## WINNIE WALTON'S FORTUNE

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OR

## THE JACKBOOT LEGACY

A STORY OF OLD DUBLIN

truth is stranger than sction, cannot be better illustrated than by the following story, which we happened to light on among the papers of an old staff officer, who died not far from Bublin a few years ago, and who was descended from the hero and heroine of the tale. Changing a few names only, we shall proceed to relate the story just as to is stold in s those papers, without altering a sin-

gle incident. In a certain ancient street, not far sfrom old St. Patrick's Cathedral, a there dwelt in the commencement of - Queen Anne's reign as old man, namand Sam Grimes. It was no figure of - Weseech to call Sam ald, for at the setime our story commences, he had · just attained his ninety-eighth year. And yet, to an indifferent observer, he did not appear like one about to Aura his century, for he was still tiale and vigorous, and was endowed with that continual and jovial flow of spirits, that tends, more than rude licalth, to make a man look youth (u), even when he has progressed far teyond the stage generally alloted to us us the final one on life's journey. Keeping Sam's age in memory, it will be seen what a number of wild and stirring events he had witnessed wince the day he first opened his eyes supon the world's stage events which, from the happy temperament aforosaid, be had ever looked upon as things to be laughed at, and profited dry, rather than as matters of fear and sorrow. The Puritan Parliament avan victorious, and King. Charles' end fell upon the bloody scaffold. That did Sam care? Ourtainly, he was a trooper in one of Cromwell's .egiments, but beyond the actual fact -of:giving the "malignante" a thrashfor the mere fun or profit of the along, he was not a whit concerned. (Komwell died, and the "Merry Monanth" was brought home, to stultify 4.4th and low, rich and poor-his own

ways self among the number; but will. Sam Grimes, although no longnerra trooper, was as jovial as even Aformer the Second, and William and Mary, came and pessed away, but it were still the same with Sam Grimes. QAmd why? Simply because he was the Most and owner of "The Jolly Drumwmer." a tavern of renown in the with, and one which was frequented send patronized by all kinds of cavalnone, muss, dandles, spongers, ruf--Manue mamblers, and so on, to the end rotithe estalogue.

"Man Grimes was rich, for, besides treing the host of "The Jolly Drummer." he was also the owner of exst\_neive wine cellars in the neighbor-Lord. For many years he had been a A ldower. His only son, Abel, 6with rahem long before he had had some Missagreement, was living in Engclass, and there carrying on a thriv Ang husiness as a wine merchant. Of Whin the peighbors were not aware at the period of our story; so they W.sught old Sam's pessessions and tue wadoubted fortune he had made a self eventually fall to the lot of .1 inited Walton, the old man's grand ations, who was living with him at lim time. But old Sam, in his secret 's cart, thought more kindly of the abrout Abel, and determined at his whath to leave "The Jolly Drumsame and the wine collars to him, intracking, of course, at the same time mot to allow young Maifred to re-"and unportioned.

Windred Walton was the pink of Shandsome girls. At the period to erstatch we allude she was still in her "teens; and in the populous city of Emalia there was no more handsome Total than hers, no heart merrier or number mulleless, no looks more golden beacht and beautiful, no form more dair, no step more graceful, and no hand whiter and prottler than hers, as, day by day, she assisted old Sam in dealing out the wind goliete and ate tankards to his customers, for in those old times girls of her degree and expectations more not above attending to their business, indusdriously and contentedly. Winifred had specified a good education, and this. in mobjenction with a materally refined fished, gave her a manner, winaffectually shielded her descent mitentions of

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"Handsome Charlie," from the clear and almost effeminate complexion of bis well-cut face, and from the exquisito taste displayed by him dressing a la mode at the time. It was a marvel to those who did not know him intimately how Handsome Charlie contrived to indulge his taste for dress to such a degree, seeing that he had long ago got rid of his ample fortune in the dissipations of town life. But, to the unitiated few, all this was easily accounted for; for the worthy Charlie had means at his disposal by which he seldom failed to recruit his fortu. s. even at their lowest ebb, and many successive broods of poor pigeons-in other words, young country gentlemen-alter undergoing a process of plucking at his hands, had reason to deplore the hour they first entered the secret gambling houses in the Liberties, for, by means of certain nice implements called cards and loaded dice, many a bright guinea was transferred from their pockets to those of Handsome Charlie and his associates. But the sun of fortune cannot always shine upon a gambler, no matter how experienced he may be. For a few months previous to the time of the following incidents, Handsome Charlie had met with a continual run of ill luck, and thus it was that, with his affairs involved still more desperately than ever, he and some of his companions entered the drinking room of "The Jolly Drummer," on a cer-

the gaming-house. 'Come.'' said Handsome Chatlie holding up his pint of mulled claret, "We will for once drink confusion to Dame Fortune!"

tain Saturday night, in order to

drown care in a stoup of wine, and

look out for some stray pigeon whom

they might entice to his plucking in

"Righti" exclaimed his companion Here goes. Confusion to the blind draught.

"Ah!" rejoined another, "she has treated us shabbily. Since the night that Charlie there emptied the pockets of the College buck, in Rainsford street, we have scarcely got a single chancel"

At the mention of the College buck, a tall young man, at the far corner of the room, turned round upon his seat, and cast his bold, roving eyes with a half-defant, half-inquiring gaze upon the speaker and his party. Noticing this, Eandsome Charlie touched the foot of one of his companions under the table, and by slight gesture, directed his gaze upon the stranger in the corner.

"Look!" said Charlle, in a voice half audible to the stranger, "look, Tom Fenton, upon my life, there sits a second edition of the poar pigeon a second edition of the poor pigeon After this the . whole party turned and looked upon the stranger, who now returned their gaze with a somewhat indignant brow, and rather :

vicious sparkle in his eye. "He seems game," whispered one of the party to Handsome Charlie. "I think I have seen him before, and, if it be as I imagine, I will venture my life upon a rough guess, that we had better let him alone."

"Be it so," said Handsome Charlie. "I know, by the cut-of his shabby beaver, that his purse is not worth the throw of a die. So let him alone. Here is to the health of handsome Winnie Walton, who goes youder to give his sleeping draught of

boggarly beer to the scurvy fellowi" The latter, who had been listening all the while, attentively, heard and understood the remark of the gambling exquisite. He took the silver tankard, which, by the way, instead of beer, contained a full measure of hot sack, and smiling kindly upon Winifred, as he ecceived it from her now recovering herself-"far more

crately over to the table around which his satirists were sitting.

"To whom am I judebted for the cognomen of 'scurry fellow?' " said he, giving a general stare to the company. "To you, sir, I believe," continued he, at last, turning full and Bercely upon Handsome Sharlie.

"To me, sir!" answered the latter, with a supercillous glanco at the stranger. "Yes, I think I may acknowledge myself as father to the

"Perhaps," said the other, with a sucer, "you will also have the goodness to acknowledge the name of the worthy parent?"

"My name is Charles Parsons," answered the exquisite, with another insolent look

"Very well, Mr. Charles Parsons." resumed the other quietly, "I am a College man My name is Rupert Russell, and you will find my chambers at number twenty-four, old College square, in Trinity. Take this to aid your memory!" and with that he dashed the measure full of hot sack right over the face and elaborate shirt-front at Handsome Charlie

In an instant the latter was on

his feet, the sack wiped as well as his fury would allow from his face and eyes, and his sword drawn, for we need not remind the reader that every gentleman in those days wore a rapier under his coat-tail. Charlie's companions had all imitated his example, and one and all turning upon the stranger, who, with his face towards them, and his weapon extended, after the most scientific mode, in his right hand, now began to retreat to the corner of the room, in order to prevent himself from being surrounded. The moment he had gained that desirable spot his assailants, headed by the now furious Charles Parsons, were upon him, and the clashing of steel, as the young Trinity man parried the thrusts and lunges made at his chest and face. soon made itself heard in the outer room of "The Joly Drummer," where, at that particular time, old Sam Grimes happened to be sitting in his huge arm-chair. Up started old Sam with far more agility than might be expected from one of his age, and grasping a strong ashen staff, his constant companion, he strode into the inner room, where the unequal combat was, of course, promising to go against the bold, Trinity man, though he still held out stoutly, giving a few scratches to his assailants and receiving a few slight ones in return. But old Sam had been preon the handsome stranger, darted between the combatants, in order to prevent further bloodshed, and was just in time to receive a sample of the reward of almost all pacificators jade!" and each imbibed a copious in such quarrels, namely, an involuntary sword-cut in the arm from the wrapon of Tom Fenton, the bosum friend of Handsome Charlie, and which was, of course, intended for the heart of the young Trinity man At this juncture old Sam Grimes came upon the scene, and flourishing his ashen staff with a hand that had not lost its old dexterity at the broadsword, in an instant succeeded in striking up the rapidrs of the as

> "Recover swords!" shouted old Sam, who to the day of his death never lost the military phraseaclogy he had learnt in his youth. "Right and left fianks, fall back in quarter troops; and centre retire in close order!"

sallants.

This antique command was obeyed sooner than it otherwise would, chiefly in consequence of the accident that had befallen Sam's grandnicce. Handsome Charlie and his companpanions dropped their sword points, and scowled sullenly upon the young Trinity man, who, supporting the drooping form of Winnie Walton with one arm, extended the other with his naked sword towards the group, and glared upon them in return, with a look of mingled scorn and defiance.

And now Charlies and his compeers had taken their departure, and Ruper' sat upon a chair, still supporting the young girl, while Sam Grimes essayed, with a practised hand, to stop the bloud and bandage the wounded arm.

"Keep your shoulder steady, Winnic." said old Sam, affectionately. "There! it's only a flesh-wound. not being frightened at such a little scratch. Hold her elbow. good gir. for she shakes the limb so that I kerchief properly round it."

"I was frightened," said Winnie

such a brave young gentleman about | ed to leave his papers and most of being run through the body

A slight but sweet thrill shot through the heart of Rupert Russell as he heard this acknowledgment from the beautiful young girl who, suddenly conscious of his look, now blushed as red as the blood that was still trickling slowly down her arm, old Sam in the meantline applying some lint which was brought by one of the attendants.

This was a nice situation for Warm-hearted and hot-headed voung man like Rupert Russell to be placed in. After raking up our memory of all the novels, remances, and even philosophical treatises, we have read on such subjects, after looking for innumerable historical incidents and parallels bearing upon the same, and throwing our own experience of the working of human hearts into the balance, we have come to the delibcrate conclusion that there never was a young man placed in such a posttion that did not fail in love At all | penses of the suit. At length he died, events, all we can say at present on the subject is, that before leaving the "Jolly Drummer" that night, Rupert Russell delivered himself of a few affectionate but rather confused phrases to Winnie Walton, and then drank two rousing tankards of mulied sack to her health. Heathen proceeded, in an ecstatic state of heart and mind. along the street, and meeting and joining a set of his college companions, got into a thundering affray ho died, leaving to mourn their loss with a party of watchmen, which tumultuous scene had the effect of ridding him of some of his exuberant spirits; after which he was enabled genitors were not a whit forgotten to retire to bed and sleep soundly.

Early next morning he was awakened from a romantic vision, in which Winnie Walton figured as a fairy queen, by the voice of his college chum, Bob O'Mabony, who was enzaged in an animated conversation. in the outer room with Tom Fenton. Handsome Charlie's friend. Bob was a tall, somewhat gaunt but handsome student, with a head of curling raven hair, and a pair of black eyes which were ever sparkling with fun and devilment

"I understand it all," he said, after Tom Fenton had laid the facts of the case before him. "It is useless to think of an apology from Rupert Russell: so the affair must be settled between himself and your handsome friend in the usual way. But what of the young girl's wounded arm, of which I have heard from my friend? Is that to be thrown into the shade altogether? As for my part, I say ceded by young Winlfred, who, seeing | that it would be a sin and a shame o let it pass; for you know such ; nice and delicate point of quarrel may not turn up again for a twelvemonth. In my opinion, then, the best, most friendly and most delightful way of settling the whole affair is this, namely, to have Rupert fight your friend for the cup of sack and you to fight me, at the same time and place, on account; of the wounded arm you gave to the fair maid at "The Jolly Drummer." Does this arrangement suit?"

> "Admirably," answered Tom Fenton, who, whatever else he might be, was a man of courage. "For my part. I am quite content:" and, after settling the remaining preliminaries, he took his departure.

We shall not go into the details of the double duel, which was fought early next morning at Bully's Acre. All we can say upon the matter is, that Haudsome Charlie; appeared at "The Jolly Drummer," about, a week afterwards, with a lame step and one of his army in a sling, and when Tom Fenton made his appearance his sword hand and his face, showed many a deep mar kof the amicable sottlement he had entered into with

the victorious Bob O'Mahony. It is now full time to give some account of Rupert Russell, whose visits at "The Jolly Drummer,", after the above occurrences, became, day by day, more frequent and rogular; tion there is now no chance. You and for this purpose we must go back to the stormy days when old Sam's (and "Old Harry's") General, Oliver Cromwell, led his iron legions with fire and sword throughout the length and breadth of the land. At this period there lived in the ancient town of Tredagh, or Drogheda, an old gentieman who, as a merchant, was one of the richest men in the town. besides being owner of a fine estate in a certain district near the shore trust a courageous girl like you for of the Boyne. This old man had an only son-at that time a cavalry officer, fighting under the banners of the Kilkenny Confederation, After the shall never se able to get this hand, investment of Droghoda by the army of Cromwell, and before the actual slege commenced, the old merchant had contrived to escape, but so hur-

hir ready moves behind him in tho general sack that followed the house in which he lived did not, of course, escape. It was plundered, in fact, from threshold to garret, and remained for meny a year afterwards a frightful souvenir of the destruction committed during that terrible slege Soon after his escape, the old gentleman died, and when his son returned from the wars, he found the estate that should by right descend to him, in the possession of a distant cousin who had somehow or other gained favor with the government. After the Restoration the poor cavally officer entered into a suit at law to obtain possession of his patrimony but, although he went so far as to prove his identity and his right in all justice to the estate, the titledeeds had been lost in the sack of Drogheda, and the want of the turned the tables against him, after almost teggaring himself with the exleaving behind him, also, an only son, who, following the example of his father, tried every means in his power to obtain, possession of the estate, and in a law suit which he entered into during King William's reign, again succeeded in bringing affairs up to a point at the which the production of the missing title deeds would have made him successful. The loss of this suit broke his heart, and a wife and daughter, both of whom soon followed him to the grave, and a son by whom the losses of his pro-This son was Rupert Russell, who was now living in old Trinity, on a

We need scarcely say that, when the smallest member even of a delicate machine is put out of order. the whole construction is usually rendered unable to perform its stated evolutions. It was so with Handsome Charlie's hand, and we must remark, by the way, that a finer or more delicately constructed implement did not exist in the city of Dublin than that same member. One of the muscles that moved it had been almost cut in two in the encounter with Dublin " Rupert Russell, in Bully's Acre; and its master, being thereby rendered unable to handle either cards or dicebox with his wonted dexterity, was reduced, during the month that followed, to the lowest state in his financial affairs. He still however, frequently visited "The Jolly Drummer;" but, of course, never either spoke or gave cause of insult to his late antagonist, except a stern look of hatred, when occasionally their eyes met.

somewhat scanty income

"Charlie," said Tom Fenton to him, one evening, as they met together in the shabby garret that now served for their lodging, "I have been thinking seriously of your affair, lately; and I have come to the conclusion that there is only one method by which to free yourself of your embarrassments What do you think it is "1"

"I am sure I din't know," answered Handsome Charlie, "except it is to cure my hand as speedily as possible, and take to box and dice once more." "You' must guess again." said

Tom. "Your method is far too uncertain in your present need. Old Solomon's bill will be down on you before six weeks are passed, and when that time comes, you are sure to be disgraced and in prison There is another plan."

"Out with it, then," refurned Handsome Charlie, somewhat testily, "for I am in no humor for guessing at the present moment, I assure

"What would you think of marriage?" remarked Tom. "Marriage" exclaimed. Charlie "With whom, pray?"

"Let us see," said Tom, reflectively. "Of marrying in your own stamust, therefore, descend a littic, and try to make up in fortune whatis wanting in birth and breeding. What do you say to Winnie Waiton?"

"Between us both," said Charlie. "I have been thinking of Winnie Watton for some time past. But I cannot reconcile myself to bring disgrace upon an old family like mine by marryings so far beneath me, be she ever so beautiful Besides, I can see no way of bringing it about Old Sam is too shrewd not to be aware that I have ruined myself long ago " "Well, " it can be brought about,

I advise you to proceed in the matter at once,' resumed Tom Fenton. "If you were once married, and had the money in your hands, it would oveds of the scheme hand, he steed up and walked delib- frightened than hurt, when I saw ried was his flight that he was forc- be easy, to get rid of both wife and A circumstance happened soon af-

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'The Jully Drummer at once, where you can pay your court, in the best some Winnie, while I sound your praises in the ears of old Sam," and off went both worthies, without further delay

As they were sitting over a p climinary cup of wine, at the far end of the room, a number of students entered and took their seats in the opposite corner Among them was Rupert Russell, who, after gazing rather cavallerly on Tom and Handsome Charlie, sat down amidst his companions, and called for a supply of ack

"You can now judge for yourselves," said Rupert, gaily, while they were waiting for the wine, "you, I say, that have not been here before, can see with your own eyes, if she is not the handsomest girl in

"Ton my honor," said Bob O'Mahony, "I that have seen her-will go farther, and say that she is the prettiestgirl in Ircland "

"They are both in love," remarked another student "Which do you think is most likely to win the affection of this lovely Hobe"

"Oh!" said Bob, showing under his swarthy brows, a mock look of de-Dair. "I resign my claims in favor of Rupert You know, she perilled her life for him, and in such a case no one has a chance when he is in the field. But, here she comes "

"No staring," whispered Rupert, as his companions, one and all, went their gaze upon Winnie Walton, who now entered with a large vessel of wine and some drinking tankards. "Come, comet She is a lady overy inch of her, and it is unfair to cause her a blush especially as she looks so lovely to-night "

"Do you hear that?" whispered Tom Fenton to his comrade in the corner "Mark me, Charlie, you will have to look to it sharply clse you lose your best and last chance; for yonder crack-brained Trinity man is mad in love with the girl."

"I will look to it, ' answered Handsome Charlie, in a low, but vehement whisper, "and if it were only to thwart him in his passion-yes, him I hate as I hate the demon of darkness-I will look to it, and win her, although he thinks himself so sale and pleasant in the matter Comet my last crown is gone, and we cannot afford to have it known at "The Jolly Drummer, that Charlie Parsons is at last penniless!

With that the two friend stood up and left the house, Handsome Charlie revolving in his mind the Sest manner of gaining the good-will of old Sam Grimes, in order that he might make known to the latter his intentions regarding Winnie Walton. Before he reached home, however, Charhe had come to the self-consoling conclusion that old Sam would be unly too glad to have a gentleman of his birth and powerful family connecfrom as a nephew in-law, and it was finally resolved that night, between himself and his worths adviser Tom Fenton, that once the ceremony was over that bound him for ever to Winnie Walton-the moment he got her fortune into his hands, he would get rid of her in some way or other, and set off for London, in which El Dorado the two villatnous associates hoped to live a folly life on the pro-

plan At this time the only theatre in Dublin was in Smack Alley, and matrimonial fashion, to the hand-I here the lively citizens thronged, night after night, and made the roof resound with their applause of the merry company that then occupied the stage. Among the other play-going people was Sam Grimes' nextdoor neighbor, Donat Connor, whose three blooming daughters usually accompanied him on each nierry visit to Smock Alley About a week subsequent to the incidents we have related above, these three jovial girls not only persuaded their father to take them to the theatre, but coaxed old Sam Urimes to allow Winnie to accompany them; and away they all went, as happy a party-if happiness can be incasured by amount of laughter-as could be seen in the whole cits. The play was at length over and the audience were in the act of leaving the theatre, when they found the narrow street half blocked up by a rude timber stage, on which a "Merry-andrew," painted and bedizened in the most grotesque fashion, was playing off his capers, and bantering the crowd-around with an infinite amount of wit and volubility. In this individual, as he now made the most judicrous grimaces at some over-dressed exquisite in the crowd, and again gave forth the name. the life and actions and many of the secret affairs of some swaggering buck beneath him, or made witty lokes on the rotundity of some fat citizen, few could recognize Bob O'Mahony, senior "wranger" in Old Trinity, and bosom friend of Rupert Russell, Bob O'Mahony it was, nevertheless; but of his identity not a single soul, either in Trinity College or in the city, was aware, not even excepting Rupert himself, who happened that evening to be away at a dinner party, beyond the suburbs. We he known, however, it would occasion but little wonder among the crowd, for the students of those days were in the habit of playing off some of the wildest tricks and antics imaginable.

(To be Continued)

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A Newburyport men, in company with several other boards a at the old man's home, was talking with him about his family. At last one of the company pre-sent asked him what his sons did for a

The answer of the old man was characteristic and concles. "One is serving the Lord, the other the devil, and both are doing well."—Boston Journal.

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