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VOLUME 32. MILTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1892. NO. 8.

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The threshers are now starting out on their rounds. They will soon call at your house. How are your knives and forks and spoons? Have you plenty of them and they in good condition? Never ask a hungry thresher to eat with a knife, the handle of which is loose or broken. If you should do so you will never hear the end of it, and you don't deserve to. Knives and forks are not expensive and we have a full line of dessert sizes that would please any woman. Heretofore we have found objection taken to the large sizes of knives, and we have had made for us a full line of dessert sizes which are proving wonderfully popular. We offer six knives and sixforks as low as 65c per set, but our $1.25 ones are far the best value. White handled dessert knives, per set of 6 knives, only $1.50. Silver forks $2 per doz. Tea spoons 60c. per dcz. Silver table spoons 25c each. These silver goods are solid nickle silver and we guarantee every pair to always retain their white color. Carving knives and forks we have at all prices from 25c to $1.50 per pair. Examine our stock of table cutlery. We purpose making a great splash this fall on cutlery goods, and already the bulk of the stock to do it with has arrived. We buy all our cutlery stock direct from the makers in Sheffield, and there is no middleman profit between the maker and ourselves.

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A HIDDEN FOE

—BY—

G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "Gabriel Allen, M.P.," "The Plague Ship," etc., etc.

(Continued)

"Well, James, what success?" Mr. Ferris asked his son as he came into the office next morning.

"No success, sir. They have no documents of any description. Nothing beyond the bare word of the mother, who died in childbed, that she was ever married, except, of course, the official registration of the child's birth, in which the parents are described as married; but that, naturally, goes for nothing."

"Nothing whatever, James. Then there is an end to the business. I suppose that you have made an arrangement for an allowance and settlement? You did not suffer yourself and Clitheroe to be imposed upon, I hope?"

"I don't know that we have quite heard the end of it," the son said drily. "The young lady intends to undertake a search for the register of her mother's marriage. As to an allowance, she will hear nothing on the subject until she has given up all hope of success."

"Well, that will not be long," his father said confidently," for I consider it is morally certain that no such register exists; and in the second place, if it did exist the betting would be a hundred to one against her finding it—ay, a thousand to one. What is the girl like, and what are her surroundings?"

"She is a lady all over, father; carries herself well, with a little of the haughtiness of Mrs. Clitheroe; only she is graceful with it, and the old woman is not."

"Mrs. Clitheroe is my junior by ten years, James, you will please to remember."

"I beg your pardon, father, No one would think of calling you old; but Mrs. Clitheroe's stiffness and stateliness have always impressed me with the idea of her being very far off in point of age, as in everthing else. Well, this girl is very English, in spite of her having been brought up abroad, and speaks with the slightest possible accent. The people that she has been brought up by both speak English well. This, and I suppose her reading, accounts for it."

"Is she pretty, James?" Mr. Ferris asked, looking at his son fixedly. "I knew it was a mistake sending you over when there was a girl in question."

"It is a striking face," James said quietly. "In another year I should say it would be a beautiful one; it is a face that is at once tender and resolute."

"Mrs. Clitheroe is resolute enough," Mr. Ferris said drily, "but the element of tenderness is absent."

"Very much so," his son assented. "Yes, I should say equally resolute, but not in the same way. Mrs. Clitheroe has thin lips, tightly pressed together; this girl's lips are full and firm, but I think that there is a similarity in the squareness of their chins."

"You seem to have watched her pretty closely, James. I hope you have not been making a fool of yourself in any way."

"I hope not, sir," the son replied, beginning to open the pile of letters on his desk. "I think I have followed my instructions precisely."

"And you still believe," Mr. Ferris said sharply, "that there has been no marriage?"

"Yes, sir," James said, slowly. "I still think that there has been no marriage."

Among the letters James Ferris opened was one from Philip Clitheroe, saying that he should be at the Golden Cross Hotel for the next four days, and would be glad if he would look in when he returned, and tell him any news he had to give him as to the matter at St. Malo. At lunch time James Ferris said to his father that he would take a cab and drive down to see Philip, who would be returning to Bath the next day.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE TEMPLE.

Philip Clitheroe was in when James Ferris arrived.

"That is right," he said, as the young lawyer entered the coffee-room, where he was at lunch, "I was afraid you would not get back before I left. I called at your office yesterday, and your father told me that you had yourself gone over to St. Malo. It was awfully good of you. Sit down and have some lunch, and then you can tell me about it. There is nobody near enough to overhear us."

"There is not much to tell," Ferris said as he sat down. "As I anticipated, I found that they had no documents whatever—nothing that would afford the slightest clue as to the past."

Philip gave a little sigh of relief. He was willing and anxious to do everything that was fair and right; but the more he thought over it, the more he concluded that the loss of the inheritance would be a serious matter to him.

"Then is it all over?" he asked. "Did you arrange that other matter for me—about her allowance, and so on?"

"Well, no. Of course, I mentioned it; but naturally, at present they are not inclined to accept the fact that the marriage took place. They have nothing whatever to work upon, except the word of the mother. She said that she was married, and they are convinced that she was so. The daughter believes it passionately, and intends to devote herself to the search for the register of marriage. Not so much, she says, for the sake of the inheritance, but for the honor of her dead mother. Till she gives up that search as hopeless, she will accept nothing from you; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, Philip, it will be a long time before that event occurs."

"I am awfully sorry," Philip Clitheroe said, "awfully sorry. Marriage or no marriage, she is my uncle's daughter, and has a fair right to his unentailed property; it is a horribly nasty thing to feel that you are wronging a woman."

"Well, you cannot call it wronging," James Ferris remonstrated. "She has no legal rights in the matter."

"But she has natural rights, Ferris. We may take it as certain that however my uncle acted towards her mother and herself, he would, had he left a will, have provided for her amply. His sudden death prevented that, and she must let me set this matter right, or her friends must for her, which comes to the same thing. What sort of a girl is she?" he asked.

"She is a lady, English in appearance; the people who have brought her up have taken every pains with her; both speak English well, the woman, Madame Duport, is a Jersey woman who has lived a long time in England; and her husband was a teacher of French in London and is now a professor of English. They have had, I fancy, a handsome allowance with her; anyhow she has been at a good school. She carries herself well, and in another year will be remarkably good looking, in a quiet style; she has soft eyes, an honest, earnest expression, and a resolute mouth. If I thought there was register of this marriage in existence I should say that she is just the woman to find it."

"Confound it," Philip said, irritably, "you make one feel a bigger rogue than one did before. If it had been a flighty little French woman one would not have minded it so much, but being a girl such as you describe, it seems horrible. I only want to do what is right, you know, and upon my word I will help her in any way I can to prove her rights."

"If she has rights, I do not doubt you would," James Ferris said. "I can assure you that if I had not been situated as I am, I should have felt inclined to place myself at her service, although I am sure that nothing but disappointment can come of it. Being, of course, in opposition, as solicitor to the estate, that is out of the question. However, as I did not wish her to fall into bad hands, who would swallow up any little money she may have, and do nothing, I have recommended her to go to a friend of mine, Robert Harbut, who will certainly give her good advice and see at any rate that she is not swindled."

"I would give a very large share of the property to put things right," Philip said. "However, as far as I can see there is nothing to be done at present."

"There is one point upon which you may possibly be able to give me some information."

"What is it?"

"The name of the girl's mother was Constance Purcell; do you know any such name in your part of the country?"

"No," Philip said, "but it is possible there may be such a name among the farmers or people within a few miles of the Court."

"I think that it would be as well for you to make inquiries, Philip. Of course, we do not know that she came from that part of the country, still it is likely enough, and if one did but know their position in life, the character she bore and the reports that were current when she went away some eighteen years ago, it might turn out useful. I should say that is the point at which they will begin to look for a clue. At any rate that is where I should look myself if I had the matter in hand."

"I will make a point of doing so," Philip replied. "I will just note the name down in my pocket-book, for I never can remember a name for five minutes. I suppose you still think I had better keep the matter from my mother?"

"I do not see that anything is to be gained by telling her, it would naturally be a great worry to her, and unless the girl is successful in her search, which, as I have told you over and over again, I consider to be unlikely in the extreme, there is no reason why she should ever hear."

"I am glad you think so, Ferris. It is bad enough having to bear such a bit of business on one's own shoulder, but you, who know my mother, will understand that it would be still more heavy if she knew it. You know her ideas about the family, and I do not think she would see this thing in the same light that I do."

"No, I should think not," young Ferris said drily. "I should say that even when the search is given up, and you are able to persuade the girl to accept a settlement, the matter had much better be kept entirely among ourselves."

A week later Constance Corbyn and Madame Duport arrived in London, and took modest lodgings in Pimlico. The first two days after their arrival were devoted to sight-seeing, Madame Duport taking great pride in her knowledge of the capital. She took Constance long journeys in omnibuses, her object being chiefly for the girl to see the magnitude of the task she had undertaken, which, although she had said no word to discourage her, Madame Duport in her secret heart believed to be absolutely hopeless.

Constance was not discouraged, although she certainly felt, far more than she had done before, the enormous difficulties of her search. She had heard of London as a great city, and knew that it was many times as large as St. Malo, but until she saw it she had been unable to form even a remote idea of its immensity.

"It is enormous, it is oppressive, Annette," she said when, on the evening of the second day, they returned to their lodgings, "that view from the top of St. Paul's made my heart sink for a minute as I looked at that wilderness of houses stretching away everywhere as far as I could see, and the steeples and towers were countless.

"However, the sooner one begins, you know, the sooner one will get it done. To-morrow morning we will go to this Mr. Harbut and learn from him what is the best way of setting about it; he lives in the Temple. What a funny name for a street."

"It is not a street, Constance; it is a collection of narrow lanes, with a big square or two, and all the houses are full of lawyers."

"It does not seem a pleasant idea," the girl said, with a little shudder; "it is something like one reads in the book of fairy tales of entering a castle full of ogres."

"But you did not think Monsieur Ferris an ogre, *ma petite*."

"No, he was nice, and not a bit like the lawyers one reads of in books."

"I do not suppose Mr. Harbut will be like them either, for Mr. Ferris spoke of him as a friend and as a young man. Well, we shall see to-morrow."

"What a curious place," Constance said, as they climbed to the third floor of a house in Pump Court. "What curious old stairs, and these black doors with the names over them. Well, here we are, there is his name and another name too. Are they partners I wonder?"

Madame Duport shook her head, her knowledge of London did not extend to the Temple and its ways.

"We shall soon see," she said, and taking the knocker she executed a knock similar to that which she was accustomed to hear on her mistress' door. A lad of about sixteen, with his hair cut very short, and his eyes opened in astonishment at the nature of the summons, appeared at the door. Such a knock had never been heard before on the third story of Pump Court.

"Mr. Harbut lives here, does he not?" Madame Duport said.

"Well, these are his chambers," the boy said. "As to his living here he may or he may not. I should say that you had better ask him about that when you see him. I hardly know myself. You take a fellow's breath away knocking like that."

"It is the knock a lady always gives," Madame Duport said sternly, while Constance, who had herself been startled at the portentious length and variety of her companion's knock, could not help smiling.

"Is Mr. Harbut in at present?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, at least I will see if he is in," the lad said more respectfully as he looked at her for the first time, his eyes having before only been on Madame Duport, whom he recognized as being a foreigner. "What name shall I say?"

"Madame Duport and Miss Corbyn."

"It is curious the boy not knowing whether Mr. Harbut is in or not," Constance said to Madame Duport as the lad disappeared down a passage, leaving the door open. "It seems a small place; how could it be that he does not know whether the gentleman is in?"

"He knows," Madame Duport replied; "that is his way of saying that he doesn't know whether Mr. Harbut will see you or not."

In a moment the lad returned.

"Mr. Harbut will see you; please to walk in."

His manner was much more respectful than before, but Constance detected a grin of amusement on his face as he led the way up the passage and opened a door. It was a small room uncarpeted, with book shelves all round it, a large writing table, and two chairs—one of which was also piled with books—besides that on which a gentleman was seated at the table. Constance looked at him with an astonishment so great that she paused for a moment at the door. He was rather a short man with a large pair of spectacles, through which his eyes seemed to stare out. How he was dressed or what he was otherwise like Constance did not at the moment know. Her gaze was rivetted on his head. Never in her life had she seen such extraordinary hair. To begin with, it was almost white; on the top it seemed to stand straight up, and then there were four regular stiff curls that went right round the head. As he rose she saw there were two little stiff pigtails down the back, and a black patch in the very centre of the scalp. A moment later she perceived that this extraordinary head-gear was a wig, and that it was considerably awry. Surely this must be a madman. No one in his senses could wear such an astonishing wig. She glanced nervously at Madame Duport, but saw to her surprise that she was unmoved at the spectacle.

"I am glad to see you, ladies," he said, in a short and business-like manner, "pray sit down. Oh, there is nowhere to sit, I see, please take this chair," and he pushed the one on which he had been sitting towards Constance. "I don't often have two visitors together," he went on. "Ferris has told me all about your case; glad to do anything I can to help you. Not very busy, you see, worse luck, now; let me hear your ideas," and tumbling the books off the third chair with a crash on to the floor, he again seated himself behind the table, dipped a pen into the ink and prepared to take notes. "One moment, if you will excuse me," he said, touching a bell upon the table. Then the clerk entered and received some orders as to papers that had to be taken over to a solicitor. The lad then stepped up to Mr. Harbut and whispered something in his ear.

"Wig!" the latter exclaimed in surprise, "bless me I had quite forgotten I had it on. I was just going to the court when you were announced, Madame Duport, and put my wig on you see, and had just taken up my gown. I threw that down and forgot all about the wig," and he removed the article that had excited such surprise in the mind of Constance Corbyn, and after looking round and seeing no place available for it, threw it into the waste paper basket. He then took off his spectacles and laid them on the table beside him. Constance now perceived that his wig formed a portion of a legal outfit, and was relieved from the apprehension that she had at first entertained as to the sanity of the gentleman upon whose advice she would have so much to depend. He now appeared to her a young, indeed a rather boyish looking personage, with short cut but rather wavy hair on his head, and a smooth face characterized by an expression of fun and humor.

"Let me see. Yes, this is the outline of the case my friend, James Ferris, has given me. 'Mr. and Mrs. Corbyn arrived at St. Malo in September, 1850, took up abode at Madame Duport's; two months later daughter Constance was born. Registered at Mairie as daughter of Algernon Corbyn and Constance Corbyn, *nee* Constance Purcell. Mother died a few days after birth of child. Mr. Corbyn left daughter in charge of Madame Duport; was in the habit of coming over once a year to see her. Made allowance for her maintenance and education. Upon no occasion spoke to her about her mother. Upon the occasion of last visit said that he should probably when he next came take her away and place her at the head of his establishment. No papers or documents of any kind in the possession of Madame Duport or Miss Corbyn. Madame Duport states that in conversation with Constance Corbyn, senior, that lady alluded to her marriage, and Madame Duport is convinced that such marriage had taken place.'

"Now those are the notes, Miss Corbyn, that I took when my friend, James Ferris, told me the story. Now before you begin I wish to tell you that my position in this case is irregular. The legal profession of this country is divided into two parts: the one consists of solicitors, whose business it is, among other things, to work up cases, investigate deeds, and so on; they submit these cases for the opinion of men belonging to the other branch of the profession, who are called counsel or barristers. They take the case as handed to them by the solicitor, get up precedents, and argue the case in court; they only work, you see, when set in motion by the solicitors, and it is entirely opposed to the etiquette of the profession that they should be in direct communication with their clients. Thus if I am to do anything to help you in this matter, which I can assure you I desire to do, partly because I feel flattered that Ferris has had the acumen to select me for the business; secondly, because I regard it as an extremely interesting case; and in the third place, if you will permit me to say so, because now that I have the pleasure of seeing you, Miss Corbyn, I feel that we shall work satisfactorily together."

"That is French, rather than English, is it not?" Constance asked, with a little smile.

"Well, yes, I suppose it is, Miss Corbyn, but it occurred to me at the time, and I generally say what I think. The pith of what I am getting to is this. You see, according to the rules of my profession, this is not the business that a barrister can undertake for a client, and therefore if you, after thinking the matter over, agree to put it in my hands rather than those of a solicitor, it is absolutely necessary that you should not stand in the position of a client of a client but of a friend. Do you understand?"

"But do you mean, sir," Constance said, after a pause, "that you are to"—and she hesitated—"receive no payment for your professional services?"

"That is exactly what I mean, Miss Corbyn," Mr. Harbut replied, briskly. "You see I could not take payment for [illegible]; it would be unprofessional such wo[illegible] ight be complained of, altogether. I m[illegible] "sorts of hideous disbarred, and suffer s[illegible] onduct," penalties for unprofessional [illegible] "that we could anyhow——" and she looked appealingly at Madame Duport.

"But we have funds to meet all expenses, monsieur," Annette said; "we have come to England prepared to spend money."

"No doubt, and you will have to spend money, and that pretty freely, before you have done, madame," Robert Harbut replied. "You will want every halfpenny you have got, you can take my word for it. Of course, if you would rather go to a solicitor and spend on him a good slice of the money that might be much more usefully spent in other directions you can do so, but in that case I am bound to say that I consider the very high opinion that Ferris expressed to me of Miss Corbyn's good sense will be by no means justified."

"But I do not see how we could possibly accept such a service at the hands of a stranger," Constance said, hesitatingly.

"Well, I shall be disappointed if you do not, Miss Corbyn. Ferris knows that so far the solicitors of this metropolis are not impressed as they might be with my talents, and therefore ler ye me so severely alone in the matte of briefs that I have plenty of spare time on my hand. In the second place he knew that I rather pride myself on seeing further into a stone wall than other people, and that it would be a matter of great interest and pleasure to me to aid you in ferreting out this case. I can assure you that I have no ulterior views, that I shall neither delude you into signing a bond in my favor, or shall expect you, in the event of your recovering your property, to reward me with your hand, being, in fact, otherwise engaged," and he broke into a merry laugh, in which Constance joined.

"Well, madame, what do you think? It seems to me that it would be foolish to refuse this extremely kind offer which Mr. Harbut is good enough to make us.

"It is for you to decide, my dear," Annette said, cautiously. "You know I only came over here to take care of you, it is your expedition altogether."

"Well, then, I accept, sir," Constance said, and feel very grateful to you for your kindness."

"That is settled then. Now let us go straight to business. You have nothing to add to what Ferris has told me?"

"Nothing: that is as far as I can see the exact state of the case."

"Well, I have, of course, been thinking it over since Ferris told me the story, and perceive that it is difficult task that is before us."

"Is it wrong for me to ask what you really think of my chances, Mr. Harbut?"

"As we are working as friends, Miss Corbyn, you can ask exactly what you please, and I will answer to the best of my power. I believe that Ferris told you frankly that he did not think that there had been a marriage; in fact that he is of opinion that the chances are very strong indeed against it. Now I admit at once that as he had the advantage of some knowledge of Mr. Corbyn's character, while I only know by what he has told me about it, his opinion in the matter is of more value than my own; but on thinking the matter over in every light I am bound to say that I regard the chances as far more favorable than he does, and that I think it more probable than not that there was a marrriage."

Constance gave a little exclamation of thankfulness and pleasure. It was an intense satisfaction to her that an unprejudiced person should see the matter in the same light that she did, and especially that she should not be working with one, who, although ready to give her every assistance, regarded the mission upon which she was engaged as an altogether utopian one. She was not aware that James Ferris had said to his friend, "above all things, Robert, you must lead the girl to believe that you think her claim to be a just one. If you don't she will never listen to your advice, and will end by putting herself into the hands of some shark, who will flatter her up with false hopes and fleece her until her last penny has gone. You would not dissuade her from her search by throwing cold water upon it. You would simply throw her into other hands."

With this Robert Harbut had agreed, but thinking the case over he found that he could, without straining his conscience, take that view of the matter. "Of course the matter turns very much upon Mr. Corbyn's character, and you will excuse me if I pain you in discussing it freely, but it is absolutely necessary to do so to get a fair view of the case."

"I will tell you his character," Madame Duport said. "All these years that I have taken charge of the child, I have watched him, for I liked not this position in which he kept her, although I benefited from. He was a man who thought himself to be strong, because he was accustomed to have his own way, but who at heart was weak. He was a man who thought of himself and his position more than he did of his daughter. I think he meant well, but he was weak and shrank from sacrifice; he was kind to Constance when he was with her, but that, I think, was not because he loved her, but because his visits were more agreeable to him if she were pleased and gratified than they would have been otherwise."

(To be continued.)

The British Mission has been instructed by Lord Salisbury not to withdraw from Morocco.

An unsuccessfull attempt has been made to blow up the Carnegie mills in Pittsburg by turning on the natural gas.