

## TWO FIVE-POUND NOTES.

"No good for nuffin" 'cept to make a 'ole in the water, you ain't!"

Thus bittily spoke Job Habbijam to himself as he dragged his feeble old limbs, gnarled and knotted as the root of an ancient oak, along the Thames Embankment, soon after Big Ben had boomed out the hour of three, one bleak winter's morning.

Truly, Job's was not a happy lot, and he might perhaps be forgiven if he did not altogether exhibit the exemplary patience of his famous namesake.

To use his own eloquent language, he had "bin all the blessed day an' night an' 'arf the nex' mornin' tryin' to 'old a 'oss' 'ead an' earn a brown, an' couldn't," a truly regrettable state of affairs considering that the "bloomin' brokers was comin' wiv their 'oss-an'-wan at nine o'clock to shift the bits o' sticks" and give Job and his "ole woman" the "key of the street."

"Water do look nice, it do," murmured Job, sitting down a moment, prompted by sheer exhaustion rather than the fascination of the moonlit, turbid Thames. "Makes me 'art a mind to do a drop over the parry-pit, an' end it all!"

The next moment he dragged his weary limbs along again, with a shudder and a queer guttural murmur—"The ole woman, the dear ole woman! Never complains, never grumbles. 'Wot 'ud she say if she 'eard you, you coward?"

The thought he, Habbijam, devoted to this knotty problem was but short; for, his foot striking against something in his path, he stooped and picked up the article, the next moment exclaiming with a sort of delirious awe—

"A puss! A puss!"

Job Habbijam glanced guiltily round. Not a soul was in sight; yet the tall trees skirting the outer edge of the pavement seemed to stretch long gaunt arms and point accusing fingers towards the misshapen, trembling man, as he stooped grasping his find as a drowning man might grasp at a spar that Providence had tossed his way.

"I wonder wot's inside it?" Gold mappe, I'll open it. No. That might tempt me to thieve. Thieve. Taint thievin'!"

I found it. It's mine. S'pose there's money in it! Money! An' me an' Nancy goin' to be turned out of our doors into the works! Nancy, my ole woman! My dear ole woman!"

The thought of the only one being on earth he loved, and that loved him, stilled the voice of conscience in his breast, and with feverishly eager fingers he tumbled at the clasp till the purse came open.

There was no money in bronze, silver, or gold inside it; in fact, all the purse contained was "a bit o' tissue-paper," as Job contemptuously termed it. He was about to hurl it into the middle of the road in disgust when a sudden thought struck him. He withdrew the tissue-paper and unfolded it.

Two five-pound notes! A great wave of blood seemed to surge Job Habbijam's brain. His hands trembled; his whole form quivered from head to foot.

"Two five-pun' notes!" he gasped. "Real five-pun' notes! An' me an' Nancy goin' to be turned into the works! Wot a find!"

"A find indeed, my friend," said a cool, collected voice behind him, and the next moment a long white hand was stretched over his shoulder and the notes—two precious notes—had disappeared as though spirited away by the wand of an enchanter. Job Habbijam sank on his knees.

He fully believed he had been caught red-handed by a night policeman while attempting to nefariously appropriate the notes, and gave himself up for lost.

"Oh! dear, kind Mister Piececane," he began, in an agony of terror.

"Get up, you ole fool!" said the same even tones contemptuously. "I am no officer of the law."

Job's dazed senses cleared. He staggered to his feet and looked with bewildered eyes at his assailant.

The latter was a fine, tall, soldierly-looking young fellow, attired in the height of fashion, silk-hatted, kid-gloved, and with a choice Havana between his lips.

"Look 'ere," whined old Habbijam, after a few moments, during which each silently surveyed the other, "this 'ere won't do, you know, sir. A gentleman like you a-robbin' a poor ole cripple o' 'is—"

"End!" supplemented the gentleman, with a grim smile emitting rings of smoke from his mouth.

"Well, say it was a find. Anyhow, it was my find, not yours. You've no right to take them notes of me like that, behind my back. It's—it's thievin', that's wot it is."

"I only saved you the responsibility of getting the notes cashed and the risk of getting locked up on suspicion of having stolen them," returned the tall stranger, easily. "Still, it's true enough you found them, not I. So I'll tell you what I'll do, my friend. First of all, though, what is your name?" producing a pocket-book and pencil.

"Job Habbijam, sir," murmured the owner of that appellation, the miserable fear assailing him that perhaps, after all, this cool gentleman was a policeman in disguise. "And your address?"

"Number One, Lamb Court."

"Good," remarked his interrogator, carefully jotting it down in his book, which he then closed and restored to his pocket.

"Now, Job Habbijam, listen to me. You see that, don't you?"

With these words, he pushed the shining barrel of a revolver right under Job's nose, causing the latter, in spite of the infirmities and weariness of his limbs, to hop back with the agility of a harlequin.

"Y-y-yus," chattered the unfortunate man, more dead than alive with fright.

"That's a six-chambered revolver, the stranger somewhat unnecessarily explained, "and is fully loaded. Had I not had the rare good fortune of so opportunely meeting you and—the two fivers," he added, with a mirthless laugh, "by now I should have blown my brains out. Do you understand?"

Job answered not, neither did he move. His eyes stared glassily at the other, as if fascinated by some horrible spell.

"I am going to borrow these two notes of you. Do not fear. I will pay you back to the uttermost farthing—and over! or, should I fail to do so, you will then know that this little job has done its work, and I have paid all debts with my life."

For the first time since his fright at see-

ing the revolver in such close proximity to his head, Job found courage to speak.

"Don't—don't do that sir," he said, earnestly. "Take the notes, an' welcome, if they'll keep you from killin' yourself. I don't mind the brokers turnin' me an' the ole woman out if it'll save a feller-creetur's life."

"Brokers!" exclaimed the gentleman, in quick, sharp tones. "You expect the brokers in? When?"

"Nine o'clock to-day, sir. An' they'll come to the minnit. Brokers is allers werry punctual, sir."

For a moment the stranger stood seemingly battling with some irresolute feeling. Then his face grew hard and cold again, as he put the revolver away.

"Well, well, friend Job," he said, "it's very hard lines for you—very hard indeed after your grand find! But don't despair. We all have our crosses to bear, you know—yours; I, mine."

With which words of questionable comfort, he abruptly turned on his heel.

Job gazed after the figure of the stranger until it disappeared from sight, then, with a bitter groan, sank down on an untenanted seat.

Like one in a trance, old Habbijam sat there in the biting cold, a prey to the gloomiest despair. Ruin, utter and irrevocable, stretched out in front of him and his "ole woman."

One by one the hours sped away, and still the old man sat there, frozen to the marrow of his bones, but with a burning fire consuming his soul.

"No 'ope! No 'ope!" his pallid lips uttered many times during that lonely vigil on the bleak Embankment.

At last the by no means friendly hand of a policeman, who, after passing and repassing the despondent Job many times, suddenly deemed it his own imperative duty to "move on" the loiterer, caused him to rise and drag himself listlessly along once more.

Raising his eyes towards Big Ben, he was horrified to discover that it wanted but twenty minutes to the time—nine o'clock—at which his enemies, the brokers, were expected to arrive at Number One, Lamb Court.

Fear of the imminent danger threatening Nancy and himself nerved the old man to summon up all the energy of which he was capable, and, to use his own words, "put 'is best foot forward."

Arrived at Lamb Court, his worst fears were realised.

Two burly men were struggling down the rickety stairs of the wretched tenement old Habbijam called "home," laboriously bearing between them the joy and pride of Job's heart—a chest of drawers, while his "ole woman" was vainly entreating a hard-featured man, their landlord, to "give 'em a little more time to pay—just a little more time."

One glance at Job's dispirited face, drooping head, and travel-worn figure revealed to his faithful Nancy how vain all his endeavours had been; and she wisely refrained from questioning him as to the cause of his prolonged stay from home.

"Not a friend in the world! Not a friend in the world!" moaned poor old Job, as through a mist that swam before his eyes he saw his scanty larder and penates consigned to the broker's van; then, without another word, he swayed and fell heavily at his "ole woman's" feet.

Simultaneously with a shriek of horror which burst from the wife's lips, the sound of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. In another moment a smart cab pulled up in the rear of the van, and the stranger with suicidal tendencies leapt forth.

"What do these people owe you?" he demanded, addressing the broker's men in a brisk business-like tone.

The landlord came forward.

"Two pounds sixteen, sir," he replied, with the abject deference which fine clothes and a gentlemanly bearing will always exact from commonplace sordid natures.

"And you would rob these poor people of their bit of a home for a sum like that?" exclaimed the other with ineffable contempt. "Here's your paltry money. Write me a receipt, and have these goods restored to their proper places at once. One of you chaps," addressing the broker's men, "run and fetch a doctor to this poor fellow. No," a second thought striking him: "put him into my cab. I'll run him round to a doctor I know myself."

Old Job Habbijam soon recovered; for, in spite of his infirmities and privations, he was "pretty sound in the main," as he himself would say. He had simply tumbled away through over-excitement, added, as it was, to want of food, exposure to cold, and many hours of fruitless wandering through the great New Babylon.

By the evening of that memorable day he was better; but he very nearly fainted again when he discovered his acquaintance of the Thames Embankment sitting by his bedside, along with his "ole woman."

He was about to make some excited remark, when the stranger, holding up a warning hand, said quietly—

"Don't speak yet, friend Job. It is my turn first. Some explanation of my extraordinary behaviour towards you this morning is necessary. Listen! When I met you, I had just left a gambling club, close by, and had lost a considerable sum of money. So considerable, indeed, that nothing but ruin—beggary—stared me in the face. My wandering steps led me to the Embankment where (as I told you) I was seeking some quiet spot in which to blow out my brains and end my miserable existence, when I met you. With those two five-pound notes I borrowed of you in my pocket, I returned to the club I had just left, and in less than an hour I had won back all I had lost and a goodly sum which I hadn't lost the bargain."

"Then I rose from the gambling-table with a solemn vow to Heaven never to touch a card or cross the threshold of a gambling-hell again. And—I never will! I hurried here in hot haste that you might share, as you deserved, in my good fortune. I got you out of the clutches of the enemy, saw you comfortably put to bed, and left you in the best hands in the world, with a kind glance in the beaming Mrs. Habbijam's direction."

"Then I paid a flying visit to my chambers. A letter, informing me of the death of a bachelor uncle in Mentone, of whom I am the sole heir, and under whose will I shall inherit a title, together with estates and other property worth something like ten thousand a year, awaited me."

"I am telling you this, friend Job, because—because it is through that chance meeting with you that I am now alive; and, furthermore, because I am going to pension

you off for life, Job Habbijam, and give you and your good wife the coziest little cottage my estates can boast of, to live in rent free, into the bargain. That is my interest on the two five-pound notes you lent me."

The gentleman's voice ceased, and there was a moment's almost painful silence in the humble little room. Then old Nancy buried her face in her apron and sobbed as if her heart would break for very joy and gratitude, while the still, crooked figure on the bed crept to its knees and offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to the good Father of all, who had in the hour of their direst tribulation miraculously led the "ole woman" and himself to a haven of rest and peace at last.

THE MIDNIGHT FIRE.

During the month of February, 1893, Seth Damon of Sharon instituted an action at law against Gabriel Butterworth of the same town for the recovery of \$35,000, of which he claimed that the said Butterworth had defrauded him.

The circumstances were these: Butterworth owned and kept the principal store in Sharon, and though he had never been regarded as an exemplary gentleman, his honor in business had not been impugned. Those who had the faculty of looking upon the undercurrents of the human mind, decided that he was a man not bound by honor, but who understood the laws of self-interest too well to be guilty of small meanness in business.

What he was capable of doing on a grand scale was not mooted until the occurrence of which I am about to speak. Seth Damon had lately removed to Sharon, and had purchased the iron works. Shortly after concluding the purchase he had a payment of \$35,000 to make, and late on a Saturday afternoon he arrived from Pittsburgh with the money part of it in bank notes and part of it in gold.

When he arrived he found that the parties to whom the money was to be paid had left the town, and would not return until Monday. Mr. Butterworth had the only reliable safe in the town, and to Mr. Butterworth Damon took the \$35,000, asking permission to lodge it in his safe over Sunday, which permission was readily and cheerfully granted.

During Sunday night the people of Sharon were aroused by the alarm of fire; and upon starting out it was found that the alarm came from Butterworth's place. But Mr. Butterworth had been active. He had discovered the fire in season, and with the assistance of his boys, had put it out before much damage had been done.

Upon looking over the premises it was found that the fire had not only been the work of an incendiary, but that it had been set in several different places. "How fortunate," said the owner, "that I discovered it in time."

But very soon another discovery was made. The safe had been broken open, and every penny it had contained stolen away. Here was an alarm and consternation. Gabriel Butterworth seemed fit to go crazy. "For myself I care not," he cried. "A few hundreds were all I had in there; but my friend had a great sum. Immediate search for the robbers was instituted, and word was sent far and near. Now it so happened that on that very Sunday evening—or, rather, I may say, Sunday night, for it was near midnight—I had been returning from my brother's in Dunstan. On my way to my house I passed the store of Mr. Butterworth. Behind it in an open space was a public fountain, and being thirsty I stepped round that way to get a draught of water. As I stopped to drink at the fountain I saw a stream of light through a crevice in the shutter of one of the windows.

Curious as it seemed to me to go and peer through, for I wondered who could be there at that hour of a Sunday night, the crevice was quite large, made by the wearing away of the edges of the shutters where they had been caught by the hooks that held them back when open, and through it I looked into the shop.

I looked upon the wall against which the safe stood, and I saw the safe open and I saw Gabriel Butterworth at work therein. I saw him put three packages into his breast pocket, and I saw him bring out two or three small canvas bags, like shot bags, and set them upon the floor by the door that opened toward his dwelling. As I saw him approaching this outer door a second time I thought he might come out and I went away.

It was an hour afterward that I heard the alarm of fire, and it was not until the following morning that I heard of the robbery of the safe. I was placed in a critical position, but I had a duty to perform. I went to Mr. Damon and told him what I had seen, and also gave him liberty to call upon me for my testimony in public when he should need it. Until I should be called upon I was told to hold my silence.

While the police were hunting hither and thither, Mr. Damon kept a strict watch upon the movements of Mr. Butterworth, and at length detected him in the act of depositing a large sum of money in a bank. His action immediately followed, and Butterworth was arrested.

This is the way matters stood when I was summoned to appear before the Grand Jury in an adjoining town. I went there in company with Mr. Damon, and secured lodgings at the Horseshoe. It was a small hotel, well and comfortably kept, and frequented by patrons of moderate means. It was on the afternoon of Monday, the 13th day of February, that I took quarters at the Horseshoe, and after tea I requested the landlord to light a fire in my room, which he did; and he also furnished me with a lamp.

It was 8 o'clock and I sat at the table engaged in reading, when some one tapped upon my door. I said "Come in," and a young man named Laban Shaw entered, bringing his carpet bag in his hand.

This Shaw I had known very well as a clerk to Gabriel Butterworth, but I had never been intimate with him, from the fact that I had never liked him.

He must have seen the look of displeasure upon my face for he very quickly said: "Pardon me, Mr. Watson. I don't mean to intrude. I have come down to be present at the trial to-morrow—summoned by Butterworth's lawyer, of course—and I got here too late to get a room with a fire in it; and, worse still, I must take a room with another bed in it, and with a stranger for company. And so, may I just warm my fingers and toes by your fire, and leave my carpet bag under your bed?"

Of course I granted him his request, and

he put his carpet bag under my bed, and then sat down by the fire, and we chatted sociably enough for half an hour or more, without once alluding to the business which had brought the two of us to Wilton.

His conversation was pleasant, and I really came to like the fellow, and I thought to myself that I had been prejudiced against him without cause.

At length he arose and bade me good night and went away, and shortly afterward I retired. I had been in bed but a little time when another rap upon my door disturbed me and to my demand of what was wanted I received answer from Laban Shaw. He bade me not to light a lamp. He had only come for his nightshirt. He could get it in the dark.

I arose and unlocked the door, and his apologies were many and earnest. He always slept in winter in a flannel nightshirt, and he had thoughtlessly left it in his carpet bag. He was very sorry—very sorry. He had thought to try to sleep without it rather than disturb me, but his room was cold—and I cut him short and told him there was no need of further apology, and while he fumbled over the bag I went to the fireplace to make double assurance that the fire was right. I offered to light a match for him, but he said he had got his nightshirt and all was right.

He then went out and I closed and locked the door after him and then got into bed. But I was not to sleep. I had been very sleepy when Shaw disturbed me; but an entirely different feeling possessed me now. First came a nervous twitching in my limbs—a "crawly" feeling, as some express it—that sensation which induces yawning, but which no amount of yawning could now subdue.

By and by a sense of nightmare stole upon me; and, though perfectly awake, a sense of impending danger possessed me. At length, so uncomfortable did I become in my recumbent position, that I arose, lighted my lamp and proceeded to replenish my fire and dress myself, to see if I could read away my nervous fit. My lamp was lighted, and as I returned to the bedside for my handkerchief my attention was attracted to a string which lay on the carpet—a string leading from the bed to the door. I stooped to examine it and found it fast at both ends.

I brought the lamp and took a more careful survey. The string was a fine fishing-line, new and strong, one end of which disappeared beneath the bed and the other beneath the door. In my then condition I was suspicious of evil, and my senses were painfully keen.

Raising the hanging edge of the coverlet I looked under the bed. The carpet bag, which Laban Shaw had laid, lay there, partly open, with the line leading out from it. What could it mean? Had the man accidentally carried the end of the line away with his nightshirt without noting it?

I drew the bag out from beneath the bed and as I held its jaws apart I saw within a double-barreled pistol, both hammers cocked, bright percussion caps gleaming upon the tubes, while the line, with double end, was made fast to the triggers, and I saw that the muzzles of the pistol barrels were inserted into the end of an oblong box, or case, of galvanized iron, and I comprehended, too, that a very slight pull upon that string might have discharged the pistols, and furthermore that a man outside my door might have done that thing!

For a little time my hands trembled so that I dared not touch the infernal contrivance, but at length I composed myself and went to work. First I cut the string with my knife, and then as carefully as possible I eased down the hammers of the pistol, after which I drew it from the iron case. I had just done this when I heard a step in the hall outside my door.

Quick as thought I sprang up and turned the key and threw the door open, and before me, revealed by the light of my lamp, stood Laban Shaw. He was frightened when he saw me, and trembled like an aspen. I was stronger than he at any time, and now he was a child in my hands.

I grasped him by the collar and dragged him into my room and pointed the double-barreled pistol at his breast and told him I would shoot him as I would a dog if he gave me occasion. He was abject and terrified.

Like a whipped cur he crawled at my feet and begged for mercy. His master had hired him to do it with promise of great reward. It had transpired that my testimony before the jury would be conclusive of Butterworth's guilt, and Butterworth had taken this means to get rid of me. In his great terror the poor accomplice made a full confession. He begged that I would let him go, but I dared not—my duty would not allow it.

I rang my bell, and in time the ostler answered my summons. I sent for a policeman, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing my prisoner led safely away. On the following day the carpet bag was taken before the Grand Jury and the iron case examined by an experienced chemist. It was found to contain an explosive agent that would have shivered to fragments all the house above it. And a single pull of that string would have been sufficient to this horrible end.

Gabriel Butterworth did not procure the destruction of my testimony; but through that testimony the Grand Jury found cause for indictment of far graver charges he was convicted, though he did not live to carry out his full term of sentence.

An Object of Charity.

Tramp (pitiously)—Please help a poor cripple!

Kind old gentleman (handing him some money)—Bless me! why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?

Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially, sir.

Coldest winter on record was that of 1709, in which rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the ocean several miles from shore. In Europe frost penetrated three yards into the ground, and people perished by the hundreds in their homes.

How He Was Trying.

Bobbie Bingo—Say, papa, the little boy next door has a new bicycle, and he is learning to ride on it.

Mr. Bingo—How is he getting on?

Bobbie—That's about all he does is to get on.

Erastus Wiman's best known lecture was one that he was fond of delivering to young men. The subject was: "How to Get Rich."

Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was invented in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician. It is recommended by physicians everywhere. All who use it are amazed at its power and praise it forever after. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is the best, the oldest, the original. It is unlike any other. It is superior to all others. It is not merely a Liniment, it is the Universal Remedy from infancy to old age. There is not a medicine to-day which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent. Every Mother should have it in the house, dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. It produces an increase of vital activity in the system. Its electric energy everlastingly eradicates inflammation without irritation. Generation after Generation Have Used and Blessed it.

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.

Cures Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore-Throat, Cramps and Pains.

It is marvelous how many complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises. Relieves all Bowel Complaints. Taken in water or dropped on sugar. It positively Cures Catarrh, Ladrippe, Asthma, Bronchitis, Lameness of Muscles, Stiff Joints, Strains and Nervous Headache. Retail price, 35 cents, Six \$2.00, Express prepaid. If you can't get it near home, ask first. Sold by all druggists. Full information sent free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 23 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

The "Gentle Reader."

Charles Dickens once received an invitation to a "Walter Scott" party, the character being expected to appear in the character of one of the other of Scott's heroes. On the evening night, however, Dickens appeared in simple evening dress, among a host of Rob Roys and Ivanhoses. The host asked him which of Scott's characters he represented. "Why, sir," replied Dickens, "I am a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I am the 'gentle reader.'"

Touching the Matter of Trade.

"How much mein little David lof his grandfather?"

"A hoonderd per cent., gran'pa and no discount."

"Ah, my dear grandson. Say dat again."

At a recent court ball at Rome, Queen Margherita wore sixteen strings of pearls, the lowest hanging half way to the waist.

BORN.

Albert, March 6, to the wife of William Sprague, a son.

Kentville, March 5, to the wife of James Stewart, a son.

Truro, March 4, to the wife of Thomas Guinan, a son.

Parsonsboro, March 4, to the wife of Henry Fader, a son.

Shediac, March 2, to the wife of O. M. Melanson, a son.

St. Mary's, Feb. 19, to the wife of L. H. Cornier, a son.

Amherst, March 6, to the wife of Noel B. Steele, a son.

Fredericton, March 8, to the wife of W. H. Vanwart, a son.

St. John, March 4, to the wife of David Adams, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 28, to the wife of A. McNeill, a daughter.

Truro, Feb. 26, to the wife of J. C. Creelman, a daughter.

Moncton, March 9, to the wife of George Bedford, a daughter.

Fredericton, March 7, to the wife of T. A. Wilson, a daughter.

Digby, March 4, to the wife of T. C. Shreve, a daughter.

St. John, March 8, to the wife of Robert Magee, a daughter.

Germanstown, March 3, to the wife of Levi Kinzie, a daughter.

Amherst, March 3, to the wife of Fred Brownell, a daughter.

Truro, March 1, to the wife of William C. Hallett, a daughter.

Truro, March 5, to the wife of Henry Haynes, a daughter.

Sheet Harbor, Feb. 21, to the wife of David Richard, a daughter.

St. John, March 3, to the wife of Captain H. Holmes, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Feb. 2, to the wife of Joshua Heckman, a daughter.

Centerville, N. S., Feb. 26, to the wife of Robert Reid, a son.

Kentville, N. S., March 7, to the wife of W. E. Porter, a son.

New Minas, N. S., March 3, to the wife of Mr. Millett, a son.

Halifax, March 10, to the wife of Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick, a son.

Sheet Harbor, N. S., March 4, to the wife of Samuel Kenney, a son.

Pagwash, March 1, to the wife of Leander Van Burskirk, a son.

Richibucto, March 1, to the wife of Arthur E. Leary, a son.