

## THE LAWYER OUTWITTED.

STRANGE STORY OF DISCOVERED TREASURE.

IN the early days of my articles of clerkship I was deputed by my principal to visit a small town in East Anglia. My business was to call upon a local solicitor and obtain the signatures of certain of his clients to an important document which I took with me. In the ordinary course, this deed would have been sent to the attorney with instructions to obtain his clients' execution to the same and return the document in course of post. Dispatch, however, was necessary; hence my visit.

The day was still young when I left (as it was then called) the Shoreditch terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, and in a few hours I alighted at a wayside station distant some two or three miles from the little town where my duties called me.

A coach plied between the railway station and the small market town. I took a seat in this, and we soon arrived at the door of the Red Lion, a quaint, old-fashioned, but substantial hostelry in the High Street, which seemed to be the principal thoroughfare in the town. I lost no time in repairing to the office of the attorney whom I had come to see. I was soon ushered into his private room, where he introduced me to his clients, who were there by appointment. I produced the deed, and my professional brother having explained its purport to his clients the document was duly executed and attested. I was about to leave, when the solicitor said that he wanted to speak to me about the position of some matter in respect of which my principal and he were in correspondence. So, bidding his clients good bye and thanking them for their attendance, we were left to ourselves. There was a pause; the lawyer broke it.

At his invitation I remained to dinner with the lawyer. The old gentleman conducted me to the residential part of his house, which was large and old-fashioned, and we had some conversation.

Then a servant announced the dinner, and my companion conducted me to the dining-room, where we partook of a meal which, after my long journey, I much enjoyed. The lawyer then asked if I would join him with a cigar. To this I assented, and drawing our chairs to a large French window which overlooked the garden we were soon occupied in sending aloft wreaths of smoke, and watching the fantastic shapes they assumed.

At the extreme end of the garden stood an old, odd-looking building, the object of which I could not divine. My modesty was too great to permit me to inquire. Observing that my attention was rivetted on the building, my companion said:

'You are looking at yonder house, I see.'

'I am, sir,' I replied.

'Ah! that house has a history attached to it.'

'An interesting one?' I queried.

'Very—to one party. Would you like to hear it?'

'I should, much.'

'Then if you will take another glass of port with your cigar, I'll tell it you.'

The old gentleman refilled the glasses, and after a few short puffs of his cigar thus spoke:—

Many years ago, before I had completed my articles to my father, who lived in this very house where we are now sitting, two gentlemanly-looking men called upon my father, and asked him if he could recommend them some quiet comfortable apartments. They said they were men of literary tastes, and purposed writing a history of the neighbourhood; they might be here for a month or two, or perhaps longer if they were made comfortable. My father made inquiries, but could find nothing suitable for them, at which they seemed disappointed. Eventually my father, having a larger house than he really required, after consultation with my mother, agreed to accommodate them here. They accordingly came, and remained with us for, I daresay, about three months. They were very quiet and gave us very little trouble. They seemed to have plenty of books, and, with the exception of an hour or two in the morning, when they would stroll about the neighbourhood, most of their time was spent in their own rooms. It was about the time that Napoleon Buonaparte had escaped from Elba, and preparations were going on all over the country for raising troops and volunteers to attack the indomitable little Corsican. There were no trains or electric telegraphs in those days, and it took a week to get news from the metropolis. As our lodgers were apparently following no vocation, various rumours were circulated by our neighbours concerning them.

'They are spies,' said the village apothecary, an out-and-out Tory and an old crony of my father's.

'They may be spies,' thought my father, or 'runaways, or fools. No matter—what is that to me? They pay honestly.'

Many of the evening guests at the Red Lion used to rack their brains about the mysterious lodgers.

'They are spies,' exclaimed the sagacious host of the Red Lion, a portly-looking man who was evidently piqued at the loss of a couple of good piping guests; 'and one of these squints with his left eye,' pointing to the window.

'A man may squint without being a spy,' retorted my father. 'I should take them for runaways, for they read all the newspapers they can get for the sake of the advertisements.'

An intelligent and wealthy grocer, and a client of my father's, said that having lived many years in the metropolis he had observed that Londoners spent at least a fourth part of their lives in reading newspapers. The conclusion, however, to which they came was that as the lodgers were neither spies nor runaways, they could not possibly be anything else but fools.

Here the matter rested. A few months afterwards one of the lodgers came to my father and said, 'We like your house, and if you will acquiesce in a certain whim, we may probably remain with you for a considerable time.'

My father inquired of his lodgers the nature of the whim.

Your rooms are very commodious and comfortable, sir, but, unfortunately, they look into the street. The watchman (there were no police then) has a very loud voice, and, to make matters worse, the coaches and wagons roll during the night along the street, making the windows rattle. We wake every half-hour to curse them, and fall asleep again to be awakened shortly afterwards. You must admit,

my dear sir, that this is enough to destroy our health and exhaust our patience.'

My father shrugged his shoulders. 'How can it be helped?' queried he.

'Very easily,' replied the lodgers, 'if you are not afraid of a little expense, in which we will go halves, without requiring at our departure the smallest compensation.'

My father, who, in those days, was not overburdened with guineas, but had, moreover, an increasing family, promised to do all he possibly could to accommodate his lodgers.

'You have a long garden, and the wall, in spite of its thickness, is ready to tumble. Suppose you were to make use of a small portion of this space by running up a portable summer-house. Even if it contained only two rooms, this would give us ample accommodation, and being near the river would be exceedingly quiet, and enable us to pursue our studies and obtain our rest without disturbance or interruption.'

As the lodgers were paying very handsomely, and their guineas were very acceptable, my father agreed to their proposal, feeling convinced that they were neither spies nor runaways, but fools.

The improvements were forthwith made, and the lodgers entered into possession of their new premises. Several months passed to their mutual satisfaction, the guineas continuing to flow abundantly; but my father could not understand why lodgers should have a light burning in their apartments nearly the whole night through.

At last one day towards the end of autumn, my father saw the lodgers leave the house with their guns slung over their shoulders. They said they were going to have a few days' shooting. The three days passed, and so did the fourth, yet the strangers put in no appearance.

On the fifth day my father, who was compelled to flee from the apothecary's back shop, also, on the seventh my father, accompanied by the apothecary and the sagacious grocer, entered the apartments of the lodgers. On the table was found a letter which ran as follows:—

'DEAR SIR.—Some little time previous to our advent here we discovered, on looking through a bundle of old parchment deeds, that one of our ancestors possessed, in the time of the Civil Wars, an old manor house which formerly stood on the site of that which you now occupy. When our ancestor was compelled to flee from the persecutions of the Roundheads, he buried his gold and silver in an old iron chest under the wall at the foot of the garden. A plan, which we found with the deeds, disclosed to us the actual position of the iron chest. This was our object in asking you to erect our summer-house.'

'We are delighted to tell you that we have recovered the hidden treasure, as you will perceive from the hole and the open chest. We make you a present of the plot and advise you to fill up the hole, and to give yourself no further trouble about us; all inquiries will be in vain, as the names we went by were only assumed.—FAREWELL.'

My father stood stock still and with open mouth. The apothecary and the sagacious grocer came; they all three looked at the hole, and at the empty chest, and then at one another, and all agreed that the strangers were not such fools as they had taken them for.

I laughed heartily on the conclusion of my companion's story, and at his invitation I accompanied him into the garden and inspected the strange domicile. The hole had been filled up and the chest removed, and the summer house had remained tenanted ever since.

I took a cordial farewell of the hospitable old lawyer, and shortly afterwards was on my way to London.

## FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Did you ever have your face washed? This is neither a conundrum nor premeditated rudeness. But, as a matter of fact, 'face-washing' is to become a profession. There seems to be a sort of mystery about the whole proceeding, but in reality it is a very simple affair. Different 'face washers' have different ways, but they differ more in detail than in principle, which, after all, chiefly consists in giving a Turkish bath to the face. The patient is requested to sit down in front of a table, on which rests the apparatus. It is heated by a spirit lamp, and on one side projects a spout with a wide funnel shaped month. She is carefully wrapped up in a linen wrapper, a Turkish towel is pinned closely up to her neck, and a headress much like a bathing cap is drawn over the hair. Next, a deliciously-scented cream is lightly but firmly rubbed into the skin and wiped off again with a soft cloth, then more cream is added, and, with a gentle kneading process, the face is massaged—just sufficiently to awaken the skin to a sense of its proper responsibilities. The steam is medicated with sweet smelling aromatic herbs, and for a good twenty minutes she has to endure this not altogether unpleasant process. At its close, the steam is turned off, and the face gently dried with a soft cloth; and the patient is free to examine herself in a glass, and note how clear and excellent is the colour of her skin, and how every pore has been absolutely cleansed—moreover, there is a delightful suppleness and rest of nerve which is very pleasant. Neuralgic people find it a great rest to have their faces treated in this fashion; but it should not be done too frequently, for fear of relaxing the cuticle, which is apt to produce wrinkles. Once a fortnight is ample for a healthy skin.

## A FESTIVAL OF LEAVES.

There is always a demand for some new way of raising money for church or school purposes. The smaller children might start a 'festival of leaves,' which will be a novelty, and, if necessary, they can get the aid of parents and older brothers and sisters to make it successful.

Whether in school house or hall, the place will be trimmed with freshly gathered autumn leaves. There will be reds and yellows, of course; but do not forget that the browns set off the yellow ones very effectively, and be sure not to pass them by.

Some costuming on the part of those who sell the pretty things will be good. Red, or yellow, or brown gowns leaf-trimmed, and leaf caps, will give brightness to the festival. The caps may be made of leaves, or made to look like leaves; there are many ways, and just here the ingenuity will come in. Give the order that all are to wear leaf caps, and see what a varied result will be produced.

Canopies of coloured tulle caught up with leaves will add to the beauty of booths or tables. Or if each is covered with a white or pale yellow cloth, and the top edged with a trail of varnished leaves sewed to a strip of cloth to keep them in place, they will look very attractive. Some of the

articles for sale will be made after leaf patterns—frames, pen-wipers, etc. If anyone can prepare branches of leaves nicely waxed, they will probably find a ready sale at reasonable prices, because people will like them without the trouble of preparing them. If there is a book table, it may have over it an inscription, 'Bonad Leaves,' done by painting varnished autumn leaves on letters cut from pasteboard.

A tent gaily decorated with leaves, both ends being fastened back to show the whole interior, has over it 'Sibylline Leaves.' It is a fortune-telling place, and is presided over by a mysteriously masked knight, who for a small sum will give each one a written fortune. These are written inside a white paper, folded once to look like a little book, on whose cover is pasted an autumn leaf, with some odd sign in gold. The knight is dressed in a gown of red, with queer gold marks scattered over it, and has a short stick to match. This he waves over the place where the fortunes are before taking out one. An arm trimmed with leaves holds the bits of paper.

## SPOILING A ROMANCE.

A CERTAIN young lady who lives in the annexed district has had her romance spoiled by the uncalled for and gratuitous interference of a gluttonously-inclined goot. This young lady had a beau who had proposed to her. Her parents objected to the match, and forbade the young man to call on his heart's idol. The young lady was desperate, as eligible beaux are not easy to find in the suburbs. They resorted to elope.

The young man was to be under his lady love's window at daybreak and signal by means of a cord. It is almost needless to state that the other end of that cord was attached to one of the large members of the maiden's pedal extremities. The goot did not rest easy that night, and was wandering about the yard at an unreasonably early hour in the morning. After mastiffing all the arid boxes and empty tomato cans, he discovered the pendulous cord and resolved to take it in as a desert.

When the cord was drawn taut the goot reared on his hind legs in an effort to follow it up the side of the house. He found that his efforts were unavailing, and he gave a desperate jerk. Then the trouble began. The maid awoke. The goot gave another pull that was almost as effective as that exercised by a ward alderman. The maid arose very suddenly from her couch and heroically smothered a cry of pain. She stooped to detach the cord, and at the same instant the goot gave another jerk. The maid lost her equilibrium and thought that she had lost her toe, but the latter proved to be an erroneous supposition. She crawled on all-fours to the window and cried hoarsely to her supposed lover, 'Don't pull so, Augustus; I'll come down.'

Then followed another attempt to unfasten the cord. The goot was persistent, however, and did not heed her appeal save by several vicious nods of his head that were accompanied by a feminine cry of pain from the upper regions.

Crazed by the pain, she again called down into the darkness:

'If you don't stop pulling like that, Augustus, I won't come down at all.'

Another savage jerk and a wail of bitter anguish burst uncontrolled from her ruby lips. The cry was heard by her mother, who hastened into the room accompanied by an oil lamp and a look of fright. The maid fainted, the elopement was killed in the bud, the maiden's toe was sore for a month, but the goot escaped, and there will be no cards sent out, as the youth and the maid never speak now as they pass by.

WE  
TASTE! TASTE! TASTE!

COMPARE!  
COMPARE!  
COMPARE!

NOTHING is done haphazard, or simply guessed at!  
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