

The thought of so much money being paid into his house, and he away, was hard to bear. But something must be done now. "The fruit is ripe, and it must be gathered," he thought to himself, and he concluded to write to his wife and tell her his trick, and intrust her to sell out and come to him. Then he thought of her great joy at receiving his letter, and her reply bubbling with delight. So he sent her a letter, telling her all, and waited with the utmost impatience for a reply. It came, and ran as follows:

"O, you audacious old scoundrel! How dare you attempt to impose on a lone woman in such a way! It was my own poor, dear husband that was brought home to me with his head blown off, so it was. Everybody knows that. You want to get hold of the few dollars that I got for the loss of my dear, dear husband; but they are safe. I put them for safekeeping into the hands of a young gentleman who came to our town just after the death of my husband—a Mr. Thottle—and he is going to operate on stocks with them. He also has charge of all my affairs, and if you come here he will take charge of you. Now, if you write to me again, I will send the police force after you; now mind, I will.—MRS. BOBBINGTON."

When Mr. Bobbington read this, he felt as though his heart had been suddenly immersed in ice water. He grew dizzy and staggered to a