P. & Magiw

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Park Hall.

A LARGE and commodious Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public Meetings of all kinds, East side of the Park. Enquire at the Banking Office of M. Sanford & Co., No. 8, Reed House, Erie, Penna.

Erie, Sept. 27, 1856. 20tf

CLARK & BALDWIN,
(Successor to Burton & Herron,)
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Window Glass, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps and Dentist Findings, No. 5 Reed House, Erie, Pa. 33

CANAL MILLS, ERIE, PA.
JAMES G. JACKSON, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of FLOUR, CORN, MEAL, MILL-FEED, BRAN, &C., &C
Cash paid for all kinds of Grain 2y

BEFORE offering these Wafers to the Public, they were thoroughly tested, and the Proprietors can now confidently recommend them as a certain Remedy for
EXPELLING WORMS FROM THE SYSTEM
They contain not a atom of Mercury in any form, or any other injurious ingredients, and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. The Wafers are free from the objections to most other Vermifuges, as they are PLEASANT TO THE TASTE. Children will eat them as readily as Candy.
They have been before the public less than one year, and within that time have won for themselves a reputation unprecedented in the annals of medicine. They are used and recommended by our first Physicians, and most respectable families with the most marked success.
Prepared and sold Wholesale and Retail, by
CLARK & BALDWIN,
(Successor to Burton & Herron,)
Wholesale and Retail Druggists, No. 5 Reed House, Erie, Pa.
STEPHEN PAUL & CO.
149 Chambers street, N. Y. Wholesale Agents.
Price 2 Cents per Box. Dec 13, 1856—1y

ERIE, Dec 12th 1856.
Messrs. Clark & Baldwin:—GENTS:—I have for some time past recommended your "Anthelmintic Wafers," and I must say that in my practice I have never set found as "certain, safe and pleasant" a remedy for worms as the Wafers prove themselves to be. I can only recommend them to my friends and patients, and can say in every instance with the most marked success. I have never failed in a single case, operating as I set them, on the first dose. They have the advantage over secret nostrums in being "pleasant" to the taste that children will eat them as readily as candy, and being personally acquainted with their composition, I can safely pronounce them the best worm specific now in use, and can cheerfully administer them to the youngest infant with perfect safety, and most cheerfully recommend them to the patronage of the public. P. FAUCHNER, M. D.

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J. J. LINTS, INSURANCE AGENT.
REPRESENTING the following reliable companies, viz:
ÆTNA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn. Capital $200,000
COMMONWEALTH FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO., Boston, Mass. Capital $300,000
PENNSYLVANIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO., Philadelphia. Capital $300,000
FINANCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn. Capital $150,000
On a [illegible] business accessible to the insured will permit [illegible] for [illegible]
Erie, Nov. 15, 1856. 49

KEPLER, BOOTH & CO.
NEW SPRING. Black Silk Store of DWELL, BOOTH AND CO. Erie, Have just received from the East extra large and full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which they offer at the lowest prices. Queensware, Hardware, Cutlery, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and a general assortment of

DRY GOODS
Cloths, Merinos, Satinets, Jeans, [illegible] Plaid Linsey, Plain Linsey, Black Brown Silks, Fancy do, Jaconets, Cambrics, Calicoes, Paper.

GROCERIES
Sugar House Molasses, Syrups, Rice, Mackerel, Java and Laguna Coffees, Spices, of all kinds. Sugars—Brown, Refined, and Preserved. Teas—Black and Green, Soaps.

HARDWARE
Table Cutlery, Forks, do do, Spoons, Screws, Nails, Axes, Shovels, Forks.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Men's fine Calf Boots, " Kip " " Gaiters. Ladies' Mo. Boots, " Calf " " Gaiters, Boys' Boots and Shoes, Misses Mo. and Calf Boots, Children's Heavy Shoes, Children's Shoes.

HATS AND CAPS.
Men's fine Cassimere Hats, Wool " Plush bound Caps, Men's Cloth Caps, Boys' Wool Hats, " Cloth Caps.

MILLINERY GOODS
Bonnet Satins, Alabanes, French Flowers, Crape, Black Straw Bonnets, Bonnet Frames, Whisker Hoops, Crown Lining, Ruches.

Above we have enumerated a few of the articles we keep, but the aim is to keep almost every class of goods above mentioned or needed in a family.
Please call and examine our stock. No trouble to show goods.
Country Produce taken in exchange, for which the highest market prices will be allowed.
Erie, January 31, 1857.

The Insurance for Town and Country!
THE Erie County Mutual Insurance Company continues to make insurance on every description of property in Town and Country, at as low rates as are consistent with security. Risks are divided into two classes, viz: The farmer's, in which nothing but farm property and dwellings, detached or not from exposures, are insured; and the Commercial, in which all kind of property are insured. The funds in either department are not liable for losses in the other.
Cash Insurance made in either Department at the usual cash rates.

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James C. Marshall, Jas. Thompson, S. S. Kepler, George A. Elliott, C. M. Tibbals, John Zimmerle, Thos. Moorhead, E. Babcock, Alfred King, WM F. Rindernecht, Jos. M. Sterrett, Jacob Hanson, WM B. Hays.
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CHARLES M. TIBBALS, Treas.
Office, corner J. S. Sterrett's, Cheapside 6
Erie, June 21, 1856.

THE DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY
INSURANCE COMPANY,
(of Philadelphia,)
WILL now doing business on the Mutual plan, giving the insured a participation in the profits of the company, without liability beyond the premium paid.
Risks upon the Lakes and navigable rivers on the most favorable terms. Losses will be liberally and promptly adjusted.
Fire risks on merchandise, buildings and other property, in town or country, for a limited term or permanent.
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Richard Newbould, Sec'y. Wm. Martin Pres't.
Application can be made to
J. KELLOGG, Erie Agent
Erie, Feb. 10, 1857.

BLAKE'S BONNET ROOMS.
WILL now be receiving every week, from New York, Boston and the Eastern Factories large supplies of SEASONABLE DRAW AND FANCY GOODS, of the latest importations. The best styles, and at prices that defy competition. Erie, Oct. 25, 1856. T. R. BLAKE.

A FARM TO LET.
THE undersigned will lease for a term of years a farm situate in North East Township, known as the Newton Farm. There are about one hundred and sixty acres of improved land—and well adapted to Dairying and grazing purposes. For terms apply to Erie, Nov. 8, 1856—26tf JAMES C. MARSHALL.

COFFEE—Do you want good coffee, then call at Dec 27 KINDERNECHT & JUSTICE'S.
CORN STARCH, Chocolate and pure Spices at Dec 27 RINDERNECHT & JUSTICE'S.
WILLOW BASKETS of all kinds at Dec 27 RINDERNECHT & JUSTICE.
POWDER, Shot, Caps and Lead for sale at Dec 27 RINDERNECHT & JUSTICE'S.
HOPS, new and fresh, only 25 cents per pound, at Dec 27 RINDERNECHT & JUSTICE.
BRUSHES.—Dusting, Scrub, Paint, Whitewash, Graining and Sash brushes, may be found at STEWART & SINCLAIR'S.
TOMATOES in Tin Cans, retaining the flavor as fresh as from the vine, for sale at J. HANSON'S.
DOMESTIC GINGHAMS—10 case 1000 yards Portsmouth Gingham, desirable stripes and figures, at 10 cents per yard. TIBBALS, HAYES & CO.
"Tea for One Shilling per Pound."
THE SHANNON BOYS will continue the public to be humbugged no longer—will sell Hyson Tea for One Shilling—come and see. July 12
LINSEED Oil and Spirits Turpentine, by the barrel or in quantities to suit purchasers, by CARTER & BRO.
SUGAR CURED HAMS.—A fine lot of Cincinnati sugar cured hames, just received and for sale by JOS. A. STERRETT.
Mar 10, 1856. Grocery, No. 3, Hughes' Block, State st.
SALT, Coarse and fine at Dec. 27. RINDERNECHT & JUSTICE'S

Select Poetry.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others need,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Never slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor
But, if you are outstriped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never!

Never labor for an idle boast
Of victory over another,
But, while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother
Whatever your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never!

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never!

Choice Miscellany.

THE DEAD SECRET.

BY WILKIE COLLINS

CHAPTER VI

Timon of London.

Timon of Athens retreated from an ungrateful world to a cavern by the sea shore—Timon of London took refuge from his species in a detached house at Bayswater. Timon of Athens vented his misanthropy in magnificent poetry—Timon of London expressed his sentiments in shabby prose. Timon of Athens had the honor of being called "My lord"—Timon of London was only addressed as "Mr Treverton." The only point of resemblance which it is possible to set against these points of contrast between the two Timons consisted in this, that their misanthropy was, at least, genuine. Both were incorrigible haters of mankind.

From his childhood, Andrew Treverton's character had presented those strong distinguishing marks of good and bad, jostling and contradicting each other, which the language of the world so lavishly expresses and contemptuously sums up in one word—eccentric. There is probably no better proof of the accuracy of that definition of a man which describes him as an imitative animal, than is to be found in the fact, that the world of humanity is always against any individual member of the species who presumes to differ from the rest. A man is one of a flock, and he must be of the general color. He must eat, drink, and graze where the others graze. When the others are laughing, he must laugh, and scamper, starting with the herd, and not be frightened by a dodge, unless everything with the right leg also—in fact, he must do good or evil, to bring frightening or laughing upon himself, strictly according to rule. If he ventures to start out of step with the rest, it is a sure sign that there is something not right in him. Let a man walk in a manner which offends the sensitive countenance and delicate ear of others, with not the slightest appearance of vice in his eye or wildness in his manner, from one side of Oxford street to the other, with a hundred of every one of the thousands of men and women he passes be asked sparingly what they think of him, how many strangers from drinking instantly that he is mad, or some other evil result than the evidence of his bare face? Nay, more: let him politely stop each one of those passengers, and let him explain in the plainest form of words, and in the most intelligible manner, that his head feels more easy and comfortable without a hat than with one, how many thousands of his mortals, who decided that he was mad on first meeting him, will change their opinion when they part from him, after hearing his explanation? In the vast majority of cases, the very explanation itself would be accepted as an excellent additional proof that the intellect of the hatless man was indisputably deranged.

Starting at the beginning of the march of life out of step with the rest of the mortal regiment, Andrew Treverton paid the penalty of his irregularity from his earliest days. He was a phenomenon in the nursery, a butt at school, and a victim at college. The ignorant nurses imagined him a queer child; the learned schoolmaster generally varied the phrase, and decorated him as an eccentric boy; the college tutor, harping on the same string, facetiously likened his head to a roof, and said there was a slate loose in it. When a slate is loose, if nobody fixes it in time, it ends by falling off. In the roof of a house we view that consequence as a necessary result of neglect; in the roof of a man's head we are generally very much shocked and surprised by it.

Overlooked in some directions and misdirected in others, Andrew's uncouth capacities for good and evil perversely shaped themselves. The better side of his eccentricity took the form of friendship. He became violently and unintelligibly fond of one among his school fellows—a boy, who treated him with no especial consideration in the playground, and who gave him no particular help in the class. Nobody could discover the slightest reason for it, but it was nevertheless a notorious fact that Andrew's pocket-money was always at this boy's service, that Andrew overed and overran took the blame and punishment on his own shoulders which ought to have fallen on those of his friend. When, a few years afterwards, that friend went to college, the lad persuaded his parents to send to college too, and attached himself to him more closely than ever to the strangely chosen comrade of his schoolboy days. Such devotion as this must have touched any man possessed of ordinary generosity of disposition. It made no impression whatever on the club really, because nature of Andrew's friendship. After three years of intercourse at college—an intercourse which was all selfishness on one side and all self-sacrifice on the other—the end came, and the light was taken in duly on Andrew's eyes. When his purse grew light in his friend's hand, and when his expenses were most numerous on his friend's bills, the brother of his honest affection, the hero of his simple admiration, stood by him to embarrassment, to ridicule, and to insult, without the faintest affection of penitence—without so much, even, as a word of farewell.

He returned to his father's house, a scared man at the wreck of all—returned to be upbraided for the debts he had contracted to serve the man who had heartlessly outraged and shamefully betrayed him. He left home in disgrace, to travel, on a small allowance. The travels were protracted, and they ended, as such travels often do, in settled expatriation. The life he led, the company he kept, during his long residence abroad, did him permanent and fatal harm. When he at last returned to England, he presented himself in the most hopeless of all characters—the character of a man who believes in nothing. At this period of his life, his one chance for the future lay in the good results his brother's influence over him might have produced. The two had hardly resumed their intercourse of early days, when the quarrel occasioned by Captain Treverton's marriage broke it off forever. From that time, for all social interests and purposes, Andrew was a lost man. From that time, he met the last remonstrances that were made to him by the last friends who took any interest in his fortunes, always with the same bitter and hopeless form of reply, "My dearest friend forsook and cheated me," he would say. "My only brother has quarrelled with me for the sake of a play-actress. What am I to expect of the rest of mankind, after that? I have suffered twice for my belief in others—I will never suffer a third time. The wise man is the man who does not disturb his heart at its natural occupation of pumping blood through his body. I have gathered my experience abroad and at home; and have learnt enough to see through the delusions of life which look like realities to other men's eyes, but which have betrayed themselves years ago to me. My business in this world is to eat, drink, sleep, and die. Every thing else is superfluity—and I have done with it."

The few people who ever cared to inquire about him again, after being repulsed by such an avowal as this, heard of him, three or four years after his brother's marriage, in the neighborhood of Bayswater. Local reports described him as having bought the first cottage he could find, which was cut off from other houses by a wall all round it. It was further rumored that he was living like a miser; that he got an old man servant named Shrowl, was even a greater enemy to mankind than himself; that he allowed no living soul, not even an occasional charwoman, to enter the house; that he was letting his beard grow, and that he had ordered his servant Shrowl to follow his example. In the year 1844, the fact of a man's not shaving was regarded by the enlightened majority of the English nation as a proof of unsoundness of intellect. At the present time, Mr Treverton's beard would only have interfered with his reputation for respectability. Thirteen years ago, it was accepted as so much additional evidence in support of the old theory that his intellects were deranged. He was at that very time, as his stock broker could have testified, one of the sharpest men of business in London; he could argue on the wrong side of any question with an acuteness of sophistry and sarcasm that Dr Johnson himself might have envied; he kept his household accounts right to a farthing; his manner was never disturbed in the slightest degree from morning to night; his eyes were all quickness and intelligence—but what did these advantages avail him, in the estimation of his neighbors, when he presumed to live on another plan than theirs, and when he wore a hairy certificate of lunacy on the lower part of his face? We have advanced a little in the matter of partial toleration of beards since that time; but we have still a great deal of ground to go over. In the present year of progress, 1857, would the most trustworthy banker's clerk in the whole metropolis have the slightest chance of keeping his situation if he left off shaving his chin?

Common report, which calumniated Mr Treverton, in mad, had another reason to answer for in describing him as a miser. He saved more than two thirds of the income derived from his comfortable fortune, not because he liked hoarding up money, but because he had no enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries which money is spent in procuring. To do him justice, his contempt for his own wealth was quite as hearty as his contempt for the wealth of his neighbors. This characteristically wrong on both points, in endeavoring to indicate his character, report was nevertheless, for once in a way, the most utterly right in describing his manner of life. It was true that he had brought the first cottage he could find that was secluded within its own walls—true that nobody was allowed, on any pretence whatever, to enter his doors—and true that he had met with a servant, who was even bitterer against all mankind than himself, in the person of Mr Shrowl.

The life these two led approached as nearly to the existence of the primitive man (or savage) as the surrounding conditions of civilization would allow. Admitting the necessity of eating and drinking, the first object of Mr. Treverton's ambition was to sustain life with the least possible dependence on the race of men who professed to supply their neighbors' bodily wants, and who, as he conceived, cheated them infamously on the strength of their profession. Having a garden at the back of the house, Timon of London dispensed with the greengrocer altogether by cultivating his own vegetables. There was no room for growing wheat, or he would have turned farmer also on his own account; but he could outwit the miller and the baker, at any rate, by buying a sack of corn, grinding it in his own handmill, and giving the flour to Shrowl to make into bread. On the same principle, the meat for the house was bought wholesale of the city salesmen—the master and servant eating as much of it in the fresh state as they could, salting the rest and setting butchers at defiance. As for drink, neither brewer nor publican ever had the chance of extorting a farthing from Mr. Treverton's pocket. He had Shrowl were satisfied with beer—and they brewed for themselves. With bread, vegetables, meat, and malt liquor, these two hermits of modern days achieved the great double purpose of keeping life in, and keeping the tradesmen out.

Eating like primitive men, they lived in all other respects like primitive men also. They had pots, pans, and pipkins, two deal tables, two chairs, two old sofas, two short pipes, and two long cloaks. They had no stated meal-times, no carpets and bedsteads, no cabinets, bookcases, or ornamental knick-knacks of any kind, no laundress, and no charwoman. When either of the two wanted to eat and drink, he cut off his crust of bread, cooked his bit of meat, drew his drop of beer, without the slightest reference to the other. When either of the two thought he wanted a clean shirt, which was very seldom, he went and washed one for himself. When either of the two discovered that any part of the house was getting very dirty indeed, he took a bucket of water and a birch broom, and washed the place out like a dog kennel. And, lastly, when either of the two wanted to go to sleep, he wrapped himself up in his cloak, and laid down on one of the sofas and took what repose he wanted, early in the evening or late in the morning, just as he pleased.

When there was no baking, brewing, gardening, or cleaning to be done, the two sat down opposite each other and smoked for hours together, generally without uttering a word. Whenever they did speak, they quarrelled. Their ordinary dialogue was a species of conversational prize fight, beginning with a sarcastic affectation of good will on either side, and ending in hearty exchanges of violent abuse—just as the boxers go through the feeble formality of shaking hands before they enter on the serious practical business of beating each other's faces out of all likeness to the image of man. Not having so many disadvantages of early refinement and education to contend against as his master, Shrowl generally won the victory in these engagements of the tongue. Indeed though nominally the servant, he was really the ruling spirit in the house, acquiring unbounded influence over his master by dint of out marching Mr. Treverton in every direction on his own ground. Shrowl's was the harshest voice; Shrowl's were the bitterest sayings; Shrowl's was the longest beard. If any one had accused Mr Treverton of secretly deferring to his servant's opinions, and secretly fearing his servant's displeasure, he would have repudiated the imputation with the utmost bitterness and wrath. But it was not the less true that Shrowl's was the upper hand in the house, and that his decision on any important matter was, sooner or later, certain to be the decision at which his master arrived. The surest of all retributions is the retribution that lies in wait for a man who boasts. Mr. Treverton was rashly given to boasting of his independence, and when retribution overtook him, it assumed a personal form, and bore the name of Shrowl.

On a certain morning, about three weeks after Mrs Frankland had written to the housekeeper at Porthgenna Tower to mention the period at which her husband and herself might be expected there, Mr. Treverton descended, with his sourest face and his surliest manner, from the upper regions of the cottage to one of the rooms on the ground-floor, which civilised tenants would probably have called a parlor. Like his elder brother, he was a tall, well built man; but his bony, haggard, sallow face bore not the slightest resemblance to the handsome, open, sunburnt face of the captain. No one, seeing them together, could possibly have guessed that they were brothers—so completely did they differ in expression as well as in feature. The heartaches that he had suffered in youth; the reckless, wandering, dissipated life that he led in manhood; the petulance, the disappointment, and the physical exhaustion of his later days, had so wasted and worn him away, that he looked his brother's elder by almost twenty years. With unbrushed hair and unwashed face, with a tangled grey beard, and an old patched, dirty, flannel dressing gown that hung about him like a sack, this descendant of a wealthy and ancient family looked as if his birth place had been the workhouse and his vocation in life the selling of cast off clothes.

It was breakfast-time with Mr Treverton—that is to say, it was the time at which he felt hungry enough to think about eating something. In the same position, over the mantel piece, in which a looking glass would have been placed in a household of ordinary refinement, there hung in the cottage of Timon of London a side of bacon. On the deal table by the fire, stood half a loaf of heavy looking brown bread; in a corner of the room was a barrel of beer, with two battered pewter pots hitched on to nails in the wall above it; and under the grate lay a smoky old gridiron, left just as it had been thrown down when last used and done with. Mr Treverton took a greasy clasp knife out of the pocket of his dressing gown, cut off a rasher of bacon, jerked the gridiron on to the fire, and began to cook his breakfast. He had just turned the rasher, when the door opened, and Shrowl entered the room, with his pipe in his mouth, bent on the same errand as his master.

In personal appearance, Shrowl was short, fat, flabby, and perfectly bald, except at the back of his head, where a ring of bristly iron grey hair projected like a collar that had got hitched out of its place. To make amends for the scantiness of his hair, the beard which he had cultivated by his master's desire, grew far over his cheeks, and dropped down on his breast in two thick jagged peaks. He wore an eyeglass in his right eye, which he had put on in honor of his master's funeral, a faded yellow shirt, with a large turn down collar, velveteen trousers, turned up at the ankles—and Blucher boots that had never been black since the day when they last left the cobbler's stall. His face was unhealthily flushed, his thick lips curled upward with a malicious grin, and his eyes were the nearest approach, in form and expression, to the eyes of a basilisk, which those features are capable of achieving when they are placed in the countenance of a man. Any painter wanting to express strength, insolence, ugliness, coarseness, and cunning, in the face and figure of one and the same individual, could have discovered no better model for the purpose, all the world over, than he might have found in the person of Mr Shrowl.

Neither master nor servant exchanged a word, or took the smallest notice of each other, on first meeting. Shrowl stood stolidly contemplative, with his hands in his pockets, waiting for his turn at the gridiron. Mr. Treverton finished his cooking, took his bacon to the table, and cutting himself a crust of bread, began to eat his breakfast. When he had disposed of the first mouthful, he condescended to look up at Shrowl, who was at that moment opening his clasp knife and approaching the side of bacon with slouching steps and sleepily greedy eyes.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr Treverton, pointing with indignant surprise at Shrowl's breast. "You ugly brute, you've got a clean shirt on!"

"Thankee, sir, for noticing it," said Shrowl, with a sarcastic affectation of extreme humility; "this is a joyful occasion, this is. I couldn't do no less than put a clean shirt on, when it's my master's birth day. Many happy returns, sir. Perhaps you thought I should not remember that to day was your birthday? Lord bless your sweet face, I wouldn't have forgot it on any account. How old are you to day, sir? Long time ago, sir, since you was a plump smiling little boy, with a frill round your neck, and marbles in your pocket, and trousers and waistcoat all in one, and kisses and presents from papa and ma, and uncle and aunt, on your birthday—Don't you be afraid of me wearing out this shirt by too much washing. I mean to put it away in lavender against your next birthday; or against your funeral, which is just as likely at any time of life—isn't it, sir?"

"Don't waste a clean shirt on my funeral," retorted Mr. Treverton. "I haven't left you any money in my will, Shrowl. You'll be on your way to the workhouse when I'm on my way to the grave."

"Have you really made your will at last, sir?" inquired Shrowl, pausing, with an appearance of the greatest interest, in the act of cutting off his slice of bacon. "I humbly beg pardon, but I always thought you was afraid to do it."

The servant had evidently touched intentionally on one of the master's sore points. Mr Treverton thumped his crust of bread on the table, and looked up angrily at Shrowl.

"Afraid of making my will, you fool!" said he. "I don't make it, and I won't make it, on principle."

Shrowl slowly sawed off his slice of bacon, and began to whistle a tune.

"On principle," repeated Mr Treverton—"Rich men who leave money behind them are the farmers who raise the crop of human wickedness. When a man has any spark of generosity in his nature, if you want to put it out, leave him a legacy. If you want to collect a number of men together for the purpose of perpetuating corruption and oppression on a large scale, leave them a legacy under the form of endowing a public charity. If you want to give a woman the best chance in the world of getting a bad husband, leave her a legacy. If you want to send young men to perdition; if you want to make old men laughing stocks for attracting all the basest qualities of mankind; if you want to set parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, all together by the ears, leave them money. Make my will! I have a pretty strong dislike of my species, Shrowl, but I don't quite hate mankind enough yet, to do such mischief among them as that!" Ending his diatribe in these words, Mr. Treverton took down one of the battered pewter pots, and refreshed himself with a pint of beer.

Shrowl shifted the gridiron to a clear place in the fire, and chuckled sarcastically.

"Who the devil would you have me leave my money to?" cried Mr. Treverton, overhearing him. "To my brother, who thinks me a brute now; who would think me a fool then; and who would encourage swindling, anyhow, by spending all my money among dozies and strolling players? To the child of that player woman, whom I have never set eyes on, who has been brought up to hate me, and who would turn hypocrite directly by pretending, for decency's sake, to be sorry for my death? To you, you human baboon!—you, who would set up an usury office directly, and prey upon the widow, the fatherless, and the unfortunates generally, all over the world? Your good health, Mr Shrowl! I can laugh as well as you—especially when I know I'm not going to leave you sixpence."

"Shrowl, in his turn, began to get a little irritated now. The jeering civility which he had chosen to assume on first entering the room, gave place to his habitual surliness of manner, and his natural growling intonation of voice.

"You just let me alone—will you?" he said, sitting down sulkily to his breakfast. "I've done nothing for to day, suppose you finish, too.—What's the use of talking nonsense about your money? You must leave it to somebody."

"Yes, I will," said Mr Treverton. "I will leave it, as I have told you over and over again, to the first Somebody I can find who honestly despises money, and who can't be made the worse, therefore, by having it."

"That means nobody," grunted Shrowl.

"I know it does!" retorted his master.

"But you can't leave it to nobody," persisted Shrowl. "You must leave it to somebody. You can't help yourself."

"Can't I?" said Mr. Treverton. "I rather think I can do what I please with it. I can turn it all into bank notes, if I like, and make a bonfire with them in the brew house before I die—I should go out of the world then, knowing that I hadn't left materials behind me for making it worse than it is—and that would be a precious comfort to me, I can tell you!"

Before Shrowl could utter a word of rejoinder, there was a ring at the gate bell of the cottage.

"Go out," said Mr. Treverton, "and see what that is. If it's a woman visitor, show her what a scarecrow you are, and frighten her away. If it's a man visitor——"

"If it's a man visitor," interposed Shrowl, "I'll punch his head for interrupting me at my breakfast."

Mr Treverton filled and lit his pipe during his servant's absence. Before the tobacco was well alight, Shrowl returned, and reported a man visitor.

"Did you punch his head?" asked Mr. Treverton.

"No," said Shrowl, "I picked up his letter. He poked it under the gate and went away.—Here it is."

The letter was written on foolscap paper, superscribed in a round legal hand. As Mr. Treverton opened it, two slips cut from newspapers dropped out. One fell on the table before which he was sitting, the other fluttered to the floor—This last slip Shrowl picked up, and looked over its contents, without troubling himself to go through the ceremony of first asking leave.

After slowly drawing in and slowly puffing out again one mouthful of tobacco smoke, Mr Treverton began to read the letter. As his eye fell on the first lines, his lips began to work round the mouth piece of the pipe in a manner far more unusual with him. The letter was not long enough to require him to turn over the first leaf of it—it ended at the bottom of the opening sheet. He read it down to the signature—then looked up to the address, and went through it again from the beginning. His lips still continued to work round the mouth piece of the pipe, but he smoked no more. When he had finished the second reading, he set the letter down very gently on the table, looked at his servant with an unaccustomed vacancy in the expression of his eyes, and took the pipe out of his mouth with a hand that trembled a little.

"Shrowl," he said, very quietly, "my brother is drowned."

"I know he is," answered Shrowl, without looking up from the newspaper slip. "I'm reading about it here."

"The last words he said to me when we quarrelled about the player woman," continued Mr Treverton, speaking as much to himself as to his servant, "were that I should die without one kind feeling in my heart towards any living soul."

"So you will," muttered Shrowl, turning the slip over to see if there was anything worth reading at the back of it.

"I wonder what he thought about me when he was dying?" said Mr Treverton, abstractedly taking up the letter again from the table.

"He didn't waste a thought on you or anybody else," remarked Shrowl. "If he thought at all, he thought about how he could save his life. When he had done thinking about that, he had done living, too." With that expression of opinion Mr Sarowl went to the beer-barrel and drew his morning draught.

"Damn that player woman!" muttered Mr. Treverton. As he said these words, his face darkened and his lips closed firmly. He smoothed the letter out on the table. There seemed to be some doubt in his mind whether he had mastered all its contents yet—some idea that there was more in it—or that there ought to be more in it—than he had yet discovered. In going over it for the third time, he read it to himself aloud and very slowly, as if he was determined to fix every separate word firmly in his memory:

"SIR (he read)—As the old legal adviser and faithful friend of your family, I am desired by Mrs Frankland, formerly Miss Treverton, to acquaint you with the sad news of your brother's death. This deplorable event occurred on board the ship of which he was captain, during a gale of wind in which the vessel was lost on a reef of rocks off the island of Antigua. I enclose a detailed account of the shipwreck extracted from the Times, by which you will see that your brother died nobly in the performance of his duty towards the officers and men whom he commanded. I also send a slip from the local Cornish paper, containing a notice of the deceased gentleman.

"Before closing this communication, I must add that no will has been found, after the most rigorous search among the papers of the late Captain Treverton. Having disposed, as you know, of Porthgenna, the only property of which he was possessed at the time of his death was personal property, derived from the sale of his estate; and this, in consequence of his dying intestate, will go in due course of law to his daughter, as his nearest kin. I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ALEXANDER NIXON."

The newspaper slip which had fallen on the table, contained the paragraph from the Times. The slip from the Cornish paper, which had dropped to the floor, Shrowl picked up and handed to his master's eyes, in a fit of temporary civility, as soon as he had done reading it. Mr. Treverton took not the slightest notice either of the one paragraph or the other. He still sat looking at the letter, even after he had read it for the third time.

"Why don't you give the strip of print a turn as well as the sheet of writing?" asked Shrowl. "Why don's you read about what a great man your brother was, and what a good life he led, and what a wonderful handsome daughter he's left behind him, and what a capital marriage she's made along with the man that's owner of your old family estate? She don't want your money, at any rate! The ill wind that blowed her father's ship on the rocks has blowed forty thousand pounds of good into her lap. Why don't you read about it? She and her husband have got a better house in Cornwall than you have got here. Ain't you glad of that? They were going to have the place repaired from top to bottom for your brother to go and live along with them in clover when he came back from sea. Who will ever repair a place for you? I wonder whether your niece would knock the old house about for your sake, now, if you was to clean yourself up and go and ask her?"

At that last question, Shrowl paused in the work of aggravation—not for want of more words, but for want of encouragement to utter them—For the first time since they had kept house together, he had tried to provoke his master and had failed. Mr Treverton listened, or appeared to listen, without moving a muscle—without the faintest change to anger in his face. The only words he said when Shrowl had done, were these two—

"Go out!"

Shrowl was not an easy man to move, but he absolutely changed color when he heard that unprecedented and uncompromising demand—After leading his master, from the first days of their sojourn together in the house, just as he pleased, could he believe his ears when he heard himself suddenly ordered to leave the room?

"Go out!" reiterated Mr Treverton. "And hold your tongue henceforward and for ever, about my brother and my brother's daughter. I never have set eyes upon the girl—I don't know child, and I never will. Hold your tongue—leave me alone—go out!"

"I'll be even with him for this," thought Shrowl, as he slowly withdrew from the room. When he had closed the door he listened outside to it, and heard Mr Treverton push back his chair and walk up and down the room,