They are empty much their titler than the members of the upper house, being called languat-arms, heraid or pursuivant, rouge dragon, rouge croix, bluemantic and portraille. It. Murridgo possessed no other title than that of plants Mister, which we are not not than that of plants Mister, which we are not

repeated to enjoy. It was reported of him

expected to enjoy. It was reported of himby these who regarded him as an interloper
and an amquatified practitioner, thus he
had originally bean apprenticed to a die
sinker, and was afterwards employed in
engraving crate-of-arms for one who
leeps a heraldic shop, ornamented outside by the gilded effigies of a loathly worm
like unto the dragon of Spindleston Hengh.
This enterprising tradesman not only orgraved shields and furnished family scale,
lint also found their eners-of-arms for people
who had lost them so long that all memory

who had lost them so long that all memory and trace of them had vanished. Nothing

proves a family to be old so much as to have lost the memory of their arms. There are many such; they have withered in obscurity

when his resulting a court groups qual-ins father, and when the father, absorbed

lite futher; and what the futher, absorbed in his own busines, never steps to consider what his son is doing and how he regards his own position and work.

Dick was now drawing the very handsome salary of seventy-five pounds a year; with breakfast, lodging, washing, sampler, if he wastedrit, and his fundey diams. He was, therefore, rich as clarks at three-and-townty go. We may allow him digition-pence a day for his diamer, or tan abillings a week, which comes to fundey sky prundless year; fifteen pounds a year far his deem, which is not extravegant; for prundle side a fortnight's holiday in the summer, and five pounds a year for his daily camifum. These remained the handsome sum of management

are he had taught himself to play the

so a fittle, and to draw a little, but lan-

guidly. When he was at home he spent most of the time at the old plane, which had

seen his mother's. When he was at the of-

fice he spent most of the time in drawing. He had no taste for reading, he seemed to care nothing for the things which form the

pleasure of so many young men; he never went to the theatres or music halls; he had

no bicycle, belonged to no athletic club; and, except one or two old school-fellows, he had

no friends. Yet of late he had got into the

habit of spending every evening out. Where he went, or what he did, his father did not

A quiet young man, who seemed to be get-

ting through his youth at a regular, even pace, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, picking no fruits or flowers, and run-

ning after no butterflies, caught by none of the Jack-o'-lanterns which lead astray so

many of the London youth-his father should

But he was not, Mr. Murridge was disap

Now, a young man who is not a fool can

not be, though he may appear to be, a ma-chine. Parents who have such sons as Dick

unique collection-how good it is for the

world that this king collected proverbe in-

stead of old Phoenician ware and prehistoric

pote! You will presently discover that Dick

was no exception to this proverb.

lave been satisfied with such a son.

his work: he was spiritless

to giance at the clock and to wrigg

possible, because there was no labor either for Mr. Richard or for the hoy. It was a

the evening, when there were letters to be put through the press, no work was ever

gives to the office boy. During this enforce idleness Dick Murridge sat the whole day at his table by the window, which commanded

a view of back yards, chimneys and out-houses. He amused himself by drawing

girls' heads upon his blotting pad in pencil.
When one page was covered he turned it over and drew on the next, so that the pad was

become a perfect gallery of loveliness. By dint of long practice he could draw a girl's

and if the office boy made any noise he used

means of the press and go on errands.

industrious clerk a drawer is a standing

temptation. To the lazy clerk it is an ever-

with sharp eyes, pasty face and common-place features, was able, by means of his drawer, to live all day long in another world. He kept it half-open, so that at the

east movement or sound from the inner of-

fice, or change of position in Mr. Murridge,

who sat with his back to him, he could, by

a quick, forward movement of his chest.

shut the drawer suddenly and noiselessly.

and be discovered, so to speak, in the atti-

tude of the expectant, ready and zealous

clerk, eager to do something which would

lessen the drain of his three half-crowns

a week. Inside the drawer there

was always a story-one of those

spirit-stirring, exciting and romantic stories

of adventure which can be bought for a

penny, and which never pall upon the reader.

So that this boy's days were passed in a de-

licious and delirious dream of adventure,

love and peril, tempered only by the fear of

being suddenly found out and horribly cuffed

or even dismissed, when he would catch it

worse at home under the family cane. It

the boy is not before long enabled to live up

to that dream and to become a rover, pirate.

smuggler or highwayman, I fear that his

whole future will be wrecked. Because there

inevitably comes a time of hope too long de-

ferred, when the realization of a dream.

though possible, no longer seems delightful.

This boy, at eighteen, may cease to desire

sight of a man in blue coat and helmet.

In the front room-Mr. Murridge's room-

naners. He was not consulting any; he had

the chief sat at a great table covered with

before him half a dozen checks, and he was

their seats. It is not, however, until five in

really felt to weigh heavily upon the shoulders of the young clerk. In Mr. Murridge's outer office there was no languor or fatigue Are prepared to manufacture for the building season of 180 every description of Window and Door Frames, Sash, Doors, Blinds Mouldings, and Special work of all kinds. season of forgetfulness. No work had been given to Dick for three weeks, and except in

GEO. INGLE & COY.

MR. WM. McKAY

bad language, but not loud enough for his father to hear, because Mr. Murridge was Begs to announce to the inhabitants of the town of Lindsay and surrounding country that he has opened out in one of those parents who reserve certain vices for their own use and forbid them to THE PREMISES OPPOSITE MR. A. CAMPBELL'S The office boy sat at another table, on

But this boy never found the day too long or the golden hours dull. This was because his table had a drawer. Even to an Being for some length in the above business in this town he hopes by strict attention to business to merit a liberal patronage. Those who know him know they will be well suited in a good fit. nt snare; to the clerk who has nothing Lindsay, April 28, 1886.—90-13. to do the drawer is a never-failing solace and resource. This boy, a city-born boy.

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Scythes and Snaths, Forks and Fork Handles, Hand Rakes, Harvest Gloves, Reaper and Mower Sections of all kinds on hand. The celebrated Peerless Machine Oil, Seal Oil, Lardine, and all leading Oils.

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Lindsay, May 12, 1886.-92

Half an hour afterward the girl came back to the outer office, with her black bag in her hand, on her way to resume her work upon the case. It was, however, with a sense that her work had not been appreciated Mr. Murridge was strangely mattentive She shut the door after her, and turned to Dick, who slightly raised his right shoulder, a gesture familiar to the grumpy, and considered effective. He then made the same gesture with the left shoulder. This indi-

"Came, Dick," she said, "don't be vindic-Let us be friends. "Friends!" he replied. "Oh, yes; 1 know: You told me there was nothing between you and anybody, and next day I am told

It was the truth, Dick. It really was. "I don't believe it. Sapphira!"

thing happens it's your fault-you and all of What will happen, Dick."

"Anything may happen, I suppose. How am I to know what will happen: "Well, Dick," the girl replied, "I can't stay to guess riddles. Will you shake hands?"

No. Sapphira!" Norsh retired without another word.

The office boy thought of Spring-heel Jack, and what he would do under such provocation. But it was useless. He was not man

Half an hour afterward there was another step on the stairs. Dick hastened to assume

This time it was Dr. Hyacinth Cronan.

other. He looked, to put the thing plainly, disturbed. "Is your father in his office?" he asked. cutting short Dick Murridge's proposed congratulations. "I will step in." "I expected you this morning," said Mr. Murridge. "I expected you would look in.

as big stones. They could also unhand each

carly morning enthusiasm of work. The glow of the dawn, so to speak, is upon them. The glow lingers till about half-past eleven, when fatigue and languor begin among the younger brethren; at twelve many have visibly relaxed and have begun Corner Cambridge and Wellington-Sts., Lindsay

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Lindsay, Feb. 10, 1886.-78-1y.

Wm. McKay.

face very well, whether full or in profile, or a three-quarter face. He looked at his watch a good deal, and he grumbled a good deal,

which was a copying press. He had nothing and will keep in stock the Nobbiest lines of to do, as a rule, except to copy letters by

ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEED, FRENCH WORSTED FTR

James Keith

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN TOWN.

JAS. KEITH'S. William street. Lindsav

Lindsay, July 19th, 1886.-2.

Larame Machine Oil.

the lawless life; or, if he pursues it, he may

For Sale by - - - - JOS. HEAD, Fenelon Falls. THEXTON & Co., Lindsay.

wore a neatly-fitting jacket, and a hat with ared feather in it. She had roses in her cheeks, dark brown hair, and full, steady eves. The pov did not yet know the adjective, but he knew the quality of steadiness. She also had, like Miss Cronan, a sweet and pleasant smile. The lady in his story, however. did not resemble Miss Cronan in one particular. She was not a young lady "in

he city." but was a countess in her own right, though disguised as a milk-maid.

cates unrelenting grumpiness. "Well. Dick!" she said. waiting. He made no reply whatever. The office boy felt that he really ought to get up and wring the neck of his master's son for invility. But he was not yet man enough. Then North crossed the room, and laid

her hand on Dick's shoulder.

all about Hugh. Call that truthfulness, I

Well, Dick, if you take it like that, I've

got nothing to say." I don't care what happens now. If any-

enough by several inches.

the air of a junior partner, and the office boy once more closed the drawer and grasped the handle of the copying press.

He was still in the overwhelming wave of the first day's enjoyment of his new honors. Yet one might have thought that there was something wanting, as if the full flavor of his title had not been quite brought out-it requires time for the complete enjoyment of everything, even a title. His brow was knitted, as they used to say in the old metaphorical times, when people would knit a brow as well as a stocking, and curl an upper lip as easily as a ringlet, and hurl scornful words as readily and as effectively

You came to talk over the new position. Well, I am not much accustomed"-he laughed a dry laugh-"to advise noble

their corner The only sure, safe and painles remedy is Putnam's Painless Corn Extra It never fails; never makes once spoin worse than the original discomfort. See that you get Putnamis," and take more other.—10-1.

politice halt love and havildered.

"Ferlings we shall all go into the house, North, my dear," said her father, grimly. "Our your will go into the upper home of course, there's dorse and acres of land in Indend-dirty norm, the povels call them! will Murridge roughed, and the doctor changed color—"and a county home. That is the name of our country house? Oh! Enow it is a beautiful, grand old place, with a lake and swans, and a lovely garden. and the most wonderful glass houses, and a Scotch gardener. I haven't read Miss Braddon for nothing."

natted Cautle Clowilla. But I believe it tunided down years ago. The late lord

"Well, then, there must be a grand oldold-renerable ancient-romantic history of the house. You will tell us the family history, won't you as soon as we settle down! All the men wore knights without fear, and all the ladies were beautiful and

"I will tell you at once. About 300 years him, so greatly was he admired. He made life son a barrister, and the barrister terame a judge, and the judge was made, for certain eminent political services, was mised a step Irish perrings at the time of the in the

proud of when if is told." "Not one of them," said uncle Joseph, "% much as a provincial grand master. "Oh! And no bansher! no ghost? no white lady! Are for quite sure!" asked North.

"Well, then there is a town house some our beautiful fown ones-Lady Clonella's form house, where st. will live in the season

North, Honor and Kathionie There used to be one over in Dublin, but suppose it's been sold long ago."
"Well, there's the money and the dirty seres," North persisted.

He howed very low, much lower then by Mr. Murridge, that I had slways observe something of the sir of rank in your huse band. It was certain, to me, that he was o

said his wife, representally, "It would have made us all so happy to think that you

his chin, "I believe I've made the greater men of it, beforehand. There never was a greater fool in all the world than your hus hand, Maria." -

"Oh," cried North again, "you will look o beautiful in your coroner!" "Shall I, my dear! I wonder where it is he let any to me. There certainly never

one which can compare with the "Maria," said Uncle Joseph, "we will al move upward, immediately, into the highest society, and we will have a banquet, with champigne, every night. On all points of figuette rely on me. There will be, of mes, waiters in evening dress. It will be

"Oh, Unele Joseph!" marmured Lady Clousilla, carried away by the splender of us imagination.

sold his lordship. "And initiate him to the loftiest degree trions porrage of his native country. can't initiate you, Maria, nor the girls, the very highest society like their great-uncle." He drank half his glass at a gulp, and went on rather thickly, pointing to the doctor: "Look & him, Maria! He is a nobleman all over, Blood in his veins and

aristocracy upon his upper lip. Didn't I always say there was a something in your resident shows his pille?"

ment so great a fool." "Why, on the present occasion," Uncie Joenh went on: "an occasion which may never inppen again in the history of the lodge why, Maria—why is there no champagnet Thank you! I will take—yes—I will take another glass of gin and water,"

lines of descent, converting plain country pointed that his son had no passion for anything. Dick was no fool, but he did his work like a machine; he took no interest in contlement into descendants of royalty—this is a very literative branch of the profession—and in this way bringing vainglory, delight, honor, distinction, and solace to all who could afford to pay for it. So great indeed, was his skill that he never failed to should remember this proverb, which is one of the very few omitted from Solomon's prove his client a cadet, at least, of some ancient house, and when there was no estate involved and the family was supposed to be extinct, he not infrequently made his client the head of that house. Nothing could be conceived more pleasing to ladies and gentlemen who had been brought up to believe that for them there was no family where the money was made—whether ashop with a counter, and a till and an apron; of a shop with an office and a clerk; or a shop with a box of pills; or a shop with a wig and gown; or a shop with a sword and a red coat; or a shop with a steel pen and a few pages of blank paper; or a shop with a bundle of serip and shares. So that Mr. Murridge was really a philanthropist of the first water-an eighteen carat philanthropiet. If, from time to time, in his grubbing among genealogies, old wills and family his fortes, he came upon curious discoveries which he was able to turn to his own advantage, he is not to be blamed. Notably, there

erimy varils which one finds in that part o table was for Mr. Murridge, Jr.-Mr. Richard Murridge. His son and the clerk,

establishment the advantage, being a day boy, of his fath-

lows—to the last penny, and never forgiving anybody. I have made the boy thoroughly understand these principles. He begins life with a clear head, and no sentimental

great advantages. put these principles into practice in an inde-pendent way. Mr. Murridge regarded his business as a thing to be kept together, and handed down as a property to his son. He, therefore, without any question as to Dick's aptitude for genealogical research and the art of clothing a man with a pedigree, removed him from school at an early age and placed him in his own back office, where he gave him copying work. You cannot possi-bly carry out any of these beautiful precepts and maxims on mere copying work.

TORAH CRONAN Mr. Murridge's confidence was enjoyed, to a certain extent, by a young lady named Norah Cronan, who called herself his private secretary. He called her his clerk, but it made no difference in the salary, which remained at the same figure as that enjoyed by Dick, namely, seventy-five pounds a year. But he did next to nothing for the money, and she did the work of three men, being as sharp, clever, industrious and zealous a girl as ever man had the good fortune to engage in his service. She came every morning at eleven, and generally spent an hour or two with her employer before she went off to the museum, to the record office, to consult parish registers, to read wills, to make extracts, and do all kinds of genealogical work, which kept her all day long and very often all the evening as well. She was nineteen years of age, and she knew-by heart, I think-nearly every genealogical work that exists in the vernacular. Of course Mr. Murridge did not wholly trust her; perhaps he was afraid she might make dis and keep them to herself, and make her own market out of them-he had done so himself in the old days; perhaps there were certain risky connections in his pedigrees which he did not wish to expose to the girl's sharp eyes; perhaps he was constitutionally un able to trust anyholy wholly. He might very well have trusted her, because she had never yet suspected that she might become a money winner instead of a salary earnermost men never do learn this lesson; still fewer women ever learn it, and so are con-

tented to go on all their lives upon a wage and nobly rejoice when the smallness of their own salaries has brought wealth to their employers. Therefore she was honest, and carried to Mr. Murridge everything she found, and never dreamed of withholding the least scrap of information. This is praiseworthy in every walk of life, but especially laudable in a genealogist, because this least scrap is always the thing which is of the greatest importance. Such a simple thing, for instance, as a single one-lined entry in a parish register concerning a marriage a hundred years ago, has been known

to prove a very gold mine to the discoverer. No man in the city had a more valuable clerk than Mr. Murridge, or a cheaper clerk. Some there are who object to girl clerks on the ground that, although they are alest, and may be underpaid and overworked to any extent, and though they never grumble and always carry out orders literally and exactly, one cannot swear at them. There is force in the objection, though it is not, I believe, felt by some of the gentlemen who employ girls to sell gloves and bonnets and beer, and sods-and-brandy, nor was it felt by Mr. Murridge, who, when Norah first came to him, swore at her every day. She did not like being sworn at. It made her limbs tremble and her face turn red and pale, but she thought it wisest to say nothing about it as beans, for the usual reson that there was not much money going, and her small salary was useful; and, besides, her brother being a student at University College hospital, there was, just then, less than usual. Whenever Mr. Murridge's orders were imperfectly obeyed or eglected, he swore at her. Why not? When he was a prentice he had been sworn at every day, cuffed, caned and kicked, until he became a smart prentice and a good engraver. Why should he not swear at his own clerk! He did and with sad wear isome iteration of one word that Norsh grew to loathe that word, and to take any amount of pains and trouble in order not to hear it.

Norsh had now, however, been so long with Mr. Murridge, and had worked for him so well—pedigree hunting is matter of instinct with some, like finding old books or picking up old coins—that he had almost ceased to use "language" even in her presence. He knew her value, and in his softer moments he had thoughts even of raising

looking at them with perturbed eves. Sometimes he compared one with another; some times he looked at each separately; and as he looked his hard face grew harder and his keen eyes sharper. Six checks. They were all drawn for the same sum, twelve pounds, and they were all signed by himself. One would not think that the contemplation of half a dozen checks, payable to self or hearer signed by one's own name, could take a busy man from his work. But they

About eleven o'clock the silence of the office was broken by a light step on the stair. The boy shut up his drawer with a swift and silent jerk of his chest, so that he might be discovered with his elbows on the table and his hands clasping the handles of the copy ing press, a model attitude for the zealou unemployed, when the door opened and a roung lady appeared carrying a black bag. This was the private secretary. She nodded pleasantly to Dick, and passed through the room into the inner office. But Dick re-

ponded with a grunt. Mr. Murridge looked up and greeted her with an ill-tempered snort. "You're late again," he said.

"I'm not," she replied. "Eleven is striking; and I never am late; and you know Be just, even though you are out of Your head is turned by your father's I suppose you think you can say what you like. Is the Honorable Norah Cronan

going to continue in her present employ-"I don't know. Very likely. Meantime there is this case to finish. I have brought you some papers you will be pleased to see. "I don't know that anything can please me this morning. Give them to me. Humpin

Mighty little, considering the time you've "Hadn't you better read before you grumble! That's always the way with you when ou get your fur rubbed the wrong way.

"Yes; will you read it to me?" She alway: "stood up" to him, and generally reduced him to good temper by sheer force of courage. To-day, however, he attempted no rejoinder, but meekly gave in without reply. It astonished her. Perhaps

"Go on, please."

Norah, therefore, sat down and began to explain the nature and the bearing of her papers. Genealogical research is really nost interesting work. You are always hunting for some one and finding some one else. Then you go off on a dozen hunts; and you discover the most abominable falsehoods in printed pedigrees. with gaping flaws, and disconnections, and impossibilities where everything looked fair and smooth. The girl enjoyed these things more than Mr. Murridge, for the simple eason that he could never for one moment orget how much money there might be in Now, no one ever enjoyed any kind of work, whether it was painting a picture with a brush or painting a succession of pic-tures with a little steel pen and a sheet of due paper, who keeps thinking all the while money. But while Norah told her story a strange thing happened-a very e thing. For the first time in his life Mr. Murridge was inattentive, and that over an important piece of work. He had often before been irritable, but never inat-

his blotting pad, and was gloomily drawing girls' heads upon it. The office boy opened in, very gently, and resumed the reading of his romance, which had been interrupted at the critical moment when ove adventure. The lady was not described vith any detail, but the bey concluded that ly loved, though he was aware that he rival. What would Spring-heel Jack

Outside, Dick Murridge had returned to

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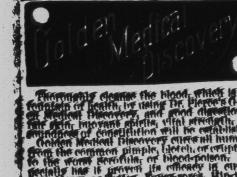
Combings made up to order. J. RIGGS,

Kent-st., Lindsay. Lindsay, June 8, 1886.—96. Marriage Licenses. CEORGE DOUGLASS,

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. LINDSAY, ONT. Lindsay, Oct. 29, 1884.—12. BRITTON,

(of the firm of Britten Bros., Jewellers, Lindsay,) ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES POR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA



informatis deance the block, which is the count of bentch, by using Dr. Please's Coldential Discovery, and mad discovery and made and the established, which attempts to describe the common pimple, block, or origidation of the common pimple, block, or origidation will be established, the common pimple, block, or origidation is a made to the common pimple, block, or origidation is a made to the common pimple, block, or origidation is a made to the common pimple, block, or origidation is a made to the common of the common or the common of the common the common of the commo

Medical

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The profits of this old and reliable company of larger than any other late Office doing sentines in the Dominion, and the ratio of excesses to income are legs than that of any other omadism or thitleh Office. The policies of this company are indisputable on any ground whatered after two years, and Policies becoming the are paid at our on the units charged by this company are as low as any instolutes the other all forms of policies are sented.

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FARGURY, Poly, 24th, 1984. 41 The Canadian Lost.

"SELF OR BEARER." AV WALTER BESANT. Author of "All Serie and Conditions of Men."

FRINAY PRINAY SEPT. 3, 1806.

(Constanted from last week) The doctor sighed, but he drow the thing for of his porter and handed it to his unifier.
While she ran her eye down the column sebody spoke. Mrs. Cronen held & needle the energence at the very moment of action Back Joseph cessed drinning; Mr. Mus Place amiled apperiores one who knows what

is coming, and the doctor looked more misersole and foolish than at any pravious situa-Son in his whole life, "I have found it!" exted North, "Listen mother. Where is Daffoille where is Ca-Heter The children ought to be taken out of had and brought down. Oh, here is nevel Insten, every body. Fapa, is it possibles. For know it all before, and you told none of use-not even me. Mother, didn't for more

"Your mother's grandfather, the alderman-" If note Joseph logan; but North interfirsted, finding brinthlessly: Wehave to announce the death of Hugo Avacinth, Viscount Clonsilla, of the Irist perfage, which took place in the island of Madaira a fortugat ago. Lord Clonsilla was kopicla lublin in the year 1810, and was Amerifore in his seventy fifth year. He mar Med in 1880, fremle daughter of Sir Patnew Metrath, baronat, and had limbe on me, who also commercial in the year 1806. The late lotel never look any active part i solities. The helf to the title is Ifugh Hya einth Cronen, Esq., M. D., the great-grand-son of the first viscount and son of the late

Augh Hyneinth Crossen, formerly of the frish civil service. Dr. Cronen has been for tondon.' There's What does she mean?" select Mrs. Cro

fifth helplesely

We are all viscounts and honorables Oh," said Norsk, "what will High say what will Calists say? Good gracional like a deman!" "Hyacinth, tell me this instant," oried Mrs. Cronan again, "what it moans "It means, my lady," said Mr. Murridge howing low though he was an old friend of

the family, and had never bowed low be

fore-"If means nothing less than that your noble helband is the Hight Honorable the Viscount Cloudlin, of the Islah peerage, Nothing less, I wante you." "A lord viscount!" said findle Joseph "There was a viscount once—he was a Templas. Maria, there ought to be, on this

occasion, a bottle of champagne."

Maria, on such an openedon-

"And nothing more," said his lordship. Ant no one heard him. "A viscount! My grandlather was alterment and set - Hyacinth, can't you speak! Why have I not been told!" "He duke, marquis, earl, viscount and haron, baronet und knight, unless you section the ranks of grand lodge and the

Thirty third," said Uncie describe. "Heally,

"Nothing less," repeated Mr. Murridge

"There was no use in telling gon of a change which seemed so impossible," said "And I've been married to a nobleman's cousin for five-and-twenty years, and never "Only his second cousin once removed." mid the doctor, "My doar, I told you the ffithe My father was in the civil service, se I told you. His grandfather was the first Viscount Closella and the second Lord Clondilla. When last I heard anything about it ford Clonellia had a son, and a

married brother, and a first cousin; all these stood between me and the title. Was it worth talking about I had no money; I had never spoken to the viscount, or set eyes on him. Nor had my father before me. What was the good of my great relations? "Great relations are always good," said the wife, "If it havin't been for the alder-

man, my grandfather, and my Uncle Joseph "As all events, my lady," and Mr. Mussides, "there is no doubt possible on the sulject. The late lord's only son died twenty years ago ununerted. His brother, it is this, the married, but he had no children, And the first consin, who was the heir premmpfive, died three months ago, also withone offering-M. P., as we say in genealo

off offspring. N. P., as we say in general gles, Consequently, the next heir to the coronet and title is—your husband."

"Oh," cried North, throwing her arms about her father's neck, "I am so glad! You poor dear! You shan't go any longer slaving like a postmen up and down the street all day; you she'n't be wated up by a bell and made to go out in the middle of the night, as if for were a rational porter; for shalp's any more make up your own medicines; you shall hand over all your patients to anybody who likes—give them to Hugh if you like. What will-Hugh may when he finds out that I am the Honorable North—or are we the Ladies Caliste and North?



"The Lord knows!" and the viscount, still "Well, I suppose Hugh won't mind much. Oh and I suppose we shall so away from Carnelen Town and live at the West End-Notting Hill even"-North's knowledge of the west was limited—'and drive about in mrown carriage, and go to theatres every night. Dafforlil will give up the hospitals

and so into the house

"There was a country house once. It was father and hit the priest,"

without reprosek"

ago there was an attorney in Oublin named Avacinth Cronan—Cropping Joe they called political services. Lord Clossilla-Crawling for, his friends called him, to distinguish him from his father. His son, for other That is all the family history, North; and I am hanged if I see much to be

"Not even so much as a family bogsy, my where, I am sure. I hope it is in Ireland. feel real Irish aire ly. To-morrow I shall try "The Wearing ! the Green." Where is

"I wish you good-night, Lady Cloudle." mid Mr. Murridge, "Once more, I con gratulate your Good-night, my Lord' expected by viscounts as a rule, and retired "I was about to remark, Maria," said finds Joseph, "when we were interrupte

noble parentage, though he concented the fact from friends who would have appre classed its importance." "Yes: you never fold me. Oh. Avaciath!

had such noble blood in your refue."
"My dear," he repeated, "I didn't know there was the least chance of the peerage. It's the most extraordinary thing that ever approped. And Maria," he added, rubbing feol of myself ever known. I'll go and see Simplified about it to-morrow. But I am

What is more to the point is, whether the late lord left any money, and if so, whether could have been a greater fool than you father, child. Eant's case is about the only

vactly like a banquet of a high degree, only that lactics will be present, and I shall not went my jowels. Of course I shall sit on the right hend of the chairman and respond for the craft."

"As for his lordship, I will take him is "I have been the most simighty fool," I'll do it with my own hand, and then be will be a credit and an honor to the illusnues you are females, but the boys I can, and I will; and when they are Knights Templars, Mark Masters, Royal Arches and Thirty-seconds, they will not be ashamed to talk with any one, and will be fit to share in

"It can't be helped, Maria," said the vis-

CHAPTER III. a Lord Morning in the City. Mr. Murridge was by profession a gen ogist. This is a trade in which are few who are a digniture to consider of coremony wear the most beautiful coats in the world, and consequently are tempted to with that there was a coronation error make

pounds a year for his daily camibus. There remained the handsome sup of misseum pounds a year, or rather more than, a difficult of the petty expenses. How many roung fallows can afford a chilling a day for planares. Dick had so few pleasures that he must have been saving momy. He was every quiet young man—some of masterful fathers generally assemble had transfer himself to plan the and neglect for generations; then one of them makes money, and such gentlemen as this heraldic shopkeeper recover the long-lest connections and land them proudly among the barons in the wars of the Roses. In this way, therefore, old Murridge found himself impelled in the direction of genealogical studies, and is this way he gradually neglected the practice of his art, and transformed himself into a searcher and grabber intofamily history. Although there are not many in the trade, is a sometimes profitable. For there are always the new rich, who continually desire to prove that they have always, though their friends little suspected it, really belonged to the class which rules by right divine, and by the same right possesses hereditary brains; and there are, besides these, the rich d'outremer, who bears names of English origin and would fain prove their connection with great English houses, and are willing to pay handsomely for such a connection. Therefore, old Murridge generally found his hands fully occupied in tracing pedigrees, finding ont missing links, proving marriages, establishing American connections, following up history—no more than at the beginning of the world—previous to the family shop

Was the succession to the Clonsilla title, in which as you will presently see, he did a very good stroke of business. His office was in Finebury Circus, where he had two rooms on a second floor; the from room large and light, looking out on the open place; the back room small and dingy, looking upon the Limbo of chimneys -workshops, back buildings, out-houses and London. On the door rosts below his name was painted: "Second Floor, Jons Mun utpor," His own room was furnished with one very large table—genealogiste, like civil engineers, require great tables-and book case, full of books of reference, such as Dugdale, Douglas, Tonge, Beltram, Wotton, Collins and Lysons, a really valuable collection: as for the country histories, one needs the resources of a Rothschild to presees them. There was also a large-sized safe in a corner, and there were tin boxes piled one above the other, as in a solicitor's office, and there were three or four chairs. The room at the back was not, properly speaking, furnished at all. That is to say, there was a table at the window with a blottingpad, and an inlestand and a chair before it. There was another table beside the fireplace, with a heavy copying press upon it, the kind with a handle and a screw. This was for the boy clerk, who posted the letters, conted them and ran ermade. The other

together with the private secretary, completed Mr. Murridge's staff and formed his As regards Master Dick it might he said of him, as of a great many others, that he would doubtless have been different had his training been other than what it was. Yet his education was not neglected. At school he learned only the things most useful in a commercial life, as a good hand, accounts and book-keeping, short hand, French and the art of wrifing a business letter. He also had

er's experience and practical wisdom, which was on tap, so to speak, every evening. "I have taught my son, str." Mr. Murridge explained, "to despise the common cant about honor, friendship, justice, charity and the rest of it. The world is full of creatures who live by eating each other. There is no other way to live. We come into the city every day to eat each other, and to defend ourselves against those who would eat us. The way is to make as much money as we possibly can. As for honor, it menns that you must play fair where it is your interest, and friendship means putting other people on to a good thing when you can't get it for yourself, and in exchange for another good thing. Benevolence means keeping the people you are eating up in good temper. Dick quite understands the world. There is no nonsense about Dick. Justice means having all you can get-all that the law al-

It is not often that a boy's views are thus based upon the first elements of life and so-ciety, and Dick certainly began life with Unluckily for Dick, he was not allowed to

and maxims on mere copying work.

Unfortunately, too, Mr. Murridge could never bring himself to trust his son. He was a jaclous master, who would let no one into his secrets but himself, and worked, like the mole, underground. So that, though Dick was now three-and-twenty, he knew no more about his father's business than he did at rixteen, when he first took his seat in the back office—except that his father would talk over the successful conduct of a case.