

wood was, by bond, answerable for the return of the jewels, or their value, he could not escape from the penalty. As to the threatened legal proceedings of the peer, and his untitled friend, he had not much to fear; though indirectly, in respect to his business connection, their hostility might prove extremely hurtful.

The solicitor's advice, as far as practicable, was adopted, and Stanwood passed a miserable, restless night. Next morning, on looking over the public journals, he found a tolerably distinct representation of the affair, though filled out with blanks, asterisks and inuendoes, in lieu of streets and names. He who had prided himself on the array of handsome equipages, blocking the way-side in front of his door, was doomed to loiter through the morn without a call, without a customer. The afternoon prints repeated the morning version, with additions descriptive of the magnanimous forbearance of the high-spirited nobleman, &c., with tribute of consolation to the injured dames, concluding with advice to ladies in selecting their tradesman.

Dinner and afternoon paper discussed—alike indigestible—Stanwood was relieved from the solitary monotony of the morning by a visitor. It was the owner of the necklace, who, having heard reports which the papers circulated, came, with anxious face, to ascertain whether the story referred to Charles Stanwood. It was but too true, as the jeweler, with rueful visage, admitted!

"This happened yesterday morning," exclaimed the merchant, in extreme anger; "and every one is to be informed of the loss—if you call it such

but myself! What construction am I to put on such behavior?"

Stanwood answered, though not with clearness, that no unfavorable construction could be justly applied—a man's honesty were not less, if his courage were not always equal to the emergency. The merchant, without commenting on this reply, inquired if he had not been at certain rooms (which he named) on last Monday night, after play-house hours.

Charles admitted that he was present.

"Did he know," inquired the creditor, "the name and character of the tall man, with dark whiskers, and black cane with jeweled top, whom he appeared so familiar with, on that night?"

The startled jeweler replied in the negative—he was a total stranger—had never seen him before—knew not his name.

"Then I do," exclaimed the merchant; "he is a noted gambler. Is it fair to ask, whether you often frequent those rooms?"

Poor Charles began to believe that all powers, human and transcendental, were leagued against him. With quiet and correct habits, such as would have commanded respect from the most rigid business man, or moralist, he had been induced on that evening—having heard frequently of the rooms—to venture on a glance, by way of curiosity, after leaving the theatre, in order that he might not appear quite ignorant of life among his acquaintance. When there, probably a new face attracted the gambler's attention, whom he certainly knew not, nor had met there, or elsewhere, before