"Young maids," she went on, "must not pulse and pine because they hear nothing for a white of the lade they love he of good choos. Why, I read him his hortune myself in his own left hand. Did my fortunes over turn out wrough As good a tale of tuck and tale wonther as hand; hat me read some these took.

H is strange how in the those of one's hand are depleted beforehand all the off constances of life, easy for he read before hand by those who are when Yet have f hoon told that it is not enough to learn the fittes unless you have the affection of the fitte come back, a the repeated,



"He will come back in the repeated. after long looking into the hand. Now, your own hand those is a long time of the time of marriage a good time; a happy marriage, a fortunate girl—yet there will be trenthe in it an old many teannet eightly road. Something is in the way.

all be come eight in the end a "he my fortune," I asked, "connected with the fortune of Relaked She hanghed her rough, hearen sea langh.

Of it is an old man, or if it is a going man, say him may Pide your old love. If he press or if he threaten, say him may. Ada your old sweetheart.

"Phore was an chit man came true the less, Photopher! met t wom't have the Comme ever the ties.
A constitut for the

She proposed out the words in a gracked and rusty video, and pushed my hand away roughly Thou she replaced her plue in her mouth, and went on smoking the tension, which was her chief food and her chief solure, and book no further

CHAPTER V.

A BEFORE WHIPPENITON The summer and the antumn passed but no sign or letter came from Halph The people in the town ceased, after the manner of manking, to think of the boy He was some and forgottone yet there work two or three of us who spoke and thought of him continually. First, there was the higherman, who found his life dull without the boy to talk with. He prome tond to make a cottention of birds oggs in the spring as a present for him when he should return Then there was the det woman, Saller Nan, who kept his memory green faulty, there were my grandmother and myself. We know not, how ever, where he was or anything about him, nor could we guess what he was dehis of whither he had sone.

Perion in the year, namely at Christman of the New York, and at midsummer, I had letters from my parents, to which I duly replied It was in May when halph ran away, so that they had three letters from me that year When my Christmas latters arrived there was mention of our boy, but an atrange a tale that we could not understand what to believe or what the thing might mean.

The letter told as that Ralph reached fundion safety in four or hyo wasks after having us, having walked all the way, save for each brilling lifts and helps as might be had for nothing on the read; he found out, my father's shop; he gave him the letter; he slept in the house, and was hospitably enteriained. In the morning he was taken by my father to the Bast India's company's great house in Cornhill, and left there by him, to talk with a genthe state of the state of a post in their service; that, the conversation intehed, being dismissed by the gentleman with whom he had taken counsel, Halph left the office. Then he disappeared, and was seen no more. Nor to the inquiries was seen no more. Nor to the inquiries made was there any answer given or any news of him ascertained. "Be wicked is this unhappy town," wrote my mother, "that men are capable of murdering even an innocent had from the country for the sale of the silver buckles, or the very cont upon his back. Yet there are other ways in which he may have been drawn gway. He loved not the thought of city life; he may have taken the recruiting sergeant's shilling, or he may have been pressed for a saller and sent to sea; or, which heaven fortid, he may have been decayed into bad company, and now be in the company of regues. Whatever the cause, he hath disappeared and made no stan, Yet he seemed a good and honest lad."

Ho perplayed were we with the strange and unintelligible intelligence that, after furning it about in talk for a week, it was resolved that we would formult Mr. Carnaby in the matter. It would perhaps have been better if we had kept the thing to curseives. For this gentleman, though he kindly considered the case, could do nothing to remove the dreadful doubt under which we lay, except that he recommended us to patience and resignacommended as to patience and resigna-tion, rivings of which, Heaven knows we tion, official of which, Heaven knowst we women who stay at home must needs continually practice. We should, I say, have done botter had we held our tongues, because Mr. Carnaby told the barber, who told the townsfolk one by one, and then It was whispered about that halph had joined the gypsies, according to some; or less pressed and sent to see, according to

others; or had enlisted, according to others; with wild stories told in addition, born of imagination, idle or malignant, as born of imagination, idle or malignant, as that he had joined a company of common request and robbers; or but I scorn to repeat these things. Everybody, however, at this juncture, remembered the wicked things said of the boy by his cousin. As for Mathew himself, overjoyed at the wilcome news, which he received open monthed, so to speak, he want about calling all his acquaintances to witness that he had long since prophesied ruin and disaster to the boy, which, indeed, to the fullest extent, a lad so depreved as to horsewhip his own guardian, richly deserved. As for coming back, he said that was not likely, and, indeed, impossible, he was already knocked on the hom. Mathew was quite convinced of

fallen so low that he would never dare to return among respectable people. These things we could not believe, yet they sank into our hearts and made us uneasy. For where could the boy be, and why did he what he had done, and how he had fared?

what he had done, and how he had fared?

"hild," said my grandmother, "It is serious that Mathew does not wish his cousin to return. He bears malice in his heart against the boy, and he remembers that should he never get back the mill will be his own." Already he began to give himself the airs of the master, and to talk of selling a field here and a field there, and of improving the property, as if all was his.

"He will come back," said the fuglement. "They are hearts and husty legs do

man "Brave hearts and histy legs do not get killed. Maybe he hath enlisted. Then he may have gone a soldiering to America, or somewhere in the world, and America, or somewhere in the world, and no doubt will get promotion—ay, corporal first, sergeant next, and perhaps be made fuglemen. Or maybe, as your lady mother says, he hath been pressed, and is now at sea, so that he cannot write. But, wherever he is, be sure he is doing well. Where-

fore, heart up!"
Well, to shorten the story, we got no news at all, and could never discover, for many years, what had become of the boy. When four years had passed by without a word or line from him, Mathew grew horribly afraid, because Ralph's one-andswentisth birthday drow near, and he thought the time was come when the hetr would appear and claim his own. What preparations he made to receive him I know not. Perhaps a blunderbuss and a cup of poison. But the day passed, and there was no sign of halph. Then, indeed, Mathew became quite certain that he would no more be disturbed and that the mill Frontile, and even prevous trouble. Ant

was his own As for mysolf, I sat at home chiefly with my grandmother, who was now beto think and to pray for Ralph.

had cause to think about other things, because my own misfortance began-

I had long observed in the letters of my dear parents a certain difference, which constantly caused doubt and questioning; or my mother exherted me continually, hi every letter, to the practice of fragalby, thrift, simple living, and the acquisttion of housewifely knowledge, and, in short, all those virtues which especially adors the condition of poverty. She also never failed to bid me reflect upon the uncertainty of freman affairs and the Instability of former and every letter fur

and great ladies reduced to beg their

My grandmother bade me lay

these things to heart, and I estved that she was disturbed, and she would have written to my father to ask if things were going ill, but for two reasons. The first was that she could notther read nor write, those arts not having boon taught her in her childhood; and f featify that she was none the worse for want of them, but her natural shrowdness even increased, because she had to depend npon herself, and could not still be running to a book for guidance. The second reason was that the letters of my father, both to her and to myself, were full of glorious anticipation and confidence. Yes, while my mother wrote in sadness he wrote in triumph; when she bade me learn to scour pots he commanded me to study the fashions; when she prophesied disaster he proclaimed good fortune. Thus he ordered that I was to be taught whatever could be learned in so remote a town as Warkworth, and that especial care was to be taken in my carriage and demeaner, begging my grandmother to observe the deportment of Mrs. Caraeby, and to bid me copy her as an example, for, he said, a city heiress not uncomple, for, he said, a city heiress not uncomple, for, he said, a city heiress not uncommonly married with a gentleman of good family, though impoverlahed fortunes; that some city heiresses had of late married noblemen; that as he had no son, nor any other child but myself, I would inhere the whole of his vast fortune (I thought how I could give it all to Raiph), and, therefore, I must study how to maintain myself in the position which I should shortly occupy. He desired me specially to pay very particular attention not to seem quite rustical and country bred, and to remember that the common speech of Northumberland would raise a laugh in London. With much more to the same

I say not that my father wrote all this in a single letter, but in several; so that in a single letter, but in several; so that all these things became implanted in my mind, and both my grandmother and my seif were, in spite of my mother's letters, firmly persuaded that we were already very rich and considerable people, and that my father was a merchant of the groatest renown—aiready a common coun-climan, and shortly to be alderman, shortif and lord mayor—in the city of Lon-don. This belief was also held by our neighbors and friends, and it gave my grandmother, who was, besides, a lady of dignified manners, more consideration than she would otherwise have obtained, with the title of madam, which was surely she to the mother of so great and

Now the truth was this: My father was the most sanguine of men, and the most ready to deceive himself. He lived continually (if I may presume to say so without breaking the afth commandment) in a fool's paradise. When he was a boy sections would do for him but he must go

would afterward be his own, because he was ambitious, and ardently desired to be another Whittington. See the dangers of the common chap books, in which he had read the story of this great lord mayor! He so far resembled Whittington that he went up to London (by wagon from Newcastle) with little in his pocket, except a letter of recomm from the then vicar of Wark-worth to his brother, at the time a glover in Cheapside. How he became apprentice—like Whittington—to this glover, how he fell in love—like Whitting-ton—with his master's daughter, how he married her-like Whittington-and inherited the business, stock, capital, good will and all, may here only be thus briefly told; but by the death of his master he became actual and sole owner of a London shop, whereupon, my poor father's brain-being always full of visions, he was in-flamed with the confidence that now, in-deed, he had nothing to look for but the making of an immense fortune. Worse than this, he thought that the fortune would come of its own accord. How a man living in the city of London could make so prodigions a mistake, I know not. Therefore he left the whole care of the business to his wife and his apprentice, and for his own part spent the day in coffee houses or on 'change, or wherever merchants and traders meet together. This made him full of great talk, and he presently proceeded to imagine that he himsalf was concerned in the great ventures and enterprises of which he heard so much, or perhaps, because he could not actually have thought himself a merchant accenturer, he believed that before long he also should be embarking cargoes to the East and West Indies, running under convoy of frigates safe through the enemy's privateers. It was out of the profits of these imaginary cargoes that he was to obtain that vast wealth of which he confinually thought and talked until, in the end, he believed that he possessed it. Meantime his poor wife, my mother, left in charge of the shop, and with her household cares as well, found, to her dismay, that the respectable business which her father had made was quickly falling from them, as their old friends died, one by one, or retired from trade, and no new ones coming in their places; for, as I have been credibly informed, the business of a tradesman or merchant in London is so precarious and uncertain that, unless it be constantly watched, pushed, nursed, encouraged, coaxed, fed and flattered, it presently withers away and perishes.

For want of the master's presence, for lack of pushing and encouragement, the yearly returns of the shop grew less and less. No one knew this except my mother. It was useless to tell my father. If she begged his attention to the fact, he ginning to grow old, yet brisk and nota-ble still. There was a great deal to be only said that business was, in the nature done, and the days pass swiftly to indust of things, fluctuating; that a bad year trions hands; yet not one so busy and would be succeeded by a good year; that not one so swift but I could find time large profits had recently been made by traders to Callent and Surinam, where he Still the fugalman kept up my heart, had designs of employing his own capital, and Sallor Nan awore, as if she was and that ventures to Canton had of late still captain of the foretop, that he proved extremely successful. Alas, poor would come home safe. I was young, mant he had no capital left, for now all happily, and youth is the time for hope, was gone capital, credit and custom. Yet he still continued to believe that his shop, the shop which came to him with his wife, was bringing to him, every year, a great and steady roturn, and that he

was amassing a fortune. One day it was a Saturday evening to May in the year 1770, six years after the flight of Raiph Embleton, when I was in

my seventeenth year, and almost grown to my ful' height, I saw coming slowly along the narrow road which leads from the highway to Warkworth a country cart, and in horse's head I stood at the garden gate watching this cart idly, and the setting which here slopes gently to the river and the bridge, and pulled up in front of our gate. When the cart stopped a lady got quickly down and setzed my hands

"You are my Drusilla?" she asked, and without waiting for a reply, because she was my mother and knew I could be no other than her own daughter, she fell upon my neck in a passion of weeping and sobbing, saying that she knew I was her daughter dear, and that she was my most



unhappy ruined mother. It was my father who descended after her. He advanced with dignified step and the carriage of one in authority. I observed that his linea and the lace of his ruffles were of the very finest, and his coat, though dusty, of the finest broadcloth. He seemed not to perceive my mother's 'sars; he kissed me and gave me his blessing. He hade the carter, with majestic air, lead the "coach"—he called the country cart a coach—and take great care of the horse, which he said was worth forty guneas if a sangy, but the horse was a 10-year-old car's horse, worth at most four guineas, as I knew very well, because I knew the carrier.

Amazed at this extraordinary behavior, I led my parents to my grandmother, and then we presently learned the truth. My father, if you please, was ruined; he was a bankrupt; his schemes of greatness had come to nothing; his vast fortune lay in his imagination only; he had lost his wife's money and his own. He had returned to his native county, his old friends having clubbed together and made a little purse for him, and his creditous having consented to accept what they could get and to give him a quittance in full, because he was known to be a man of integrity; otherwise he might have been lodged in juli, where many an unfortunate, yet lonest, man lieth in misery.

The disaster was more than my father's prain could bear. First, as soon as he fairly understood what had happened, he unhappy ruined mother. It was my father who descended after her. He advanced

prain could bear. First, as soon as he fairly understood what had happened, he fell into a lethargy, sitting in a chair all day in silence, and desiring nothing but to be left alone. After a while the lethargy

A red-headed, cross-eyed boy, deaf in one eye, blind in one ear, had a wart on the end of his nose, was lame in left foot, had three teeth not cut, and both hands cut off, was last seen wheeling smoke out of an ice house. He answers to the name of Nonsuch. CARTER the Ripper of high prices will pay a reward of Ten Dollars to any person delivering the boy to his BANKRUPT STOCK EMPORIUM, Lindsay, on or before January, 1889.

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