FARMERS

OF

Kings and Annapolis,

are respectfully requested to send their

Berries, Fruit, Butter, Eggs,

AND OTHER PRODUCE, TO

FULTON, FOSTER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Halifax, N. S.

Who guarantee Best Prices and Prompt Returns.

THE M. K. ELLIOTT

ELECTRIC BATTERY

IN A BOTTLE,

is not a Snuff, Liquid or Salve,

But a perfect Electric Battery,

which forms a

Speedy Cure

—FOR—

Catarrh, Headache, Neuralgia, Asthma, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc.

A perfect Electric Battery in a Bottle. A cure guaranteed. Send for circulars.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

AGENTS WANTED. Apply to H. FRASER, Bridgetown, N. S.

Several marvelous cures already made in this town. Write for particulars. tf

New Goods,

—AT—

R. D. BEALS'

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY,
Ready Made Clothing,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
Crockery ware,
SHELF HARDWARE,
Best Groceries.

TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange

Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

BRIDGETOWN

HARNESS STORE!

STOCK COMPLETE!

An extensive assortment of

Trunks, Bags, Valises & Satchels.

AN extra assortment Whips, Brushes and Halters, also in Rugs, Surcingles, Horse Trappings, of all kinds.

A good assortment

Goat, Woollen & Rubber Robes.

HARNESSES of all kinds in stock or made to order. Team and Harness Collars always in stock.

J. W. ROSS.

Bridgetown, Oct. 2nd, '88. tf

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

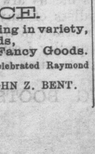
L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.

22tf

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.



THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1889. NO. 39.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

INSPECTION

is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

Monuments, Tablets,

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,

OPPOSITE RINK, . . BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

ANTIGONISH HEARD FROM.

AFTON, ANTIGONISH Co., October 11th, 1888.

MESSRS. C. GATES, SONS & CO.,—

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to make known to the world the wonderful things that your medicine has done for me. For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia, and; though during that time I employed a physician and tried many kinds of medicines I found nothing that gave me more than temporary relief. I became reduced to almost a skeleton and thought that death must soon intervene and put an end to my suffering—a deathly weakness would often seize me. By the advice of a friend I was induced to try your

LIFE OF MAN BITTERS

—AND—

Invigorating Syrup.

It built me right up, and after taking five bottles I felt sufficient for my work and have remained so ever since, a period of six years. I thank God that your medicine has been the means of restoring my health. It has done more for me than all the rest put together. No tongue can tell its real worth. I would recommend it to all the sick and afflicted.

Yours very truly,
JOHN J. TAYLOR.

DO YOU WANT

Bargains

IN CLOTHING?

IF SO,

Try the Subscriber.

JUST RECEIVED, A FINE STOCK OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH

Suitings and Trouserings,

WHICH I WILL SELL FOR CASH AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

H. J. BANKS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Murdoch's Block, ... Up Stairs.

Ask your Grocer for them

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

To Loan!

Money on Real Estate Security.

J. G. H. PARKER,
Solicitor.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

REMEMBER

THAT

Simson's LINIMENT

Has Taken the Lead,

and is the best preparation ever offered to the People of Canada, for the

RELIEF & CURE

—OF—

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, CATARRH, CUTS, BRUISES, SWELLING, SCALD HEAD, COLIC, DYSPEPSIA, CONTRACTION OF THE MUSCLES, LAME BACK, DIPHTHERIA, SORE THROAT, TENDER FEET, CORNS, STIFF JOINTS, &c.

FOR Distemper in Horses, Enlarged Joints, and other diseases incidental to those useful animals, it is unrivalled.

Certificates are constantly being received, telling of the good work performed by SIMSON'S LINIMENT.

Manufactured by

Brown Bros & Co.,

DRUGGISTS, ... HALIFAX, N. S.

To all to Whom It May Concern!

—: All in need of :—

FALL SUITS

—OR—

OVERCOATS,

now is the time to order them at

Morrison's the Tailor,

MIDDLETON.

The largest Stock in the Counties to select from and prices away down.

OVERCOATS & REEFERS

for Men and Boys at a Bargain.

FUR GOODS, GLOVES AND FURNISHINGS,

at prices that will astonish you. A fine line of

HORSE RUGS AND LAP ROBES.

A. J. MORRISON,
Merchant Tailor,
Middleton, N. S.

Notice of Assignment.

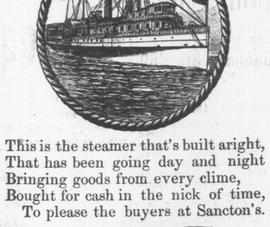
TAKE notice that Walter W Saunders, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Merchant, has, by deed of assignment bearing date the 7th day of December, 1888, assigned to me all his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors. By the provision of said deed certain creditors are preferred, and all creditors desiring to execute said deed must do so within ninety days from the date thereof. The deed has been filed at the Registry Office for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of J. G. H. Parker, Esq., Bridgetown, where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Bridgetown, the 7th day of December, A. D., 1888.

WILLIAM HART.
Assignee.

3m

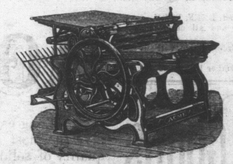
Pictorial Poetry.



This is the steamer that's built aright,
That has been going day and night
Bringing goods from every clime,
Bought for cash in the nick of time,
To please the buyers at Sancton's.

This is the train with its precious freight
That met the steamer at the dockyard gate,
And carried the goods with lightning speed
Till they thought it would jump the track, indeed,
To please the buyers at Sancton's

This is the horse, as firm as a rock,
That hauled the goods from the seaport dock.
All spread out by a careful hand
Midst novelties of our own dear land,
To please the buyers at Sancton's.



This is the press of modern make,
Run with such speed the rafters shake
That spreads the news in town and province
And tells of what has been done of late
To please the buyers at Sancton's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Select Literature.

Born to Good Luck.

(Harper's)

Patrick O'Rafferty was a small farmer in the County Leinster. He and his father before him had been yearly tenants to Squire Ormsby for fifty years, on very easy terms.

Patrick—more uneasy than his sire—now and then pestered the Squire for a lease. Then the Squire used to say, 'Well, if you make a point of it, I will have the land valued and a lease drawn accordingly.' But this iniquitous proposal always shut O'Rafferty's mouth for a time. He was called in the village Paddy Luck; and certainly he had the luck to get into a good many fights and other scrapes, and to get out of them wonderfully. It was he who set the name rolling; his neighbors did but accept it.

He professed certain powers akin to divination, and they were not generally ridiculed, for he was right one time in five, and that was enough, for credulity always forgets the usual, and remembers the eccentric.

This worthy had a cow to sell, and drove her in the nearest fair. He put twelve pounds upon her, and was laughed at. She was dry, and she was ugly. 'Twelve pounds! Go along wid ye.' 'Never mind *her*,' was Pat's reply. 'I'm Paddy Luck, and it's meself that will sell the baste for twelve pounds, and devil a ha' penny less.' This was the proclamation all the morning. In the afternoon he descended to ten pounds just to oblige the community. At sunset he managed to get eight pounds, and a bystander told him he was a lucky fellow.

'That is no news, thin,' said he. It was dark and he was tired, his home was twelve Irish miles off; he resolved to sleep in the town. In the meantime he went to a tavern and regaled his purchaser, drank, dapced, daffed, showed his money, got drunk, and was robbed by one of the light-fingered gentry who prowl about a fair.

The consequence was that the next time he ordered liquor on a liberal scale—for he was one who treated semicircularly in his cups—he could not find a shilling to pay, and the landlord put him out into the street. He cooled himself at a neighboring pump, and went in search of gratuitous lodgings. The hard hearted town did not provide these, so he walked out of it into sweeter air. He was not sick nor sorry. Quite the reverse. He congatulated himself on his good luck. 'Sure, now,' said he, 'if I had sold her for twelve pounds, it's four pounds I'd be losing on that same bargain.'

Some little distance outside the town he found a deserted hovel; there was no door, window, nor floor; but the roof was free from holes in one or two places, and there was a dry corner and a heap of straw in it. Paddy thanked his stars for providing him with so complete and gratuitous a shelter, and immediately burrowed into the straw and was about to drop asleep when the glimmer of a lantern shot in through the doorway, and voices muttered outside.

Patrick nestled deeper in the straw; he was a trespasser, and it seemed too late and yet too early for the virtues, charity included, to be afoot.

Two men came in with a sack, a spade, and a lantern; one of them lifted the lantern up and took a cursory glance round the premises. Patrick, whom the spade had set-a-shivering, held his breath. Then the man put the lantern down, and his companion went to work and dug, not a grave, as panting Pat had expected, but a big round hole.

This done, they emptied the sack; out rolled and tinkled silver salvers of all sizes coffee-pots, tea-pots, forks, spoons, brooches, necklaces, rings—a mine of wealth that glowed and glittered in the light of the lantern.

Patrick began to perspire as well as tremble. The men filled in the hole, stamped the earth firmly down, and then lighted their pipes and held a consultation. The question was how to dispose of these valuables. After some differences of opinion they agreed that one Barney was the fence they would invite to the spot, and if he would not give one hundred pounds for the spoil they would take it to Dublin. It transpired that Barney lived at some distance, but not too far to come to-morrow evening and inspect the booty. Then, if he would spring to their price, they would go home with him and receive the coin.

'My luck!' thought Patrick. 'What need had they to light their pipes and clatter like two old women about such a tride, without searching the straw first, the omadhaums!' The thieves retired, and lucky Pat went quietly to sleep.

He awoke in broad daylight, and strolled back into the town and walked jaunthily, for, if he had no money, he possessed a secret. He was too Irish and too sly to go to the police at once; his little game was to try and find out who had been robbed, and what reward the injured would give.

Meantime he had to breakfast off a stale roll given him by a baker out of charity. About noon he passed through a principal street, and lo! in a silversmith's shop was a notice, written very large:

'THIRTY GUINEAS REWARD!'

'Whereas, these premises were broken into last night, and the following valuable property abstracted—'

Then followed an inventory a foot long.

'The above reward will be paid to any person who will give such information as may lead to the conviction of the thieves and the recovery of the stolen goods, or any considerable part thereof.'

Patrick walked in and asked to see the proprietor. A little fussy man in a great state of agitation, responded to that query.

'Are you in arnest now, sor?' asked Pat.

'In earnest? Of course I am.'

'What if, a decent poor boy like me was to find you the silver and thieves and all?'

'I'd give you the thirty guineas, and my blessing into the bargain.'

'Maybe ye wouldn't like to give my dinner an' all, be raison I'm just famishing with hunger?'

This proposal raised suspicion, and the proprietor asked his name.

'Patrick O'Rafferty, I'm tenant to Squire Ormsby.'

'I know him. Well, Patrick, I suppose you can give me some information. I'll risk the dinner anyway.'

'Ah, well, sorr,' said Patrick, 'they say 'fling a sprat to catch a whale.' A rump steak and a quart of ale is a favorite repast of mine; when I have had them I'll arn you by the holy relics!'

'Step into my back parlor, Mr. Rafferty,' said the silversmith.

He then sent for the rump steak very loud, and for a policeman in a whisper.

The steak came first, and was most welcome. When he had eaten it the modest O'Rafferty asked for a pipe and pot.

While he smoked and sipped calmly the disguised policeman arrived, and was asked to examine him through a little window.

'Does he look like crime?' whispered the silver-smith.

'No,' said the policeman. 'Calf-like innocence and impudence galore.'

The jeweler asked O'Rafferty to step out. 'Now, sir,' said he, 'you have had your dinner, and I don't grudge it to you; but if this is a jest, let it end here, for I am in sore trouble, and it would be a heartless thing to play on me?'

'Och, hear to him!' cried Patrick, with a whine as doleful as sudden. 'Did iver an O'Rafferty make a jest of an honest man's trouble, or ate a male off his losses? But what is a hungry man worth? I could not see how to do your work while I was famished, but now my belly is full, and my head fuller, glory be to God?'

'I don't know how it is,' said the jeweler, aside to the detective, 'he tells me nothing, yet somehow he gives me confidence. But, Mr. O'Rafferty, do consider; time flies, and I'm no nearer my stolen goods. What is the first step we are to take?'

'The first step was to fill my belly; the next step is to find me—och, murther, it is a rarity!'

'Never mind,' said the disguised officer. 'Find you what?'

'A policeman—that isn't a fool.'

This was a stinger, and so sudden; his hearers looked rather sheepish at him. It was the policeman who answered.

'If you will come to the station, I will undertake to find you that.'

Patrick assented, and on their way they made friends, his companion revealed himself, and forgave the stinger, and Patrick, pleased with his good temper, let him into the plan he had matured while smoking his pipe and appearing to lose time. All Patrick stipulated was that he himself should be the person in command; and as he alone knew where the booty was, and was manifestly as crafty as a badger, this was cheerfully acceded to. So, an hour before dusk, four fellows that looked like countrymen drove a cart full of straw up to the hovel, and made a big heap by adding it to what was there already.

Then two drove the cart back to the edge of the town, and put the horse up, and rejoined their companions in ambush, all but one, and he hid in a dry ditch opposite. They were all armed, and the outside watcher had a novel weapon—a powerful blue-light in the shape of a fat squib.

It is a dreary business waiting at night for criminals who may never come at all, or, if they do, may become desperate, and fight like mad men or wildcats.

Eight o'clock came—nine—ten—eleven—twelve; the watchers were chilled and stiff, and Patrick sleepy.

One of the policemen whispered to him: 'They won't come to-night. Are you sure they have not been and taken up the swag?'

'Not sure; but I think not.' The policeman growled and muttered something about a mare's nest.

'Hush!' said another.

'What!' in an agitated whisper.

'Wheel!'

Silence.

They all remained as still as death. The faint wheels, that would have been inaudible by day, rattled nearer and nearer. It was late for a *bona fide* traveler to be on the road. Would the wheels pass the hovel?

They came up fast; then they stopped suddenly. To the watchers everything was audible, and every sound magnified. When the drag stopped it was like a railway train pulling up. Men leaped out, and seemed to shake the ground. When three figures bustled into the hovel it sounded like a rush of men. Then came a thrilling question. Would the thieves examine the premises before they looked for the booty? The chances were that they would.

Well, they did not. They were in great anxiety, too, but it took the form of hurry. They dug furiously, displayed the booty to Barney in a hurry, and demanded their price.

'Now, then, one hundred pounds, or take your last look at 'em.'

'One hundred pound!' whined Barney.

'Can't be done.'

'Very well; there's no time to bargain.'

'I'll give eighty pounds. But I shall lose money by 'em.'

'Barney! they are worth a thousand. Here, Jem, put 'em up; we can do better in Dublin.'

Barney whined and remonstrated, but ended by consenting to give the price.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the hovel gleamed with a lurid fire, so vivid and penetrating that every crevice of it and the very cobwebs came out distinct.

The thieves yelled with dismay, and one ran away from the light slap into the danger, and was dazzled again with the opening bull's eyes, and captured like a lamb. The other rushed blindfold at the entrance, but his temple encountered a cold pistol, and a policeman immoveable as a statue. He recoiled, and was in that moment of hesitation pinned from behind and handcuffed—click! As for Barney, from whom no fight was expected, he was allowed to clamber up the walls like a mouse in a trap, then tumble down, until the four-wheeler they had come in was brought up by Paddy O'Rafferty. Then the thieves were bundled in, and sat each of them between two honest men, and the fence was attached by the wrist to a policeman, who walked him to the same destination; but, like friend Virgil's bull, *nulla relaxatam*, hanging back in vain, and in vain bribing the silent, impenetrable Bobby.

Pat slept at the station, and next morning the jeweler gave him thirty guineas with a good heart, but omitted the blessing. Patrick whined dismally at this very serious omission, and the worthy little fellow gave it him with glistening eyes. 'For,' said he, 'I'll own now the loss would have ruined me. I find by my books that they cost me thirteen hundred pounds.' So then he blessed him solemnly, and Pat went home rejoicing. 'I'll have more luck than ever now,' said he. 'I'll have all sorts of luck—good, bad, and indifferent.'

When he got home he told the story inaccurately, like a mocomanac; that is to say, he suppressed all the fortitude and sagacity he had shown. These were qualities he possessed, so he thought nothing of them.

Luck and divination were what he prided himself in. His version ran thus; he had the luck not to sell his cow till nightfall, the still better luck to be robbed of his money, and compelled to sleep in the neighborhood. Then thanks to his superlative luck, the Queen's jeweler had been robbed of silver salvers the size of the harvest-moon, two-gallon tea pots, pearls like hazel-nuts, and diamonds as big as broad beans; and seeing no other way to recover them, and hearing that the wise Gannachee was in the town, had given him a good dinner and his pipe, and begged him to use all his powers as a seer; of all which the upshot was that he had put the police on the right track, and recovered the booty, and caged the thieves, and marched home with the reward.

In telling this romance he was careful to take out the thirty sovereigns and jingle them, and this musical appeal to the senses so overpowered the understandings of his neighbors that they swallowed the wondious tale like spring water.

After this few were bold enough to resist his pretensions to luck and divination. He was often consulted, especially about missing property, and as he now and then guessed right, and sometimes had taken the precaution to hide the property himself, which materially increased his chances of finding it, he passed for a seer.

One fine day Squire Ormsby learned to his dismay that his pantry had been broken into and a mass of valuable plate taken. Mr. Ormsby was much distressed, not only on account of the value, but the length of time certain pieces had been in his family. He distrusted the police and publicity in these cases, and his wife prevailed on him to send for Patrick O'Rafferty.

That worthy came, and heard the story. He looked at the lady and gentleman, and his self-deception began to ooze out of him. To humbug his humble neighbors was not difficult nor dangerous, but to deceive and then undeceive and disappoint his landlord was quite another matter.

He put on humility, and said this was a matter beyond him entirely. Then the Squire was angry, and said bitterly, 'No doubt he would rather oblige his neighbors, or a shopkeeper who was a stranger to him, than the man whose land had fed him and his for fifty years.' He was proceeding in the same strain when poor Pat, with that dismal whine the merry soul was subject to occasionally, implored him not to murder him entirely with his hard words; he would do his best.

'No man can do more,' said Mr. Ormsby. 'Now how will you proceed? Can we render you any assistance?'

Patrick said, humbly and in a downcast way, he would like to see the place where the thieves got in.

He was taken to the pantry window, and examined it inside and out, and all the servants peeped at him.

'What next?' asked the Squire.

Then Patrick inwardly resolved to get a good dinner out of this business, however humiliating the end of it might be.

'Sorr,' said he, 'ye'll have to give me a room all to myself, and a rump-steak and onions; and after that your servants must bring me three pipes and three pints of home-brewed ale. Brewers' ale hasn't the same spiritual effect on a seer's mind.'

The order was given, and set the kitchen on fire with curiosity. Some disbelieved his powers, but more believed them, and cited the jeweler's business and other examples.

When the first pipe and pint were to go to him, a discussion took place between the magnates of the kitchen who should take it up. At last the butler and the housekeeper insisted on the footman taking it. Accordingly he did so.

Meantime Patrick sat in state digesting the good food. He began to feel a physical complacency, and to defy the future; he only regretted that he had confined his demand to one dinner and three pots. To him in the frame of mind entered the footman with pipe and pint of ale as clear as Maderia.

Says Patrick looking at the pipe, 'this is the first of 'em.'

The footman put the things down rather hurriedly and vanished.

'Humph,' said Pat to himself, you don't seem to care for my company.'

He sipped and smoked, and his mind worked.

The footman went to the butler with a scared face and said, 'I won't go near him again; he said I was one.'

'Nonsense!' said the butler; 'I'll take up the next.'

He did so. Patrick gazed in his face, took in the pipe, and said *sotto voce*. 'This is the second; then very regretfully, 'Only one more to come.'

The butler went away much discomposed and told the housekeeper.

'I can't believe it,' said she. 'Anyway, I'll know the worst.'

So in due course she took up the third pipe and pint, and wore propitiatory smiles.

'This is the last of 'em,' said Patrick, solemnly, and looked at the glass.

The housekeeper went down all in a flutter. 'We are found out, we are ruined,' said she. 'There is nothing to be done now but—Yes there is; we must buy him, or put the comether on him before he sees the master.'

Patrick was half dozing over his pipe when he heard a rustle and a commotion, and lo! three culprits on their knees to him. With that instinctive sagacity which was his one real gift—so he understood it—he said, with a twinkling eye:

'Och, thin, you've come to make a clane brist of it, the three Chrischin vartues and baythen graces that you are. Ye may save yerselves the throuble. Sure I know all about it.'

'We see you do. Y'are wiser than Solomon,' said the housekeeper. 'But sure you wouldn't abuse your wisdom to ruin three poor bodies like us?'

'Poor!' cried Patrick. 'Is it poor ye call yourselves? Ye ate and drink like fighting cocks; y'are clothed in silk and plush and broadcloth, and your wages is all pocket money and pin money. Yet ye must rob the man who feeds and clothes ye.'

'It is true! it is true?' cried the butler.

'He spakes like a priest,' said the woman. 'Oh, alanna! don't be hard on us; it is all the devil's dolings; he tempted us. Oh! oh! oh!'

'Whist, now, and speak sense,' said Patrick roughly. 'Is it melted?'

'It is not.'

'Can you lay your hands on it?'

'We can, every stiver of it. We intinded to put it back.'

'That's a lie,' said Patrick, firmly, but not in the least reproachfully. 'Now look at me, the whole clan of ye, male and faymale. Which would ye rather do—help me to find the gimcracks, every article of 'em, or be lagged and scragged and stretched on a gibbet and such like illigant divarsions?'

They snatched eagerly at the plank of safety held out to them, and from that minute acted under Mr. O'Rafferty's orders.

'Fetch me another pint,' was his first behest.

'Ay, a dozen, if ye'll do us the honor to drink it.'

'To the divil wid your blarney! Now tell the master I'm at his service.'

'Oh, murder what will become of us? Would you tell him after all?'

'Ye omadhauns, can't ye listen at the dure and hear what I tell him?'

With this understanding Squire Ormsby was ushered in, all expectation.

'Yer honor,' said Patrick, 'I'll think the power is having. I am only able to see the half of it. Now, if you plase would you like to catch the thieves and lose the silver, or to find the silver and not find the thieves?'

'Why, the silver, to be sure.'

'Then you and my lady must go to mass to-morrow morning, and when you come, back we will look for the silver, and maybe, if we find it, your honor will give me a little bit of a lease.'

'One thing at a time, Pat; you haven't found the silver yet.'

At nine o'clock next morning Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby returned from mass, and found O'Rafferty waiting for them at their door. He had a long walking stick with a shining knob, and informed them very solemnly, that the priest, had sprinkled it for him with holy water.

Thus armed, he commenced the search. He penetrated into out-houses, and applied his stick to chimneys and fagots and cold ovens, and all possible places. No luck.

Then he proceeded to the stable-yard and searched every corner; then into the shrubbery; then into the tool-house. No luck. Then on to the lawn. By this time there were about thirty at his heels.

Disgusted at this fruitless search, Patrick apostrophized his stick. 'Bad cess to you, y' are only good to burn. Ye kape turning away from every place; but ye don't turn to anything whatever. Stop a bit! Oh, holy Moses! what is this?'

As he spoke, the stick seemed to rise and point like a gun. Patrick marched in the direction indicated, and after a while seemed to be forced by the stick into a run. He began to shout excitedly and they all ran after him. He ran full tilt against a dismounted water barrel, and the end of the stick struck it with such impetus that it knocked the barrel over, then flew out of Patrick's hand to the right, while himself made a spring the other way, and stood glaring with all the rest at the glittering objects that strewed the lawn, neither more nor less than the missing plate.

Shouts and screams of delight. Everybody shaking hands with Patrick, who, being a consumate actor, seemed dazzled and mystified, as one who had succeeded far beyond his expectations.

To make a long story short, they all settled in their minds that the thieves had been alarmed, and hidden the plate for a time, intending to return and fetch it away.

Mr. Ormsby took the seer to his study, and gave him a piece of paper stating that for a great service rendered to him by Patrick O'Rafferty he had, in the name of him and his, promised him undisturbed possession of the farm so long as he or his should farm it themselves, and pay the present rent.

Pat's modesty vanished at the Squire's gate; he bragged up and down the village, and henceforth nobody disputed his seership in those parts.

But one day the Sassenach came down with his cold incredulity.

A neighbor's estate, mortgaged up to the eyes, was sold under the hammer, and Sir Henry Steele bought it, and laid some of it down in glass. He was a breeder of stock. He marked out a park wall, and did not include a certain little orchard and a triangular plot. The seer observed and applied for them. Sir Henry, who did his own business, received the application, and asked about him.

'I will make enquiries,' said Sir Henry. 'Good morning.'

He knew Ormsby in London, and when he became his neighbor the Irish gentleman was all hospitality. One day Sir Henry told him of O'Rafferty's application, and asked about him.

'Oh,' said Ormsby, 'that is our seer.'

'Your what.'

'Our wise man, our diviner of secret; and some wonderful things he has done.'

He then related the loss of his plate and its supernatural recovery.

The Sassenach listened with a cold incredulous eye and a sardonic grin.

Then the Irishman got hot, and accumulated examples.

Then the Sassenach, with the obstinacy of his race, said he would put these pretensions to the test. He had picked out of the various narratives that this seer was very fond of a good dinner, and pretended it tended to enlighten his mind; so he laid his trap accordingly.

At his request Patrick was informed that next Tuesday, at one o'clock, if he chose to submit to a fair test of his divining powers, the parcel of land he asked for should be let him on easy terms.

Patrick assented jauntily. But in his secret soul he felt uneasy at having to encounter this Sassenach gentleman. Sir Henry was the fortunate possesor of what Pat was pleased to call 'a nasty glittering eye,' and over that eye Pat doubted his ability to draw the wool as he had done over the Celtic orbs.

However, he came up to the scratch like a man. After all, he had nothing to lose this time, and he vowed to submit to no test that was not proceeded by a good dinner. He was ushered into Sir Henry Steele's study, and there he found that gentleman and Mr. Ormsby. One comfort, there was a cloth laid, and certain silver dishes on the hobs and in the fender.

'Well, Mr. O'Rafferty,' said his host, 'I believe you would like a good dinner?'

'Turue for you, sorr,' said Pat.'

'Well, then, we can combine business with pleasure; you shall have a good dinner.'

'Long life to your honor!'

'I cooked it for you myself.'

'God bless your honor for your condesciension.'

'You are to eat the dinner first, and then just tell me what the mest is, and the parcel of land is yours on easy terms.'

Patrick's confidence rose. 'Sure, thin, it is a fair bargain,' said he.

The dishes were uncovered. There were vegetables cooked most deliciously; the meat was chef d'œuvre; a sort of rich ragout done to a turn, and so fragrant that the very odor made the mouth water.

Patrick seated himself, helped himself, and took a mouthful: that mouthful had a double effect. He realized in one and the same moment that this was a more heavenly compound than he had ever expected to taste upon earth, and that he could not and never should divine what bird or beast he was eating. He looked for the bones; there were none. He yielded himself to desparate enjoyment. When he had nearly cleaned the plate he said that even the best cooked meat was none the worse for a quart of good ale to wash it down.

Sir Henry Steele rang a bell and ordered a quart of ale.

Patrick enjoyed this too, and did not hurry; he felt it was his last dinner in that house as well as his first.

The gentlemen watched him and gave him time. But at last Ormsby said, 'Well, Patrick—'

Now Patrick, whilst he sipped, had been asking himself what line he had better take; and he had come to a conclusion creditable to that sagacity and knowledge of human nature he really possessed and underrated accordingly. He would compliment the gentlemen on their superior wisdom, and own that he could not throw dust in such eyes as theirs; then he would beg them not to make his humble neighbors as wise as they were; but let him still pass for a wise man in the parish, whilst they laughed in their superior sleeves. To carry out this he impregnated his brazen features with a world of comic humility.

'Ah,' said he, in cajoling accents, 'ah, your honors, the old fox made many a turn, but the dogs were too many for him at last.'

What more of self-depreciation and cajolery he would have added is not known, for Sir Henry Steele broke in loudly. 'Good heavens! Well, he is an extraordinary man. It was an old dog-fox I cooked for him.'

'Didn't I tell you?' cried Ormsby, delighted at the success of his countryman.

'Well, sir,' said Sir Henry, whose emotions seldom lasted long, 'a bargain is a bargain. I let you the orchard and field for—let me see—you must bring me a stoat, a weasel, and a polecat every year. I mean to get up the game.'

Mr. O'Rafferty at first stared stupidly, then winked cunningly, then blandly absorbed laudation and land; then retired invoking solemn blessings; then, being outside, executed a fandango, and went home on wings; from that hour the village could not hold him. His speech was of accumulating farms at peppercorn rents, till a slice of the country should be his. To hear him, he could see through a deal board, and luck was his monopoly. He began to be envied, and was on the way to be hated, when, confiding in his star he married Norah Blake, a beautiful girl, but a notorious vixen.

Then the unlucky ones forgave him a great deal, for sure, wouldn't Norah revenge them? Alas! the traitoress fell in love with her husband after marriage, and let him mould her into a sort of angelic duck.

This was the climax. So Paddy Luck is now numbered among the lasting institutions of auld Ireland (if any.)

May he live till the skirts of his coat knock his brains out, and him dancing an Irish fling to winds that shake the barley.

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