Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 15. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1887. NO. 6.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Conveyator, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

If you are suffering from debility and loss of appetite, if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

N. H. PHINNEY,

Stipendiary Magistrate

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

STOVES, PLOWS, HOLLOWWARE,

GROCERIES

FLOUR, and MEAL,

AT BOTTOM PRICES

—FOR—

CASH.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 7th, 1887. tf

A GREAT VICTORY,

Another Election is over, and the Grits in many places are despondent and now need a good TONIC, while the Boodlers are feasting and spending theirs (or somebody's) substance in riotous living, and need something to not upon the

LIVER AND KIDNEYS

to assist these organs in their work, or they will break down and bring on sickness and death by

POISONING THE BLOOD

which should always be cleansed at this season of the year. And it has been decided by both parties by a very large majority that there is nothing in the market that is equal to

DR. NORTON'S

Dock Blood Purifier

—for all diseases of the—

LIVER, BLOOD, STOMACH AND KIDNEYS,

and that many valuable lives will be saved this spring and summer by using a bottle of this boon to mankind.

Here is one of the thousands who cast their vote:—

Chiggois, Yarmouth Co., January 5th, 1886.

Dr. Norton,—I wish to inform you that I am cured of Dyspepsia. When I commenced to take your Dock Blood Purifier, my stomach was so weak that I could not take the least article of food without distressing me. Before taking your medicine I took doctor's medicine which made me worse. I only used four bottles, and can eat anything and am real fleshy. Yours gratefully,

Mrs. Lamuel Gammon.

For sale by all dealers.

J. B. NORTON,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

SOLE PROPRIETOR.

A Great Cause of Human Misery

In the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,

41 Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box, 450.

JUST RECEIVED.

Two Carloads

FLOUR AND MEAL,

which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.

Also,—A well assorted stock of

Groceries!

MOLASSES AND SUGAR,

SPICES, SALT, TOBACCOS,

BROOMS, SOAP,

RAISINS, CURRANTS,

CANNED GOODS,

BISCUITS, SYRUPS, ETC

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, July, 1885

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex: all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. If all health than $5 worth of any other medicine. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. If people could be made to realize the blood and cure chronic ... be cured. If people could be made to realize

Make New Rich Blood!

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

MR. P. H. MORRIS,

regrets that sickness prevented his attending at

Mr. Sancton's Jewelry Store on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, '86,

as advertised, for the purpose of fitting the B. LAURANCE SPECTACLES, and is extremely sorry for the disappointment of the many callers.

Arrangements will be shortly effected for an early visit, of which due announcement will be made. He hopes then to meet all those who called, and others who desire his services in fitting by scientific methods the best spectacles to be had, viz, the

B. LAURANCE, PEBBLE and OTHERS,

to all and every condition of sight.

Montreal, December 13th, 1886.

PIANOS! ORGANS! ORGANS!

ACADIA ORGAN CO.,

—ARE STILL—

MANUFACTURING THEIR FINE ORGANS

Which are Selling Fast and the Demand Steadily Increasing.

—THE PRICE ARE—

BELOW THE IMPORTED INSTRUMENTS,

therefore the Intending Purchaser need not send his money away for ORGANS when he can buy one of the Finest Instruments at Home.

PIANOS!

We have secured agency for several of the best makes of Pianos, such as STEINWAY & SONS, J. & C. FISHER, J. HERR, LANSDOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICKERING & SONS, and many others.

—Those who have been—

WAITING TO BUY CHEAP

and have an opportunity of selecting for themselves will please call and see our Stock

WE CAN SELL AT CITY PRICES.

We have in connection with our Organ business a lot of

Dining Extension Tables,

made by the well-known maker, Mr. JOHN EMSLIE, now in stock, and shall continue to keep them. Call and inspect. Mr. Emslie will also

REPAIR FURNITURE AT REASONABLE RATES.

CALL AND SEE US.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

An Offer Worthy Attention from Every Reader of the MONITOR.

Your Choice of Four Good Papers, Free.

SUNSHINE: *For youth; also for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered*, is a handsome, pure, useful and most interesting paper; it is published monthly by E. C. Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, at 50 cents per year; handsomely illustrated.

DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA. Emphatically a woman's paper in all branches of her work and exalted station in the world. "Eternal fitness" is the foundation from which to build. Handsomely illustrated. Published monthly by True & Co., Augusta, Maine, at 50 cents per year.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER AND LADIES' FIRESIDE COMPANION. This practical, sensible paper will prove a boon to all housekeepers, and ladies who read it. It has a boundless field of usefulness, and its ability appears equal to the occasion. It is strong and sound in all its varied departments. Handsomely illustrated. Published monthly by H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, at 50 cents per year.

FARM AND HOUSEKEEPER. *Good Farming, Good Housekeeping, Good Cheer.* This handsomely illustrated paper is devoted to the two most important and noble industries of the world—farming in all its branches—housekeeping in every department. It is able and up to the progressive times; it will be found practical and of great general usefulness. Published monthly by George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, at 50 cents per year.

We will send *free* for one year, whichever of the above named papers may be chosen, to any one who pays for the Monitor for one year in advance. This applies to our subscribers and all who wish to become subscribers.

We will send *free* for one year, whichever of the above named papers may be chosen, to any subscriber for the Monitor whose subscription may not be paid up, who shall pay up to date and one year in advance.

To any one who hands us payment on account, for this paper, for three years in advance, we will send *free* for one year all of the above described papers; or we will send one of them for four years, or two for two years, as may be preferred.

This is one of the best offers we have ever made. It gives two papers for the price of one.

H. S. PIPER,

Publisher Monitor.

NOVA SCOTIA SPORTSMEN

Attention!

I beg to call your attention to the RODS and FLIES I am manufacturing. The rods are as far superior to the ordinary wooden Rod, as the Breech Loader is to the percussion gun, and is sold at prices that defy competition. These Rods are made on the same principles as the Split Bamboo Rods, only my Rod is made of wood instead of cane. The woods, Lancewood and Greenheart, the two best wood known for rod making, are used in the construction of my rods in sections with silk between joints, making a wonderfully light and powerful rod, being superior to split bamboo, for in the enamel is the strength of a bamboo rod and that once chipped the rod is done. My $10 rod can be subjected to the roughest usage without injury. I will test my rod with any now manufactured.

PRICE LIST.

Combination Rod full nickle finish 1 tip	$10.00
With spare Lancewood Tip	11.00
With spare Combination tip	14.00
Salmon rods same finish, 15 to 17 feet	12.00
Trout rods, 6 strips	14.00
Salmon do. do.	20.00
Greenheart trout rods, 9 to 12 feet, same finish as above, spare tip, two cases	8.00
Lancewood same as above, $7.00, former price	$9.00
Salmon rods 15 to 17 feet, same finish, greenheart, $14.00, former price	$15.00.
Lancewood, 15 to 17 feet, $15.00; former price	$16.00.

Trout Flies, new style of body to prevent drowning, 75 cents per doz.

The above goods are first class in every respect being made by myself personally and of the best material that can be got.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

J. DAUZELL,

7 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of William H. Fairn late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within one year from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

LAURA M. FAIRN,

Administratrix.

AMOS K. PATTERSON,

Administrator.

Aylesford, Nov. 17th, 1886. 6m

ANNAPOLIS S S.

In the County Court, 1884,

AUGUSTUS FULLERTON, Plaintiff,

—AND:—

CHARLES W. PYNE, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, on

MONDAY, JUNE 6th, '87,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Annapolis.

ALL the estate, right, title, claim, property and demand which the above named defendant at the time of the entering of the judgment herein or at any time since, had, of, in, to or upon all those certain pieces or parcels of

LAND,

and premises situate in Clements, in said County of Annapolis, and bounded as follows:—

1st: All that lot beginning at the northwest corner of lands of Jesse Henshaw running south 20° and 30m., east 70 chains to the Hennigar lot; thence south 69° 30 m., west 7 chains and 15 links; thence north 20° 30 m., west 70 chains to lands of Jonathan Milner and others; thence north 69° 30 m., west 7 chains 15 links to the place of beginning, containing 50 acres more or less.

2nd. All that certain other lot beginning at a stake and stones running 119 rods and 12 links, southerly 21½°; thence by land of the late Abel Chute 26 rods 21½° southerly until it strikes the land of Edward Henshaw; thence running northerly by said Henshaw's land 119 rods and 12 links 21½° west, to a stake and stones; thence by lands of Samuel Henshaw 26½ rods 21½° north until it strikes land of late Peter Cress, and from thence to the place of beginning, containing 20 acres more or less.

3rd. All that certain other lot beginning at the north-east corner of lot No. 16, running south along the cross road 90 rods; thence westerly until it strikes lands of the late Abel Chute; thence northerly by said lands of Chute 90 rods, more or less, until it strikes lands of Thomas Milberry; thence easterly by said Milberry land and others until it comes to the place of beginning, containing 54 acres more or less.

4th. All that certain other lot beginning at the southern corner of lands of George Cress; thence running along the said George Cress' line in a north-easterly direction until it intersects the lands of Fritz Cress' and James Henshaw's land; thence along said Henshaw's land in a north-westerly direction until it intersects John E. Berry's and others land; thence easterly to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres.

The said lands and premises having been taken in execution issued at the suit of the plaintiff against the defendant on a judgment duly recorded for upwards of one year.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed.

J. AVARD MORSE,

High Sheriff.

J. M. Owen, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Annapolis, May 2nd, 1887. 5i

1876. Annapolis, S.S.

In the SUPREME COURT,

Between HARRIS H. CHUTE, Plaintiff,

—:AND:—

JOHN W. HARRIS, Defendant.

—TO BE SOLD AT—

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, at the Court House, Annapolis, on

Saturday, 28th May, '87,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

ALL the estate, right, title and interest of the said defendant at the time of the entering of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, to and out of all those certain pieces or parcels of

LAND,

and premises, situate in Clements, in said County of Annapolis, and bounded as follows:

First. All that lot bounded on the north by lands granted to Wm. Mayo, on the east by vacant land on the south by lands of H. H. Chute, on the west by the Long Lake, containing 100 acres.

Second. All that other lot bounded on the East by lands of E. & Z. Cressup, on the south-west and north by lands now or formerly of E. Walsh & Co.

Third. All that other lot bounded on the north by the Middlesex road, on the east by lands of E. G. Harris, on the south by the Negro Line Road, on the west by lands of H. H. Chute, containing 100 Acres, more or less.

Fourth. All that other lot on the Middlesex road and bounded on the south by the road, on the west by J. H Harris, on the north by W. Lent, and on the east by lands of H. H. Chute, containing 4 acres, more or less.

The said lands and premises having been taken in execution issued at the suit of the plaintiff against the defendant on a judgment duly recorded for upwards of one year.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

J. AVARD MORSE,

High Sheriff.

J. M. Owen, Plaintiff's Solicitors.

Annapolis, April 25th, '87. 5i

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Mrs. Annie McLean, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, having by deed, bearing date the 17th day of March, A. D., 1887, assigned to me all her stock in trade, book debts and accounts in trust, first to pay all expenses connected with said assignment and the costs of disposing of the stock in trade, and then to pay such of her creditors as shall execute said deed of assignment within sixty days from its date, so far as the property assigned shall be sufficient thereto, in order as shown by her schedule of creditors, annexed to said assignment.

Notice is hereby given that the said deed of assignment, now lies at the office of Messrs. Parker & Daniels, solicitors, Bridgetown, where parties interested in the assignment may inspect the same and creditors of the said Annie McLean, wishing to participate in the said assignment, are requested to sign.

J. G. H. PARKER,

Assignee.

Bridgetown, March 17th, 1887. 2m

Notice of Assignment.

J. Randolph Brown, of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, having by deed, bearing date the 15th day of March, A. D., 1887, assigned to me all his Real Estate and Personal Property in trust, first to pay all expenses of making said assignment, and the costs and expenses of disposing of the said property and collecting the proceeds and then to pay certain preferential creditors mentioned in said deed. Then, if anything remain, to pay certain other claims in full; but if not enough to pay in full, then the last specified claims to be paid ratably in proportion to the claims. Then, if anything remain, such creditors as shall execute said deeds to the terms of said deed within ninety days from the date thereof.

Notice is hereby given that the said deed now lies at the office of the register of deeds for the county of Annapolis, in Bridgetown, and a duplicate of the same is at the office of the subscriber in Middleton, where creditors may inspect the same and if they wish to participate may sign.

O. M. TAYLOR,

Assignee.

Middleton, March 18th, A. D., 1887. 2m

1887. Letter "B," No. 90.

In the COUNTY COURT,

Between RUNCIMAN, RANDOLPH & Co., Plaintiffs,

—:AND:—

MINER CLARK, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, in front of the office of T. D. Ruggles & Sons, solicitors, Queen Street, Bridgetown, in said County, on

Monday, 13th June, 1887,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

ALL the right, title and interest that the above named defendant had at the time of the recording of the judgment herein or which the defendant now has or at any time since has had of, in, to and out of those certain pieces or parcels of

LAND,

situate at Bridgetown, in the County aforesaid, and described as follows, that is to say:—

1st. All that certain dwelling house, lot of land and premises formerly owned and occupied by the late James Clark deceased, at the time of his death, and bounded and described as follows:—

On the north by lands owned by George Russel, on the east by lands belonging to the estate of the late Alexander Eason, on the south by lands owned by John Z. Bent and the road leading from Queen Street to his lot and on the west by Queen street, so called.

2nd. All that wharf property, house and buildings with the premises, situate, lying and being in Bridgetown aforesaid, bounded as follows:—

On the south by the Annapolis river, on the west by lands belonging to the heirs of the late Anton Eaton, on the north by the road called Water street and on the east by property now owned by Abner Foster, together with all the buildings, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging. The said land and premises having been levied on under execution issued on a judgment duly registered more than one year.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

J. A. MORSE,

Sheriff of Annapolis Co.

T. D. Ruggles & Sons,

Solicitors for Plaintiff.

Bridgetown, May 9th, '87. 5i10

Poetry.

Wait a Bit.

[From the Century *Bric-a-Brac.*]

When Johnny came a-courting,
I thought him overbold,
For I was but a young thing,
And he no very old.
And though I liked him well enough,
I sent him on his way,
With, 'Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!'

When Johnny passed me in the lane,
And pleaded for a kiss,
And vowed he'd love me evermore
For granting of the bliss,
Although I'd liked it ever well,
I saw from him away,
With, 'Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!'

When Johnny fell a-ranting,
With, 'Jenny, be my wife?'
And vowed I never should regret,
However long my life;
Although I liked it best o' all,
I turned from him away,
With, 'Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!'

Oh, Johnny was a ninny!
He took me at my word;
And he was courting another,
The next thing that I heard.
Oh, what a ninny was Johnny,
To mind me when I'd say,
'Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!'

Heigh-ho, I've met my Johnny,
I gin him a blink o' my eye,
And then he fell a-raving,
For want o' my love he'd die!
I ne'er could be so cruel,
So I set the wedding day,
With 'Haste a bit, nor waste a bit,
There's danger in delay!'

—*Jennie E. T. Dowe.*

Select Literature.

Soldier Jack's Ring.

BY AN ENGLISH EX-DETECTIVE.

PART I.

One night I was summoned to headquarters, and on my arrival at the office I found a gentleman with the chief, whom I recognized in a moment. Mr. John Trowbridge was a great civil engineer, contractor and mine-owner and at the time of which I speak he had works down the river, in Camden Town, and in the Borough, with central offices in Westminster. I knew him very well, for I had succeeded some two years before in tracing and capturing a former clerk of his, who had forged his name to certain bills and a check.

As soon as I entered the office Mr. Trowbridge came forward saying:

'My son has been murdered, and I want you to find the murderer.'

I was very nearly taken aback by this abrupt statement, but I fancy I succeeded in concealing my surprise. I knew the son very well indeed and was somewhat shocked at the information.

'Where did this happen?' I began.

'In the plantation behind my house at Gareham.' I can give you particulars on the way. We can catch the next train from Waterloo if there is nothing to detain you.'

'I am quite ready to start,' I replied.

As we entered the cab, the bereaved father said that we could not converse very well until we got in the train, and so we silently rode over the bridge, reached the station, and were soon comfortably seated in a first class compartment.

It is unnecessary for me to repeat the conversation which followed. The strong points were that his son Henry had been out walking in the plantation; that he had encountered a poacher or, at least, some vagabond armed with a fowling-piece; that angry words had passed between them; that Henry whistled for the keepers, and then the rascal ran away. He however had not gone very far when he turned round and deliberately shot the young fellow through the heart.

'If the bullet went through his heart, death must have been instantaneous,' I remarked.

'And so it was,' replied Mr. Trowbridge.

'Then how came you by the details you have given me?' I asked. 'Did any of the keepers come up in time to see the murderer fire and fly?'

'No, returned the father.

'There was a witness however?'

'Yes; a young lady to whom my son was, I imagine, paying his addresses. You shall question her.'

'If I am to succeed in finding the murderer of your son, you must conceal nothing from me.'

'Ah, you are right,' the rich man returned quickly. Then he added, as if he had suddenly made up his mind to make a clean breast of it:

'My poor boy has been a sad scapegrace. He has caused me no end of trouble in town, as well at home here in the country. He has made several very serious enemies I fear. Two threatening letters were sent to him only lately——'

'Ah?' I could not help exclaiming. 'Have you preserved them?'

'Unfortunately, no. We treated them with contempt and threw them in the fire.'

'May I inquire,' I proceeded, 'if Mr. Henry Trowbridge was paying his addresses to the young lady who was with him at that fatal moment, with your knowledge and consent?'

'Is that material?' cried Mr. Trowbridge. 'What do you suspect?'

'I hardly know anything yet,' I returned.

This was scarcely the truth. The fact is, while tracing the forgeries before mentioned, I had discovered that Mr. Henry Trowbridge was a most unprincipled young man, and indeed more than one of his father's clerks owed their ruin to his example and companionship. The father went on with a sigh:

'The young woman in question is the daughter of the farrier.—I mean the veterinary surgeon—and of course it would have been out of the question for me to receive her as a daughter-in-law.'

I expected that this would be the nature of his reply, but I made no remark upon it.

'Does the doctor you called in reside in Gareham also?' I proceeded.

'Yes; Dr. Holder. His place is next door to the Bush Hotel, and Lorimer, the horse doctor's house is right opposite,' replied the lord of the manor of Gareham.

I consulted my time-table rapidly, and then said,

'This case, I find, is not so simple as I was led to anticipate, Mr. Trowbridge. If I am to unravel the mystery of it you must permit me to act in my own way. If I got out with you at Gareham junction, or at the town station my game might be spoiled altogether. At the next station I must change to a third-class carriage.'

And change I did.

PART II.

I had visited Gareham before, and knew the place pretty well. When I arrived there, I left the carriage very leisurely, to give Mr. Trowbridge an opportunity of getting away first. I saw him enter the cab slowly and evidently painfully, and drive away, before I stepped out into the roadway.

'Old chap seems hard hit,' said a man in front of me to his companion.

'Serves him right, say I,' returned the other.

'The young 'un deserved an ounce o' lead. 'I tell you, if young Beelzebub had come up my way wi' his tricks, I'd shoot him as truly as he has been shot; and what's more, Jim, George Lorimer would ha' done that same, for he were trying to snare his girl when he got his desarts.'

The speakers crossed the highway and turned down a lane, so I heard no more of their conversation. I had heard enough however.

I hurried to the Bush Hotel, more satisfied than ever that poaching had nothing to do with the crime.

Having engaged a bed-room, I asked the waiter who conducted me into the coffee-room—which was empty—if he could tell me where Mr. Lorimer lived. I put on a drawling, country kind of delivery, and added that I was about to buy some horses in the neighborhood, and I had been recommended to him as a man who could introduce me to the best cattle for sale.

'Mr. Lorimer's house is right opposite, sir,' returned the waiter; 'but if you want to see him now you'll find him in the bar parlor. Every-body's there to-night talking over the murder. You've heard of it, of course, sir?'

I answered in the affirmative, and requested to be conducted to the bar parlor at once.

'Gentleman wants to see you, Mr. Lorimer,' said the waiter, by way of introduction.

'This way, sir,' cried a tall, stout, rosy-faced man, making room for me beside him on the leather-covered seat which ran round the comfortable retreat.

My new friend was the chief personage there that night, on account of the fact that his daughter had been with the murdered man. There were about twenty men present, mostly tradesmen, and their freely expressed opinions would not have pleased John Trowbridge very much if he had heard them.

In the conversation it came out that the poacher or vagabond with whom Henry Trowbridge had had the altercation, a few minutes before his tragic end, was a peculiar character, and was variously called Jack Deacon, Gypsy Jack and Soldier Jack. None of the speakers would believe him guilty, and I fancied there was a possibility of his innocence from the fact—if it turned out to be a fact—that four or five minutes elapsed after his leaving the young gentleman and his companion before the fatal shot was fired from under cover. On the other hand, Miss Lorimer had plainly said that the shot came from the direction in which Soldier Jack disappeared.

'Look here, gentleman,' cried Lorimer, bringing down his hand upon the table with such a hearty blow that all the glasses jingled again, 'I'd bet my life that Soldier Jack is as innocent as I am, and I was fifteen miles away at the time. I know the lad—none better—and you all know why I would no longer have him about my place.'

'Ay, it wasn't nice to have a vagabond like that after your lass, George.'

'Poor Jack!' murmured the landlady.

'Yes, poor Jack!' proceeded George Lorimer, 'it's a pity he has gone back to the old life.'

'He won't have to enjoy even that long,' said a new-comer at the outer window of the bar. 'I'll have him under lock and key in twenty-four hours, and I'll bet he's hanged before he's four months older.'

'You never liked him, Inspector Pritchard,' said Lorimer; 'and if he's hanged, he'll not be the first person you've helped wrongfully to convict. But I don't think you'll have the chance of distinguishing yourself this time, for Mr. Trowbridge went up to London specially to bring down a celebrated detective.'

'No London detective dare meddle with my business?' cried the inspector vindictively. 'They've got nothing to do with us, and we're quite as smart as they are.'

'That remains to be proved,' said my friend, rising, and I gladly followed him into the hall, that I might catch a glimpse of the high and mighty rural inspector. One glance at him told me his character, so I counted him as nothing in the case, if the suspected person was clever enough to keep out of the way.

We had a fine supper at Lorimer's, and his daughter was, like himself, a quiet, firm, strong minded young woman, who did not appear to be very much upset by the terrible event in which she had been concerned. She was very pretty; perhaps too high-colored and robust to be called beautiful, but, in my eyes, a true rural beauty for all that.

She told me plainly what had happened. She had met Henry Trowbridge by accident in the pathway crossing the wood bordering his father's preserves. At an open space near the churchyard wall they encountered Soldier Jack, and angry words had passed between them. The latter had the best of it, and hurried away along the wall toward the high road.

'And the shot came from that direction, I hear?' I said.

'Yes,' returned the girl. 'It came from somewhere in that direction—I could not say positively. Mr. Trowbridge had given me a nosegay, and I had thrown the flowers away. Although I didn't heed his fine words, I thought afterward I might as well pick up the flowers and the shot was fired while I was stooping for them.'

'When do you get up in the morning, Miss Lorimer?' I asked, after a pause.

'About six, generally,' she replied.

'It is not light until nearly half-past seven,' I continued. Then I added: 'I take a great interest in this affair, and would like to meet you as early as possible at the scene of the murder. If your father is not engaged, he might accompany you.'

I could see that the girl looked surprised. When her father accompanied me over to the inn for the purpose of joining in a 'night-cap,' I told him who I was, in strict confidence, and he was anxious that I should succeed in proving Soldier Jack innocent, for the young fellow's own sake first, and, in the second place, that the inspector might be 'taken down a peg or two.'

I was comfortably smoking at the bar parlor fire with the landlord and his wife's father—the original owner of the Bush Hotel—when the latter, a very old man, began:

'A sad lot, these Trowbridges. Old Simon Trowbridge, father to the present John, was at school wi' me. He was the son of a younger brother of Squire Trowbridge, of Gareham Hall, but he came into the old property, and freehold lands adjoining, belonging to three other uncles. Ah, Simon had a good income once, but he kept open house and race horses, and when he died, all that belonged to the name was the old house and ten or twelve acres of orchard and garden ground. That was sold at last, and Johnny disappeared. The next time I met him he was working as a mechanic in Deptford—ay, a common workingman. He had a good headpiece, however, and got on. I did hear that he married some girl in London; but we lost sight of him for a long time until he turned up, back from Australia, wi' a pot o' money. He bought back the old Hall and the home farm, but he didn't stop here. No, he went into business in London, and got on until they do say he's one o' the richest men about here. He married a London lady, but she died when her boy were quite a little 'un, and now he's dead. Strange, very strange—very, very strange!'

Bit by bit and as naturally so, it might be called, accidentally, I got all the information I required for the elucidation of this strange case.

When I got up in the morning I visited the scene of the murder. It was an open glade, close beside the side wall of the churchyard, and about two hundred yards from the high-way, in which direction the assassin had run. Miss Lorimer showed me exactly where and how Mr. Henry Trowbridge was standing when the shot was fired, as she imagined, behind a clump of bushes straight in front of them.

After seeing my friends home, I called on the doctor, who told me he had sent to London for a medical friend to aid him in extracting the bullet and certifying to its locality, as well as force, and other particulars. All he could say then was that the shot seemed to have been fired from a slight elevation, and from a point slightly to the left of the murdered man. I concluded from this that the fatal shot was fired from the churchyard and not from behind the bushes indicated by Miss Lorimer. I had noticed that the churchyard was at least four or five feet above the level of the surrounding land. Going quickly back there, I discovered that the wall outside was at least seven feet high; while inside it was only three or four feet, elevated above the level of the tombstones. I went inside and up to the corner commanding the 'clearing' in which young Trowbridge had been shot. There were two headstones—one behind the other. A musket leveled to rest upon the one nearest to where I stood would just give the kind of shot the doctor described. I was saying something aloud when my eye fell on the next stone. It was blackened by recently fired powder, and the moss in some crevices was singed with flame. I did not smell to assure

For a moment I was stunned by this discovery. The next, however, I asked myself, 'What was to prevent the man called Soldier Jack from entering the churchyard from the rear, and firing a musket through the railings at the back of the tombstone behind him, which would be quite out of sight of the house, the women, or indeed anybody?'

I now visited the hall by the way mentioned by Miss Lorimer, and by the pathway and over the stile. I saw the body officially examined by the doctors, and then informed Mr. Trowbridge of my discovery in the churchyard. He came with me to the spot, and as I was explaining the position and the idea which had struck me, he said, suddenly, 'Why, this must be the place where Soldier Jack was standing when he fired at my son!' I was astonished at the coincidence, and signed assent. 'Why, I know this place well,' he continued, pointing to the stone. 'I used to lie hidden here for hours when I was a boy, and I used to think how easy it would be to shoot a man standing where you say Jack was standing.'

'Inspector Pritchard has shown us enough to say that he has arrested Soldier Jack.'

We went down to the police office, after had prevailed upon Mr. Trowbridge not to disclose my identity, and the thought that struck me when I saw the 'Jacob' was extraordinary likeness to the murdered man. This likeness had never before been remarked. Soldier Jack was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. Dark-eyed, sunburned with thick, curling hair falling over his shoulders, he wore a long-ended drooping mustache, which made him look like some old picture. There was a daring desperate look in his large eyes; but these eyes were not the eyes of an assassin or a treacherous man. I was thinking all this, when Mr. Trowbridge cried, in a horrified and yet drawling voice:

'That ring—where did you get it?'

'It was my mother's,' said Jack. 'I wore it round my neck on a string, until my fingers grew large enough to keep it firmly.'

'And you know what is stamped inside?'

'Yes.'

'Shall I repeat the words?'

'You!'

'Ay, unhappy man! These hands made that simple silver ring out of half a crown, and stamped inside the words: 'To Amelia, my wife, on her twenty-first birthday.—J. T.'

'I don't understand,' faltered Soldier Jack.

'Heaven has indeed punished me!' cried Mr. Trowbridge. 'You are my first-born son,' he continued, in a ringing thrilling voice, 'and the murderer of your brother!'

As he uttered the terrible words he fell at my feet insensible. He was carried into the inspector's parlor, where he lay until his carriage came to convey him to the hall.

* * * * * * *

It was dark when the surgeons extracted the bullet from Henry Trowbridge's body that night. The library, where it lay, was in the rear of the new outlying wing of the Hall, and the windows were French casements opening down to the lawn. The spacious apartment was well lit, but the heavy curtains had only been partially drawn. When Dr. Holder at last produced the bullet, Inspector Prichard eagerly seized it and fitted it in the barrel of Soldier Jack's gun. It was so loose that it required no driving home.

'Fits exactly!' he cried, triumphantly 'Jack's the murderer!'

He had left the cell just before Mr. Trowbridge had recognized his first-born son, and I kept him in ignorance of what had occurred.

'I appeal to you, doctor,' I said, looking across the table to the surgeon who had his back to the window. 'Was not that bullet fired from an elevated position?'

Both surgeons agreed that it had been. Taking the gun from the inspector's hand, I depressed the muzzle, and the bullet rolled out.

'Oh, the wadding would have kept that in position,' said the inspector.

I knew that, but was only gaining time. When speaking to the doctor, I had seen a pale face pressed against the window-pane behind him. With the musket still in my hand, I passed leisurely round the table, placed the firearm softly down, quickly undid the fastening of the nearest window and rushed out to seize the woman I had seen glaring in upon the scene.

She resisted very little, and I drew her into the room.

'Here is the murderess!' I cried. 'She shot Mr. Trowbridge from the church yard leaning her fowling-piece upon a tombstone. I found this fragment of an earring among the grass beside it; the fellow of it is in her ear.'

'Oh, gentlemen, I am guilty!' cried the woman. 'I own I shot him, but it was the girl I wanted to kill. She stooped down at the moment I fired, and I killed my love—my love!' and the demented creature threw herself upon the body of the man who had deceived her. She was a gypsy whom he had deserted, and, as she said herself, 'she couldn't bear to see him speak to another woman.'

She was tried, sentenced to be hanged, and was respited to be detained during her majesty's pleasure.

John Trowbridge took his oldest son away with him abroad. When they returned, Soldier Jack had become a gentleman, and his father no longer objected to the 'vet's' girl as a daughter-in-law. She is the woman who wears Soldier Jack's Silver Ring.

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