FOUNDED 1853.

THE INGERSOLL CHRONICLE,

G. H. GURNETT, Proprietor.

TERMS for THE CHRONICLE, by mail, or called for at the office of publication, or at the bookstores, $1.50 in advance; $2.50 if not so paid. Delivered at homes or business places of subscribers in town, $1.75 in advance, or $2.75 if not so paid.

THE INGERSOLL CHRONICLE has more readers than all the remaining newspapers published in Ingersoll and the South Riding of Oxford combined. This important fact should be borne in mind by advertisers.

THE CHRONICLE circulates largely among the dairymen throughout the Province, as well as County.

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OFFICE—Thames street, Ingersoll

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BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Solicitor in the Supreme Court of Ontario, &c. Money to lend at lowest rates. Mortgages Bought and Sold.
OFFICE up Stairs, Walsh's Block, Thames Street, Ingersoll, Ont.

BROWN & WELLS,

BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c., Ingersoll, Ont. Office—opposite Imperial Bank, Thames Street, South.
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OFFICE:—Over Molsons Bank, King Street.

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L. R. C. P. & L. M., EDINBURGH. Coroner for the County of Oxford, Graduate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.—Late Surgeon in the British Marine Service. Office, Thames Street, Ingersoll.

J. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, M. D.,

M.R.C.S. AND L.M., ENGLAND L. R. C. P., London; Aurist and Oculist Office with Dr. Hoyt, King Street, Ingersoll.

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SURGEON DENTIST, LICENSED by the Royal College of Dental Surgery, Ont. teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, etc., if desired. Special attention paid to the preservation of natural teeth.
Office on King street, opposite the "Thompson house," Ingersoll. 884y

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SURGEON DENTIST, MEMBER of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Graduate of Ont. Dental College. Anasthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Office opposite the Market, Ingersoll.

PIANO TUNING.

WILLIAM BOOTH,

Of London, will attend to all orders for Piano Tuning, left at Geo. A. Odell's Book Store. Highest testimonials from the profession. Special attention given to tone regulating.
November 30th, 1882. 1525v y

JAMES BRADY,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER
INGERSOLL, ONT.,

Is prepared to attend all sales in town or country.
ngersoll, April 20th, 1882. 1493

S. G. BURGESS,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
WOODSTOCK.

For the convenience of those who may wish to secure his services, and being frequently from home, Mr. Burgess has made arrangements to have a list of his sales at THE CHRONICLE Office, Ingersoll, where dates can be secured, terms obtained, and full arrangements can be made.
Woodstock, Feb. 16, 188 1484

VANCE'S BAKERY

Still continues to be the place where the public can get a full assortment of

CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY.

Soda Biscuits and Oyster Crackers,

Manufactured on the premises, and consequently always fresh.

Tea Parties Supplied. Bride Cakes Made and Neatly Ornamented at Reasonable Rates.

A large assortment of Ornamental Cake Tops as Flowers always on hand.

Fresh Bread and Buns Every Day.
R. VANCE,
Thames Street.
Bread delivered in town daily.

THE MOLSONS BANK

INGERSOLL BRANCH.

BUYS AND SELLS EXCHANGE on England and the United States. Issues Drafts on all parts of Canada. Deals liberally with Farmers.

Allows Interest on Deposits,

Which can be withdrawn at any time.
C. W. CLINCH,
Manager.

MERCHANT'S BANK OF CANADA.

CAPITAL - -	$5,698,696
RESERVE - -	$1,150,000

INGERSOLL BRANCH.

THIS BANK TRANSACTS A General Banking Business, Buys and Sells Exchange on England and the United States, and issues Drafts on New York and all parts of Canada.
Particular attention paid to collections for Customers and Banks.
W. M. SMITH.
Manager.

Imperial Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

Capital Paid Up, $1,500,000.
Rest, - - 650,000.

Purchases Municipal Debentures, Issues Drafts on its branches and agencies in the North-West. Transfers Moneys by Telegrams to Winnipeg and Brandon. Dealers in Sterling Exchange. Savings Department—Deposits received and interest allowed. Agents in London, Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt & Co., 73 Lombard street, with whom moneys for transmission from Great Britain to Ontario and the North-West may be deposited.
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT,

Deposits of $1 and upward received and Interest allowed thereon at current rates.

INGERSOLL BRANCH,

J. A. RICHARDSON,
Manager.

ATKINSON'S

Parisian Tooth Paste!

Agreeable and Safe for Cleaning the Teeth
Sold in every Town and City of Canada.
PRICE 25 CENTS. 1575vy

The Ingersoll Chronicle,

AND COUNTY OF OXFORD INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. XXXI.—NO. 18. INGERSOLL, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1884. WHOLE NO. 1582.

XMAS. PRESENTS.

THE LARGEST STOCK EVER SHOWN IN THE COUNTY, OF

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES!

FINE GOLD AND PLATED JEWELLERY.

SILVERWARE. SILVERWARE.

Knives, Forks, Spoons, and in Silver Plate and Solid Silver. Gold and Silver Headed Walking Sticks. Gold and Silver Thimbles at

RICHARDSON'S

Jewellery Store, Corner King and Thames Streets.
Ingersoll November 29, 1883. 1567

Warne & Co

DRY GOODS

HAVE

Just Received for the Xmas Trade

A Large Lot of Elegant Silk Handkerchiefs; also a beautiful assortment of Ladies Silk and Lawn Ties.

Having bought the above goods at job, we are selling them at Job Prices; don't fail to see them as they are certainly handsome and cheap.

Any one desiring to make a Christmas Present should not fail to give our large and well assorted stock an inspection.

Don't forget that our Grand Closing Sale of Millinery and Mantles is still going on.

An Inspection Invited.

Warne & Co

PURE GROCERIES!

AT THE INGERSOLL

CHINA TEA HOUSE.

Headquarters the best for

TEAS, COFFEE, SPICES,

And everything in the grocery line at prices which defy competition.

The Finest Stock of CANNED GOODS to be Found Anywhere.

FISH, LARD AND KEROSENE

Always kept in stock.

A Choice Lot of Molasses and Syrups, Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, and Stoneware.

CANDIES. CANDIES.

A FINE LOT OF LAMPS

And everything in the above line to be found in any well regulated Grocery. In addition there is the choicest and the most select assortment of

CHINA in all Shapes and Patterns. CROCKERY to be had at all prices.
GLASSWARE that cannot be beat for variety and Cheapness.
A better assortment of Canned Goods cannot be found in the County.

THOS. J. THORNTON.
Ingersoll, Oct. 25, 1883. 1572

Wind Mills, Pumps,

Lead and Iron Pipe Fittings, &c.,

HOT AIR FURNACES, REGISTERS, &c.

These furnances have been in use for some time, and their economy and efficiency can be vouched for by any of the following parties:

REFERENCES.

John Gayfer, Esq., Druggist, Ingersoll; Geo. Currie, Esq., Beachville; T. J. Thornton, Esq., Ingersoll; Trustees' Beachville School; Mrs. Thornton, Beachville; John Shaw, Esq., Kintore; John McKay, Esq., Thamesford, and many others.

As a wood heater these furnaces are unsurpassed for economy with efficiency, cheapness and urability.

JAS. SINCLAIR.
Ingersoll, Sept. 6, 1883. 565

THE POOL OF THE IRON SHIRT.

BY MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Colin, Chief of Diarmid's kin,
Strode alone to Ederlinn.

Night, and heath, and deep morass
Hear the chain-mailed warrior pass.

Ambushed lay the treacherous foe,
Ear to earth, and dart on bow.

Vain their arrows' ringing hail
Fell on pointed helm and mail.

As he backward leaped, there flew
Moonlight down the sword he drew.

In his front the lonely man
Saw approach the hostile van:

Near him on the moor a tarn;
On a knoll a wattled barn.

Refuge had, yet near its door
Sank the hot pursuit's uproar.

For, unsheathed his battle brand,
There they saw great Colin stand.

Dauntless cried he: "Here within
Rest I, then to Ederlinn!"

Yelled the circling hounds in ire,
Set the woven wall on fire.

Sword in hand he stood, the light
Gleaming on his limbs of might.

Like a cloud-built column high,
Red, in sunset's flaming sky.

All too hot for mortal frame
Glowed his armour, wrapped in flame.

Hidden by the wreaths of smoke,
Hewing through the wall, he broke.

Felling seven, onward sped
Plunging through the lake's reed-bed.

Hiss the waters where he springs,
Hatred's yell again forth rings.

But he throws his mail away,
Dives, and darkness hides his way.

Sinking hears their lessening din
Onward strides to Ederlinn.

Ages since have passed, yet still
Tales recount his dauntless will.

"Pool of the Iron shirt," thy name
Keeps, in Erse, the hero's fame.

Look you, race of ancient Gael,
Never let such memories fail!

Set them far o'er gems and gold,
For your sons to have and hold.

Steadfast Will its goal shall win
Fairer e'en than Ederlinn!

In the Carquinez Woods

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER IX.

For the first time in her life Teresa lost her presence of mind in an emergency. She could only sit staring at the helpless man, scarcely conscious of his condition, her mind filled with a sudden prophetic intuition of the significance of his last words. In the light of that new revelation she looked into his pale haggard face for some resemblance to Low, but in vain. Yet her swift feminine instinct met the objection. "It's the mother's blood that would show," she murmured, "not this man's."

Recovering herself, she began to chafe his hands and temples and moistened his lips with the spirit. When his respiration returned with a faint color in his cheeks, she pressed his hand eagerly and leaned over him.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Of what?" he whispered faintly.

"That Low is really your son?"

"Who said so?" he asked opening his round eyes upon her.

"You did yourself a moment ago," she said quickly. "Don't you remember?"

"Did I?"

"You did. Is it not so?"

He smiled faintly. "I reckon."

She held her breath in expectation. But only the ludicrousness of the discovery seemed paramount to his weakened faculties. "Isn't it just about the ridiculousest thing all round?" he said with a feeble chuckle. "First you nearly kill me before you know I am Low's father. Then I'm just spoilin' to kill him before I know he's my son; then that God-forsaken fool Jack Brace mistakes you for Nellie, and Nellie for you. Ain't it just the biggest thing for the boys to get hold of? But we must keep it dark until after I marry Nellie, don't you see. Then we'll have a good time all round, and I'll stand the drinks. Think of it, Teresha! You don' no me, I do' no you, nobody knowsh anybody elsh. I try kill Lo'. Lo' wants kill Nellie. No thash no ri';" but the potent liquor, overtaking his exhausted senses, thickened, impeded, and at last stopped his speech. His head slipped to her shoulder, and he became once more unconscious.

Teresa breathed again. In that brief moment she had abandoned herself to a wild inspiration of hope which she could scarcely define. Not that it was entirely a wild inspiration; she tried to reason calmly. What if she revealed the truth to him? What if she told the wretched man before her that she had deceived him—that she had overheard his conversation with Brace—that she had stolen Brace's horse to bring Low warning—that, failing to find Low in his accustomed haunts, or at the campfire, she had left a note for him pinned to the herbarium, imploring him to fly with his companion from the danger that was coming, and that returning on watch she had seen them both—Brace and Dunn—approaching, and had prepared to meet them at the cabin? Would this miserable and maddened man understand her self-abnegation? would he forgive Low and Nellie?—she did not ask for herself. Or would the revelation turn his brain, if it did not kill him outright? She looked at the sunken orbits of his eyes and hectic on his cheek and shuddered.

Why was this added to the agony she already suffered? She had been willing to stand between them with her life, her liberty, and even—the hot blood dyed her cheek at the thought—with the added shame of being thought the cast-off mistress of that man's son. Yet all this she had taken upon herself in expiation of something—she knew not clearly what; no, for nothing—only for him. And yet this very situation offered her that gleam of hope which had thrilled her; a hope so wild in its improbability, so degrading in its possibility, that at first she knew not whether despair was not preferable to its shame. And yet was it unreasonable? She was no longer passionate; she would be calm and think it out fairly.

She would go to Low at once. She would find him somewhere; and even if with that girl, what mattered? and she would tell him all. When he knew that the life and death of his father lay in the scale, would he let his brief foolish passion for Nellie stand in the way? Even if he were not influenced by filial affection or mere compassion, would his pride let him stoop to a rivalry with the man who had deserted his youth? Could he take Dunn's promised bride, who must have coquetted with him to have brought him to this miserable plight? Was this like the calm, proud young god she knew? Yet she had an uneasy instinct that calm, proud young gods and goddesses did things like this, and felt the weakness of her reasoning flush her own conscious cheek.

"Teresa!"

She started. Dunn was awake, and was gazing at her curiously.

"I was reckoning it was only the square thing for Low to stop this promiscuous picnicking here and marry you out and out."

"Marry me!" said Teresa in a voice that, with all her efforts, she could not make cynical.

"Yes," he repeated, "after I've married Nellie; tote you down to San Angeles, and there take my name like a man, and give it to you. Nobody'll ask after Teresa, sure—you bet your life. And if they do, and he can't stop their jaw, just you call on the old man. It's mighty queer, ain't it, Teresa, to think of your being my daughter-in-law?"

It seemed here as if he was about to lapse again into unconsciousness over the purely ludicrous aspect of the subject, but he haply recovered his seriousness. "He'll have as much money from me as he wants to go into business with. What's his line of business, Teresa?" asked this prospective father-in-law in a large liberal way.

"He is a botanist!" said Teresa with a sudden childish animation that seemed to keep up the grim humor of the paternal suggestion, "and, oh! he is too poor to buy books. I sent for one or two for him myself the other day"—she hesitated—"it was all the money I had, but it wasn't enough for him to go on with his studies."

Dunn looked at her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, and became thoughtful. "Curson must have been a d—d fool," he said finally.

Teresa remained silent. She was beginning to be impatient and uneasy, fearing some mischance that might delay her dreaded, yet longed-for, meeting with Low. Yet she could not leave this sick and exhausted man, his father, now bound to her by more than mere humanity.

"Couldn't you manage," she said gently, "to lean on me a few steps further until I could bring you to a cooler spot and nearer assistance?"

He nodded. She lifted him almost like a child to his feet. A spasm of pain passed over his face. "How far is it?" he asked.

"Not more than ten minutes," she replied.

"I can make a spurt for that time," he said coolly, and began to walk slowly but steadily on. Only his face, which was white and set, and the convulsive grip of his hand on her arm betrayed the effort. At the end of ten minutes she stopped. They stood before the splintered, lightning-scarred shaft in the opening of the woods where Low had built her first camp fire. She carefully picked up the herbarium, but her quick eye had already detected in the distance, before she had allowed Dunn to enter the opening with her, that her note was gone. Low had been there before them; he had been warned, as his absence from the cabin showed; he would not return there. They were free from interruption—but where had he gone?

The sick man drew a long breath of relief as she seated him in the clover-grown hollow where she had slept the second night of her stay. "It's cooler than those cursed woods," he said. "I suppose it's because it's a little like a grave. What are you going to do now?" he added, as she brought up a cup of water and placed it at his side.

"I am going to leave you here for a little while," she said cheerfully, but with a pale face and nervous hands. "I'm going to leave you while I seek Low."

The sick man raised his head. "I'm good for a spurt, Teresa, like that I've just got through, but I don't think I'm up to a family party. Couldn't you issue cards later on?"

"You don't understand," she said. "I'm going to get Low to send some one of your friends to you here. I don't think he'll begrudge leaving her a moment for that," she added to herself bitterly.

"What's that you're saying?" he queried with the nervous quickness of an invalid.

"Nothing—but that I'm going now." She turned her face aside to hide her moistened eyes. "Wish me good luck, won't you?" she asked half sadly, half pettishly.

"Come here!"

She came and bent over him. He suddenly raised his hands, and, drawing her face down to his own, kissed her forehead.

"Give that to him," he whispered, "from me."

She turned and fled, happily for her sentiment, not hearing the feeble laugh that followed, as Dunn, in sheer imbecility, again referred to the extravagant ludicrousness of the situation. "It is about the biggest thing in the way of a sell all round," he repeated, lying on his back, confidentially to the specks of smoke-obscured sky above him. He pictured himself repeating it, not to Nellie—her severe propriety might at least overlook the fact but not tolerate the joke—but to her father! It would be just one of those characteristic Californian jokes Father Wynne would admire.

To his exhaustion fever presently succeeded, and he began to grow restless. The heat too seemed to invade his retreat, and from time to time the little patch of blue sky was totally obscured by clouds of smoke. He amused himself with watching a lizard who was investigating a folded piece of paper whose elasticity gave the little creature lively apprehensions of its vitality. At last he could stand the stillness of his retreat and his supine position no longer, and rolled himself out of the bed of leaves that Teresa had so carefully prepared him. He rose to his feet stiff and sore, and supporting himself by the nearest tree, moved a few steps from the dead ashes of the camp fire. The movement frightened the lizard, who abandoned the paper and fled. With a satirical recollection of Brace and his "ridiculous" discovery through the medium of this animal, he stooped and picked up the paper. "Like as not," he said to himself with grim irony, "these yer lizards are in the discovery business. P'raps this lay lead to another mystery," and he began to unfold the paper with a smile. But the smile ceased as his eye suddenly caught his own name.

A dozen lines were written in pencil on what seemed to be a blank leaf originally torn from some book. He trembled so that he was obliged to sit down to read these words:—

"When you get this, keep away from the woods. Dunn and another man are in deadly pursuit of you and your companion. I overheard their plan to surprise you in our cabin. Don't go there, and I will delay them and put them off the scent. Don't mind me. God bless you, and if you never see me again think sometimes of TERESA."

His trembling ceased, he did not start, but rose in an abstracted way, and made a few deliberate steps in the direction Teresa had gone. Even then he was so confused that he was obliged to refer to the paper again, but with so little effect that he could only repeat the last words, "think sometimes of Teresa." He was conscious that this was not all; he had a full conviction of being deceived, and knew that he held the proof in his hand, but he could not formulate it beyond that sentence. "Teresa"—yes, he would think of her. She would explain it. And here she was returning.

In that brief interval her face and manner had again changed. She was pale and quite breathless. She cast a swift glance at Dunn and the paper he mechanically held out, walked up to him, and tore it from his hand.

"Well," she said hoarsely, "what are you going to do about it?"

He attempted to speak, but his voice failed him. Even then he was conscious that if he had spoken he would have only repeated, "think sometimes of Teresa." He looked longingly but helplessly at the spot where she had thrown the paper, as if it contained his unuttered words.

"Yes," she went on to herself, as if he was a mute, indifferent spectator; "yes, they're gone. That ends it all. The game's played out. Well!" suddenly turning upon him, "now you know it all. Your Nellie was here with him, and is with him now. Do you hear? Make the most of it; you've lost them—but here I am."

"Yes," he said eagerly, "yes, Teresa."

She stopped, stared at him, then taking him by the hand led him like a child back to his couch. "Well," she said, in half-savage explanation, "I told you the truth when I said the girl wasn't at the cabin last night, and that I didn't know her. What are you glowerin' at? No! I haven't lied to you, I swear to God, except in one thing. Do you know what that was? To save him I took upon me a shame I don't deserve. I let you think I was his mistress. You think so now, don't you? Well, before God to-day—and He may take me when He likes—I'm no more to him than a sister! I reckon your Nellie can't say as much."

She turned away, and with the quick, impatient stride of some caged animal, made the narrow circuit of the opening, stopping a moment mechanically before the sick man, and again, without looking at him, continuing her monotonous round. The heat had become excessive, but she held her shawl with both hands drawn tightly over her shoulders. Suddenly a wood-duck darted out of the covert blindly into the opening, struck against the blasted trunk, fell half-stunned near her feet, and then recovering, fluttered away. She had scarcely completed another circuit before the irruption was followed by a whirring bevy of quail, a flight of jays, and a sudden tumult of wings swept through the wood like a tornado. She turned inquiringly to Dunn, who had risen to his feet, but the next moment she caught convulsively at his wrist; a wolf had just dashed through the under-brush not a dozen yards away, and on either side of them they could hear the scamper and rustle of hurrying feet like the outburst of a summer shower. A cold wind arose from the opposite direction as if to contest this wild exodus, but it was followed by a blast of sickening heat. Teresa sank at Dunn's feet in an agony of terror.

"Don't let them touch me!" she gasped, "keep them off! Tell me, for God's sake, what has happened!"

He laid his hand firmly on her arm and lifted her in his turn to her feet like a child. In that supreme moment of physical danger, his strength, reason, and manhood returned in their plenitude of power. He pointed coolly to the trail she had quitted, and said:

"The Carquinez Woods are on fire!"

CHAPTER X.

The nest of the tuneful Burnhams, although in the suburbs of Indian Spring, was not in ordinary weather and seasons hidden from the longing eyes of the youth of that settlement. That night, however, it was veiled in the smoke that encompassed the great highway leading to Excelsior. It is presumed that the Burnham brood had long since folded their wings, for there was no sign of life nor movement in the house as a rapidly-driven horse and buggy pulled up before it. Fortunately the paternal Burnham was an early bird, in the habit of picking up the first stirring mining worm, and a resounding knock brought him half-dressed to the street door. He was startled at seeing Father Wynne before him, a trifle flushed and abstracted.

"Ah ha! up betimes, I see, and ready. No sluggards here—ha, ha!" he said heartily, slamming the door behind him, and by a series of pokes in the ribs genially backing his host into his own sitting-room. "I'm up, too, and am here to see Nellie. She's here, eh—of course?" he added, darting a quick look at Burnham.

But Mr. Burnham was one of those large liberal Western husbands who classified his household under the general title of "woman folk," for the integers of which he was not responsible. He hesitated, and then propounded over the balusters to the upper story the direct query—

"You don't happen to have Nellie Wynne up there, do ye?"

There was an interval of inquiry proceeding from half a dozen reluctant throats, more or less cottony and muffled, in those various degrees of grievance and mental distress, which indicate too early roused young womanhood. The eventual reply seemed to be affirmative, albeit accompanied with a suppressed giggle, as if the young lady had just been discovered as an answer to an amusing conundrum.

"All right," said Wynne, with an apparent accession of boisterous geniality. "Tell her I must see her, and I've only got a few minutes to spare. Tell her to slip on anything and come down; there's no one here but myself, and I've shut the front door on Brother Burnham. Ha, ha!" and suiting the action to the word, he actually bundled the admiring Brother Burnham out on his own doorstep. There was a light pattering on the staircase, and Nellie Wynne, pink with sleep, very tall, very slim, hastily draped in a white counterpane with a blue border and a general classic suggest on, slipped into the parlor. At the same moment her father shut the door behind her, placed one hand on the knob, and with the other seized her wrist.

"Where were you yesterday?" he asked.

Nellie looked at him, shrugged her shoulders and said, "Here."

"You were in the Carquinez Woods with Low Dorman; you went there in disguise; you've met him there before. He is your clandestine lover; you have taken pledges of affection from him; you have——"

"Stop," she said.

He stopped.

"Did he tell you this?" she asked with an expression of disdain."

"No, I overheard it. Dunn and Brace were at the house waiting for you. When the coach did not bring you, I went to the office to inquire. As I left our door I thought I saw somebody listening at the parlor windows. It was only a drunken Mexican mule-teer leaning against the house, but if he heard nothing I did. Nellie, I heard Brace tell Dunn that he had tracked you in your disguise to the woods—do you hear?—that when you pretended to be here with the girls you were with Low—alone; that you wear a ring that Low got of a trader here; that there was a cabin in the woods——"

"Stop," she repeated.

Wynne again paused.

"And what did you do?" she asked.

"I heard they were starting down there to surprise you and him together, and I harnessed up and got ahead of them in my buggy."

"And found me here," she said, looking into his eyes.

He understood her and returned the look. He recognised the full importance of the culminating fact conveyed in her words, and was obliged to content himself with its logical and worldly significance. It was too late now to take her to task for mere filial disobedience; they must become allies.

"Yes," he said hurriedly; "but if you value your reputation, if you wish to silence both these men, answer me fully."

"Go on," she said.

"Did you go to the cabin in the woods yesterday?"

"No."

"Did you ever go there with Low?"

"No; I do not know even where it is."

Wynne felt that she was telling the truth. Nellie knew it; but as she would have been equally satisfied with an equally efficacious falsehood, her face remained unchanged.

"And when did he leave you?"

"At nine o'clock, here. He went to the hotel."

"He saved his life, then, for Dunn is on his way to kill him."

The jeopardy of her lover did not seem to affect the young girl with alarm, although her eyes betrayed some interest.

"Then Dunn has gone to the Woods?" she said, thoughtfully.

"He has," replied Wynne.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"I want to know what you are going to do?"

"I was going back to bed."

"This is no time for trifling, girl."

"I should think not," she said with a yawn; "it's too early, or too late."

Wynne grasped her arm more tightly. "Hear me. Put whatever face you like on this affair, you are compromised—and compromised with a man you don't know."

"I don't know that I ever wanted to marry Low, if you mean him," she said quietly.

"And Dunn wouldn't marry you now."

"I'm not so sure of that either."

"Nellie," said Wynne excitedly, "do you want to drive me mad? Have you nothing to say—nothing to suggest?"

"Oh, you want me to help you, do you? Why didn't you say that first? Well, go and bring Dunn here."

"Are you mad? The man has gone already in pursuit of your lover, believing you with him."

"Then he will the more readily come and talk with me without him. Will you take the invitation—yes or no?"

"Yes, but——"

"Enough. On your way there you will stop at the hotel and give Low a letter from me."

"Nellie."

"You shall read it, of course," she said scornfully, "for it will be your text for the conversation you will have with him. Will you please take your hand from the lock and open the door?"

Wynne mechanically opened the door. The young girl flew upstairs. In a very few moments she returned with two notes; one contained a few lines of formal invitation to Dunn, the other read as follows:

"DEAR MR. DORMAN,—My father will tell you how deeply I regret that our recent botanical excursions in the Carquinez Woods have been a source of serious misapprehensions to those who have a claim to my consideration, and that I shall be obliged to discontinue them for the future. At the same time he wishes me to express my gratitude for your valuable instruction and assistance in that pleasing study, even though approaching events may compel me to relinquish it for other duties. May I beg you to accept the enclosed ring as a slight recognition of my obligations to you. "Your grateful pupil,

"NELLIE WYNNE."

When he had finished reading the letter, she handed him a ring, which he took mechanically. He raised his eyes to hers with perfectly genuine admiration. "You're a good girl, Nellie," he said, and, in a moment of parental forgetfulness, unconsciously advanced his lips towards her cheek. But she drew back in time to recall him to a sense of that human weakness.

"I suppose I'll have time for a nap yet," she said, as a gentle hint to her embarrassed parent. He nodded and turned towards the door.

"If I were you," she continued, repressing a yawn, "I'd manage to be seen on good terms with Low at the hotel; so perhaps you need not give the letter to him until the last thing. Good-bye."

The sitting-room door opened and closed behind her as she slipped upstairs, and her father, without the formality of leave-taking, quietly let himself out by the front door.

When he drove into the high road again, however, an overlooked possibility threatened for a moment to indefinitely postpone his amiable intentions regarding Low. The hotel was at the further end of the settlement towards the Carquinez Woods, and as Wynne had nearly reached it, he was recalled to himself by the sounds of hoof and wheels rapidly approaching from the direction of the Excelsior turnpike. Wynne made no doubt it was the Sheriff and Brace. To avoid recognition at that moment, he whipped up his horse, intending to keep the lead until he could turn into the first cross road. But the coming travellers had the fleetest horse, and finding it impossible to distance them, he drove close to the ditch, pulling up suddenly as the strange vehicle was abreast of him, and forcing them to pass him at full speed, with the result already chronicled. When they had vanished in the darkness, Mr. Wynne, with a heart overflowing with Christian thankfulness and universal benevolence, wheeled round and drove back to the hotel he had already passed. To call up at the verandah with a stentorian shout, to thump loudly at the deserted bar, to hilariously beat the panels of the landlord's door, and commit a jocose assault and battery upon that half-dressed and half-awakened man, was eminently characteristic of Wynne, and part of his amiable plans that morning.

"Something to wash this wood smoke from my throat, Brother Carter, and about as much again to prop open your eyes," he said, dragging Carter before the bar, "and glasses round for as many of the boys as are up and stirring after a hard-working Christian's rest! How goes the honest publican's trade, and also who have we here?"

"That's Judge Robinson and two lawyers from Sacramento, Dick Curson over from Yolo," said Carter, "and that ar young Injin yarb doctor from the Carquinez Woods, I reckon he's jist up—I noticed a light under his door as I passed."

"He's my man for a friendly chat before breakfast," said Wynne. "You needn't come up. I'll find the way. I don't want a light; I reckon my eyes ain't as bright nor as young as his, but they'll see almost as far in the dark—he! he!" And, nodding to Brother Carter, he strode along the passage, and with no other introduction than a playful and preliminary "Boo!" burst into one of the rooms. Low, who by the light of a single candle was bending over the plates of a large quarto, merely raised his eyes and looked at the intruder. The young man's natural imperturbability, always exasperating to Wynne, seemed accentuated that morning by contrast with his own overacted animation.

"Ah ha!—wasting the midnight oil instead of imbibing the morning dews," said Father Wynne archly, illustrating his metaphor with a movement of his hand to his lips. "What have we here?"

"An anonymous gift," replied Low, simply recognising the father of Nellie by rising from his chair. "It's a volume I've longed to possess, but never could afford to buy. I cannot imagine who sent it to me."

Wynne was for a moment startled by the thought that this recipient of valuable gifts might have influential friends. But a glance at the bare room, which looked like a camp, and the strange unconventional garb of its occupant, restored his former convictions. There might be a promise of intelligence, but scarcely of prosperity, in the figure before him.

"Ah! We must not forget that we are watched over in the night season," he said, laying his hand on Low's shoulder, with an illustration of celestial guardianship that would have been impious but for its palpable grotesqueness. "No, sir, we know not what a day may bring forth."

Unfortunately, Low's practical mind did not go beyond a mere human interpretation. It was enough, however, to put a new light in his eye and a faint color in his cheek.

"Could it have been Miss Nellie?" he asked with half boyish hesitation.

Mr. Wynne was too much of a Christian not to bow before what appeared to him the purely providential interposition of this suggestion. Seizing it and Low at the same moment, he playfully forced him down again in his chair.

"Ah, you rascal," he said, with infinite archness; "that's your game, is it? You want to trap poor Father Wynne. You want to make him say No. You want to tempt him to commit himself. No, sir—never, sir—no, no."

Firmly convinced that the present was Nellie's, and that her father only good humoredly guessed it, the young man's simple, truthful nature was embarrassed. He longed to express his gratitude, but feared to betray the young girl's trust. The Rev. Mr. Wynne speedily relieved his mind.

THE superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effect on the children.

His Scheme for Peace.

A rather slim chap, with canary hair rippling beneath a helmet with a pugaree stepped into a fashionable establishment where arms are sold and called unto the clerk.

"Have you any self-cocking seven shooters?"

"Yes," replied the clerk; "would you like to look at them?"

"I would."

In about two minutes the counter was covered with revolvers, and the man with canary hair examined them and said:

"Give me six."

The clerk seemed astonished, but tied up the pistols; at which moment the customer commenced to fan himself with his helmet, and remarked:

"Got any shot guns?"

"Yes. What kind do you prefer—plain or laminated steel?"

"Doesn't make any difference. Give me about two of each kind."

The clerk thought he had struck a lunatic; but he didn't care whether he took the cash of a sane man or a lunatic. So he tied the guns up, and was about to announce the amount of the bill, when the young man inquired:

"Do you keep cannons?"

"We have some nice brass cannons that carry a twenty pound solid ball," replied the clerk.

"Are they mounted on wheels?"

"They are."

"Then give me three."

The clerk was considerably amazed, but took the order for the cannons down on paper and said:

"Now is there anything else you would like to see?"

"Yes; I would like very much to see some daggers."

"We have a fine stock of daggers," replied the clerk, as he placed several specimens on the counter: "Here is one with a solid silver handle which comes a little higher than the others."

"I will have six of the silver handed ones. Now let me look at a few swords."

"What kind do you want? We have a number of different styles."

"What kind, for instance?" asked the canary haired youth.

"Well, we have the cavalry sabre—"

"Give me two."

"And we have the cutlass."

"The kind used by pirates?" asked the long slender youth, with a smile that betrayed his anxiety.

"Yes, the very kind."

"I will take six of them."

"Now we have some Turkish cimetars."

"I want four of them. I also want two claymores, just like the one in the window."

The clerk took down his order, and began to fancy how much his employer would think of him for selling such a big bill, when the customer said:

"I want half a dozen Springfield rifles with bayonets on them."

"I will take your order and fill it to-morrow. Is there anything else?"

"Yes; I want some harpoons and spears."

"Those we have not in stock," said the clerk; "but we can get them and deliver them with the shot guns."

"Now I want some hand grenades and dynamite."

"We don't keep them."

"Don't keep them?" replied the customer in surprise; "don't keep them?"

"No."

"Well, then, send all those things up to my hotel, C. O. D."

The man presented his card to the clerk, who thanked him for purchasing such a nice big bill, and said:

"I hope to see you when you play in New York."

"I play in New York? I don't play."

"Beg your pardon," said the clerk, apologetically; "I thought you were the manager and star of a sensational dramatic company, playing a far west blood curdling piece, and that you came for properties—"

"Oh, no," laughed the man with yellow hair; "I am simply going down to Texas to start a paper. There are certain journalistic amenities down there that I desire to observe to the letter. I don't wish to be mistaken for an amateur."—*Puck.*

He Humored Him.

A New York stock broker who was on his way to Buffalo last week, observed that one of his fellow passengers was closely regarding him, and after a time the man came over and asked:

"Didn't I see you in Chicago in 1879?"

The broker wasn't in Chicago that year, but thinking to humor the stranger he replied in the affirmative.

"Don't you remember of handing a poor devil a silver dollar one night in front of the Tremont?"

"I do."

"Well, I'm the chap. I was hard up, out of work and about ready to commit suicide. That money made a new man of me. By one lucky shift and another I am now worth $25,000."

"Ah! glad to hear it."

"And now I want you to take $5 in place of that dollar. I can't feel easy until that debt is paid."

The broker protested and objected, but finally, just to humor the man, he took the $20 bill and gave him back $15. The stranger then with