Established in 1874

MARSHALL BROS

—IMPORTERS OF—

TEAS AND COFFEES

No. 67 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.

A. Filkey, Hamilton, Agent for the County of Halton. 28-3

Roper the Baker to the Front.

Gang down to Roper's and get some cakes,
Some buns and shortbread and some bakes,
For a'thing o' the kind he makes,
And set our table cheery O.

Plain'and Ornamental Cakes of every description for the Holidays. Please send in your favors early. Orders from the country, to re ...apt attention, should be in not later than December 15th.

DONALD McNAIR

...gs to intimate that he is prepared to fill all orders

...agons, Buggi...
...emocrats, &c.

...t notice, at fair prices, good workmanship and best of material, also a full supply of all kin... Agricultural Implements on hand, including Minneapolis Self-Binder, Horse-Rakes, Drills, &c. ...Ironing and Repairing on wood work a specialty 41-yr Stores—Commercial St., ...

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton For the Year 1886.

...ce of Sittings and P. O. Addresses of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	...ne of Opening
...ton,	Wm. Panton	29	26	28	9	24	25	10 a.m.
...ville,	R. Edmond	6	3	5	3	1	3	10 a.
...rgetown	L. Grant	12	16	11	7	17	9	10 a.
...ville,	J. Mattews	13	11	13	8	16	11	1
...phellville	S. R. Lister	11	8	10	0	9	8	6.
...lington	W. J. Bristo	5	2	4	2	10	2	1

...al Sessions of the Peace ...ember, at 10 a.m. ...ty Court Sittings ...ton, each day. ...ate Chambers ...n, at 11 a.m. ...of Criminal Justice Act ... Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 8th J... ...Tuesday, 6th April, and 5th October, at 10 a.m. ...Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 4th C... ...Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and ...Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th J... & 4th October, at ...

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Pea...

Christmas Chee...

THOMAS LUSH, BUTCHER,

...Has laid in the largest stock in the County, of choice
...ristmas Beef, Splendid Christmas Turke...
Geese, Chickens, &c.,
Besides everything that is generally kept in a first-class Butcher's Shop
...Christmas in his establishment all the year throu...
...orders promptly delivered in any part of the town, and satisfaction ...
...ed see the fine display in his Shop.

WM. BEWS,

...MILTON,

...s splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported T...
...steds, Meltons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons ...ing inferior in material and finish to none. His ... will be found to be remarkably low considering ...ity of the goods he sells.

Wm. BEWS

BOOTS & SHOES

THOS. WILSON,

(Successor to Chas. Nichols)

...iving daily a splendid stock of Men, Women & C...
...n's Boots and Shoes, for Spring and Summer wear ...
...goods are made by the best manufacturers in the Dominion, and w... ...owest possible prices. Boots and Shoes made to order. A perfect ...s stock and workmanship guaranteed. Sent your repairs.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON

Thos. Wilso...

...ILDER'S HARDWAR...

...GLASS PAINTS & OILS.

...al Prices for parties building during coming season.

...des and Shovels,
Garden and Harvest Too...
...dage, Pure Manilla Binding Twine.

...ED AND ALL OTHER FENCE WI...

...hutt's Plow & Plow Fitting...

...BAR HOOP AND SAND IRON.

...plete stock of cutlery, SPOONS, FORKS, &c.

...t W. H. McNAB'S,

MILTON.

THE

Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 25. MILTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1886. NO. 41.

Travellers' Guide.

...ORTHERN & NORTH-WESTERN.
...OING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.
...M. 4-50 P.M. 10-43 A.M. 5-03 P.M.
...REDIT VALLEY RAILWAY.
...OING WEST. GOING EAST.
...M. 2-37 P.M. 7-30 A.M. 5-01 P.M.
...50 P.M.

...tage leaves for Hornby, Drumquin, ...nagh, Boyne, &c. at 9 o'clock ...m

...ag Train G.T.R., go East 7.31 a.m. West 2.27 p.m.

Northern & North-West'n Rail'ys.

Through tickets to all points East and West and Manitoba. For tickets, rates, &c., apply to

ROBERT QUINN, Agent, Milton.
MR. LAWRENCE, Gen. Pass. Agent, Toronto.
J. H. A. N. W. Bys., Milton.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning

—AT—

...LTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

CAMPBELL & PANTON, PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE:—On Main Street, opposite the Thompson House.

TERMS:—$1 a year in advance or within one month from the date of subscribing if not so paid $2 will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Column	1 year	$7500
do	6 months	4500
do	3 "	3000
do	1 year	4000
do	6 months	2500
do	3 "	2000
do	1 year	2500
do	6 months	1500
do	3 "	1000
do	1 year	1000
do	6 months	500

...iness Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per ...

...number of lines to be reckoned by the space ...ied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil. ...tisements without special instructions in... ...tiff forbid, and charged accordingly. ...ers for discontinuing advertisements must be ...lling, otherwise the publishers will not be ...ed.

Special Notice, the object of which is to ...the pecuniary benefit of any individual, ...institution, or fund, will be considered an ...tisement, and charged accordingly.

Special notice of any kind admitted among the ...ews at less than 50 cents for first insertion, ...cents for each subsequent insertion.

...ice of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 ...each.

...sient advertisements ten cents per line, ...lines of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, ...will be inserted at 50 cents for first insertion, ...cents for each subsequent insertion.

...must accompany order in every case to ...insertion.

...ce for job work strictly cash.

...SCRIBERS.—No paper will be stopped until ...rearages are paid, except at the option of the ...ublisher. A post-office notice to discontinue is ...sufficient.

Legal.

...DEWAR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Office ...Town Hall, Milton. Also agent for Sun ...d City of London Fire Insurance Companies. 41

...N DEWAR, Barrister, County Crown Attor... ...Notary Public, &c., Town Hall, Mainstreet

...DIBBON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, ...torio Chambers, etc. Office—Beside ...Milton. 50

M. E. MITCHELL,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

...ICE.—First door west of the CHAMPION ...Main St., Milton. Money to loan ...er cent.

...CHISHOLM & ELLIOTT.

Barristers, &c.

...ICE.—First door east of Bank ...zon, Milton, Ont.

...CHISHOLM. J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.

...PARKES & MACADAMS,

...ers and Solicitors in the Supreme Court

...NOTARIES & CONVEYANCERS.

...ce: Hamilton Provident and Loan Society ...Chambers, Hamilton.

...to Loan at lowest rates of interest.

...PARKES 1-yr A. H. MACADAM.

R. A. PRINGLE,

...and Solicitor of the Supreme Court

...BURLINGTON ONT.

...ICE—Water St., opposite 'Wray' ...open Tuesdays, Thursdays and ...NG. ...to loan at lowest rates of interest. 9-6ms.

...AIN LAIDLAW & Co.

...Agents & Solicitors.

...ICE—over Imperial Bank, 34 Wel... Street, East. Entrance, Exchange ...Toronto.

...D. A. LAIDLAW. WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

...TORONTO. GEORGE KAPPELE.

Dentistry

...HARRIS L. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST ...Grills, Ont. Attends every Tuesday at the ...Hotel, Streetville; every Thursday at his ...ce offices Shop, Milton. Oakville ...Rev W. Hewstone.

...THOMAS, L. D. S., Dentist Licentiate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, will be in Milton on the last Tuesday of every month. Office ...in the Thompson ...where he may be consulted by persons wish... professional services.

S. ZIMMERMAN,

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, ONT.

...r Kingst McNab Streets. 18-y

...apman & Burger

...CENSED AUCTIONEERS

...FOR THE

...ties of Halton, Peel, Wentworth and Wellington

...HARGES MODERATE.

...faction Guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.

...HAPMAN, W. BURGER,

...Campbellville. Hornby.

...CHAMPION" OFFICE, MILTON.

...D OFFICE—D. McCallum's Office.

...ngements made to get all good sale ...ished at a liberal discount.

Hotel Cards,

...ALLACE HOUSE.

MAIN ST., MILTON.

...LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN

...Wallace, Prop.

Farms for Sale.

...DIAN LAND ADVERTISER" will supply ...taining a choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock ...Farms, and other properties in all parts ...ntry, with thirty provincial and county ...any address, post free, on receipt of ...

...& CO., Real Estate Agents, ...east, Toronto.

KNITTING.

MRS. W. HOBBS is prepared to furnish all Socks and Stockings—all sizes. Parties can furnish their own Yarn and have Knitting done. All orders promptly filled. 24-17

A Gift Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 26-17

WHAT IS IT!

By a special arrangement with the publishers of Farm and Fireside, we can for a short time offer a gift in connection with our paper. It is a MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING entitled "HAMLET and OPHELIA." Our offer is as follows:

The price of Peck's Sun one year is ... $2.00
The price of Farm & Fireside one year is ... 50
The value of the Engraving is fully ... 2.50

We give all the above, worth $5.00 for only $2.00 Subscribe for Peck's Sun at once and secure them all. Address, PECK'S SUN, Milwaukee, Wis.

ADVERTISERS

Before you place a dollar's worth of Newspaper Advertising, get our prices. The exact cost of any paper, or list of papers cheerfully furnished, free upon application.

Send for New Catalogue.

J. C. HOUGH,
ROOM 81 BLOCK, Advertising Agent,
Detroit, Mich.

THE

Canada-Landed Credit Co.

TORONTO.

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, Esq., President. JOHN MACDONALD, Esq., Vice-President.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Improved Farm and Substantial City Property, at Lowest Current Rates and on most favourable terms. No fines, charges moderate.

For particulars, apply to 16-1yr.

THE SECRETARY, Toronto;
Or to D. STEELE, Barrister, Hamilton.

Scientific American Established 1845.

The most popular WEEKLY newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number is illustrated with splendid engravings. The publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. Discovery of the Gold Mines in America is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discoveries in Science, Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N.Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also been in practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such a notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

HEALTH IS WEALTH

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN-TREATMENT a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertion of the Brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00 sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES.

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send our purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if a treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by J. H. McCollom druggist. Sole agent for Milton.

R. JONES,

HARNESS AND SADDLE

MANUFACTURER,

(Next door to the Thompson House,)

MAIN STREET, MILTON.

I wish to thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and remind them that I have removed my village as the street to the premises adjoining the Thompson House, where I shall keep on hand a good stock of

HARNESS, SADDLES, TRUNKS, VALISES, WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES,

and all Kinds of Horse Clothing of the very Best English Canadian and American Manufacture.

Harness, Saddles, &c., made to order promptly at lowest and reasonable prices.

Repairing done with neatness and all work warranted

MILTON PLANING MILLS.

Hunter & Ezard, Proprietors.

We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

SUCH AS

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS BASE, &c.

BALUSTERS and NEWELLS,

—Also all kinds of—

SCROLL WORK

—done to order on short notice.

ALL KINDS OF TURNING DONE TO ORDER.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES

Lumber Matched and Dressed to Order.

GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS

We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of buildings, either in part or whole.

PRICES MODERATE.

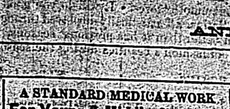
Factory—Mill Street, Milton.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK

For Young & Middle-Aged Men

ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSTPAID.

ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL.



KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excess. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense than any other work sold in this country for $2.25, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post paid. Illustrative sample free to any lady. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.

"The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined."—Chronicle.

"The Science of Life points out the rocks and quicksands on which the ruin, disease and blight of many a young man have been fatally wrecked."—Manchester Mirror.

"The Science of Life is of greater value than all the medical works published in this country for the past 50 years."—Atlanta Constitution.

"The Science of Life is a superb and masterly treatise on nervous and physical debility."—Detroit Free Press.

"There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman."—Argonaut.

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Champion, Milton, Ont. 38-1y

BABY CARRIAGES!

BABY CARRIAGES

Baby Carriages.

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

NEW Styles

LOW Prices

ELEGANT GOODS!

Having made large purchases direct from the manufacturers we are now offering our

BABY CARRIAGES

at Wholesale Prices.

—OUR—

Little Dot, $3.
Little Harry 5.
Little Emily 8
Little Eva, 9.
THE
Oakville, $11.
Hamilton, 12.
Burlington, 13.
Elegant, 15.
Heywood, 17.
London, 20.
Superb, 22.
Toronto, 25
Shell, 40.

WHEN VISITING TORONTO

Give Us a Call.

Everything in the House Furnishing Line

H. A. COLLINS,
90 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO

4-6m

VANITY HARDWARE.

By ALAN MUIR.

INTRODUCTORY.

VANITY.

I have lived in the village of Hampton as child, boy and man for nearly 70 years. If you were to start from Exeter and travel northward say a matter of 50 miles, and were then to look around, you would see a circle of pleasant hills, after the spires and the smoke of a city, and at hand a large well-to-do village. That village is Hampton, my native place. Supposing the month July, and the time 10 o'clock of a sunshiny morning, you might also see a shabby genteel old fellow, with white hair, a stoop, good strong shoulders, five feet eight inches from the beginning to the end of him, leaning on a sixpenny oak stick, and altogether giving you the impression of a man doing out a not uncomfortable existence on something like a pound a week. You might be interested enough to ask some passer-by who the old gentleman might be, shuffling along for his morning air and sunshine. The answer would be, "Dr. Book." The shabby genteel old fellow would be myself.

I kept a small chemist's shop in Hampton for many years, and the inhabitants called me "doctor." Doctor is that doctor does, and I have cured half the village, first and last; but I tell you plainly that I never wrote M. R. C. S. or F. C. P. or any such rubbish after my plain John Book. Ah, dear friends, it might surprise you were I to tell all that has happened in Hampton during my time, our population, you observe, being a matter of two thousand, more or less. There has been a deal of wickedness—many an aching heart, many a scalding tear, many a cruel deed—for and simple folk though we seem. But why should I recall anything of this sort, when all my present concern is to describe the way the story here following came to be written! Our squire's daughter, as pleasant spoken a young lady as you could meet, writes novels, so I am told; and one day, knowing her well, I ventured to say to her: "You don't spend much of the year in Hampton, miss?"

"No; Hampton is dull, doctor. Besides"—this she said with a laugh and a bit of a blush—"you see, I like to take my arts eyes after you. Not that she tried any arts on me, gray-bearded as I was; but I could see how she laid herself out to fascinate others, and succeeded. Upon consideration, I put her down for an actress. Evidently she had been at some world that had made her easy and familiar, and had rubbed the blushes off her cheeks. Perhaps she never crossed the line that divided propriety from impropriety, but she was pretty well used to skating close to the thin ice, if I may so speak.

Our doctor, who made a point of calling on every new parishioner, poor or rich, very soon found his way to Tumbledown Farm. Rector, a gentleman born, never asked impertinent questions, but had such a knack of extracting information that, without any appearance of curiosity, he would find out all about a man—from his own lips, too. In this case, however, he gone home as wise as he went, and no wiser. It had slipped out—through the contractor, I believe—that the new comer's name was Hardware; and when, by way of commencing a conversation about them, I asked the rector one morning who they were, all he could tell me was the name. I knew already. I said all; but he had one bit of news.

"The young woman is his daughter, I suppose!" I said.

"She is, he calls her Vanity," replied the rector.

"What!" cried I.

"Vanity."

"Strangest name for a Christian I ever heard," I remarked. "Miss Vanity Hardware—sounds odd enough. Well, Vanity is that Vanity does."

Somehow I am fond of that phrase, and often use it.

The rector looked a little sharp at me; he always frowned at the smallest deviation from what in his sermons he used to call evil speaking, and I instantly saw I must hold my tongue. But that name, "Vanity Hardware," kept ringing in my ears, and made me more curious than ever to know something of the young woman who bore it. "Bide your time, John Book," said I to myself. "Everything will come to light if you wait long enough." And I was right.

Once or twice Mr. Hardware was seen in the village. He was very infirm, and used to drive down in Jupp's fly, which was as much an institution in our village as the parish church, both structures being about the same age. Hardware was tall, and looked venerable. He wore a brown cap with lappets over the ears and a long blue cloak with a cape fastened at the neck by a little brass chain and catch—the oddest I ever saw. His hair you could scarcely see, but his beard was long and white; and his shoes were large, with knobson the toes, which caught my eye as from my window I watched him lumbering out of the carriage.

"Curious," said I.

He could hardly rise from his seat, falling back twice, and helped out at last by his daughter and the cabman.

"Lumbago," said I again.

Then he was seized by a coughing fit that nearly shook him to pieces.

"Asthma," cried I the third time. "I should say your physic, inside and out, would cost you five shillings a week—supposing you were good for that much money."

Almost immediately after the father and daughter crossed over the street and entered my shop, he supporting himself on her arm, and leaning heavily on his stick beside. He fell into a chair with a great sigh of relief, and Miss Vanity came to the counter and made two or three purchases, the old man wheezing and mumbling to himself all the time. I wondered if his mind was all right, or if, owing to his body, that was the most striking image of decrepitude I ever beheld.

"Their strength is but labor and sorrow," I quoted, silkered elder-bush. Do you know, Miss Vanity, dreary and handsome and young, standing beside this grumbling Antiquity, made me think of the rose and the ditch?

Now begins the story proper. Just as I was thinking of shutting up shop, the young fellow, whom I dearly loved, named Willie Snow, stepped into my shop. He was a young man of a good family, but poor, and of a good character, and a fine, pleasant lad, he asked Miss Vanity to allow him to be served before her, upon which she drew aside, with a laugh and a bit of a blush—they are so easy, rakish air, like a man pretty well used to love and its etceteras. Willie would have given a ten-pound note for any decent pretext under which he might have spoken to her. As a matter of fact, he stole only one glance in passing. Poor boy! he was dressing her in all the tenderness and modesty of his own passion, blind to what every one else could see. I dare say if he had gone straight up to her and patted her on the cheek she would have laughed and thought him a pleasant young fellow.

It was by no means easy to climb the fence of mystery that shut the Hardwares from public view. You, perhaps, are used to a large town, and know nothing of life in a country village; but I assure you where two thousand people live in a neighborhood, everybody knowing everything about everybody else, if all of a sudden two strangers of striking appearance come there and make their abode in an out-of-the-way house, and go on from week to week paying their bills and living respectably, but never giving the smallest account of themselves—under circumstances like these, elderly ladies of inquisitive disposition, whose chief amusement in life is to watch their neighbors through the parlor blind, are apt to get as excited as gamblers when play is deep.

One of these excellent ladies, named Miss Axford, was especially anxious to discover everything about the Hardwares. Though nearly 80 years of age she was still sharp and active, with a palate for spiced gossip. Morning by morning she went the round of the village, hearing all she could, telling all she could, with uplifted hands and eyes that now and then offered to leap from their sockets. She carried an old red satchel hung over her arm by a stout chain—scandal satchel I called it; and wherever she and her bag went, names and fames were in danger. Miss Axford, as I have said, ran crazy about the Hardwares. Once every week she would call in upon me.

"Have you heard anything yet, Dr. Book?"

"About what, ma'am?" I would say, knowing quite well all the time.

"About those people in the farm on the hill."

"Not a word, ma'am, so more than if they were ghosts."

"I expect you to be able to tell me news," she would say sharply. She had a hold on me, her quarterly account running from three pounds to three pounds ten, for she doctored the poor—or thought she did, rather. Generally her medicines were thrown out of the back window as soon as she herself went out of the front door.

"When I hear anything, ma'am," my reply would be, "you shall know it at once."

But one day she looked in, fluttering with excitement.

"I have heard some news at last," she cried.

"What may it be, ma'am?"

She leaned across the counter and said, in an eager whisper:

"Two dozen bottles of gin went up there last week—cordial gin!"

"Bless me!" said I, which is a remark I often make, because it commits you to nothing.

"Cordial gin is the strongest of all, I believe," she went on.

"Bless me!" said I again, for reason as before.

"He's an old sot—a brute beast!" cried Miss Axford as she left me, satisfied for the time with her discovery.

Strange old lady! But I have not inserted her bit of news merely to fill up the page. That would be bad story-telling. No; long enough after, on one wind-dry day, I remember! Miss Axford and her discovery about the quarts of cordial gin.

CHAPTER II.

PORTRAIT OF A VIRTUOUS AND MODEST YOUNG MAN.

Willie Snow, taking him all around, was one of the finest young men I ever knew. When he was only 15 his father, a bank clerk, died suddenly, leaving behind him a widow, one son, and 70 pounds a year. Mrs. Snow lived decently on her income and gave her son a good education; and in due time he got a situation at an iron worker's in the city, where he rapidly rose in the esteem of his employers, being clever with head and hand, and well conducted. Willie had been a good son, and when, a year before this time, his mother died of pleurisy, he showed remarkable sorrow, and, indeed, did not pick up his spirits for many months. He was now in an excellent position. Every one who knew the concern in which he was employed declared that Willie Snow must be a junior partner before long—the business could not get on without him. In addition to all this, he was good-looking. Handsome is scarcely the word to use; for, applied to a man, it denotes a style rather more masculine than his. Without being the least womanish, there was an indescribable delicacy in Willie's face which prepared you for an address the most engaging in the world. His eyes were clear gray; his hair dark, and thrown across his left temple in becoming irregularity; he was tall, but not too tall; and a particular melancholy in his expression made his kind, frank smile very pleasant to see. You may laugh at old Dr. Book hanging over his portrait, but I loved the lad—every one loved the lad.

The girls especially. A more heart-breaking fellow you could not find in all the west of England; and he broke hearts, for one reason, just because he never tried. His "how d'you do" was always cheerful; and, perhaps without intending it, when he salluted young women he let an unusual softness slant out in the cold sidelong look it was his habit to give. However that may have been, he won the girls' affections everywhere; and if I were to count up the one-sided love affairs in which he was the hero—he who never troubled his head about love—I should not find the fingers of two pairs of hands sufficient for the purpose. Willie had been a favorite of mine as child and boy; and now, though he had reached the age when young men are apt to forget early friends, he kept up an unbroken intimacy with me, and I knew all the ins and outs of his life.

Have I said he did not trouble his head about love? I ought to qualify that statement; for just now he was on the point of being engaged, and a very prudent choice he was about to make. There was a young woman, an orphan like himself, and good-looking, giving it is true a promise of turning out rather bony when the plumpness of youth wore off. Her manners were pleasant, though people said that the less she knew of you the more she seemed to like you, and that her ways with "near friends" and relations were unpleasant. But she was a thrifty managing girl, and had a small fortune of her own, which already, by her prudence and good sense, had begun to roll over and increase like a great snowball, as is money's way when one knows how to deal with it. This Miss Nancy Steele, of her own free will, fell desperately in love with Willie, and let him know it—cleverly, for she was clever in all things. I was not quite sure that he loved her back again. And whether he felt flattered at the conquest, or was too good-natured to repel such an advance, or whether motives of prudence weighed with the lad, I did not inquire. The upshot was that affairs between the two were plainly nearing that point where the measure of the young woman's finger is taken. Nancy showed her feelings of triumph by tightening her lips into a smile that told of a strong will rejoicing in its own success; the other girls began to flag, seeing that the race was already won; and Willie went his common round, easy, good-natured, and as taking as ever. Only the final word had not been spoken. The fish had nibbled, was hooked, and Miss Nancy was just gathering her wrist to swish him on to the land. As that point their love story lands for the present.

The evening of the day upon which Willie met Miss Vanity Hardware in my shop he looked in to see me. Something was on that young man's mind that he was afraid to mention, and he kept talking about a score of matters in which he was not the least interested. But he felt interested in anything, and deeply, too, for his cheek showed an unusual flush, and he was restless, sitting down, rising up, opening and shutting books, but never looking himself for a moment. At last the secret came out.

"Singular old man I saw in your shop this morning," he said, with stammering lips.

"You thought so?" I replied, resolved to give him no help.

"That young woman is his daughter, I suppose?"

"So I understand."

Nothing more for a moment or two.

"He is the most singular looking person I ever saw," said Willie, appearing prodigiously interested in the old man. "Quite a curiosity."

"You thought so?" I remarked again.

"A total stranger in Hampton, of course?" Willie went on.

"He did not say he had ever been here before."

The boy looked nonplussed, but soon took courage.

"What is his name?" he asked.

"Hardware."

"What an extraordinary name! And where does he live?"

"In the old farm up hill."

"Well," said Willie, rising to leave, "he is a remarkable looking man, and I confess I felt curious to know something about him."

"Quite right, Will," replied I. "Better be curious about old men than about young women. You saw nothing striking in the daughter?" did you.

He took me to be serious, speaking as I did in my dry way.

"Pretty sort of girl," he said, with make-believe indifference. "A very tolerable girl indeed."

"I call her a woman—full grown," said I, emphatically. "Knows more than nine men out of ten, I'll be bound."

But Willie did not seem to hear me; he left the shop without another word.

From this time forward, whenever he came to see me, his talk was about the Hardwares, and nothing else, except when he branched off on the neighboring subject, Nancy Steele. Willie told me, in one form or another, a considerable portion of the story I am going to repeat to you; and all I have to do is to keep the events and conversations in their proper order, which (as I am writing second hand, and not from my own observation) is not so easy as it may seem to those who have never tried to reproduce a long narrative which they heard from another, and that years ago.

A few days after, as Willie was going home to his dinner, he met Miss Vanity walking at her usual active pace, and looking as handsome as ever, and (ought I to say it?) as brazen. The pair might have changed sexes for a moment; the young man blushed like a girl fallen in love for the first time; the young woman preserved her easy, rakish air, like a man pretty well used to love and its etceteras. Willie would have given a ten-pound note for any decent pretext under which he might have spoken to her. As a matter of fact, he stole only one glance in passing. Poor boy! he was dressing her in all the tenderness and modesty of his own passion, blind to what every one else could see. I dare say if he had gone straight up to her and patted her on the cheek she would have laughed and thought him a pleasant young fellow.

It was by no means easy to climb the fence of mystery that shut the Hardwares from public view. You, perhaps, are used to a large town, and know nothing of life in a country village; but I assure you where two thousand people live in a neighborhood, everybody knowing everything about everybody else, if all of a sudden two strangers of striking appearance come there and make their abode in an out-of-the-way house, and go on from week to week paying their bills and living respectably, but never giving the smallest account of themselves—under circumstances like these, elderly ladies of inquisitive disposition, whose chief amusement in life is to watch their neighbors through the parlor blind, are apt to get as excited as gamblers when play is deep.

One of these excellent ladies, named Miss Axford, was especially anxious to discover everything about the Hardwares. Though nearly 80 years of age she was still sharp and active, with a palate for spiced gossip. Morning by morning she went the round of the village, hearing all she could, telling all she could, with uplifted hands and eyes that now and then offered to leap from their sockets. She carried an old red satchel hung over her arm by a stout chain—scandal satchel I called it; and wherever she and her bag went, names and fames were in danger. Miss Axford, as I have said, ran crazy about the Hardwares. Once every week she would call in upon me.

"Have you heard anything yet, Dr. Book?"

"About what, ma'am?" I would say, knowing quite well all the time.

"About those people in the farm on the hill."

"Not a word, ma'am, so more than if they were ghosts."

"I expect you to be able to tell me news," she would say sharply. She had a hold on me, her quarterly account running from three pounds to three pounds ten, for she doctored the poor—or thought she did, rather. Generally her medicines were thrown out of the back window as soon as she herself went out of the front door.

"When I hear anything, ma'am," my reply would be, "you shall know it at once."

But one day she looked in, fluttering with excitement.

"I have heard some news at last," she cried.

"What may it be, ma'am?"

She leaned across the counter and said, in an eager whisper:

"Two dozen bottles of gin went up there last week—cordial gin!"

"Bless me!" said I, which is a remark I often make, because it commits you to nothing.

"Cordial gin is the strongest of all, I believe," she went on.

"Bless me!" said I again, for reason as before.

"He's an old sot—a brute beast!" cried Miss Axford as she left me, satisfied for the time with her discovery.

Strange old lady! But I have not inserted her bit of news merely to fill up the page. That would be bad story-telling. No; long enough after, on one wind-dry day, I remember! Miss Axford and her discovery about the quarts of cordial gin.

CHAPTER III.

A LOVER'S PARTAGE.

Meanwhile Willie Snow worked as hard as any of us to get at the secret. Had I not been so fond of the lad I should have laughed many a time to see how in every conversation he wound round by all kinds of turns and twists to the one topic. He had a thousand devices for bringing in the name of Vanity Hardware. As follows:

"Fine evening, doctor."

"Beautiful."

"Great smoke! Did you notice the light on the hills?"

"No; I was mixing black draught."

"Wonderfully clear it was." One could almost see the daisies in the grass a mile off; and the windows of the old farm shone and glittered in the sunset."

"Shone and glittered, did they?"

"Yes; and I thought I could see that old solitary sitting in his garden."

"Enjoying the sunset, I suppose."

"I suppose so. By the way, doctor, now that we have mentioned their names, have you seen the young lady lately?"

Many a time he led me a dance like that; and when once he managed to edge Miss Vanity into the talk, he took good care not to change the subject. Still, he found out nothing; and, as Miss Axford herself, the father and daughter were not more a mystery than to Willie Snow.

His evening walk, however, was always up-hill now. I dare say the sharp eyes of Vanity Hardware soon noticed him strolling past the farm evening after evening, and casting wistful looks in at the windows. Very soon she began to reward his pains by a glimpse of her pretty person. She would be opening a window, tying up a straggling flower in the neglected garden, leaning carelessly against the gate; and her eyes would meet his. And perhaps when he turned his head to steal another look at her, she would let herself be caught in the act of gazing after him. Then Willie would go home contented, for his love was so great that a morsel of favor from her was a feast to him. After a time she grew more marked in her signs of kindness. She met him occasionally on the unfrequented road; and how those dark, starting eyes set his honest young heart beating now his blood set it burn.

Beautiful she was; as beautiful as Satan himself could wish a wicked woman to be. Every time Willie saw her, in his own mind he decked her in some new womanly charm that was already her's, and, indeed, he tricked her out in all the hues of love's rainbow. O days of youth, happy days of first love, when inexperience provides the colors and the hand of new-found passion paints the picture! Once as I looked before him myself as fond as ever Willie was; but frailty and death long ago rubbed out the picture I drew, and all of my warm madness is past years ago, except it be certain memories which have not yet let me write this story with a more intelligent pen. Now, who would fancy that old Doctor Book could write like that? Ah, friends all as we meet in the street or chat over the news, we are apt to say of each other, "I know him very well;" but there are secrets in the life you know best which would astonish you, believe me. We shabby old fellows have our secrets like our betters. Everybody knows that the king does not tell the queen everything; and I can assure you we tradespeople sometimes have old remembrances which, for good or evil, we think it just as well to keep private.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Where the Newspaper Goes.

You enter one of the simple country houses of New England, at some distance, it may be, from any railroad station or busy manufacturing centre. It is a lonely looking place, for the children of the house have grown up and gone away, and the farmer and his wife are growing old. The routine of their lives is narrow, and they go through it day by day, as if nothing in the world were quite so important as that. You fancy that this elderly couple will be found sojourning still in the Middle Ages. But look about you, my friend, and you will see, that once or twice a week brings to these persons tidings from the ends of the earth. You will find, that they have more time to read, and to keep the run of affairs than your busy city life, and when you sit down to talk with them, you will learn that they are not fossils, but well informed, and perhaps cultivated people. They know something not only about agriculture, but about manufactures, science and art, about social life in other places and countries. And so while they linger beneath the old moss covered roof, they are not shut in by the line fences of their farms, nor by the bounds of the town; their view embraces the great wide world of humanity. And the window through which they look, or rather the mirror in which they see it all reflected, is the newspaper.—American Agriculturist for April.

A FEMALE SWINDLER.

On Monday last a lady dressed in mourning called at the office of a Queen street undertaker and ordered an expensive coffin, explaining that a New York man had died at her house in Mimico, and was to be buried at Mount Pleasant cemetery. After arranging for the undertaker to call at the house of Rev. Mr. Tremaine, Mimico, for further instructions, she remembered that in her