

Sylvanus, taken in by the good old man who loved to have the Bible read to him, neglected his duty. Newcome gained the hall, the porch, the open air, and, at last, could hardly believe his good luck to find himself in the stable unperceived. What a lot of horses were there with nobody to look after them! He saw one that suited him, a handsome beast he had seen in Collingwood, the travelling powers of which he knew. To that stall he went, and braced himself against the partition for a spring, after he had loosed the halter, and slipped on a bit and bridle. He backed his steed out, turned in the passage way and made for the door. Another moment and he would be free. No horse in the stable, even if saddled and bridled, would be able to overtake him, once he was on the road. But, at the door he met an obstacle in the shape of a mountain of straw, that caused the horse to back. The desperate man dug his knees into the flanks of the beast, and urged it on. Down went the straw mountain, and the luckless Timotheus beneath it, and Newcome rained a few exultant curses on him, as he forced his steed; when a well-dressed negro sprang up from nowhere, and, seizing the rein nearest him, spoke to the intelligent animal, and backed it to one side. In a moment Timotheus wriggled himself unhurt out of the litter, and, by main force, pulled the escaped prisoner down; while Mr. Maguffin remarked that "hoss thieves ain't pumculiah ter no pah't of the habitable yeth."

Newcome squirmed and fought as well as he was able, but to no avail. Timotheus was simple and he was clumsy, but he was no weakling. Maguffin led the horse back into the stable, spread his litter, and replaced the bridle on the wall. Then he came out quite unruffled, and asked Timotheus if he would like him to use his new boots on the prisoner, to which that worthy replied with a grin: "I guess I've pooty nigh parlyzed his laigs to stop his wrastlin' tricks aready." Sylvanus, in a lucid moment, remembered his charge, and found the bird had flown. He came out to look for his Bible-loving friend, dreading the Captain's wrath, and great was his relief when he found him a victim in the strong arms of his brother. "Here, Sylvanus, you hold him, so's the Square'll think 'twas you as cotched him," said the unselfish Timotheus. So Sylvanus, nothing loath, seized the hypocrite, and Timotheus went for the Squire, while Maguffin looked calmly on, occasionally glancing at his heavy-soled new boots, as if regretting that there was no immediate call for their services. The Squire was angry, for he had been kind to the old sinner; but he saw that the prisoner was an element of weakness in the house. What was to hinder him escaping again, committing murder, setting the place on fire? He called up Toner. "Ben," he said, "how long would it take you to convey Newcome to his home in a farm waggon with a good team?" "Ef the teeum's smart, I gwaiss an' houer 'ud do," answered the prospective son-in-law of the victim. Accordingly a springless waggon was produced, some straw thrown in, and Newcome securely bound with ropes, lying flat on his back, with his own coat and a sack or two put under his head for a pillow. "Timotheus," continued Mr. Carruthers, "you had better go with Ben. Take your guns, both of you, and bring them back as quick as you can." Off started the ambulance, at first gently and humanely. When out of sight of the house, Toner grinned at Timotheus, and Timotheus grinned back at Ben. "It can't be haylped, Timotheus," remarked the latter in a low tone, "we're bound to git back airly, ef they's moer guyard mountin' to be did. So here goes, Serlizer or no Serlizer." The horses were pretty fresh, and they tore along, enjoying the fun, and answering with their heels to every playful flick of the whip. The road was rough and hilly; the jolting almost threw the occupants of the box seat off the waggon that had no springs. Old man Newcome groaned, and implored Ben, for the sake of Serlizer, to go easy or leave him on the roadside to die. "Ef you don't laike my teamin'," said Toner, in a simulated huff, "I'll quit. Here, Timotheus, you had ought to know them hosses better'n me." Timotheus took the reins, and cried: "Gerlang, we ain't no time ter lose; rattle the brinstun an' merlasses old malafacture over the stones, he's only a firebug as nobody owns." The delight of The Crew's brother in getting off this new and improved version of an ancient couplet made him reckless. He and Ben jumped into the air like shuttlecocks, and seemed to like it. "I heern say," remarked Toner, while moving momentarily skywards, "I heern tayll as this here joltin' beats all the piulls and pads as ever was made for the livyer."

"Yaas," cheerfully responded Timotheus, coming down with a sounding bump; "myuns is like what the doctor out our way said to fayther wunst. Says he, 'Saul, your livyer's tawpidd.' So's myun, Ben; it's most tarble tawpidd. Gerlang, yer lazy, good fer nawthun brutes; poor old man Newcome won't get home this blessed night, the way yer a-goin'."

The waggon reached the Newcome shanty. The old man was unbound and lifted out into his own bed. Strong as he was, he had fainted, which his charioteers were not sorry to see. "He's had an accident, Miss Newcome," said Ben to the man's wife; "but he'll soon be all right." Fortunately, the doctor had done his duty well, and the shaking had failed to loosen the bandages over the wound. The drivers got into the waggon again and drove home more gently, exchanging a few words with each other; one being: "Gwaiss old man Newcome's out o' mischief fer one night."

While Bridesdale was being delivered from the pre-

sence of one unwelcome guest, the welcome ones of the front were discussing with the Squire the programme for the night. He had made out a warrant for the arrest of Rawdon, should he again have the hardihood to turn up, and otherwise proposed to repeat the guards of the night before. While the excursionists were at tea, the colonel and Mr. Terry had been walking about with an object in view; and the latter gentleman informed his son-in-law that "the cornel has a shplindid oiday in his moind." Colonel Morton was requested to favour the company with it, and proceeded to do so. "From what infohmation I have had fuhnished me by my fellow-soldieh, Mr. Tehhy, I pehsume you have pehmited the attacking fohce to select its own basis of opehations, and have yohselves stood almost entihely on the defensive. With a small fohce, this is vely often the only couhse to puhsee. But, as I now undehtand from reeliable infohmation brought in, the enemy's fohce of seventeen is reduced by four, while that of the gahhison is augmented by three—the doctor, myself and my sehvant. Ah, no; I fohgot you have had one sad casualty, as my niece infohms me, in the fall of Mr. Nash; which leaves the strength of the gahhison fohteen, as against thihiteen of the assailants. My friend, Mr. Wilkinson, infohms me that a small detachement of five men, well ahmed, holds a foht some six miles in the dihection of the enemy. Now, gentlemen of the council of wah, can we not obtain that this friendly outpost make a diveshion in conceht with the offensive pah't of our ahmy? Send a scout with instuctions foh them to occupy the wood neah their foht, and, eitheh with blank or ball cahtyidge—as you, Genehal Cahhuthers, may dihect—meet the enemy as ouah troops dyive them back, and thus pehvent them seeking the coveh of the trees against us. This being done, send a scout, mounted if possible, to guahd against attack from the left; post pistol sentihels round the buildings, and fohm the rest of the available fohce into an attacking pah'ty occupying the strategic point examined by Mr. Tehhy and me: I allude to the plantation to the reah of the right wing. Just as soon as the enemy comes up to occupy that position, chahge them like bulldogs and drive them as fah as possible towahds the road, and at last bring them undeht the guns of our friendly foht. That, I think, is bettah than losing heah't by watching all night long and endangehing the safety of the ladies. Such, gentlemen, is my humble counsel."

"Hark till him, now, jantlemen; pay attintion till him, all av yeez," exclaimed Mr. Terry; "fer 'tis the wurrud av a sowldjer and an offisher."

"Assume command, Colonel, if you please. We are all ready to obey orders," said the Squire. "Is that not the case, friends?"

To this the whole company answered "Yes," and Colonel Morton at once gave his commands.

The garrison was paraded on the lawn, its armament strengthened by two rifles borrowed in the neighbourhood, of which the Squire carried one and the lawyer the other. The post office had been cleared out of its complete stock of powder and shot by Carruthers, early in the morning, to the no little disgust of the Grinstun man when he went for his mail. "Volunteehs foh the foht, foh mounted patyol, foh plantation picket—three!" called out the colonel. Perrowne volunteered for the first, as likely to have most influence with the Richards. "Blank cart-ridge," said the Squire, as he rode away amid much waving of handkerchiefs. "O'm yer picket, cornel," said Mr. Terry, stepping out of the ranks with his rifle at the shoulder in true military fashion. "Ef it's a gennelman wot knows riden, sah, and kin fiah a pistol or revolvah, I respectfully dedecates my feeble servishes," volunteered Mr. Maguffin, who mounted and patrolled poor Nash's beat, with a revolver handy; while the veteran ran at a regular double to the far end of the strip of bush. "The Squiah had bettah take the field, as he knows the ground and I do not," said the colonel; "I will command the gahhison. I shall want the captain, the doctah, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Ehhol—four. My deah sistah-in-law can shoot; and so, I believe, can Miss Halbeht, so we are seven."

"There's Wordsworth for you, Wilks, my boy," Coristine remarked, nudging his right hand man.

"Corry, my dear fellow, whatever induced you to take that gun?" answered the dominie, apprehensive for his friend's safety in the field.

"It's no gun, Wilks; it's a rifle. If I only get a sight at Grinstuns, I'll commit justifiable homicide. Then I wish the Squire would punish me by sending me down here for thirty days."

"The gahhison will take three paces to the fyont; quick, mahch!" commanded the colonel.

The four came out in pretty straggling order, and the two ladies named fell in beside them.

"Now, Squiah, I leave yoah command of five men, which Mr. Pehbowne will soon augment to six, and Mr. Tehhy to seven, in yoah hands. If I have no fultheh need of a mounted patyol, my sehvant will join the gahhison."

The colonel then left to post his sentries, which he did so judiciously that three were enough, namely, the doctor, the minister and the dominie. The ladies kept watch by turns on the front of the house. Soon a voice was heard at the gate calling for Colonel Morton. The colonel answered the summons in person. It was Maguffin dismounted, and behind him came two men, honest farmers apparently, one of whom led the coloured man's horse, while the other held his fowling piece at the port, ready for action in Maguffin's rear.

"Maguffin," said the colonel, sternly, "consideh youhself undeht ahhest, suh."

"I doan need ter hab ter, sah; that's jess wot I is this bressid minit."

"Good evening!" said the two farmers, amiably, and the colonel returned the salutation. "Good evening, gentlemen! but I feah you have made a mistake in ahhesting my sehvant."

"When a naygur on a fine beast gallops down on two quiet folk, and orders them to go back, disperse, and sur-rinder, and them coming to see after the safety of their children and friends, the only one thing to do, if you have your guns along, is to arrest the naygur."

"Do I undehtand, Maguffin, that you ordehed these wohthy people to go back, dispehse, and subhendah without any wahhant?"

"And presinted his pistil, too," continued the tall man, who had already spoken, and who was the coloured man's guard.

"Have you no answah, Maguffin?"

"I fought, Cunnell, I was ter patterole this heah road and repawt all the folkses I see on or off'n it."

"Yes, repoh't to me, as youh officah, suh."

"Oh, I fought yoh meant to repawt em wif a revolvah, sah."

"I suppose, gentlemen, you will let my sehvant go, when I say I deplohe his foolish mistake, and apologize foh his insolence?"

"To be shure, sir," replied the guard; "give the man his horse, Annerew."

Maguffin remounted, and, receiving more minute instructions from his master, returned to his patrol duty.

"We're just coming in to help the Squire, and me to look after my childer, Tryphena and Tryphosa and Baby Rufus. When the Baby didn't come back this mornin', I said to his mother, 'Persis' says I, 'I must go and see the boy.' So here I am. My name is Hill, sir, Henry Cooke Hill, and this is my neighbour, and some day, perhaps, Rufus's father-in-law, Annerew Hislop"—then in an undertone—"a very dacent man, sir, though a Sesayder."

"Is that the case?" asked the colonel with eagerness, advancing towards Andrew. "Were you on ouah side, suh, in the wahah?"

"Naw, naw, surr, I'm no sodjer, but a humble maimber o' the pure gospel Secession kirk. As the fufty-fufth parryphrase says:—

With heevenly wappons I have foht
The bahtties o' the Lord."

"Ah yes, pahdon me my mistake. Come in, gentlemen; the Squiah will be happy to see you."

Maguffin's captors entered, were warmly greeted by their friends in hall and kitchen, par took of a hasty supper, and were ready for the engagement of the night.

Perrowne, who was a good rider, soon made his appearance, reporting that the Richards were only too glad to make the desired repulse of the evil crew from their neighbourhood, and, as members formerly of a volunteer company, understood something of military tactics. The parson also reported that he had nearly fallen in with the advancing attacking force of, he should say, twenty men; but, sighting them ahead, he advanced slowly until he saw them move solidly to his left into the fields, with the evident intention of coming at the house through the strip of bush. The villains could not be far off. "Now, Squiah," said the colonel, "hasten, suh, to join Mr. Tehhy; a few minutes make all the difference in case of an attack."

The Squire had now nine men under his command, including his father-in-law, for Ben and Timotheus were safely back, having passed the formidable Maguffin. The other six were Sylvanus and Rufus, Messrs. Hill, Hislop, Perrowne, and Coristine. All were armed with loaded guns and rifles; the carbine and the blunderbuss remained to guard the house. Rapidly they reached the bush which hid them from view, and rejoiced the veteran's heart with their array.

"Now, grandfather," said Carruthers, "you must get us all into shape."

"Well now, we'll make belave this is a bittillion, an' you're cornel, an' O'm sargint-major. It's ten shtrong we are, an' there's three roifies an' two double barrels anyhow. You git in the rare, Cornel an' Mishter Coristine an' Mishter Parrowne an' Ben Toner; the rist av yeez shstay where yeez are, till I say 'Extind!' thin, tin paces apart for the front rank, an' tin for the rare rank; but the rare alternatin' wid the front. Whin Oi say, 'Front rank!' that rank'll diliver it's foire, an' go on wid its loadin' powers, here the varmints come. Shiddy min, listhen till me an' be quiet—Extind!"

(To be continued.)

THE elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that when in a wild state it can scent an enemy at a distance of 1,000 yards, and the nerves of its trunk are so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by its tiny proboscis.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

THE English Board of Trade has just decided that the commercial unit of electricity, formerly known as the "Board of Trade Unit," is hereafter to be called a "kelvin." The unit itself is one kilowatt hour, that is, 1,000 watt hours, and its new name is the present title of the well-known Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin.—*Electrical World.*