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gentlemen were all looking eager and excited.

"Where is the scoundrel?" cried young Lord St. Iwerne, who had only recently come to live at Margrave Court. "I hope you are not frightened out of your life, Miss Vivash. Those rascally servants—"

He was looking at Dahlia in a fascinated way. Nothing could be sweeter than her little pale face, uplifted as it is now was with an air of spirit and pride. The gentleman who had struck the match had gone on to light the candles that were on the walls between the men in armour.

"Why, he is gone!" cried Iris. "Oh, Dahlia, weren't you able to keep him in the chest. You poor little thing!"

All the fine young gentlemen stared at the empty chest; then at Dahlia, standing in the midst of them.

"He is gone," she said; "I let him go. He was dreadfully cramped in the chest. And he has taken nothing. He promised me he would be a good man and not burgle any more. He is going to be married—"

"Which way did he go? put in young Sir Harry Greenacre. "We are wasting time. He can't have got very far."

"He is not to be followed," said Dahlia. "He did me no harm. He was



"Miss Dahlia stood at the foot of the ladder and held the candle."

quite nice, and I felt sorry for him. He has taken nothing."

"But, Miss Vivash—"

There was a chorus of remonstrating voices, in which Iris joined. Dahlia looked from one face to another. Then she put her hand on Lord St. Iwerne's arm. He had a kind, strong, gentle young face.

"Please, he is not to be followed," she said, pleadingly.

The young fellow flushed and a look of resolve came into his face. "Very well, then," he said, "he shall not be followed. And now, hadn't you young ladies better go back to bed? Some of the servants from Margrave are coming over to keep the house going till your parents return. You shall not again be left to those faithless wretches. We will stay here on guard, so you will know that everything is safe. Ah! the valuables. Will you show me where the strong-room is? Then we can lock these things up."

He directed everything as though he were a son of the house.

"Remember, we shall be on guard," he said, as the twins turned to go up the stairs. For a second he and Dahlia were isolated.

"Thank you so much for letting him go," she said. "Only for you—I could see they wanted to hunt him. He had a sweetheart."

He looked into her eyes. "I would do anything in the world for you, Miss Dahlia," he said, and then stood watching her until she was out of sight.

"Her dear little feet were bare," he said to himself, with tender concern. "They were like roses. I hope she will not take cold."

The next day both he and Dahlia were rather sad, for Dahlia's burglar was flown, and with him was gone a

pearl necklace of great value, an heirloom which Lady Vivash had prized greatly. It was a shock to Dahlia's faith in human nature, and Lord St. Iwerne, to whom she had confided everything, while anathematizing the burglar, felt impelled to comfort her.

"He looked so simple and good-natured," poor Dahlia said, pathetically. "And he said he was going to be good for the sake of the young woman who had given him mittens, or something of that kind. Even yet I hardly believe I was so deceived in him."

The disappearance of the necklace was to be hushed up, as Sir John Vivash did not wish all the world to know how his daughter had connived at the burglar's escape. But within the week Dahlia's faith in her burglar was strikingly vindicated.

For one day a registered parcel arrived addressed to Miss Dahlia Vivash, and when it was opened within it lay the necklace, carefully packed in a little wooden box. Enclosed with it was a rather grubby scrap of paper, on which was written the following letter:—

"Honoured Miss,—I didn't know as how I 'ad the neckliss till I'd got rite away. You saved my life, you did, an' made an honest man an' good citizen of me. I'm goin' to marry Sarah Jane. My first deception shall be my last, pore girl. I'll run strait an' be a good 'usbin' to her. Lord 'elp me, wot would I ha' done if she'd found out an' had given me the mitten? That back o' mine took a deal o' straightenin' out. You should ha' heard my grones that night after I'd took leg-bail. I could never ha' got away only for the thought o' Sarah Jane. You're a plucky little lady, miss, an' the Lord reward you.—From yours respectful, "The Burglar."

When Miss Dahlia Vivash became Lady St. Iwerne she wore the identical pearl necklace. Lady Vivash declared that Dahlia had the best right to it, and herself clasped it about her daughter's milky throat on her wedding morning.

"I have found the best rule in business, as in private life, to be, to do unto others as you would have others do unto you," Jacob H. Schiff.

"Prerequisites to preeminent success are Care in the selection of a congenial and honorable vocation; courageous persistency, combined with intelligence and honesty in its prosecution. With these general rules there are no limits to the possibilities of a man's achievements except the limitations of human capacity and endurance." John F. Dryden.

"These four qualities will always be present in successful careers: Honesty, which every man understands; Fairness, by which I mean considering the other man's side of the matter, getting his point of view, putting yourself in his place, and then acting accordingly; Industry—and industry is related to success in the same way as breathing is to life, it is something in which there can be no let-up; Hope—a man must be an optimist to succeed; no man can be big who is shriveled by pessimism. Big men—big in brains, in morals, in perseverance, in hope—make big successes." Theodore P. Shonts.

The invalid lay upon his bed of pain, and the invalid's friend sat down beside the glass of water, half-peeled orange, and collection of spanishes, acid-drops, and jube-jubes.

"Bill," said the friend, in a deep, soft bass voice, "I've come ter see if I can't cheer yer up a bit. I've brought yer a few flahers, Bill. I thought if I was too late they come in 'andy for a wreat, yer know."

"Don't get down-earted, Bill. Lummy, don't yere look ghastly! But, there, keep up yer spirits, ole sport! I've come ter see an' cheer yer up a bit."

"Nice little room yer 'ave 'ere; but as I sez ter meself when I was a-comin' up, wot a orkard stairway to get a coffin dahn!"