

thousand other items strewed about in rusty, rotting heaps: the stock in trade of Messrs. Block & Co., Shipbreakers. Yet never a trace was found of the man who had fired at the junior partner in the firm. The search of Mrs Barford and her party was diligent but fruitless.

"I'll advertise in the newspapers. I'll print handbills," said Mr. Starkie; "I'll offer a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the offender. That is, of course," he added with a change of tone, "if Mr. Block consents to my doing so. I can do nothing without his permission."

"We'll sit up all night with you if you like, Mr. Starkie," said Mrs. Barford, speaking for herself and her friends.

Mr. Starkie thought it would not be necessary. He was under no fear. He did not think that there was any more danger for that night, at any rate. The offender would not return. Besides Mr. Starkie slept in an upper chamber away from the river front of the house. Mrs. Barford complimented him on his courage, but insisted on leaving with him her blunderbuss. "And now," she said to her party, "there's a rummer of hot grog at the Traveller's Joy for whoever likes it,—and without charge. We shall none of us be the worse for it, I'm thinking. Such a night as it is too!"

## CHAPTER III.

Soon it was known in the neighbourhood that Mr. Starkie had written to his partner, informing him of what had happened; and that Mr. Block, much disturbed by the intelligence, and little benefitted in health by his sojourn at the sea-side, was returning to town, personally to investigate the matter. Popular suspicion still pointed in the direction of the boy Davy Jones, though it did not appear that the case against him had gained strength in any way. Yet it was held generally to be a sort of outrage on common sense, and the nature of things, that there should be mischief done upon Mr. Block's premises, and that the boy Davy Jones should have no hand in it. The company meeting nightly in the parlour and tap room of the Traveller's Joy, formed themselves into a sort of extra-judicial tribunal, and sat in judgment upon the case. Without much regard for the principles of law or the rules of evidence, they decided that the boy Davy Jones was guilty of the attempt upon Mr. Starkie's life. For if he wasn't guilty, why then, who could be? they demanded. The case was narrowed to that issue. And upon Mrs. Barford frankly stating her opinion that the boy "was a limb who wasn't born to be drowned," an unanimous verdict was given against Davy Jones, and it was adjudged that he certainly ought to be hanged in Horsemonger Lane at the very earliest opportunity, or, at the very least, transported to His Majesty's plantations in the West Indies for the remainder of his natural life. Meantime, however, no formal proceedings were taken. The officers of the Crown did nothing. It was believed that they were waiting until the public advertisement of a handsome reward had stimulated their well-known zeal for the discovery of crime. As yet Mr. Starkie had not issued his handbills, and it was understood that he had refrained from putting himself in communication with the police on the subject. This forbearance, supposing it to arise from clemency towards the boy Davy Jones, was regarded by Mrs. Barford and her friends as beyond anything weak and mistaken and preposterous.

The return of Mr. Block was awaited and witnessed with much interest. He appeared to be in a worse state of health than when he had quitted London. He could hardly walk into his house without assistance. But then he had been much upset by the news of the attempt upon his partner's life. Moreover, the Margate boy had met with very rough weather on its passage to London. Both Mr. Block and his daughter had suffered very much from sea-sickness. Still he had shown a proper spirit on the occasion. He had declared that he wouldn't rest a moment until the offender had been discovered and brought to justice. He had already had long deliberations with Mr. Starkie on the

subject. He had determined that a handsome reward should be offered, and that the Bow street officers should be at once consulted.

Miss Nancy Block had also been much distressed. She feared that all this excitement would have a very injurious effect upon her father's health. At Mr. Starkie's request she had favoured him with a private interview in the counting house. She had come forth pale, and shivering, and faint, with streaming eyes, and encountered the boy Davy Jones close outside the door.

"Listening and spying again, Davy!" she said, in a tone of reproach, yet still gently and kindly. She seemed not to possess strength enough to be angry.

"I couldn't hear what he said—I couldn't see anything. The door was shut so close. But you're crying, Miss Nancy?"

"Oh! Davy, if what he says is true? That my father— But I ought not to tell you."

"What did he say? Did he insult you? Can I help you, Miss Nancy? Oh! if I only could! Let me help you—let me try and help you, Miss Nancy. Don't cry so—it breaks my heart to see you crying so."

"You're a good boy, Davy."

"You're the first that's ever said so much for me. Bless you for it, Miss Nancy," Davy interposed, softly.

"I know you'd help me if you could; but you can do nothing, nothing. He says—I must tell some one—he says my father's a ruined man; that even if he regains his health, he must give up all he possesses; and that if he dies he leaves me a beggar. Not that I care for that; but my poor father! If I should lose him! And then—then he spoke—he spoke again of his love for me," and Miss Block blushed, and bowed her head upon her breast.

"He did, did he?" muttered Davy, between clenched teeth. "And you, Miss Nancy; what did you answer him? You didn't tell him you loved him; don't say that, Miss Nancy. You didn't tell him you loved him? You never could have told him that!"

"Could I talk—could I think—at such a time, of his love, or of mine, or of anybody's?"

"You couldn't, Miss Nancy, of course you couldn't," Davy acquiesced, eagerly.

"Hush, not a word more now. There's a footstep." And they separated, as Mr. Starkie approached them.

In the course of the evening following Mr. Block's return to town, his usual medical attendant, a near neighbour, one Mr. Jasper, called upon him. The doctor gave, upon the whole, a not unfavorable account of his patient's state. He had great hopes of Mr. Block's speedy restoration to health; though he admitted he found him somewhat nervous and excited, and a little the worse for his rough journey from Margate. "But care, and attention, and quiet," said Mr. Jasper, "will do much, very much for us. We have an admirable constitution; a good nurse in our daughter, Miss Block; a trusty man of business, who'll relieve us from all unnecessary trouble, in our excellent partner, Mr. Starkie. Well, we couldn't ask for much more, could we, now?" And so Mr. Jasper bowed politely, and went his way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The late Bishop Russell, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, when incumbent at Leith, gained much favour from the late Duke of Wellington, when commander-in-chief, on account of the manner in which he discharged his duties as chaplain to the troops at the Piershill barracks. When the bishop was in London, the great duke paid him marked attention, and invited him to dinner. At table he addressed him as "My lord." After dinner the bishop took occasion to remind his grace that Scottish bishops, as a voluntary body, had no claim to such title, the see being unconnected with Parliament or with the State. "Yes, yes, I know that," said the duke; "but if I did not call you 'My lord,' the servants would not believe you were a bishop at all."

## PASTIMES.

## ANAGRAMS.

## FAVOURITE SONGS.

1. Henloft: Headstone.
2. Lay on! guard rib.
3. Thick blight: lame slave:
4. Death dew on the brow.
5. We quit the halls.
6. Fresh as ether.

B. N. C.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Here skill alone, not chance, decides the fray;  
Thero chance may win in spite of skilful play.

1. In mazes I can show the way.
2. Be still! oh, make no noise, I pray.
3. Dying with me the weary say.
4. If I attend, get on you may.
5. Far in the west I close the day.

R. F.

## CHARADES.

1.

When wearied out with toil and care,  
My first is welcomed eagerly;  
In my next you, on your chair,  
Most likely have your seat;  
My whole, without my first,  
Would never be complete.

2.

Before the fire, on wintry nights,  
My first has often sat;  
My next a note in music is,  
Oft sharp, but sometimes flat;  
At Christmas time, to cheer us up,  
And make our hearts feel light,  
Burning before us on the grate,  
My third is brought to light;  
When Edward to the library goes,  
My whole is oft-times sought;  
Now, reader, have you found this out?  
"Cause, if you've not, you ought.

3. My first is in my whole, which is made of my second.

4. I am composed of sixteen letters.

- My 1, 12, 3, 16, is hypocrisy.  
My 13, 14, 7, 8, 6, is a part of the body.  
My 10, 4, 6, 2, 13, is a seat.  
My 9, 11, 7, 8, 16, is to fasten.  
My 15, 3, 12, 14, 13, is a creeping thing.

My whole is a person engaged in a scientific dispute.

## DECAPITATIONS.

1. I'm connected with the sea; transpose me, I'm an animal; behead and transpose me, I'm a flower.
2. I'm often given to the poor; behead and transpose me, I'm a conveyance; once more behead me, and transpose me, I'm an animal.
3. I'm a boat; behead and transpose me, I'm conversation; once more behead me, I'm an article of dress.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A farmer bought a lot of oxen, sheep, and horses for 127l., each horse cost 15l., each ox 10l., and each sheep 1l. 10s., and the number of sheep was equal to twice that of the horses and oxen together. How many did he buy of each?

## ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM &amp;c., No. 101.

170.—ARITHMOREM.—Trinidad—Dominica, thus:—TashkenD, RealeJO, IshlM, Naxial, Indian, DeihI, Atlantic, Dalmatia.

165.—ENIGMA.—Eil 11 (double 1) 1.—Five quarters to an English ell; six to a French ell; three to a Flemish ell. This measure was once extensively used by clothiers; hence the proverb—"Give a man an inch and he will take an ell."

Answers.—1. John Dryden; 2. Nahum Tate; 3. Colley Cibber; 4. Thomas Wharton; 5. Alfred Tennyson.

Each of these Poet Laureate.

Decapitations.—1. Swarm; 2. Folio.

Charades.—Christopher, Conundrum.

Double Acrostic.—Thief—booty—TuB, HeRO, In-cognitO, Explicit, Fr.Y.

Arithmetical Question.—It would take 93 days, 12 hours, 488,000 gallons in 93 days, and 12,000 gallons in 12 hours more.

## ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Arithmorem.—B. N. C., Argus, Soldier, Violet, W. B., Whitley.

Enigma.—Argus, Soldier, H. H. V., Violet, Geo. B., Niagara, B. N. C.

Poetical Arithmorems.—H. H. V., Geo. B., W. B., Soldier, Niagara, Argus, A. R. Y., X. Y.

Decapitations.—Argus, B. N. C., X. Y., Geo. B., Soldier, Niagara, A. R. Y., Whitley

Charades.—Niagara, Ellen B., Argus, X. Y., Soldier, L. E. A., Violet, B. N. C.

Double Acrostic.—B. N. C., Argus, X. Y., Ellen B., Violet, L. E. A.

Arithmetical Question.—Niagara, L. E. A., A. R. Y., X. Y.