

VOLUME III., NO. 137.

Orillia Directory.

VILLAGE REEVE.
James Quinn, Esq., residence Front-st.
COUNCILLORS.
Messrs. G. J. Booth, S. Wainwright, H. Sutherland, and J. Bailey.
MUNICIPAL OFFICIALS.
F. J. R. Grant, Clerk and Treasurer, office on Colborne-st.
James Jackson, Inspector, residence on Front-st.
James Gow, Overseer of Highways and Poundkeeper, Peter-st.
James Gow, Jr., Messenger.
John Hammond, Chief Constable.
JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.
D. L. Sanson, Esq., G. I. Dolster, Esq., and James Quinn, Esq.
PUBLIC OFFICES.
Post Office, Mississauga-st. W. Bingham, Postmaster; Miss Wylie, Assistant. Dominion Bank, Corner Mississauga and Peter streets. H. S. Scadding, Manager. Montreal, Telegraph, Miss Wainwright's old stand, Mississauga-st. J. White, Agent. Express—A. F. Keen's Store, Mississauga street. F. Keen, Agent. N. Ex. Railroad Depot, foot of Peter-st. Wm. Humphrey, Station Master. Midland Railway Office, Booth's Block, Mississauga-st.
Proprietor of Steamers—D. L. Sanson. Wharfing—J. P. Henderson.
PUBLIC HALL.
Temperance Hall, Matchedash street, J. R. Wilkie, Agent.
TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.
The steamer Carrietta leaves Orillia for the Portage at 8 a. m., and for Washago and Peter on Lake Couchiching, at 1 p. m. On Tuesdays and Fridays, leaves Orillia for Washago at 7 a. m.
The steamer Ida Burton leaves Orillia for Longford, The Portage, and Washago at 9 a. m.
NORTHERN RAILWAY.—Trains depart at 5.10 a. m., and at 4 p. m.; arrive at 12.10 8.50 p. m.
The boats—The Emily May arrives at Orillia on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 12.30, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.30 p. m., connecting with Midland Railway at Beaverton, and Northern Railway at Belle Ewart.
EDUCATIONAL.
Orillia Public School, Goldwater street.—Samuel McHarris, Principal; Assistants, Miss Allen, Miss Rawson and Miss Taylor.
Music, Singing and French—Miss Craig, at Mr. James Tudhope's residence, West street.
Commercial School, in Victoria Hall, Peter street. W. Douglas, Teacher.
CHURCH SERVICES.
St. James's (Episcopal).—Rev. Rural Dean Stewart, M. A.,—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school at half-past 9 a. m.
Wesleyan Methodist.—Rev. Fowler, M. D., Minister.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Friday evening, at 7.30. Sunday school at 2.30 p. m.
CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. John Gray, Pastor.—Services each Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Sunday school at 1 p. m.
LIBRARIES.
Village Library.—At Mr. Frank Evans' Law Office, Mississauga street.
Mechanics' Institute Library.—At Mr. George J. Booth's Furniture Warehouse, Mississauga street.
SOCIETIES.
Orillia Lodge of Oddfellows, meet in Victoria Hall, Peter street.
Masonic Lodges, meet in their Hall, Booth & Corbett's Block, Mississauga st.
Good Templars.—Meet in Victoria Hall, Peter street, every Friday, at 8 o'clock.
Sons of Temperance.—Meet in Temperance Hall, Matchedash street, every Tuesday, at 8 p. m.
Cadets of Temperance.—Meet in Temperance Hall, every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock.
Loyal Orange Benevolent Lodge, No. 968.—Meet in Orange Hall, corner of Mississauga and Front streets, on the first Wednesday in each month.
Loyal Orange Lodge No. 296.—Meet in Orange Hall, on first Thursday in each month.
Orange Young Britons.—
LAWYERS.
Frank Evans—Office, Mississauga street.
Edgar, Fenton & Corbould—Office in Booth's Block, Mississauga street.
F. J. R. Grant, Conveyancer, &c.—Office, Colborne st.
DENTIST.
Edmund Seager, L. D. S.—Office, Front street.
VETERINARY SURGEON.
W. H. Lawrence—residence, Colborne street.
SURVEYOR.
F. W. Armstrong—Office, Mississauga st., GENERAL AGENT.
A. J. Alport—Office in Corbett's Block, Mississauga street.
WATCHMAKERS, &c.
J. B. Thompson, Mississauga street, near Peter.
Jeffries & Co., near the Post Office, Mississauga st.
PRINTING.
The Expositor, issued regularly, and containing all the local news, for ONE DOLLAR a year. A good advertising medium. Job Printing in good style, at reasonable prices.
Special Inducement.—New Subscribers can have the paper from the present time until the first of January next, for 50c.
HAIR-DRESSER.
George Mead, Mississauga street, east of Peter.
BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Fitzgerald, Mississauga st.
A. Ralston, Mississauga st.
James Shanahan, Peter st.
MANUFACTORIES.
Hub Factory, West street—J. I. & S. Bailey.
Tannery, West at—Samuel Wainwright.
LIVERY STABLES.
William Jackson, Matchedash street.
Robert Tindle, Front st.
DRUGS, BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
Kermott & Cooke, Mississauga street, near West.
G. T. O. Ewell, Mississauga st.
HARNESSMAKERS.
Disselste & Hoy, Mississauga st.
Thomas Byrne, Mississauga st.
Thomas Daniels, Front st.

PROVISION DEALERS.
George Vick, Mississauga st.
J. A. Stephenson, Front st.
HARDWARE.
Tudhope Brothers, corner of Mississauga and West sts.; tinshop on West st.
Wesley Bingham, West street, north of Mississauga; tinshop on Mississauga st.
David Phillips, tinmith, West st.
CARRIAGE WORKS.
William Tudhope, West st.
PAINTERS.
Robert Arnold, West street.
Fortier Bros., West street.
MERCHANT TAILORS.
Robert Parkhill, Mississauga street, near Front.
J. & J. B. Perry, Mississauga st.
FURNITURE.
George J. Booth, Mississauga st.
GENERAL DEALERS.
George M. Wilson, Minthorn's Block, Mississauga st.
Pace & Main, corner Mississauga and Peter sts.
J. J. Hind, Mississauga st.
J. & J. B. Perry, Corbett's Block, Mississauga st.
Jacob G. Tison, Mississauga st.
GROCERS.
George W. Wilson, Mississauga st.
David Phillips, West st.

Professional Cards.
FRANK EVANS, BARRISTER, AT-LAW. Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, &c.
MONEY TO LEND.
OFFICE—Next door to the "Orillia House," or at his residence, after office hours.
EDGAR, FENTON & CORBOULD. Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Office—In Masonic Buildings Mississauga St., Orillia.
J. D. EDGAR
F. FENTON
G. E. CORBOULD.
CAMUELS, ROBINSON, SOLICITOR, and Notary Public for the Dominion Bank, Orillia. Conveyancer, &c. Money Lend.—Commissioner for taking Affidavits. Office—Next door to F. Keen's Store, Orillia.

FRED. J. R. GRANT, CONVEYANCER, &c. Valuator for the Canada Permanent Building Society, Orillia, Ont.
A. J. ALPORT, Accountant, Arbitrator, Valuator, Land, Insurance and General Agent, Orillia, Ont. Office—Masonic Buildings.
N. B.—Rents and debts collected. 135.
F. W. ARMSTRONG, (Successor to A. Fowle, P. L. S.) Provincial Land Surveyor, Draughtsman, and General Agent. Maps compiled. Disputed Lines carefully adjusted. Office—Next door to the "Orillia House," formerly occupied by A. Fowle. All Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.—Address, Box 57, ORILLIA, P. O. 125.
R. J. OUGH, M. D., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ont., Graduate of Victoria University, Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher, Beaverton, Ont. Office—Beaverton Dispensary, 35-17.

W. H. LAWRENCE, VETERINARY SURGEON. DESires to inform the inhabitants of Orillia and vicinity, that he has settled in Orillia for the practice of his profession, and that he will be happy at all times to attend to the best material used. Office—Matchedash street, Orillia, Ont. Aug. 10th, 1871.

EDMUND SEAGER, L. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST, (Late of Toronto.) Examines at his office in Orillia, from the 1st to the 13th of each month, and is prepared to wait on those requiring his services in Plate Work, Filling and Extracting. None but the best materials used. Office and Residence No. 3, Lake View Terrace, near Mr. Quinn's, Front St., Orillia, 125.

A CARD. MISS GRAIG respectfully informs the citizens of this place, that she is prepared to give instruction, on the pianoforte, singing and French, to a limited number of pupils. For particulars apply at the residence of JAMES TUDHOPE, Esq.

Business Cards.
ORILLIA COMMERCIAL SCHOOL. Established Sep, 11th, '71. The full course embraces a thorough English, Business and Classical education. TERMS IN ADVANCE. For further information address W. DOUGLAS, Box 114, Orillia, P. O.

FORTIER BROTHERS, House, Sign, and Ornamental PAINTERS! GRaining, GLAZING, MARBLING, AND PAPER-HANGING. Done with neatness and dispatch. Country Orders Promptly Attended to. West Street, ORILLIA. C. FORTIER, J. D. FORTIER, W. FORTIER.
ROBT. ARNOLD, Carriage, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, Glazer and Paper Hanger. Orders, either from town or country, will receive prompt attention. Suor—Opposite Tudhope's Carriage Works, Orillia.

The Home Fireside.
The Resurrection.
[A seed found in the hand of a mummy two thousand years old, when planted, bloomed into a beautiful flower.]
Two thousand years ago, a flower bloomed brightly in a far off land; Two thousand years ago its seed Was placed within a dead man's hand.
Before the Saviour came to earth, That man had lived, and toiled, and died; And even in that far-off time, That flower had shed its perfume wide.
Suns rose and set, years came and went, The dead had kept its treasure well; Nations were born and turned to dust, While life was hidden in that shut.
The senseless hand is robbed at last, The seed is buried in the earth; When, lo! the life long sleeping there, Into a lovely flower bursts forth.
Just such a plant as that which grew From such a seed when buried low, Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed, And died—two thousand years ago.
And will not he who watched the seed And kept the life within the shell, When those he loves are laid to rest, Watch o'er their sleeping dust as well?
And will he not, from death's side, Cause something glorious to arise; Ay, though it sleep two thousand years, Yet all that sleeping dust shall rise.
Just such a face as greets you now, Just such a form as here you wear; But O! more glorious far! shall rise To meet the Saviour in the air.
Then will I lay me down in peace When called to leave this vale of tears; For "in my flesh shall I see God!" 'E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

LADY THORNHURST'S DAUGHTER.
BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS, Author of "The Double Life," "Tressilian Court," &c., &c.
(Continued.)
The marchioness did not reply. 'Between two fires—jealousy and hatred—you are in danger of being scorched,' observed Holm, with a sneer. 'I will agree to keep your secret for the present. I find a sweet joy and revenge in seeing your sufferings at the hands of your second husband. I was delighted to hear him express sentiments in regard to divorce precisely similar to those I entertain. I wonder what he would say if he knew how he had deceived him? I wonder what he would say if he knew his own wife was a divorced woman? I wonder what he would say if he knew your first husband yet lived—that he loves you still—that he is jealous of my lord's claims upon you, and that he sees you by stealth on the lawn of Thornhurst?'
'I never meant to deceive my husband, Digby Holm,' said the marchioness, tremulously. 'When I married him I called myself a widow for I heard that you were dead. Your letter announcing your recovery from illness came on the very day of an after, my marriage to Lord Thornhurst. I dared not tell him then. I lived in constant terror until I heard that you had died in the war of rebellion in America. Then I dared to breathe freely. If you seek revenge upon me, Digby Holm, for seeking a divorce from you, and refusing to share with you my father's wealth, you should be content. I have been very happy and blest in my second marriage, but there has been one void in my heart that none could fill. If I only knew that my little Georgia was dead and safe in heaven—innocent, pure, and happy! But fearing that she lives, I am tortured continually.
'We will not talk of her now,' said Holm. 'Lord Thornhurst has some peculiar idiosyncrasies, and some eminently just ideas. For instance, he spoke of that Mrs. Falconer as "the wife of two husbands." The clergyman said over us "Whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder," and I do not recognize the rights of the Divorce Court in the matter. You are my wife still, say what you will. You may consider yourself as only the wife of Lord Thornhurst; but even you must feel that I have a peculiar claim upon you. The father of your first-born child can never be to you a stranger. You may hate him, but he will always have a keen and peculiar interest in your sight. You can not deny this.'
Lady Thornhurst looked back toward the house.
'I must go,' she said; 'they will miss me.'
'One word, Ignatia, and you may go. We have been lovers—husband and wife. We are enemies now. Yet I tell you frankly, my hatred for you is half-perverted love. Your beauty fires my heart. Kiss me, wife, as in the old days before I was fickle and you were implacable and remorseless.'
He sprang to her side and put his arms around her supple waist. He drew her to him, and tried to kiss her. She struggled with him, panting, breathless. She beat him off with her clenched hands, saying—

'Do not dare to call me wife. Take your hands off me, vile wretch. Dare you so insult a lady—the wife of an honorable man? Back, coward and villain!'
Holm laughed, mocking at her. Then putting her hands down firmly in his fierce clasp, he covered her face with kisses. She fought him vainly. When at last he released her, still gasping, she struck him fiercely full in the face with her hand, and darted away, sobbing with anger and shame.
Holm looked after her with a glow of sinister joy, and then turned to find egress at a small distant wall at which foot-passengers were wont to enter. And as he went, he muttered—
'I've had the first instalment of my revenge. How I humbled her haughty soul! I believe she could have killed me for my daring. How my face tingles! She has found her master. And I found how to lengthen out my revenge—how to torture both him and her—how to make her life a burden, so that she will be tempted to destroy herself. Before I work matters up to the crisis I intend, I will manage to secure a good share of her property. She will be my gold mine.'
Laughing softly, he made his egress from the Thornhurst grounds, and set out upon his return to Cottingham, there to take the morning train for London.
Lady Thornhurst walked about in the night air upon the wet grass until she had grown composed. Then she re-entered the conservatory, and secured the door.
Crossing the morning-room she looked into the hall. The porter was absent at his dinner.
'I have not been missed,' thought her ladyship. 'I can slip up to my room unseen.'
She fitted across the great hall, and began to ascend the grand staircase. Half-way up she paused, clutching at the balusters. Lord Thornhurst was outside her chamber door, holding parley with Martha.
'Let me in, Martha,' he was saying.
'I must see whether her ladyship is worse or better.'
'I cannot, my lord,' the marchioness could faintly hear in muffled response. 'My lady cannot be disturbed. If your lordship will allow her to finish her sleep, she will soon be quite well.'
'She is asleep then? Why didn't you say so at once?' exclaimed Lord Thornhurst, in tones of relief, speaking lower than before. 'I will come up again in an hour. If she wakens call me.'
He came along the hall to the stairs: At the sight of her ladyship's dragged garments, her wet shawl, her ghastly face, the marquis started in amazement.
'Ignatia!' he ejaculated, 'what does this mean?'
'I have been out into the fresh air,' said Lady Thornhurst, wearily. 'I told Martha not to let you know, least you should be alarmed or seek me. I am tired, and will go to bed.'
She finished the ascent of the stairs. As she essayed to pass him, he put out his arm to clasp her to him; but she broke from his caress, recalling the insult she had just received from Holm. She brushed her cheek with her hand, as if to brush away the unhalloved kisses her enemy had forced upon her, and moved towards the door of her room.
'Ignatia!' said the marquis, in tender reproach; 'my wife, why do you shrink from me?'
'I am not well—I am not myself,' she said, pantedly. 'Don't be angry, Antony. To-morrow I shall feel better.'
She knocked at the door. Martha opened it. Lady Thornhurst entered her room, and when her husband would have followed her, closed the door almost in his face and locked it. The marquis stood a few moments watching the door of his wife's room in perplexity and alarm, and then turned and slowly descended the stairs sighing heavily.
'I feel as if trouble were brooding over us,' he thought. 'Can that frightened, sorrowing woman be my bright, loving Ignatia? She looks as if she had suffered some great mental shock. Can her mind be suddenly unsettled? Or is there mystery in her sudden illness which I cannot guess?'
At the foot of the stairs Lord Thornhurst was met by a housemaid, who informed him that the chief keeper of the conservatory wanted to see him 'immediately and very particular.' The man was waiting in his lordship's private business office, and thither the marquis turned his steps.

Standing at the corner, he hailed a hansom cab, and gave his order.
'Printing-house-square.'
It was a long jolting ride, through streets more or less impeded by traffic; but Holm reached the grim square at last, and alighted, making his way to the Times office. He presented his advertisement at the proper office, but found to his dismay, that it could not appear in the paper under three days.
'Of course, the advertisement has got to appear in the Times,' he thought. 'All merchants take the Times, and the fellow would be sure to see it. I shall have to be patient, that's all.'
He procured the insertion of the 'personal' notice in the famous second column of the paper, and having paid for it took his leave.
'The fellow may be a radical, a red republican, or a pot-house brawler,' thought Holm, making his way back to his hansom. 'I shall have to insert the notice in a few of the penny papers of the various kinds a person of any of these characters would be apt to see. Jehu,' he added aloud, pausing by the side of the cab to address the driver, who sat perched up behind, wrapped in a coat with multitudinous capes, 'drive to Fleet-street and the Strand.'
'Yes sir,' said the driver, gathering up his reins.
Holm entered the cab, and continued his journey among the printing-offices. The Telegraph and three other dailies received his advertisement, promising insertion without the delay of the Times.
Well pleased with his day's work, Holm returned to his hotel.
The next day, having nothing to do, he set himself to learn the whereabouts and condition in life of his former friend and admirer, Ensign Todthely, who had sold out of his regiment and quitted Canada at about the same time Holm had sold his commission and begun a roving life upon the American continent.
Captain Holm only knew that his old friend had returned to England. A study of the manual of "County Families" revealed to him the fact that Todthely had succeeded to his father's estates in Dorset, and that he was unmarried. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, Holm wrote to his former friend, announcing his own return to England, and expressing a desire to hear from Todthely. He dispatched this letter, albeit with some fear that his old friend might have changed his mode of life, and become steady and quietly respectable.
'The week wore on. The advertisements from which Holm hoped so much were not answered. No pale clerk appeared at Chapley's Hotel, and demanded to see "D. H.," and learn "something to his advantage." Holm repeated the publication of the notice without effect. He began to despair, making up his mind that the clerk had emigrated, or that the girl and clerk, one or both, were dead.
He was sitting in his room one morning sulky despondent, and quite at his wit's end to know what to do next, when a thundering knock was heard at the door, and a man came boisterously into his room.
Holm arose angrily to resent the intrusion, when the man uttered a loud laugh, which Holm instantly recognized.
'Todthely, by all that's wonderful!' ejaculated Holm, springing forward and extending his hand.
Todthely grasped it with a force that brought tears to Holm's eyes.
'You've changed, Tod, since we parted,' said Holm, surveying his friend critically. 'But for that horse-laugh of yours, I shouldn't have known you. How are you, old boy? You've come into your property at last, eh? The old gentlemen can't cut you down on your allowance now-a-days, I understand?'
'No, indeed,' said Todthely, with another laugh. 'I am my own master now, Holm. Not a soul in the world—not even a wife—to hauper me. Glad to see you back. I heard you'd got shot out in America, and, by Jove! when I was up in Lincolnshire I told that grenadier of a Miss Jacob Redruth that you were done for at last. How has the world served you, my boy?'
'Nasty, as usual,' answered Holm. 'You seem to have all the luck. My governor cut me years ago—took my name out of his will, and all that you know. But I've fallen heir to a little property since I come back—a regular fine income; you understand—I can afford to snap my fingers at the Holm family. Have you turned "proper" Tod? You haven't put on your father's cant with his shoes, eh?'
'Not I,' declared Todthely, flushing as under an insult. 'Do I look like a Methodist?'
Holm could not say that he did. Todthely was a tall, florid man, nearly forty years old, with a round, ruddy face, and light coloured eyes. He was heavy in form and features;

not too quick of apprehension; fond of his table and his wine, given, as of old, to 'riotous living.' In Dorset, where he lived, he was known as the 'wild young squire.' He had been justice of the peace, and still held that office, unfit as he was for it. He was fond of following the hounds, was a skilful fox-hunter, and kept a yacht off the Dorset coast. He was a better at every race of note in England, and generally entered a horse at the minor races with a greater or lesser degree of success. People in Dorset said that he was doing his best to fritter away a fine estate. He was, in short, boisterous, rollicking, wild, and not at all troubled with scruples of conscience.
There is an old saying to the effect that a man who is given to laughter can never be a villain. Yet every rule has its exceptions. The greatest apologist for Tom Todthely could not deny, despite his boisterous laugh, that he had a capacity to become a villain of a decidedly ruffianly description.
'Sit down,' said Holm, proffering a chair. 'I'll ring for brandy. I suppose you enjoy life down in Dorset?'
'I manage to,' answered Todthely. 'I've got a young horse in training for Ascot—regular stunner. Perhaps you've heard of him. Name's Blue Jacket. No? What a bright-eyed region those Southern States of America must be! Blue Jacket is sure to win the cup this year. Nobody suspects his speed. Dark horse, you understand.'
Holm rang for brandy, and the two men spent hours in drinking and recalling the past.
It came out that Todthely had come up to London for the express purpose of taking back with him to his bachelor establishment his old friend. Holm could not go at once, desiring to keep his appointment with Lady Thornhurst and to win the thousand pounds offered him for an interview with Tessa, but he promised to run down into Dorset in a fortnight's time, and with this promise Todthely was forced to be content.
The Dorset squire remained in town a day or two, but fearing to leave his beloved "Blue Jacket" too long to the care of trainers, returned home, urging Holm to follow him as early as possible.
'Business before pleasure, soliloquized Holm, on being left again alone. 'Friendship must wait upon revenge. I've got a big game on hand, and although I am willing to amuse myself in the interludes, I must adhere to business.'
His advertisements having availed him nothing, he set to work to devise some new plan for discovering Tessa. Some two or three days in a state of chaos, and his mind was still in a state of chaos. At last the idea came to him to visit the inn at Plymouth, the address card of which Dennis had innocently given to Mrs. Kiggs in the stead of his own. He fancied that by turning over the books at the Plymouth inn, he might find the name and address of the London clerk who had befriended Tessa. He went down to Plymouth at once; but he found that the inn had been destroyed by fire some years before, and that the books and registers had been burned with it. Its proprietor had emigrated to Australia. Nothing remained but to journey back to London.
Two weeks passed, and still Holm sent no message to Lady Thornhurst to come up to town. He began to fear that, after all, he should be balked of his revenge. He grew nervous, irritable, desperate. It was about this time that he strolled into the Hay-market Theatre one evening, to lose his burning sense of disappointment in witnessing a new play. He sat out half the performance, and then arose between the acts, wearied and disgusted, and made his way out into the street. He paused at the entrance to the theatre, uncertain whether to return to the hotel or to take a stroll through the streets. In the midst of his uncertainty, his wandering gaze rested upon a group of unfortunate women, such as are accustomed to haunt the doors of theatres by night. Looking beyond these women, Captain Holm beheld, standing upon the sidewalk, a young girl with a basket of flowers upon her arm. She held in her hand two or three buttonhole bouquets, and as she met the captain's gaze, she held them out, soliciting his patronage. Holm walked slowly towards her, looking at her closely. She was about seventeen, if one might judge from her features, which were, however, half hidden in the shadow of a thin shawl, drawn tightly over her head, and pinned together on her breast. She was hopeless, and her garments were old and coarse, and hung in tatters. Her toes peeped through her worn shoes, of which latter the strings dangled upon the ground.
(To be continued.)
Make few promises.

back towards Cottingham. The wind still blew in strongly and with a salt odour from the sea. The air was heavy and moist, with a strange, penetrating chill, that made its way through all his rappings to the very bones of the traveller.
The gloom was barely light enough to permit Holm to see his way. In that portion of the road bordered on both sides by the woods of Thornhurst the darkness was almost impenetrable; but a mile or two farther on, where fields and meadows, separated from the highway by tall hedges, stretched on either hand, the dense gloom greatly lessened.
Holm walked on, swinging his arms, over the rough Yorkshire roads, passing now and then some pleasant country lane of which the December winds had stolen the brightness and verdure. Three hours of steady exertion brought him to Cottingham. It was then about ten o'clock, and Holm had no difficulty in finding an inn and securing a lodging for the night.
The next morning he departed by the train for London.
On arriving in town, he proceeded to a quiet hotel at the West-end, which he had formerly patronized, and settled himself into agreeable quarters.
His next movement was to begin a search for little Georgia, or Tessa, as he had chosen to name her.
The task was one of peculiar difficulty. Nine years had passed since the pale London clerk had rescued the child from the cruel hands of the repulsive Mrs. Kiggs, and not a trace or clue to his name or identity could be found. He might have emigrated to New Zealand, or some other distant British Colony. The girl, too, might have died; or she might have abandoned her protector, and gone out upon the world to earn her own living.
Holm made these reflections, in his pleasant chamber at his hotel, with a bottle of wine at his elbow, and a pipe and a jar of tobacco in front of him.
'I am sure I don't know which way to turn in looking for her,' he muttered. 'I don't like to employ a detective. I should have to pay out money no end to one of them, and get no good by it. I'll stake myself against any detective in the matter of sharpness and intuition. I outwitted them pretty well when I carried off the child fourteen years ago. Let me see. She must be seventeen now. Makes a fellow feel old to have a daughter of that age. I think as the clerk was no doubt an honest, plodding chap, I'll come out openly and advertise for him.'
He acted upon the idea. He rang his bell and ordered up writing materials. They were brought. Holm placed them upon a small table, which he wheeled up to the window, the day being gray and gloomy, like most winter days in London, and sat down pipe in mouth, to concoct an advertisement which should effect the object he desired, without betraying him to Colonel Redruth or Lady Thornhurst, should either chance to read the advertisement.
'I have no fist for this kind of business,' thought Holm, as he spoiled sheet after sheet of Batha letter paper. 'I'll get it to suit me before I give up the task. The difficulty is just here—to say enough and not to say too much. In this delicate affair I can't be too guarded.'
After nearly an hour's diligent labour, occasionally relieved by puffs of his pipe and sips from his wine bottle, he achieved what he considered a decided success. Withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, he read aloud the notice he had penned. It was brief, and to the following purport—
'If the London clerk who removed little Tessa from the Pig and Thistle nine years ago—in April, 1855, will send his address to D. H. Chapley's hotel, Piccadilly, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.'
Captain Holm studied this advertisement closely, and could find no flaw in it.
'Ignatia might read that and never think that it in any way interested her,' he thought. 'That was a good idea of mine—that of changing the child's name. Ignatia was insufferably insolent to tell me that day at Twickenham that she had named the child Georgia Redruth, after, as she expressed it, "an honorable man" the doughty, war-eyed Colonel, of course. No child of mine should be called Georgia Redruth, I can tell her. I preferred to give the child an odd, piquant little name by which I might know her if I met her at Spitzbergen. She is known as Tessa to day, and her name will, without doubt, assist in the identification. One may find a hundred Georgias where there is not a single Tessa.'
He put the notice he had written in his purse, after duplicating and re-duplicating it, and donned his top-coat and hat, seized an umbrella and made his way down into the street.

CHAPTER XXIX.
DORSET HOLM SETS TO WORK.
Captain Holm well pleased with the train he had laid for undermining the happiness of the Marquis and Marchioness of Thornhurst, leisurely pursued his journey through the gloom of the dark December night