VOLUME 40.

CANADIAN CHAMPION

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

At the Office of Publication.

Office -- Dewar's Block, Milton.

Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.
Office: Town Hall, Milton

office--- Dewar's Block, Main-st

Solicitor, Notary Public. Office-

Office-Booth's Block.

C. E. Hallinrake, B.A.,

William I. Dick.

The treatmen r

rs in Gold.

William Jones now evinced increas-

stretched hands.

Introduces William Jones and his

venient stone, or piece of rock, and garded her with increasing admira- figure rose up in bed, disclosing the find her, and reward me for bringin' claimed. For over half a cen- resting her elbows on her knees her tion. chin in her hands, looked for some Freed from the incumbrance of her man, who wore a red cotton night- allus tell her." minutes at vacancy. At last she jacket, she now pulled away with easy cap, and whose hair and beard were Standard hair prepara- rose, flushing warmly, and murmur- grace and skill. Further and furth- as white as snow. ing something to herself.

"His hands are as white as a lady's, a couple of miles away. Suddenly around him. said I was as pretty as my picture." to stop, and stood up in the boat to seizing him and shaking him again. I can only guess at the train of rea. reconneitre. soming which led to this soliloguy, and The object at which he had been "William? Is it my son William?" "You've no right to think," thunexpress my opinion that Matt had gazing so long was now clearly visible returned the old man, peering out inwell-developed ideas on the subject It consisted of something black, float- to the darkness. of the sexes. True, she was not above ing on a glassy stretch of water, and "Yes, father. Look ye now, you was sixteen, and had little or no experi- surrounded by fragments of ence of men, none at all of men who scum or foam; it was to all appear- was. A good thing no one heerd you were both young and good- looking ance motionless, but was, in reality, but your son William. Some o these Nevertheless, she was not insensible drifting wearily shoreward on of the charms of a white hand, and flowing tide. other tokens of masculine refinement ing excitement, and urged his com By a natural sequence of ideas, she panion to hurry quickly forward

was lead to stretch out her own right which she did, putting out all he hand and look at it critically. It was strength in a series of rapid very brown, and covered with, huge powerful strokes. Another quarter golden freckles. The inspection not be. an hour brought them to the spo ing altogether satisfactory she thrust where the object was floating her hands irritably into the Trembling with eagerness, the pockets of her jacket and walked on leaned over the bout's side with out Presently she left the road consisting of only one plank, support. away with a curious gesture of dread chirping, and flew along out of sight | water's edge. "Too early for them. watches and cheens, and, more'n that, "come here." low-water skirting the sand, at high. Lean tother way! So there -look as a walnut; but when I tried to pull water, the sea. The first house she out!" reached was a wooden life-boat house. As he spoke he struggled with some. I pulled out my leetle knife to cut lying down in a creek! and it being thing in the water, and at last, with the finger off, and put it in my poc-

bove the house was a flag-staff, and and saw that it was a small, flat, dream!" beneath the flag-staff a wooden seat. wooden trunk, covered with pieces of William Jones had listened with ill- "Tell me one thing." All was very still and desolate, with slimy weed. Floating near it were disguised interest to the early part out a sign of life; but a little furth- several pieces of splintered wood of this speech, but, on its conclusion, and I told him I hadn't got none. er along the road was a row of tot- which seemed to have formed part of he gave another grunt of undissemtages which see ed inhabitated and a boat. These, too, William secured, bled disgust. were, in fact, the abodes of the coast. and threw down on the footboard be- "Well, you're awake now, old un; "So," he said, "poking and prying Matt proceeded on her way until she "It's a box, that's what it is," cried home. Look sharp, and get a light.' much. He's a scoundrelly vagareached what, at first sight, looked Matt.

Thereupon the old man who was bounded with the sight of the state like the beginning of a village, or each side of the road, some of them now. I misdoubt there's nowt inside, from the bed, and began fumbling taking no notice of her interruption, several stories high; but still there or mayhap it would have sunk. How- about the room. He soon found what "I want you to promise me somesomever, we'll see!" was no sign of any human soul. Suddenly, however, the street came to an end, and Matt found herself on a sort of rocky platform overlooking the seal and on this platform, shading his eyes from the blazing sun, and looking out seaward, was a solitary man. So intent was be on his occupation that he was unconscious of Matt's apbiscuits, and half a bottle of some,

side. He turned his eyes upon her for back into the box with gestures of would have been good-humored for its expression of extreme watchwhich he uncorked and applied to his blue, but very small and keen; the forehead low and narrow; the hair pilot-jacket, ornamented with brass buttons which bord the insignia of Her pull back to shore. Majesty's naval service. thoughtfully, and mused aloud Presently, without turning his ever again from the far distance, the man

We'll sell you a good watch, and warrant it from five to twenty years, and give time in which to pay poke in a husky, far-away whisper for it. Will you come and "Matt, do you see summat out you Matt straimed her gaze through the dazzling sunlight, but failed to discern any object on the light expanse of

Milton, Ont. again."

if it is summat, I'll gie thee tup-pence smelling about." "What's this Matt? What are you The girl was at a loss how to reply.

dress to her times turked up her water in the bottom of the boat. William James followed, and pushed off water the fact that accident his hards. Calm as the water was a heavy shortward was, there was a heavy shortward one eye, and that the beautiful red corner of the room; then William pelled to array herself as she was accustomed to had no solution. She said no more was on her erratic pilgrimages every day.

Her face grew cloudy; she hunted worth unraveling if I could only find one eye, and that the beautiful red corner of the room; then William pelled to array herself as she best on the lay, if I but knew how to make the middle out to be the sound of the chamber. The said no solution. She said no more was on her erratic pilgrimages every day.

Her face grew cloudy; she hunted all round the chamber, but, finding worth unraveling if I could only find the key. Query, is the young person the lay, if I but knew how to make the middle out the most of the solution. She said no more was on her erratic pilgrimages every day.

Her face grew cloudy; she hunted all round the chamber, but, finding that she sought, she was completed to array herself as she best on the lay, if I but knew how to make the middle of the shear the complexion and jet black hair she had Jones hurried the whole party back could. once possessed had been entirely wash- into the kitchen. ed away by the action of the elements, The men seated themselves on sat with that worthy at a hermit's into communication with her. But it leaving her all over of a leperous benches; but Matt moved about the breakfast of dry bread and whey, would be useless to key the case bepallor. The rest of the building, as room to get a light. The light as "where's my Sunday clothes?" almost I have suggested, was of smister well as everything else, was a living William Jones fidgeted a bit, then is quite unconscious of it herself." the light blackness, though here and there it illustration of the meanness of Wil- he said: was sprinkled with wet sea-sand. liam Jones. It consisted, not of To this cottage William Jones ran candle, but of a long rush, which had find em. Look ye, now, Matt, you'd tather nor mother, nor any belong. Crouching in the stern of the beat, with his treasure- trove, and, enter- been gathered from the marshes ing in without ceremony, found him- Matt, and atterward dried and dipped than runnin' about after a painter hills and on the far-off sea is too Pray who was your informant; both hands, and gazed intently on self in almost total darkness; for the in grease by William Jones. They who was your informant; both hands, and gased intently on light which crept through the black- lighted it and fixed it in a little iron morning, and I seen heaps o' wood and you, if you are in the mood, shall best not some of it afore That name again. It was become rapid motion to guide the girl in the only just sufficient to make darkness the purpose, and which was attached night!" bear. From the first moment of my "Pull away, Matt." said the man, character, having in addition to a work was finished, she threw off her arrival I had heard no other, and I not looking at her. "You ain't tired cat's predatory instincts, something hat and jacket, retired to the further of a cat's power of vision, clearly end of the hearth, and sat down on after he had disappeared Matt issued With a long-drawn breath Matt discerned everything in the chamber the floor. drew in the oars, and, swift as be just entered-a rude, stone- pavthought, peeled off her lacket and ed kitchen, with an open fireplace Monk had been watching her gloomthrew off her hat, leaving her head and no grate, black rafters over- ily; and he had been watched in his

OF FATHON IN THE DINGER

Skirting the lake upon the left sleeves. So Matt's shoulders and Setting down the trunk on the floor shore. Why, her own friends wouldhand, and still having the ocean of arms were perfectly bare, and very he marched right over to the bed, n't know her!" sand-hills upon her right, she grad- white they looked in contrast with and uncermoniously shook the indi- Mr. Monk started and frowned. tor, had he been by, would have face, and her warm brown neck. Her covered to be a man, muttering in a friends?" in other words, Matt had fallen into a arms beautifully molded. Altogether, bent down and cried lustily in his ear: all drowned in the ship what her friend the painter, could be have "Wreck! wreck ashore!" Presently she sat down upon a con- seen her just then, would have re- The effect was instantaneous. The somewheer. Mayhap some day they'll

head and shoulders of a very old her up a good gal- that's what I er the boat receded from the shore, "Eh? Wheer? Wheer?" he cried, in "Then you're a fool for your The something was to this effect: till the promontory they had left was a shrill treble, looking vacantly The girl's got no friends— haven't I told you that before?"

"It's me, William Jones." loose a-talking again in your sleep, you

look ye now, I think-"

said, "to have on that frock?"

Matt shook her head.

"A lot o' things."

Matt shook her head.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"You mean you don't like me?"

me, Matt, for I've been a good friend

"Don't know. That's telling."

shrunk away.

black as night.

"And what has he said to you?"

Mr. Monk's face once more

"He asked me who my mother was,

"To be took?" repeated Monk.

days you'll be letting summat out you will, if you go on like this." The old man shook his head feeb'y. then, clasping his hands together in likeness took. There be a painter be silly, child; tell me what's

Yes, William, I was a-dreaming. It was curious to note the changes gorgeous Sunday clothes? Oh. it was such a heavingly dream! in Mr. Monk's face. At first he tried | "Didn't I tell you? -they're lockwas a-standing on the shore, Wil- to appear amiable; then his face grad- ed up." liam, and it was a-blowing hard from ually darkened into a look of angry "Indeed?" the east, and all at once I see a suspicion. Matt never once with- "Yes, William Jones done it 'cause ship as big as an Indiaman, come in drew her eyes from him - his very he told him. He don't want me to As he did so, Matt turned her head wi all sail set, and go ashore; and I presence seemed to arouse all that come here and be took." narrow and rudely-made road which Sunday's tide. They're down at the gold; and one on 'em-a lady, William slowly from her seat and went wound along the rocky promontory, at bottom now and ain't yet rose. Easy! - had a bright diamond ring, as big luctantly to his side. "Do you know who this painter is?" it off, it wouldn't come; and just as

then low tide, at some distance from an effort which almost capsized the ket, you shook me, William and woke the water's edge. On the roadside a- boat, pulled it in. Matt looked now me up. Oh, it was a heavingly

"It's a box, surely," said Jones. fully dressed, in a pair of old woolen | "No, he am't," said Matt, bluntly. "And it's locked, too. And, look ye trousers and a guernsey, slipped he wanted—a box of matches and a thing." After an unavailing effort to force rude, home-made candle, fashioned of "What is it?" it open with his hands, he drew forth a long, course reed dipped in sheep's a large claspknife, worked away at the tallow; but, owing to the fact that lock, and tried to force open the lid, he was exceedingly feeble and tremuwhich soon yielded to his efforts, as lous, he was so long in lighting up, I shall go. My likeness ain't took she said. the action of the salt water had al- that his gentle son grew impatient, yet - he takes a time, he does. I'm ready begun to rot the wood. On being "Here, give 'un to me!" said Wil- going to put them things on to-morthus opened the box was found to Ham. "You're wasting them matches row and be took again." shirts, an old newspaper, two or three father you are, and no mistake." The candle being lighted and burn-

After examining these articles one the old man of what he had found one William Jones threw them In a moment the latter was down on his knees, opening the box. greedily examining its contents. But filliam pushed him impatiently away and nodding at Matt. Then, recork hold the light while I carry the box "All right, William dear-all right."

ing with a feeble flame, he informed

The two men- one holding light and the other carrying "Night before last it blew half, a trunk - passed through a door at the means to appreciate the honor; as his jected her, she began to violently rul gale from the southard. This here box back of the kitchen and entered an lips touched her cheeks she shivered, her cheek again. chamber. This chamber, too, and when he released her she began Ireland. May be it was a big ship contained a window, which was so rubbing at the place as if to wipe the you? as was lost; them planks was part of blocked up, however, by lumber entered. Piled up in great confusion taking William Jones with him. Ten

a wessel's long-boat. More's coming il were old sacks, some partly the wind don't come up from the nor some empty, coils of rope, broken alone. "Look ye now," continued the man rard. The moon's full to-night and oars, broken tragments of ships "it may be drifting weed, or it may to-morrow. I'll tell the old 'un and planks, rotten and barnacled, a small keep a sharp lookout off the Caldron boat's rudder, dirty sails, several oilskin coats, bits of iron ballast, and Matt rowed on steadily until they other flotsam and jetsam. But in

> Placing the box down, William "Mr. Monk seems uncommon fond Matt reflected for a moment, then "It's summat, but it ain't much," she reolied: husky whisper, "and bring them bits ashore. If they did, though it would- "Well, I dunno; 'cause he is, I sup-

the footsteps of Matt, who, on quit. Now, the silk grown she wore had lean pieces of bacon, a couple of at his work. The fact was he had small tray, some biscuits and a coubered road in the direction of the sea had been cut low, and had short where a human figure was reposing. when you found her down on the scanning the prospect on every wally slackened her pace. A specta her sun-freckled hands, her sunburnt vidual lying upon it, whom he dis- "Her friends?" he said - "what put a few touches to the portrait. little glass on high. doubtless observed that the change bust was as yet undeveloped, but her heavy sleep. Finding that he did "Why, them as owns her," continu- approach Matt crept up quietly bewas owing to maiden meditation; that, neck and shoulders were time, and her not wake with shaking William Jones. "It they wasn't hind him and took a popp at the pic-

Her black eyes dilated with pleasure confusion to your enemies!" she came ashore from, they must be "So that's what you always tell her, painting. Monk, grimly. She made no movement and no fur- To the sand-hills, they wended their be good enough to step round that I well, and which soon brough them when he pulls off them gloves, and he William Jones made a sign to the girl "Wake up, old 'un!" said William, "Certainty you have, Mr. Monk," may continue my work. I am longing to the narrow foot-path beyond. returned William Jones, meekly; "but to refresh my memory with a sight During the walk she was singularly of your face, Matt!" dered Monk; "you're not paid for "they're locked up!"

thinking; you're paid for keeping the "Eh -what's locked up -my mem- session of his brain. girl, and what more do you want? ory or your face?" his voice stopped her. "Yes." returned Matt: "to have my "Come here, Matt," he said. "Don't a kind of rapture, he looked at his chap here that lives in a cart; he's matter, and - why, what has become of your resplendent raiment - your

looked round, Wiliam dear, and there was bad in her; and she glared at "Oh! Tell you what it is, Matt. we paused, and, seeing a red-legged sand. esked, not looking at him, "It isn't and, when she broke up, I see gold much the same manner as a shaggy them. For the present this picture piper running about on the edge of —you know —one o' them?"

and silver and jewels come washing terrier puppy might gaze at a bull shall be put aside. If in a day or the water just below her, made a "No, it ain't," replied the man, ashore just like floating weeds, and which it would fain attack, but fear- so you can again don your Sunday railey the way. I forgot to ask you, is gesture like a boy's throwing a stone leaning over the side of the coble, and the drownded, every one of 'em, had ed on account of its superior strength. ment, and sit to me again in them the afternant."

"Yes, tilling the fields or fishing. The way, I forgot to ask you, is the drownded, every one of 'em, had ed on account of its superior strength. ment, and sit to me again in them the afternant." whereon the sand-piper sprung up tilting the gunwale almost to the rings on their fingers, and gold "Matt," said Mr. Monk again, —if not, I dare say I shall be able to finish the dress from memory. That a wrecker, he is!" In due time she came out upon a Mart. If they comes, it won't be till that their hands were full of shining. This time she obeyed; she rose portrait I shall give to you. In the re-meantime, as I want one for myself, I will paint you as you are. Do you Matt nodded her head vigorously. "Very well," said Brinkley. "Then be practicing some wild joke. Ho "How many "times have you seen we will get on." He removed from his easel and care- he, had always believed that they fully covered the portrait upon which were a species of humanity which had he had been working. Then he put belonged to past centuries.

up a fresh cardboard, and sat down, "That sea don't look ugly, do it?" inviting Matt to do the same. day clothes, the girl's stiffness seem- where the ships split on; then they ed to have disappeared also, and she | go all to pieces and the things come became again a veritable child of ashore." Nature. She looked like a shaggy "And what becomes of all the mountain- side, as she threw herself "Some of 'em's stole, and some of alternately the prospect and the folk was wreckers, like "Not to go near that painter again!" painter's face. Presently she spoke: "Sha'n't promise, she said, "'cause "He says you're a pryin' scoundrel," in the sand-hills Brinkley looked up and smiled.

"Who is he. Matt ?" "Mr. Monk," she replied, and gave and turn it into money?" contain only a comple of coarse lines just as if they cost nowt. A precious For a moment the light is his eyes a jerk with her head in the direction "Why? 'Cause them sand- his is looked dangerous, then he smiled and of Monkshurst. And when, may I ask, did he born was poor? you with his opinion of me?" "Last night, when he come to ser! William Jones. He said I wasn' be took no more, 'cause you was scoundrel poking and prying."

Brinkley began to whistle, and went on for a while vigorously touching his work. Then he looked up and So anxious did he seem to impress garded the girl curiously "Mr. Monk seems to be very much interested in you, Matt?' Mr. Monk then left the cottage, when full minutes later William Jones returned why doesn't he keep you?"

> lightly, and working away vigorously Matt, with his brush. Presently the con versation began again.

only turned away sullenly and shrug- anything was found with you which ested. might lead to your finding your rehe ought to know; and since you have back along the shore. kind of Mr. Monk to keep you, in- "To William Jones?"

> "perhaps I have done my equestrian Jones cottage. able exterior belies his real nature be the painter!" less -like you for instance."

No. 51.

he at length sat down and began to then, looking at Matt, he held the

wise. Here, take the milk and drink "Oh, ain't it beautiful!" she ex- Matt took the glass of mik and drank it down, while Brinkley hast-"So you have come at last," said ened to dilute and dispose of the oth-Brinkley quietly, going on with his er. Then he gave some orders to Tim and they started off. way. Having gained them, they for-"Perhaps, now you have come, you'll lowed a route which Matt knew ful si'ent, and Brinkley seemed to be "Well, you can't," said Matt; busily trying to work our some abstruse problem which had taken por-When they had followed the foot-Matt," he continued, in a solter tone, It was clear Matt could not appre- path for some distance and had ciate banter. She saw him smile, and gained the greensward on the top of "Where have you been to-day," he guessed that he was laughing at her, the cliffs, the young man threw and her face grew black and mutin- himself upon the grass and invited ous. She would have slunk off, but Matt to do the same. It was very pleasant there, soothing both to the "Do you see that house standing all by itself, close to shore?" Siil Matt. pointing to the cottage where she lived. "That belongs to William Jones. And, look ye now, there be William Jones on the rocks!" Looking down, Brinkley beheld a flaure moving along the rocks, just where the water touched the edge "Very lazy of William Jones," he said. "Why isn't he at work?"

> "A what?" excraimed Brink ey. "A wrecker," continued Matt. as if wrecking was the most natural cocupation in the world. Brink by looked at her, imagining that she must had certainly heard of wreckers, but she continued, pointing at the ocean. With the disappearance of the Sun- "But it is; there's rocks our there,

on the ground in an attitude which 'em's took by the coast- guards. They "Matt, my girl," said Mr. Monk, was an picture squeness and scalety. Then, with her plump, sunburnt hand there's lots o' things - go'd and silshe began to carelessly pull up the ver-hid among them sand-hile. Digrass, while her black eyes searched fore the coast- guards come the Jones, and they used to get what come ashore and they used to hit it Then, if that is the case, why don't they take the treasure up

"I always thought William Jones 'So he is, he says!" replied Mart 'cause, though he be alus foliaing, he don't find much now on .... count o them coast-guard chaps.' After they had rested the aselves they went a little further at the cliff, then they followed a marow winding path which be eight tien to the snore below. Here mult who seemed to be prefty well grounded in the history of the place, pointdition said had been formerly us d as wreckers haunts and stores, but which were now world by the sea, and covered with said weeds; then she brought him co a promontory where they told her she herself had been found. This spot Brinkley examined curiously, their he looked at the girl. "I suppose you had cloth's on when you came ashore, didn't you, "Why, of course I had. William

"Has he? Where?" "In his cave, I expect." "His cave! Where is that?" asked "You have never heard whether Brinkley, becoming very much inter-"Dunno," returned Matf; "pethaps it's somewhere here about. I ve seen

MILTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1901.

look prematurely old cause it's all unneces-

tion. It is an elegant from dandruff.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 20 years and I can as the best hair tonic in existence.' Mrs. G. L. ALDERSON, 24. 1899. Ector, Tex. the Doctor about it. Address.

DR. J. C. AYER.

OF CANADA

Authorized Capital ..... \$1,500,000 Paid up capital ..... \$1,200,000. Total Assets over.....\$10,000,000.

You'd save time

owning a watch instead

see about it?

T. EARNEST GODSON, Burlington, Ont.

or hope communication with Lindsay and General Banking Business Transacte Interest allowed on deposits at curren F. B. BENNETT,

MEDICAL. ers. to 9 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 8p.m.

Edinburgh, Physician, Surgeon. Office: Main-st., opposite Martin-st. Cor. Court and Main-sts., near C.P.

Sigers, Gadsan & Starey,

DUNCAN S. STOREY.

offices. Telephone No. 56.

Der am s Block, Midland.

P. Stuart, M.D., it residence, opposite town hall, Milton. mars-8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m.

DENTAL. University. Office: Dewar's Block, Of Time.

Wednesday of each month. Office:

VETERINARY,

Block (up-stairs, above The Champion

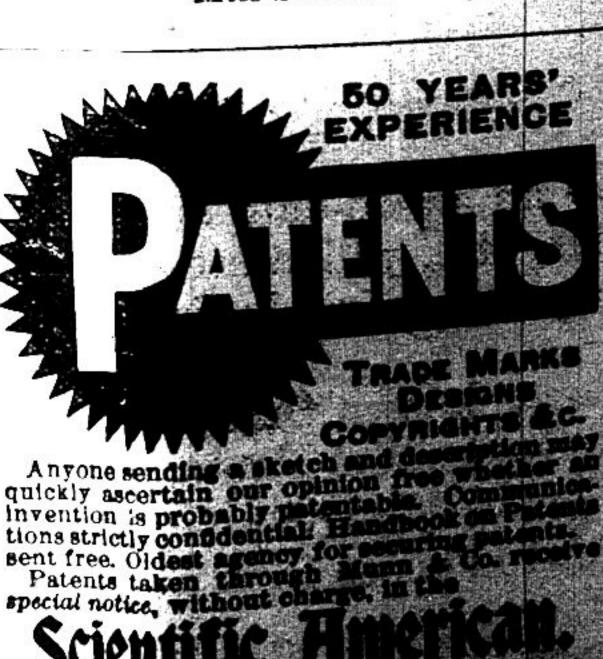
work a specialty. The latest and mou

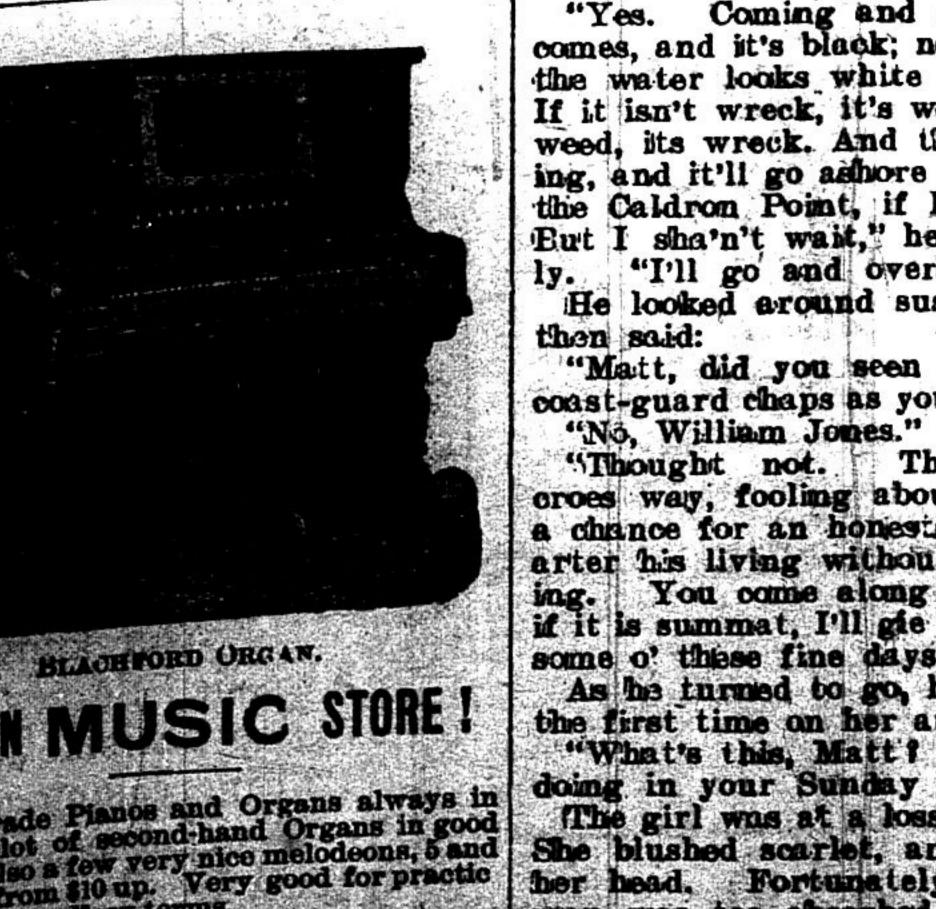
Saturday. Plates, crown and

E. Marchand, Jahn R. Camphall,

MILTON PLANING MILLS Lumber, Lath, Shingles,

Pickets, Cedar Posts, &c. SOMERVILLE & CO. Mill Street.





some o' these fine days." the first time on her attire. doing in your Sunday clothes?"

came within a quarter of a mile of one corner of the room was a small "Yes. Coming and going. Now it the shore, when William Jones stood wooden bed, with a mattress and comes, and it's black; now it goes, and up again and reconnoitered the prost coarse bed-clothing, and hanging on Matt said nothing this time; she a nail close to it was certain feminine only typed and shrugweed, its wreck. And the tide's flowing, and it'll go ashore afore night at
the Caldron Point, if I wait for it
the Caldron Point, if I wait for it
the Tall's square looks. William Jones sprang out
the platform

The color of the Caraged her shoulders.

Soon afterward the boat reached garb worn by Matt on morning of her
time Caldron Point, if I wait for it
the rocks. William Jones sprang out
first appearance.

Placing the flow down William

Placing the flow down William

Placing the flow down William

Well?" ly. "I'll go and overbaul it now." above, took another survey. This be- Jones carefully covered it with a He looked around suspicious, and ing satisfactory he ran down again norther of an old sail. and lifted the box out of the boat, portion of an old sail. "Matt, did you seen any of them carrying it with ease under one arm, he muttered, discontentedly. "Lucky "I wonder what he's fond o' coast-guard chaps as you come along? "Make the boat fast," he said, in a them coast- guards didn't see me come for, William Jones?" "Thought not. They're up Pen- o wood along with you for the fire. n't signify; for what's floating on the pose," returned William Jones. on anybody in the world, it was very to introduce me to William Jones. croes way, fooling about; so there's I'll out on to the cuttage with this a chance for an honesy man to: look here. It ain't much, but it's summat; a chance for an indication in the state of the state of the sight be and, looking round suspiciously, he "Tain't that," said Matt; "he dor

ing. You come along with me, and fore them precious coast- guards come saw Matt entering the room, loaded love me cause I'm me, William Jones. With these words he clambered up alone; standing behind her in the just like to know what that summat skeptical. As he turned to go, his eye fell for the rocks with his burden, leaving shadow was a man-none other, in- is, I should." Matt to follow leisurely in his wake. deed than Monk of Monkshurst. black and forbidding looking as any stupidity and sadness; he began to look around for her Sunday clothes, showing, he has helped to support grizzly author of his being. the door was placed, "More plunder, Mr. Monk?" he said. carefully placed beside her bed. They no claim whatever upon him."

with broken wood. But she was not There's summat eise, and I should William Jones looked at her, co While Matt entered the room to scious that there was a new throw down her load of wood, Monk velopment of sagacity in her charac stood in the doorway. His quick eye ter, but utterly at a loss to underhad noted the movements of father stand what that new developmen OHAPHER VI. Also Concludes With a Kiss.

the state wooden tigure head No, no the days for finding that are were gone, and in their place lay the This was an enigma to which Matt Daily World and Champion 1 yr. \$2.75

patted her cheek- at which caress she! "Oh, indeed," said Brinkley. "It is they are; though they know well Jones has got 'em!'

> William Jones come about he e. He says may be they'll find me some have, but I never could track him! says they were all drownded, and I was so vague that it seemed uscless aim't got no friends 'cept him and to institute a search; so, after a regretful look at the rocks. Brinkley "Well, since he found you. I suppose proposed that they should saunter no relations, Matt, and no claim up- "By the way," said he, "I want you stead of sending you to the work. "Yes. Strange as the fancy may On this point Matt seemed rather my life to stand face to face with a "Well," continued Brinkley, as he They made their way back along went on lightly touching up his work the coast, until they reached William friend a wrong. Perhaps his unami- "William Jones," said she, "here perhaps he is good and kind, generous By the light of the fickering rushto the poor, willing to help the help- light Brinkley now looked about him. At a glance he noted some of the dehim? exclaimed Matt tails of the queer little room; then "Monk, of Monksburst! Why he don't his eyes fell upon the occupants