ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1881. NO. 9.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province, and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description for first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors and, in this line we flat er our-elves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

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Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional insertion

THE BEST REMEDY

FOR

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs,

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HELLO!

AGENTS can make more money selling our new

TELEPHONES!

than in any other business. Send $4 for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits.

Address,

U. S. TELEPHONE CO.,
123 S. Clarke St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribe for

The Monitor

KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME, BY PATRONIZING A LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND STOP TAKING DOLLAR WEEKLIES THAT CONTAIN ONLY GENERAL MATTER, WHILE THE MONITOR LABORS FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EVERY WAY.

ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

ANNAPOLIS, SS.,
In the Supreme Court, 1881.
IN EQUITY.

CAUSE:

TIMOTHY D. RUGGLES, Plaintiff.
vs.
ZEBULON BLAKSLEE, Defendant.

UPON hearing read the affidavit of Edwin Ruggles, made herein the 12th day of May A. D., 1881, the exhibit thereto, and the papers on file herein, and on motion I do order that unless the above named Defendant Zebulon Bleakslee, appear to the summons herein and answer the same on or before the 18th day of June, A. D., 1881, the Plaintiff shall be at liberty to proceed herein as in case of personal service on the said Defendant, and defaults suffered by him.

And I do further order that the publication of this order in the Weekly MONITOR, newspaper, published at Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, for the space of thirty days, one insertion each week, shall be deemed good service on the said Defendant Zebulon Bleakslee.

Signed,
RICHARD J. UNIACKE, Prothy.
On motion of E. RUGGLES, for the Piff.
Bridgetown, March 14th, 1881. 5t10

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs. Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and positive cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. Toronto, Ont.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with
THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

A Great Cause of Human Misery

Is the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

THE LOCAL MEAT MARKET.

[Limited.]

Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

OFFICES—Central Depot and Market: 84 Upper Thames Street, E. C. (Under Cannon Street Station) London, E. C.

BONDED WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage Wharf, Cousin Lane, E. C.

BANKERS:—The London and County Bank, 21 London Street, E. C. D. TALLERMAN, Esq., Gen. Manager.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of Shippers of Cattle, Poultry, &c., to the ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PROVISION DEPOTS, 84 UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. Furnished with Refrigerating Chambers of large capacity, where Produce of all kinds can be preserved for any length of time, at any season of the year. The advantages to shippers of live cattle are evident, inasmuch as by slaughtering immediately on arrival Expenses Cease, and the most advantageous moment may be seized for the disposal of the consignment.

To parties desirous of shipping apples, &c., to London, for sales and returns, the Company can offer advantages to be found in no other quarter. By use of the refrigerators, decay or deterioration is arrested, while every facility is afforded for sorting, sampling and laying out sound fruit, as well as for repacking such as may be injured on the voyage. Shippers who may wish more speedy returns than can be forwarded by regular mail, can realize an advance which will be ordered by Telegraph immediately on receipt of consignments landed in good condition.

Information in detail can be obtained by application to the undersigned, who are authorized to make advances to Shippers, and, if desirable, to take an interest for the Company in the profit and loss of operations.

WM. HARE, Agent,
171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.
THOS. S. WHITMAN, Agent,
Annapolis, N. S. 43tf

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don t forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence

at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Gnarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon ingrease to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.
Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

TO LAWYERS.

A FRESH LOT of Summonses and Executions just printed and for sale at his office,

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ANNAPOLIS, S.,
In the Supreme Court, 1881,
IN EQUITY.

ON the petition and application of Sybel Wheelock, praying foreclosure and sale under Chap. 95, Revised Statutes, 4th series,

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his deputy, at Middleton, in the County of Annapolis, aforesaid,

ON FRIDAY,

17th day JUNE, next,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, on the 9th day of May, A. D., 1881, unless before the sale the amount due as per affidavit of the petitioner annexed to the original papers in this cause, be paid to her or to her attorney, with costs,

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of William Viditoe, late of Nictaux Falls, in the said County of Annapolis, deceased, and all parties claiming under him, of, in, to or out of, all those certain tracts, pieces or parcels of

LAND and PREMISES,

Situate, lying and being on the Nictaux Mountain, in the said County of Annapolis, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning at the south west corner of lands surveyed to Elias Grimes, thence turning easterly and southerly following the winding of the brook or river, and the line of land surveyed to Elias Grimes, until it comes to the said William Viditoe's land, thence turning and running westerly along said William Vidito's land until it comes to Parker Viditoe's land, thence turning and running northerly along the land of the said Parker Viditoe's, to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and forty-nine acres three rods and seventeen poles, being part of land conveyed by the late Elias Wheelock to Mrs. Sarah Morrow and Elizabeth Wheelock.

ALSO—Another lot, piece or parcel of Land, where the said late William Viditoe lived, being part of numbers two and three, bounded as follows: Begining at the Lunenburg road, so called, on lands conveyed by Welcome Wheelock to George Runciman's east bounds, thence south forty-one degrees west by said Runciman's land to the north boundary of said lot number three, thence north forty-nine degrees east one hundred and twenty-two rods to a stake and stones by ungranted lands, thence north fifty one degrees west to the centre line of lot number two, granted to Elias Wheelock and Robt. Dixon, thence by the centre line about seventy-two rods to the north east corner of said Runciman's land, thence west forty-one degrees east by Runciman's land to the first mentioned boundary, containing one hundred and fifty acres more or less, comprising all the land owned by the late Welcome Wheelock and deeded by Mary Eliza Wheelock the widow and administratrix of the late Welcome Wheelock to said late William Viditoe, together with all and singular the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale,—remainder on delivery of the deed.

PETER BONNETT,
High Sheriff.

E. RUGGLES,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
Annapolis Royal, May 12th. 1881. 5t10

Spring Goods arriving;
Prices very low;
Everything thriving

—AT—

Murdoch & Co's.

2 TONS WHITE LEAD, best quality in the market.

5 BARRELS RAW AND BOILED OIL. VARNISHES, DRYERS, BRUSHES, &c., &c.

To Grangers and Farmers.

Attention is called to 30 bus. TIMOTHY, and 500 lbs. RED CLOVER, in stock and offered very low for CASH.

GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS in abundance

1200 Rolls Room Paper at cost.

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS, the cheapest in the market.

Full stock of Groceries and Hardware.

Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to us on note or book account, that payment must be made at once or in 30 days from 1st April.

MURDOCH & CO.

Bridgetown, April 1st, 1881,

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very
LOW FOR CASH,
BEALES & DODGE.
Middleton. Nov., '78

$ Watches, Stem Winders $2.50, White Metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $15. Cheapest and best for use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. Thompson & Co. 1 2 Nassau, N. Y.

LONDON GOODS!

RUNCIMAN, RANDOLPH & CO.,

—have received Invoices of—

CHOICE LONDON GOODS.

which they offer at lowest prices.

Ladies' Brown and Black Silk Umbrellas.

Ladies' Zenilla do., at 38c. each.

Gents' Alpacca and Gingham Umbrellas.

Mourning Goods.

Wide Black Crapes, Black French Cashmeres, Black French Merinos, Henrietta Cloth, Choice Black Norwich Crapes.

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, from 11 cents to 27 cents per yard.
TOILET SETTS. TOILET CLOTHS,
TOILET QUILTS,
WHITE BRILLIANTS,
WHITE MARSEILLES,
HALF BLEACHED AND BLEACHED TABLE LINENS.

CARPETS!

HEMP CARPETS, all prices.
4 4 Union and all Wool do., from 62 cents a yard.

English Floor Oil Cloths.

superior quality, &c., &c.

IN STOCK.

Ladies' HAND BAGS, in Straw and Morocco,

Valises, all Sizes.

GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES'

Travelling Trunks

from 75c. to $6.50 each.

We offer 75 bbls. Corn Meal at $3.50 per bbl.

Just imported from West Indies—10 puncheons Molasses—retail price 40 cents per Gallon.

A SPECIALITY!

One Bale MANCHESTER PRINTS.

We invite attention to our very large and varied Stock for Spring and Summer Trade

R. R. & Co.

Bridgetown, N. S., April, 26th, 1881.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK, Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....75c.
" St. John.....$2.00
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.
E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St. John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

New Line of STEAMERS!!

ANNAPOLIS, HALIFAX, LONDON.

MESSRS. Scrutton, Sons & Co., will run their fast Fruit Steamers from Annapolis and Halifax to London. These Steamers are built specially for the fruit and dead meat trades. The new steamor "CREOLE," due about the 1st of October, will be the first steamer.

For further particulars apply in London to

Grouse, Hall & Morris,

or to the London agents,

TATHAM & Co.,
9 Gracechurch St.

Halifax Agents—CHIPMAN BROS.
Annapolis Agent—F. H. MITCHELL.
n6 tf

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Poetry.

[Original.]

The Christian's Heritage.

The christian's life is one of care,
With many a heavy cross to bear,
And many a struggle faint and long,
With many a sigh and many a song.

The christian's joys are sweet and pure,
For these the Saviour did procure,
He gives to all a peace within,
And blessed liberty from Him.

The christian hath a precious Friend,
His sympathies to kindly lend;
Who never leaves those tender lambs
Who place their keeping in His hands.

The christian hath a faithful guide,
Who always helps, what ere betide,
Who saves and keeps, who loves and cheers,
And from all faces wipes the tears.

The christian hath a safe retreat,
'It is 'the blood bought mercy each,'
And then he hides till storms are done,
An! Jesus calls his followers home.

The Christian's hope is strong and good
It resteth on the Son of God,
It lifts the soul above life's care
And points it to a mansion fair.

But best of all, I tell to thee
The christian hath a bright to be,
Yea, a happy home on that shining shore
With Jesus and song for evermore.

J. E. D.

Select Literature.

Skeleton Keys.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

A sombre landscape and a fading light. One straight road on a level plain running darkly to the east, and with a sombre gleam stretching back to the patch of silver in the west. A doleful place and time, and two doleful figures plodding away from the silver gleam to assail the wall of darkness in the east. Splash, splash, side by side, and the bitter wind in their ears with a shriek, and not another sound for an hour.

Tiburce Menseau, native of Paris, six feet high, powerfully built, but attenuated and ragged: John Jones, native of London, short in stature, sturdily built, but attenuated and ragged: these were the doleful two who tramped together. They were human scarecrows both, but the Frenchman was the raggeder of the two and the more downcast. John Jones, bullet-headed, fair-haired, and of a naturally cheerful countenance, went miserably enough, to be sure; but now and again he rammed the shocking bad hat he wore a little closer to his head, and always when he did so he smiled as though something pleased him. Tiburce Menseau watched this gesture furtively, and between times awaited it furtively, and never a word he said. Tiburce lived by his wits; and though upon occasion they profited him little, they were sharp. He had found opportunity for the study of Holy Writ in several institutions supported by the British Government, and one text curiously attacked his memory now, recurring to his mind every time John Jones rammed the shocking bad hat a little tighter—'Where the treasure is there will the heart be also.'

Uncompromising officials in blue uniforms had on several occasions described Tiburce in public. The phrase they chose was curt, severe, and widely inclusive. Moreover, it never varied.

'Do you know anything of the prisoner?' So ran the question which drew forth the descriptive criticism. The descriptive critic in blue uniform responded:

'Habitual criminal.'

To do Tiburce justice, he looked the part. Leave a dark-complexioned man unshaven for a week, half-starve him for a month, dress him in rags, and let the rags be dirty, put a bitter devil of resentment in his breast, and though he were a curate to begin with, these things would tell unfavorably upon his aspect. A man who lives by his wits should be observant, and Tiburce watched all things that seemed worth watching 'with lidless dragon eye.' Whenever John Jone's hand went up to his hat—and it did so with unnecessary frequency—the fingers seemed to stay a little after fixing the hat more firmly, and there was a little movement in them as though they felt for something, and then John Jones smiled as if he had felt the something and was satisfied.

Tiburce Menseau made continuously a furtive note of this proceeding. What was a tramp likely to have concealed in his shocking bad hat? Half-a-crown? Half-a-sovereign? A bank-note? A stolen ring of value? Tiburce had known such things.

Suddenly Tiburce Menseau stopped short and cursed in a tautological *patois* blending damns and *sacres*.

'What's the matter?' said John Jones, stopping also, and facing him.

'Is there no end to the road?' asked the other, with a curse upon the dreary highway.

'Five miles yet,' said John. 'A good five miles.'

Tiburce Menseau, taking refuge in his native language, cursed each individual mile in the five, and his companion made another start. Tiburce took one step after him and stopped again to curse the five miles collectively.

'Take it easy,' said John Jones; and his hand went up to his hat again. He began to sing to no particular tune:

Then merrily bent the footpath way,
And merrily over the stile, ha!
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile, ha!

He went clean through that quaint ditty, and ending with a prolonged note between a howl and a groan, he sent his hand to his hat once more and smiled cheerfully.

'Where the treasure is,' thought scowling Tiburce, always watchful of the gesture. It grew so dark that they could hardly keep the road. Suddenly Tiburce Menseau tripped and fell against John Jones, in such wise as accidently to knock off his hat.

'Pardon!' said Tiburce, and groping in the darkness picked up the hat, and passing his thin, thievish fingers swiftly round within the lining, felt and held a little package no larger than a penny-piece. It came away with a slight tearing feel as though it were gummed or pasted to the hat. This did not detain the skilful Tiburce half a second, and the thing was done with such delicate rapidity that even in daylight it might have escaped notice. 'I have knocked your hat off,' said Tiburce. 'This filthy road is filled with ruts and holes. Oh, I have it. Here you are.'

The wind howled so that Tiburce had to repeat his last words. John Jones was groping wildly with both hands in mud and water. He felt greedily for the hat, and meeting the outstretched hands of the apologetic Tiburce, took it and felt within the lining, at first assuredly, and then rapidly and undecidedly. Then, with a wild yell, he was down on his knees in the mud and water groping wrist deep.

'What's the matter?' cried Tiburce, hugging the little parcel in his hands. Surely of value—surely. Else why such care of it, and why such a cry of enraged despair at losing it?

John Jones made no reply, but went about on hands and knees in the mud, still groping.

'What's the matter?' cried Tiburce again, touching him on the shoulder. 'Have you lost anything?'

'Lost!' said John Jones, voiceless,ly, 'who can tell what I have lost!' and he groped in the mud, while Tiburce waited with signal patience. The search came to nothing, but it went on until the searcher's bones were numb, and his hands could no longer feel the ground they groped on. Then with heavy heart he staggered to his feet.

'See,' said Tiburce, pointing through the heavy darkness, 'there are lights. That is the town. Have you found what you lost?'

With no answer, but with no suspicion, the stiff-set Briton splashed on again through unseen mud. Once or twice he gave a heavy and heartrending groan, half of grief and half of rage.

'Surely,' said Tiburce to himself, tightening the grip of his fingers on the package, 'surely valuable.'

Splash, splash, for half an hour through mud and darkness, and never a spoken word. John Jones was thinking all the way, in bitter despair was calling certain things to mind.

CHAPTER II

'Don't cry, Nell!'

This kind of advice is often easy to give and hard to obey. The adviser's face twitched suspiciously, as though he sorely wanted to copy the example set him by the advised. But your stuff-built, bullet-headed young Briton would rather die than weep, and he controlled himself.

'I have never cried through it all until now,' said the girl between her sobs; 'and it's your noble kindness that makes me cry now.'

'Rubbish!' said the bullet-headed young Briton.

There were three people in the room—a pretty girl of twenty, with a face disfigured with tears, and a slight but graceful figure, attired in mourning; a young man, with no especial pretensions to good looks, but strong and manly, with very honest gray eyes; a middle aged woman, gaunt and spare, with a spiteful face, and eyes a little reddish at the rim. The room in which they stood was almost bare of furniture, and oblong spaces on the walls, where the paper showed fresher than elsewhere, spoke of the recent removal of pictures and mirrors, and gave the place a dismantled look.

'Rubbish!' said the bullet-headed young Briton.

'And rubbish I say,' said the spit fu-looking female. 'Noble kindness! Oh, ah! Noble fiddlestick! Don't talk to me.'

Neither of her companions evincing the slightest desire to talk to her, the spiteful-looking looked more spiteful still, and sniffing with much emphasis, said, Oh, ah!' again, and added, 'Likely story.'

'He had always said'—the girl was speaking—'that I was well provided for, but now this cruel bill of sale has taken everything.'

'There is still the freehold of the house,' said the young men.

'Pretty freehold!' said the middle-aged female. 'Rotten, tumble-down old place, two miles from everywhere, and not even a decent road within a mile of it. It was just like the old idiot to build here.'

'Ann,' said the girl in a tone of authority, 'how dare you?'

'Oh, ah!' said the woman again. 'How dare I? To be sure? Where's my year's wages with your bills of sales, eh? It's fit and proper for a decent, hard-workin' woman to be done out of her money by an old hunks like him, ain't it?'

'Haven't you had enough money to pay Ann her wages?' asked the young man.

'Money or no,' said the woman, 'she hasn't paid 'em. That all I know.'

The girl only shook her head and wept anew. The young fellow drew a lean chamois-leather bag from his pocket.

'How much?' he asked, surveying the woman sternly.

'Five pound,' she answered, 'not to speak of laying him out and waiting here a fortnight to be paid.'

The young man counted out five sovereigns from the lean bag, which forebore to give forth one chink as he put it back into his pocket.

'There is your money. As soon as you can arrange to go, I shall be glad for you to leave.'

The woman took the money disdainfully and went her way. The young man advanced to the girl and put his arm about her waist and kissed her.

'It's very hard, my darling,' he said; 'but it will only bring us together the sooner. I shall find employment somewhere soon, and then we must get married and face the world together.'

The girl made no resistance to this programme, and he went on: 'I'm not altogether sorry that you are poor, you know, for if you had been rich I should never have had the cheek to tell you that I loved you. That isn't altogether selfish, Nell, for I shall make you happier than any amount of money would,'

It was oddly said, but it looked likely to be true. Those gray eyes of his, and his square, plain, manly face were very honest, and provocatvie of faith. They heard the langing the spiteful female made in packing her belongings, but beyond the fact that the girl said once that Ann had been cruel and ungrateful, they took no notice of it. The young man sat down, and drew the girl beside him on the sofa, and made love to her, and dried her tears with his handkerchief, and by the time the spiteful female got her trunk downstairs, with much reiterated bumping from step to step, the poor grief-worn thing was smiling at him, though eyes which still had a suspicion of tears in them. By and by the young man made a dive to his watch-pocket to see what time it was, but his thumb and finger encountering nothing but pawn-tickets, he withdrew them with a smile which was somewhat grim. The spiteful female knocked at the door, and without waiting a response, entered.

'There's nothing to eat in the house,' she said. 'Am I goin' to be drove out without a crust?'

The girl's face flushed, and then became deadly white, and she returned no answer; but after a struggle, which her quivering features clearly indicated, she burst anew into tears. The young man stopped and whispered in her ear:

'Is that true?'

'Yes,' she sobbed in answer. 'I have no money—not a penny.'

'Right about face. March!' said the young man rising. The spiteful female, who had come in for the express purpose of firing this spiteful shaft, went out exultant. 'That being the case,' said the young man cheerfully, when the woman had gone, 'you must let me be your banker.' He drew forth the lean chamois-leather purse again, and from it extracted one last sovereign, which he laid on the table. 'And now,' he added, 'there is no more more time to lose. I must go back and look for employment at once. I will send more money in a day or two, somehow.'

'Oh, Walter,' said the girl, clinging to him, 'I can't sleep in this house alone. I dare not. There is nothing in it that belongs to me. They will take away everything to-morrow.'

'Have you anywhere to go?' he asked gravely.

'Nowhere,' she answered. The bullet headed young Briton's lips quivered, and a tear sprang with a sting into each honest gray eye as he looked down at her.

'I will go into the village,' he said after a momentary pause, to make sure that his voice was steady and should sound cheerful in her ears, 'and get rooms for you.'

He kissed her and went away, and in the course of an hour and a half returned, trundling a wheelbarrow before him.

'Pack up!' he said cheerfully, 'I've got a stunning place for you.' He lit his pipe and sat upon the handle of the wheelbarrow. 'Tell me when you're ready,' he called through the open door, 'and I'll carry your traps down, Nell.' Then he smoked with an aspect of deliberate jollity, belied by an occasional suspicious winking of the honest gray eyes and a suspicious quiver in the upper lip. When the girl came down again she saw that he was alone.

'Walter,' she said, 'you cannot wheel my things into the village.'

'Why not?' said he, squaring his wide shoulders and lifting a stalwart arm. 'I wheeled three hundred weight a measured mile without resting in my last term. Work a tenner that way. Went into training at it for a fortnight. I'm a great hand at a wheelbarrow.'

'I know you're strong enough,' she answered with a sad, admiring smile; 'but you mustn't do it, really.'

'Dignity be blowed, my dear,' said the young man. 'Are the traps ready? Tell me the room.'

He went up stairs in obedience to her directions—reluctantly given after further protest—and brought down two boxes, neither of which looked very heavy in his muscular arms.

'Now,' he said, 'you're not a part of this procession beyond the top of the hill, and you'll go into the village through the fields. Everybody knows me here, and I'm Walter Mackenzie if I wheeled a pyramid of barrows, and stood on my head to do it. There, lock the outside door, and give me the key. Good-bye old house. Better luck for us where we're going. Come along, dear. A brave heart.'

He trundled the wheelbarrow along, and began to sing in no particular tune:

Then merrily bent the footpath way,
And merrily over the stile, ha!
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile, ha!

Now and then, the road being lonely, he lightened labor with a kiss. The specified hill-top being reached, he directed his companion to the house he had chosen for her, and they parted for a while; and Walter Mckenzie, B. A., of Oriel, and barrister-at-law, tooled his wheelbarrow down hill, the lighter perhaps that he had not a sixpence in his pocket or anywhere in the wide, wide world

'I've got a clear field and no favor,' he said as he went. 'Except Nell's,' he added in revision. 'I'll work for her if I turn cabman. I'll knock some golden chips off some odd corners of this thundering old planet before I've done with it. See if I don't.'

He met the object of his solicitude at the door of her new home and gave her in charge to a decent, clean-looking old village woman, and then, having wheeled the barrow into a little tool-house at the back of the garden, he returned to say 'Good Bye.' With promises of an early return from London, and a whisper that he would send more money soon, he went his way to the railway station.

'Got a return ticket, anyhow,' he said to himself. 'There's grub in my chamber for a couple of days, and Billy will be home by then. Get some coin from Billy. Good sort, Billy is, and has lots of the needful. Don't know when I shall be able to pay him back. Must get something to do. Bar ain't my line. Gordon Cumming business—mighty lion-slayer—that's my form, or might be, if there were no Nelly. Poor little girl! Must get something to do and get married. Not provident. Can't afford to be provident. Should feel like a sweep if I tried to be provident. Nelly must be taken care of, and the only way is to marry her—taken care of at once. Here's the train.'

Walter Mackenzie reached London in due time, and walked from Euston to his chambers in Gray's Inn. Two letters awaited him. One of these was in a familiar hand, and told him that his friend was away for another six months yachting in the Mediterranean. No chance of help from that quarter. The next letter looked legal. Probably a dun; but it comes from Liverpool, and he had no creditors there. He read it unegerly enough at first, but having got through it capered round the room and snapped his fingers, and roared, 'Hurrah!' again and again.

'Sir,' the letter ran, 'Acting on the instructions of the late John Launceston Barclay, of Ashford Warren, we beg to inform you that we have in our hands a safe which is only to be opened in your presence and in our office. We shall be glad to see you here at your earliest convenience.

The letter bore signature, 'Thwaite and Tolby.'

'All right, Thwaite and Tolby,' said Walter Mackenzie, 'I'll be with you like a bird. Old Barclay knew that Nell and I would marry. He had money after a'. Everybody knew he had money, though nobody guessed where it was or how he kept it.'

So, full of hopes and queer surmises, he began exultantly to plan for the future, when it struck him in a rather chill way that he had to go to Liverpool, and had no money. The scanty furniture of his chambers did not belong to him. He had sold his law books, and pawned almost everything pawnable, to bury his sweetheart's great uncle, and relieve her later necessities. He began to ransack his wardrobe. Half a dozen shirts; one very elderly shabby suit of clothes; one pair of ivory backed brushes; one very battered old portmanteau. Into the portmanteau went the shirts, the shabby suit, the ivory-backed brushes; and away through the dusk went the barrister to the sign of the triune globe of gold. My uncle's myrmidon surveyed the lot with depreciatory air, and offered less by half a crown than the third-class fare to Liverpool.

'Take 'em over the counter,' said the bullet headed Briton. 'I'll be back in five minutes.'

He dived out of the shop into Holburn and went hurriedly back to his chambers. Finding a felt hat there he rammed it into an old leather hat-box and returned. Again reaching my uncle's he opened the hat-box, took off his guinea castor, much worn but decent still, and assumed the felt.

'Half-a-crown on that lot,' he said cheerily.

'Two shillin',' said my uncle's myrmidon.

'Give me the old coat out of the portmanteau,' said the barrister-at-law. He emptied the pockets of the new coat he had on, took off that garment, and assumed the old one. 'Now, how much?'

'Go yer an extra five bobbin this,' said the myrmidon, having carefully examined the coat with an especial eye to seams, buttonholes, cuffs, and linings.

'That will do.'

'Name?' said the myrmidon.

'John Jones.'

'Address?'

'Seven dials.'

The myrmidon grinned and substituted 'Holburn.' He slammed the silver and copper on the counter and pushed the ticket across it. A second later, looking a trifle shabby, the hurrying John Jones was in the street again, and five minutes later was seated in his chambers, consulting a time table.

'I fancy I shall do best to go at once,' he said aloud. 'Rug and overcoat both gone. Night journey. Don't like it.' There he took a mental stand, and with an air of much scorn and severity addressed himself: 'Look here, young man. What you like and what you have to do are very often very different things