might think. He swears by her now. I don't know really how that came about, sir, for I was not there; but when I was dressing the Colonel he said to me, 'John, she's the grandest girl in England, and an honor to her sex, and there's not a drop of Bartley's blood in her.''

"No," said John Baker, gravely.
"No!" said Walter; what then;

"It's trouble." "Trouble?" said Walter, puzzled. "Ay, my poor young master," said Baker, tenderly; sore trouble, such trouble as a father's heart won't let me or any other man break to you whilst he lives to do it. I know my master. Ever since that fellow Bartley came here we have seen the worst of him; now we shall see the best of him. Go to him, dear Master Walter. Don't waste time in talking to old John Baker. Go to your father and

your friend," Walter Clifford cast a look of wonder and alarm on the old man, and went down at once to the drawing-room. His father was standing by the fire. He came forward to him with both hands, and said:

"My son!" "Father," said Walter, in a whisper, 'what is it?"

'Have you heard nothing?" "Nothing but good news, father--that you

approved my choice," "Ah, John told you that."

"Yes, si.r."
"And did he tell you anything else?" "No, sir; only that some great misfortune s upon me, and that I have my father's sym-

"You have," said the Colonel; and would to God I had known the truth before! She is not Bartley's daughter at all: she is Hope's daughter. Her virtue shines in her face ; she is noble, she is self-denying, she is just, she is brave; and no doubt she can account for her being at the Lake Hotel in company with some man or other. Whatever that lady says will be the truth. That's not the trouble, Walter; all that has become small by comparison. But shall we ever see her sweet

face again, or hear her voice?"
"Father," said Walter, trembling, "you terrify me. This sudden change in your voice that I never heard falter before; some great calamity must have happened. Tell me the worst at once." "Walter," said the old man, stand firm

do not despair, for there is hope." "Thank God for that, father; now tell me

all."
"Walter, there has been an explosion in the mine-a fearful explosion; the shaft has fallen in; there is no getting access to the mine, and all the poor souls there are in mor tal peril. Those who are best acquainted with the mine do not think that many of them are destroyed by the ruin; but they tell me these explosions let loose poisonous gases, and so now those poor souls are all exposed to three deadly perils; choke-damp,

"Is it possible?"
"It is believed that some rival owner, o else some personal cremy of William Hope bribed a villain to fire some part of the mine that Hope was inspecting."
"Great Heavens!" said Walter; can such

The state of the s

villainy exist! Poor, poor Mr. Hope; who would think he had an enemy in the world?"
"Alas!" said the Colonel, "that is not all. His daughter, it seems, overheard the villain bribing the ruffian to commit this foul and terrible act, and she flew to the mine directly. She dispatched some miners to catch that hellish villain, and she went down the

mine to save her father." "Ah!" said Walter, trembling all over. "She has never been seen since."

The Colonel's head sank for a moment on nis br**east.** Walter grouned and turned pale.

"She came too late to save him; she came in time to share his fate." Walter sank into a chair and a deadly palor overspread his face, his forehead and even

The Colonel rushed to the door and called for help, and in a moment John Baker and Mrs. Milton and Julia Clifford were round poor Walter's chair with brandy and ether and salts, and every stimulent. He did not faint away; strong men very

seldom do at any mere mental shock. The color came slowly back to his cheeks

and his pale lips, and his eyes began to fill with horror. The weeping women, and even the stout Colonel, viewed with anxiety his return to the full consciousness of his calami-

"Be brave," cried Colonel Clifford; be a soldier's son; don't despair; fight; nothing has been neglected. Even Bartley is playing the man; he has got another engine coming up, and another body of workmen to open the new shaft as well as the old one.'

"God bless him!" said Walter. "And I have an experienced engineer on the road, and the things civilians always for-get—tents and provisions of all sorts. We will set an army to work sooner than your sweet-heart, poor girl, shall lose her life by

any fault of ours."
"My sweetheurt!" cried Walter, starting suddenly from his chair. "There, don't cling to me, woman. No man shall head that army but me. My sweetheart! God help me-SHE'S MY WIFE."

### CHAPTER XXII.

REMORSE. In a work of this kind not only the external incidents should be noticed, but also what may be called the mental events. We have seen a calamity produce a great revulsion in the feelings of Colonel Clifford; but as for Robert Bartley, his very character was shaken to the foundation by his crime and its terrible consequences. He was now like a man who had glided down a soft sunny slope, and was suddenly arrested at the brink of a fathomless precipice. Bartley was cunning, selfish, avaricious, unscrupulous in reality, so long as he could appear respectable: but he was not violent, nor physically reckless, still less cruel. A deed of blood shocked him as much as it would shock an honest mun. Yet for him, was open, and darting into a little now through following his natural bent too grove of shrubs that was close by, groveled far, and yielding to the influence of a remorseless villain, he found his own hands stained with blood-the blood of a man who, after all, had been his best friend, and had led him to fortune; and the blood of an innocent girl who had not only been his pecuniary benefactress for a time, but had warmed and lighted his house with her beauty and affec-I tion.

Busy men, whose views are all external, are even more apt than others to miss the knowledge of their own minds. This man, to whom everything was business, had taken for granted he did not actually love Grace Hope. Why, she was another man's child. But now he had lost her forever, he found he had mistaken his own feelings. He looked round his gloomy horizon and realized too late that he did love her; it was not a great and penetrating love like William H he was incapable of such a sentiment; but what affection he had to bestow, he had given to this sweet creature. His house was dark without her; he was desolate and alone, and, horrible to think of, the instrument of her assassination. This thought drove him to frenzy, and his frenzy took two forms, furious excitement, and gloomy despair; this was now his life by night and day, for sleep deserted him. At the mine his measures were all wise but his manner very wild; the very miners whispered amongst themselves that he was going mad. At home, on the contrary, he was gloomy with sullen despair. He was in this latter condition the evening after the explosion, when a visitor was announced. Thinking it was some one from the mine, he said, faintly, "Admit him," and then his despondent head dropped on his breast; in-deed, he was in a sort of lethargy, worn out with his labors, his remorse, and his sleepless-

In that condition his ear was suddenly jarred by a hard, metalic voice whose tone was somehow opposed to all the voices with which goodness and humanity have ever spoken. "Well, governor, here's a slice of luck."

Bartley shivered. "Is that the devil speaking to me?" he muttered, without looking up.
"No," said Monekton, jauntily; only one

of his servants, and your best friend. "My friend?" said Bartley, turning his chair and looking at him with a sort of dull

wonder. "Ay," said Monckton, "your friend; the man that found you brains and resolution, and took you out of the hole, and put Hope and his daughter in it instead; no, not his daughter, she did that for us, she was so

clever. "Yes," said Bartley, wildly, "it was you who made me an assassin. But for you, I should only have been a knave; now I am a murderer-thanks to you.'

"Come, governor," said Monckton, "no use looking at one side of the picture. You You tried other things first. You made him liberal offers, you know; but he would have war to the knife, and he has got it. He is buried at the bottom of that shaft." "God ferbid!"

"And you are all right." "I am in hell," shricked Bartley.

"Well, come out of it," said Monckton, and let's talk sense. I—I read the news at Derby, just as I was starting for London. I have been as near the mine as I thought safe. They seem to be very busy clearing out both shafts—two steam engines, constant relays of workmen. Who has got the job in hand?" "I have," said Bartley.

"Well, that's clever of you to throw dust in their eyes, and put our little game off your own shoulders. You want to save appearances? You know you cannot save William Hope. "I can save him and I will save him. God

will have mercy on a penitent assassin, as He once had upon a penitent thief." Monckton stared at him and smiled. "Who has been talking to you—the par-

"My own conscience. I abhor myself as much as I do you, you black villain."
"Ah!" said Monckton, with a wicked

"that's how a man patters before he glance. splits upon his pals, to save his own skin.

Now, look here, old man, before you split

terest in this job. You silenced a dangerous enemy, but what have I gained? You ought to square with me first, as you promised. If you split on me before that, you will put yourself in the hole and leave me out of it." yourself in one hote and fool?" said Bartley, "these trifles do not trouble me now. If Hope and my dear Mary are found dead in that mine, I'll tell how they came by their death, and I'll die by my own hand."

Monckton said nothing, but looked at him keenly, and began at last to feel uneasy. "A shaft is but a narrow thing,' Bartley rejoined; "why should they be buried alive? Let's get to them before they are starved to death. We may save them yet.'
"Why, you fool, they'll denounce us!"

"What do I care? I would save them both to-night if I was to stand in the dock to-"And swing on the gallows next week, or

end your days in a prison."

"I'd take my chance," said Bartley, desperately. "I'll undo my crime if I can. No punishment can equal the agony I am in now, thanks to you, you villain. Then turning on him suddenly, and showing him the white of his eyes like a maniac or a dangerous mastiff, he hissed out, "You

think nothing of the lives of better men; perhaps you don't value your own?"
"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Monekton,

"That's a very different thing." "Oh, you do value y ur own foul life!" "At any amount of money," said Monek.

ton. "Then why do you risk it?"

"Excuse me, governor, that's a thing I make a point of not doing. I risk my instruments, not my head, Ben Burnley to wit." "You are risking it now," said Bartley,

still more strangely at him. "How so, pray?" said Monckton, getting a little uneasy, for this was not the Bartley he had known till then.

Bartley took the poker in his hand and proceeded to poke the fire; but somehow he did not look at the fire. He looked askant at Monekton, and he showed the white of his eyes more and more. Monckton kept his eye upon him, and put his hand upon the handle of the door

"I'll tell you," said Bartley—"by coming here to tempt, provoke and insult the wretch whose soul you destroyed by forcing me to assassinate the best man and the sweetest girl in England, when there were vipers and villains about whom it's a good action to sweep off God's earth. Villain, I'll teach you to come like a fool and madden a madman! I was only a rogue, and you have made me a man of blood. All the worse for you. I hame murdered them; I'll execute you? " and with these words he bounded on him like a

Monckton tore the doors open and dashed out, but a furious blow rell before he was quite clear of the doorway. With such force was it delivered that the blunt metal cut into the edge of the door like a sword; the jamb was smashed; and even Monekton, who received but one-fourth of the blow, fell upon his hands and knees into the hall, and was stunned for a moment, but fearing worse, staggered out of the hall door, which, luckily there in silence, bleeding like a pig, and waiting for his chance to escape entirely; but the quaking reptile ran no further risk.

Bartley never followed him beyond his own room; he had been goaded into a maniacal impulse, and he returned to his gloomy sullen-Walter's declaration, made so suddenly before

four persons, startled them greatly for a mo-

ment-but only for a moment. Julia was the first to speak. "We might have known it," she said. 'Mary Bartley is a young lady incapable of misconduct, she is prudence, virtue, delicacy, and purity in person; the man she was with at that place was sure to be her husband, and who should that be but Walter, whom she

Then the servants looked anxiously at their actor to con how he took this cture Well, the Colonel stood firm as if he lation. was at the head of a column in the field. He was not the man to retreat from any position.

"All we have to do is to save her; then my house and arms are open to my son's

"God bless you, father!" eried Walter, in a broken voice; " and God bless you dear cousin! Yes, it's no time for words.' he was gone in a moment. "Now, Milton," said the Colonel, "he

won't sleep here till the work is done, and he won't sleep at all if we don't get a bed for him near the mine. You order the break out. and go to the Dun Cow and do what you can for him.' "That I will, sir; I'll take his own sheets and bedding with me. I won't trust that woman-she talks too much: and, if you please, sir, I'll stay there a day or two my-

self, for maybe I shall coax him to eat a mor-

sel of my cooking, and to lie down a bit, when he would not listen to a stranger.' "You're a faithful creature," said the Colonel, rather aggressively, not choosing to break down; "so are you, John; and it is at these moments we find out our friends in the house; and confound you, I forbid you both to snivel," said he still louder. Then, more gravely, "How do we know? Many a gravely, "How do we know? Many a stormy day ends well; this calamity may bring happiness and peace to a divided

Colonel Clifford prophesied right. Walter took the lead of a working gang and worked night and day, resting two hours only in the twenty-four, and even then with great reluctance. Outside, the scene was one of bustle and animation. Little white tents, for the strange workmen to sleep in dotted the green, and two snowy refreshment tents were pitched outside the Dun Cow. That establishment had large brick ovens and boilers, and the landlady, and the women she had got to help her, kept the table always groaning under solid fare that never once ragged, being under the charge of that old campaigner, Colonel Clifford. The landlady tried to look sad at the occasion which called forth her energy and talents; but she was a woman of business, and her complacency oozed through her. Ah, it was not so at the pit mouth; the poor wives whose husbands were entombed below, alive or dead, hovered and fluttered about the two shafts with their aprons to their eyes, and eager with their questions. Deadly were their fears, their hopes fainter and fainter, as day after day went by, and both gangs, working in so narrow a space, made little progress, compared with their own desires, and the prayers of those who trembled for the result. It was a race and a struggle of two gallant parties, and a short description of it will be given; but as no new incidents happened for six days, we shall preserve the chonological order of events, and now relate a daring project which

was received in that interval.

Monekton and Bartley were now enemies. Sin had united, crime and remorse had disunited, them. Monckton registered a vow of future vengeance upon his late associate, but in the meantime, taking a survey of the present circumstances, he fell back upon a dark project he had conceived years ago on the very day when he was arrested for theft in Bartley's office

Perhaps our readers, their memory disturb-

on me, ask yourself who had the greatest in led by such a number of various matters as we ्रिक्त क्षित्रकारी स्टब्स् के त्रिक्त स्टब्स् के त्रिक्त वर्षेत्रकारी स्टब्स् के क्षेत्रकार स्टब्स् के त्रिक्त

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