The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1865. NO. 9.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

At his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

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ALMANACK FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 2nd day, 2h. 32m., evening.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 8h. 1m., morning.
New Moon, 16th day, 0h. 1m., morning.
First Quarter, 25th day, 8h. 19m., evening.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Friday	7 28	4 10	9 6	5 28	8 42
2	Saturday	29	10	10 6	rises.	41
3	Sunday	31	10	10 54	5 53	40
4	Monday	32	10	11 43	6 55	39
5	Tuesday	33	10	even.	7 58	38
6	Wednesday	35	9	1 12	8 38	36
7	Thursday	36	9	2 1	9 49	34
8	Friday	37	9	2 53	10 59	33
9	Saturday	38	9	3 50	11 47	32
10	Sunday	39	9	4 51	morn.	32
11	Monday	40	9	5 58	0 18	31
12	Tuesday	41	9	6 2	1 3	30
13	Wednesday	42	9	7 5	1 53	29
14	Thursday	43	9	8 1	2 47	28
15	Friday	44	9	9 51	3 53	28
16	Saturday	45	10	10 33	4 30	28
17	Sunday	45	10	11 9	5 56	28
18	Monday	46	10	14 31	sets	27
19	Tuesday	46	10	morn.	7 44	26
20	Wednesday	47	11	0 36	8 48	26
21	Thursday	47	11	1 12	9 44	26
22	Friday	48	12	1 52	10 13	8 26
23	Saturday	48	12	2 34	10 42	26
24	Sunday	48	13	3 19	11 15	26
25	Monday	48	13	4 9	11 52	26
26	Tuesday	48	14	5 45	morn.	27
27	Wednesday	48	15	6 39	0 25	28
28	Thursday	48	16	7 36	2 2	29
29	Friday	48	17	8 30	3 9	30
30	Saturday	48	18	9 24	4 16	31
31	Sunday	48	18	9 59	5 23	32

BRITISH PERIODICALS,

—VIZ:—

The London Quarterly Review, (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review, (Whig.)
The Westminster Review, (Radical.)
The North British Review, (Free Church.)
AND
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, (Tory.)

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	per annum.
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For all four of the Reviews,	12.00
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The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our CIVIL WAR, and, though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and country.

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A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sold at $6 for the whole four, or $2 for any one.

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FARMER'S GUIDE,

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N.B. A LIBERAL AMOUNT OF MERCHANTABLE PRODUCE taken in payment.

D. J. CLARKE.

Orwell, Sept. 21, 1865. ex 1st ow

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An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

Soothing Syrup,

For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourself, and RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for over thirty years, and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has been used with never failing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND
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and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the out-side wrapper.

Sold by druggists throughout the world.

Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.

Price, only 25 cents per Bottle.

Oct 11, 1865. 1y

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

A Slight Cold, Cough, Throat, which might be checked with a simple remedy, if neglected, often terminates seriously. Few are aware of the importance of stopping a Cough or Slight Cold in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if not attended to, soon attacks the lungs.

Brown's Bronchial Troches were first introduced eleven years ago. It has been proved that they are the best article before the public for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, the Hacking Cough in Consumption, and numerous affections of the Throat, giving immediate relief.

Public Speakers and Singers, will find them effectual for clearing and strengthening the voice.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, at 25 cents per box.

Oct. 11, 1865.

Dr. W. G. Sutherland

RETURNS thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him since commencing the practice of his profession, in its various branches, in this city, and trusts by attention and assiduity, that the same may still be continued towards him.

By the latest arrivals he has increased his present stock of

Drugs and Chemicals,

Choice Perfumery, Toilet Articles, in variety; selected from the best London House by those competent of doing justice to the business.

The Dispensary department will be under his own immediate superintendence.

Dr. Sutherland begs also to observe, that he trusts the fact of having practised in Scotland several years, and nearly twenty years of extensive Colonial practise in every branch of his profession, combined with unremitting assiduity and personal attendance, will not fail to obtain confidence and ensure satisfaction.

☞ Advice to the poor gratis.

Queen-street, Ch. Town, P. E. I., Jan. 4, 1865.

AUGUSTUS HERMANS,

Locksmith, Gunsmith and Bell Hanger,

COPPER, SHEET IRON, ZINC & TIN PLATE

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QUEEN STREET, - - - - - - CHARLOTTETOWN.

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Stoves fitted up and repaired.

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Oct. 17, 1862.

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THE undersigned being an operator of acknowledged skill, acquired by practical experience of over twelve years in some of the largest cities in the United States, and also in the Provinces, is now prepared, with every facility, to prosecute his profession in this City, for the accommodation of the public, at MODERATE PRICES.

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He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, especially from those who have hitherto failed to get a good likeness. Pictures taken from seven o'clock in the morning until six in the evening.

Instructions given in the above art.

☞ Remember the place, corner Great George and King Streets.—Entrance on King Street.

G. LEWIS.

Ch.Town, May 31, 1865.

Poetry.

WHAT IS A YEAR?

What is a year. 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark, rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream.

'Tis but a single, earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless is, and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel;
Or but a page upon the book
Which death must shortly seal.

'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary rounds no more.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XV.

I.

All was hushed and still in the tavern of the Frog's Hole; the mistress of the house had retired to rest, the aged negress who waited during the day had disappeared within her cell, and Kate was out in the forest, and Ralph Reign sat alone at a table, drinking and smoking, but uttering not one word.

It was late—the wind was hushed and low—a strange, unnatural stillness pervaded all nature; and there sat Ralpd Reign, his eyes fixed on vacancy, a pipe between his teeth, and he only moved to reach the liquor, or fill his pipe, which he ever kept puffing at with all the phlegm of a Dutchman or a pasha.

The drink made him merry at times, with a hollow, horrid, merriment, in which shrieks were heard for laughter, and noise was the sign of geniality; but he was serious, sad, and heavy over his drink to-night, and the more he mixed and the more he swallowed the duller he became, and the more did the weight of sadness and gloom bear him down.

"'Tis plaguey cold to-night—ha! ha!" he said as he shivered in the pale moonlight; 'and the whiskey's mighty weak,' he added as he dashed raw spirits into his glass. 'What has come over me? Am I getting as old as Methusalem? Hold boy! I know what the drink warms the heart—ha! ha! ha! Let's be jolly—I would somebody would come; I feel lonely—no I don't; there's my bottle, ha! ha! ha! that's the friend; he never deserts you—as long as you pay. Don't forget you're a landlord now, old boy—ha! ha! ha! Make 'em pay—no trust. We'll the stuff does seem weak to-night, awful weak! What a time the girl is; the moon's been up ever so long. It's my private opinion it's to-morrow. Well! if the bottle ain't empty! Let's have another, old fellow—plenty more where that came from; let us be jolly! Hurrah!"

The man rose tottering—he had drunk one whole bottle, and walked across the room for another. There was no friendly hand—or, as some would say, no meddling wife—to keep the poisoned draught from his lips; he was master in his house—oh, yes! nobody would have doubted that who had seen him go half-stumbling, with hot face and winking eyes, to the little corner bar. He was lord and master, uncontrolled chief of the family—allowed no questions to be asked, permitted no remarks on his conduct, and walked erect, in theory, proud of his majesty.

Ralph Regin was none of your wishy-washy customers who throw their weeks wages into a pretty wife's lap, and wear smart clothes on Sunday and have clean lines, and a neat house, and smiling children, and who take quiet walks with happy loved ones, enjoying life in a calm sort of way—none of your go-to-meeting, tea-drinking gentlemen, who can enjoy themselves only with men who converse a little sensibly; Ralph Regin was a roaring blade, who loved the axiom, 'A short life but a merry one.' And yet he had had neither a short life nor a merry one.

After considerable coquetting with the counter and the bottle—after the same fashion as that of the celebrated individual who found his key-hole stolen one night—Ralph Regin regained his seat, sat himself easily in his arm chair, held up his hand, and turned the neck of the bottle towards his glass. He then took up the bumper, and seemed very much surprised to find the contents of his glass of a very watery nature, which was the less extraordinary, as, in his present sagacious mood, the jolly landlord had omitted to draw the cork.

'Well, I never—did,' muttered Ralph. 'Whiskey—I say, whiskey—mind you, whiskey grows—I believe that it—grows weaker—every—day. The worst of it is, old boy, water don't grow any stronger. I should say the world is coming to an end!'

After this speech, which was directed at the bottle, Ralph remained musing for some time, his eyes fixed vacantly on the whiskey, the vapidisy of which he so much lamented. How long he remained so he could not tell. He had been known, after a nap of six hours' duration, to declare he had only shut his eyes. But, on the present occasion, he was ready to aver that he did not do even that.

There he sat, looking hard at the table, trying all the time, he declared, to explain to himself how it came about that the whiskey was so weak, when he suddenly saw the bottle move, as by human agency, and fill to overflowing, with raw spirits, the glass which he had emptied.

'Hallo!' he exclaimed, 'who is that?'

A chuckling laugh was the only reply vouchsafed to him.

Ralph Regin looked across the table, and in a chair, sitting in an easy posture, was a man. He was an old kind of man too. He wore a red, pointed cap, a red, red cloak, and had a pointed chin, and a pale face, and eyes like glow worms in a gun-barrel, and saw-like teeth.

'Now, then, old fellow,' said the stranger, in a husky, hot voice, 'drink!'

'I've got no glass,' replied Ralph, mechanically.

'What do you want with a glass, eh?' chuckled the man, knocking off the neck of the bottle, and swallowing the contents at a draught.

'Oh! you forget me,' said Ralph, with all the eagerness of the sot.

'Plenty more where that came from,' continued the other.

'Who is to pay?' asked Regin, with a glimmering of the landlord still about him.

'Never mind paying, let us be social. Now, then, Dinah, another bottle,' said the stranger to the old negress, who had suddenly appeared on the scene.

'All right,' repeated the other with a drunken laugh, 'it's all right! Who talks about paying?—it's prime,' and he smacked his lips with infinite relish.

'You taste it now,' said the new-comer with a knowing wink.

'Ye—es,' gasped Regin, with tears in his eyes, 'it's rather hot—it burns me—I'm on fire!'

'Not a bit of it, quite a mistake—warms the heart, my boy,' repeated the other.

'Well, it is rather strong,' insisted Ralph; 'but I'll take another—I'm awful thirsty.'

The other laughed heartily, and poured out a second tumbler, which did not seem quite so strong—in fact it was quite delicious.

'It's prime,' roared Ralph. 'Prime! rich! glorious!—I say, old boy give us a song.'

'Don't know any,' replied the other, in a tone which seemed to prove that if he did, it was not desirable he should recollect one just then—the harmony of a man after his potations not being of the highest order of merit.

'Well, then, make a noise; anything to be sociable, eh?'

The man laughed again, and hammered on the table with his glass.

'By the way,' suddenly said Ralph Regin, putting his left fore-finger into the same side of his nose, 'who are you?'

The man laughed still more heartly. Ralph Regin began to get into a passion. He spoke now in a tone of concentrated rage.

'If you don't answer, I'll—know why.'

A strange noise startled him; he looked again. There was nobody in the chair, the tallow candle flickered on the table, the whiskey bottle stood before him uncorked, and somebody was knocking stoutly at the door.

'Coming! coming!' he said peering round the room, a little more sober than three hours before. 'Can it have been a dream?—was it? Ha! ha! ha! it was the demon of the drink. He often comes now, that's what makes the whiskey so weak. I've dreamed a gook deal of him lately. Coming! coming!'

'Orr rite,' said a husky voice without, 'but the keviker yer comes the better.'

'That voice,' muttered Ralph Regin, laying down the candle again, and standing erect with terror and alarm, 'that voice! Am I dreaming still?'

'Now then!' cried the other, with the richest Cockney twang.

'Open,' repeated an earnest, solemn voice, 'we are travellers, weary and hungry, and seek rest.'

'I guess it is rather late, strayngers,' replied Ralph Regin, assuming the strongest Connecticut nasality he could, as he unbolted the door.

'It is late,' said the traveller, sentering; 'we lost our way in the woods, and your light led us here.'

'Glad to give you a shake-down,' replied Ralph, surveying the strange-looking serving-man with considerable uneasiness and doubt, 'I reckon you mean eating?'

'Rather,' said the serving-man, laying down his master's saddle-bags, and then falling on a bench; 'I'm wound up—my legs would'nt take me not up Cornhill—no. Please sir, excuse me, he continued, touching his cap.

'Rest, eat, and sleep,' replied the other, gravely; 'we start early.'

'Mr Andrew Carstone, he lately Sugar Raposie, at' search of the negress.

'Are you sure?' replied the merchant, trembling in every limb.

'If that arn't Hackett—eh?' he added, rolling on his bench as the other returned, 'ain't I tired, no I ain't, not at all. If you please, master landlord, you ain't got a bit of a hossler about, have ye?—'cose there's two tidy bits of horse-flesh down them blessed steps.'

'Well, I reckon I'm hoss and hossler, too,' said Ralph at random; 'so I'll put the hoofed critters right.'

With these words he went outside the door and left the master and man alone.

'Ragg,' said Andrew Carstone, laying his hand on the other's arm, 'are you sure of what you say?'

'Bless you, sir, I know'd his voice,' said Ragg, positively; 'it's a little bit thicker like, and he do guess like them sailors we seed down at Boston—but it's Hackett, as sure as I'm Ragg. Mum! Here comes one of them blacking-pots.'

Andrew Carstone fell into the arm-chair in which Ralph Regin, as he called himself—or Hackett, as Corney Ragg supposed him to be—had slept so many hours, and began turning over in his own mind the best way of arriving at the truth with regard to his lost child. His impatience knew no bounds. At first he determined upon at once challenging the owner of the Frog's Hole; then he thought of offering him pardon and reward to tell the truth—but he hesitated. He knew as yet nothing of that den, of the foros of men whom the landlord might call around him—and curbing his eager heart, which beat as it had never beat before, he determined to act with prudence and caution.

It was too late.

Outside Ralph Regin had listened and heard.

'Andrew Carstone and Corney Ragg! The game is up! Hackett! Hackett! if ever, in the course of twenty years of crime and sins, you stood in need of fertile brains, 'tis now. And the girl, where can she be? If they see her all is lost. 'Tis well she thinks herself older than she is. Can that villian Barton have taken her away?—the knave. He had better beware. That girl is a fortune to me—so long as she lives, I receive my pension. I will not part with her. And yet my wealth is great. I could go where I am not known. I could live respected in Canada, in Virginia, and leave that wearisome woman behind. But I have married her—bah. She hates me and will not press that claim! But they seek vengeance. So ho, my masters, ye must find Kate first, and she comes not to-night. The wild creature has, perhaps, camped at the hut. 'Tis certain—I see by the moon 'tis past midnight. She has quarrelled with the squire—I fear I said too much about him—I began to fear her fancy would grow too serious for change. My hints about his evil reputation told perhaps too much. Nobody ever heard of the funeral of his wife! He forgot that. But tut! let me think of my own dangers. Why did I quit the road? It would have been over before this, one way or the other. There, my hearties, eat your fill—you want it. They have ridden hard and fast. But ah! who has betrayed me? who has told? Is Sir Charles dead, and has the foot repented? Your gentleman is an odd rascal. If so, I had better confess, receive a kick or two, retire—the drink and care is getting too much for me—I really should feel wonderfully relieved—yes!' he added, looking fearfully around, 'If I had not burned the Dutchman's house—never mind, 'tis done, and he was near dead, and I wanted a mother for Kate. And then I do cherish that girl—once I quite loved her—then she thought me her father. Drink, drink, drink, that ruined all. I told her the truth one day, that she was no child of mine or *hers*, and she has hated me ever since. Oh! 'tis a weary, weary life. But up, Hackett, once captain of the road; awake, and be a man. They wait.'

And ceasing his disjointed talk, which had continued while he descended the steps, taking the horses to the sheds, and giving them food, he once more turned towards the house, turning over in his mind the wisest plan of escape from the consequences of his past crimes which had served him so little for warning, that he had recently attempted to murder the pedlar.

He rejected the only truly wise one—telling the truth; at all events until he should have found it impossible to do otherwise. Time, inquiry, and drink had hardened and darkened his heart. There was scarcely a corner left for any soft or kind emotion.

He found Corney Ragg and Andrew Carstone eating and drinking like men who had travelled far, and he merely pointed out what was plentiful in the place, and then retired into a corner, where he sat down, and closing his eyes, appeared to doze, while the travellers were finishing their supper. The old negress all the while, bustled about, growling between her teeth at the way in which she had been roused up to wait upon the new comers.

About twenty minutes later, Andrew Carston intimated that he had finished his meal, and asked where he could sleep.

'Well, I calculate I can find a bed or two,' said Ralph Regin, rising; 'the Frog's Hole is gin'rally considered first-rate.'

'Show me a bed-room, then,' replied the merchant, as carelessly as he could.

'This way,' continued Ralph, rising sleepily and rubbing his eyes.

'Orr rite,' said Ragg, who really was very tired and inclined for rest.

'I guess you'll want a room, tu?' asked the landlord, in an off-hand way.

'I'm not partickler, never was; so as I sleep, it's orr rite—anyvere 'ell do;' and Corney Ragg, who had spared neither beer nor whiskey, prepared to follow.

Ralph Regin took up two tallow candles and led the way. He ascended the steps already alluded to, but instead of turning to the right, towards the room formerly occupied by the pedlar, he pushed open a door facing the stairs, which revealed a passage of some length, out of which several other passages branched.

'Why, this is a large place of yours,' said Andrew, secretly much surprised; 'you can sleep a regiment.'

'We gin'rally do sleep a few,' replied Ralph Regin, in an humble and obsequious tone. 'This is a good room. The sin't no curtains, but that are a bed as is comfortable, stranger.'

'Thank you,' said Carstone, as he entered the room.

It was a small, square place without any window, receiving air and light in the day from a kind of fissure in the roof. On all sides the walls were of logs, with mud to fill up the interstices, but a glance at the roof showed at once that it was a compartment in a cavern. The bed was a kind of shelf raised on logs, with straw and horse-cloths. On these Carstone at once cast himself, and wearied, exhausted as he was, after a fervent prayer for the success of his mission, fell fast asleep.

Corney Ragg followed Ralph a little further down the passage until he came to a door leading into a similar place, which he entered without sign of suspicion or doubt, took his candle, wished the other good night, yawned and threw himself on the bed. The instant, however, the door was closed behind him, he, without the slightest noise, raised himself on his elbow and listened. He distinctly heard a heavy bar lowered, a bar which he had remarked as he entered, and which entirely prevented all exit.

'Nabbed, by gum,' said Corney Ragg, in a low tone. 'I thought as how he knowed me. Ah, Muster Hackett, you're very deep, you are; but here's von as is deeper, Orr rit.'

He listened again, and distinctly heard the retreating footsteps of Ralph, and then the closing of the bar against his master's door.

This was a great, heavy door of planks and bars, hung on huge old hinges, fastened very strongly, while a couple of big wooden bolts promised privacy and retirement to the traveller if he chose to take them. Corney Ragg was one of those men who never threw a chance away. He made sure of the bolts, and then proceeded to draw several articles from his voluminous pockets, and from the saddle-bags, which he had taken care to convey to his room. First there came a pair of pistols of rather startling size, a lantern, a whole parcel of tools, a small saw, a chisel, hammer, and a number of skeleton keys, not omitting a small crowbar, which honest Corney Ragg wore under his coat. When Mr. Carstone objected to these questionable articles, the worthy bone and rag dealer had urged such a host of arguments in their favor, from his knowledge of the character of Captain Hackett, that the ex-merchant yielded, and allowed the other to act according to his own experience, which, in house-breaking and such little secret matters, was far beyond anything the magistrate was aware of. The French tell us that extremes meet—*les extremes se touchent*—in the present instance the sage observation proved quite true.

'Now, then, for a quiet nap,' said Corney to himself. 'It's orr rite—let him go to sleep—and then, my! won's I startle his two eyes!'

Having thus arranged his plans, Cornelius Ragg, Esq., of the Borough of Southwark, England, as a fashionable American hotel bar-book would now describe him, retired to his virtuous couch, fully convinced in his own mind that he was a hero, and certainly with an easier conscience than ever he had enjoyed on any previous occasion when he had brought forth his somewhat suspicious implements.

Cornelius Ragg was far too old a warrior to oversleep himself on such an occasion. He subsequently declared that he did not stay more than two hours on his bed, and yet that when he jumped up, there was a flickering light from some place on the roof. He had taken the precaution to light his oil-lamp in the lantern, so that he now again lit the candle and proceeded to business.

After a careful examination of the door, he came to the conclusion that to saw a square hole, large enough to put his hand through, was the best plan of operation; and being a man of few words and ready wit, he at once began to put his plan into execution. A sharp chisel soon enabled him to make a hole, through which his long, thin saw could easily penetrate; and then having well greased that useful instrument, he began to work steadily, and yet with extreme caution. Every minute or so he listened attentively, but finding that no alarm was given, proceeded with his task.

One side of the plank, which was crossways from side to side of the door, had been completely sawn through, and the second was just about to give way and allow the wood to fall in, when Cornelius Ragg distinctly heard a noise. He quietly withdrew his saw, blew out the candle, closed the dark-lantern, and put his ear to the place where he had been at work. It was a sound of heavy but cautious steps which came down the passage, and soon reached his own door and halted. Then the bar was cautiously removed, fortunately, it appeared, without any sawdust being noticed, and the door pushed. The bolts held firm.

'He's bolted it,' muttered Ralph Regin, between his set teeth, while Corney Ragg clutched a pistol as he felt the bar replaced.

'At yer old work, Master Hackett,' said Corney Ragg, shaking his head.

He listened again. The landlord was going away, but quite in an opposite direction from that by which he came. Cornelius Ragg waited a moment, then wrenched off the piece of wood, put his hand through, raised the bar, slid the bolts, and with his two pistols in his belt his lantern in his hand, the crowbar slung on his right wrist, he darted out into the passage just in time to catch a glimpse of Ralph Regin disappearing up a flight of steps about thirty feet ahead.

Corney Ragg, determined to penetrate the mysteries of the place, followed without hesitation. He had lost sight of the ruffian-proprietor of the Frog's hole, who seemed to have improved the natural advantages of the locality to a degree that would have been surprising, had not his long residence there in part explained it.

But of this Corney Ragg did not think. All he cared for was to find out what the ex-highwayman was really about.