

# Jack Gaudlet

OF THE 13th.  
A TALE OF EGYPT.

CHAPTER IV.  
SUSPICIOUS FAIR.

Zillah met Jack's aunt, and for a moment a flush mantled her tawny face. She averted her eyes, and a cloud settled on her brow.

"Why this untimely roasting?" she demanded, looking round. "Already the morning star begins to peep. You forget that at daybreak the harvest of our clan begins."

"No, we don't. None of us don't forget that—do us, lads?" cried Big Dan. "But a late supper serves for breakfast. Away, lads, for forty winks."

"And the stranger?" said Zillah, when the crowd had dispersed.

"Leave him to us, mistress. We'll look after him—won't you, Nobbler?" cried the gipsy. "Trust us to give him a shake-down."

Zillah appeared to acquiesce, and turned to go, when Jack seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"I thank you for your solitude," he said. "I'm thoughtful."

"Them two's met before," said Dan beneath his breath, to his companion. Then turning to young Gresham, he said, "You've aught to say to a bit of roof over your head; the dew falls heavy. Come along."

Jack followed the two men in silence, and soon reached a small tent formed out of heavy rolls, with their ends fixed in the ground, covered with canvas.

Stepping down, he looked in and saw that the floor was thickly littered with broken.

"It will do famously!" he said, going down on his hands and knees and crawling in. "I'm extremely obliged to you. Good night."

The men left, and Jack immediately settled himself down with his head on a saddle he found within. Being tired, he soon fell asleep, but was awakened by the sound of persons conversing in a low tone without. He listened and at once recognized the voice of Big Dan and the boy.

"And you say he's got money about him?" said the former. "Did you see it?"

"No; but I heard it chink when he took that quid out, and gave it to you at the cross roads."

"Well, and why didn't you ease him of it? What's the blooming use of all the care as I've bestowed on yer education, if ye goes and sits cheek by jowl alongside a chap with his pocket full of gold and don't help yourself to none of it? Why I'm ashamed of ye?"

"I were on the far side—no shut up!" retorted the other. "Didn't I collar the silver-mounted pistol, and never so much as shankoe or a blessed word of encouragement. If ye wants the quids take 'em yourself. Yah!"

"Ye shall curse ye, or I'll knock ye on the head with the butt of the pistol ye so mighty proud on having took. Now, look ye here: The chance of collaring the swag has been let slip. The only thing we can do now is to give information, and make what we can out of that. I wish I had the saddle. I could ride over to Potomac in little better than an hour and a half. But, curse me, if I'm game to foot it."

"Ye wouldn't have to start not yet awhile," remarked the boy. "Nobs, like old Jimmy, ain't never about afore nine or ten o'clock."

"I know that; but if we wait till seven or eight and rouse him, then he'll be making tracks, whereas, if we wake him now, and take the saddle, ten to one, but he'll drop off again and sleep till all hours. Anyhow, you'll have to keep yer eye on him till I returns. Now ye go in—won't take so much notice of ye—wake him gently, and take the saddle."

A moment afterwards the boy's figure appeared in the opening of the tent, relieved against the sky.

"Sorry to disturb ye, governor, but we wants the saddle."

"Jack fawns to be asleep."

"He's fast as a dormouse," said the boy, aside, in a deep whisper. "A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush. Let's split his wizen. I'm game."

It seemed prudent to show signs of animation; so Jack stretched his limbs, yawned, and sat up.

"Who's there?" he said. "What do you want?"

"I want, governor, I want the saddle what ye've been using as a pillow."

"What do you require a saddle for at this time of night?"

"To go on to the hill. Nobbler wants it."

"Tell Nobbler with my compliments, that he can't have it. Who's more?"

"No one, so help me! Please let me have the saddle. I've got larcupped elbow. An' I been so kind, giving ye a bit of skin. Oh, please, governor—boo!" and the arch began to cry.

"Here ye sit, governor, on consideration, thought it wiser not to persist in his refusal. "Take your saddle and—ah! don't bother me any more."

The boy caught the saddle as it was thrown out to him, and made off without a word, closely followed by Big Dan, and Mr. John Gresham was left in his reflections.

With a description of these things might all a chapter be written, but the novel of the day, deal with feelings rather than with facts; but, as that is not the case, we shall merely place on record that our hero lay thinking for a long time, and pulled more broken over him, for the morning air was chill, and went to sleep again.

The sun was high when he awoke, but it was remarkably still. He crawled out of the tent, stood up, and looked around. Save for two or three small children, a sickly looking woman engaged in boiling a kettle, an old hag collecting sticks from an adjoining fence, no one was to be seen. All had gone to the hill, along the crest of which the booths and marquees were visible, and the attractions of the fair having proved too potent even for the boy, had proceeded thither with the rest.

Jack was therefore free to act as he deemed best. He could not remain where he was, as his father would certainly be before long return with the gipsy. To journey to Portsmouth would be to be to court detection, as the road would be crowded with townspeople coming to the fair, and should he even pass through these unrecognized, he could not in open daylight venture to be seen in the vicinity of the house in which Captain Fairfield resided. In the labyrinth of tents, the maze of stalls, amongst the throngs of pleasure seekers, was his surest refuge.

He mounted the hillside, and was soon in the thick of the fair.

Here a spacious marquee filled with people, even at that early hour, swelling over there a gaudy erection, on whose floor facade were emblazoned the marvels repeated to be seen within. Opposite a cheap Jack in folding a tin razor on a beardless humpkin, or pressing upon him a pair of garters for the blushing sweet-heart who hangs upon his arm. Next, a mountebank dispensed his "morsels" of elixir, warranted to cure rheumatism, lumbago, palsy, the king's evil, and falling sickness, and finally, a child, who rolled the bits of a mud dog, together with consumption, swimmings of every description, and every other ill that human flesh is heir to.

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## A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.

Questions such as these have been frequently asked of us during the past week:—"Has the LION burst?"—"Is it true that you are giving up business?"—"Is your Great Dissolution Clearing Sale" really intended to wind up your business, or are you just trying to dodge to work off your large stock?" These questions are perfectly natural, especially when so many devices are being tried to make business go. We are perfectly frank in our answer, and ask our friends to accept this explanation as true.

## No, the Lion has Not Burst.

It is still worth several hundred cents on the 0.

## But we are Giving up Business

## Great Dissolution Clearing Sale

It is intended to facilitate this. It is nearly five years since Edward Radford, E. R. Bollert and J. B. Williamson entered into business for a term of five years. This term has nearly expired, so that by expiration of time, as well as general consent of partners, the firm closes its business. As the end of the term a division of the assets has to take place. Now everybody will agree with us that it is a great deal easier to divide money than a stock of Dry Goods. It is for this purpose that we have commenced our

## GREAT GENUINE Dissolution Clearing Sale.

We want to convert our immense stock into cash as speedily as possible. We are bound to sell over \$50,000 worth in the next two months, and we are well aware that in order to do this we have to cut prices. But as our purpose is to clear off the stock, we do not look for profit.

## We must sell Cheaper

than any one remaining in the business can possibly afford to. These are our reasons for starting our "Great Dissolution Clearing Sale" and we are certain that as the public sees the great reductions in price, they will become convinced of its genuineness.

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