

down his forehead, his teeth chattered together, and a universal spasm convulsed his features.

"You dare not do it!" said Mrs. Leatrim, pointing to the calm, majestic face of her son. "To witness against him now were to lie in the face of God!"

"I have murdered him!" sobbed the old man, sinking on his knees at his master's feet. "It was I who stole the money."

"You, Ralph?" and the Doctor tried to shake himself free from the grasp of the withered hands that clutched his garments. "Oh, my poor injured boy!"

"Yes, I did it," continued Ralph, in a tone of despair. "The devil tempted me, as he did Judas to betray his Master. I have been a hypocrite all my life. I loved gold—I worshipped it—I lost no opportunity of obtaining it when I could escape detection; but it has destroyed my miserable soul."