V PLANING MILL
zard & Appleby,
BUILDERS & MANUFACTURERS,
nished with an entire outfit of new machinery, are now prepared to m
all kinds of Building Material, such as
INDS, MOULDINGS, DOORS WINDOW FRAMES, RA
T NEWELLS, also all kinds of SCROLL SAWING.
Planing and Matching done to Order,
MBER, FLOORING, LATH AND SHINGLES,
kept constantly on hand and for sale.
We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds
PRICES MODERATE. Factory—Mill Street, Milton.

NALD McNAIR
mate that he is prepared to fill all or
They will not take
Joseph Royal, M.
Main Street, one door east of the
$1 a year in advance or within one
the date of advertising if not so paid
ES OF ADVERTISING.
1 year $75 00
6 months 50 00
3 " 40 00
1 year 25 00
6 months 15 00
3 " 25 00
1 year 15 00
6 months 10 00
3 " 15 00
1 year 10 00
6 months 7 00
Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per
r the Baker to the Fro
down to Roper's and get some cakes,
e buns and shortbread and some bake
thing of the kind he makes,
I set our table cheery O.
ornamental Cakes of every description for the Ho
n your favors early. Orders from the country
n, should be in not later than December 15th.
stablished in 1874
RSHALL BRO
—IMPORTERS OF—
S AND COFFE
67 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT
mission, Agent for the County of Halton.
ESTABLISH
M.D. & W.F. Freeman,
Office Hours
Office—Heath's
WM. BEWS,
—MILTON,—
d assortment of Canadian and Impor
Mohair, &c., &c., and can supply his
erior in material and finish to none.
be found to be remarkably low com
the goods he sells.
Wm.
E. MITCHELL,
CASH FOR WOOL
AT THE
PEELLVILLE W
Water St., opposite Wray's
Tuesday, Thursday and
loan at west rates of interest.
9-6ms.
N. LABLAW & Co.
Barristers & Solicitors.
over Imperial Bank, 34 Wel-
st. East Entrance, Exchange
ote.
Matthew Lablaw.
George Kappele.
RNITURE
AT THE
FACTURER'S PRICES.
ZIMMERMAN,
DENTIST,
HAMILTON, ONT.
NEDHAM,
N HALL, MILTON,
ACE HOUSE,
ING HOTEL IN TOWN
Wallace, Prop.
S HOTEL,
Farms for Sale.
500,000 6%
TO LOAN ON FARM OR TOWN
PROPERTY AT 6 PER CENT.
CHESTER L
hese lamps are still at
lighting large rooms
dings. Chimneys
akable by
oke up ev
eapest o

THE Canadian Champion, $1 per yr. in advance

The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

THE Canadian Champion, To Jan. 1, '89 for $1.

VOLUME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY JANUARY 12, 1888. NO. 30.

Canadian Champion.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning
—AT—
CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

Travellers' Guide.
NORTHERN & NORTH-WESTERN.
GOING NORTH — GOING SOUTH
8-15 A.M. 2 20 P.M. — A.M. 7-50 P.M.

NOTICE.
The Bank of Hamilton will allow 4 per cent. per annum on money deposited since the 1st November inst., and the same rate for new deposits.

WORKING CLASS 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.

Richly Rewarded are those who read this and then act. They will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made an fortunes, making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not necessary; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as anyone. Write to us for full particulars, which we send free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

PEEL FARMERS' MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Co.
JOHN COONEY
AUTHORIZED GENERAL AGENT FOR SAID COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE, MILTON.
THOS. HOLTBY, Pres. J. H. ROSS, Sec.

Invention has reached the last halt century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work, either sex, young or old; no special ability required; capital not needed; you are started free. Circular sent out and return to mail we will send you something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW
COAL YARD.
Having started a new coal yard at the N. & N. W. station, the undersigned is prepared to fill all orders intrusted to him with the best quality of coal.
Best Value for cash.
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.
Weight and Quality Guaranteed.
Scales at Yard.
J. H. HARRISON.

Medicinal and Family
LIQUORS,
In cases of one dozen bottles, and in wood, five gallons and upwards.
Agents for Corby's celebrated
I. X. L.
RYE WHISKY,
Guaranteed seven yrs. old.
Orders by mail promptly executed.
Reid, Birely & Co.
Direct Importers, 140 King St. E., Hamilton. 22-ly.

Photography.
W. C ADAIR
wishes to inform the people of Milton and surrounding country that he has rented the Photograph Gallery 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-

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.
For the Year 1888.

	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton	27	29	25	13	28	30	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	11	7	9	11	12	7	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	17	13	15	4	15	13	9.30 a.m.
4	Acton	J. Matthews	19	15	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	6	2	4	"	7	2	9 30 "
6	Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	10	6	8	10	11	6	11

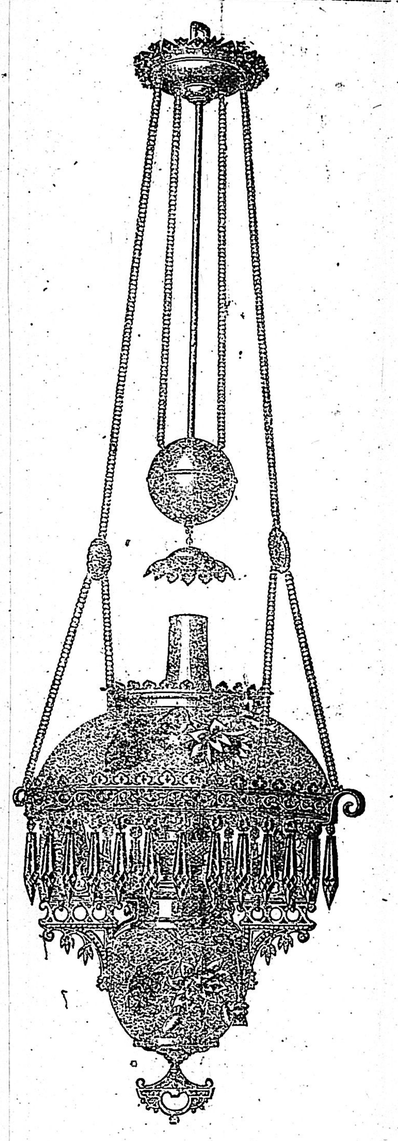
General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury. Tuesday 12th June and 11th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 3rd April, and 2nd October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 2nd January, 2nd April, 2nd July, and 1st October, at 10 a.m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Tuesday, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July & 2nd October.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.



A Lamp like this will cost
$6.75
At HARRY A. COLLIN'S
House Furnishing Store,
90 Yonge-St. TORONTO

NEW FALL STYLES, '87
BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS,
FELT AND RUBBER GOODS.

COMFORT — ECONOMY — CONVENIENCE
TORONTO SHOE COMPANY'S
HEADQUARTERS
144 146 148 KING ST. E. TORONTO.
THE GREAT ONE PRICE ESTABLISHMENT

ADOPTED DAUGHTER

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

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

Ford angrily said:

"This is singular talk, sir, to a stranger and a gentleman who has just sought your acquaintance on a matter of business. We have no doubt as to the justice of our cause, not the slightest. I have brought with me a Frenchwoman who has been with Cora Ross for many years, and she can prove that her young mistress is the step-daughter of my brother. In addition to her evidence, I have depositions from the principal and two of the head teachers in the school in which Miss Ross was educated."

Mr. Pagand listened attentively, and then asked:

"Are you not aware, Mr. Fletcher, that the daughter of William Ross has once been proved dead in our courts, that your brother might seize on the estate left by her father, and sell it for purposes of his own? Don't you think that it will be difficult to resuscitate her in a crisis like this, and make a jury believe that she is the true heiress? The case is the most complicated one I have ever had to deal with, and before you are through with it I think you will find it the toughest job you ever undertook to settle."

Silas listened to the irascible invalid, boiling over with wrath at his unceremonious language, yet feeling how impolitic it would be to express what he felt. He coldly replied:

"I know nothing of the affair you speak of. That Cora Ross is alive, and likely to live for many years, can be easily ascertained. By the laws of Louisiana she is of age, for she has completed her eighteenth year; she is competent to make good the title of the property you say that my brother sold, and will no doubt do so when she is put in possession of her uncle's fortune. I cannot see that there need be any difficulty about that, Mr. Pagand. If you are a just man you will scarcely attempt what you threatened just now—a long litigation, which will keep Miss Ross out of the enjoyment of what her uncle wished her to have."

"The longer the better for her in the end, I fancy," said Pagand, curtly. "If I were to give up this money to such a man as your brother has proved himself, how much benefit do you think the young lady will derive from it? He is her guardian, and in every other State in the Union she is under age. If I felt no interest in Nugent, I think it would be the best thing for Miss Ross that I can do to spin out this case till she is twenty-one. She might then stand some chance to be benefited from her uncle's bequest."

"Really, sir, you talk in the most extraordinary manner, I must say. I hardly expected gratuitous insult when I came here to consult with you on a matter of business. My brother is a man widely known and highly respected. He has amassed great wealth, and in place of taking from his step-daughter, he will endow her with the greater portion of his own fortune when he dies."

"As an atonement for what he has taken from her, I suppose," was the dry comment of the lawyer. "It is useless to multiply words, Mr. Fletcher; my mind is firmly made up to hold on to James Ross' thousands till the title of the claimant is made perfectly clear, not to me alone, but to the judge and jury who will have to decide upon it. The initiative steps towards a speedy trial have already been taken, and by the time the fall term commences I shall be well enough to attend to my clients' interests. In the meantime I have no objection to seeing Miss Ross myself, and looking at your proofs. I have been told that, as a child, Cora Ross resembled her mother very much. I knew Mrs. William Ross very well, and I should like to make the acquaintance of her daughter."

Silas was slightly taken back by this statement. He briefly said:

"Cora does not look at all like her mother's picture, but you shall see her and judge for yourself."

He paused, and after a few minutes of deep thought, went on:

"I will bring my proofs also, Mr. Pagand, and after you have satisfied yourself that this young lady is really the person she represents herself to be, you may be willing to listen to a proposal for a compromise. A protracted lawsuit is a thing of which I have a great horror. Half the estate litigated for, and sometimes the whole of it, goes into the pockets of the lawyers, and the parties to the suit are left stranded. Sooner than enter the courts, I would consent to liberal terms with Mrs. Nugent, for she, and not her son, is the claimant on the other side."

A grim smile passed over Mr. Pagand's thin face, and he rubbed his bony hands together in triumph. This was what he had been aiming at, and hoping to accomplish, throughout the interview. He intended to secure what he could from the inheritance and turn it over to Mrs. Nugent. When this was done, she might retain it or give it back to the heirs at her own pleasure.

As to Frank, he regarded him as too quixotic in this business, and despising and mistrusting Fletcher, he was determined to despoil his step-daughter of as much as he possibly could claim.

In a more placable tone than he had yet used, the lawyer said:

"The proposal is yours, Mr. Fletcher, but I can only entertain it on my own terms."

"And those terms? what will they be?"

"To make an equal division between the opposing parties."

"Equal! ah, bah! that is nonsense. The girl is the testator's niece, and those Nugents are only distant cousins. A one-third to them and the thing is settled."

The evident anxiety of Silas to make a bargain at once defeated his aim. Pagand said:

"Half or nothing. You will save in even by that, for the expenses of the suit will be enormous."

"Well, well, I will think about it," said Silas after a pause, "and you will hear my decision when we meet again. Miss Ross if I bring her will be able to come to a satisfactory settlement without appealing to the law."

Silas took his leave, much chagrined to find that he could not walk over the course as he had expected.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN IMPORTANT WITNESS — ELFIE IN A QUANDARY.

As his visitor passed out of the gate Mr. Pagand fell back in his chair, laughing in his grim way over the advantage he had obtained. He felt that his late attack had not impaired the keenness of his intellect, nor lessened his enjoyment in thrusting sharp words at his opponents.

He had some doubts as to whether this man was not, after all, Samuel Fletcher, for the likeness to the man he had known under that name was marvellous, and he might have assumed to be his brother to avoid the danger of an encounter with Wilder.

The thought no sooner struck him than he drew towards himself a small stand attached to the arm of his chair, and taking from a drawer in it pen, ink and paper, dashed off the following note, which he addressed to Thomas Wilder, Esq.:

"Come to me to-morrow at ten, and help me to decide if the man who calls himself Silas Fletcher, is not really that scamp, Samuel. The Ross heiress will be on exhibition also, and you may get her to give you a perfect title if she, too, is the real Simon pure.

"R. PAGAND.

Summoning his servant with a handbell, the note was despatched to its destination at once.

Then sinking back, he closed his eyes to meditate on the scene which had so lately passed. Throughout nearly the whole of it Bligh had been lurking in a thicket of shrubbery a few feet from the gallery, and he had overheard nearly all that had passed between the two. It had been easy enough to spring over the ornamental fence at a point below the house, and make his way through the shrubbery to a safe and convenient place for his purpose.

Suddenly Mr. Pagand was startled by a voice, which said almost in his ear:

"Would you be kind enough to give me your attention a few moments, sir? I have something very important to say to you about the man who has just left you. You do not know me, but you will see from this that I may be trusted as a guardian of the law."

Bligh displayed his badge of office, the star which he had removed from the breast of his coat, and kept carefully concealed in his pocket.

"I am on the track of Silas Ford, who calls himself Silas Fletcher here, and I don't mind telling you that I've been listening out yonder."

"What! Is he an imposter, and not related to the man I took him for when he came in?"

"He is his twin brother, and both are Fords, though their mother's name was Fletcher before she was married, I have heard. They've both made it convenient to drop their own name, it seems, and I think I can tell you a thing or two about them that you'd like to know."

"You are right there, my friend. Sit down, if you please. There is no danger of interruption for an hour yet. My daughter has gone out with her children, to stay at a neighbor's house till sundown. No one will come near unless I ring."

Bligh took the offered seat, and, after a pause, said:

"I can put a clew in your hand which will be invaluable to you, sir; but I am unwilling to do it unless you will give me a pledge that the young girl who has come down here with Silas Ford shall be allowed to go away with me when his villainy is unmasked. She has been deceived, sir. I am sure of it, though I have not had an opportunity to speak with her."

The lawyer pricked up his ears at this.

"So,—the girl is a fraud as well as the man, if you are to be believed, sir. My client will get the estate, after all. No wonder Fletcher, or Ford, was so willing to compromise. Let me hear the story, and then we will see what can be done for this female masquerader. The lawful heiress is dead, of course, or another would not have been brought here to personate her."

"No, she is not dead, I am quite certain, though I have never seen he since she was a small child. Stephen Ford married her mother under a false name. Why, I do not know. After his wife's death and that of his own child, he took Cora Ross to New York, and gave her to the wife of a man I knew—George Grafton, who afterward moved to Kentucky, and, I believe, has lived near Louisville since that time."

Mr. Pagand began to listen eagerly now. He bent forward and said:

"The young girl was known as Lora Grafton, was she not?"

"That I cannot tell; but if Ford chose to claim her as his own child, he would naturally transfer to her the name of the little one that died. Here was Lora, for I have seen it on the tombstone he had put up over her grave."

"Yes, yes, that is it. The wretch has claimed that young girl, and taken her from the home she had lived in so long. She was betrothed to my client, Frank Nugent, and Ford did not dare to bring her forward as the heiress, because he could not possess himself of her fortune if she had friends to stand by her. I see through the plot now, and it is worthy of so stupendous a villain as I know the man to be who framed it."

The speaker seemed embued with new life and energy. He left his chair and walked to and fro as briskly as of old. When he had exhausted his excitement he sat down again, and said:

"Now tell me all you know, Mr.——, you have not told me your name, sir, nor why you are so much interested in the young woman who has come here to claim a quarter of a million which belongs to another person."

"My name is Bligh, but I have plenty of *aliases*, which I need not trouble you with. The girl who is with Silas Ford believe to be nearly related to myself, and therefore I am interested in her. She cannot be old in sin, for she is little more than a child, and that she is to be benefited by this fraud I do not believe. She has been misled in some way, I feel very sure."

"I hope so for your sake; but to me it matters very little now. Putting together what Frank Nugent confided to me in the fulness of his heart, and the revelation you have made, I feel very sure that Cora Ross, or Lora Grafton, is the only compromise that will be accepted by our adversaries, and the only compromise that I will agree to. Unless I can find the man she loves, Since the things are going so well for my side, I can afford to give you the assistance you ask with reference to this other girl, but she must not be permitted to come before me to-morrow and claim to be Miss Ross. As to Fletcher or Ford, I suppose you would like to have the chance of nabbing him."

"Not on this charge; but I shall follow him up till I establish another, which is even more serious, against him. Trust me to track Silas Ford, now that I have spotted him once. He'll hardly escape from me till he is in the hands of those who will deal with him as he deserves."

After this there was half an hour of earnest conversation, in which the two came to a clear understanding of the part each one was to play, and then Mr. Pagand asked:

"If I write to George Grafton, at Louisville, do you think the letter will be likely to reach him? He should be made aware of Miss Ross's actual position as soon as possible. He can then follow up Stephen Ford, and insist that the young lady shall be given up to his protection."

"I have known very little of Grafton for many years, but a letter sent to the care of the Louisville postmaster, with a request to forward it to him, would probably meet with prompt attention. Very likely he is well known in that city."

"I have thought of a better way than that. I will write to a law firm there with which I have had some dealings, and request them to find Grafton out and see that he gets my letter. The sooner he knows the true position of affairs the better for his adopted daughter. No one knows what such a man as this Ford may attempt when he finds that his plot has failed. I believe him to be capable of any baseness."

"I fear that you are right in your estimate of Stephen Ford's character. You will attend to that part of our programme, Mr. Pagand, and I pledge myself to be on hand to-morrow morning in time to take charge of Silas Ford, if it is found necessary to arrest him."

Soon after this the two parted, and Bligh hastened back to Carrollton to carry out his plans with reference to Elfie.

There was a private table for ladies, and at that Silas and his young companion took their supper, while Bligh ordered his own in the public room appropriated to casual wayfarers. When he had satisfied his appetite he lit a good cigar, and strolled out for a walk through the lovely garden attached to the hotel.

As he had expected at that hour of the evening, the upper gallery looking toward the garden, in which the parlor opened, was filled with ladies and children, and among them he descried Elfie, beautifully dressed, and apparently in excellent spirits, talking gayly with a young girl whose acquaintance she had already made. How to come within speaking of her was the problem Bligh had to solve, and for more than an hour he watched every movement she made in the hope that she would be tempted to descend into the garden, now that the bright southern moon had risen and was sailing serenely through the blue concave above.

At length Elfie arose for a promenade, and the young school-girl, who had attached herself to her since supper was over, whispered:

"Mamma has gone in with Kitty, who is sleepy and fretful, and she won't be back for some time, I know. Suppose we run down into the garden. It is lovely there, especially when the moon shines."

Elfie was charmed with the proposal, and the two lost no time in descending to the lower floor. They were soon beside the fountain, which scattered its silvery spray in sparkling showers into the marble basin, from which arose a water nymph. Elfie was disposed to linger there, for she had never seen so lovely a night before; but her companion hurriedly said:

"Let us get into the shadow; if mamma misses me, and sees me here, she will be sure to call me in, and make me stay in her room."

Elfie submitted to be drawn toward the winding walk thickly embroidered in shade, and the two had soon measured the extent of the garden. They were coming back by a different pathway when a shrill voice arose, calling in the negro patois:

"Miss Phemy, Miss Phemy—whar is you, you obstroperlous chile, what never mines a word what's said to you? Yer mar says come in this minnit out'n the dew. You'll git a good scoldin', and you'll 'zarve it."

"Oh, dear! Ma has found me out and sent nurse after me. I must get in as fast as I can;" and without further ceremony the girl darted away, leaving Elfie standing alone in the moonlit garden. She was not frightened at this, for she had a wild, free spirit of her own, and she was intoxicated by the aroma of the flowers, the beautiful effects of the lustrous light which threw its veil of enchantment over everything around her, and clasping her hands ecstatically, she cried aloud:

"How beautiful is the night! and how much fairer this lovely place seems now that I can enjoy it alone."

"Is solitude so dear to you then?" asked a voice, carefully modulated to avoid alarming her; and from a lateral alley stepped a venerable looking man with a long, silvery beard flowing over his breast. "Do not be startled, young lady, and I beg that you will not attempt to escape from me, for I have something of the last importance to yourself to say to you. You can trust yourself with me a few minutes—indeed you can."

The first impulse of Elfie was to fly as fast as possible from this unwelcome intruder, but something in his voice arrested her. Its tones seemed to come back to her as something she had known and loved in some former state of being, and she involuntarily paused, and asked in a breathless manner:

"Who are you and what can you have to say to me that I have any interest in hearing? I never saw you before in my life; I know nothing of you."

"You have seen me many times—I have nursed you in these arms, rocked you to sleep upon my breast, and shielded your baby form from the heavy hand of a virago when it was raised to strike. Ellen Bligh have you no memory of the father who loved you best of all things on earth, even if he did, for a time, desert you."

Elfie shrank away from him, feeling faint and sick. She put out her hand as if to repel him, and said:

"You are the same man who spoke to me on the wharf in Cleveland. How you know me I cannot imagine, unless you have followed me and spied on me since, then for purposes of your own. I have nothing to say to you, and as to my father, the less said of him the better as he left both wife and child to starve."

"You are but a poor actress, child, and I am glad to see it. You seem to have forgotten your assumed character; you answer readily to the name of Ellen Bligh, yet you have come South as Cora Ross, to claim a large inheritance to which you must know you have no right. You repudiate your father, yet in the hour of danger, which approaches with rapid steps, you will be glad enough to avail yourself of his protection, I can readily foresee."

Elfie uttered a faint cry, and covered her face with her hands. She felt that she had indeed committed a fatal mistake in acknowledging her identity with Ellen Bligh to this singular stranger.

She remembered the threats of Silas Ford if she failed in sustaining her assumed character, and in the first moment of danger she had forgotten all his cautions, and betrayed what it was so vital to both of them to conceal.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" was the pitiful cry that came to her lips.

"If you will listen to me, I will tell you what you must do, if you would save yourself from the punishment that is swiftly drawing near Silas Ford. You see I know his true name, and knowing that, of course I can defeat the purpose that brought him to Louisiana. Come with me to a sheltered place not far away, and make your own peace by telling me all that you know about this man."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Too much alarmed to resist, Elfie allowed herself to be taken to a rustic seat completely embowered in shrubbery, and she sat shivering and sobbing beside the masterful man who acted as if he had the right to control her.

When her emotion had somewhat subsided, he said, with grave sternness:

"You are unused to deception; I can see that clearly enough; but what you hope to gain by endangering yourself for the furtherance of Silas Ford's villainous plans, I cannot see. He will cheat you in your turn, as he does every one who has dealings with him. You do not expect to retain possession of Miss Ross's fortune, I hope."

"No—oh, no. How could I, when Mr. Stephen Ford is the one entitled to it? The heiress is dead—and as her step-father, he has the right to it. If I had not thought that, I would never have consented to do as I was bidden. He has been very good to me, and out of the money I was to have my musical education completed. That is all I asked for; all I wanted."

"Ah—h—" said Bligh, with a long breath of relief. "I thought there must be deception somewhere—that you would never knowingly have linked yourself with a thief. They have imposed a falsehood upon you, Nelly, for Cora Ross is living. She has friends who will not see her wronged, and by your chance encounter with me, you have escaped a danger far greater than you can understand."

"I have foolishly betrayed a cause I was bound to maintain," replied the girl, resentfully, "and I shall lose the reward promised me. My life will be ruined by my failure; but what do you care for that? I don't believe that Cora Ross is living; you only say that to frighten me in going over to you. But what can you do for me? How can you prevent me from being sent back to the old life which has become so loathsome, to me? Ah! I shall drown myself in the lake yet, and it will be your fault if I do."

"Be guided by me, and I promise that you shall have no cause for such extreme measure as that. I am absolutely poor; I have laid by money from year to year, till I can count a few thousands with certainty. Your father, Nelly, although you have drifted away from me as if there is no relation in my touch. What I have been honestly earned, and I can do better use to make of it than to give my daughter from the snares of base men, even at her own price, musical education you speak of, give you, and if you will do your promise to do so. The money I have saved was for you, and I have saved it for years, believe it or not as you may. I can do no better with it than to fulfil your most ardent desire. From me you have inherited your musical talent, and your desire to exhibit it in public; for, of course, a girl in your position must use her gifts to enable her to win fortune."

Elfie listened earnestly, and for the first time her heart began to yearn toward him. The air-castles she had built within the past week were falling into ruins around her, but the one dream to which she clung might yet be realized.

After a short struggle she said:

"If you really would keep your promises, I might be willing to do as you wish. But how can I trust you when you deserted my mother and left her in poverty?"

"Her temper drove me away; but I went back after a time, Nelly, because I could not bear to give you up. She know that I was coming and she left the place before I could get there. Where has she concealed herself all these years, and how have you fallen into such hands as I find you in?"

"Mr. Stephen Ford found us as beggars on the street. He remembered my mother, and took both of us to an island in one of the northern lakes, which he owns. He sent me to school in Canada, when I was old enough to go, and he has been the only friend I have had. I will neither say or do anything to compromise my benefactor."

"We will talk of that after we are better acquainted. But tell me of your mother now. She is still living, I suppose?"

Elfie's face fell for the first time; the fact of her mother's second marriage came to trouble her. She evasively said:

"Mr. Ford has a fine mansion on Flath Iunis, and he employed my mother as his housekeeper. There is a small settlement on the island, and she was not without society in her new place of residence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRAPE VINES.—Mr. C. S. Racey has purchased 2,000 choice three-year-old grape vines, including the following varieties: Concord, Champion, Diana, Brighton, [illegible] Lady, Martha, Delaware, [illegible] each. S[illegible] in your orders.