

Out of the Workhouse

"You would, my wench, if so be you could. I know that, but a slip of a thing like this can't look to earn much. But it's a comfort, anyway, as you don't forget me. I'll not forget thee, child, when I speak to the Lord and ask for justice."

There was silence between them. What was there to talk about? Bell was too depressed by the dreary surroundings of the place to tell him the small gossip of the little town, and he had nothing to bring out of the profound gloom of his mind, which was full of vague but strong resentment towards all creation. Yet he liked to have her near him, as much as he was capable of liking anything. The touch of her gentle hand on his knee, the kindness of the soft brown eyes upturned to him—if these had been part of his life, he would have longed more than ever to die. When she was gone, he sat and thought of her till bed-time, fondly, if dimly, recalling the days of her childhood and those of his own girlhood. He had known then what it was to be proud, pleased, hopeful. Now each dull hour ticked itself into eternity unlighted by anything brighter than the faint satisfaction which a warm meal, a pipe, or the weekly visit of Bell could give.

Mrs. Mathew Lucas was superintending the cutting up of a fine porker the following afternoon in her back yard, when her youngest boy abruptly appeared with the announcement: "Mammy, there's a gentleman in the parlor askin' for dad. I telled him he was gone to market, and he says you're to come."

"Me?" in shrill protest. "Me see a gentleman in my apron all messed with the pig! Go and tell him to call again when dad's in. I reckon I'll be out there in a blessed rates. Be off now and tell him, Willy."

Willy, however, returned. "He won't keep you a minute; but he can't wait. It's summat important."

Mrs. Lucas impatiently threw off her dirty apron, plunged her hands in water, and, with a frown not infrequent on her hard face, confronted a person—evidently not a collector of rates and taxes—whose imposing appearance made her instantly assume a more respectful air.

"And what might you be pleased to want, sir?" she said. The stranger was a middle-aged, well-dressed, clever-looking man, evidently not of Ebrington.

"I haven't any business with you or with your husband exactly," he said in courteous but decisive tones. "My business concerns chiefly, if not entirely, your husband's father, if I am right in supposing Mr. Peter Lucas of Ebrington to be that."

"Yes, sir," the woman answered somewhat frostily. Her father-in-law was a sore subject with her. "Mr. Peter Lucas," she added, with sarcastic emphasis, "is in the Union over yonder, sir."

"Dear me! In the Union! That's strange—very strange!"

A peculiar smile broadened his lips. Mrs. Lucas stared inquiringly at him. "And what sort of business, sir, if I may make bold to ask, may you have with my husband's father?"

"Oh, certainly you may ask, Mrs. Lucas; there's no reason why you shouldn't know. My name is Wilbraham. I am a solicitor from London; and I have a piece of news for your father-in-law—a very agreeable piece of news."

Mrs. Lucas breathed faster; a dull flush came into her pale cheeks. "Your father-in-law had a brother, as probably you know, who went to America in '38, and I believe, was lost sight of. He has lately died, unmarried and childless, possessed of a large fortune, which comes to his brother, your father-in-law, as agent of mine, and communicated with me. I was directed to Mr. Mathew Lucas for information about his father, to whom I am now on my way."

"A large fortune! A large fortune!" The woman repeated the words mechanically. "Lord save us—a large fortune!"

She could have screamed out the agonizing thought which ran through her heart like a knife-thrust. Matthew's father was Matthew's enemy! Oh, why had they not known that, that might have treated the old man differently, and have kept some place in the cold—kin, but not kind—shut out in their poverty while the old man rose to riches; for well she knew he would never forgive, never forget. Her sordid, self-sufficient soul knew not the meaning of repentance; but remorse, none the less bitter for being vain, stung her as she realized the position of affairs. She faltered out a question.

"Will he be really well-to-do, sir, after all?"

Mr. Wilbraham smiled again. "Rather more than well-to-do; he will be rich."

"Rich, rich!—and him in the workhouse now!"

"Yes. How comes he to be in the workhouse?"

She was at once loud and voluble in her defense; but the shrewd lawyer cut her short.

"It was a pity you couldn't manage to keep him out; it would have been better. Has he any other relations who have this fortune?"

"Only a bit of a girl, sir, his daughter's child, an orphan—Bell Robertson by name."

"May I ask if you're on friendly terms with the old gentleman?"

The dull flush again, and, after some hesitation, the sullen answer: "Well, no, sir, not exactly friendly terms."

"Ah! then I think I'd better go on to the house you speak of, and see Mr. Lucas myself. Is he an old man?"

"About 73."

"And in good health?"

"Not over and above."

"Ah!" the lawyer nodded and turned to the door. He was stopped by the words, nervously yet definitely spoken: "If the old man were to die, sir, I suppose it's us 'ud come in for the money?"

"Yes, yes, of course; the next of kin; provided he made no will. Good-morning!" And he walked quickly away. The woman stood as if petrified; she repeated over and over to herself those last words, "provided he made no will." Slowly she realized the situation; her mind moved heavily, but she was not a fool. If old Peter Lucas died without a will, Matthew would have this fortune—this large fortune. A lawyer doesn't speak lightly; if he called it large, it must be very large. They would be rich beyond their wildest dreams, and without any trouble; rich like the squire, or Mr. Hill, the retired manufacturer at the Fuzes. But if these lawyers got hold of him, they would never rest till he had made a will; besides, himself would be only too eager for revenge; they would be less than their poverty. But as it seemed in contrast, and that ill—that silly pale-faced Bell—would have magic gold! The thought was too bit—the woman sat down and burst into tears, as if racked with physical pain.

Her husband came home from the workhouse with an extra glass or two

of drink, she told him in harsh, jerky sentences what had happened. He sat and stared at her, dazed, stupefied, confounded. His first thought was the same as his own: "It'll do us no good, Martha. We'll never get a penny by it now."

"No," she said bitterly. "If only we'd a know'd! It'll be all Bell with him now! But if—if he dies afore he's made a will, Mat—"

"Ah! But he won't; you'll see. He'll never be friends again, after what's happened."

"Never. But there's just that chance, Mat—well," she whispered hoarsely, "this lawyer man 'ud be on our side if 'twas worth his while—he might put off the will. I reckon you'd best see 'un, Mat."

Peter Lucas was sitting, as usual, on his bench not far from the fire, half-asleep, when the master entered with his brisk, official air.

"Here, Lucas," said he—and there was something strangely bland about his voice—"just step into my office a minute. There's a gentleman wants to see you on business."

The other old men mechanically turned their heads and stared like so many sheep, first at the master, then at old Lucas, who stared too, with hardly a dawning of surprise on his worn face.

"A gentleman—for to see me?"

"Yes, to see you. Important business. Hurry up, old gentleman. Shall I give you a hoot?"

Affably smiling, the master actually offered his arm to the old pauper! What on earth was coming next? The old men snifled indignantly at the partiality of fortune, though their imaginations, whittled down to the level of the "House," did not rise to any idea more brilliant than a distinguished visitor. Lucas followed the master in silence. That great potentate ushered him blandly into the presence of a dignified yet to him so familiar a stranger—Mr. Wilbraham, in sort—and of the shabbily dressed but genial chaplain, whom Lucas liked as well as he could like anyone connected with those hated walls. It was no surprise to him to feel his hand clasped by Mr. St. John, to whom social distinctions were of small account; but when the stranger nodded to him and called him Mr. Lucas, the old man stared blankly as in a dream.

(To be Continued.)

he wrote in a handwriting clerical. She looked at him with an expression of surprise. But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

But she knew Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to be the very best remedy for a fallow and unhealthy complexion. It brightens the skin by acting on the liver and removing all the bilious or scrofulous poison from the blood. Sore cure, also, for consumption in its early stages.

A clergyman having had his boots cleaned, paid the boy, with a considerable degree of haughtiness. When the gentleman had got a little way, the rude little boy shouted out: "Hi, there all the polish you've got is on your boots, and I gave it ye."

The Best Tonic. Milburn's Quinine Wine is the best tonic for weakness, debility and lack of strength. It is an appetizing tonic of the highest merit.

The late Bishop plague was one day taken to church by a lady to hear a preacher, whom she adored. "Oh! what a saint in the pulpit!" she said as they came out of church. "But, oh! what a martyr in the pew!" replied the bishop.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrector, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, carache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

A little girl in a Sunday-school, in answer to the teacher's question, "what is bearing false witness against your neighbor?" said, "It is when nobody did anything, and somebody went and told it."

In Every Case. In every case of dyspepsia, where it has been tried, Burdock Blood Bitters has performed complete cures. Dr. B. B. cures where other remedies fail.

Carelessness is as bad as selfishness for the owner, and a good deal worse for the other fellow.

Rapid growth of finger nails is considered to indicate good health.

An Old Nurse for Children. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S CHILDS TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAINS; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

American cents of 1737 bore the motto "Mind Your Own Business."

Granite is the bed rock of the world, being the lowest on the earth's crust.

Important to Workmen. Artisans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful colds, stiff joints and lameness. To these various troubles we would recommend our yard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure, for outward and internal use.

Anent Mr. Corbett's baseball prospects, it may be said that Mr. Mitchell is already on the home run.

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN,—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my cure was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with, and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

Two elephants recently died while being taken across the English Channel. A giraffe with a sore throat is a joyous creature compared with an elephant suffering from mal-de-mer.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

MUSTN'T MARRY A MINOR.

A Widow of 48 Wans to Wed a Boy She Has Ruled.

VALPARAISO, Ind., Feb. 11.—County Clerk O'Neil received a call yesterday from a widow aged 48 and a boy aged 18. He supposed she wanted to be appointed the lad's guardian. They wished instead a marriage license, which was refused, because the minor had not his parents' consent. His mother lives in Chicago and his father is in an Illinois asylum. The widow has raised the boy from the age of 3 years. They disconsolately said they would wait until the boy was of age. She might be appointed his guardian, and then give her consent to his marriage.

ANNIE PIXLEY'S PROPERTY.

Robert Fulford Appears to be in Possession of Most of It.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Legal steps have been begun to compel Robert Fulford, husband of the late Annie Pixley, to explain what has become of the property of the actress and how he became possessed of property that was always thought to have belonged to her. Col. Robert J. Haire, of 245 Broadway, counsel for Miss Pixley's mother and other relatives, has just returned from Philadelphia, where he made a careful examination into the affairs of the dead actress' estate. Col. Haire's investigation developed the fact that no property or mortgages whatever are registered in Philadelphia in the name of Annie Fulford, but that sixteen mortgages aggregating \$98,500 are recorded in the name of Robert Fulford. One of these mortgages, \$65,000 in amount, on the Park Theater, of Philadelphia, which all of Miss Pixley's friends have hitherto thought was held by her, was found recorded in the name of Robert Fulford. Col. Haire filed in the courts what is known as a bill of discovery. Further Col. Haire began legal proceedings to prevent the payment to Fulford of interest on certain mortgages registered in the recorder of deeds' office in Philadelphia in his name.

A MILWAUKEE PORTIA.

Only Twenty-five and Practices Before the United States Supreme Court.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 11.—Miss Kate H. Pier, of Milwaukee, who has just been admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court, comes from a family of lawyers. Her father, her mother and her two sisters are attorneys, and good ones, too. Miss Pier's mother, Kate Pier, is the only woman court commissioner in the United States, and the bill making her appointment possible was lobbied through the legislature by the young woman who now has the right to appear before the highest tribunal in the land. Miss Pier graduated from the law department of the University of Wisconsin in 1887. She is 25 years of age, tall and handsome, a decided brunette. Miss Pier was born in Fond du Lac, Wis., and graduated from the high school in that city. In 1886 Miss Pier and her mother entered the university law department and by hard work were both enabled to finish in a year. For almost a year Miss Pier held a position in the legal department of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, after which she opened a law office with her mother. Miss Pier is a familiar figure in the courts of Milwaukee, and she often appears before the Supreme Court at Madison. Harriet, aged 24 years, and Carrie, aged 22 years, are Miss Pier's sisters, and are both apt disciples of Blackstone. Col. C. K. Pier, an old practitioner, is at the head of this interesting family.

The Spring Medicine. "All run down" from the weakening effects of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier to get you back to normal. Put off taking it. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now to expel disease and give you strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

We are clearing out balance of fancy rockers regardless of cost, and are giving a life-size India ink portrait free to all cash purchasers of \$10. Come and get one at KEENE BROS., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

New Secret Remedy Absolutely Unknown to the profession. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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H. W. BURNETT, Manager Piano Department.

EYES, the great disinfectant.

USE IT FOR DIPHTHERIA, FEVERS AND LA GRIPPE.

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SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR THE CALVERT LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY OF DETROIT.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED Dec. 18, 1893.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express (A).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Wabash Express (A).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Day Express (A).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Wabash Express (A) (D).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Mixed (C).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Eric Limited (A).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
West End Mixed (A).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Wabash Express (A).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Day Express (A).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Wabash Express (A) (D).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Mixed (C).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Eric Limited (A).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lehigh Express (B).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Mixed.....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.
Eric Limited (B).....	8:15 a.m.	8:20 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (B).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Lehigh Express (B).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Eric Limited (B).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Pacific Express (B).....	8:55 a.m.	9:00 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.