

**THE MANCHESTER  
MAN, IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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The Manchester Man, in Three Volumes, Vol. II by Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks

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**MRS. G. LINNAEUS BANKS**

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**THE MANCHESTER MAN.**

**VOL. II.**

# THE MANCHESTER MAN.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE,"

&c., &c.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II

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TO MISS  
ANDREWS

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## THE MANCHESTER MAN.

— UNIV. OF  
CHAPTER I. CALIFORNIA

EASTER MONDAY.

THAT evening, Jabez, a clear-eyed, open-browed youth in his seventeenth year, upright, well-knit, and firmly built for his age, knocked at the parlour-door after Miss Augusta had been sent to bed. There was some trouble on his countenance, as though he was bent on an errand utterly repugnant to him. He was truly sorry to be the means, however remotely, of bringing disgrace on both an old man and a young one; but Simon had led him to the conclusion that if there was little honour



in turning informer there would be absolute dishonesty in keeping silence whilst he saw his master robbed.

Yet he hesitated, and lingered with his hand on the handle of the door, after the clear voice of Mr. Ashton had twice invited him to "come in."

Mr. Ashton therefore opened the door, and saw Jabez with a design for a bell-rope tassel in his hand.

"Well, Jabez—what is it? something special you have to show us?"

"No, sir, I only brought this lest any of the servants should be curious about my errand here."

Mrs. Ashton, who was reading a romance from Mrs. Edge's circulating library in King Street, lifted up her head at this; and Jabez came in, closing the door.

"Then what is the errand which needs such precaution?" asked Mr. Ashton, resuming his seat and looking up at the clear face of Jabez.

"I *think*, sir,"—and he laid an emphasis on the "think"—"I have found out how you are being robbed, and who it is that robs you."

"You—what?" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, placing his hand on the elbows of his chair, and bending forward inquiringly.

Jabez repeated his statement, adding, "I think, sir, some of your putters-out and work-people are in league to defraud you."

Out came Mr. Ashton's snuff-box, down went Mrs. Ashton's romance, whilst Jabez told succinctly how his suspicions had been first aroused, and how they had been confirmed that day.

"I did not tell my suspicions to Christopher, sir, thinking I had best not interfere, or put the—the—them on their guard until I had spoken to you. I feared lest I should defeat your plans," said Jabez modestly.

"Just so, Jabez, just so; you were

quite right, Jabez," said his master, whilst a shower of snuff fell on neckcloth ends and shirt-frills.

"Yes, quite right!" assented Mrs. Ashton with customary dignity. "'A still tongue shows a wise head;' but we seldom see an old head on such young shoulders."

No active steps were taken for a few days, but Mrs. Ashton was in the warehouse, and doubly observant; and Mr. Ashton was also on the alert. They saw enough to convince them that Jabez was correct, and, acting on first impulses, Nadin was again communicated with.

From the window of Jabez Clegg's little room, Kit Townley was seen to receive payment from a fringe-weaver for his share of the spoil; and then Nadin, who knew all about it quite well enough before, followed up the clue to a waste-dealer's who bought at his own price workpeople's "waste" (*i.e.*, warp, weft, silk, &c.,