

# INTECH (1984) associates

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## THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

### A Dangerous Client.

(Continued from last week.)

I sank at last from sheer exhaustion, on the pile of straw which deadened my fall. What, I reflected, would Mr. Mordaunt—what would Zillah think of my disappearance? Would they believe I had absconded with the money? Jubal Gaff, I was certain, would never disclose having received it, and my friends would never suspect the truth. I was doomed therefore, not only to a horrible death, but to leave a name forever blighted in the esteem of those whose good opinion I most prized.

I know not how many hours I had remained a prey to these harrowing reflections, when a voice overhead attracted my attention. A dim light penetrated my prison, enabling me to see a man's face bent over the opening through which I had fallen. The features were those of Jubal Gaff, and the smile of insulting triumph they wore were simply fiendish. Any appeal to that man's mercy I knew hopeless.

"Villain!" I cried, "what is your purpose?"

"At present, to bring you food and drink," he replied, and then a basket containing a loaf of bread and a jug of water were lowered by a slender cord. I clutched at the latter in the vain hope that it might afford a means of escape, but the end above was let drop, and the opening closed, leaving me again in darkness.

I know not how the time passed. At stated periods my stock of provisions was replenished. Whatever was my jailor's object, it was certainly not my present death. It was equally clear he would never dare to set me free. Was I, then, to remain a solitary prisoner for life? Compared to such a fate, death itself would be a welcome boon.

In the hopelessness of my despair I groped around the walls and floor of my dungeon: pressed here and there against any yielding spaces.

At last, in one of the corners, my hand encountered a slight protuberance, against which I pushed with considerable force. My heart bounded as I felt one of stones of the floor give way and drop downward as though sustained by a hinge.

Groping further, I found that the aperture, which was large enough to admit my body, led to a flight of steps. Without stopping to consider whither they led, I descended them rapidly and at the foot found myself in a narrow passage, along which I felt my way carefully till an iron grating, through which a feeble light glimmered, barred my progress. I shook it violently, and the rust eaten lock yielded.

A narrow, winding staircase was before me, up which I hastened, and at the top reached a dilapidated wooden door, through whose crevices the light penetrated. I pushed it open without difficulty, and found myself in the vestry of an old ruined church. I learned, afterwards that the house occupied by Jubal Gaff had originally belonged to a monastic brotherhood, the cell beneath which had been used, probably, for self mortification, communicating with the apart-

ment above by steps which had been removed, and with the neighboring church by the subterranean passage through which I had escaped.

The first use made of my freedom was to fly at the top of my speed to Mr. Mordaunt's house. The door stood open and I entered. At the sound of voices in the library I paused and listened.

"Of course, you are accountable for the money," said Jubal Gaff. "I am willing to believe it was stolen by your absconding partner, but others may be less charitable. Of course, you know the severity with which the law deals with a defaulting lawyer."

"Will you grant me a little time," said Mr. Mordaunt tremulously.

"On one condition—your daughter's hand—"

I stayed to hear no more.

"You owe the scoundrel nothing!" I cried rushing in. Here is the receipt he gave me before putting me, as he thought, securely out of the way.

It was well for Jubal Gaff that when I turned to confront him he was no longer present. Nor was he again seen in St. Augustine.

"But how came he to spare your life when it was in his power?" inquired one of the listeners.

"Oh!" replied Nat, "murders, you know, have an ugly way of coming out, and then the consequences are rather serious; but shutting a man up for however long a time, is only a case of false imprisonment."

"And what of Zillah?" asked another.

"Well, as I said before, she's a remarkable fine looking woman yet, though it mayn't be my place to say it seeing she's been Mrs. Nathan Twyll for more than fifty years."

### A Sick Family.

"Good morning Johnny," said the Methodist preacher, riding up to a small boy seated on a fence in front of a Kentucky farm house and whistling "Wait till the clouds roll by."

"Mornin'," replied the boy, eyeing the preacher's scrub horse narrowly.

"Are the folks well this morning?"

"Naw."

"Who's sick?"

"Jim, he's down with the measles; Mary, she's down with the mumps; Sal, she's down with the yaller janders; Sam, he's down with the fever; Mordecai, he's down with the chills"—and the boy stopped to take breath.

"Why, my Johnny, you must be having a hard time at your house."

"Yes, rather tough for good Methodists."

"Is there any one else sick?"

"Yes, mother, she's down, too."

"No, you don't say so! What's she down with?"

"Oh, she's down with the neighbors in the front room helpin' lay Pap out."

"Your father dead?"

"Yes, the old man gimme his last lickin' yisteday mornin'."

"This is terrible," groaned the preacher, "is there any one else down?"

"Yes, Bob and Hezekiah are down with the dogs in the woods behind the truck patch ketchin' a coon fur dinner. Mother's expectin' yer, and she told me to set out here and wait till you come."

### A Girl Every Time.

A man was found sitting on the horse block in front of the Wakefield mansion the other day, looking as if he did not have a friend in the world. He was despair itself, and a benevolent citizen who was passing kindly laid his hand upon his shoulder and said—

"My poor fellow, what ails you?"

"Oh, life to me is a weary burden and my heart is sick and sore and my brain is tired."

"Why, man, what has happened?"

"Enough—enough to drive me to the lunatic asylum or my grave. I had the responsibility of perpetuating the name of my family thrust upon me by fate, and twenty years ago, full of lusty life and blooming hope, I married and set myself to the task. A year brought forth—" here he broke into a fit of weeping.

"Brought forth what, my good man?"

"A girl. A girl to grow up and perpetuate some other fellow's name."

"Ah well! you should have been courageous."

"And I was; but when the dying leaves were rustling mournfully in the first chill blasts of winter of the second year another girl was born."

"Do not despair, my friend."

"But for nineteen long years the solstice has come and the sun has looked down from his heavenly heights upon a new-born girl."

"But you should continue to hope. The solstice is not yet here, and this year may bear rich fruition for your faith."

"No, we have just prepared for the coming of the solstice, and it is—"

"A girl?"

"Two of them. Hope is dead in my poor heart, and the petals of expectations flower have lost their flavor and turned to ashes. Now have you the gall to bid me still to hope?"

"Alas, alas! I have not. It might be three next time. Go suicide and end your swift accumulating foes."

### A Couple of Horns.

Smith purchased a "mule" and drove her home a couple of nights ago. The animal was a curiosity to his children.

"Oh, what a tow!" exclaimed little three-year-old: "it dot no horns."

"Papa has 'em," said five-year-old.

"Why don't 'e put 'em on de tow?"

"I don't know. I heard him say he had swallowed a couple of horns before breakfast, and I guess they are inside of him now. Mamma told him he would swaller the cow afore six weeks."

There were three or four of us in a grocery store in Macon when a tall solemn-looking negro entered and presented a written order for \$8 worth of goods.

Did Col. Dunlap give you this order?" sharply enquired the grocer.

The negro scratched his head and looked uneasy, then slowly said, "If you have any doubts 'bout Col. Dunlap signin' de order, I don't want to trade. If my son Julius can't do better than that after practicin' fer a hull week, I'ze gwyne home to tell him to let up on the edicatin' biz. ess."

### NEWS OF THE WORLD.

All the important events of the week ending on Tuesday evening.

#### BOILED DOWN TO A COLUMN.

Lord Dufferin has arrived at Calcutta. He met with an enthusiastic reception.

The Cork police have seized a number of rifles and bayonets discovered outside the city.

The Dominion Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on Thursday the 29th of January.

The Halton County Council have appropriated \$60 to meet the cost of administering the Scott Act.

It is rumored that Henry Ward Beecher will succeed Minister Lowell as American representative in England.

The county of Carleton council are endeavouring to adopt a scheme so as to be able to abolish tolls in the county.

The By-law to raise \$25,000 as a bonus toward the new county buildings at Essex Center, was carried by 111 majority; 115 for and 4 against.

A man named Davis, belonging to J. G. Collins's surveying party, was drowned Monday while attempting to cross the Ottawa River, near Fort Coulouge.

The Kingston grand jury have approved of Judge Price's opinion that corporal punishment is more beneficial than imprisonment for lads under 14 years of age.

From the 1st of January to the 30th of November the total arrivals of immigrants in Canada were 144,842 against 182,979 during the same period last year. Of this total, 84,198 were arrivals of persons to settle in Canada. The rest came here as passengers for the United States. During the same period last year there arrived 108,767 immigrant settlers for Canada.

A delegation has interviewed the acting Minister of Railways and Canals in regard to extending the Rideau Canal to Gananoque. They pointed out the great benefit, not only to Gananoque, but to a large section of farming country, if a canal was constructed connecting that place with Rideau Canal. The distance is about 50 miles and the cost would amount to about \$100,000. Mr. Pope promised to lay the matter before his colleagues.

Since the passage of the Scott Act in 1878 it has been voted upon in fifty-one constituencies. In forty of these it is now in force. There have been fifty-nine contests under the Act, in all; six for repeal, in every one of which the Act was sustained, and two each in Stanstead, Que., and Lambton, Ont. In forty-eight of these contests the Act was successful, in ten it was defeated, and in one, St. John, N. B., a tie vote was cast. Twelve of these victories were won in Nova Scotia, thirteen in New Brunswick, six in Prince Edward Island, thirteen in Ontario, two in Quebec, and two in Manitoba. The Act has sustained seven defeats in Ontario and three in Quebec.