

ceived money to establish myself in business."

"But that debt was cancelled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude that I owe you has never been cancelled, and now that the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue."

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased, and business improved, while several other firms sunk under the blow and could not rally, among whom was Mr. Hawley, the merchant introduced to the reader in the preceding chapter.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter upon the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily indeed, I can assure you," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well, do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley. "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me, and yet you, who was far the greatest sufferer, and whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even better by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as fast as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. B. with a look of surprise, "but how did you obtain funds? As for my part, I could not obtain a dollar credit: the

banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."

"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment!" echoed Mr. Hawley, "what investment?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business, some ten years ago?"

"Oh, yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance, "but what of that?"

"He is now one of the heaviest dry goods dealers in the city, and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you it might prove better than an investment in a bank."

During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind cheered and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

Concluded from page 69.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

BY ARNOLD F. GORMAN.

AT the close of a cold bracing day in October, three men were seated in one of the innumerable doggeries with which the Queen City abounds: one just past the meridian of life, the others were of the respective ages of nineteen and twenty-three, but extreme dissipation and midnight revelries made them appear much older; dear reader, we have seen them before, the lamb was once more at the mercy of the wolf.

For some days after young McDoald's arrival in Cincinnati, the excitement attendant upon his late loss, and the hope of capturing the robbers, prevented his falling