

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.**  
One year, \$1.50  
Six months, .90  
Four months, .60  
**OUR CLUB RATES.**  
Ten copies, one year, each, \$1.25  
Twenty copies, one year, each, 1.00  
One copy one year free for club of ten subscribers  
Subscriptions must be paid in advance  
No paper sent beyond time paid for  
Subscribers will be promptly notified of the date of the expiration of their subscription in order that they may renew, if they desire, in time to preserve their files unbroken.  
All remittances must be addressed to  
**J. D. HARRIS, Publisher.**

# THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.

VOL. VII. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1882. NO. 8.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Each additional insertion, 50%  
Extra Notice, 75%  
Liberal rates for the year, quarter, month, and special inducements to yearly advertisers.  
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.  
Charges for yearly advertisements will be collected quarterly.  
All local notices, in ordinary reading type, 5 cents per line; in block letter, or otherwise displayed, 10 cents per line. Announcements of births, deaths, and marriages, free. Obituaries, 5 cents per line.  
All communications relating to advertisements must be addressed to  
**J. D. HARRIS, Publisher.**

**YE BALLAD OF CONGRESSMAN COX.**  
By F. A. M. BOWEN.  
"Hello the Duke!" cried Congressman Cox,  
"Hello the Duke," I say,  
I'm wearing my best of all my knicks,  
Open the door, I pray.  
"I hear you call" she then replied,  
"It's Slater than you think,  
How came you to be looked outside?  
I'm afraid you're full of drink."  
"I've wandered on," began Bowen,  
"And stood upon the Hill  
Where Paul did to Athenians preach—  
I wish I was there still."  
"I've sailed me with bold Robinson,  
And rode with Ulysses,  
And yet I am no robber's son,  
Nor do I spirits quill."  
"Turner round the Pacheco,  
And answer me for the home  
To dance the ditty echo  
With Spanish girls in Rome."  
"I've traveled from fair Covington  
To fair yet Catfist,  
And found a lack of Lovington  
Who did my heart beguile."  
"She was young—I did not know  
I was for her a fair and choice  
And placed it on her hair."  
"O come into my father's Hall,  
She said, 'do not refuse,  
And if you wish, you will  
My Valentine to choose."  
"Or would you rather that I speak  
Your fortune, my dear Paul,  
Read you a Page of the friend, dear,  
And then your friend McCall."  
"Call him not, fate one, I said,  
O call him not, the night,  
He is but a Lord of Bragg,  
His neck will never fight."  
"He rides a Cobb that can not trot,  
Also employs a Cook,  
That of his trade he knows not,  
Such a silly I'll not brook."  
"He's black, too, and as tall as a tree,  
Nor yet can he turn Brown;  
He's craven, always in a fray,  
The laughing-stock of town."  
"His Willie good, his courage weak,  
He's young and from the West,  
He'll strike your money for a freak,  
And then pull down his Vest."  
"A hawk he is, the sort of bird  
The Dutch call 'gutterwurb',  
And may be you have heard  
His name, 'What's Dutterworth?"  
"O lady fair, by me he said,  
Convince me not that mean;  
He'll frost your flower till his dead,  
The bad, vampirish, but man."  
"They say he's rich, but that I doubt,  
I know he is a bore—  
A piece of villainous stout—  
He'd be, but he's not here."  
"He's a scoundrel, sir, by the Lord,  
I'll have him lay by you lower—  
How are him Chase you, 'pon my word,  
From Crowley to Crapo!"  
"You shall Knott make me trouble, sir,  
Though a girl I still am free;  
You're no one but Jay Hubbard, sir,  
And all your words are lies!"  
"A Lona-tie you are to find  
Your time to spooner round me,  
Sparks are plentiful at school  
In Scartosa, where I'm bound me."  
"Wood you thus torture me?" cried,  
"They heart to me at school,  
Love's dart can not pierce its pride,  
Nor break its Pettibone."  
"I'll climb me to bold Muldrow's height—  
I'm Dunn with woman-kind—  
The scales have fallen from my sight,  
I am no longer blind."  
"It cuts me to the heart to feel—  
I am no Hardy one—  
The sore contempt thy words reveal,  
Thou vexen of Atherton!"  
"Farewell! I'll leave in my brain  
A more than I can bear—  
Thou art a wit to women's wain,  
You'll bind him with a hair!"  
"So, here I am, my jolly host,  
A Bowman at your door,  
Whose arrow's sped, whose quiver's lost,  
Who'll ne'er woo maiden Moore."  
Then down came the landlord, grumbling, and  
Let him in the door,  
And led him up the stairway into the sky-  
parlor floor,  
Where, first removing coat and vest, then pants  
and shoes and socks,  
He went to bed—thus ending the Ballad of  
Congressman Cox.

and slunk; the old wound at the side of his lip showed red and ghastly against the deathly pallor of his cheek; his hair lay low over his forehead; around his shoulders was thrown an old pea-jacket, and in his trembling fingers he held a tumbler half full of rum.  
He looked around and saw his visitors, with a curious smile.  
"Ben Croil, is it?" he gasped; "old Ben Croil, the bo'an. Thought you was dead, mate; thought you was cast away in the captain's gig—you and the young lady and George Warnford. Glad you're not; that makes three less—every little counts. Three less. Bully for you, Boston Tom!"  
He raised the tumbler to his lips, and would have let it fall in his weakness, but for Rupert, his sole companion, who held it for him while he drank, with a look half of apology and half of recognition at Helen and Ben.  
"It is all we can do for him now," he explained.  
"Does he know it?" whispered Helen.  
"Does he know his condition?"  
The man, who had closed his eyes for a moment, opened them, and bestowed a wink upon which saved the trouble of speech.  
Ben Croil stepped to the foot of the bed and gazed steadily in the face of his enemy.  
"At last I have found you," he said.  
"Aye, mate, you've found me, and none too soon. Guess I'll save my neck yet. He spoke with an effort, but there was the determination of keeping it up to the end in his face.  
"Where's that rope you spoke about to 'em?" he went on. "Cheated you, after all. Boston Tom's hooked. Look ye here, mate, all of them fellows is dead and gone, every man Jack of them. Some of 'em drowned; some of 'em cut up for food when we took to the boats; some of 'em food for sharks. Youngster, give me hold of that bottle." A hawk he is, the sort of bird the Dutch call 'gutterwurb', and may be you have heard his name, 'What's Dutterworth?'  
"O lady fair, by me he said, Convince me not that mean; He'll frost your flower till his dead, The bad, vampirish, but man."  
"They say he's rich, but that I doubt, I know he is a bore— A piece of villainous stout— He'd be, but he's not here."  
"He's a scoundrel, sir, by the Lord, I'll have him lay by you lower— How are him Chase you, 'pon my word, From Crowley to Crapo!"  
"You shall Knott make me trouble, sir, Though a girl I still am free; You're no one but Jay Hubbard, sir, And all your words are lies!"  
"A Lona-tie you are to find Your time to spooner round me, Sparks are plentiful at school In Scartosa, where I'm bound me."  
"Wood you thus torture me?" cried, "They heart to me at school, Love's dart can not pierce its pride, Nor break its Pettibone."  
"I'll climb me to bold Muldrow's height— I'm Dunn with woman-kind— The scales have fallen from my sight, I am no longer blind."  
"It cuts me to the heart to feel— I am no Hardy one— The sore contempt thy words reveal, Thou vexen of Atherton!"  
"Farewell! I'll leave in my brain A more than I can bear— Thou art a wit to women's wain, You'll bind him with a hair!"  
"So, here I am, my jolly host, A Bowman at your door, Whose arrow's sped, whose quiver's lost, Who'll ne'er woo maiden Moore."  
Then down came the landlord, grumbling, and let him in the door, and led him up the stairway into the sky-parlor floor, where, first removing coat and vest, then pants and shoes and socks, he went to bed—thus ending the Ballad of Congressman Cox.

"You shall have your rum," he said, "when you have signed the paper."  
Then he lost his courage, and began to moan and whimper exactly like his brother Samuel.  
"I'll sign any thing," he said, "if you will give me the bottle."  
Helen wrote rapidly. She had all the facts, and wanted nothing but a simple declaration. In a few minutes she was ready.  
"Listen, now. Tell me if this is all you have to say:  
I, the undersigned, believing myself to be dying, solemnly declare that the forgery for which George Warnford, clerk to the house of Battered & Letwin, was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, was committed by my brother, Samuel Pringle, clerk in the same firm. I also declare that the whole of the forgery, of which that was the last, was by the same Samuel Pringle. They were committed at my own instigation, and for my own profit; I had the spending of the money, and Samuel Pringle, my brother, never touched a penny of it. George Warnford knew nothing about it from the beginning to the end."  
"That's about all," said Thomas Pringle.  
"I've nothing more to say; it's quite time; give me the bottle."  
"Not yet," said Ben. "Take time—so! Now sign as well as you can."  
Helen guided the fingers while the signature of Boston Tom slowly drew itself across the bottom of the page; then the page fell from his hand, and Boston Tom's head fell back upon the pillow. For a while they thought him dead, but he was not; he opened his eyes and motioned for the rum, which Rupert held to his mouth.  
"Leave me to the boy," he sighed, wearily.  
While they thus looked on at this miserable ending of a shameful life, there was a noise below, and steps were heard upon the stairs. The door opened, and Dan Mizen entered; behind him two policemen.  
"There he is, gentlemen," said the ex-ship-boy, eagerly. "There he is! That's Boston Tom, the ringleader of the murderers. And, oh! here's Mr. Croil, gentlemen." He turned to the policemen. "Bear witness for me I'm the first to give information. I'm Queen's evidence. I'm the one that came forward first."  
"Thomas Pringle, alias Boston Tom," said one of the policemen, "I've got a warrant for you. It's mutiny and murder on the high seas; and remember, what you say now may be used against you in evidence."  
Boston Tom raised his dying head, and looked about him, trying to recollect.  
"It's all a dream," he said. "What's gone before in the dream? You're Ben Croil; you're old Ben. I know you. There's Dan Mizen. We're all honest men here, play fair and square, drink square and fair, pay up and play again. Pass the rum, my boy."  
And with these words Boston Tom laid his head back upon the pillow and closed his eyes. They waited for five minutes. The hand was cold, and the pulse had stopped.  
He had gone before another Judge.

**CHAPTER XI.**  
**CHRISTMAS-EVE.**  
The next day was a day of mystery. Miss Elwood had a long talk in the morning with Madame Lemire and Antoinette, the result of which was a great crying of all three, followed by mighty preparations, the like of which had never before been witnessed in Yengo street.  
It was a holiday with the professor; but he too, conscious of impending change, roamed restlessly from one of the two rooms to the other.  
Ruth stole out after breakfast, accompanied by Charlotte, and took refuge in the kitchen once in every quarter of an hour, just on purpose to kiss and hug her, and then, after a pirouette or two of wonderful dexterity, rushed down stairs again and disappeared.  
And then the professor came and sat with her—the kind professor, her devoted friend. He too was silent and restless; he could not sit still; he fidgeted on his chair, he stood on his toes, he danced on his elastic feet from one end of the room to the other, and then, before finally dancing out—which he did after half an hour of this performance—he took Ruth's hand in his hands and kissed her on the forehead.  
And when he was gone, Ruth felt that he dropped a tear upon her brow. For every body now, except the children and herself, knew the whole story. They knew now what it all meant, the mystery of all this coming and going; they knew now the reason why this mysterious couple, this so-called brother and sister had sought out these obscure lodgings in the unknown region of America square. Helen, before going out on her errand of victory that morning, had told Madame Lemire the whole story. Therefore Nettie and her mother had a good cry, and cried at intervals during the whole day, inasmuch that the grand culinary operations were as much wept over as if they had been intended for the cold meats of a funeral banquet. They told Charlotte, and Charlotte, after telling Gaspard and Rupert, crept up stairs and sat on a footstool, with Ruth's hand in hers, thinking what a wonderful story it was; and then, because we all want to have a little fun for it; tear it out of his hands; make him give it up to you. Up, boy, and fight him!"  
But to his surprise the boy joined his enemies.

"What is the matter with every body? Is it on account of the mysterious Christmas present?"  
Charlotte shook her head.  
"Better than that," she said. "That means only feasting. Far better than that; something very—very good, Ruth—something that will make us all happy, because it will make you happy. Think of the very best that could happen to you, the very best, you know—not a silly wish, not something, you know, for to-day or to-morrow, but for always—and then be quite sure you will have it; and more—yes, more."  
The afternoon dragged on, and the early evening brought blindman's holiday. Then the children came locking in, to sit around the fire and talk, as their usual custom, with Ruth Warnford to tell their stories. But she told them none that evening, because she was anxious and disturbed.  
Presently, one by one, the rest came in. The professor, without his violin, balancing himself on tiptoe; Nettie and Madame dressed as for some unusual ceremony, and with looks of great mystery. The boys came in, too, Rupert and Gaspard—the former with folded arms and a certain melodramatic gloom, the latter bursting with the importance of having a real and wonderful secret to tell.  
The elders tried to talk, but it was no use. Conversation flagged, and a damper was thrown on any more efforts by the sudden breaking into sobs and tears of Madame Lemire. When Nettie and Charlotte followed, and all three fell to kissing Ruth, and crying over her at the same time. The professor, followed by his two eldest sons, retired to the class-room, where presently issued the well-known strains of the violin, accompanied by sounds indicating that, with his two sons, the professor was seeking consolation in art. As for the children, all this crying, with the house full of the most enjoyable and hitherto undreamed-of good things, seemed a kind of flying in the face of Providence; so that when, at six o'clock, a carriage drove to the door, it was a great relief. The professor returned and lit the gas, and the others formed a group involuntarily.  
Helen was the first who entered, and she was followed by Mr. Baldwin and John Wybro.  
John Wybro? Was it possible? Then this great thing was—  
"My own dear—dear—dear Ruth," said John, quite naturally, holding her in his strong arms. "Don't cry, darling. It is all right at last, and here is Mr. Baldwin to tell you so."  
"We have done a great wrong, my dear," he said, solemnly; "a very great wrong, and God forgive us for our hard hearts, and for our readiness to think evil. I am here to ask your pardon—very humbly to ask your pardon. Take her, John, and make her happy."  
He spoke as one deeply moved.  
"And where, Miss Elwood, where?"  
He looked around the room.  
"Not here—come up stairs, Ruth dear, with me; Mr. Baldwin, and all of you—yes, all of you. Come, kind friends, all, Ruth, there is one more surprise for you, and then we shall have finished."  
She spoke with quivering lip and led the way up the stairs.  
Her brother, standing impatiently before the fire, sprang to meet her.  
"Yes, George," said Helen, "it is done. Ruth dear, this is not my brother, but my betrothed. It is your own brother—your own brother George. Do you not remember him now? Yes, Ruth, your brother restored to you, indeed, and his innocence established before the whole world!"  
Then said Mr. Baldwin, who leaned upon John Wybro while he spoke, and spoke very slowly:  
"George Warnford," he said, "I have been thinking in the carriage what I should say to you, and could think of nothing, no, nothing that would express my sorrow and my joy."  
George Warnford shook hands with him without a word. He could find no words; his sister was clinging to his neck, weeping the tears of joy and thankfulness, and his own heart was overcharged.  
"I have aimed greatly," said Mr. Baldwin; "I was ready to believe evil. I should have known all along that your father's son could not—could never have done that thing."  
"Say no more, sir," said George; "let the past sleep. Tell me only that you are quite and truly satisfied."  
"I can not let the past be forgotten, George. A great injury has been committed, and a great reparation must follow. The reproaches that I have hurled at you in my thoughts for the last eight years, have come back upon my own head; nothing can ever make me forget. You, kind friends," said the old man, turning to the professor and his family, who were gathered, now without an instinctive feeling as to artistic grouping, in the doorway, "who have entertained Ruth Warnford as one of yourselves, and have known her story all along, how shall we thank you? Tomorrow is Christmas-day, but on the day following I shall proclaim George Warnford's innocence to all the people of the firm, and in their presence, humbly ask this injured man for pardon."  
"No, sir, no. My kind master, there is nothing to forgive."  
"John, my boy"—Mr. Baldwin turned to his nephew—"tell me what I ought to do."  
"First ask George to let me marry Ruth," said John, holding out his hand.  
"Granted at once," said George; "that is, if Ruth says Yes."  
They shook hands, and the audience—the Lemires—clapped their hands and shouted.  
"What next should I do, John?" asked Mr. Baldwin, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief.

The next thing you must do is to give away Helen Elwood on her wedding day, which must be mine and Ruth's as well; and you must buy her the handsomest present that you can think of; no curmudgeonly gift will do."  
The audience clapped their hands again, approving this. John Wybro, who was a practical man, then said there had been enough of tears.  
"Ay—ay, John. What next?"  
"This time it was old Ben who stepped to the front, and touched his grey old forehead."  
"Beg pardon, sir, there's one that ought to be remembered. Who found out Boston Tom and sat by his night and day, so that he couldn't escape if he wished, and stuck to him? Stand for 'ard, Master Rupert. That's the lad, sir. He wants to go sea. Give him a passage out and back in one of your own ships."  
Mr. Baldwin shook hands with Rupert, now of a rosy hue.  
"You shall have whatever you like to ask for, young gentleman, if I can give it."  
Once more a round of applause from the family. By a dextrous movement of the right leg, Rupert gracefully stepped over their heads, and deposited himself in the back-ground.  
"And nothing for you, Mr. Croil?"  
"Nothing for me, sir," said the old sailor. "I belong to Miss Helen."  
"Any thing else, John?" asked Mr. Baldwin, still unsatisfied.  
"You ought to give desks in your office to as many of Mr. Lemire's sons as like to accept them; and, my dear uncle, the partnership which you promised to me, and which I threw over with so much bravado in the church—"  
"It is yours, my boy, to begin from the new year."  
"No; give it to George Warnford, as some reparation for his eight years of unmerited suffering."  
"That will not be fair," said George.  
But the audience clapped their hands again.  
"Both of you, both of you," said Mr. Baldwin. "The firm can take in both. And what more, John?"  
"Why, sir," said John, "I find that Madame Lemire would be delighted if we would all stay and take supper here; and I really think that, if the professor would allow such a thing, we might have a little dance down stairs before supper."  
Again the audience clapped their hands, and there was a move to the class-room.  
The professor took his violin of ceremony.  
"Simple quadrille of four," he announced. "Mr. Warnford and Miss Elwood at the head, Mr. Wybro and Miss Warnford for rétrois."  
He struck the floor with his foot, and began to play. It was a lame sort of quadrille at first, because two of the performers had tearful eyes, and would rather have sat in a corner. But John Wybro knew what he was about, and what was best for every body.  
Then they had a waltz, and Rupert danced with Ruth, while John took Helen.  
Then began the dancing of high art after this respect to social usage.  
"Dance de Fole!" cried the professor. "Pas reel, Mademoiselle Lemire and Monsieur Rupert Lemire."  
At eight Madame Lemire announced that supper was ready, and they all filed in. Needless to tell of the splendors of this wedding feast, only, as they entered the room, an unexpected sight greeted their eyes. Rupert, holding a sword in his hands, was standing on the table, and as they crowded in, executed a grand dance among the dishes, as difficult and as original as any Indian dance among eggs. And such was the love of the Lemire family for art, that this spectacle gave them more delight and pride even than the pheasants and cold turkey, with champagne, which followed. Mr. Baldwin, after supper, asked if he might propose a toast.  
"Not the health and happiness of George and Ruth Warnford," he said; "that is deep in all our hearts. I propose that we drink the health of Professor Lemire, who is a good and a kind man; that we wish him all the success that he wishes for himself, and more; and that we thank him and his wife and his children, one and all, for their faithful love and care of Ruth. Let us promise never to forget the great debt we owe him—a debt as heavy as no service could pay it off—a debt, my dear friends, which we would not pay off if we could. For in this house Ruth was rescued with love, and brought up, in God-fearing ways of truth and religion for you, George Warnford, and for us."

being John Wybro. Our chief clerk is Gaspard Lemire. I got the Queen's pardon, which was necessary, Mr. Baldwin said, for my complete restoration to the world, and I had the temporary annoyance of seeing my story told in the papers, and mingled in the telling, too. I can never be too grateful for the recovery of my good name; but the thing for which I am most constantly and unceasingly grateful is the gift of a perfect wife—the most divine gift that was ever vouchsafed to man.  
[THE END.]

**THE OFFICIAL VOTE**  
Of the State Election for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, August Election, 1882.

Counties.	Henry.	Jacob.	Leak.
Adair	863	928	5
Allen	490	679	41
Anderson	772	456	115
Ballard	1527	377	168
Barren	1602	518	49
Bath	944	821	35
Bell	233	308	8
Benton	1649	291	13
Bourbon	1314	457	28
Boyd	1917	989	80
Boyle	979	929	80
Breckinridge	988	874	87
Breathitt	939	158	8
Breckinridge	1192	1222	12
Bullitt	393	258	31
Bullitt	1249	261	8
Caldwell	896	692	41
Callaway	594	293	3
Campbell	2530	2101	8
Carrick	948	509	29
Carter	435	482	2
Cass	284	535	5
Christian	1365	347	32
Clark	1295	925	15
Clay	267	672	25
Clinton	79	353	3
Crittenden	786	744	27
Cumberland	409	449	9
Daviess	2059	403	9
Edmonson	412	403	8
Elliott	1827	87	12
Estill	833	316	16
Fayette	2131	213	79
Fleming	1452	1199	72
Floyd	1217	224	8
Franklin	1447	1092	2
Fulton	792	89	42
Gallatin	245	148	35
Garrard	1179	879	102
Grant	987	337	90
Graves	1618	620	25
Grayson	643	879	8
Green	325	718	3
Greene	931	695	8
Hancock	352	459	39
Harrison	875	1944	11
Hart	179	879	12
Harrison	1259	732	11
Hart	1637	992	12
Henderson	1745	285	103
Henry	1128	850	8
Hickman	1354	356	12
Hopkins	1489	815	184
Johnson	361	743	12
Johnson	897	892	86
Josiah	1334	293	21
Johnson	603	157	12
Kenton	3985	1766	12
Kenton	225	349	12
Larue	558	340	12
Laurel	437	697	10
Lawrence	1013	530	12
Leitch	339	137	12
Leslie	61	251	12
Letcher	308	97	12
Letcher	1230	1494	12
Letcher	179	879	12
Letcher	527	114	3
Letcher	1876	977	67
Letcher	519	287	17
Letcher	232	179	89
Letcher	907	105	12
Letcher	991	1058	1
Letcher	519	126	12
Letcher	132	816	17
Letcher	1963	1299	12
Letcher	1297	554	12
Letcher	411	426	29
Letcher	406	538	8
Letcher	409	105	12
Letcher	1234	806	96
Letcher	643	567	7
Letcher	299	819	24
Letcher	1089	177	42
Letcher	1581	92	12
Letcher	1280	110	37
Letcher	738	600	20
Letcher	1055	600	12
Letcher	1539	1696	12
Letcher	360	548	39
Letcher	1889	819	74
Letcher	128	545	12
Letcher	1577	1094	54
Letcher	262	313	12
Letcher	1994	639	62
Letcher	243	61	103
Letcher	665	1081	12
Letcher	495	248	24
Letcher	674	639	62
Letcher	381	187	12
Letcher	295	225	12
Letcher	1240	118	112
Letcher	1374	905	20
Letcher	956	514	85
Letcher	496	180	8
Letcher	458	569	12
Letcher	892	215	24
Letcher	898	299	6
Letcher	1015	126	86
Letcher	1413	138	27
Letcher	1996	708	435
Letcher	1290	1281	12
Letcher	385	339	23
Letcher	1216	907	77
Letcher	118	639	62
Letcher	601	137	12
Letcher	731	431	12
Total	115,681	75,464	4,392

Henry's majority, 49,217.

**THE CONVICT.**  
By WALTER DEBBANT AND JAMES RICE.  
**CHAPTER X.**  
**BEN HAS HIS REVENGE.**  
Out in the cold December evening Helen and Ben walked through the streets, crowded with the late buyers in the Christmas markets. The old man was silent, thinking over his baffled hopes of justice. It was a bitter pill for him to swallow. Helen divined his thoughts, and tried to lead them back to other matters.  
"You will be rejoiced, Ben, to see Mr. Warnford's good name restored, will you not?" she said.  
"Ay—ay, Miss Helen. Not that it makes any difference to him, nor to you, nor to me, in so far as my respects is concerned. Boston Tom is at the bottom of that villainy, too."  
"He was, Ben, and if he is on his death-bed, we must forgive him that as well as the greater crime."  
Ben made no answer.  
They came into Whitechapel High street, all ablaze with gas-light, and presently arrived at the house.  
The door was open, but there was no one in the front room, where Rupert had been wont of late to entertain roystering Jack and his friends with an exhibition of his art. No one in the passage, no one on the stairs—all was dark and silent. They knew not what to do next or where to go. Presently they heard a voice up stairs and footsteps.  
"Ben listened."  
"That's Master Rupert," he said. "Follow close up to me, Miss Helen."  
The room was lit by a single gas-jet, flaring high, like one of those which decorated the butcher's stalls outside. It was furnished with a low, rickety wooden bed, and with a couple of chairs—nothing else, not even a washstand or a table. And on the bed, propped up by pillows, sat Boston Tom.  
He was dying; his cheeks were white

and slunk; the old wound at the side of his lip showed red and ghastly against the deathly pallor of his cheek; his hair lay low over his forehead; around his shoulders was thrown an old pea-jacket, and in his trembling fingers he held a tumbler half full of rum.  
He looked around and saw his visitors, with a curious smile.  
"Ben Croil, is it?" he gasped; "old Ben Croil, the bo'an. Thought you was dead, mate; thought you was cast away in the captain's gig—you and the young lady and George Warnford. Glad you're not; that makes three less—every little counts. Three less. Bully for you, Boston Tom!"  
He raised the tumbler to his lips, and would have let it fall in his weakness, but for Rupert, his sole companion, who held it for him while he drank, with a look half of apology and half of recognition at Helen and Ben.  
"It is all we can do for him now," he explained.  
"Does he know it?" whispered Helen.  
"Does he know his condition?"  
The man, who had closed his eyes for a moment, opened them, and bestowed a wink upon which saved the trouble of speech.  
Ben Croil stepped to the foot of the bed and gazed steadily in the face of his enemy.  
"At last I have found you," he said.  
"Aye, mate, you've found me, and none too soon. Guess I'll save my neck yet. He spoke with an effort, but there was the determination of keeping it up to the end in his face.  
"Where's that rope you spoke about to 'em?" he went on. "Cheated you, after all. Boston Tom's hooked. Look ye here, mate, all of them fellows is dead and gone, every man Jack of them. Some of 'em drowned; some of 'em cut up for food when we took to the boats; some of 'em food for sharks. Youngster, give me hold of that bottle." A hawk he is, the sort of bird the Dutch call 'gutterwurb', and may be you have heard his name, 'What's Dutterworth?'  
"O lady fair, by me he said, Convince me not that mean; He'll frost your flower till his dead, The bad, vampirish, but man."  
"They say he's rich, but that I doubt, I know he is a bore— A piece of villainous stout— He'd be, but he's not here."  
"He's a scoundrel, sir, by the Lord, I'll have him lay by you lower— How are him Chase you, 'pon my word, From Crowley to Crapo!"  
"You shall Knott make me trouble, sir, Though a girl I still am free; You're no one but Jay Hubbard, sir, And all your words are lies!"  
"A Lona-tie you are to find Your time to spooner round me, Sparks are plentiful at school In Scartosa, where I'm bound me."  
"Wood you thus torture me?" cried, "They heart to me at school, Love's dart can not pierce its pride, Nor break its Pettibone."  
"I'll climb me to bold Muldrow's height— I'm Dunn with woman-kind— The scales have fallen from my sight, I am no longer blind."  
"It cuts me to the heart to feel— I am no Hardy one— The sore contempt thy words reveal, Thou vexen of Atherton!"  
"Farewell! I'll leave in my brain A more than I can bear— Thou art a wit to women's wain, You'll bind him with a hair!"  
"So, here I am, my jolly host, A Bowman at your door, Whose arrow's sped, whose quiver's lost, Who'll ne'er woo maiden Moore."  
Then down came the landlord, grumbling, and let him in the door, and led him up the stairway into the sky-parlor floor, where, first removing coat and vest, then pants and shoes and socks, he went to bed—thus ending the Ballad of Congressman Cox.

"You shall have your rum," he said, "when you have signed the paper."  
Then he lost his courage, and began to moan and whimper exactly like his brother Samuel.  
"I'll sign any thing," he said, "if you will give me the bottle."  
Helen wrote rapidly. She had all the facts, and wanted nothing but a simple declaration. In a few minutes she was ready.  
"Listen, now. Tell me if this is all you have to say:  
I, the undersigned, believing myself to be dying, solemnly declare that the forgery for which George Warnford, clerk to the house of Battered & Letwin, was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, was committed by my brother, Samuel Pringle, clerk in the same firm. I also declare that the whole of the forgery, of which that was the last, was by the same Samuel Pringle. They were committed at my own instigation, and for my own profit; I had the spending of the money, and Samuel Pringle, my brother, never touched a penny of it. George Warnford knew nothing about it from the beginning to the end."  
"That's about all," said Thomas Pringle.  
"I've nothing more to say; it's quite time; give me the bottle."  
"Not yet," said Ben. "Take time—so! Now sign as well