AN ALTERED PURPOSE

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"You had better do it, Jack," said Otterson, interposing. "I can see this young fellow means what he says. I did not like his look at first; but I do now. You can take him round to the place, and I will go on to my new people. We shall part good friends, Jack, after all."

"Perhaps we shall," retorted Sparle; "but I do not care much how it is. I am glad we are going to part, as you have turned out so nasty.—Now, Mr. Rodbury, if you are ready, I will take you round to our place."

The stranger rose. He was a tall, well enough built young fellow, and not bad-looking, while he wore his shabby coat with a different air from that of either of the burly fellows in his company; yet, for all that, there was a something, a slovenly dissolute something in his very look, his every movement, which told of a wasted if not a bad career.

This his new partner had early noted; but his own experience had made him far from fastidious in such matters, and so, without further delay, he set off with Mr. Rodbury in the direction of his stable and depot; Otterson parting company, having, as he declared with sufficient emphasis, something on hand which suited his book a great deal better.

It was now dark, or so nearly dark that the street lamps were lighted, and most of the shop windows were lighted up also. In a yard at the back of a shabby terrace near the water-side, Frank Rodbury was shown a big strong horse, a large wagon or caravan, and a collection of goods.

"The things are worth more than you are going to pay," said Sparle; "and as a matter of fact, I am giving you the lot. It is only the good-will and the training you are paying for.—Now, come on; you shall hear something about me, and I will show you my receipts." He took his new friend to a gay bustling public-house close by, where he seemed to be well known. Here the landlord testified to his respectability and to his solvency, avowing that Jack Sparle's simple note of hand was good to him, the landlord, for fifty or a hundred pounds any day.

"Now, I have dealt straight with you," summed up Mr. Sparle; "and I shall expect you to be as straight in return. Where is this friend of yours, and when can you have your money?

Rodbury intimated that he was ready to set about his arrangements at once, and said that he could make an appointment with Sparle for the next day, to settle, if that would do.—Yes, that would do very well.—"You will not object to a cheque, I suppose?" continued Rodbury. "You can get it cashed, I daresay?"

"Cashing a cheque would not trouble me," returned the other; "and I shall not give you anything for it, not even a sixpennorth of coppers in change till I know it is all right. So, if it did not turn out all right, it would be a good deal worse for you than for me."

"I might have guessed what your answer would be," said Rodbury, with a smile. "I will take my chance as to there being anything wrong with what I shall pay you."

"Am I to go with you to your friend?" asked Sparle. "I ought to know——"

"Well, you will not know!" interrupted Rodbury. "My money will be all the reference I shall give. I have trusted you with ten pounds readily enough; so, good-night."

With this abrupt farewell he left his companion, and went quickly off, glancing round once or twice, to make sure he was not followed. There was no danger of this, however; for, as he disappeared, Mr. Sparle muttered: "This is a different beginning in a cheap-Jack business from any as I ever saw before. I wonder what my new pal has been up to? But Jack Sparle never was a spy, and never will be."

Rodbury hurried on his errand, which led him a long way and to a very different part of London, until finally he stopped at a house in a large and respectable street in the West End, a house at which few persons of his aspect were likely to call.

The servant who opened the door to Rodbury demurred, naturally enough, at admitting such a person to his master's presence; but when the latter heard that a rough-looking man wished to deliver a message to Mr. Ashwell from a gentleman, the domestic was ordered to show him in.

"You say you have a message for me," began the master of the house; but checking himself, he told the footman not to wait; and the latter, who had hesitated at leaving such a character alone with his master, disappeared.

"Why, Cyrus! What, in the name of all that is horrible, have you been doing with yourself?—and why do you come here now in such a guise?" exclaimed Mr. Ashwell, with a total change of tone. "Sit down, and tell me all about it."

"No, Herbert; I must not stay long to-night; nor will I now tell you much of what I am doing," returned Rodbury. "What I have done, you know; and in what danger I am, you know too. I always calculated on your friendship"—

"You may, to the last!" interrupted Ashwell.

"Yes, I know it. Even as if you had been as great a rogue and fool as I am, a combination in your case happily impossible," continued his visitor, "and I had been—what you are, you might, I believe, have relied on me. I need two hundred pounds, in two cheques. With this I see my way to hiding myself, and leading a coarse, vulgar sort of life, but without any particular harm in it. I can have it, I hope?"

"Instantly; and I only wish I could find the means of helping you to something better than you describe," replied his friend. "I should like to attach one condition to this help, to which you are heartily welcome. I should wish you to let me know, sometimes, where you are, or at any rate, how you are faring. I shall not press you further; I will leave it all to yourself."

"Thank you, Herbert," returned the other. "Perhaps I will do so. You will smile if I tell you I am going into business with this money; and you would smile or shudder—I don't know which—if you could see my partner. That reminds me that I should like you to make the cheque payable to a number, and sign it with initials. The London and Westminster will cash it, if you advise them."

Without another word, Mr. Ashwell drew a cheque-book from a drawer near to his hand, and in a couple of minutes the required slips were handed to Rodbury; then, with a brief clasp of the hand, the strangely assorted pair parted.

This was the commencement of the partnership between Jack Sparle so well known, and it must in fairness be added, so generally liked on the western road, and Frank Rodbury. The latter soon proved to be of great use in many ways, especially in betting, at which he was quicker, cooler and "braver" in his work than Jack Sparle, shrewd as the latter undoubtedly was. But the new partner never became so popular as the old one; he never possessed, and could never assume, a spice of the geniality of Sparle.

So Mr. Jack always maintained of necessity, the lead to the business, and Rodbury had sense enough to see that this should be so; yet, in spite of this, there was something about the junior in the firm which influenced and almost controlled his partner. Sparle felt that his colleague had not much in common with their usual associates, and he could not fail to notice that the craftiest of these "fought shy" of Rodbury; nor did the most swaggering venture on any of the practical jokes with him which were much in favour with the class.

In consequence, perhaps, of this, Sparle unconsciously treated Rodbury somewhat differently from the manner in which he had dealt with Otterson, and with others before the latter. He could hardly be said to like his new partner better than he had liked his old ones; in fact, it was with him a frequently recurring question, studied over his pipe and his glass, as to whether he really liked this queer chap at all. Nevertheless, as said, he could not help treating him in a different style from his predecessors, and amongst other things he took him to his house, not to his place of business, but to his own home, where were found such family ties as he owned. These were two sisters—a girl of nineteen, and one of two or three years younger.

"I am five-and-thirty," said Sparle, in his introduction; "so they look up to me as a old man," he said, "as a old man;" but it is hardly necessary to reproduce all his oddities of speech, of which this is one of the most striking examples. "There was ten of us," he went on; "but all the rest died off in two or three years; so did the mother. My governor died long before."

Jack Sparle had been a fellow good enough to be the main support of his mother and sisters during the declining health of the former, and he was a fellow good enough still to say nothing about this to his new friend.

Rose and Matty, the two young women, were unusually good-looking, in which particular they resembled their brother Jack. Their attraction was rather of the showy "barmaid" style, it was true; but they were attractive, beyond doubt. At first Rodbury treated them with but slight attention, much of the trifling civility he did show being bestowed upon the younger. He was never rude or churlish; in fact, to each of these girls he seemed a cavalier of high breeding, and perhaps his conduct piqued Rose. In any case, on his recurring visits he gradually grew more conversational with her, while she undoubtedly looked forward to his coming and, as Matty noted, and in consequence indulged in a great deal of sisterly satire, was always at her smartest when he came, and never failed to exert herself to please and entertain him.

During one of their visits to London, Sparle broke into a denunciation of the unreasonableness of women, their absurd ways, and utter want of business-like judgment. Rose furnished the occasion for this tirade, as it appeared that she had refused an offer of marriage from Bill Stakerly. "Bill Stakerly, you know!" he repeated, with emphasis; "a man as owns nine caravans, and could take a public for his wife, if she was so disposed any day of the week, and any week in the year, without putting his hand in any man's pocket but his own. To say "no" to Bill Stakerly!"

Sparle was unfeignedly exasperated, and held forth at great length on the enormity of his sister's conduct. The explosion probably did him good, for he seemed able to treat the matter more philosophically afterwards, and even to laugh at his own anger. But the incident made an impression on Rodbury. He was more reserved than usual, and appeared to be meditating upon some problem of difficulty.

Sparle had by this time grown accustomed to the occasional exhibition of these moods in his partner, "who had as much learning and conversation as a lawyer or a parson, but was sometimes so cranky and silent that you could never quite tell where to have him. But a sharper fellow in the business you would never wish to see"—thus ran Mr. Sparle's opinion.

He was a little surprised, on returning home one evening, after a day spent in the purchase of goods and so forth, to find Rodbury at his house before him. This was only remarkable from the latter having said nothing of such an intention. Mr. Sparle was still further surprised by his partner rising, coming towards him as he entered the room, and then shaking him heartily by the hand. He opened his lips to ask the meaning of this; but a rush of mingled feelings and recollections—vague the moment before, but grown suddenly to conviction—stayed him.

Then, ere he could recover himself, Rodbury exclaimed: "Let us have no secrecy in such a matter, Sparle! Your sister has promised to marry me, and I give the notice at the registrar's to-morrow."

"Yes, it is true, Jack," said his sister, in answer to his inquiring look. "I know I offended you about Stakerly; I hope I please you now?"

"Well, I wish you luck," said Sparle at last. "I know you will take care to please yourself at anyrate, whatever you choose to do. Well, I shall not attempt to interfere. I hope you will be happy—that is all.—I should like a little talk with you, however, Mr. Rodbury, and"——

"I expected you would say as much," interposed the other, who had smiled cynically at the doubtful, lukewarm benediction pronounced by his future brother-in-law.—"So, Rose," he continued, "I must go and talk business with your brother, as I told you I should have to do."

"I cannot see that it has anything to do with you, Jack," said the girl, whose heightened colour gave evidence of a temper easily aroused. "I am my own mistress."

"You are," returned her brother; "and try to be so over every one who comes near you. I shall not interfere very much, you may lay long odds. Let us go round to the Fox and Goose; we shall be quiet there, and can say all we have to say in a few minutes."

His partner complied so far as to leave with him, but preferred to enter on such business as was in hand without going to the hotel indicated.

Sparle asked him several questions, of a character so searching as to do his shrewdness great credit, and was answered with more or less candour.

"Now, look here," continued Mr. Sparle at the close of his questioning, "your name is not Rodbury, is it? Be straightforward and say "yes" or 'no.'"

"It is not," answered the other decisively; "but it is the only name by which I intend to call myself in future, and the only name by which you will know me."

"Why—but—confound it!" exclaimed his companion, "you are not going to marry Rose under a false name, are you?"

"You know, I am quite sure," returned Rodbury coolly, "that such a marriage is perfectly legal if the wife did not know her husband had assumed a name. I do not fancy you will enlighten Rose; so your sister will call herself and really be Mrs. Rodbury."

"Well," said Sparle after a long pause, "I suppose you are right. I shall not split on you. I should get no thanks if I did. However, I will just give you a hint. Rose is a trump, and will go through fire and water, danger or death, for a man she likes; and she likes you. But if you do not mean to act fair and square by her, my advice to you is to draw back while there is time; for if you thoroughly offend her, you had better face all the enemies you have in the world, than run your chance with her. She would never mind killing herself, or you, or half-a-dozen like you, if she once fairly made up her mind; so do as you please."

Rodbury's answer to this was a laugh, a broad open laugh; he said nothing, and there the conversation dropped, save that Mr. Sparle once muttered in an undertone; "A pretty pair they will make."

No opposition, therefore, being forthcoming, the lovers were duly married, in a district at the east of London; in the parish of West Ham, indeed. Neither of the contracting parties lived there, so a little further misdescription was necessary, but, as Mrs. Rodbury said, "Lor! what does it signify!"

Indeed, to have hesitated then would have been, on the gentleman's part, in truth, straining at a gnat after swallowing a full-grown camel.

(To be continued.)

CANADIANS IN BRAZIL.

A Returned Emigrant Tells of His Experience in That Country.

Among the deluded Canadians who started off to seek prosperity in Brazil last September, in spite of the warnings of their friends, was Mr. Arthur Owen, who to do so, gave up a good position in the electric shops of the Montreal Street Railway Company, anticipating larger wages farther from home. Owen is now back in Montreal, and at his former employment. In these two respects he is more fortunate than the majority of those who accompanied him on the twenty days' voyage to the land of fever.

There were three deaths on the voyage Mr. Owen says, and the bodies, those of a man, and two babies, were pitched overboard. The adult died of heart disease. A priest who was on board was asked to conduct a service, but would not. On arriving at Santos, the emigrants were put on board a train which took them to Sao Paulo, a mountain town about ninety miles up the country. A limited supply of bread and cheese was given them to eat on the train. A side track enabled the train to run right up beside a bare, bleak place known as the emigration building and the men, women and children were here unloaded like cattle and stalled in one large room, where all

LIVED AND SLEPT TOGETHER

for eight days, and where the majority still remain, fearing to fly from evils they can gauge to greater evils that they know of.

Bad bread and worse coffee, made up, with little variation, the Canadians' daily fare. On presenting a ticket, a representative of each family received a dish of food and a dish of coffee, and the family—some of them were families in name only, as miners had assumed the names of friends in order that they come within the terms of the contract, which called for families—ate and drank all out of the same vessel. At first they were fed on bread alone. The Italian and Spanish emigrants were satisfied with bread, why not the Canadians? But they didn't get enough to eat, even of bread, so one day they relieved a carrier who was passing of all his loaves, and after that they were fed better.

The only beds provided in the common room were sugar cane mats, which were little softer or higher than the floor. Pillows they had none, nor blankets, until the French and English Consuls intervened, and as it was very cold on the mountain at night, many would walk up and down for hours to keep themselves warm, and snatch the needed sleep next day. The people tried to get work, but could not. The only employers that appeared were the owners of the coffee and sugar plantations. They wanted the Canadians to sign to work

FOR TEN YEARS,

cutting down bush and cultivating the plants that would then be put in, and at the end of that period the workers, if they survived, would receive for their hire half of the value of the plantation, which it was hinted by disinterested parties, was not likely to be very much. The houses they would be allowed to live in during this time were scarce worthy of the name, consisting merely of walls and a roof, with no windows. The English Consul promised to do his best for the unfortunates, but told them they should never have come, as the country was only fit for Spaniards and Italians. Emigrants were supposed to be allowed to remain only eight days in the large barracks where they were stored on arriving, but the consuls promised to see that they were not turned out until they had some place to go. The single men were drifting off to Buenos Ayres, and quite a few were working or beating their way home, but those with families were in a pretty poor plight. The manager of the railway at Sao Paulo, an Englishman, was very kind and gave a number work at eighty cents a day, advising them at the same time to return home as soon as they could. To twelve he gave passes down to Santos that they might catch a vessel. When Mr. Owen left, many of the women were crying, and all were sorry they had left their homes.

A Child's Christmas Day.

SIX A. M.

He opens his eyes, with a cry of delight.
There's a toyshop all round him, a wonderful sight!
The fairies have certainly called in the night.

EIGHT A. M

They are quiet at first—both the girls and the boys,
Too happy to make any riot or noise,
And they mentally show to each other their toys.

SIX P. M

But see! In the nursery a terrible racket!
The dolls lose their heads, there are rents in each jacket,
And if you've a toy it's the fashion to crack it.

EIGHT P. M.

The floor is all littered with signs of the fray,
He is sulky and tired with much eating and play,
And nurse, too, is cross as she bears him away.

A FIGHT IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Each Thought the Other Had Been Killed, But Soon Found Their Mistake.

The stories of fighting between Boers and English in South Africa have a strong resemblance to those of Indian fighting in the old days in New England. Bullets are exchanged between excellent marksmen concealed behind stones and bushes, and each bullet has, under such circumstances, an immense value.

The Cape Mercury says that Mr. Sampson, one of the Johannesburg "reformers," still in prison at Pretoria, is the hero of a famous combat with old Botha, a Boer fighter of renown. In the Boer war of 1881 Sampson and Botha found themselves behind stones on a level plain, shooting at each other. Sampson presently made sure that he had hit Botha and raised his head a little, when a bullet plowed his neck.

"My man is dead," exclaimed Botha, and exposed himself. At the same instant a bullet from Sampson's rifle struck him.

"This time I've got him!" shouted Sampson, and raised himself up, but a bullet grazed his side and he dropped. Botha now had no doubt that he had ended his antagonist, and jumped up on his feet, only to be again laid low. Though the men were now past fighting, with two bad wounds apiece, both recovered, and when Sampson settled in the Transvaal they became great friends, and often chaffed each other about this encounter.

THE PRIMATE'S SALARY.

The official income of the archbishop of Canterbury is $75,000 a year. That looks a large sum on paper, but then the outgoings are simply enormous. Archbishop Tait may have saved money while headmaster of Rugby school, but as archbishop he found it impossible to do so. So did the late primate. The subscriptions to various good objects alone, amounted to a huge sum, and there are other untold calls on the archiepiscopal purse. Unless a man has some private means, or he is well insured, he might well shrink from accepting the Anglican primacy.

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Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the di
ent Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside shee
Our Stock of DRY LUMRE is very Large so that all
can be filled.
Lumber, Shingles and Lath al
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Wood's Phosphodine.—*The Great English Remedy*
Is the result of over 35 years treating thousands of cases with all kno drugs, until at last we have discovered the true remedy and treatment combination that will effect a prompt and permanent cure in all stages *Sexual Debility, Abuse or Excesses, Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Me Worry, Excessive Use of Opium, Tobacco, or Alcoholic Stimulants*, all which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Wo Phosphodine has been used successfully by hundreds of cases that seem almost hopeless—cases that had been treated by the most talented physicians—cases that were on the verge of despair and insanity—cases that were tottering over the grave—but with the continued and persevering use of Wood's Phosphodine, these cases that had been given up to die, were restored to manly vigor and health—Reader you need not despair—no matter who has given you up as incurable—the remedy is now within your reach, by its use you can be restored to a life of usefulness and happiness.
Price, one package, $1; six packages, $5; by mail free of postage.
One will please, six guaranteed to cure. Pamphlet free to any address.
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WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN
250,000 CURED IN 20 YEARS.
CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.
$1000 IN GOLD FOR A CASE WE CANNOT CURE OF SELF-ABUSE, EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, CONCEALED DRAINS, STRICTURE GLEET, SYPHILIS, STUNTED PARTS, LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ETC.

A NERVOUS WRECK.

The New Method Treatment is the Greatest Discovery of the Age FOR CURING THESE DISEASES

Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OUR NEW METHOD THEATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. *We will cure you or no pay.*

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

SYPHILIS is the most prevalent and most serious BLOOD disease. It saps the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will affect the offspring. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures it for ever.

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READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. Books Free —"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed. Book on "Diseases of Women" Free.

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NEW WRINKLES.

Novelties of Construction and Arrangement in Houses.

The last number of the Record and Guide contains a description of some new wrinkles in house building found in a row of houses just completed on the west side, near Riverside Drive, New York. The houses are of the usual high-stoop pattern, with the first floor divided into front parlor, back parlor, and dining room, and with a pantry in an extension which is carried up to the two upper floors.

The first of the new wrinkles is in the back parlor. As this room is arranged in such houses, it has no windows of its own, and lacks light. To remedy this defect the builder has put large mirrors on the back wall of the room, one on each side of the sliding doors leading to the dining room, and big enough to cover all the wall except the framework of the doorway. The mirrors catch and reflect the light from the parlor, lighting up the room very satisfactorily—and they do more; they make the room look double its size by their reflection of its image.

The pantry has a little wrinkle in the shape of a couple of shallow, glass-doored cupboards not more than eight or ten inches deep, at the back of the table shelf that, as usual, flanks the sink. These are made with the doors swinging two or three inches above the table shelf, so as to clear plates and dishes that may be on the table, while the bottom shelf of the cupboard itself is set up flush with the door openings, just as it should be.

There are bathrooms on each floor above in the extension, but on the third floor the hall bedroom has been taken for an adjunct to the large front room, and made into a bathroom for the exclusive use of the occupant of that bedroom. The rear bedroom on the same floor is connected in the same way with the bathroom in the extension, so that the whole floor is given up to these two rooms.

Down in the basement are more novelties. The partition between the laundry in the extension and the kitchen is done away with, making the whole one large room, with the laundry in a sort of alcove. In the cellar the window which admits cold air for the heater is made to admit light, also the regulating valve being a glass sash, instead of a solid substance. Many other details show much care. The pulls of the sliding doors, for instance, are of the flush pull description, with a difference from the ordinary in this, that the pulls thrust out, as usual, by pressing a stud, do not need to be pushed back into place, but rapidly fly back themselves as soon as the thumb relaxes pressure on the stud. The storm doors at the entrance have rubber cushions let into the rabbet of the transom to strike against, not the usual button, but a more efficacious device, and to the stone step below are screwed stout rubber buffers for them to open against.

HER STALWART SONS.

Mrs. Skeats, an old lady living in London, has six sons on the police force, all of whom have over 24 years' service to their credit. Mrs. Skeats has but one daughter, and she has evinced the family trait by marrying a London policeman.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
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