

ADAM AND EVE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]
"Get it, lad!" he exclaimed, "but you've
gived me a turn! How the deuce did
you get in here? and why didn't ye
come inside to the house over there?"

"I've a bin scrouged down tween
these two sneaks for ever so long," said
Jonathan, trying to stretch out his
cramped limbs: "I reckon I've had a
bit o' a nap too, for the time ha'n't a
took long in goin', and when I just
came t'wain't altogether dark."

"Ye close on the stroke o' twelve
now," said Adam. "But come, what
news, eh? Have ye got hold o' any-
thing yet? Are the devils off for
good? Is that what you've come to tell
me?"

"Yes, they's off this time, I fancy,"
said Jonathan; "but 'twasn't that
broffed me, though I should ha' come
to tell ye o' that too."

"Not! What is it then?" demanded
Adam impatiently, turning the light
so that he could get a better command
of Jonathan's face.

"Twas 'cos o' this," said Jonathan,
his voice dropping to a whisper, so
that, though the words were trembling
on his lips, his agitation and excite-
ment almost prevented their utterance:
"I've found it out all of it who
blowed the gaff 'pon us."

Adam started forward: his face all
but touched Jonathan's, and an ex-
pression of terrible eagerness came into
his eyes.

"Twas she!" hissed Jonathan:
"she be the name London Eve; but
before the name was well uttered
she had thrown herself upon him
and was grasping at his throat as if to
choke him, while a volley of impre-
cations poured from his mouth, de-
termining the base lie which Jonathan
had dared to utter. A moment more,
and this fit of impotent rage over, he
flung Eve violently off, and stood for
a moment trying to bring back his
senses; but the succession of a rum-
stages had been too much for him;
his head swam round, his knees shook
under him, and he had to grasp hold
of a beam near to steady himself.

"What for do ye have me ask that?"
then muttered Jonathan. "I ain't a
teller o' no more than I've a heard,
and what's the truth. Her name's all
over the place," he went on, forgetful
of the recent outburst and warms
with his narration. "Her's a regular
bad wing; he's carried on with a sud-
den snarl as well as with Jerrem, her's

"By the living Lord, if you speak
another word I'll be your death!" ex-
claimed Adam.

"What, and so you may," exclaimed
Jonathan doggedly. "It so be you'd
take me in till I've said the end o'
it. Why, what do ye mean, then?"
he cried, a sudden suspicion throwing
a gleam of light on the indignation
which Jonathan's narrative to him, her's
name's all over the place, your name's
all over the place, the living Lord! Adam
said, "Twas through the letter
I've found it out that he'd got it to
blow the gaff. I wishes my head had
been stuck off," and he dashed it violently
against the wooden bars before he
forgot his letter or its money."

"What letter?" gasped Adam.

"What, I know you said I wasn't
to be no more a word; but Jerrem, he
exces and pesterles, and you ain't to
know how he's about it, and can't
touch it, only he's hold a good letter
that's say to Jerrem, and this
was 'twasn't that they was so theartful
and that."

"O' my own self, her that letter?" said
Adam, and the sound of his voice was
so strange that Jonathan shrank back
and covered up to the wall.

"Yes, I did," he faltered; "twasn't
I gived on to Jerrem, but 'twasn't he
had the rad in it."

There was a pause, during which
Adam stood staring, feeling that
everything was trembling and giving
way beneath him, that he had no
longer anything to live for, anything
to hope, anything to fear. As one
after another, each bare suggestion of
a new pressed before him clothed
the pavement of a certain degree, he
nearly gave a chuck at the mere
possibility, in the wild hope that one
chance, at least, might afford him
some ray of light, however feeble, to
dispel the horrors of this terrible dark-
ness.

"And after she'd got the letter," he
said, "what about the rest?"

"Why, 'twas this way," cried Jona-
than, his eyes twinkling in his eager-
ness to tell the story; "somebody
snapped a bit of paper into the route-
way, and with writin' 'pon it to say
when and where they'd find the let-
ter to. Who 'twas did it none knows
for sartin, but the talk's got stroug
'wos a scry, out there, 'cos hold a bit
bragin' aforehand that he'd got a
warch-sale and that o' her'n."

"Her'n!" echoed Adam.

"Yes, o' Eve's. And he's allays a-
showin' of it off, he is; and when they
axes un questions he doan't answer,
but he dangles the sale aforent o' em
and says, 'What d'oes think?' he says;
and now he makes his brag that he
shall hab the maid yet, while her man's
a-dancin' gallus-high a top o' Tyburn
tree."

The blood rushed up into Adam's
face, so that each vein stood a separate
cord of swollen, bursting rage.

"They wasn't a-mainin' you, ye
know," said Jonathan; "twas Jer-
rem. Her's played un false, I reckon.
Awh!" and he gave a fudish chuckle.

Then Adam got up and with cau-
tious movements stole down the lad-
der, undid the small hatch door which
opened out on the mill-stream, fasten-
ed it after him and leaping across he
stood for a few moments asking him-
self what he had come out to do. He
didn't know, for as yet in the tumult
of jealousy and revenge there was no
outlet, no gap by which he might drain
off any portion of that passionate fire
which was rapidly destroying and con-
suming all his softer feelings. The
story which Jonathan had brought of
the betrayal to the sergeant, the fel-
low's boasting and his possession of
the seal Adam treated as an idle tale,
its possibility vanquished by the con-
viction that Eve could have no share
in it. It was the letter from Jerrem
that was the damning proof in Ad-
am's eyes—the proof by which he had
judged and condemned her; for had
not he himself seen and wondered at
Jerrem's anxiety to go to Germany,
his elation at finding a letter waiting
him, his display of wishing to be seen
secretly reading it, and now his ul-
timate betrayal of them by sending an
answer to it?

As for Jerrem—oh, he would deal
with him as with a dog, and quickly
send him to that fate he so richly de-
served. It was not against Jer-
rem that the depths of his bitterness
welled over; as the strength of his love,
so ran his hate; and this all turned to
one direction and that direction point-
ed toward Eve.

He must see her, stand face to face
with her, smite her with reproaches,
heaven curses upon her, show her how
he could, example on her love and flin-
ger back her perjured vows. An-
then? This done, what was there left
from Jerrem he could free himself.
A word, a blow, and all would be over
but how with her? True, he could
kill the visible Eve, but the Eve who
lived in his love, would she not live
there still? Aye, and though he flung
that body which could count the gaz-
es of other eyes than his full fathom-
deep the far image which dwelt be-
fore him would remain present to his
vision. So that, do what he would,
Eve would live, must live. Live!
Crushing down on that came the tortu-
re consequences which might come o'
Jonathan's tale being told—a tale so
colored with all their bitterest prej-
udices that it was certain to be greedily
listened to; and in the storm of angry
passion it would rouse everything else
would be swallowed up by resentment
against Eve's baseness; and the fire
once kindled what would come of it?

The picture which Adam's heated
imagination conjured up turned him
ice and cold; an agony of fear crep-
over him; his heart sickened and grew
tight within him, and the hands which
but a few minutes before had longed
to be steeped in her blood now trem-
bled and shook with nervous dread lest
a finger or hair should be laid upon
her.

These and a hundred visions more
of less wild coursed through Adam's
brain as his feet took their swift way
toward Polborro—not keeping along
the open road but taking a path which
only known to the inhabitants would
bring him down almost in front of his
own house.

The night was dark, the sky lower-
ing and cloudy. Not a sound was to
be heard, not a soul had he seen, and
dreadly Adam was discussing within
himself how best, without making an
alarm, he should awaken Joan and ob-
tain admittance. Usually bars and
bolts were unknown, doors were left
unfastened, windows often open; but
now all would be securely shut, and
he would have to rely on the possibi-
lity of his signal being heard by some
one who might chance to be on the
watch.

Suddenly a noise fell upon his ear.
Surely he heard the sound of footsteps
and the hum of voices. It could never
be that the surprise they devised a
possibility had turned out a certainty.
Adam crouched down and under the
shadow of the wall glided silently along
until he came opposite the corner
where the house stood. It was as he
feared. There was no further doubt.
The shutters were hung back, the doors
were half open, and round it, easing
their tired limbs as best they might,
stood crowded together a dozen men,
the portion of a party who had evi-

[CONTINUED ON THE OTHER SIDE]

Winter of 1881-80.

4th Annual Price List.

THE BAZAAR STILL HOLDS THE FORT.

Encouraged by the liberal patronage of the public during the past, and the prospect of a prosperous season's trade, owing to the favorable outlook in the grain market, and the "boom" in lumbering and manufacturing interests, I have this season imported for the fall and winter trade the

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

that I have ever held, and having given my attention more to Staple Goods, and having cleaned out the balance of the stock of Fancy Goods, I am in a better position to meet the wants of my customers than at any time heretofore. The public will therefore find that for general assortment and good solid value for their money,

The Bazaar is still the "Fountain Head."

THE DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Especially noticed for this year for value in Tweeds and Woollens, which have been bought for cash at low prices, and very competition.

- 50 pairs White Blankets from \$1.50 up.
200 pairs Grey Blankets from 1.50 do
100 pieces Cashmere Tweeds from 1.50 do
100 pieces Scotch Tweeds from 1.00 do
100 pieces Grey and Colored
Flannels from 25 do
200 pieces Fancy Dress Goods from 10 do
200 pieces Black Lustre from 10 do
200 pieces Plain and Check
Woolens from 5 do
200 Ladies' Mittles from 1.00 do
200 Ladies' Trimmed Hats from 75 do
200 girls' Trimmed Hats from 10 do
100 dozen White and Colored
Handkerchiefs from 3 do
150 dozen Wool Hose from 15 do
50 dozen Rubber Gloves from 10 do
50 Wool Shirts from 1.00 do
25 pieces Dutch Carpet from 15 do

THE BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Is now our great specialty. The amount of goods we have handled in this line during the last year has not been equalled by any house in the trade.

- 50 Mens' Stogas from \$1.00 up.
20 Boys' Stogas from 1.00 do
50 Ladies' Laced Boots from 75 do
50 Ladies' Button Gait from 1.50 do
20 Ladies' Prunelas from 60 do
20 Children's Boots from 25 do
20 Trunks from 50 do
20 Valises and Satchels from 25 do

FULL STOCK OF RUBBERS & OVERSHOES.

In addition to these we are still selling at Mr. Markham's old stand, first store east of the Market Square, a bankrupt stock of fine hand-made goods at less than the cost of manufacture.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Our stock in this line is at present unusually complete, embracing first-class lines in Scotch and Canadian Tweeds equal to the best ordered goods.

- 200 Ulsters and Overcoats from \$5.00 up.
150 Tweed Suits from 7.00 do
200 Coats and Pea Jackets from 4.00 do
150 Tweed Vests from 1.00 do
200 Tweed Pants from 1.25 do
200 All Wool Cardigans from 1.50 do
50 Boys' Cardigans from 50 do
50 Boys' Tweed Suits from 2.50 do
50 White Shirts from 75 do
500 Feet Hats from 50 do
500 Cloth Caps from 25 do

A first-class Stock in Ladies' and Gents' Fur Goods and Mens' Fur Felts, at half-price.

SMALL WARES AND STATIONERY.

- 1,000 Reams Note paper from 5 cts. per quire
500 Reams Foolscap from 10 do
50,000 Envelopes from 35 cts. per box
1,000 dozen Led Pencils from 15 cts. per doz
100 dozen Ink from 2 cts. per bottle
Parents: why should you pay 25 per cent. higher for Iron-bound Books when we are selling them at the following prices:

- 2nd Readers, Iron-bound 20 cts. each
3rd Readers, Iron-bound 30 do
4th Readers, Iron-bound 40 do
200 dozen Boot Laces 5c. per doz
200 boxes Steel Pens 25c. per box
500 boxes Shoe Blacking 5c. do
500 boxes Store Blacking 5c. do
500 Shoe and Stove Brushes 15c. each
100 cases Matches, large boxes 10c. per box
100 cases Laundry Bar Soap 4 for 25c.
100 cases Brown Soap 6 for 25c.
100 cases Toilet Soap 3 for 10c.
100 cases Glycerine Soap 2 for 10c.
100 gross Agate Buttons 5c. per gross
200 gross Ivory Buttons 5c. per dozen
200 gross Silk Buttons 5c. per dozen

Special Attention directed this week to our WHITE AND GREY BLANKETS -AND- MEN'S ULSTERS AND OVERCOATS.

REMEMBER that the above is only a part of the bargains we are giving. It is impossible to give the price of everything, but I want anyone in need of goods of any kind to call and inspect the stock for themselves at the

GREAT ONE-PRICE CASH STORE, G. A. WEESE'S Bazaar, Kent-st., Lindsay.