ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1881. NO. 10.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province, and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description for first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors and, in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First Insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration

Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alterative medicine known or available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures **Scrofula** and all scrofulous diseases, **Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.**

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates and enlivens the vital functions, promotes energy and strength, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which arises from impurity of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial.

It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, of cheap materials, and without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unqualified confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HELLO!

AGENTS can make more money selling our new

TELEPHONES!

than in any other business. Send $4 for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits.

Address,

U. S. TELEPHONE CO.,
123 S. Clarke St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribe for

The Monitor

KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME, BY PATRONIZING A LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND STOP TAKING DOLLAR WEEKLIES THAT CONTAIN ONLY GENERAL MATTER, WHILE THE MONITOR LABORS FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EVERY WAY.

ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

ANNAPOLIS, SS.,
In the Supreme Court, 1881.

IN EQUITY.

CAUSE:

TIMOTHY D. RUGGLES, Plaintiff.
vs.
ZEBULON BLAKSLEE, Defendant.

UPON hearing read the affidavit of Edwin Ruggles, made herein the 12th day of May A. D., 1881, the exhibit thereto, and the papers on file herein, and on motion I do order that unless the above named Defendant Zebulon Bleakslee, appear to the summons herein and answer the same on or before the 18th day of June, A. D., 1881, the Plaintiff shall be at liberty to proceed herein as in case of personal service on the said Defendant, and defa lts suffered by him.

And I do further order that the publication of this rder in the Weekly MONITOR, newspaper, published at Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, for the space of thirty days, one insertion each week, shall be deemed good service on the said Defendant Zebulon Bleakslee.

Signed,
RICHAR J. UNIACKE, Prothy.
On motion of E. RUGGLES, for the Pltff.
Bridgetown, March 14th, 1881. 5tt10

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and positive cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are **AS LOW IN PRICE** as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

A Great Cause of Human Misery

Is the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

THE LOCAL MEAT MARKET.

[Limited.]

Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

OFFICES—Central Depot and Market: 84 Upper Thames Street, E. C. (Under Cannon Street Station) London, E. C.

BONDED WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage Wharf, Cousin Lane, E. C.

BANKERS:—The London and County Bank, 21 London Street, E. C. D. TALLERMAN, Esq., Gen. Manager.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of Shippers of Cattle, Poultry, &c., to the ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PROVISION DEPOTS, 84 UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. Furnished with Refrigerating Chambers of large capacity, where Produce of all kinds can be preserved for any length of time, at any season of the year. The advantages to shippers of live cattle are evident, inasmuch as by slaughtering immediately on arrival Expenses Cease, and the most advantageous moment may be seized for the disposal of the consignment.

To parties desirous of shipping apples, &c., to London, for sales and returns, the Company can offer advantages to be found in no other quarter. By use of the refrigerators, decay or deterioration is arrested, while every facility is afforded for sorting, sampling and laying out sound fruit, as well as for repacking such as may be injured on the voyage. Shippers who may wish more speedy returns than can be forwarded by regular mail, can realize an advance which will be ordered by Telegraph immediately on receipt of consignments landed in good condition.

Information in detail can be obtained by application to the undersigned, who are authorized to make advances to Shippers, and, if desirable, to take an interest for the Company in the profit and loss of operations.

WM. HARE, Agent,
171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.
THOS. S. WHITMAN, Agent,
Annapolis, N. S. 43tf

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don t forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence

at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

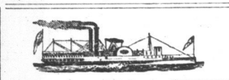
ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.
Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

TO LAWYERS.

A FRESH LOT of Summonses and Executions just printed and for sale at this office.



THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK, Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....75c.
" St. John.....$2.00
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

Baggage Checked Through at Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents or that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.
E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St, John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

Spring Goods arriving; Prices very low; Everything thriving

—AT—

Murdoch & Co's.

2 TONS WHITE LEAD, best quality in the market.

5 BARRELS RAW AND BOILED OIL. VARNISHES, DRYERS, BRUSHES, &c., &c.

To Grangers and Farmers.

Attention is called to 30 bus. TIMOTHY, and 500 lbs. RED CLOVER, in stock and offered very low for CASH.

GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS in abundance

1200 Rolls Room Paper at cost.

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS, the cheapest in the market.

Full stock of Groceries and Hardware.

Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to us on note or book account, that payment must be made at once or in 30 days from 1st April.

MURDOCH & CO.

Bridgetown, April 1st, 1881,

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very

LOW FOR CASH.

BEALES & DODGE.
Middleton. Nov .. '78

New Line of STEAMERS!!

ANNAPOLIS, HALIFAX, LONDON.

MESSRS. Scrutton, Sons & Co., will run their fast Fruit Steamers from Annapolis and Halifax to London. These Steamers are built specially for the fruit and dead meat trades. The new steamer "CREOLE," due about the 1st of October, will be the first steamer.

For further particulars apply in London to

Grouse, Hall & Morris,

or to the London agents,

TATHAM & Co.,
9 Gracechurch St.

Halifax Agents—CHIPMAN BROS.
Annapolis Agent—F. H. MITCHELL.
n6 tf

LONDON GOODS!

RUNCIMAN, RANDOLPH & CO.,

—have received Invoices of—

CHOICE LONDON GOODS.

which they offer at lowest prices.

Ladies' Brown and Black Silk Umbrellas.

Ladies' Zenilla do., at 38c. each.

Gents' Alpacca and Gingham Umbrellas.

Mourning Goods.

Wide Black Crapes, Black French Cashmeres, Black French Merinos, Henrietta Cloth, Choice Black Norwich Crapes.

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, from 11 cents to 27 cents per yard.

TOILET SETTS. TOILET CLOTHS, TOILET QUILTS, WHITE BRILLIANTS, WHITE MARSEILLES, HALF BLEACHED AND BLEACHED TABLE LINENS.

CARPETS!

HEMP CARPETS, all prices.
4 4 Union and all Wool do., from 62 cents a yard.

English Floor Oil Cloths.

superior quality, &c., &c.

IN STOCK.

Ladies' HAND BAGS, in Straw and Morocco,

Valises, all Sizes.

GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES'

Travelling Trunks

from 75c. to $6.50 each.

We offer 75 bbls. Corn Meal at $3.50 per bbl.

Just imported from West Indies—10 puncheons Molasses—retail price 40 cents per Gallon.

A SPECIALITY!

One Bale MANCHESTER PRINTS.

We invite attention to our very large and varied Stock for Spring and Summer Trade

R. R. & Co.

Bridgetown, N. S., April, 26th, 1881.

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Summer Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

MON., 6th DAY JUNE, 1881.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express, Daily.	Pass. & Freight Mon., Wed and Friday only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Halifax—leave.....	7 45	8 52	3 00
14	Windsor Junc—leave	8 22	10 13	3 50
			P. M.	6 15
46	Windsor.....	9 40	12 30	6 37
53	Hantsport.....	10 00	12 54	7 05
61	Grand Pre.....	10 22	1 21	
64	Wolfville.....	10 30	1 36	7 17
66	Port Williams.....	10 35	1 44	7 25
71	Kentville—arrive....	10 50	2 00	7 40
	Do—leave	11 05	2 30	
83	Berwick.....	11 36	3 18	
88	Aylesford	11 50	4 06	
		P. M.		
95	Kingston	12 04	4 29	
98	Wilmot	12 12	4 40	
102	Middleton	12 23	4 55	
108	Lawrencetown	12 40	5 17	
111	Paradise	12 48	5 28	
116	Bridgetown	1 01	4 47	
124	Roundhill	1 20	6 13	
130	Annapolis — arrive..	1 40	6 40	
	St. John by Steamer..	7 30		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Passengers and Freight Daily.	Pass. & Freight Tues., Thurs. and Saturdays only.	Express, Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John—leave.....	.....	.....	8.00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave....	.....	6 30	2 15
6	Round Hill	.....	6 56	2 35
14	Bridgetown	.....	7 22	2 54
19	Paradise	.....	7 42	3 07
22	Lawrencetown	.....	7 55	3 15
28	Middleton	.....	8 20	3 31
32	Wilmot	.....	8 37	3 42
35	Kingston	.....	8 51	3 51
42	Aylesford	.....	9 24	4 06
47	Berwick.....	.....	9 46	4 20
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	10 40	4 50
	Do—leave.....	6 30	11 15	
64	Port Williams	6 50	11 35	5 00
66	Wolfville	6 57	11 45	5 16
69	Grand Pre	7 10	11 57	5 22
77	Hantsport	7 36	12 30	5 30
			P. M.	5 54
84	Windsor.....	8 15	1 15	6 17
116	Windsor Junct.....	10 15	3 40	7 5
130	Halifax—arrive	11 00	4 30	8 10

N. B.—Trains are run on Railway Standard Time—15 minutes added will give Halifax time.

Express Trains run daily.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John at 8 a. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Digby and Annapolis, and leaves Annapolis on arrival of Express Train from Halifax, at 1.40 p. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, for Digby and St. John.

Steamer "Hunter" leaves Annapolis every Monday at 3.30 p. m., for Boston direct, and returns from Boston every Thursday p. m.

Western Counties Railway trains leave Digby every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3.30 p. m., on arrival of Steamer "Empress" from Annapolis, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1.00 p. m., for Yarmouth and Intermediate Stations, and leave Yarmouth at 7.45 a. m., daily, for Digby, connecting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays with Steamer "Empress" for Annapolis and Halifax.

International Steamers leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

St. John & Maine Railway trains leave St. John at 8.15 a. m., and 9.00 p. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Through Tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, General Manager,
Kentville, 1st June, 1881.

Select Literature.

Skeleton Keys.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER II.

(Concluded.)

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 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 labor,' 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 business. 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. Twopence 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 untasted before him, looked dismally at the record. Call it two hundred miles. Call his possible rate of travel on foot three and thirty miles a day. Call it six days' journey. How to live in the meantime. Total funds two and threepence-halfpenny. Fourpence-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 grey 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 stolidly on at it. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, a set, regular, measured swing. He was in splendid training, and the miles went by—miles of streets, miles suburbs, miles of country road, country town and scattered village.

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 clearly impressed upon the paper in a blurred outline, like the beginning of a heel-ball copy of an old brass, was the outline of a small key. He could follow 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 the 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 fight went on till forty miles were finished. Feet raw, with much galling. Honest gray eyes dimmed 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 crumpled 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 talking together, and shared confidence so far as to tell each other nothing that was true. The barrister trotted out his simple *alias* 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 subsided, 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 foredone. For a dweller in 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 retiring 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.

CHAPTER III.

When Tiburce Menseau opened the stolen pocket he found nothing but a tiny Tey and a little scrap of paper folded round it. But the paper bore an inscription:

'My dear Nell—If Walter has been true to you, you will know what to do when you receive this package. The key fits a box. The box will be found in the stab a wall, five bricks from the fire place in the left side, and six bricks from the floor. I mean, of course, the stable of Ashford Warren. If Walter has been true, you can have my blessing from the grave and marry him. I am dead more than a fortnight when you get this. Poverty is a great and true touch stone. You will know your friends by this time. I gave a bill of sale to test Walter.—Your dear Uncle,

'JOHN LAUNCESTON BARCLAY.'

What romance beyond his ken lay here troubled Tiburce Menseau little. He could weave his own romance out of the letter, and it even more than the key itself, was the key to wealth. The possession of this scrap of paper and the key put heart into his scoundrel body, and he walked like a new man. He began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of Ashford Warren. But for a week or two he wandered off on false scents, and being at last set on the right track by a passing drover, he struggled on with his thievish fingers itching all the way to be at the box of which he held the key. John Jones cry of rage at losing the key had such a tone of misery and trouble in it that some men, remembering it might have found its echoes vexing. Tiburce went untroubled on that score.

Inquiries, carefully directed, led him to Ashford Warren. Renewed inquiries, carefully directed, led him to the fact that a Mr. Barclay had died there about a month ago—five weeks maybe—at a lonely house a long way from the village. Other inquiries led him to the house itself. He went by night, with a tallow candle and a box of matches in his pocket. He had walked about the lonely place by day and had ascertained that it was untenanted, but to his dismay had seen no sign of anything that looked like a stable. Now he prowled round the place in the dark, and having tried two doors and found them locked, he pulled out from his pocket his little rusted bundle of skeleton keys, and stealthily went through the bare and empty rooms. Coming on a third door, hitherto untried, he set his skeleton key to the lock and entered. The air of the room was damp and musty, and there was a scent of old straw in it. He closed the door, lit a match, and looked around He saw a brick floor and bare walls, and a ceiling with rough whitewashed cross-beams. On one wall the remnants of a rack and manager, a rusted chain still trailing in broken bits of rotting straw, and facing these fragments a wide fire place without a grate. High above the door was an unglazed barred window, covered by a shutter which closed from the outside. The thief lit his candle, locked the door, and made a survey. It was easy to see that the wide fireplace had never held a fire, for the whitewash on the bricks within its shaft bore no stain of smoke, but was green and yellow with old rains. Looking up it he could see the sky, almost light in contrast with the darkness of the chimney. The shaft had been left uncompleted, and rose to a height of not more than ten feet from the ground. A bar crossed it near the top, looking thin and spidery against the night sky. One glance showed this way of escape in case of chance discovery. Tiburce was a coward, but he kept his wits about him in spite of the awful beating of his heart. 'Five bricks from the fireplace on the left side, and six bricks from the floor.' There was no mark of removal there. The whitewash was old and soiled, and seemed to have been undisturbed for at least a year or two. To the wooden trough, which had once served as a manger, hung scraps of broken hoopiron, which had bound the rough boards together. With one of these scraps Tiburce went to work, and bit by bit he scratched away the sandy, yielding mortar until the brick was loosened and could be drawn away. To sharp wits like these of Tiburce Mensoan there were signs enough of a former removal when once the scratching had carried him an inch deep. It was evident that the brick had not been built into the wall as it then stood, and his heart beat with a pulsation more and more terrible, as the obstacle yielded, and he peered into the hollow. He had pushed in his hand almost as fearsomely as if he had known of the presence of a rattlesnake there, and his fingers encountered a cold, smooth surface. The Box!

His heart gave one awful leap and almost stopped. The sweat stood on his forehead in great beads. He was faint and giddy with excitement, but recovering himself he began to tear away the bricks surrounding the hollow already made. They came down easily, the sandy mortar having no cohesion in it, and now he gripped the box and held it with trembling hands upon the floor, and with greedy eyes knelt over it, panting and swearing and quaking, like the triumphing, cowardly, hungry, wayworn thief he was. His hand shook so he could hardly hold the key, and he was a full minute, which seemed eternal, in fitting it to the keyhole. It turned, the lid opened beneath his shaky fingers, and he saw a Bank of England note for five pounds spread out straight, and clean, and new. The Bank of England five pound note just fitted the box, and below it lay another, and another, and another, for at least a hundred crisp and wealthy pages. Then came clean, crisp, and new, Bank of England notes for ten, for ten, for ten, until his greedy fingers turned up thirty or forty in a fold, and he was among notes for twenty, for twenty, for twenty, until his greedy fingers clutched another fold, and he was among notes of fifty, fifty, fifty, clean to the bottom of the cash-box. He laid his throbbing forehead against the cold wall, and drew the box to him, and feebly restored the notes and smoothed them down. Mechanically he took up from the floor the scrap of written paper which had enfolded the key, and laying that on the top of the notes he closed and locked the cash-box.

Now Ashford Warren enjoyed the advantage of belonging to a Parish Union, the the centre of which was four miles away. The official centre of the Parish Union was the union workhouse. Two Irish tramps, woefully broken and amazingly hungry, had missed their way, and had got, in the darkness of the early winter night, into the road which led to the deserted house, under the impression that it was the road which led to Ashford Warren.

Tiburce Menseau heard footsteps and listened with his hands on the cash-box, and his heart in his mouth. The steps came nearer, and he blew out his candle and listened again, quaking. Think how the thief and coward shook as the steps drew near! Then came a knock at the door of the house, and fell like the knock of doom on the shaking coward's heart. Could this be John Jones returned? Think how he shook at that fancy?

Messieurs the Irish reapers rapped again, and, finding no response, grew bolder and began to try the doors. Their footsteps came round the house nearer and nearer to the place where Tiburce crouched. Then desperation lent him sudden energy. He buttoned his ragged coat over the cash box, and pushed one end of it between his hungry ribs and the waistband of his tattered trousers, and with stealthy step made for the chimney. Up went his head as a hand was laid upon the door and shook its fastening. He felt about wildly with his hands and feet. The chimney was built with projecting bricks, and he began to ascend. He had only two or three feet to climb before his hand could grasp the bar at the top. Messieurs the tramps were setting their shoulders at the door, and he was half delirious with terror. The space was growing narrower. Could he force himself beyond the bar? At any cooler time he might have hesitated, but now he struggled like a mad man to get past it. The door gave way with a crash; he missed his footing, his hands failed, he dropped with his chin upon the bar, and the back of his head upon a projecting brick; three inches to this side or that he would have fallen clear. In the dead silence that followed the crashing fall of the door the tramps heard a horrible gurgling voice and a hollow sound of struggling, and with a superstitious terror pinching at their souls, they turned with one accord, and fled with the widespread fears of the dumb, dark night about them.

CHAPTER IV.

John Jones, after his second night in a workhouse, walked back along the gloomy road on which he had lost his packet. Day after day, with the stout heart aching, he tramped along, wearily, wearily, and at last reached the little village where he had left his love. She was penniless by this time, beyond a doubt. He had been eight days away. Eight days? It looked like eighty years. He had a week's beard upon his face, and he was caked with mud. He was as forlorn-looking a tramp as one might find in England. It was growing dark as he sat upon a stone fence and looked down at the little village. In the growing darkness a rustic boy of about ten years of age came up hill, making his way to the village.

'Are you going to Ashford?' asked the tramp.

'E's,' said the boy; 'I be.' And he edged away with one defensive elbow raised.

'Don't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you. Do you know Mrs. Norton's cottage?'

'Ees, I do,' said the boy across his elbow resentfully.

'Miss Barclay lives there,' said the tramp. 'Will you go to the house and say that Mr. McKenzie wants to see Miss Barclay at the railway station? Can you remember that?'

'Ees,' said the boy again.

'Mr. McKenzie. Don't forget. At the railway station.'

'Ahl roight,' said the youthful rustic, and clattered away in hob-nailed shoon.

Somewhat doubtful of the delivery of his message, the forlorn young man made his way towards the railway station, and waited in the unlighted lane which led to it. He had not to wait very long. A light and eager footstep came down the lane, and dark as it was he fancied he knew the figure.

'Is that you, Nell?' he asked. 'Walter!' she answered in a startled voice. 'Where are you?'

'Here,' he said; 'don't be frightened. I'm such a spectacle, I didn't want you to see me in the daylight. I've walked from Liverpool.'

'Walked from Liverpool?' she cried.

He told his story, and told it to his own disadvantage with many terms of self-disparagement. She heard it all, and then to his amazement she laughed—a little laugh of honest humor. If she could have seen him she would not have laughed, but she knew nothing of his hunger or his privations. Them he had excluded from his narrative.

'Poor Walter!' she said. 'I wondered why you did not write or come to me. I suppose the packet was about the money. It doesn't matter, for the money is found.'

'Found?'

'Yes. Found Mr. Netherley, the lawyer at Wharton, had a cash box to be given to me three weeks after uncle's death. It was sealed three years ago, and there was a thousand pounds in it, all in new Bank of England notes. Everybody says it was like poor uncle to leave his money in that way. He made no will, it seems, but he had nobody belonging to him in the world but me. We have a thousand pounds, Walter.'

'Was there a key to the cash-box?' he asked.

'No,' she said. 'We broke the wax away, and the blacksmith came and picked the lock.