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LEGAL.

ANOTHER "OPEN LETTER."

Dear. Public:

We have often observed how naturally, when you wish to purchase any article of comfort or necessity, you endeavor to procure it at the lowest possible price, cheapness generally constituting the most important point in favor of buying. This frequently proves mistaken econ- that two men sat in earnest convermy, because low-priced goods must be made of inferior materials, consequently such goods invariably fall to give satisfaction; in perhaps no parlour of a small house abutting branch of trade is this fact more apparent than in Boots and Shoes. We are not advocating high prices, however, but take great pleasure in The former was habited as an officer stating that the policy we have adopted of using only the best mate- of the yeomen of the guard-his rials, and making none but good, "honest" warranted Boots and Shoes, has gained us hosts of customers, who, as evidence they are satisfied that our goods are well made and truly cheap, always come again and and their friends. Any defect in workmanship is repaired free of durge. Old Boots and Shoes are made "aminist as guid as new."

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ALL KINDS OF

THE THIRTEENTH CHIME. A Legend of Old London.

BY ANGUS E. REACH.

It was in one of the earliest years of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and on a glorious summer's day,

and his eye glistened, "I am her she might make that iron tongue king." sation together in the oak-panelled

upon St. Paul's Churchyard. The one was a soldier, the other a priest.

"Curses on thy licentious ton-gue," exclaimed the churchman in fall upon the bell, and lo! with a "I will see what can be done," morion surmounted by a plume of feathers lay before him on the table, a voice of suppressed passion. "Lis- clang which rung through her very said the honest yeoman. ind his rich scarlet and gold uni-form shone gay and glistening in the sunshine. He was a young man, but vice and unbridled pas-sion were stamped, like Cain's mark, upon his face. His eyes were bloodshot; his mouth coarse and sensual, and his whole hearing she will scream "

fierce and swaggering. His priest-

ly companion had thrown back his cowl, probably for coolness, and disclosed features, the expression of which, like that of the captain of the guards, was evil, but which, unlike his, was partly redeemed by an appearance of lofty intellectu-ality. The priest's forehead was high and massive, and his eye deen "It must " operation of the pricest " "There are gags." "The danger of his position immedi-ately flashed across him,—he knew with crimson cloth, upon the dais

"And so, Bully Friar! thou hast hamme, attended by two yeomen absolved all my sins-truly their name was legion-but that boots not now; they are rubbed away ward-while Father Francis, envellike rust, from a sword blade." oped in his cowl, paced slowly and ""Doubtless thou art pardoned. thoughtfully back to the cathedral. Have I not said it?" returned the priest. And as he spoke his lip curled more palpably than ever. "That swaggerer, pinned by the cross-bow bolt at Thame?" said he

of the yeomau of the guard, beginning anew the muster roll of his transgressions-

"Tis well," muttered the priest- low. She listened to the rapidly "but the blow must be immediate." mounting footsteps of the priest, him, for pity's sake," faltered Ma- tion of one of his hands towards "It shall fall to-morrow," said and her heart sank within her. Wyckhamme; "leave the means to me. But I say, Father, how dost which struck the hours, rang the ty one," said the soldier. "He is arms laid upon him, he exclaimed that be been arms laid upon him, he exclaimed that be been arms laid upon him, he exclaimed your

the maiden, and when?" last stroke of twelve upon the under watch and ward; and by St. "Away! I am beyond your the maiden, and when?" bell. A thought darted like George, I think it be near the time reach." "To-night," replied the monk, lightning through Mabel's brain, when he will be trought before the His pale lip curled into a smile

father confessor." Captain Wyckhamme smacked his lips. "A sweet duty, by my faith, to listen to the fluttering thoughts of youthful female hearts: I almost would L were a monk." I almost would L were a monk." I almost would I were a monk." cle of her white arm, and slowly one last look at the man for whom on the floor.

He looked up - there stood the Mabel found herself smuggled into don," feltered the wretched Wyckthrobbing mechanism-her white moulded windows, and furnished

and I have come forth to inquire carried a short poniard.

Benedicite." The hours passed away and it Father Francis caught a glimpse of likewise appear." The hours passed away and it her retreating form, and made a There was a short bustle—a heavy became night-a fair, calm, sum- wild gesture of rage and disappoint- door creaked upon its hinges, and

"Bring me to him-bring me to Father Francis made a quick mohis face, and then dashing aside with a convulsive effort the brawny

of triumph-then his face became

When they raised Father Francis, he was dead. The monk knew the secret of making strong poi-

"Then thy accusation was false?" said the king. "Pardon, sire, it was; but the priest-the priest set me on-par

"And attempt to carry her off?- gentle creature amid the still a lofty arched hall, with deep gothic hamme, who had sunk in a quiver-

Secretary.

ing heap upon the ground. "Take him away," said Henry,— "to death! Huntley, shall assume his rank; and now," he took Ma-bel's hand and placed it in that of her lower. "my faithful sentinel her lover, "my faithful sentinel, receive thy bride."-Illuminated

Magazine.



The people made way for him rev-erently and bowed low; the father had the reputation of being rich in the odor of sanctity, and many counted themselves happy in his (Percently and flew towards it. As she ran, (Percently and bowed low; the father had the reputation of being rich in the odor of sanctity, and many counted themselves happy in his

"I deeply grieve to say it, my

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"And the descoiling of the Abingdon mercer?"-"I have absolved." "And the vow broken to Sir Hil-'It will not count against thee." "And the carrying off of the pietty Mistress Marjory!" "Has been atoned for."

"And oaths, lies, imprecations innumerable?" rejoined the cap-tain. "Not so much that I care about such petty matters; but when one is at confession, one may as well make a clean breast of it." solve thee. And now, Captain Wyckhamme, thou must perform

service for me." "It is but reasonable. Thou art my helper in spiritual—I am thine in matters earthly! We serve each other, Father Francis." The worthy Father Francis smil-

"Therefore say the word," con-tinued Wyckhamme, "and, lo! my bountiful forgiver of transgressions, I am thine for good or evil." Father Francis bent his keen black eye steadily upon his com-

panion-gazing as if he would peer entered the cathedral. into his soul. At length he spoke, slowly and calmly-"Thou hast a yeoman in thy company of guards - one Mark "Marry, yes. A fine, stalwart

fellow; he draws a bow like Robin

'Ruin him !'

"Ruin him !" repeated the officer of the guards, somewhat surprised at this unexpected outburst. "Ruin him! Marry, man, bethink ye; he is the flower of my company." "I say, ruin him," cried the priest. "Thou art his officer, and

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Daughter," returned the priest, there are a thousand ways. Plot-plot-so that he may rot in a dun-

in a volce trembling with passion-ate eagerness, for he thought be geon, or swing from a gallows. He is a canker in my heart." had his victim in his clutch, "thou "But wherefore art thou set must go with me," and at the same instant, before she could make a against the yeoman, Father?" asked Captain Wyckhamme. motion to prevent him, he slipped a kerchief prepared for the purpose 'He has crossed my path," said the priest, moodily. "Crossed thy path-how ?" de-manded the soldier. over the lower part of her face, and she was unable to utter a sound.

whiling away the lengthened twi whiling away the lengthened twi- said, "I have no friends here-with there was in the firmuess of his light by a noisy game of football in the first blush of morning I will step, and the proud glance of his Cheape, had been summoned with-in doors by his vigilant master, and the streets were left to the occa-sional home-returning reveller, who

either paced along with tipsy gra-vity, or made the old houses ring with snatches of the drinking songs when Mabel Lorne, mounted on a two, turned to each other and which still buzzed in his ears. The spirited palfrey, left behind her the stately mass of old Paul's rose majestically above all humbler tene- pushed merrily on through green "Captain Wyckhamme," said jestically above all humbler tene-ments, steeped in a flood of moon-fields and hedges in the direction of Henry,"this man was found asleep

shine-its quaint carving; ind sculp- Windsor. Sorely disquieted as she upon his post?" tured pinnacles here standing out had been by the events of the past tured pinnacles here standing out had been by the events of the past deeply give captain Wyck and there black shadow. The starry air, of deep black shadow. The breath of morning, and the starry brown broad masses of deep black shadow.

of deep black shadow. The final masses is the set of a woman, closely muffled in its draperies, glided cautiously and timidly along the quiet pavement, and tripped up the steps toward one of the side up the steps toward one toward one of the side

ed. It is possible that he deemed entrances of the cathedral. The palfrey answered the touch of its "That it is a foul lie, and that he the arrangement a better one for door of a chapelry, from which ad mistress by a loud and joyful neigh, who makes it, knows it is a lie!" himself than for his military friend. mittance might be had inter and provide and away they went amid mechanized Mark Huntley with firm open. As she crossed the thresh-hold, the damp chill of the air, so dewdrops and fields of rich rustling king, "wouldst thou put thy word different from the genial atmos-phere without, made her pause. It was but for a moment and then she saplings; and antique, red brick-"Yes," said the prisoner, "marry

It was an awfully solemn place. built old farm houses; and manorial that would I - I say he speaks halls, embosomed in ancestral trees; falsely, an I have proof."

No work of men's hands could be and the peaceful walls of distant "Proof?" replied the king; "God" more grand, its shadowy vastness monasteries. And the smoke was my life-we will hear proof, but it seemed not of the earth. The eye baginning to rise from men's dwel- must be strong to bear down the could only dimly trace its propor-tions by the gorgeously colored lings, in long spiral columns, into light admitted by the painted glass people were already afield; and now What is this proof of thine, Sir-

fellow; he draws a bow like Robin Hood; and I would ill like to abide the brunt of his partisan. What of him?' The priest started up—his eye flashed—his nostril dilated, catch-ing Wyckhamme's arm, with his brown, sinewy hand and clutching it convulsively, he said, hoarsely— (Envir him 12) was chill, and the next moment Ma-bel Lorne kuelt before the shrine of the Virgin. She had hardly passed a minute in devotion when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder; with a fluttering heart she started to her feet, and beheld the face of Father Francis dimly seen close to raise, her voice and sing as merri- chimes.

ly as the birds among the branches. A woman's scream, loud and She would not, however, have so much enjoyed her ride, if she had known who was pressing in hot haste after her. Father Francis, very much discomfited by the ther ther ther sprang forward, and throwing her-very much discomfited by the ther ther sprang forward, shrieked, rabad success of his attempt, and not being altogether easy about the consequences, had watched the did it—these hands rang the thir-

maiden more closely than she was teenth chime. He is innocentaware of, and on her setting out for justice, my liege, I demand just-"Come, sweet one, come!" said Windsor-he had ascertained her ice!"

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