THE MISSING SQUIRE;

Or, a Birthday Disappearance.

By Jabey Wraywright.

'Mrs. Brogden,' said Sir Arthur Dodson, entering hastily, 'I would recommend that you ladies retire for the night. You can do no good, and do but torture yourselves needlessly. So far we have failed to come up with your nephew, and we think now that, after parting with us, he was called away so suddenly that he had not time to notify us. He will probably return in the morning.'

Two at least among his listeners—Mrs. Brogden and Grace Claremont—showed very plainly that they put but little faith in his explanation.

'That can scarcely be,' said the older woman, dejectedly. 'The servants would have known.'

'Not necessarily,' he answered; 'and once again, dear madam, permit me to beg that you retire. Everything that can be done will be done. His friends will not remain idle.'

"Come," said Mrs. Brogden, without turning her head, "Sir Arthur is right—we can do no good; a woman can but sit with folded hands and endure."

A few minutes later the room was deserted; the fire flickering on the hearth cast quaint shadows through the gloom; now and then a log crumbled and fell, scattering a shower of ashes, and lighting up for a moment the wreaths and garlands on the walls. "Welcome to Broad Oak" ran the legend over the doors. A while ago nothing seemed more appropriate, but now, while this mystery was unsolved, the young host's absence unaccounted for, the cheerful words seemed almost a mockery.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. Already from the tiny village down the road came the sounds of life; but in spite of the bells that rang so gaily from the tower, and in spite of the laughing voices of children who knew no better, it was evident that some deep sorrow had checked the careless words and stilled the laughter on the lips of the older people.

All night long, armed with lanterns and torches, the village men had sought for their young master, and now, just as the world was waking to a new day, they had returned—with tired bodies and heavy hearts—bringing no tidings.

Up at the Hall the same grim shadow reigned; it sat down with the guests at the handsomely-appointed breakfast-table, it followed them down the winding hallways, and through the stately rooms. It stood with Grace Claremont amidst the graceful luxuries of her chambers; it peered over her shoulder when she glanced listlessly at her colourless face in the mirror.

"O Heaven! this suspense will kill me," she cried aloud. "Can it be, Sidney, my love, that you have taken your own life? If this were true could I ever forgive myself?"

Slowly the sad day passed, and now it was once more night—the still soundless night of the country.

The late train from London had brought down a celebrated detective, and at sight of him who had unravelled so many mysteries, hope sprang anew in the breasts of all.

Mrs. Brogden left her room, and ordered that tea should be served in the drawing-room at the usual hour.

Grace Claremont, whose shadowed eyes and weary air told a story that was not to be misunderstood, arrayed herself in one of the shimmering gowns that Sidney admired, and beneath a cold exterior sought to hide the grief that was only too apparent.

The younger men hovered about the fire, wild with impatience to know what course Sergeant Burrows had decided to pursue.

The mental strain was too great to admit of anything like conversation, and Miss Claremont was wondering if she would have strength to bear up through the evening when the door opened, and Sidney Bargrave stood in their midst.

Sidney Bargrave himself. There was no mistaking the lithe, well knit young form; but it was not the same man who had parted so carelessly from them only a night ago. For the fair, curling hair, that lay in soft masses about his brow, was as white as the driven snow, and the laughing dark eyes, that never glanced but kindly, were fixed and cold beneath their lashes.

As he advanced further into the room, the spell that had at first bound the party was broken. Mrs. Brogden sprang forward with an inarticulate cry of joy; the young men crowded around, offering their congratulations. Grace Claremont alone made no sign. She drew back into the shadow, as if anxious to escape observation.

"Come, old fellow," said Sir Arthur Dodson, endeavouring to speak lightly, "tell us where you have been. You frightened us most unwarrantably."

"Where have I been?" repeated the young squire, vaguely.

"Yes, yes, try to remember! What did you do after leaving us last night?"

Bargrave straightened himself up; a dash of colour came into his pale cheeks.

"Last night, when I left you," he said, speaking in the even, emotionless tone with which one repeats a lesson, "I little dreamed of all that would befall me ere we met again. Not finding my flute where I expected it to be, I wondered into the hall, and stood there trying to recollect where I had last had it. All at once I remembered that several days before I had, out of very idleness, strayed into an unused part of the building, and thinking that I might have laid it down there, I at once made my way to the far-removed western wing. I thought of carrying a candle, but the lamps were burning in the hallways, and when I reached the old music-room beyond the tower, the moonbeams stealing through the barred windows made a light unnecessary. As I had anticipated, upon a carved oaken seat, where I had myself cast it down, lay my missing flute. I sprang for it, my foot slipped, and I fell heavily forward. The floor seemed to give way beneath me, and I knew no more.

"When I came to myself, it was to find that I lay face downwards in a hideous underground cell. Around me were the cold, unfeeling walls, above me the heavy timbered floor, with the treacherous trap-door, of whose very existence I was ignorant."

His eyes flashed, his lips quivered.

"Shall I tell you of my mad fury when I found myself thus imprisoned? Shall I tell you how I moaned and wept in my agony?" He glanced about him at the grave troubled faces and sympathetic eyes; "Nay, better not—no one save myself shall know the misery I endured. I called for help until my throat was parched; once I thought I heard footsteps, and I cried aloud—there was no response. This morning, after I had given up all hope of deliverance, to my great joy I perceived stealing through a chink in my prison roof a faint, hardly noticeable ray of light. It warned me that I was separated from the outer world by only a few feet of brick and mortar. I hoped once more. Drawing my clasp-knife from my pocket, I fell to work to remove the bricks and cut a passage for myself.

"It did not take me long to discover that the task I had begun was almost beyond my strength; the few feet of brick and mortar proved to be many—the masons had done their work well—my knife was dull and ed by an inexperienced hand. More than once I cast it aside in despairing hopelessness; more than once during the long struggle for freedom I told myself that I had gazed my last upon all that made life dear." He paused, then went on, but so hoarsely as to be almost inaudible. "At length the work was done, and through the opening I had made I crawled forth into the open air.

"I came through the front door, and hearing voices, guided my footsteps hither. I fear I am but an ill-looking object." He glanced at his bruised hands and disordered garments. "You will forgive me, I hope——"

He broke off, and lifted his hands dazedly to his head. In the mirror opposite he had seen reflected the snow-white curls— legacy of last night's vigil.

"What does this mean?" he cried, in a terrible voice. "Can I be going mad? Are my senses forsaking me? Tell me, you who call yourselves my friends, am I myself? Am I indeed I or some other?"

He reeled like a drunken man; in his eyes, the gentle, kindly eyes of yesterday, leamed the light of insanity.

"Answer me," he repeated, turning furiously to the assembled group "what does this mean? Who am I?"

Grace Claremont noiselessly left her seat; in this moment of supreme peril the haughty society girl vanished, and the true, loving woman took her place.

"Sidney," she whispered, laying her little trembling hand on his sleeve. "I have so missed you."

"You have missed me?" he said.

"Yes, oh, yes. I thought you would never come. Remember, it was only last night that you told me 'Grace, I love you.'"

"Grace, I love you," he repeated gazing wistfully down into her uplifted eyes.

"Last night," she went on, bravely but the warm colour dyed her cheeks "you asked me if I cared for you. I answer you thus."

She drew his tall head down and kissed him tenderly.

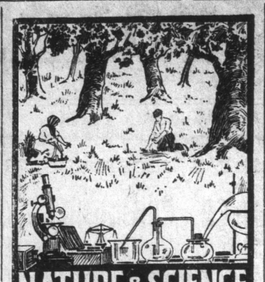
At the touch of her lips he started. a wave of feeling swept across his face; his eyes softened.

"Dear heart" he murmured, drawing his arm about her shrinking figure. "you have saved me from a faith that is worse than death. A moment ago. and I scarcely knew what I was about To these gentle eyes, these loving lips, I owe my reason."

"Hark!" she cried, lifting her fair flushed face from his shoulder, "do you not hear the bells?"

"Yes," he answered, reverently, "rejoice and give thanks, they seem to say. We shall not forget, sweetheart. we who have so much to be grateful for."

"Indeed you have," cried Sir Arthur heartily. "Go, Jack, and tell the captain. Sidney, old comrade, in what words can I congratulate you? Great heavens," with deep and unwonted feeling, "how little we thought this morning our birthday mystery would end so gladly."



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What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brassy watch key broken in two
A fishhook in a tangle of string?
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle h made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade
A nail or two, with a rubber gun?
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it, it slyly crept
Under treasures carefully kept
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole.

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A
Aylward, Bridie, retd.
Adams, Miss Winnie, Pleasant Street
Ash, Mary E.
Adams, Thos. D., Long P. Road
Adams, Albert
Anderson, John, KiKng's B. Road
Andrews, Miss Mary, Water Street
Ayles, Mary, Theatre Hill
Avery, Robert, Spencer Street

B
Barnes, H. T., card
Barnes, Chas. J., late Curling
Baker, Thilomena, LeMarchant Road
Basha, Joseph
Barnes, Capt. D.
Bradley, Hattie, retd.
Braker, Aggie, card
Barter, Mrs. J., card, Barter's Hill
Bradbury, Sarah, Water St.
Bartlett, Samuel, Gower Street
Benskin, L. F.
Bell, Samuel, Nagle's Hill
Benson, Balenda, George's Street
Benson, B.
Belben, Miss Francis
Byrne, Maggie, New Gower Street
Bennett, Thomas, Blackmarsh Road
Bowden, C. R. Field
Boland, Hannah, retd.
Brown, Chas., Victoria St.
Brothers, Mrs. Mary, care Jas. O'Neill, Carter's Hill
Bowman, Miss Jean, card, Bond Street
Budden, Miss G., Pleasant Street
Butler, Azariah, Lion's Square
Butler, Jacob, card, care G. P. O.
Butt, Henry T., Springdale St.
Button, Miss Lizzie, Central Street
Butt, Edith
Bussey, Wm., Signal Hill
Butler, Miss Mary, retd.
Buckley, J. W.
Burry, Miss Maude, Cabot Street
Buckley, Bridget, late Pilley's Island
Butt, Julia, retd.

C
Clancey, Mrs. Sarah, Theatre Hill
Carew, Mrs. Carry
Caldwell, Mrs. A., Goodview Street
Crawford, Charles L., late Bay of Islands
Caldwell, A. H.
Carew, Mrs., Lime Street
Crawford, Patrick, care G. P. O
Callaway, Emily, Pennywell Road
Cahill, John, care Postmaster General
Carney, Miss May, card
Cheesman, Mrs. James, James Street
Chipman, Mrs. W. H.
Cove, Thomas, card
Cohen, A.
Coady, Mrs. May, late Grand Falls
Cobbett, Mrs. George, New Gower Street
Campton, Lizzie, retd.
Churchill, Sarah, 42½ —— Street
Curtis, Miss Blanche, Military Road
Churchill, Mrs. Agnes, card, Gower Street
Curtis, A., retd.
Culliford, Frank
Cullen, Mrs. Wm., care M. Power

D
Day, George, late Hospital, St. Anthony
Dawe, Gordon
Dwyer, J.
Dean, Thomas H.
Dooley, Miss Josephine, New Gower Street
Doran, Thomas, care M. Kennedy
Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs., retd.
Dove, Miss B., card
Dooley, Josephine, card, New Gower Street
Doyal, Miss Lizzie, care Gen'l P. Office
Doyle, Miss Lizzie, Lime St.
Duffett, Miss Lizzie, Park Rowe
Duffin, Mrs., Water St. West
Dunphy, Joseph, Duckworth Street
Duffitt, Elizabeth, care Dickenson, Rennie's M. Road
Dunn, James, card

E
England, J., card, Signal Hill Road
Earl, Kenneth
Everson, Joseph, card
Ellis, Miss Clara, Pleasant Street
Emerson, Henry P.
English, Mrs. Mary, Cabot Street
Elliott, Thomas, card, care G. P. O.
Ewing, James, slip
Elsworth, Moses, slip

F
Frampton, Josiah, card
Fane, Lillian, care G. P. O.
French, Henry, late Gen'l Hospital
Federe, D.
Fitzgerald, A. R.
Flynn, Blanche, LeMarchant Road
Fowler, Miss M., late Bridgeport
Fowler, James, Hutchings' St.
Ford, Miss S., care Jacob Bishop, Mundy Pond Road
Fudge, Wm., care G. P. O.

G
Gladney, M. P., Barter's Hill
Glateley, Miss Lilian, card, Lime Street
Gillies, Frank A.
Griffin, Mary, retd.
Goss, Thomas, Angel St.
Gorman, Michael, card
Goudie, George, Young St.
Goff, Mrs. E. A., George's St.
Goldsworthy, Miss A., retd., King's Road
Goobie, E., retd.
Gorman, Mary E., retd.
Gulliford, George A.

H
Hawkins, Miss Zetta
Hamblin, Margaret, care Mrs. John Cain
Haffey, Anastitia, Wishing Well Road
Hennessey, Mrs., care Mrs. Jos. Adams, Moore Street
Healey, Joseph, Blackhead
Hickey, John, Sheehan's Street
Hiscock, Annie, retd.
Higgins, Miss Emma, Prescott Street
Hodder, Alexander, British House
Holwell, Mary, retd.
Hodder Supply Co.
House, John, Albert St.
Hunt, Miss Mary, card, Job's Street
Hudson, J. K., Cabot Street
Hunt, Miss Mary, Job's St
Hudson, Irene, care Mr. Gale, Springdale Street
Hunt, Miss Mary, Pleasant Street

I
Ivany, Miss Emma, Bond St.

J
Jacobs, Winnie, late Harbor Grace
Johnson, Mr., Pennywell Road

K
Kendrick, R., retd.
Kerivan, P. J.
Kavanagh, Julia
Kelly, Miss Annie M.
Keefe, Miss Angela, Signal Hill Road
Kennedy, Edward, Stephen Street
Knight, Mrs. F. H., Atlantic Avenue
King, Miss Maggie, New Gower Street
King, Charles, Water St. West
Kitz, H., care Gen'l Delivery

L
Laurence, J. M., card, Signal Hill Road
Lambert, Thomas, Freshwater Road
Lacey, Mrs. J.
Lannon, Etta, retd.
Larkin, Florence, retd.
Larey, W. C., retd.
Larkin, E., retd.
Lansdown, Wm., late Grand Falls
Lacey, Mrs.
Legge, Mrs. John
Legrow, Alfred, care G. P. O
LeDrew, Margaret G., Victoria Street
LeDrew, Gertie, City Terrace
Lynch, Willie
Lilly, Beatrice, care G. P. O.
Little, Miss Emma, Circular Road
Lilly, Flora, card, Gower Street
Lidstone, Emily, retd.
Loveless, Miss Lizzie
Long, Patrick, retd.
Louis, Miss Ellen, care Mrs. Lawlor
Lush, Miss Maud, care Gen'l Delivery

M
Main, George
Mrtin, Herbert, care Gen'l Delivery
Maher, Miss Bridie, card, Prescott Street
Maher, John, Adelaide Street
Manie, Miss Maggie, care G. P.O.
Mansfield, Mrs., retd.
Mills, Rose, slip
Miller, Miss Lizzie
Miller, Miss L. E., retd.
Miller, J. J.
Molloy, Miss Minnie, LeMarchant Road
Morgan, John, card, care G. P. O.
Moore, Miss Florence, care Gen'l Delivery
Miller, Miss Laura, Water St.
Morgan, Mrs. Hannah
Moores, Mrs. Wm., Springdale Street
Moors, Wm., Sebastine Street
Moorey, Allan, Springdale Street
Moores, George, Springdale Street
Molland, Miss Carrie, care Mrs. Dwyer
Murphy, Mary, Water St.
Murphy, Frank, G. P. O.
Murphy, Miss E., Lewis Place
Murray, M., card
Mulligan, Mr., South Side
Manning, Mrs. B., Spring Road

Mc
McBean, Wm., care Mrs. Snow, Water Street
McKay, E., retd.
McGrath, Peter
McInnis, Fred W.
McCarthy, John, Pleasant Street
McEwen, W. E., care B. Miller
McDonald, J. M., card, Queen Street
McCowen, Dr. G. R.
McNamara, Miss Louise
McDonald, David, card, Queen's Road
McGrath, J. T.

N
Norman, B., Cabot St.
Noseworthy, Miss Ada, Gower Street
Noseworthy, Moses, late Harbor Grace
Niel & Bishop, card

O
O'Keefe, J. C., late Grand Falls
O'Keefe, J. C., Water Street East
Oliver, Mrs. James, card, Goodview Street
Oliver, Thomas, retd.
O'Leary, M. G.
Osmond, Agnes, LeMerchant Road
Oxton, T. W.
Olson, E. B., care Gen'l Delivery
Osborne, Margaret, care John Dawe

P
Parsons, Katie, Gower St.
Parsons, Elijah, Prescott St.
Parsons, Allan, late Reid Nfld. Co.
Parsons, Mrs. Gilbert, late Portugal Cove
Parsley, Mary, Water St.
Paynter, Wm.
Parrin, Edith
Parsons, Mrs. Edgar, 69 Street ——
Patrick, Mrs. H., Power St.
Parsons, Mrs. Mary, retd.
Pearcey, Wm., late Grand Falls
Peddle Bros., care G. P. O.
Penny, W. H., late Ayre & Sons
Penny, John W.
Perry, Mrs. J., Adelaide Street
Pearce, Miss Rose, Water Street
Perry, Wm., Pleasant St.
Peach, Charlotte, card, Cochrane Street
Pearson, W. H.
Peaue, Blanche, retd.
Pike, Katie, New Gower St.
Piercey, Wm., late Baird Bros.
Pike, Blanche, late Grand Falls
Payne, Miss Annie
Pippy, Mrs. A. F.
Pike, Mrs. J., Pleasant St.
Power, Mrs. Wm., 24 —— Street
Porter, James, care G.P.O.
Provisioner, care Telegram
Power, Wm.
Power, Sadie, retd.
Power, Edward, card, Rose Blanche
Porter, Mary, card, Pleasant Street
Pomeroy, Abel, Gower or Power St.
Peach, Hazel, care Mrs. Story, HMamilton Street
Prince, Miss M., card, King's B. Road

Q
Quinton, Capt., care Campbell & McKay

R
Ryan, atie, card
Ryan, Enos, card, Moore Street
Rabbitts, Roy, Gower St.
Read, Isabelia, Hamilton Street
Rogers, Joseph, New Gower Street
Rowe, Agnes, retd.
Rowe, Lizzie, retd.
Rogers, W. J., Gower St.
Reid, James, card, Cornwall Avenue
Roberts, Mrs. J., Bond St.
Rumsey, Miss Jennie, card, Casey's St.

S
Starks, Roland Geo., card
Sparks, Mrs. Wm.
Stamp, Mrs. Thomas, Pennywell Road
Samson, A. E., Water St.
Snelgrove, Miss Lovelett, Young Street
Seller, A. E.
Spencer, Alfred, New Gower St.
Sherwood, Emily F.
Sheppard, Laura, Military Road
Smith, Miss Elizabeth
Smith, Fred
Smith, Simeon
Smith, D. F., Long's Hill
Simpson, Mary Elizabeth, Prescott Street
Simms, G.
Snow, John C.
Snow, Lillie, care G. P.O.
Scott, Anna, retd., Bannerman House
Snow, Isaac, Allandale Rd.
Strong, F. G.
Scoles, C. B.
Summers, Thos.
Squires, Ellen, Field St.
Spurrell, John, Lime St.
Sullivan, Mr., Pennywell Road
Squires, Miss Magt.
Sullivan, John J., Barnes' Road

T
Taylor, Robert, card
Taylor, Wm.
Taylor, D., retd. New Gower Street
Tarranville, Miss L.
Templeton, Miss P., retd.
Tebbit, A. S.
Tilley, Mrs. Wm., retd.
Tilley, Mrs. C. W.
Thompson, Wm.
Tobin, Dick, retd.
Tuck, Nellie
Turnbull, Frank, St. John's West

W
Way, Philip, card
Warren, Miss Lillian, Rennie Mill Road
Wadden, Mrs. P., retd.
Way, Miss Madge, card
Wallard, Miss Bride, 26 —— Street
Warren, Alfred, retd.
Walsh, Patrick, late Bay Bulls
Walsh, John, Long Pond Road
Way, Mrs., Gower St.
Wudon, Miss Gertrude
Whelton, J. J.
West, Wm., Alexander St.
Wells, Joseph, retd.
Wilcox, Moses, card
White, Miss Lilly, care A. Bishop
Whiffin, Eveline, late Badger Brook
White, Miss E., George's St.
White, Miss H., card, King's Road
Wilkinson, Mr.
Wills, Miss Mary, retd.
Williams, J. H., Waldegrave Street
Wilson, Mr., care Hotel Royal
White, F. H.
Whitton, Mrs. Elizabeth
Wood, Mrs. M., care Gen'l Delivery
Warren, Miss Lilly, Rennie Mill Road

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Barrett, Arthur, schr. Annie Raymond
Andrews, Harvey, s.s. Algerine
Lewis, Wm., schr. A. K. Maclean
Jones, Wm., schr. Atlanta
Jones, Oliver W., schr. Annie H. J.

B
Ayers, Simeon, s.s. Beatrice

C
LeMarquand, Capt., schr. Cecelia

D
Trendfield, K., schr. Dorothy Louise
Coffley, Joseph, schr. Dorothy Louise

E
White, George S., schr. Emulator
Barnes, Chas. W., schr. Emulator
Sullivan, Michael, s.s. Ethie

F
Parsons, Charles, schrfl Florence D.
Bradbury, Jonathan, schr. Florence
Strickland, Capt. John, Florence M. Smith

G
Lambert, Albert, schr. Gladie Holden
Stuckless, Bennett, schr. Grace

L
Perry, George, s.s. Louisburg
Payne, Frank H., schr. Loyalty
Forsey, Samuel, s.s. Louisburg

M
Kennedy, Wm., schr. M. S.
Gill, Harry, schr. Minnie J. Hickman
Dewling, Capt. John, schr. Maggie
Parsons, Capt. Saml., schr. M. Fraser

N
Kennedy, Capt. Wm., schr. Nina L.
Burke, Capt. Mark, schr. Nellie Louise

P
Blagdon, Silas, schr. Portia
Mosher, Wesley, schr. Portia
Norris, Ambrose, schr. Pacquet

S
Benguriam, Capt. G., schr. Shamrock
Keefe, Cornelius, s.s. Stella Maris

Y
Matthews, Richard, schr. Victor Region
Noel, J., schr. Victory

W
Winsor, Edward, schr. Waterwitch

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