Ped

Canadian LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT 24, 1897

By A. Copan Doyle. \*Reprinted by permission from the illustrated edition published in Bell's Indian and Colonial Library, by the Copp Clark Co., Ltd.

CHAPTER I.

On this, the first of January of the year 1851, the nineteenth century has reached its midway term, and many of as who shared its youth have already ings which tell us that it has out-We po our grizzled heads we older ones, and we talk of we have known; We and our the we a put r Lands, and they Mir Mearl.

years with gle of two an mare. They can great and evil is ow freedom fled 1: continent, and how Nelson's 15 shed, and Pitt's noble neart w h striving that she should not ass us for ever to take refuge with our brothers across the Atlantic. Ail this they can

read, with the date of this treaty or that battle, but I do not know where they are to read of ourselves, of the folks we were, and the lives we led, and how the world seemed to our eyes when they were young as theirs are now. If I take up my pen to tell you about this, you must not look for any story at my hands, for I was only in my earliest manhood when these things befell; and although I saw something of the stories of other lives, 1 could scarce claim one of my own. It is the love of a woman that makes the story of a man, and many a year was to pass before I shaven, thin-lipped man swaying and first looked into the eyes of the mother reeling in a deadly, year-long grapple. of my children. To us it seems but an It was not until I went to grammar

ren can now reach the plums in the little boys there were whose fathers were garden whilst we are seeking for a lad- | in the same case. der, and where we once walked with | Only once in those long years did my their little hands in ours, we are glad father return home, which will show now to lean upon their arms. But I you what it meant to be the wife of shall speak of a time when the love of a sailor in those days. It was just after a mother was the only love I knew, and we had moved from Portsmouth to Friif you seek for something more then it | ar's Oak, whither he came for a week is not for you that I write. But if you | before he set sail with Admiral Jervis would come out with me into that for- to help him to turn his name into Lord gotten world; if you would know Boy | St. Vincent. I remember that he fright-Jim and Champion Harrison; if you ened as well as fascinated me with his

would meet my father, one of Nelson's talk of battles, and I can recall as if own men; if you would catch a glimpse | it were yesterday the horror with which of that great seaman himself, and of I gazed upon a spot of blood upon his George, afterwards the unworthy King shirt ruffle, which had come, as I have of England; if, above all, you would no doubt, from a mischance in shaving. see my famous uncle, Sir Charles Tre- At the time I never questioned that it household words amongst you, then give in terror when he laid his horny hand lion to discuss it, did help to set a standthink you will find much that is of indisappointment. When I look over my bookshelves, I can see that it is only the wise and witty and valiant who have together, she and I, when we were alone. ventured to write down their experiences. For my own part, if I were

ences. For my own part, if I were a little Sussex village to the north of only assured that I was as clever and Brighton, which was fecommended to us brave as the average man about me, I should be well satisfied. Men of their hands have thought well of my brains. that is the best that I can say of my- our moving was that living was cheaper an inborn readiness for music, so that for my mother to keep up the appearthe mastery of any instrument comes ance of a gentlewoman when away from very easily and naturally to me, I cannot recall any single advantage that I not refuse hospitality. They were trying can boast over my fellows. In all things times those to all save the farmers, who I have been a half-way man, for I am made such profits that they could, as I of middle height, my eyes are neither have heard, afford to set half their land blue nor grey, and my hair, before Nature dusted it with her powder, was hetwixt flaxen and brown. I may, per-haps, claim this: that through life I in the quiet of the cottage of Friar's have never felt a touch of jealousy as I have admired a better man than myself, and that I have always seen all things as they are, myself included, which should count in my favor, now that I sit down in my mature age to write my memories. With your permission, then, we will push my own personality as far but the frigates in attendance made as possible out of the picture. If you can conceive me as a thin and colorless cord upon which my would-be pearls are | belonging to the fleet, and their produce

the terms that I should wish. Our family, the Stones, have for many generations belonged to the navy, and it has been a custom among us for the Allen, where for four years I learned all eldest son to take the name of his fath- that he had to teach. It was at Allen's er's favourite commander. Thus we can school that I first knew Jim Harrison. trace our lineage back to old Vernon Boy Jim as he has always been called. Stone, who commanded a high-sterned. peak-nosed, fifty-gun ship against the Dutch. Through Hawke Stone and Benhow Stone we came down to my father. dering, lif-formed limbs like a Newme Rodney, at the parish church of St. every withan's head round as he passed her. It was in those days that we be-

see my own great lad in the garden, and if I were to call out Nelson !" you would his exercises, for he never loved the see that I have been true to the tradi-

My deer mother, the best that ever Adur, and snare rabbits on Ditchling a man had, was the second daughter of Down. for his hands were as active as the Reverend John Tregellis, Vicar of his brain was slow. He was two years Milton, which is a small parish upon the my elder, however, so that, long before marshes of Langstone. She came of a | I had finished my schooling, he had gone poor family, but one of some position, to help his uncle at the smithy. for her elder brother was the famous Friar's Oak is in a dip of the Downs, Bir Charles Tregellis, who, having in- and the forty-third milestone between berited the money of a wealthy East London and Brighton lies on the skirt uncle, and brother to my mother.



I can remember her all through beautiful life, for she was but a girl when she married, and little more when I can first recall her busy fingers and her gentle voice. I see her as a lovely woman with kind, dove's eyes, somewhat short of stature it is true, but carrying herself very bravely. In my memories of those days she is clad always in some purple shimmering stuff, with a white kerchief round her long white neck, and I see her fingers turning and darting as she works at her knitting. I see her again in her middle years, sweet and loving, planning, contriving, achieving with the few shillings a day of a lieutenant's pay on which to support the cottage at Friar's Oak, and to keep a fair face to the world. And now, if I do but step into the parlor, I can see her once more, with over eighty years of saintly life behind her, silver-haired, placid-faced, with her dainty-ribboned cap, her gold-rimmed glasses and her woolly shawl with the blue border. loved her young and I love her old, and when she goes she will take something | tween the smooth-swelling muscles like | with her which nothing in the world a piece of water-worn rock. In spite can ever make good to me again. You of his strength, however, he was of a may have many friends, you who read | slow, orderly and kindly disposition, so this, and you may chance to marry more than once, but your mother is your first over the whole country side. His heavy, and your last. Cherish her, then, whilst you may, for the day will come when every hasty deed or heedless word will come back with its sting to hive in your | lage there was ever a smile upon his own heart. Such then, was my mother; and as to

my father, I can describe him best when I come to the time when he returned to us from the Mediterranean. During all my childhood he was only a name to me, and a face in a miniature hung around my mother's neck. At first they told me he was fighting the French, and then after some years one heard less about the French and more about General Buonaparte. I remember the awe with which one day in Thomas Street, Porismouth, I saw a print of the great Corsican in a bookseller's window. This, then, was the arch enemy with whom my father spent his life in terrible and ceaseless contest. To my childish imagination it was a personal affair, and I forever saw my father and this cleanaffair of yesterday, and yet those child- school that I understood how many other

fully when he was gone, but for my own

moved from Portsmouth to Friar's Oak. by my uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis, one of whose grand friends, Lord Avon, had had his seat near there. The reason of upon the rest. Wheat was at a hundred and ten shillings a quarter, and the quar-Oak we could scarce have lived, were it not that in the blockading squadron in which my father was stationed there was the occasional chance of a little prize-money. The line-of-battle ships themselves, tacking on and off outside Brest, could earn nothing save honor; prizes of many coasters, and these, as is the rule of the service, were counted as strung, you will be accepting me upon divided into head-money. In this manner my father was able to send home enough to keep the cottage and to pay

for me at the day school of Mr. Joshua the nephew of Champion Harrison of he village smithy. I can see him as he was in those days with great, flounevery withan's head round as he passed Out of my window as I write I can gan our lifelong friendship, a friendship us closely as two brothers. I taught him sight of a book, and he in turn made me box and wrestle, tickle trout on the

Indian merchant, became in time the of the village. It is but a small place, talk of the town and the very particular with an ivied church, a fine vicarage, friend of the Prince of Wales. Of him | and a row of red brick cottages each in I shall have more to say hereafter; but its own little garden. At one end was you will note now that he was my own the forge of Champion Harrison, with his house behind it, and at the other was Mr. Allen's school. The yellow cottage, standing back a little from the road, with its upper storey bulging forward and a crisscross of black woodwork let into the plaster, is the one in which we lived. I do not know if it is still standing, but I should think it likely, for it was not a place much given to change. Just opposite to us, at the other side

which was kept in my day by John when he traveled, as will afterwards become apparent. Though there was a stream of traffic upon the road, the coaches from Brighton were too fresh to stop, and those from London too eager to reach their journey's end, so that if it had not been for an occasional broken trace or loosened wheel, the landlord would have had only the thirsty throats of the village to trust to. Those were the days when the Prince of Wales had just built his singular palace by the sea. and so from May to September, which was the Brighton season, there was never a day that from one to two hundred curricles, chaises and phaetons did not rattle past our doors. Many a summer evening have Boy Jim and I lain upon the grass, watching all these grand folk. and cheering the London coaches as they came roaring through the dust clouds. leaders and wheelers stretched to their work, the bugles screaming, and the coachmen, with their low-crowned, curlywhen Boy Jim shouted at them, but if they could have read his big, halfset limbs and his loose shoulders aright, they would have looked a little harder at him, perhaps, and given him back

Boy Jim had never known a father or a mother, and his whole life had been spent with his uncle, Champion Harrison. Harrison was the Friar's Oak blacksmith, and he had his nickname because he fought Tom Johnson when he held the English belt, and would most certainly have beaten him had the Bedfordshire magistrates not appeared to break up the fight. For years there was no such glutton to take punishment and no more finishing hitter than Harrison, though he was always, as I understand, a slow one upon his feet. At last, in a fight with Black Baruk, the Jew, he finished the battle with such a lashing

bit that he not only knocked his opponent over the inner ropes, but he left him betwixt life and death for a long three weeks. During all this time Harrison lived half-demented, expecting every hour to feel the hand of a Bow Street runner upon his collar, and to be tried for his life. This experience, with the prayers of his wife, made him forswear the ring forever, and carry his great muscles into the one trade in which they seemed to give him an advantage. There was a good business to be done at Fri-Sussex farmers, so that he soon became the richest of the villagers; and he came to church on a Sunday with his wife and his nephew, looking as respectable a family man as one would

wish to see. He was not a tall man, not more than five feet seven inches, and it was often said that if he had had an extra inch of reach he would have been a match for Jackson or Belcher at their best. His chest was like a barrel, and his forearms were the most powerful that I have ever seen, with deep groves bethat there was no man more beloved placid, clean-shaven face could set very | dred by doing it." sternly, as I have seen upon occasion; but for me and every child in the villips and a greeting in his eyes. There was not a beggar upon the country-side who did not know that his heart was as soft as his muscles were hard. There was nothing that he liked to

he would stop if he saw his little wife coming, for the one great shadow in her life was the ever-present fear that | there?" some day he would throw down sledge and rasp and be off to the ring once more. And you must be reminded here once for all that that former calling of and because it fostered ringside ruffian- | whistling back to the forge. ism. Even the honest and brave pugilist was found to draw villainy round him, just as the pure and noble racehorse does. For this reason the ring is dying in England, and we may hope that when Caunt and Bendigo have Now, I wish to say something more

would have to encounter, a power which of us are likely to forget. could by despotic law turn every citizen | It was strange to see Jim with his between two indomitable men, with

being warlike, is a question for wiser heads than mine. But that was what we thought of it in the days of your grandfathers, and that is why you might find statesmen and philanthropists like Windham Fox, and Althorp at the side | also had a hand in the making of it. of the Ring.

The mere fact that solid men should patronize it was enough in itself to pre-vent the villainy which afterwards crept in. For over twenty years, in the days of Jackson, Brain, Cribb, the Belchers, Pearce, Gully and the rest, the leaders of the Ring were men whose honesty was above suspicion; and those were just the twenty years when the Ring may, as I have said, have served a national purpose. You have heard how Pearce saved the Bristol girl from the burning house, how Jackson won the respect and friendship of the best men of his age, and how Gully rose to a seat he the first Reformed Parliament. These were the men who set the standard, and their trade carried with it this obvious recommendation, that it is one in which no drunken or foul-living man could long succeed. There were exceptions among them, no doubt-bullies like Hickman, and brutes like Berks; in the main, I say again that they were honest men, brave and enduring to an incredible degree, and a credit to the country which

produced them, and I speak of what I In our own village, I can assure you that we were very proud of the presence of such a man as Champion Harrison, and if folks stayed at the inn, they would walk down as far the smithy just to have the sight of him. And he was worth seeing, too, especially on a winter's night when the red glare of the forge would beat upon his great muscles and upon the proud, hawk-face of Boy Jim as they heaved and swayed over some glowing plough coulter, framing themselves in sparks with every blow. He would strike once with his thirty-pound swing sledge, and Jim twice with his hand hammer; and the "Clunk-clink, clink! clunk-clink, clink!" would bring me flying down the village street, on the chance that, since they were both at the anvil, there might be

a place for me at the bellows. Only once during those village years can I remember Champion Harrison showing me for an instant the sort of man that he had been. It chanced one summer morning, when Boy Jim and I were standing by the smithy door, that there came a private coach from Brigh-

brass-work shining, flying along with from the top of the coach? Two cars Cummings, a man of excellent repute at | such a merry rattle and jingling, that home, but liable to strange outbreaks the champion came running out with a side mud. Jim only had seen where it hall-fullered shoe in his tongs to have a look at it. A gentleman in a white coachman's cape-a Corinthian, as we ing, and half a dozen of his fellows, behind him. It may have been that the may possibly have been an accident, but, as he swung past, the tweny-foot thong we heard the sharp snap of it across

Harrison's leather apron. "Helloa, master!" shouted the smith, looking after him. "You're not to be trusted on the box until you can handle your whip better'n that." "What's that?" cried the driver, pull-"I bid you have a care, master, or

there will be some one-eyed folk along the road you drive." "Oh, you say that, do you?" said the driver, putting his whip into its socket and pulling off his driving-gloves. "I'll have a little talk with you, my fine fel-

The sporting gentlemen of those days were very fine boxers for the most part, for it was the mode to take a course of Mendoza, just as a few years afterwards there was no man about town who had not had the mufflers on with Jackson. Knowing their own prowess, they never refused the chance of a wayside adventure, and it was seldom indeed that the bargee or the navigator had much to boast of after a young blood had taken off his coat to him.

This one swung himself off the boxseat with the alacrity of a man who has no doubts about the upshot of the quarrel, and after hanging his caped coat upon the swingle-bar, he daintily turned up the ruffled cuffs of his white cambric shirt.

"I'll pay you for your advice, my man," said he. "I am sure that the men upon the coach knew who the burly smith was, and looked upon it as a prime joke to see their companion walk into such a trap. They roared with delight, and bellowed out scraps of advice to him. "Knock some of the soot off him, Land "Give the Frederick !" they shouted. in among his own cinders! Sharp's the word or you'll see the back of him. Encouraged by these cries, the young aristocrat advanced upon his man. The smith never moved, but his mouth set grim and hard, while his tufted brows came down over his keen, grey eyes. The tongs had fallen, and his hands were

"Have a care, master," said he "You'll get pepper if you don't." Something in the assured voice, and something also in the quiet pose, warned the young lord of his danger. saw him look hard at his antagonist, and as he did so his hands and his jaw dropped together. "By Gad !" he cried, "it's Jack Har-

"My name, master !" "And I thought you were some Essex chaw-bacon! Why, man, I haven't seen you since the day you nearly killed Black Baruk, and cost me a cool hun-

How they roared on the coach. "Smoked! Smoked, by Gad!" they yelled. "It's Jack Harrison the bruiser! Lord Frederick was going to take on the ex-champion. Give him one on the apron, Fred, and see what happens." But the driver had already climbed back into his perch, laughing as loudly talk of more than his old battles, but as any of his companions. "We'll let you off this time, Harrison, said he. "Are those your sons down

"This is my nephew, master?" "Here's a guinea for nim! He shall never say I robbed him of his uncle.' And so, having turned the laugh in his his was by no means at that in the de | favor by his merry way of taking it, based condition to which it afterwards | he cracked his whip, and away they fell. Public opinion has gradually be flew to make London under the five come opposed to it, for the reason that it | hours ; while Jack Harrison, with his came largely into the hands of rogues, half-fullered shoe in his hand, went

## CHAPTER. II.

So much for Champion Harrison ! passed away, they may have none to about Boy Jim, not only because he was succeed them. But it was different in | the comrade of my youth, but because the days of which I speak. Public | you will find as you go on that this book opinion was then largely in its favor, is his story rather than mine, and that and there were good reasons why it | there came a time when his name and should be so. It was a time of war, his fame were in the mouths of all Engwhen England with an army and navy | land. You will bear with me, therefore, composed only of those who volunteer- while I tell you of his character as it ed to fight because they had fighting | was in those days, and especially of one blood in them, had to encounter, as they | very singular adventure which neither

into a soldier. If the people had not been | uncle and his aunt, for he seemed to be full of this lust for combat, it is cer- of another race and breed to them. Ofttain that England must have been over- en I have watched them come up the borne. And it was thought, and is, on aisle upon a Sunday, first the square, the face of it, reasonable, that a struggle | thick-set man, and then the little worn, anxious-eyed woman, and last this glorigreat fighting men whose names are still man or Spaniard, and I shrank from him thirty thousand to view it and three milupon my head. My mother wept piti- ard of hardihood and endurance. Brutal that it seemed as if he were bound to it was, no doubt, and its brutality is earth by some lesser tie than the heavy footed villagers round him. yet attained his full six foot of stature, but no judge of a man (and every woman, at least, is one) could look at his perfect shoulders, his narrow loins, and his proud head that sat upon his neck like an eagle upon its perch, without feeling that sober joy which all that is beautiful in Nature gives to us-a rague self-content, as though in some way we But we are used to associate beauty

with softness in a man. I do not know why they should be so coupled, and they never were with Jim. Of all men that I have known, he was the most ironhard in body and in mind. Who was there among us who could walk with him, or run with him, or swim with only Boy Jim, would have swung himself over Wolstenbury Cliff and clambered down a hundred feet with the mother hawk flapping at his ears in the vain struggle to hold him from her nest? He was but sixteen, with his gristle not yet all set into bone, when he fought and beat Jipsy Lee of Burgess Hill, who called himself the "Cock of the South Downs." It was after this that Champion Harrison took his training as a

boxer in hand. "I'd rather you left millin' alone, Boy Jim," said he, "and so had the missus; but if mill you must it will not be my fault if you cannot hold up your hands to anything in the south country."

And it was not long before he made good his promise. I have said already that Boy Jim had no love for his books, but by that I meant school books, for when it came to reading of romances or of anything which had a touch of gallantry or adventure, there was no tearing him away from it until it was finished. When such a book came into his hands, Friar's Oak and the smithy became a dream to him, and his life was spent out upon the ocean or wandering over the broad continents with his heroes. And he would draw me into his enthusiasms also, so that I was glad to play Friday to his Crusoe when he proclaimed that the Clump at Clayton was a desert island, and that we were cast upon it for a week. But when I found that we were actually to sleep out there without covering every night, and that he proposed that our food should be the sheep of the Downs (wild goats he called them) cooked upon a fire, which was to be made by the rubbing together of two sticks, my heart failed me, and on the very first night I crept away my mother. But Jim stayed out there for the whole weary week-a wet week it was, too !- and came back from looking a deal wilder and dirtier than his hero does in the picture-books. It is well that he had only promised to stay a week, for, if it had been a month, he would have died of cold and hunger before his pride would nave let him come

home.

His pride—that was the deepest thing in all Jim's nature. It is a mixed qualinal Jim's nature. It is a mixed qualinal Jim's nature.

Medicines taken conjointly constitute the would have brought a smile back on to mine had my heart not still been cramping walls, and wishing, like the lazy lad mine had my heart not still been cramping walls, and wishing, like the lazy lad with four. His pride—that was the deepest thing in all Jim's nature. It is a mixed quality to my mind, half a virtue and half a vice: a virtue in holding a man out of the dirt; a vice making it hard for of the dirt; a vice making it hard for of the man once he has fallen. It is a mixed quality to my mind, half a virtue and half a virtue and half a virtue and half a vice: a virtue in holding a man out of the dirt; a vice making it hard for of the dirt; a vice making it hard for of the dirt; a vice making it hard for of the dirt; a vice making it hard for of the dirt; a vice making it hard for a virtue and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., at the head of a splendid staff of associate think you were meant to be Captain at the head of a splendid staff of associate specialists, graduates from the leading medical profession.

CEYLON TEA.

Lead Fackages only—'25c.,40c., 50c.,60. of his bones. You remember the guinea

he stoop to give a reason in such a case, nity, that other folks had to think of that a right angle was a proper sort of angle, or put Pantma in Sicily, but old Allen would as soon have thought of raising his cane against him as he would of letting me off if I had said as much. And so it was that, although Jim was the son of nobody, and I of a King's officer, it always seemed to me to have been a condescension on his part that he should have chosen me

It was this pride of Boy Jim's which ed to an adventure which makes me hiver now when I think of it. It happened in the August of Sep- There was a brisk wind blowing, and nearly at the smithy before Jim asked may have been in the early days of Sep- There was a brisk wind blowing, and nearly at the smithy before Jim asked tember; but I remember that we heard the eucoo in Patcham Wood, and that Jim said that perhaps it was the last of him. I was still at school, but Jim | black that we found ourselves among had left, he being nigh sixteen and I the brambles and gorse-bushes which thirteen. It was my Saturday half holi- lined it. We came at last to the woodday, and we spent it, as we often did, en gate with the high stone pillars by duty turns up that the likes of you have day, and we spent it, as we often the roadside, and, looking through be- no idea of. When you're near forty out on the Downs. Our favorite place the roadside, and, looking through bewas beyond Wolstonbury, where we tween the rails, we saw the long avenue could stretch ourselves on the soft, of oaks, at the end of this illspringy, chalk grass among the plump little Southdown sheep, chatting with the shepherds, as they leaned upon their queer old Pyecombe crooks, made in the days when Sussex turned out more iron

It was there that we lay upon that glorious afternoon. If we chose to roll upon our right sides, the whole weald lay in front of us, with the North Dawns curving away in olive-green folds, with here and there the snow-white rift of a | ning round three sides of it. The arched chalk-pit; if we turned upon our left, we door stood right in the face of us, and overlooked the huge blue stretch of the channel. A convoy, as I can well re- hinges. member, was coming up it that day, the timid flock of merchantmen in front; Jim. the frigates, like well-trained dogs upon the skirts; and two burly drover-line-ofbattle ships rolling along behind them. My fancy was soaring out to my father upon the waters, when a word from Jim brought it back on to the grass like a broken-winged gull.

"Roddy," said he, "have you heard that Cliffe Royal is haunted?" Had I heard it? Of course I had heard it. Who was there in all the Down country who had not heard of the Walker of Cliffe Royal?

"Do you know the story of it, Roldy?" "Why," said I, with some pride, ought to know it, seeing that my mother's brother, Sir Charles Tregellis, was the nearest friend of Lord Avon, he cried; "well strike a light, Roddy, and was at this card-party when the thing happened. I heard the vicar and my mother talking about it last week, box in his pocket. When the flame burnand it was all so clear to me that I might have been there when the mur- above our heads, and broad deal shelves der was done." "It is a strange story," said Jim.

thoughtfully; "but when I asked my "I'll show you round," said Jim, aunt about it, she would give me no answer; and as to my uncle, he cut me led the way into the hall. I remember short at the very mention of it." "There is a good reason for that," heads of deer jutting out, and a single said I, "for Lord Avon was, as I have white bust, which sent my heart into heard, your uncle's best friend; and it is but natural that he would not wish to speak of his disgrace." "Tell me the story, Roddy."

old-and yet they have not got to the choking smell of dust and mildew. end of it. There were four of them spend a few days in Lord Avon's old was on that very table." house. One was his own young brother, Captain Barrington; another was his cried he, and he pulled a brown towel Tregellis, my uncle, was the third; and sideboard. Sure enough it was a pile of of playing cards for money, these great think, at the least-which had lain there people, and they played and played for ever since that tragic game which was two days and a night. Lord Avon lost, played before I was born. and Sir Lothian lost, and my uncle lost, and Captain Barrington won until he said Jim. could win no more. He won their "Don't go up there, Jim!" I cried money, but above all he won papers clutching at his arm . "That must lead from his elder brother which meant a to the room of the murder." great deal to him. It was late on a "How do you know that?" Monday night that they stopped playing. On the Tuesday morning Captain ceiling --- Oh, Jim, you can see it even Barrington was found dead beside his now!"

bed with his throat cut. "And Lord Avon did it?" "His papers were found burned in the grate, his wristband was clutched in the dead man's hand, and his knife lay be- anyhow I'm going to have a look at it." side the body."

"Did you hang him, then?" upon him. He waited until he saw that a minute. There's no use going on a they had brought it home to him and ghost hunt unless- Great Lord, then he fled. He has never been seen there's something coming down the since, but it is said that he reached Am- stairs!"

"And the ghost walks?"

"There are many who have seen it." "Why is the house still empty?" "Because it is in the keeping of the law. Lord Avon had no children, and Sir Lothian Hume-the same who was at the card-party-is his nephew and can prove Lord Avon to be dead." the short grass with his fingers. It turned me cold, the very thought

"My mother would not let me." "Slip out when she's abed. I'll wait for you at the smithy."

"Cliffe Royal is locked." "I'll open a window easy enough." "I'm afraid, Jim."

"But you are not afraid if you are with me, Roddy. I'll promise you that no ghost shall hart you." So I gave him my word that I would come, and then all the rest of the day I went about the most sad-faced lad in Sussex. It was all very well for Boy him? Who on all the country side, save | Jim! It was that pride of his which was taking him there. He would go because

> the truth my mother has lived with one foot in the grave, writes Mrs. Eugene Stantzenberg, of No. Walker Ave., Houston, Texas, in a letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. "With a most thankful heart I w - will tell you derful cure effected in her ect wreck for seven long

years. No words can describe what she has suffered. She could not sleep on account of severe pains. She tried every doctor around here and spent hundreds of dollars without benefit. After hearing of your wonderful remedies I wrote to you. My mother has taken six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and six of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and in now perfectly cured. sings from my father and seven children for saving the life of dear mother. May God bless you and your Institution, is the wish

Tens of thousands of women have found complete and perriament relief from obstinate and seemingly incurable disease by using the wonderful remedies referred to above. The "Golden Medical Discovery" possesses the peculiar property of nourishing and vitalizing the blood with the lifegiving red corptscles which build up healthy flesh and muscular strength. In the special weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organs, the "Favorite Pre-scription" is a perfect and positive specific. It is the onlyscient fic medicine prepared for that purpose by an educated physician and specialist in that particular field of practice. For weak and nervous women these two

and, was the area of Oak inn. I ton, with its four fresh horses, and its that the young lord had thrown him there was no one else on the country as kept in my day by John ton, with its four fresh horses, and its that the young lord had thrown him there was no one else on the country pride of that sort. I was quite of the same way of thinking as the others, passing my night at Jacob's gibbet on house of Cliffe Royal. Still, I could mother would have it that I had been at the green apples, and sent me to bed

> England went to rest betimes in those ford the price of candles. When I lookout of my window just after the clock had gone ten, there was not a light was but a few feet from the ground, so slowly on, and I'll see you back to Pa I slipped out, and there was Jim waiting | ar's Oak. for me at the smithy corner. We crossed John's Common together, and so when the champion overtook us, and past Ridden's Farm, meeting only one or two riding officers upon the way. was no longer under his arm. We were

that one glimpse of it, and the sound of the night wind sighing and groaning among the branches. But Jim swung the gate open, and up we went, the gravel squeaking beneath our tread many little windows in which the moon glinted, and with a strip of water runon one side a lattice hung open upon its "We're in luck, Roddy," whispered

"Here's one of the windows "Don't you think we've gone far enough, Jim?" said I, with my teeth

"No, no, I'll not go first." Then I will." He gripped the sill, "Now, Roddy, give me your hands." With a pull he had me up beside him, and a moment later we were both in the haunted house.

How hollow it sounded when we jumped down on the wooden floor! There was such a sudden boom and reverberation that we both stood silent for a

moment. Then Jim burst out laughing. "What an old drum of a place it is." and see where we are.' He had brought a candle and a tinder-

ed up, we saw an arched stone coof all round us covered with dusty dishes. It was the pantry. merrily; and, pushing the door open, he the high, oak-panelled walls, with the

my mouth, in the corner. Many rooms opened out of this, and we wandered from one to the other-the kitchens, the still-room, the morning-room, the "It is an old one now-fourteen years dining-room, all filled with the same who had come down from London to Jim," said I, in a hushed voice. "It "Why, here are the cards themselves!"

cousin, Sir Lothian Hume; Sir Charles from something in the centre of the Lord Avon the fourth. They are fond playing-cards-forty packs, I should "I wonder whence that stair leads?"

"The vicar said that they saw on the

He held up his candle and there was a great, dark smudge upon the white plaster above us. "I believe you're right," said he! "but "Don't Jim, don't!" I cried. "Tut, Roddy! you can stay here if

"They were too slow in laying hands you are afraid. I won't be more than

I heard it too-a shuffling footstep in the room above, and then a creak from the steps, and then another creak, and another. I saw Jim's face as if it had been carved out of ivory, with his parted lips and his staring eyes fixed upon the black square of the stair opening. He still held the light, but his fingers twitchheir. But he can touch nothing until he ed, and with every twitch the shadows sprang from the floor to the cetling. As Jim lay silent for a bit, plucking at to myself, my knees gave way under me, to be very wicked that a man should and I found myself on the floor crouch- look glum when he heard of a British come with me to-night and look for the frozen in my throat. And still the straw image at the gate of his farm, Boy ing down behind Jim, with a scream step came slowly from stair to stair. Then, hardly daring to took, and yet a hand. But we were bound to confess unable to turn away my eyes, I saw a that he was game, though he might be figure dimly outlined in the corner upon a traitor, for down he came, striding which the stair opened. There was a into the midst of us with his brown coat silence in which I could hear my poor and his buckled shoes, and the fire best heart thumping, and then when I looked again the figure was gone, and the low creak, creak was heard once more | we were at last to sneak quietly away. upon the stairs. Jim sprang after it, and I was left half-fainting in the moon-

But it was not for long. He was down again in a minute, and, passing his hand under my arm, he half led and half carried me out of the house. It was not until we were in the fresh air again that he opened his mouth. "Can you stand, Roddy ?" 'Yes, but I'm shaking.

"So am I," said he, passing his erm over his forehead. I was a fool to bring you on such an errand. But I never believed in such things. I know "Could it have been a man, Jim ?" I asked, plucking up my courage now that I could hear the dogs barking on the

"It was a spirit, Rodney." "How de you know?" "Because I followed it and saw it vanish into a wall as easily as an eel into sand. Why, Roddy, what's amiss My fears were all back upon me, and

every nerve creeping with horror. "Take me away, Jim! Take me away !" I cried. I was glaring down the avenue, and case. She has been a per- his eyes followed mine. Amid the gloom of the oak trees something was coming towards us. "Quiet, Roddy!" whispered Jim. "By

> going round it this time.' We crouched as motionless as the trunks behind us. Heavy steps ploughed their way through the soft gravel, and a broad figure loomed upon us in the darkness. Jim sprang upon it like a tiger. "You're not a spirit, anyway!" he

heavens, come what may, my arms are

The man gave a shout of surprise and then a growl of rage. "What the deuce!" he roared, and then, "I'll break your neck if you don't

The threat might not have loosened Jim's grip, but the voice did. "Why, uncle !" be cried. And what's this? Why, it's young Master Rodney Stone, as I'm a living sinner! What in the world are you two doing up at Cliffe Royal at this time of

light, and there was Champion Harrison with a big bundle on his arm, and such Royal adventure, I was seated in a look of amazement upon his face as cottage looking round at the curios

"Spirits ?" "I've been in Cliffe Royal, and we've

seen the ghost." The Champion gave a whistle "That's the game, is it?" said be. "It vanished first." The champion whistled once more "I've heard there is something of the sort up yonder," said he; "but it's not a thing as I would advise you to meddle with. There's enough trouble with the

We had gone half a mile, perhaps

said the Champion, "there's many a of what I say. So that was all we could draw from him ; but, young as I was, I had heard

of coast smuggling and of packages can ried to lonely places at night, so that from that time on, if I had heard that the preventives had made a capture 1 was never easy until I had seen the jolly face of Champion Harrison look-

ing out of his smithy door,

## CHAPTER III.

I have told you something about Friar's Oak, and about the life that we led there. Now that my memory goes back to the old place it would gladly linger. for every thread which I draw from the skein of the past brings out half a dozen others that were entangled with it. I was in two minds when I began whether I had enough in me to make a hook of, and now I know that I could write one about Friar's Oak alone, and the



them, I doubt not; and yet, seen through the golden haze of time, they all seem "This is where they played the cards, sweet and lovable. There was our good vicar, Mr. Jefferson, who loved the whole world, save only Mr. Slack, the Baptist minister of Clayton; and there was kindly Mr. Slack, who was all men's brother save only of Mr. Jefferson, the vicar of Friar's Oak. Then there was Monsieur Rudin, the French Royalist refugee, who lived over on the Pangdean road, and who, when the news of a victory came in, was convulsed with joy because we had beaten Buonaparte, and shaken with rage because we had beaten the French, so that after the Nile he wept for a whole day out of delight and then for another one out of fury. alternately clapping his hands and stamping his feet. Well, I remember his thin, upright figure and the way in which he jauntily twirled his little cane; for cold and hunger could not cast him down, though we knew that he had his share of both. Yet he was so proud and had such a grand manner of talking, that no one dared to offer him a cloak of a meal. I can see his face now, with a flush over each craggy cheek-bone when the butcher made him the present of some ribs of beef. He could not but take it, and yet whilst he was stalking off he threw a protte

> dog who looked plumper for a week to farmer, who was what you would now call a Radical, though at that time some called him a Priestley-ite, and some a Fox-ite, and nearly everybody a traitor. It certainly seemed to me at the time victory; and when they burned his Jim and I were among those who lest ing upon his grim, schoolmaster face. My word, how he rated us, and how glad and those like you have been preaching

glance over his shoulder at the butcher,

and he said, "Monsieur, I have a dog !

Yet it was Monsieur Rudin and not his

peace for night two thousand years. and cutting throats the whole time. If the money that is lost in taking French you would have more right to burn candles in your windows. Who are you that dare to come here to insult a lawabiding man?" "We are the people of England!" cried young Master Ovington, the son of the fory Squire. "You! you horse-racing, cock-fighting

ne'er-do-weel! Do you presume to talk for the people of England? They are \$ deep, strong, silent stream, and you are the seum, the bubbles, the poor, silly froth that floats upon the surface. We thought him very wicked then, but looking back, I am not sure that we were not very wicked ourselves. And then there were the smugglers! The Downs swarmed with them, for since there might be no lawful trade betwixt France and England, it had all to run in that channel. I have been up on St. John's Common upon a date night, and, lying among the practical, I have seen as many as seventy mules and a man at the head of each go flitting past me as silently as trout in a stream. Not one of them but bore its two ankers of the right French engnac, or its bale of silk of Lyons and lace of Valenciennes, I knew Dan Scales, the head of them, and I knew Tom Hislop, the riding officer, and

remember the night they met. "Do you fight, Dan?" asked Tom. "Yes, Tom; thou must fight for it. On which Tom drew his pistol and blew Dan's brains out. "It was a sad thing to do," he said afterwards, "but I knew Dan was too good a man for me, for we tried it out It was Tom who paid a poet from Brighton to write the lines for the

tombstone, which we all thought were very true, and good, beginning: "Alas! Swift flew the fatal lead Which pierced through the young man's

He instantly fell, resigned his breath, And closed his languid eyes in death. There was more of it, and I dare say it is all still to be read in Patcham

One day, about the time of our Cliffe that I was, that Mr. Lilly had died fore ever he wrote his Latin grammar, "Exploring, are you? Well, I don't when my mother, who was sitting kuitthink you were meant to be Captain ting in the window, gave a little cry of

To be continued.)

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