A Brother's Devotion

CHAPTER XIX.

"Clean Your Boots."

If Tony had been required to say on what were based his hopes of accomplishing that which he had promised to effect he must have answered that he didn't know; for, questioning himself on the matter, that was the reply which he received.

Yet, knowing not how success could come to him, and especially within the time which he himself had fixed, he was nevertheless most certain that he should triumph.

He hadn't dreamed for nothing—had not proceeded so far in the right direction to be suddenly pulled up before arriving at the proper termination of his journey.

To say the truth, Tony's main reliance for success was on the fact that the two men whose villiany he had now to make apparent were at present separated, and with a positive necessity existing with each of them that they should soon meet again.

"And we shall see what will happen when they do meet again," was Tony's thought.

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when the two brothers had quitted Sir Loghlen's house; and having assured Sydney that all he had just said he would do would most certainly be done, Tony requested his brother to be off home without another word.

"Because," said Tony, "I have a good deal of work to do, and, till you are gone, cannot set about it."

"But can I be of no service," demanded Sydney, "in a matter which, beyond all, concerns myself?"

"You can only be a hindrance, Sydney," was the reply; "and if you have not lost all desire for the restoration of your fair fame—if you would become the husband of charming Frances O'Meara—take yourself off as fast as your legs will carry you."

Thus invoked, Sydney remained not an instant longer, but disappeared as rapidly as he had been requested.

His brother gone, Tony made a feint of proceeding hurriedly in an opposite direction, but almost instantly returned, and stood concealed in a dark corner, exactly opposite to Sir Loghlen O'Meara's mansion.

The leaf which had been torn from the sale-book would be still in the possession of the gentleman who had played him that pretty trick. Tony had no doubt about that.

That sheet of paper Abraham Nailer would consider as good as a check to no inconsiderable amount on Stanley Claremont's bank.

"And," argued Tony, "since the rascal is now smothered in poverty, he will not be long in endeavoring to realize the valuable piece of property of which he has obtained possession."

So Tony stood in his dark corner, his eyes fixed upon the baronet's mansion.

He was looking to see who should approach the house, and was not expecting that Stanley would leave it, since he was convinced that that gentleman knew not at present where his accomplice might be found.

Hour after hour Tony remained upon the watch and with no satisfactory result.

The policeman on his round passed our engraver several times, and, at last, growing suspicious, stopped and threw the light of his bull's-eye full on Tony; and then ,immediately shutting it off again, exclaimed, "Goodness' sake, Mr. Drummond, what are you doing here all this while?"

"More luck!" thought Tony, as he recognized in the speaker the policeman who had long marched grandly on his beat past Mrs. Willoughby's house, who had but lately, he said, been shifted, and who, as a matter of course, knew our hero very well.

Tony, by way of accounting for being where he then was, told the policeman—who, as is usual with those gentlemen, was in the way when he was not wanted—that he was on the watch to catch a slippery customer, whom he expected to pass that way, and who was considerably indebted to him.

"And, if accounts are rightly squared between us," said Tony, "I shall be able to make you a little present, Jenkins."

And the policeman tramped on his way with very sincere wishes for Tony Drummond's success.

It grew later and later; the doors of Sir Loghlen O'Meara's mansion were bolted and barred, and one by one of the lights disappeared, and all within and about the house was dark and still.

All over for to-[illegible], was Tony's thought; and when the policeman next returned, said to him: "No luck here to-night, so I shall be here in the morning; and just tell the man who is on day duty here what I am up to, will you, and ask him not to take any notice of me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Drummond," answered the policeman.

"Good night," cried Tony, and off he started on his way home.

And, as he went, he said to himself, "I must have three or four hours' sleep to make myself strong for to-morrow's work;" and, as he laid his head on his pillow, "I shall have a more refreshing slumber to-night, I take it, than will Mr. Stanley Claremont;" and was fast asleep before he had fairly thought out the words; for Tony was able always, under any circumstances, to fall asleep on the shortest possible notice.

"I will sleep four hours," Tony had said; and, at the end of exactly four hours, was awake again, as suddenly as he had fallen asleep.

Quickly he dressed himself, and in his very best clothes, saying, "I must disguise myself as a gentleman, and then, at a distance, at all events, those two rascals will not recognize me."

He swallowed a very hasty, but, for that, a very hearty breakfast—for Tony was no more to be put off his food than off his sleep—and soon after, was again snugly ensconced, and on the watch before Sir Loghlen's mansion.

Again passed hour after hour, till 1 o'clock in the day had arrived, and a prodigious appetite was to Tony the only result of his watching so far.

There was a tavern near; and, after well looking each way, and seeing that the coast was clear, and that no one either approach or quit the baronet's house in the moment he would be absent, Tony darted into the tavern, and almost instantly returned to his hiding place, a huge lump of bread and cheese in one hand, and a foaming tankard in the other.

It was approaching dusk and Tony was, seemingly, no nearer than ever to the end at which he was aiming.

But evidently Tony had not lost heart, for his thoughts were, "That chap is determined not to throw away a chance if he can help it; but he will think all safe now, and presently will begin to play his little game."

About ten minutes later, "Now for it!" Tony said to himself, as he saw a boy approach the baronet's house and ring the servants' bell.

The door was opened, the lad gave a note; then, as Tony could understand, was invited into the hall to wait for an answer, for in he went, and the door was closed.

Now, at last Tony's equanimity was greatly disturbed, his heart throbbed painfully, and he trembled with excitement, as he felt that the crisis of his brother's fate, his own, and that of their dear old grandmother was approaching.

"That's a note from the thief," thought Tony.

And when, presently, he saw the door of the baronet's house opened again, and the boy who had just before entered, come forth, "And that boy has got an answer from Mr. Stanley Claremont to fix the place of meeting; and it won't be long before Mr. Stanley Claremont shows his nose in the street," determined Tony, in his own mind; and had no doubt but Stanley would be very weary of his long confinement in the house—from which, of course, he had not dared to stir before hearing from his accomplice—and glad again to taste a little fresh air.

In about half an hour Stanley, as Tony had predicted, emerged from the house; and, having stared every way, started off on foot, and at a swift pace.

"He hasn't far to go, or he would have called a cab;" and he followed Claremont, keeping, however, at a very respectful distance.

After proceeding down three or four streets Stanley stopped before a quiet hotel; again stared rapidly, to ascertain if Tony were at his heels, and then darted into the hotel and disappeared; but not so quickly as to elude Tony's observation.

Arrived in front of the hotel, and at a point whence several streets diverged, Tony would now have no difficulty in keeping himself from the view of those by whom, as yet, it was most essential that he should not be seen.

And Tony had a great advantage in the fact that it was now night, and he had but to avoid the glare of light from the shops to be quite secure from discovery.

Not very long had Tony been at his new post when he saw Abraham Nailer come creeping around the corner of a street; and, stopping near the hotel, look all about him, and just as cautiously and uneasily as Stanley Claremont had looked but a little while before from the same spot.

"Now I shall leave them both," thought Tony, "and their game is nearly played out."

And Tony further saw that, for the next hour or two, he was likely to be very busy, and made up his mind that Stanley Claremont's well built infernal machine, which had been used with such deadly effect to others, was now about to burst with its final explosion, and utterly destroy the inventor.

Abraham Nailer had placed his foot on the first of the steps which led up to the door of the hotel, and then he quickly again withdrew it.

Tony wondered what could be the meaning of that movement—had he been seen by Abraham Nailer?

No—impossible! Something, however, was disturbing the peddler, for he appeared in deep and perplexed thought.

And, in truth, Abraham was reminding himself that, in Sir Loghlen's nephew, he had an awkward customer to deal with, and must mind what he was about, or he would get all the kicks, while Stanley would obtain all the profit of the little business just now in hand between them.

Claremont would believe that leaf of the sale-book still in the peddler's possession, would think to find it upon him, and quite capable of having arranged in an apartment of that hotel a nice little trap, in which Abraham should be caught beyond all hope of extrication.

So, and very sensibly, with due regard to the safety of his precious self, reasoned Abraham Nailer.

And having reflected a few moments further, the peddler drew forth an old and rusty pocketbook, took from it a scrap of paper, which, after having written on it several lines, slowly and deliberately he replaced in the pocketbook; then he brought from his waistcoat pocket a very small key, which he lodged beside the paper he had just written.

Abraham had no wish to withhold from Stanley that important leaf, only a certain price would have to be paid for it, that was all.

If Stanley Claremont had laid a trap for his associate, it was himself who must be caught in it; if Stanley had made up his mind now to act like a rogue, he would find that he had to do with a rogue and a half—in a word, if Stanley meditated treachery, Abraham had now prepared the vengeance which would follow it.

The peddler's next thought was, where could he leave, with whom could he entrust the means which he had just prepared?

He looked around from shop to shop, and shook his head—not what he wanted.

Presently his eye fell on a "Clean your boots!" who was waiting for customers at the corner of the street which was directly opposite to the hotel now in question.

"Couldn't be better!" the peddler said to himself, crossing toward the blacking merchant.

As Abraham neared his box, "Clean your boo—" began its owner, and then stopped abruptly and seemingly disgusted with himself for having commenced a question to a man who had not more than about one-third of a pair of boots to his feet.

"Just listen here a minute, young fellow!" Abraham addressed the lad.

"Well, what's the matter with you, my swell?" Clean your boots saucily demanded.

"How much longer shall you remain here this evening?" inquired the peddler.

"Up to the very moment that I goes away!" was the reply.

"Yes, but when shall you go away?"

"Just when I think proper."

"You are not a very polite young gentleman."

"That's because I ain't had the advantages of a boardin' school edication—it's only such swells as you as goes to them establishments!" added the boy, with a derisive grin.

"That's enough of your chaff," said Abraham, who would not, under other circumstances, have borne it so quietly. "I have got something particular to say to you."

(To Be Continued.)

"USE THE BAYONET."

This Was Washington's Order When Told That the Guns Were Wet.

There was a nine-miles march, through driving snow and sleet, after the landing before Trenton could be reached, the point of attack, and two men were frozen to death as they went. Gen. Sullivan sent word that the guns were wet. "Tell him to use the bayonet," said Washington, "for the town must be taken." And it was taken—in the early morning, at the point of the bayonet, with the loss of but two or three men. The surprise was complete, Col. Rahl, the commander of the place, was mortally wounded at the first onset, and 900 Hessians surrendered at discretion.

When he had gotten his prisoners safe on the south side of the river, Washington once more advanced to occupy the town. It was a perilous place to be, no doubt, with the great, unbridged stream behind him; but the enemy's line was everywhere broken, now that its center had been taken; had been withdrawn from the river in haste, abandoning its cannon, even, and its baggage at Burlington; and Washington calmly dared to play the game he had planned. It was not Howe who came to meet him, but the gallant Cornwallis, no mean adversary, bringing 8,000 men. Washington let him come all the way to the Delaware without himself stirring, except to put a small tributary stream between his men and the advancing columns; let him go to bed saying: "At last we have run down the old fox, and we'll bag him in the morning;" and then, while a small force kept the camp fires burning and worked audibly at the ramparts the whole night through, he put the whole of his force on the road to Princeton and New Brunswick, where he knew Cornwallis' stores must be.

As the morning light broadened into day (Jan. 3, 1877) he met the British detachment at Princeton in the way, and drove it back in quick rout, a keen ardor coming into his blood as he saw the sharp work done. "An old-fashioned Virginia fox hunt, gentlemen," he exclaimed. Had his troops been fresh and properly shod to outstrip Cornwallis at their heels, he would have pressed on to New Brunswick and taken the stores there; but he had done all that could be done with dispatch, and withdrew straight to the heights of Morristown. Cornwallis could only hasten back to New York. By the end of the month the Americans were everywhere afoot; the British held no posts in New Jersey but Paulus Hook, Amboy and New Brunswick; and Washington had issued a proclamation commanding all who had accepted Gen. Howe's offer of pardon either to withdraw within the British lines or take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Men loved to tell afterward how Frederick the Great had said that he was the most brilliant campaigner of the century.

AVENGING A MATADOR.

An Exciting Scene at a Recent French Bull Fight.

Excitement continues to run high at Perpignan over the bull fights, and the funeral of El Tito, the matador who was recently killed, was attended by an enormous crowd. Placards had been posted up in the town announcing that at the encounters that afternoon "the death of El Tito would be worthily avenged by his comrades," which practically meant that the bull was to be slain. Therefore, the arena was crowded to its utmost capacity, and a very noisy demonstration ensued. The bull-fighters wore a band of crape around their arms, and one of them kissed the spot where their late comrade had met his fate. From the outset the public clamored loudly for the death of the toro, and one spectator leaped into the ring and handed a magnificent sword to the matador, Chufero, amid a perfect storm of approval, which was quickly changed to groans and hisses when it was seen that the head of the police had made signs to forbid the slaughter of the animal. Carried away with exasperation, the gathering set about demolishing the fittings and benches, while chairs and rails were torn up and hurled into the arena. Several violent scuffles epsued between the police and the audience, and it looked as if a serious riot would occur, when the manager, fearful for his property, stepped forward and announced that the beast should be slain. Enthusiastic applause greeted this brief speech, which was renewed when Chufero killed the bull which caused the death of El Tito. The successful matador was carried in triumph by the spectators and overwhelmed with flowers and gifts.—Paris Letter.

Napoleon in Love.

When Napoleon was in love with Josephine he wrote to her from Italy that he lived in perfect anguish because he had not heard from her for nearly a week. When, aterwards, he was in love with Maria Louisa, he had a coat made so heavily-embroidered with gold that he could not wear it; ordered new boots so tight that they could not be drawn over his feet, and devoted himself so assiduously to learning the waltz of which she was said to be fond, that it brought on an attack of heart trouble. He was cured of his love for Josephine by her innumerable frivolities and infidelities. He never doubted the fidelity of Maria Louisa, and when the plainest proof of her intrigue with Count Von Neipperg was laid before him he refused to believe it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Unkind.

"No, sir," said the physician pompously, "I never lost more than half a dozen patients in my life."

"Well, I'm surprised," replied the cynical man.

"Surprised at what?"

"At your ability to make a living on so small a practice."—Washington Times.

Amenities of the Future.

Caller—Present my compliments to Miss Ariadne, and ask her if it will be convenient for her to be my wife.

Servant (a moment later)—Miss Ariadne sends her regards, and regrets to say that she will be engaged until 3 o'clock.—Detroit Tribune.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth each guest at a dinner party brought his own knife and spoon.

Cause for Rejoicing.

"After all, I don't think she is so awfully homely. She has one of those faces that grow on you."

"I'm glad it didn't grow on me."—Life.

How It Happened.

Mrs. Graymare—Do you remember the night you asked me to marry you? The moon was full.

Mr. Graymare—So was I.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wedded to a Tree.

A curious custom prevails in certain parts of India, which may be called a symbolical marriage. In families containing several daughters the younger sisters may only marry after the elder sister is married. That, of course, is not always the case, but the obstacle can easily be surmounted if the younger sister declares herself ready to wed some tree or a large flower or other lifeless object. In this way the disagreeable consequence of disregarding the time-honored custom may be avoided and the younger sister safely be wedded to her living choice. The elder sister must, however, take care not to choose a poplar tree, an elm or a pine; if she chooses a pear, apple or apricot tree, she may get a divorce—that is to say, shake it off—as soon as a real man will ask for her hand—while if she marries one of the first three-named trees she can easily shake her marital bonds, for these trees are sacred, and must not be trifled with.

How Should She Know.

Mr. Flagg—Ah, that young man has been calling on you so much of late—what does he do for a living?

Laura—Indeed, I do not know; do you think I would have anyone call on me who would talk shop?—Cincinnati Enquirer.