

A SET OF ROGUES

BY FRANK BARRETT

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CHAPTER XXXII.

In the midst of our heroics I was greatly scared by perceiving a cloaked figure coming hurriedly toward us in the dim light.

"This another, come to succor his friends," whispers L. "Let us step into this hedge."

"Too late," returns he. "Put on a bold face. 'Tis only one."

With a swaggering gait and looking straight before us, we had passed the figure, when a voice calls "Father!" and there, turning, we find that 'tis poor Moll in her husband's cloak.

"Where is thy husband, child?" asks Dawson as he recovers from his astonishment, taking Moll by the hand.

"I have no husband, father," answers she bitterly.

"Why, sure he hath not turned you out of doors?"

"No; he'd not do that," says she, "were I ten times more wicked than I am."

"What folly then is this?" asks her father.

"'Tis no folly. I have left him of my own free will, and shall never go back to him. For he's no more my husband than that house is mine (pointing to the court). 'Both were got by the same means, and both are lost."

Then briefly she told how they had been turned from the gate by Peter, and how Mr. Godwin was now as poor and homeless as we. And this news throwing us into a silence with new bewilderment, she asks us simply whether we are going.

"My poor Moll!" is all the answer he can make, and that in a broken, trembling voice.

"'Tis no good to cry," says she, dashing aside her tears that had sprung at this word of loving sympathy and forcing herself to a more cheerful tone. "Why, let us think that we are just awake from a long sleep and find ourselves no worse off than when we fell a-dreaming. Nay, not so ill," adds she, "for you have a home near London. Take me there, dear."

"With all my heart, chick," answers her father eagerly. "There at least I can give you a shelter till your husband can offer better."

She would not dispute this point, though I perceived clearly her mind was resolved fully never to claim her right to Mr. Godwin's roof, but only begged we should hasten on our way, saying she felt chilled, and in passing Mother Fitch's cottage she constrained us to silence and caution. Then, when we were safely past, she would have us run, still feigning to be cold, but in truth, as I think, to avoid being overtaken by Mr. Godwin, fearing maybe that he would overrule her will. This way we sped till Moll was fairly out of breath, and her heart, being fairly spent and out of breath. Then we took her by support, and falling into a more regular pace made good progress.

We trudged on till we reached Crodon without any accident, save that at one point Moll's step faltering, and she with a faint sob weighing heavily upon our arms, we stopped, as thinking her strength overtaken, and then, glancing about me, I perceived we were upon that little bridge where we had overtaken Mr. Godwin and he had offered to make Moll his wife. Then I knew 'twas not fatigue that weighed her down, and gauging her feelings by my own remorse I pitied this poor wife even more than I blamed myself, for had she revealed herself to him at that time, though he might have shrunk from marriage, he must have loved her still and so she had been spared this shame and hopeless sorrow.

At Crodon we overtook a carrier on his way to London for the Saturday market, who for a couple of shillings gave us a place in his wagon with some good bundles of hay for a seat, and we were off on our way, though I felt a little for our tormented minds, till we reached Marsh End, where we were set down, and so, the ground being hard with frost, across the marsh to Greenwich about daybreak. Having the key of his workshop with him, Dawson took us into his lodgings without disturbing the other inmates of the house, who might well have marvelled to see us enter at this hour with a woman in a man's cloak, and no covering but a handkerchief to her head, and Moll, taking his bed, we disposed ourselves on some shavings in his shop to get a little sleep.

Dawson was already risen when I awoke, and going into his little parlour I found him mightily busy setting the place in order, which was in a sad bachelor's pickle, to be sure—all littered up with odds and ends of turning, unwashed plates, broken victuals, etc., just as he had left it.

"She's asleep," says he in a whisper, "and I'd have this room like a little palace against she comes into it, so do you lend me a hand, Kit, and make no more noise than you can help. The kitchen's through that door. Carry everything there, and what's of no use fling out of the window to the road."

Setting to with a will, we got the parlour and kitchen neat and proper, plates washed, tiles wiped, pots and pans hung up, furniture furnished up, and everything in its place in no time. Then, leaving me to light a fire in the parlour, Dawson goes forth a-marketing, with a basket on his arm, in high glee. And truly to see the pleasure in his face later on, making a mess of bread and milk in one pipkin and cooking eggs in another, for now we heard Moll stirring in her chamber, one would have thought that this was an occasion for rejoicing rather than grief, and this was due not

to want of kind feeling, but to the fond, simple nature of him, he being manly enough in some ways, but a very child in others. He did never see farther than his nose, as one says, and because it gave him joy to have Moll beside him once more he must needs think hopefully that she will quickly recover from this reverse of fortune, and that all will come right again.

Our dear Moll did nothing to damp his hopes, but played her part bravely and well to spare him the anguish of remorse that secretly wrung her own heart. She met us with a cheerful countenance, admired the neatness of the parlour, the glowing fire, ate her share of porridge, and finding the eggs cooked hard declared she would not abide them soft. Then she would see her father work his lathe, to his delight, and begged he would make her some cups for eggs as being more to our present fashion than eating them from one's hand.

"Why," says he, "there's an old bed-post in the corner that will serve me a nicety. But first I must see our landlord and engage a room for Kit and me, for take it, my dear," adds he, "you will be content to stay with us here."

"Yes," answers she, "'tis a most cheerful view of the river from the window."

She tucked up her skirt and sleeves to busy herself in household matters, and when I would have relieved her of this office she begged me to go and bear her father company, saying with a piteous look in her eyes that she must leave her some occupation, or she should wear.

She was pale, there were dark lines beneath her eyes, and she was silent, but I saw no outward sign of grief till the afternoon, when, coming from Jack's shop unexpected, I spied her sitting by the window, with her face in her hands, bowed over a piece of cloth we had bought in the morning, which she was about to fashion into a plain gown, as being more suitable to her condition than the rich dress in which she had left the court.

"Poor soul!" thinks I, "there is a sad awaking from thy dream of riches and joy!"

Upon a seasonable occasion I told Dawson we must soon begin to think of doing something for a livelihood—a matter which was as remote from his consideration as the day of wrath.

"Why, Kit," says he, "'I've as good as £50 yet in a hole at the chimney back."

"Aye, but when that's gone?" says I.

"That's a good way hence, Kit, but there never was such a man as you for going forth to meet troubles half way. However, I warrant I shall find some jobs of carpentry to keep us from begging our bread when the pinch comes."

Not content to wait for this pinch, I resolved I would go into the city and inquire there if the booksellers could give me any employment, thinking I might very well write some good ser-

mons on honesty, now I had learned the folly of roguery. Hearing of my purpose the morning I was about to go, Moll takes me aside and asks me in a quivering voice if I knew where Mr. Godwin might be found. This question staggered me a moment, for her husband's name had not been spoken by any of us since the catastrophe, and it came into my mind now that she designed to return to him, and I stammered out some foolish hint at Hurst Court.

"No, he is not there," says he, "but I thought maybe that Sir Peter Lely—"

"Aye," says I. "He will most likely know where Mr. Godwin may be found."

"Can you tell me where Sir Peter lives?"

"No, but I can learn easily when I am in the city."

"If you can, write the address and send him this," says she, drawing a letter from her breast. She had writ her husband's name on it, and now she pressed her lips to it twice, and putting the warm letter in my hand she turned away, her poor mouth twitching with emotion. I knew then that there was no thought in her mind of seeing her husband again.

I carried the letter with me to the city, wondering what was in it. I know not now, yet I think it contained but a few words of explanation and farewell, with some prayer maybe that she might be forgiven and forgotten.

Learning where Sir Peter Lely lived, I myself went to his house, and he not being at home I asked his servant if Mr. Godwin did sometimes come there.

"Why, yes, sir, he was here but yesterday," answers he. "Indeed never a day passes but he calls to ask if any one hath sought him."

"In that case," says I, slipping a piece in his ready hand and fetching out Moll's letter, "you will give him this when he comes next."

"That I will, sir, and without fail. But if you would see him, sir, he bids me say he is ever at his lodging in Holborn from 5 in the evening to 8 in the morning."

"'Twill answer all ends if you give him that letter. He is in good health, I hope."

"Well, sir, he is and he isn't, as you may say," answers he, dropping into a familiar, confidential tone after casting

his eye over me to be sure I was no great person. "He ails nothing, to be sure, for I hear he is ever afoot from morn till even—a searching hither and thither, but a more downhearted, rueful looking gentleman for his age I never see."

"Twixt you and me, sir, I think he hath lost his sweetheart, seeing I am charged, with Sir Peter's permission, to follow and not lose sight of any lady who may chance to call here for him."

I walked back to Greenwich across the fields, debating in my mind whether I should tell Moll of her husband's distress or not, so perplexed with conflicting arguments that I had come to no decision when I reached home.

Moll spying me coming, from her window in the front of the house, met me at the door in her cloak and hood and begged I would take her a little turn over the heath.

"What have you to tell me?" asks she, pressing my arm as we walked on.

"I have given your letter to Sir Peter Lely's servant, who promises to deliver it faithfully to your husband."

"Well," says she, after a little pause of silence, "that is not all."

"You will be glad to know that he is well in health," says I. And then I stop again, all hanging in a hedge for not knowing whether it were wiser to speak or hold my tongue.

"There is something else. I see it in your face. Hide nothing from me, for love's sake," says she piteously. Whereupon, my heart getting the better of my head, which, to be sure, was no great achievement, I told all as I have set it down here.

"My dear, dear love! My darling Dick!" says she in the end, and then she would have told all over again, with a thousand questions, to draw forth more, and those being exhausted she asks why I would have concealed so much from her, and if I did fear she would seek him.

"Nay, my dear," says I. "'Tis 't'other way about. For if your husband does forgive you and years but to take you back into his arms it would be an unnatural, cruel thing to keep you apart."

Therefore, to confess the whole truth, I did meditate going to him and showing how we, and not you, are to blame in this matter, and then telling him where he might find you, if on reflection he felt that he could honestly hold you guiltless, but ere I do that, as I see now, I must know if you are willing to this accommodation, for if you are not then are our wounds all opened afresh to no purpose but to retard their healing."

She made no reply nor any comment for a long time, nor did I seek to bias her judgment by a single word, doubting my wisdom. But I perceived by the quivering of her arm within mine that a terrible conflict 'twixt passion and principle was convulsing every fiber of her being. At the top of the hill above Greenwich she stopped, and, throwing back her hood, let the keen wind blow upon her face as she gazed over the gray fairs beyond the river. And the air seeming to give her strength and a clearer perception she says presently,

"Accommodation!" And she repeats this unlucky word of mine twice or thrice, as if she liked it less each time.

"That means we shall agree to let bygones be bygones and do our best to get along together for the rest of our lives as easily as we may."

"That's it, my dear," says I cheerfully.

"Hush up the past," continues she in the same calculating tone. "Conceal it from the world if possible. Invent some new lie to deceive the curious, and hoodwink our decent friends. Chuckle at our success and come in time" (here she paused a moment) "to chat so lightly of our past knavery that we could wish we had gone further in the business."

"If you were writing the story of my life for a play, would you end it thus?"

"My dear," says I, "a play's one thing, real life's another, and believe me, as far as my experience goes of real life, the less heroics there are in it the better parts are those for the actors in't."

She shook her head fiercely in the wind, and, turning about with a brusque vigor, cries: "Come on, I'll have no accommodation at the little mountain into which he has tunneled at various points, the last tunnel being seventy feet in length, believes from the rich looking specimens of ore he is now taking out, that he has at last struck the right lead, but not having sufficient capital to fully develop his mine, will be obliged to place in on the market."

The annual camp meeting at Chilliwack will open on Tuesday, 26th inst. A large attendance is anticipated. Among those invited is the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, who comes West on business connected with the Conference of British Columbia.

WELLINGTON. (From the Enterprise.)

All this week the mines have been working steadily. The harbor is also full of shipping, reminding many of the good old days. The steam schooner Excelsior loaded coal for Alaska this week. Steamship Progressist has sailed for San Francisco. The Glory of the Seas is loading coal for San Francisco.

CHILLIWACK. (From the Progress.)

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NORTH NANAIMO.

To the Editors.—The Liberal Conservatives from this place and surrounding district have brought out Mr. James Haggart as a candidate for Dominion honors in the coming contest. Mr. Haggart has been 18 years in the province and in the employ of the Dunsmuirs most of that time. He has been farming also for the last ten years and is well known all over the province. He resigns his situation in the mines on the 30th April, and will be a strong man to beat.

HENRY A. DILLON, Secretary North Nanaimo Liberal Conservative Association. Wellington, April 28.

HON. T. W. ANGLIN.

TORONTO, May 6.—(Special).—The funeral of the Hon. T. W. Anglin, ex-Speaker of the Dominion House of Commons, took place this morning from his residence to St. Michael's cathedral, thence to St. Michael's cemetery. The pall-bearers were Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir Frank Smith, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Justice Falconbridge, Commander Law, representing the Lieut.-Governor; Dr. Travers, of St. John, N.B., the former holder of the deceased; Eugene O'Keefe and B. B. Hughes.

TORONTO, May 7.—An \$8,000 fire this morning at the corner of Bay and Adelaide streets, in the heart of the business centre, did \$3,000 damage to the Lead

NEWS OF THE PROVINCE

Serious Stabbing Case at Vancouver—Favorable Prospects for Fraser River Fruit Growers.

Mining Operations in Kootenay—Shipments From the War Eagle and Le Roi.

(Special to the Colonist.)

VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, May 7.—Rev. E. D. McLaren has been appointed moderator of the British Columbia Synod in session here.

Yesterday Joseph Kippler, brewer, blazed his employee, J. Muller, for an accident of a trifling nature which happened at the brewery. Muller resented the accusation, hot words preceded blows, when Muller drew a knife and stabbed Kippler twice in the lungs. It is thought Kippler will recover, though the wounds are very serious ones.

VANCOUVER, May 8.—Conservative primaries were held in five wards in the city to-night.

Mr. J. W. Bowser opened his political campaign last night at the market hall. The hall was well filled. A. H. K. McFarlane acted as chairman. Mr. Bowser was well received and explained why he had decided to announce himself as a candidate. He was given a good hearing. He declared himself on the school question, and gave many illustrations of the hostility of the Liberals to British Columbia in the past. Mr. Bowser's last night's speech was considered the best of his public utterances.

The May day celebration was a great success at Westminster. Unusually large crowds were present. The Vancouver contingent was the largest on record. Westminster's gala day is pronounced to have been a complete success.

WESTMINSTER.

WESTMINSTER, May 7.—From Mission, Hattie and the Delta reports are favorable, particularly for the fruit crop.

To-morrow will be observed as May Day. Every inducement is being offered to visitors—remarkably cheap train rates and a splendid programme of festivities.

NANAIMO.

NANAIMO, May 7.—The ordinary meeting of the Victoria District of the Methodist Church was held to-day in this city.

The committee on the excursion to Seattle on the 4th of July next are negotiating for the best steamer on the coast for that occasion, and the fare for the round trip will be as low as possible, so as to enable all who wish to join in the excursion to be present.

NANAIMO, May 8.—Provincial Constable Hutchesson came down from Union yesterday with Jasper Hilliges in custody. The prisoner was immediately arraigned before Justice Harrison under the new train act and saved further trouble by pleading guilty to the first of the five charges, the most heinous of which is undoubtedly the last: Breaking into Eccles house, stealing Fletcher's boat, breaking into D. Cowie's place and stealing a watch, breaking jail at Alberni and stealing two pairs of government blankets. His Honor sentenced him to three years' imprisonment with hard labor. His Honor warned the prisoner that the remaining four charges might at some subsequent period be brought up against him.

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coveries consist of free milling gold quartz. Messrs. Topping and Peterson have bought the Deer Park property, consisting of 1,800 acres from the C.P.R. The price paid is reported to be \$37,500. (From the Tribune.)

The gross value of the ore shipped from the War Eagle mine at Rossland up to date is \$592,800, and from the Le Roi \$504,000. Both these mines are paying dividends.

KAMLOOPS. (From the Inland Sentinel.)

Some excitement has been created in the neighborhood of P. T. creek, where it is reported several claims have been staked off and registered and rich deposits of the yellow metal are said to be awaiting development.

Everywhere in the way of mining is progressing fairly at Princeton. The Anglo-American is working with about 25 men on the works. The John Bull hydraulic claim has already done considerable hydraulic work and will soon be ready for a wash-up. Mr. Waterman will immediately commence hydraulic work on his new hydraulic claim on Friday creek, about four miles up the Shilka from the Anglo-American.

Mr. Stevenson is progressing with his darning and expects to be ready in May to turn on the water at the Granite creek hydraulic claim. The work on these claims has already made quite a stir in here and if the wash-ups prove anything like as good as what the ground prospected, the profits accruing will be sure to cause many other good claims to be opened up.

The flume and tunnel on J. H. Russell's placer claim on Tranquille creek is now completed, and on Thursday the water will be turned on for a three days' trial of the gold producing capabilities of the gravel. The first wash-up will be made on Sunday.

R. Marpole has bonded the Oxberry group of mines in the Slokan for \$30,000. He has also taken an option on the Highland Chief and Swiss. These two prospects are on an unnamed creek, about seven miles from the arm of Kootenay lake, and almost sixteen miles from Slokan lake. The ledge matter is from 18 to 56 inches, and assays showed 26 ounces in free milling gold, with about two ounces of silver. The bond is for \$30,000; \$400 in cash, \$2,600 on the 15 of July, \$10,000 October 1, and the balance in a year.

ALBERNI. ALBERNI, May 6.—The new shaft on the Constance Hydraulic Co.'s lease has been put down to cement, and the prospects are looking bright under the Gardner Bros.' management.

News was received from the Cataract Hydraulic Co.'s claim and washing will be no longer a matter of days, but hours. Sam Darr, the well known prospector, has just arrived this evening from China Creek, where he has struck a continuation of the Alberni or Champion leads, according to parties that have seen the prospect, and indeed, the rock has no visible difference. Parties of two and four are spread across the mountains in an excited state looking for a place handy to locate.

FRENCH CREEK. FRENCH CREEK, May 6.—The man who committed the burglary at Big Qualicum, came from Alberni by the trail to Fanny bay, calling at Mr. Cowie's, who gave him his dinner; when Mr. Cowie came in from his work later on he found his window smashed in and his gold watch gone. The thief then descended himself a watch, breaking jail at Alberni and stealing