

He had never seen Mamie Morton, for the simple reason that he was not Tom Bowles, as he had claimed, but a brother of Bowles' wife. Bowles had told the story of the wreck of the *Montezuma*, and how he had saved the life of a Miss Morton, a lady passenger, and also how she had married a gentleman in New York, and that her brother had died a few days prior to her arrival. The story made but little impression on him at the time, but he noticed a curious feature in the case, that no mention had been made in the papers of the saving of the young lady, and that Bowles was reported as the only survivor.

Mr. Harway had been compelled to leave his country for his country's good, and selected Montreal as a place well suited for his peculiar mode of getting a living without working for it. He had by chance become acquainted with a clerk in Morton's office who was rather more fond of talking about his employer's affairs than he should have been.

From him Harway learned enough to show him that Morton was the brother of the girl who had been saved from the wreck of the *Montezuma* by Bowles, and who was reported to have died. He also learned, for the first time, that Morton believed his sister had been drowned.

This was sufficient for Mr. Harway, and he soon came to the conclusion that there was "a game," as he expressed it, and that Dr. Griffith was the prime mover in it. It did not take him long to find that gentleman and the revolver already recorded was the result.

Mr. Harway landed at Longueuil, and, being in a pedestrian mood, strolled about half a mile out of the village. Suddenly he started, and instinctively dodging behind a neighboring tree, cautiously peeped forth.

The slight which met his view was not very alarming, a lady and gentleman accompanied by a little girl, apparently five or six years old, were entering the gate of a pretty little cottage standing a few yards back from the road.

This gentleman was Dr. Griffith.

(To be continued.)

Feloniously and Burglariously.

We had just locked up the safe, and I had put the key in my pocket. I am the accountant of the North and South of England Bank at its Paisley Branch, W. R. Yorks.—I had got my hat on, and had taken up my umbrella, when a man came running into the bank with a bag of money in his hand.

"Am I in time?" he cried. I shook my head. "Deuce take it!" he said; "and I'm off to Liverpool by the next train, and then to America."

"Sorry for it," I said; "but we can't take the money."

"Well, then, what is to be done? Here's twenty-two thousand pounds in this bag, and those drafts of mine come due in a couple of days. Well, you'll have to take them up," he said; "I can't unless you take the money in to-night."

I knew that those drafts were coming due, and that our manager was a little anxious about them, for they were rather heavy, and the other names on them were not very good. Black, too—that was the man with the money bag—Black was a capital customer; and not only a good customer himself, but he brought good accounts with him, and we were a young branch and on our mettle.

Well, here was the money to meet the drafts anyhow, and I should have been a great fool to send it away just because it was after-hours. So I counted it all over: there was about nineteen thousand in cheques and notes, and three thousand in gold.

"Come and have a glass of beer with me," said Black, "on the way to the station."

I put the bag of money in my desk, and looked it up. I would come back presently, and have it placed in the safe. I walked to the station with Black; we had some beer together, and then he went off America-wards, and I on the way to Nemophilist Villa. You see, I was rather in the habit of calling for a glass of beer as I went home, and then going on; and, consequently, from the force of habit, I almost got none before I remembered the bag of money. It was vexing, too, because we had a tea-party that night—the first since our marriage—and it began at six o'clock, and I'd promised to be home an hour earlier, to draw the corks and help to get things ready. And here it was six o'clock, and I had to go all the way back to the bank.

All the way back I went as hard as I could pelt. However, the money was all right in my desk, and now I'd put it in the safe. "Tell Mr. Cousins—our manager, you know—I said to the servant who'd let me in, 'that I want the key of the safe.'"

"Eh, my!" said the servant, opening her mouth wide; "and what might you want Mr. Cousins's key for?"

Just as stupid as you, you see. I was mad with the girl. I own I always got out of temper with those Yorkshire people. If you ask 'em the simplest question, first they open their mouths and gape at you. When you've repeated the question twice, they shut their mouths and think for a bit. Then the idea seems to reach the thing that does duty with 'em for brains, and excites a sort of reflex action—for, by Jingo! instead of answering your question, they go and ask you one. And that makes you so mad. Oh, they're a very dense race, those Yorkshire people.

"Why, to open the safe, you stupid!" said I. "Where is he?"

"Don't you know?" says she. "Know!" I cried, in a rage. "What should I ask you for, if I did know?"

"Didn't you know he were at that house?" Ah, so he was. I'd nearly forgotten that he was one of 'ho guests at my wife's party. Clearly, I couldn't get the safe open, and I didn't like to leave the money in my desk, so I put it in my pocket and took it home, thinking I'd give it to Cousins with my key, to put in the safe when he returned.

A nice mess I got into when I reached home; for you see it had been arranged that I was to go upstairs and dress before anybody came; and that then our room was to be made ready for the ladies to take their bonnets off—for they were not all carriage-people. Well, you never saw such a thing! When I got home and crept upstairs to dress—the people had all come, so the servant said—there were six muffs, and four bonnets, and five pork-pie hats, and half a dozen shawls on the bed; and one lady had left her every-day curls hanging over the looking-glass! Upon my word, I really didn't like to perform my toilet among all these feminine gear; and there was no lock to the door; and my dress-clothes were all smothered up amongst these muffs and things. But I got through pretty well, and had just got one of my legs into my trousers, when bang-atrop-dop-dop I such a rattle at the knocker, and I heard my wife scuttling away into the hall. They were the Markbys—our trump cards—who kept their own carriage, and everything grand.

"So kind of you, dear!" said my wife, kissing Mrs. Markby most affectionately—I could hear the reports when she stood.

"So delighted! Really, how nicely, how beautifully you arrange everything! I can't have things so nice, with all my servants, and—"

"It's upstairs, dear, do," said my wife; "you know the room—my room, right hand at the top of the stairs."

I heard a flutter of female wings on the stairs. What was I to do? If I could have managed the other leg, I wouldn't have minded, but I couldn't. I hadn't worn those dress-things for a good while, and I don't get any thinner as I grow older. No, for the life of me, I couldn't dispose of that other leg at such short notice. What could I do? I could only rush to the door, and set my back against it. Did I tell you this was our house-warming party? I think not. Did I tell you our landlord had altered the house for us, making our bed-room larger by adding a slip that had formed a separate room? I think not. And yet I ought to have told you all these circumstances, to enable you to understand the catastrophe that followed. In a word, the door opened outward. I'd forgotten that peculiarity—never having had a room so constituted before, and never will again. The door went open with a crash, and I bounded backwards into Mrs. Markby's arms. Smelling-salts and sal volatile—was there ever such an untoward affair!

Tum-tid! timity-tum-de-de! The music struck up for the dances as I hopped back into my room. I hid my head amongst the bolsters and muffs, and almost cried; for I'm such a delicate-minded man. Yes, it hurt me a good deal more than it did Mrs. Markby; for—would you believe it?—she told the story down below to the whole company, with pantomimic action; and when I showed myself at the door of the drawing-room, I was received with shouts of inextinguishable laughter!

I think I called the Yorkshire people dense just now, didn't I? Well, I'll add another epithet—coarse—dense and coarse. I told 'em so, but they only laughed the more.

The guests were gone, the lights were out, slumber had just visited my eyes, when right into my brain, starting me up as if I'd been shot, came a noise—a sort of dull, bursting noise. I wasn't really certain at first whether I had heard a noise or only dreamed of it. I sat up in bed, and listened intently. Was it only my pulse thumping in my ears, or were those regular beats the tramp of somebody's muffled feet? Then I heard an unmistakable sound—creak, creak, creak—a door being opened slowly and cautiously. All in a moment the idea flashed into my head—Twenty thousand pounds! You see, all this dancing and junketing, and laughing and chaffing, had completely driven out of my mind all thought of the large sum I had in my possession. I had left it in my greatcoat pocket, which was hanging up in the hall, downstairs.

Puff! a gust of wind came through the house, rattling the doors and windows, and then I heard a door slam, and a footstep outside of some one stealing cautiously away.

Away downstairs I went like a madman, my one thought to put my hand on that greatcoat. It was a brown greatcoat with long tails, and two pockets behind, and a little cash-pocket on the left-hand side in front, and the breast-pocket in which I had put the bag of money. This pocket wasn't, as is usual, on the left-hand side, but on the right. There was no other coat hanging on those rails, only my wife's waterproof. What a swoop I made to get hold of that coat! Great heavens! it was gone!

I had carefully barred and chained the front door before I went to bed—now it was unfastened. I ran out into the street, and looked up and down, hopeless and bewildered. It was a dark, damp night; the lamp at the corner threw a long sickly ray down the streaming pavement, but there wasn't a soul to be seen. Everything was still, and cold and dark. The money was clean gone—yes it was gone. I repeated these words mechanically to myself

as I crawled upstairs. All the results of this loss pictured themselves clearly before me—dismissal from the bank, ruin of all my prospects—utter ruin, in fact! What could I do?—to what turn? The blow that had fallen upon me was so heavy and sudden that it had benumbed my faculties. My chief desire was to crawl into bed and fall asleep, hoping never to wake. But morning would come, surely enough—morning and its attendant miseries.

Then the thought came to me—Should I go to bed and say nothing at all about it? No one knew of my having received that money—not a soul but Black, the man who had deposited it. I had given no receipt for it, no acknowledgment. Black had gone to America—a hundred things might happen—he might never return: at all events, here was respite—immediate relief. I could go to the bank next morning, hang up my hat as usual—everything would go on as before. If Black returned, my word was as good as his. The notes and cheques could never be traced home. But I don't think I retained this thought long. Do you ever consider how much resolution and force of will it takes to initiate a course of crime and deception? I'd neither the one nor the other: I should have broken down at once. I couldn't have met that fellow's eye and told him I had never had his money.

I woke my wife—he'd slept through all the trouble. "Mary," I said, "we're ruined—there's been a robbery."

"A robbery!" cried she, clasping her hands; "and the men gone?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" she said, "then we are safe! Never mind the rest, Jack, as long as our lives are safe. But there's my waterproof, Jack—oh! do run and see if they've taken that."

Then I told her the story of the twenty-two thousand pounds. She wouldn't believe me at first; but when she heard the whole story, she was frightened enough. Yet she had wits about her more than I had.

"You must run off to the Town Hall, Jack," she said, "and set the police to work. They must telegraph to all the stations, to London—and everywhere! Oh, do go at once, Jack, at this very moment. Every second lost may be ruin to us."

Away I went to the Town Hall. This was a big, classic place, with an immense portico and a huge flight of steps; but you didn't go into the portico to get to the police office, but to the side, which wasn't classical at all, but of the rudimentary style of architecture, and you went along a number of echoing stone passages before you reached the superintendent's office.

When I'd told the superintendent the story, "Ah," he said, "I think I know who did that job."

"Oh," said I, "how thankful I am! Then you can put your hands upon him and get back the money. I want the money back, Mr. Superintendent; never mind him. I wouldn't mind, indeed, rewarding him for his trouble, if I could only get the money back."

"Sir!" said the superintendent severely, "the police ain't sent into the world to get people's money back. Nothing of the sort; we aren't going to encourage the composition of felony; and as for putting our hands on Flashy Joe—for he did the job, mark you!—well, what do you think the liberty of the subject is for? Where's your evidence?"

I was obliged to confess I hadn't any; whereat the superintendent looked at me contemptuously.

"Now, let me see into this matter," said he, after he'd made some notes on a bit of paper. "How came they to know that you'd got the money in your coat?"

I said I didn't know.

"Ah, but I know," said the superintendent. "You went to get a glass of ale after you left the bank, young man!"

I was obliged to confess I had done so.

"That's how property gets stolen," said he, looking at me severely. "And, what's more, you had a glass with a friend? Ah! I know you had. And perhaps you got talking with this friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed I had."

"Very well; and mentioned about the money you'd just took."

"Very likely."

"Then this Joe, depend upon it, was in the crib at the time, and he heard you; and he followed you back to the bank; and you haven't got blinds, but a wire-netting over the window, and anybody outside can see you counting out the gold and silver."

"That's true," I said.

"Yes; I see it all," said the superintendent; "just as Joe saw it. He follows you up from here to yonder, and he sees you put your money into your coat-pocket, and then he follows you home, and when all's quiet, he cracks the crib. Oh, it's all in a nutshell; and that's how property goes. And then you come to the police."

"But if you know it's Joe, why don't you send after him and catch him?"

"Oh, we know our own business, sir; you leave it all to us; we shall have Joe tight enough, if not for this job, anyhow for the next. We'll give him a bit of rope, like."

I couldn't put any fire into the man, do what I could; he was civil, that is for a Yorkshireman; impassive; he'd do what was right. I'd given the information; very well; all the rest was his business.

So I came home miserable, despairing. It was just daylight by this time, and as I opened the shutters, the debris of our feast was revealed; the legs of lobster salad, the poked bones of chickens, the melted residuum of the jellies; whilst about everything hung the faint smell of

sour wine. I sat down amid all this wretched mess, and leaned my head on my arms in dull, miserable lethargy. Then I sprang up, and as I did so, I caught sight of myself in the looking-glass. Good heavens! was this wretched, mangy-dog fellow myself? 'Tid a few hours' misery change a man like this? Why, I was a very folio in appearance; and so I should be thought to be. Who would believe this story of a robbery? Why, the police didn't believe in it, else they'd have taken a different tone. No; I should be looked upon as a thief by all the world.

Then my wife came downstairs, and, with a few touches, restored a little order and sanity, both to outward matters and my mind. She brought me some coffee, and an egg and some bread-and-butter, and after I had eaten and drunk, I didn't feel quite so bad.

"Jack," she said, "you must go to London at once, and see the directors. Have the first word, and tell them all about it—all the particulars. It was only a little bit of carelessness, after all, and perhaps they'll look over it."

"Yes; that's all very well," I said. "But how am I to get there? I've got no money. This wretched party has cleaned us right out."

"Borrow some of Cousins."

"He asked me to lend him a sovereign last night, and I couldn't."

"Now, you'll say: 'Here's a man without resource. Why didn't he pawn his watch?' To tell you the truth, that's what I had done the week before, and the money was all gone. Then, under these circumstances," you'll add, "it was immoral to give a party." But, you'll bear in mind, the invitations had been out for a fortnight, and then we were in fun."

"Well, Jack," said my wife, "you must get the man—the P.B.—to give you some more money on the watch. Sell it him right out. It must be worth at least ten pounds, for it cost thirty, and you've only had five upon it. Sell the ticket."

Yes; but where was the ticket? Why, in the little cash-pocket of my brown greatcoat. Still, I had heard that if you lost a ticket you could make the man give you another; and Brooks, the pawnbroker, was a respectable fellow, who, perhaps, would help me out of my difficulty. I went to him anyhow, on my way to the station. I felt like a ticked-off-leave man as I went into his shop, but I put a good face upon it.

"Brooks," I said, "that watch—you know the ticket—it's stolen."

Brooks gave a most portentous wink. He was a slow-speeched man, with a red face, and a tremendous corporation.

"Nay," he says, "my lad; thour't wrong there."

"What do you mean?" I said, colouring up furiously. Every one suspected me, it seemed.

"What, it might ha' been stolen once, but it aren't now; 'ave got it here. This is how it were. A cadging sort of chap comes in, and he says: 'Master, what'll you give me for this here ticket?' Now, you know the fact don't allow us to give naught in that kind of way, but I says to the chap, 'Let's have a look at it'; and then I saw it was yours, and I said to the man, 'My lad, you arn't come honest by this.'"

"And you gave him into custody—he's in prison? Old Brooks, what a capital fellow you are!"

"Nay," he said, "I knowed better nor that. Do you think I'd hexpose a customer? I know you gents don't care about those little matters getting abroad; and so I slaps my fist down on the counter, and I says, 'Hook it!' jus. like that, and away he went, just like a lamplighter."

I sank down on the counter, overpowered with emotion.

"And what's more," went on Brooks, "he never took up the money I'd lent him for the coat."

"What coat?" I cried.

"A very nice brown coat he put up with me. About fit you, I should think. See, here it is."

It was my identical brown greatcoat, wrapped up in a bundle, and tied round with my own handkerchief. I made a dash at it, opened it, plunged my hand into the breast-pocket—there was the roll of money; there were the twenty-two thousand pounds!

How did I go to the bank that morning, on legs or wings? And how did I get home, as soon as I had put the money safe away? Mary knew by my face it was all right; and didn't we have a dance of joy all round the house!

My burglar had only been a sort of sneak, after all, who got in at the open window, and bolted with the spoils of the hall; but if he had taken the pains to look into the pockets of the coat, he'd have been a rich—though perhaps a miserable and insecure—man, and I should have been utterly and deservedly ruined.

ACCORDING to the drift of observation upon the European salmon, about one-half of the young, after being hatched, remain in the rivers one year before they go to the sea, the other half staying two years. They are then believed to pass down in the early spring, weighing from three to five ounces, and to return in the fall as grills of as many pounds. After sojourning for a short time in the fresh-water they return again to the sea before winter sets in, and come back the next spring as breeding fish of nine pounds and upward. Such is the most generally accepted hypothesis on the subject.

The Russians called the island of Spitzbergen, *Grønland*. This name is regarded by some scholars as evidence that the Russians discovered that desolate region independently; but M. L. K. Daa, of the Swedish Academy of Sciences, states that the earliest English and Dutch visitors called it East Greenland, and maintains that *Grønland* is merely a corruption of *Grönland*.