



AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Itches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

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Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."

W. L. MOORE.

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

MENEELY & COMPANY

WEST TROY, N. Y., BELL.

Agents for the public sale of 1885 Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Cylinders and Alarms.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court, No. 101.

Dame Jessie Mendel, of the City of Montreal, wife of Jacob Silverstone, duly authorized a *curator ad litem* against said Jacob Silverstone, her husband. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause.

T. & C. C. McLORMIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

26-5 Montreal, 27th Jan., 1886.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court, No. 406.

Dame Emeline Jean, of the City of Montreal, wife of Adelard Champoux, innkeeper, of the same place, has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband.

LECLAIR & ALLARD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

26-5 Montreal, Jan. 30, 1885.

conventions of doctors and undertakers are recently held at Erie on the same day.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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There is a glacier in Alaska moving along at the rate of a quarter of a mile a year.

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure

The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. SWAYNE'S OILMENT is a pleasant, sure cure for Itch, Hemorrhoids, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbed Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Box by mail 50 cents; three for \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

1 G

Custom compels an Icelandic in his native island to kiss every woman he meets.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. He is now at a weak point. He desires to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this paper, W. A. NORRIS, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

10-19 c

One of the steers to be exhibited in New Orleans weighs over 4,100 pounds.

EPPE'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. Eppe 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 poisons are floating around us ready 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 & 11th) by grocers, retailers, and druggists. W. A. NORRIS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—Prince Bismarck at the present moment is the object of the concentrated attention of diplomatic Europe. His conduct toward England is more and more aggressive. His contempt for the present English Ministry is manifest; and he is apparently doing his best to provoke that country to throw down the gauntlet to him. Germany cannot alone fight England. As Frederick III. said, any more than a dog could fight a shark, but Germany, undoubtedly has Russia as ally, and with France isolated and kept neutral by permission to seize a portion of Egypt, would prove an ugly opponent. Russia at the present moment is ready for an advance on Herat and Kabul, in Asia, and could, at the same time, make decent on the Bosphorus in Europe, both of which operations would leave her free for operations in the North sea. "It must be borne in mind," remarked an old diplomat with whom your correspondent was discussing the situation at the Grand Cercle, "that Germany and Russia are the sole co-plaintiffs in the Cairo-Caïse action, and that they will be able to get a joint *oasis belli* out of that, which it is not to the credit of England to deny. Prince Bismarck is ambitious. He is masterful in the cabinet, but his dream cannot be fulfilled without spoiling the British nation. India for Russia, Egypt for France, and South Africa for Germany is the ultimatum of the Chancellor's policy."

THE PENITENTIARY WARDENSHIP.

KINGSTON, Feb. 3.—Dr. Lavell, surgeon in the penitentiary, has received a despatch from Ottawa asking him if he would accept the wardenship, and he has replied in the affirmative. Dr. Lavell was born at Quebec. He came to Kingston an orphan child, afterwards went to Toronto and acted as clerk in the Guardian office and Wesleyan book-room, where he looked after his education and began the study of medicine. He went to Philadelphia and graduated, returning to Toronto, and after taking out a license began practice in Peterboro', coming to Kingston in 1853. He has been a professor in the medical school since 1850, was president of the medical council, and is now the oldest member of that institution. In 1872 he was appointed surgeon of the penitentiary. His appointment, although a surprise, is considered wise one, as Dr. Lavell is thoroughly acquainted with the duties of warden. It is thought Dr. Strange will succeed him as surgeon.

To the aged and infirm, the nourishing and invigorating properties of Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion give renewed strength and buoyancy of spirits. Always ask for ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION, and be sure you get it.

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

Nearly 800 murders are committed annually in the United States.

Neglected Colds, Pain in the Chest, and all diseases of the Lungs, are cured by using Allen's Lung Balm.—See adv.

Connecticut boasts of a woman who wears a No. 9 shoe.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children.

Young ladies on the eve of marriage in some regions now give "spinster dinners," to which only female friends are invited.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble.

No one is ever killed by lightning when asleep in bed, according to the assertion of an English electrician.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Down's Elixir: "Why, my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." It is always guaranteed to cure or money refunded.

Every mother should have Arnica & Oil Liniment always in the house in case of accident from burns, scalds or bruises.

Costiveness can be permanently cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

A mine of magnetic ore has been found in Fresno County, California; also a spring near it that cures the itch.

Decline of man or woman, prematurely induced by excesses or bad practices, speedily and radically cured. Book (illustrated) three (3ct.) stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Adrian Hill, the poet and inventor, has offered to walk to the north pole and back for a purse of \$5,000.

"Maryland, My Maryland."

"Pretty Wives,"

"My farm lies in a rather low and miserable situation, and

"My wife"

"Was a very pretty blonde"

"Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow"

"Hollow-eyed"

"Withered and aged"

"Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness."

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had

"Lost"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown day. Well the story is so true, my wife to-day, has gained her old-time beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this country, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it."

ILL-WON PEERAGES

—OR—

AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"So be it! I for one bemoan not, nor reek what good may spur a cold-hearted braggart to zeal in patriotic cause. Odds my life! it pleases me to see supine cyphers drummed into action. But come, Hugh, let's be stirring before the dawn."

"Tarry a moment; I've a friend here I would take leave of, and charge with my adieu to another friend whom I left behind at the ball," said Hugh, rising.

"Ay," nodded O'Dwyer, "the priest I saw when I called in quest of you, and who directed me where to find you. Do go wake him up and get his blessing, while I turn my masquerade gear, and assume a new character, even that of a reverend parson intent on tithes and converts."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FLOT DEVELOPS—PIKES SOUND ON ROBERT BYRNE'S DEMISE.

Meantime, while convulsions shake the land, and Demosthenic eloquence thunders in the senate, and bewildering pageants grace the fair metropolis of the Isle, apart from each busy scene of political strife, war's alarm, and pleasure's festive-hall, dwelt in the peaceful retirement and elegant seclusion of his mansion of Clara Hill, sheltered amid sylvan bowers on plains of Arcadian beauty, the noble lord of all, happy in the love of a cherished wife, of a limited but devoted circle of chosen friends, simple, dignified, unostentatious, amiable, a department, unimpeachable in character, studiously interfering with none, and guardedly prudent in the expression of his sentiments, Robert Byrne of Calinty, surrounded, as he moreover was, by a phalanx of connexions of the ascendancy principles, whose interest in the State was by no means insignificant, might well be supposed to enjoy immunity from those vicissitudes that harassed less favored individuals, and to stand far beyond the reach or the thought of those traffickers in blood and spoil, the infamous bastard progeny of bastard aliens of foreign race, that now overran and deluged the land. Not so; the eye of cupidity, as we have seen in preceding page, looked upon the fair heritage of the Catholic gentleman, saw it was good, and covetous bosoms forthwith concocted subtle schemes, and fertile brains soon devised engines and machinery to enable rapacious hands to rend away to their own possession the ancient property of an inoffensive neighbor. All unconscious of the impending ruin looming near, Robert Byrne, just coming from a severe and protracted fit of gout, which had confined him some weeks to his chamber, was lounging, wrapped in a morning-gown and slippers, in a cushioned chair before a fire in his study, with a small table, upon which stood a writing-desk, with paper, &c., beside him. Near him, with his back to the fire, and the skirts of his coat tucked under his arm, was a tall, slight, muscular man, in the uniform of an English officer, whose features, finely chiseled, and aristocratic, yet hard and stern, wore a shade of deep gloom. Between the two, but nearer to the window, apparently gazing abstractedly upon five or six children, including her own, playing upon the lawn, Madame Byrne lingered awhile, sadly musing. Presently her husband's voice, again speaking in subdued tone, broke her reverie, and riveted her sharp eyes upon his less perturbed countenance.

"Protest, Gregory, I feel like a man in a dream," said Mr. Byrne, addressing his cousin, Captain Byrne, of Broadfield, in Bray. "To think of such an audacious charge brought against me—and worse—that I could have a enemy capable of such villainy. What have I done to provoke the wrath of any man to such a pitch?"

"However, that's not the point; and it won't do to dream or speculate over it, Bob; you must be stirring, and take active measures to counteract a most nefarious scheme, upon whose issue is staked your property, reputation, liberty, nay, it may be your very life," returned his kinsman, with vehemence. "I take in the whole thing at a glance: obscure starvelings, emulous of notice and greedy of plunder—Sirr, Swan, Reynolds, Sandys, and others—having failed to extort from the people about evidence against you, have taken upon themselves to manufacture a web whose flimsy fabric, determined energy and prompt measures on your part may flatter to rage; but you must be alert."

"I can do nothing till I see Day, for whom I have sent to talk over with him and hear what he says," returned Robert Byrne.

"Here he comes, Robert, and two or three other gentlemen—me, I think, Hussey Burgh, and—yes, Hussey Burgh, after him, riding up the avenue," exclaimed his wife, with heightened color, seating herself upon a chair, from which she rose again as Judge Day, who was on foot, entered, followed by Hussey Burgh and two other personages, who were strangers to her, one an elderly man of pleasing aspect, the other a vulgar, red-faced, pug-nosed, withal jovial-looking man, who carried pencil and paper in his hand, and stared about in a hard business-like kind of manner, that might be only likened to an auctioneer taking an inventory.

"Well, Bob, what's in the wind?" brusquely cried Judge Day, after the usual ceremony of greeting had been carried out among all parties, seating himself opposite his friend and wiping his face with a silk handkerchief, while Hussey Burgh, and the gentleman with him, took up positions indicated by the lady of the mansion, and with eyes indifferent to all else, and replete with anxious interest in his reply, centred upon Robert Byrne, who did not keep them long in suspense, saying, as he nervously pulled the fire:

"I take it you've all heard the news—it spread like wildfire—about the pikes?"

"Yes," said Judge Day, sagaciously shaking his head: "bad business. When were they found?"

"This morning the servants brought word that a lot of fellows, scaling the demesne wall after midnight, ripped up the ground near the brook and got them."

"Well, Bob," returned the judge, slowly taking a pinch of snuff; "this is awkward; you're in a quandary, and no mistake. Now will you prove your innocence?"

"My well-known loyalty, I should think, will be my best defence," coldly responded the other.

"Not with parties interested for private motives or ends in believing you guilty, Mr. Byrne," said Hussey Burgh, with significant glance; "you must demand open trial, and employ first counsel in the case."

"Just so," returned Judge Day. "Why didn't you affix your name to the loyal address presented by the Lords Ringal, South-

well, Gormanstown, Kenmare, and others to the king? The omission, you see, has placed you under ban; or why not have had your name enrolled in some of the militia corps? Better do it at once. But, upon my veracity, I don't see how we can help you in this strait."

"But I do, Mr. Judge, asking your pardon," cried the red-visaged personage, bluntly, delivering himself with a broad brigue. "I am Hussey Burgh, and I am a friend of yours. I've come down here with him to offer my services to get you out of a hornet's nest, and to save the fine old estate from being made pasture land for swine. Now you comprehend what I mean when I speak in parable."

Robert Byrne's heart swelled with grateful emotion, yet his eyes looked more thanks to each friend than his lips expressed. The second stranger meanwhile said:

"I also take this opportunity, sir, to introduce myself as Don Antonio McMahon de San Luis, and in prior requital of a gallant kinsman of yours having saved my life and entertained me hospitably in his house, to make you an offer of any service in my power to render."

Robert bowed. "You allude to my relative, Miles O'Byrne?"

Don Antonio made the gesture of assent, and Judge Day resumed:

"Where are Miles and Hugh at present?"

"I know nothing of them," said Robert. "I have no reason to mistrust their loyalty; yet I did not like their friendly intimacy with Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I feared that soon or late their principles might not be proof against seduction, so alienated myself in great measure from them; they took umbrage at my wary caution, and so we severed."

"But," rejoined Hussey Burgh, "I am cognizant of the fact of which I now admonish you, sir. It has been reported at the Castle that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been received and entertained by you at Clara Hill."

"Lord Edward," returned Robert Byrne, with the distressed and irrefutable aspect of a man lost in a labyrinth, and groping his way through paths entangled by quagmires or infested by snakes, "twice visited me here. Upon one occasion that he called Lord Talbot de Malahide dined with me. I invited his lordship on that occasion to join us, which he did. Again he called and lunched, or dined, I forget which, with some friend of his; but I never went to Frescati, or returned his visits, so determined was I to keep beyond the sphere of his influence."

Here stepped forward Captain Gregory Byrne, who had up to this listened with silent indignation to the cold, spiritless defence put forward by his pusillanimous kinsman, who, in the nervous dread of compromising himself or others, restricted himself to mere negative rebutting charges against him, and justifying himself by feeble admissions, and explanatory derogatory excuses of his abject charter of freedom of action in all legitimate matters. Haughtily drawing up his tall figure, and sternly envisaging Hussey Burgh, Captain Byrne, spoke, sharp, decisive, and free from the smallest tendency to tremor or hesitation. "My kinsman, Mr. Byrne," he commenced, apologetically, "has been lately suffering from severe illness, hence the prostration of strength of mind and body that impedes his grappling with this business in the manner it requires. Now, sir, assuming my relative's permission, I shall take upon me to carry the war into the enemies' camp, and put them upon their own defence."

Hussey Burgh and his friends smiled approvingly.

Captain Byrne proceeded with the imperious, methodical air of a man aware of his ground, and inflexibly bent upon worsting his opponents and carrying his point: "Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the unfortunate ringleader of a deluded party of would-be patriots, naturally desirous to augment his band with reinforcements to the popular cause, and partially judging from reminiscences of our family's old prestige, that not vainly should he appeal to the holding the position of representative of a race ever inimical to oppression and tyranny, boldly came undisguised in the open light of day, announced his purpose, and besought us, in the name of our bleeding country, to league with him and all true men, for its rescue from worse than helot bondage."

Need I recapitulate his arguments and his failure to engage us in his wild enterprise. He withdrew increased, and perhaps excusably amending the decay of heroic spirit in modern times. But, sir, in the train of Lord Edward came also others—men in outward semblance, fair-faced, smooth-tongued—jackals in lions' coats, emissaries of Government in patriot guise, ghouls, vampires in human form, ambushing to snare, intriguing to entice the victims whose blood should furnish the banquet upon which they gloated in prospect. Did they bear, you may ask me, the patronymics of men? Yes. Having unloosed themselves, not even within the power of despotism, law, or shamed patron, to invest them in the rag that may conceal the naked deformity of the monsters—Armstrong, Reynolds, Magan, and Higgins—as they stand before the public gaze. These traitors, Castle-deputed or self-commissioned, came hither in the train as I said, of Lord Edward, their princely patron, their miserable dupe. Like him they assailed us with potent arguments for rebellion, each having in view a different end—he, the battleside, victory, or glorious death; they, the criminal's dock, the hangman's noose, dishonor and spoliation. Well may you believe that when the Geraldine, unsuccessful, proudly withdrew, these staunch to his profit and speculation, remained, and bringing to bear every weapon—flattery, entreaty, lofty enthusiasm, plausible argument, highbrow rhetoric, ridicule, sarcasm, badinage, jibe, jeer, taunt—to stimulate our zeal, they sought to trepan us to our ruin. What more? Failing to bend our invincible mind, cased in armor of wisdom, to their insidious aim, what more remained but to fabricate, plot and intrigue, and the way they prey they could not bait or blindfold? And here I admonish you, gentlemen, that all who lead themselves by conscience, silence, apathy, indifference or otherwise, though not overtly, perhaps, amenable to stigma, are nevertheless accessory to, and passive accomplices in the project of these plunderers."

"None here," said Hussey Burgh, "I ain believe, are minded to incur such obloquy."

"No, faith! that's not what brought us here," humorously cried the celebrity of the bar known to fame by the sobriquet of Bully Egan, looking well pleased at the signs and tokens of creature comfort exhibited by the stout butler, in answer to the bell rung by the lady of the house, bearing in a huge tray of decanters and glasses and preparing to lay the table for luncheon.

"Why, look you here, Byrne, it's a conspiracy to rob you. But don't be downhearted, friend. I think, with my forensic science, you may call me a con if we don't raise a tally-ho, and hunt the villains with such a pack that, if they don't make good, Pluto will have them."

"Just so," returned Judge Day. "Why didn't you affix your name to the loyal address presented by the Lords Ringal, South-

well, Gormanstown, Kenmare, and others to the king? The omission, you see, has placed you under ban; or why not have had your name enrolled in some of the militia corps? Better do it at once. But, upon my veracity, I don't see how we can help you in this strait."

"There are two of them at this moment; I believe, keeping guard upon the house, that we may not vanish with the smoke up the chimney, or elude them by any sleight-of-hand or necromantic spell," said Robert Byrne, somewhat reassured, and drawing freer breath, as smiling he contemplated the sturdy, self-reliant visage of the lawyer.

"Fetch them before me. Let's hear their evidence," calmly returned Judge Day.

"By'r leave, judge, one at a time. Don't infringe upon my jurisdiction, I pray you," excellently rejoined Egan, making sign to the butler to send in one of the men, who soon after, shuffling, snivelling, and quailing before the inquisitorial eyes fixed upon him, appeared on the threshold.

"Come forward, my fine fellow, and let us bask a moment in the light of your volcanic countenance, and hear with ravished ears the dulcet tones of your molli-fusious voice," cried the lawyer, facing round to get a good view of his object, who, combining the bravo and the coward in wavering balance, sneaked on a few paces, and paused irresolute. "So, what's your name, deponent?" queried the investigator, pencil and paper in hand.

"Billy Cody, yer honour," snuffled the fellow, wiping his nose with the cuff of his coat, and looking round askance at all.

"That's a nice name," grinned Egan. "Looks well on paper. Your sponsors were people of taste. I daresay you own a pedigree? Could you favor us with an account of your grandfather?"

"I dunno, yer honour. I heard as how my grandfather's father kem to Ireland wid Cromwell in the old times."

"Indeed! and let your father and blot of interesting orphans keepsakes in it after him. What a servile fellow! So then you are of noble English race, and despite all connection with the mere Irish, whom you would gladly help to exterminate for your own good and the good of the country. Well, let's see if we can help you; for, though I'm of the mere Irish myself, some of us have not hesitated to court favor by imitating our own flesh and blood."

Who found the pikes on this rebel's ground, Billy?—Lucky dog, egad!"

"Myself, an' Stubby, an' Hobson, an' a lot of us," grinned the informant.

"Good! How did you know they were there?"

Cody, somewhat posed, hesitated, then made answer: "Jem Pollock told the Major, an' he sent Jinks an' the rest of us to search, an' so we got 'em."

"Dear me! How many were there; did you count them? What a lynx-eye Jimmy has—count fifty silver spoons in the mouth;—such an eye!"

"Yis, yer honour, we reckoned two hundred."

"Lord save us! Were they old or new ones? Wish I had your luck!"

"Spick an' span now from the forge, yer honour."

"Think of that! Had no rust or blood upon them? Never were in use before?"

"Not a sign, yer honour."

"Just tell me this—was the earth fresh or green over them? Pity we haven't Norbury down!"

"As green as a leek, yer honour."

"Humph! so they must have been buried some weeks. I wonder they weren't rusted. That will do, beauty; you may go for the present. Conduct him, John, and let's have the other 'top; but take care they don't speak."

"Never fear, sir," responded the butler, tugging away with scowling brow the obnoxious informant, and soon returning with a yet more ill-favored specimen of the *genus homo*, and ushering him into the presence.

Egan, after surveying this witness for a few moments, tackled him in a new style: "Tom Stubby, is that your name, friend?"

"No, sir; Dick Shaw," responded a drawing voice, while two furtive eyes peered from deep sockets at the questioner.

"I'm glad of it," returned Shaw, Equire, "will sound so much better than Tom Stubby. Did you hear that, Jimmy O'Brien is to be knighted, and be subsidized with a handsome salary for his last job? Lucky fellow! What fine treasure-trove these pikes are! Egad, I think I'll take up the trade. Pays better than defending culprits. One haul makes a fellow's fortune; but sometimes mars it, too, as these treacherous gentlemen may find to their cost, when they walk out of their estate, and loyal, honest folk like you, Bill Cody, Sirr, Swan, Reynolds, and others of the true blue walk into it. Pray tell me, friend, how many pikes had the rebel stowed away?—Nice rods in pickle for us and the Government. Just caught in the nick of time."

"Why, sir, there was a cartload of 'em. We couldn't count the lots," frankly returned the informant, beguiled by the confidential manner of the lawyer; and, in the belief that he was a Government agent for the prosecution, also dazzled as well by the specious innuendoes of guerdon, he did not look upon either fallacious or incongruous with the merits of State straps.

Egan proceeded: "In what condition were the weapons—old or new? Blood-stained, of course?"

"Mixed of all sorts, sir. Some brand-new ones, an' some old rusty ones, an' some had bloodmarks on 'em."

"How did you know the exact spot where to find them?"

"Bekaze, sir, the earth was fresh over where they were buried."

The lawyer paused a moment, as if in perplexity, then said in a doleful whisper: "But do you know, Dick, for all our cleverness, I fear 'twill go against us on the trial. One of the fellows that Higgins procured to bury the pikes has staggered, and unless we can choke or gag him the whole thing will fall to the ground, and we have our labour for our pains."

"But yer goin' to pay us the ten pounds anyway; I'm not goin' to be done out of it; an' I let out nothin' ye can take a houl' of it."

"Yes, yes, all fair in the way of trade," made swift response the jovial lawyer, smacking his lips again after a glass of Madeira. "Genuine vintage that; I'll score it off with you, my honest friend, when the fruit ripens, and I fetch home the price from market. You understand what I mean?—when the fees come for my having lent my service to transport a kishful of rogues next session to Botany Bay. That will do. Go; you have my word, which is good as my bond; and pray for me, that's a good fellow, I knew you would—ha! ha! ha!"

Fulminating maledictions, hearty earnest, upon himself, the company, and the world in general, and upon the tantalizing man of law in particular, and consigning all indiscriminately to the bottomless pit, the baffled informant withdrew, while in focused mirth the relieved party addressed themselves to recruit their spirits at the hospitable board, seasoned with pleasant converse. Judge Day, who had been peremptorily arrested and detained for luncheon by Robert Byrne, while the butler had been despatched with a message for his carriage, seated himself beside the lawyer, who, turning towards him the full moon of his visage, glowing refulgent with wine and satisfaction, politely addressed him:

"Now, sir, what d'ye think? Didn't I wheedle them?"

Everyone laughed. The judge, solemnly helping himself to some lobster salad, bowed acquiescence.

Hussey Burgh spoke out: "Why, so accustomed were we to know you by another sobriquet