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lawyer Simpson, as we shall call him, had
a resident of Moro for a period of fifteen
years. He was a Scotchman by birth, and one
of that class termed "hard, but honest." By
constant perseverance, and speculating on a
moderate scale he had risen to affluence. He
dressed rather shabbily, considering his means,
and when any person remarked it he had but
one answer for him, viz: "A penny in the
pocket 'll make twa after a while; but mo-
n on the back is aye wearin awa." He had
a somewhat rustic appearance—red whiskers
and a prominent aquiline nose and keen blue eyes.

As a casual observer might pass him by with-
out the idea that he was a real clodpate, but such
was not; he was remarkably acute, espe-
cially when his own interest was at stake.
During the "hard times" before mentioned
he became mortgagee to a number of farmers,
in the surrounding country, amongst whom,
as previously stated, was Don Zeres Seville.
Accordingly felt deeply interested in Ever-
ard's imprisonment, knowing if the fortune
turned up the claims he held against "Seville
Place" would at once be settled. So on the
next morning, Simpson was up and out at
an early hour to gain all the information he
could respecting the new prisoner. He had
long talk with the jailor, then directed his
steps towards his office. On turning the cor-
ner of the street which led to S—— he met
Consabina and Wilson just as they were ar-
riving in town. "Guid mornin, gentlemen.
Happy to see ye," was his first salute. "Fine
business, it's hard tae bate you detectives. I
expected that rascal mysel. Quite an ac-
complished thief."

"Stop there," said Consabina, losing pati-
ence, "he is neither rascal nor thief, I am
happy to inform you. He is a gentleman,
and we are come to take him out of that de-
testable place," pointing towards the jail.

Simpson was amazed. Wilson handed him
two letters, which his keen eye quickly
perceived, and as quickly detected that both
were not written with one hand.

"Weel, I see thro' t noo. Puir fellow, I see
that he'll no be sorry tae get out in the
fresh air again. But ye hae got a clue tae the
real detective; a' ye've got tae dae noo is
to find out wha's written this."

"I am aware of that," said Wilson, "but
it must be off," so bidding Simpson adieu,
they were soon in front of the jail.

The feelings of Everard, after regaining his
freedom, can better be imagined than de-
scribed. His attachment to Consabina was

stronger than ever, and he told him he
would ever feel a deep sense of gratitude to-
wards him for the exertions he had made in
his behalf.

Consabina said in return, "I have done no
more than duty required of me," and expressed
his regret at what had taken place.

They immediately started for home, as both
knew anxious eyes were on the lookout for
them. Wilson remained behind. He ex-
cused himself by saying he had some busi-
ness to attend to in Moro, but the truth was
he did not like to be in company of one whom
he had so lately imprisoned, and whose inno-
cence had been so easily made evident.

It was two p.m. when they arrived at "Se-
ville Place." But the news of what had hap-
pened, with the exception of Everard's re-
lease, had preceded them. Everard was
heartily welcomed back again.

Another week passed by, during which
Everard's despondency seemed growing worse
and worse. They tried hard to cheer him up,
but it was of no avail.

It was on a Monday afternoon when he
again repaired to S——. This time to trans-
act some business of his own. Night came,
and again he had not returned. Tuesday
morning came, and still Everard was absent.

Consabina again followed, but this time he
failed to get any trace of him. He went to
Moro, still no trace of him. He drove about
all day and enquired of every one he met, with
the same result. On his way home he called
at Baldwin's office, but he was not in. Upon
enquiring he learned that he too had not been
seen since morning. Could it be possible
that Baldwin also had disappeared? He
then returned, and still neither Everard nor
Baldwin had turned up, nor had any trace of
them been found.

Thursday morning came, and Consabina de-
termined to go to New York, and enquire by
the way, and go he did. At Jersey he learned
that two gentlemen had ferried over to
New York on the afternoon of Thursday.
But it being rather late, he remained in Jer-
sey over night. Early next morning he was
in New York, and having learned that a ves-
sel had lately sailed for Australia, he at once
proceeded to the ticket office. Here he
learned with amazement that two gentlemen,
one by the name of Everard Lynn, the other
Baldwin Baesil, had procured tickets, at dif-
ferent times, for a passage in the "Van Die-
man," which had sailed on Wednesday at 2
o'clock, p.m., bound for Australia. Further,