The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER

VOLUME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1887. NO. 19.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

For the Year 1887.

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1 Milton	Wm. Panton.	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	13	8	9.30 a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	8	4	9 30 "
6 Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	6	1	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury. Tuesday 17th June, and 13th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October at 10 a.m.

Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Tuesday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

NEW PLANING MILL

Bazard & Appleby,

BUILDERS & MANUFACTURERS,

Having rebuilt and furnished with an entire outfit of new machinery, are now prepared to fill orders for all kinds of Building Material, such as

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, DOORS WIND OW FRAMES, BALUSTRY and NEWELLS, also all kinds of SCROLL SAWING.

Planing and Matching done to Order,

LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH AND SHINGLES,

kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Also 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. 16-1yr.

DONALD McNAIR

Begs to intimate that he is prepared to fill all orders for

Wagons, Democrats, Buggies. &c.

n short notice, at fair prices, good workmanship and best of material, also a full supply of all kinds of Agricultural Implements on hand, including Minneapolis Self-Binder, Horse-Rakes, Drills, c. Blacksmithing and Repairing on wood work a specialty. 41-yr Store—Commercial St., Milto

WM. BEWS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

—MILTON,—

has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported Tweeds, Worsteds, Meltons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons with clothing inferior in material and finish to none. His prices too, will be found to be remarkably low considering the quality of the goods he sells.

Wm. BEWS.

BOOTS & SHOES

THOS. WILSON

(Successor to Thos. Nichaus)

is receiving daily a splendid stock of Men, Women & Children's Boots and Shoes, for Spring and Summer wear.

These goods are made by the best manufacturers in the Dominion, and will be sold at lowest possible prices. Boots and Shoes made to order. A perfect fit and first-class stock and workmanship guaranteed. Sen I your repairs.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON

Thos. Wilson

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening. Boys and girls earn as much as men. That all who see this may send their address and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON Co., Portland, Maine.

Farms for Sale.

A choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock, and Dairy Farms, Wild Lands, Suburban Residences, Mills, and other properties, with thirty provincial and county maps, comprised in "CANADIAN LAND ADVERTISER," sent free on receipt of 5c. stamp for postage.

W. J. PENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 adelaide street east, Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

PEEL FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Co.

JOHN COONEY

AUTHORIZED GENERAL AGENT FOR SAID COMPANY.

HEAD OFFIE . . BRAMPTON.

THOS. HOLTBY, Pres. L. CHEYNE, Sec.

Bank of Hamilton

Capital $1,000,000 | Reserve Fund $300,000

MILTON AGENCY.

Deposits received and interest allowed at best current rate. No notice of withdrawal required. Office hours—From 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

J. BUTTERFIELD.

Milton, Nov. 18, 1886. AGENT.

FINE OLD

WHISKEYS

Gooderham's, Walker's, Club.

3, 5 & 7 YEARS OLD.

Jas. Shields & Co.

138 Yonge St., Toronto.

Photography.

W. C. ADAIR

wishes to inform the people of Milton and surrounding country that he has rented the Photograph Gallary and business from Mr. S. Dice, formerly owned and carried on by Mr. Geo. A. Hemstreet, and has fitted it up with the latest appliances and improvements necessary to the production of

FIRST-CLASS WORK

Having had over eleven years experience in the business, and during that time having worked in a number of the leading galleries in Canada, also in Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., he is prepared to turn out work that for harmony and style of position and beauty of finish, is not surpassed by any other gallery in the country.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED FIRST-CLASS

Proofs Shown.

N.B.—Family Groups and Children's Pictures a specialty.

Prices Moderate.

ADOPTED DAUGHTER

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "TRUE LOVE HE'ER FORGETS," "PASSION AND PRIDE," ETC., ETC.

He then commenced, and related concisely all that had happened on the previous night in which he was most deeply concerned. Mrs. Nugent listened to the account of Mrs. Grafton's conduct with reference to the elopement with the deepest surprise. She said:

"It was a madcap proposal on your part to run off with Lora, but that Julia should approve such an escapade, and offer to bear you company, seems almost incredible, Frank. She must have dreaded the man who was coming, for good reasons of her own."

"This morning she explained her strong language by saying that she was almost wild at the thought that Lora's father would take her away from her forever, and she thought if she had her safely married to me before he came she would be able to keep her near her."

Mrs. Nugent shook her head.

"Julia Grafton is not so impulsive a woman as to commit such an injustice as that. She has clear judgment and a high sense of honour. For the reason you assign, she would not have attempted to spirit her adopted daughter away from her own father, had there not been something in her mind against that father which caused her to believe that Lora will not be safe under his protection. Have you thought of it in that light, Frank?"

"Yes—her own words left me no other conclusion. Last night she denounced Mr. Ford in unmeasured terms, though to-day she seemed anxious to smooth over what she had said, and induce me to keep on fair terms with him. It was all I could do, mother, especially as my darling Lora came down through the woodland to meet me, and warn me that her father suspected our secret. I thought the best plan was to brave him, and we both walked out before him in the yard, and you ought to have seen his face! He is a man who evidently holds himself down with an iron grip, and he tried to look blandly upon us, because it is his cue to conciliate his daughter till he has established some hold on her affections. But all that faded gradually away when Lora went in and we were left to talk together."

"And he refused your offer? If he is so rich as you say, he wants a rich son-in-law; but you could have told him that you may soon be a suitable match even for a wealthy man's daughter."

"Yes, I told him that when I found that he was not disposed to listen favourably to my suit. His manner was so strange when I spoke of the Ross inheritance that I asked him if he knew anything of your cousin. He knew something of the elder brother, but could give me no information that could be useful to me.

"At first I was pleased with Mr. Ford, in spite of the prejudice against him caused by Mrs. Grafton's words last night. But as we talked together the charm was broken, for I saw and felt that he was acting a part, and that all he cared for was to gain time to carry out his own plan with reference to Lora. He did not absolutely forbid all hope, but he distinctly stated that only as the possessor of the Ross money, or, at least, the half of it, could I ever hope to win his consent to marry his daughter."

"But how could we claim a portion without taking the whole?"

"I am afraid that Mr. Ford is not an honourable man, mother, for he insists that we can require such proof of the identity of the heiress, if one appears to claim the estate, that we can force a compromise and gain possession of half the property left by James Ross. He did not seem to see anything unfair in such a proceeding as that."

"Of course you told him that no chicanery like that would be practised by us," said Mrs. Nugent, indignantly. "I hope you told him so, Frank, even if the possession of Lora was at stake."

"I did not put it quite so strong as that, but I was firm enough in my rejection of such terms. Mr. Ford was very tenacious, though, for he renewed the proposal as he walked down to the river after the position Lora and I are to hold toward each other had been settled, as I thought, on a fair basis."

"And what basis was that, Frank?"

"When we went back to the house, after our first interview, Mr. Ford found that Lora could only be managed by conciliating her, and he agreed to a conditional engagement. If, at the end of two years, we are both of the same mind, he will no longer oppose our union."

With a sigh, Mrs. Nugent said:

"I hope to claim a dear daughter before that time, to fill the place of her who is gone. If no better terms were to be gained, of course you were right to accept these, Frank; and, in spite of the temptations that may beset her, I think Lora will be true to her troth. Indeed, why should she not be, for where will she find a man worthy to rival you, my dear and noble boy?"

"Thank you, mother, for the good opinion you have of me," said Nugent, with a faint smile. "I, too, believe that my betrothed will keep faith with me," if she is permitted to do so; but if you had heard Mr. Ford talking to me as I came down to my boat, you would have had many doubts as to the measures he may take to bring about a permanent separation between his daughter and myself. He lifted his mask when I, a second time, refused to make a struggle for a portion of the Ross estate, should Cora Ross appear to claim her own, and told me that, with his consent, Lora should never give me her hand unless I had wealth with which to endow her. The man is a devil, mother; he means to enervate her soul and corrupt her nature by the luxury in which he will steep her to the lips, hoping that, after all that is pure and sweet in her is destroyed, we will mutually shrink from the fulfilment of the engagement. He said as much to me, indeed."

"He must be a bad man if he could speak in such a way of his own child. But do not be discouraged, my son; if Lora is the true metal I think she is, she will not be moulded to evil by any influences that may be brought to bear upon her. Besides, she has been trained by as lovely and true a woman as lives."

"Thank you, mother, for trying to comfort me, but the prospect at present is rather a gloomy one. I have a presentiment that Cora Ross will put in her claim, and my darling be consigned for two long years to the guidance of a man who will spare no pains to alienate her from me, and make her that most fickle of all creatures—a woman given up to vanity and self-indulgence."

"We must hope for the best, dear. It seems strange to me that Mr. Ford should have harped so persistently upon the division of the estate. It really looks as if he might know more about it than he is willing to confess. What did he tell you of William Ross?"

"He asked me if your cousin had married Miss Lyman, of New Orleans; said that he had heard of him, and that was all. Yet I have the impression that he could have told more if he had chosen to do so." It is all a puzzle, but I will find the clew to it where I am going. The sooner I am off for New Orleans now the better."

"Then Lora is to be taken away immediately? Otherwise you would not be willing to leave yourself."

"Yes, I have taken leave of her. Mr. Ford has invited Mrs. Grafton to accompany her on a summer tour to the Eastern watering-places, and they are to leave Glenvale for Cincinnati this evening, when the packet-boat comes up the river. I had Lora all to myself for half an hour, and the dear girl was sweet and confiding as an angel. Oh, mother! I love her so dearly that I cannot bear to think of her as in the power of so designing and false a man as I fear her father is."

"But Mrs. Grafton is going with her, you say; and under her protection Lora will be safe for some time to come. You must console yourself for the parting between you by that knowledge, and go on your journey as speedily as possible, that you may return from it with some certainty as to your future prospects. Hitherto I have not thought much of this money that may be coming to me, but now that I know how important it may be to you I cannot help hoping that the heiress may be dead, as her stepfather stated at the time he sold the Lyman estate."

"But you forget, mother, that Fletcher fraudulently gained the power to dispose of that property. Mr. Pagand wrote that he has positive proof that the child who died was the daughter of Fletcher himself, and only the half-sister of the heiress."

Mrs. Nugent sighed, and faintly smiled, as she said:

"I fear that I am becoming mercenary in my old age; little as I have valued great wealth hitherto, I find myself so hard-hearted as to cherish the hope that this girl may never come forward to claim the inheritance which seems so necessary to insure your happiness with the dear child I would so gladly receive as my own."

"What is that about this inheritance, old lady?" asked a loud, cheerful voice from within the house. "I hope you are not making Frank greedy for wealth which may never come to him; and which, in fact, he may be better without. The boy has talent and industry, and he can make his own way in life. We cannot ask anything better for him than to see him rise to independence through his own efforts."

A tall, handsome old man, with hair and beard as white as snow, came through the open door as these words were spoken, and the younger one arose and gave him the large chair in which he had been sitting.

Mr. Nugent was six feet in height, and well proportioned, though thin in person. But for his hollow chest, and a slight stoop in his shoulders, he would have looked the very incarnation of health and strength, and his fine face was full of life and intelligence.

Until middle age he had borne the burden of an active mercantile career, and prospered indifferently in it. Then the constant wear and tear of business suddenly broke him down, and consumption threatened to lay its deadly blight upon him. Removal from a city life, with its bustle and care, was the only salvation for him, his physician declared, and he withdrew from the firm to which he belonged, and invested the few thousands he could claim as his own in the farm he now lived on.

Life had been very tranquil and sweet to him since that change was made, and he had gained both health and strength in his new vocation. But for the loss of his daughter, three years before this time, no cloud had marred the serene heaven of happiness enjoyed by the old couple in their new home.

Mr. Nugent sat down in the chair his son vacated, and his wife regarded him with a tender smile, as she said:

"I quite agree with you in all you have said, my dear; but when you have heard what Frank has to tell, you will understand why James Ross's money has attained sudden importance in my estimation. Tell him about Lora, Frank."

"What about my pretty pet? Has Frank asked for her and been refused? Have the Graftons become mercenary, too, and insist on a rich husband for their adopted daughter? Umph! if that is so, all the world is going mad after money."

"It is not Mr. and Mrs. Grafton who are to blame," said Frank, "But a much more important person. Listen to me patiently, father, and I will begin at the beginning and tell you the whole story."

"I am like patience on a monument, Master Frank; so begin—begin at once—but don't be too prolix. Put the thing in a nutshell, and I shall be as meek as a lamb while the recital lasts."

He folded his hands, leaned his head back, and stretching out his feet, prepared to attend comfortably to what his son had to say.

In as few words as possible Frank related all that had occurred at Glenvale in the last fifteen hours in which he was personally interested. His father listened in silence, and when he had finished, gravely said:

"I know something of Stephen Ford, and if I had been aware that Lora is his daughter I should have put my veto at once on the attachment you have formed for her. Lovely as she is herself, I would not have consented to accept her as your wife, Frank, if I had suspected that she came from such a nest as that."

"O, father!" exclaimed the young man, growing extremely pale. "Don't put any new obstacle between Lora and myself. Remember that I love her with all my strength, and that you have hitherto approved my choice."

"Yes—I more than approved it. I was more than charmed with the child, and glad to think of her as filling the place of our own lost angel; but if she is Stephen Ford's daughter she is no fit mate for you, Frank. The bad blood will show itself, and she will desert you when the choice is left her between wealth, however basely won, and the competence you can alone offer her. If your mother's air-castles fall to the earth, I wish to heaven you had never seen her, my poor boy, and I can hardly forgive Grafton for concealing from me the fact that Stephen Ford is the father of his adopted daughter."

"I will not believe that any temptation will induce Lora to violate the pledges she has given to me," cried Frank, excitedly. "You are a man of your word, father, and you gave me your permission to seek her as my wife. To not attempt to withdraw it now, for I warn you that I will never consent to forfeit my plighted troth to her."

Mr. Nugent looked with his calm bright eyes into the face of his son, and quietly said:

"You have never known me to be unjust to you, Frank, nor unmindful of your happiness. It is too late to withdraw my consent, for both honour and affection are pledged, and I will neither say nor do anything that can wound Lora. But, mark my words, boy; the blood of the Fords is treacherous, and their greed for money so great that they permit nothing to stand in the way of gaining it. From Lora herself will come the fiat that separates you. I knew the family well once. There were three brothers, one of whom is dead. The others were twins, and marvelously alike. Stephen Ford went South, and, it was said, married there. Silas went to the West, and settled. I had lost sight of them for years, but when I was at the Cleveland water-cure the first year after we came to live on this place, I heard of both the brothers."

He paused as if unwilling to go on; and the young man anxiously asked:

"What did you learn about them, father?"

"Nothing good," was the curt reply. "Both had grown enormously rich. They speculated in everything; found money for vast enterprises, and carried things before them with a high hand. Yet—no man was found to have faith in their integrity or fair-dealing. It was even whispered that on an island-home in the northern part of Lake Erie, Silas Ford had men in his employment so skilled in counterfeiting gold and silver money that only an adept could detect the fraud."

"If this were true," asked Frank, with some fire, "why did people only whisper? I do not like Mr. Ford, but for Lora's sake I will not believe that her father can be a base swindler. It was his brother, though, that you said was the counterfeiter, or rather was suspected of being such. If the charge had been well founded, of course people would have done something besides talk. Such unfounded assertions are often made against successful men."

"I bring no charge against either of them," said Mr. Nugent, gravely. "I am only telling you what was covertly said by others, that you may understand the ground of my aversion to Stephen Ford. I regard him as a man thoroughly destitute of principle, and after Lora has been under his tutelage two years, as he said himself, you will find in her nothing to remind you of the young creature who is only sweet and pure and devoted because the lures of vanity, of fashion, and pride have not been cast around her. Let her taste the Circean cup, and if she is that base man's child she will drain it to the dregs; she will turn with scorn from the simple pleasures of the life she has hitherto known. My son, I pity you from the depths of my soul, for Lora Ford will cast you off herself."

"I will not believe it," said Frank, firmly. "God did not put so lovely a soul into so beautiful a body without giving it strength to battle for the right. I love Lora, and I will stand by her, in spite of all that *may* be said to the prejudice of her father."

"Do so, my boy, and if she only stands by you I will not refuse to accept her as my daughter. If Lora passes the ordeal before her I will not help to 'visit the sins of the father' on the child by refusing my consent to your union with the girl of your heart."

"Thank you, father; that is spoken like your own true and generous self. If I am only successful in our new claim I can remove my betrothed from her father's influence at an early day. In that event there need then be no delay in our marriage."

"If it takes place at all, the sooner the better, so I bid you good-speed on your errand. Since Lora is going so soon you will not care to linger here longer than is absolutely necessary."

"I am ready to leave on the first steamer that passes down the river. From Louisville I will go by rail, and in forty-eight hours I can be in New Orleans. I feel restless already to be on the way."

"And I trust that you may win in the race, my dear boy," said his mother, rising, and kissing him tenderly. "Lora, in spite of her parentage, is worth a struggle, and both your father and I will love her as dearly as if she were the child of a better man than Mr. Ford appears to be. I have faith in her goodness, Frank, and I am sure she will fight a fierce battle in defence of the principles in which she has been reared."

"Dearest mother, you are always my good angel. Thanks for having faith in Lora. She will prove that you understand her best, and father will acknowledge that he has judged her hardly because she has the misfortune to be the child of a man he mistrusts."

"How gladly I will make that acknowledgment I cannot express," said Mr. Nugent, heartily. "I love the gypsy dearly, and if we can only save her from the fate her father would give her I shall be almost as happy as yourself, Frank."

The three went in together, and two hours later the young man was on the deck of a steamer, waving his handkerchief to those on shore, while he went on his way to seek the fortune which was to bring him nearer to his beloved Lora.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE RIVER.

Lora's preparations for the flitting were soon made, for her father commanded her to take nothing with her that was not necessary to a respectable appearance till they reached New York, where an elegant and fashionable outfit was to be selected for her.

The novelty of her position caused her, in some measure, to lay aside the regrets she naturally felt at leaving a place which had become endeared to her by long residence, but a few tears were shed when she went out to take leave, for the last time, of the winding path and bosky dells in the woodland where so many of the happiest hours of her young life had been passed.

Lora was not the least sentimental, although she had read the exquisite love poems of Moore, and enjoyed them with the tender appreciation of her years. Mrs. Grafton had carefully guarded her from that pseudo sentimentality which proves fatal to so many girls, and if she had erred at all, it was in the opposite direction. She had made her young charge far more practical than those of her age usually are; and if the young girl had not been endowed by nature with a warm and tender heart, she might have become calculating and cold under such training. Strictly conscientious in all she did, Mrs. Grafton had tried to make her *protegee* a reasonable, God-*loving* creature, by cultivating within her a sense of responsibility and self-respect, which would make it impossible for Lora to outrage the Divine spark enshrined in each human soul so far as to commit a mean or doubtful action. Noble and true in all her instincts, this had not been a difficult task, and now was approaching the test of the principles which had been so carefully instilled. Ah! if she would only have strength to stand the ordeal and issue from it pure as gold refined by fire!

Grafton, after a long consultation with his wife, had decided to accompany the party to Cincinnati, and then return alone to Glenvale to prepare for such changes in the future as they had determined to make. Mrs. Grafton made a list of such things as she wished reserved from the sale of the property, and found time to pack up her silver and linen ready for removal. She had not a large stock of either, but it was sufficient for their needs, and of the best quality. Dainty in all her tastes and ways, nothing commonplace or coarse was to be found among her household treasures.

It was nearly six o'clock before the wild, banshee-like wail of the steam-whistle was heard from the lower bend of the river, and the travellers hastened down to the landing to meet her as she came cautiously toward the wooden platform, now many feet below high-water mark.

It was the same boat on which Mr. Ford came down on the previous night, and he had engaged a stateroom for the use of his daughter and another for himself. They were soon on board, and both he and Grafton received many greetings as they passed toward the ladies' cabin with their fair charges.

Ford cast his piercing glances over the crowd of passengers in the outer cabin, and presently nodded and smiled to a young man with an eye-glass stuck in his eye after the English fashion, who seemed to be examining the new arrivals with extreme interest.

He was of medium height and rather heavily made, with one of those sleepily observant faces to be found only among the Germans. The lymphatic temperament had been aroused by American training, and in spite of his near-sighted eyes, and fair, inexpressive features, Carl Rosen saw and comprehended all that passed before him that was of any interest to himself. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and his hair of pale gold, with a dash of red in it, was perfumed and curled by tonsorial art. He wore a heavy mustache and side whiskers, which gave his fair, fat face somewhat the expression of a poodle.

As soon as Ford could release himself from attendance on his daughter he passed into the outer cabin, and, as he expected, found Rosen at the nearest table, looking ostensibly for the news of the day, but really watching for the reappearance of his friend.

The two greeted each other by a peculiar grip of the hand, and walked almost in silence toward the nearest opening by which they could gain access to the guard.

This was comparatively deserted, for supper was soon to be served, and the most of the passengers had gone in to be ready to take seats at the tables before they were crowded.

The guard was wide, and the two sat down as near the railing as possible, and Ford said:

"I received your telegram at Cincinnati, and I thought it probable I should find you on this boat. I came down to get possession of *you know who*, and I hope that you have succeeded in your mission as well as I did in mine."

"So, so. Things are a little mixed at New Orleans, and I would not advise you to put in an appearance there yourself. The man that bought that plantation, you know, is ready to cut up rough since old Pagand let out that the stop-child didn't die at all, and *she* had the largest claim on it. He'll have to be pacified some way, or you will never get the girl down there when the uncle stops off the scene, leaving this new windfall to be gobbled up by Ford and company. I found out that the old fellow is supposed to be worth a quarter of a million at least."

"*Was* worth, you mean, Carl. Your news is stale. I have later myself, and I can't think what you have been about. It cannot have been less than ten days since information of the death of Ross was sent to the person who told me of it only this morning. You must have travelled on a very slow boat."

"Yes; and we had an accident to the machinery which detained us on the way," answered the other, tranquilly, as he puffed away at the cigar he had lit. "Dead, is he? Well, so much the better for you. But how are you going to manage about claiming the inheritance? *You* daren't show your face there, you know. Wilder would be down on you like a thousand of brick."

CHAPTER XV.

AN INIQUITOUS PLOT.

"Oh, all that has been settled long ago," was Ford's careless reply to Rosen's remark. "Sam Fletcher is dead and buried, and I defy those people who have a grudge against him to resuscitate him for purposes of their own. The money will be claimed by my brother, who can prove that he is Silas Fletcher, having dropped his last name, as I did once, a long time ago; for we both have our mother's maiden name tacked on to the others. Nobody can say that we took an *alias*. We are as much Fletcher as Ford."

Rosen indulged in a fat, gurgling laugh.

"You are a keener. Nobody ever caught you napping yet. But the girl you have with you—is she to be taken into your confidence, and let to know how much money is coming to her? She may be hard to manage if she finds that out."

"She will never know that. And *now* it is impossible for me to carry out my original plan, which was to send her down the river by Silas, prove her to be the heiress by such incontrovertible evidence as I have in my possession, and gain possession of the money. But that's no go now."

"Why?" asked the other, in some surprise. "The plan seems a good one, and easily carried out."

"It would have been, but for a cursed mischance. The person who claims this fortune in default of Cora Ross happens to live near Grafton, and the two families are on intimate terms. It was from Mrs. Nugent's son that I heard of the death of the South American Crœsus, and he has already set out for New Orleans to look after his mother's claims. I saw him through my glass when he got on the Louisville steamer, not three hours ago."

"I see," said the other. "This Nugent knows, you as Mr. Ford, and the young lady as your daughter. He knows that you are living, so that clever dodge is a failure. I can't see how you are to get out of this difficulty. The girl must be produced and her identity established."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.

The November number of Lippincott's Monthly Magazine opens with a complete novel, by Virginia W. Johnson, entitled The Terra-Cotta Bust—an art romance, a picture of Italian life, delicately and gracefully painted, and full of poetry and pathos. The series of undergraduate sketches of life in the principal colleges of the United States is brought to a close by R. S. Rounds' Social Life at Amherst College. Felix L. Oswald's article, A Modern Spartacus, detailing the adventures and exploits of a bandit, who for several years back has baffled the Mexican authorities and encountered many thrilling adventures, is a biographical sketch of the utmost interest. Another valuable article is Prof. John Johnson, jr.'s The School-boy as a Microcosm, in which the custom and morals and economic principles of the average school-boy are shown to reflect those of semi-civilized and savage periods of the human race. The Story of a Stanza, by John R. Talt, is one of the bits of literary autobiography for which this magazine is famous. Arlo Bates's A Sketch in Umber is a story of unusual power and insight. The most important of the poems is contributed by Walt Whitman, and is entitled November Boughs. Excellent verses are also contributed by Mary Bradley and Willis Boyd Allen. The departments are interesting as usual.

Godey For November.

No more sprightly or valuable magazine issue for ladies is to be found than the November number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Illustrations, fashion-plates, stories, sketches, poetry and correspondence are all first-rate. Mrs Craik opens with a sparkling sketch of Mrs. Lamb the historian and poet. A pleasant Thanksgiving flavour proceeds from John Habberton's story about how "Poonthie" picked up a turkey. There are home stories, long stories, and stories on various other subjects. There are suggestions and directions for making all sorts of things to brighten home and fill it with happiness and beauty. There are ample instructions for ladies who want to go shopping, and after shopping *to make* into tasteful dresses the goods which they have bought. The success with which the new management of "GODEY" so brilliantly opened is every month increasing in popular favor. As this year draws to a close, special inducements are offered for 1888. Let our young friends especially, who want premiums and prizes, look into this. Write to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEWS ITEMS.

A hundred Jewish families have been expelled from Kieff.

Searchers have been unable to find the British gunboat Wasp.

William J. Evelyn, Conservative member of the House of Commons for Deptford, will resign on account of the Government's Irish policy.

At Nottingham the Liberal Federation Congress adopted a resolution favoring a reform in the franchise so that one man shall have only one vote.

The police have warned the Irish news agents against exposing placards or papers containing any reference to meeting of suppressed branches of the National League.

Serious riots have been caused at Gibraltar by quarrels between Irish and English soldiers.

Boulanger has been placed under arrest for thirty days, during which time the Ministry will decide on his case.

Mr. T. R. Buchanan, Liberal M. P. for West Edinburgh, has become a convert to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule ideas.

Canadian railway and general securities suffered, in company with American stocks, on the London Exchange last week.

It is asserted that 90 out of every 100 male children born in Ireland at present are named after Charles Stuart Parnell.

There are now 23,000 less Irish soldiers in the British army than there were twenty years ago. Their places are taken by Englishmen.

One factory in Newark, N. J., turns out 150,000 corkscrews in a year. This information will be deemed very suggestive by prohibitionists.

The schooner Houlette has cleared from Halifax for the Alaska seal fisheries, armed at all points, and the captain says he will fight any U. S. cutter which interferes with him.

The Government have, it is said, received an offer from some English contractors to build a railway between Prince Edward Island and the mainland for a subsidy of $200,000 a year for fifty years.

The report comes from Ottawa that Hon. Mr. Thompson, Minister of Justice, has been appointed to accompany Sir Charles Tupper to Washington as legal adviser in connection with the Fisheries Commission.

Toronto Reformers who are dissatisfied with the Globe are talking of forming a company to publish a genuine Liberal paper. Some of the pushers are closely identified with the Globe's present directorate, but, are overruled by their colleagues.

In his speech at Belfast Joseph Chamberlain referred to Commercial Union between the United States and Canada. He said it meant a protective tariff against Great Britain, and that if Canada had Commercial Union she must be made to know it means a political separation from Great Britain.

Average wages in Puget Sound logging-camps: Skid greasers, $30 per month; swampers, barkers, and hook-tenders, about $40; skidders, $50; the teamsters, $60 to $125; cooks, $40 to $100; headsawyers, $100 to $125; other sawyers, $60 to $65; filers, $80; hands employed generally about the mill, $30 to $40 per month.

Immigration into the North-west will this year not only exceed in numbers that of the last two seasons, but the class of settlers who have entered the country is much superior. Up to the close of September 15,000 immigrants were reported at the Winnipeg agency, and for the year the total will approximate 20,000 at that point. The export movement from Manitoba is now under full swing, and a great increase over any previous period will be shown. In September, although the big surplus crop had scarcely begun to be marketed, the value of exports through the port of Winnipeg was three times as much as in the corresponding month last year, namely, $388,391, against $126,449.

The postal receipts of the Dominion Postal Department appear to be particularly satisfactory, and there seems to be no good reason that the people of Canada should not be able to send a letter from one part of their own country to another for two cents instead of three, seeing that letters from the United States are carried from the border to any part of Canada by the Canadian Postal Department for two. It is rather remarkable that people in another country can have their letters delivered in Canada at a lower rate of postage than can the Canadians themselves. It is not calculated that the postal service shall be a source of revenue. All that is expected of it is that it shall be able to cover its own expenses. All experience has shown that the lower the rate of postage the larger the number of letters, so that what the Postal Department would lose by the reduction in rate it would make up by the increased sale of stamps. Canadians posting letters to Detroit instead of Windsor save a cent on every letter sent to people in their own country. This is an anomaly that should not longer continue.