

their hand to hurt him. He made mought but friends."

"But are you sure, Mrs. Lester? I was in the court, and I heard the girl declare her innocence, and I have been her since then. I believe she intended to kill herself, not Jim."

"Oh, that's just what her counsel said, sir, but what are counsel for? Just paid for lying and jibbering anything that suits them to say; no, she did it, and as the Lord Judge said, she made it worse by lying about it."

"Did Jim never quarrel with any of the men about the bar when he was a lad?"

"Him qua rel! him that was so sweet-tempered and free-and-easy with his glass 'ere and there, offering to treat everyone who came in! No sir, he had but one fault, he was too easy, and there were folks who imposed on him."

Poor Jim was now counselled in his mother's mind. All his failings were forgotten, and his good qualities extolled and dwelt on. And therefore, with great delicacy, and as feelingly as he could, Alan broke the news to her which Mrs. Davis had told him. Mrs. Lester listened, bewildered, shocked, half-unbelieving; but she suddenly cried out:

"They won't hang her now then, sir? They mustn't hang her now."

"No, they won't hang her now."

"And if it lives I'll take the child; yes, yes, I'll take the child; poor Jim's child; oh! who ever would have thought of such a thing!"

"I think it would comfort you to take the child, Mrs. Lester, and of course I shall handsomely provide for it, if it lives."

"Oh! it's upset me so; oh! I hope it will live; oh! I dear; oh! I dear."

Yet the idea seemed absolutely to give Mrs. Lester new life. It softened her heart also to the miserable girl that her son had so cruelly wronged, and she soon became as eager as Alan that the terrible crime might have been committed by some other hand. But all Alan's inquiries in Plymouth ended in nothing. Jim had made many friends and no enemies seemingly among young men of his own age, and class, in society, and as Chaplin told Alan "every one had a good word for him."

Everyone but Adrian Davis, to whom Alan also applied. The little billiard-marker's heart was full of anger and bitterness at the very mention of his name.

Alan went to the billiard-room and found Adrian looking exceedingly disconsolate. Things were at a very low ebb with him, the heavy expenses of the trial, and the loss of some of his supporters on account of it, had almost ruined him, and Adrian was standing, one in hand, staring bankruptcy in the face as it were, when Alan entered.

He recognized the slender graceful man he had seen in the witness-box on the day of Laura's trial, and came forward with his best bow.

"I wish to see Mr. Davis," said Alan.

"I am that miserable man, Sir Halan," answered Adrian with a rueful sigh. "I think I had the honor of seeing you in court when our poor gal was tried."

"Yes, I was in court, and I have come to Plymouth to make some inquiries about James Lester's early life. Can you assist me?"

Adrian's yellow eyes gave a vicious roll, and his yellow skin grew a dull purple with resentment.

"You've heard of a 'wiper, Sir Halan, that stung the breast that nursed it. James Lester was that 'wiper in this once 'appy little 'ome! We were poor; I don't say we were not. I've been more or less in difficulties all my life, and therefore have used to it; but we were 'appy! And who came 'ere, sir, prying like the old gent 'imself into our heden? James Lester! He's ruined us, sir. He ruined our gal, he's ruined us, and my poor, dear lady, hupstairs will never raise her 'ead again."

"It's a very cruel case, but I hope not so bad as that."

"It couldn't wall be worse. Sir Halan, I'm expecting the bailiffs, I'm for da' all round, and there's a party 'as a writ against me, and I've no money."

Upon this Alan drew out a cheque book with which he had come provided.

"You must allow me," he said in his calm, graceful way, "to relieve you from your difficulties. My unfortunate young nephew has cost me very dear, and in a monetary point of view it is my duty at least to see that you do not suffer by him. If you will tell me the whole amount of the

expenses connected with the trial, I will give you a cheque for them—and something besides."

"Oh! Sir Halan!" cried Adrian, with genuine emotion at the prospect of such a relief, "my poor dear lady told me you 'ad a face like a 'angel, but no 'angel over gave a poor fellow a more welcome surprise! I've not known which way to turn, sir, to tell the truth. If it 'ad not been for 'er—or 'hupstairs, sir, my poor dear lady, I would 'ave thought of my razor. Indeed I 'ave thought of them, for perhaps she would be better 'off without me!" And tears dimmed Adrian's yellow eyes.

"Well, if you will tell me the exact amount of the expenses!"

Adrian brought out his papers and memorandums with delighted alacrity, and Alan having reckoned them over drew a cheque for the amount and placed it in Adrian's dinky hand, from which, alas! even his favourite rings had disappeared.

"And now," continued Alan, looking up from the table where he was sitting into the little man's delighted face; "how much would set you on your legs again, free of debt?"

"Oh, Sir Halan, I don't know what to say—wards seem poor! I wish ye could see into my 'art, sir; see hit a-billing with grateful joy. Hout of debt, sir! Oh, Oh, I'm never hent of debt—I'm used to hit; but if you could lend me a 'undred, sir, it would set me a-swimming down the stream like a bounding berr!"

"I will give you one thousand pounds," said Alan quietly, "and I hope that will put you 't right. And, on account of certain considerations, I will in future allow your wife one hundred a year. You must ask her to accept this from me, and to believe that I shall do everything in my power to obtain your daughter's ransom, as I believe her to be entirely innocent."

Poor little Adrian was completely overcome.

"It's out of 'all to 'eaven," he said, with something very like a whimper, and as Alan rose to go his servile protestations slightly disgusted this rather lofty gentleman.

"Might I kiss your 'and, sir?" asked Adrian, almost beside himself with joy.

"No, certainly not," answered Alan.

"Good morning, Mr. Davis. I hope to hear your affairs will soon be more prosperous."

And with a smile and a bow, Alan went away, while Adrian flew up the narrow stairs, case that led to his wife's bedroom, and fell down absolutely sobbing by the bedside.

"Oh! my dear, my love, I'm on my legs again," he cried.

"What is the matter, Adrian?" asked Mrs. Davis, lifting her weary head.

Then Adrian related what had happened. He was a free man again; indeed a free man for the first time in his life, he jokingly admitted.

"I'll get my rings back again, and my ornaments," he said presently, after the first joyous excitement was over, "and we'll make a splash; I'll take new rooms—more like the Hindian Establishment, Laura. I'll be done with this!" And Adrian looked contemptuously round at the little rooms where he had lived so long. He had a thousand pounds, and it seemed to him to be a mine of unending wealth!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Thomas Stevens's chances of completing his bicycle tour around the world appear by the latest advice to be exceedingly small. His belief when he left Teheran that he would be permitted to pass through Russian Central Asia seems to have been ill-founded. At the last moment he and his iron horse have been forbidden to traverse the comparatively safe route through Turkestan and Siberia to the Pacific. There is hardly one chance in a hundred that he will carry out the scheme he now announces of reaching India through Afghanistan. The order of the British Government is still in force forbidding Englishmen to enter Afghanistan at all, except by command of the Government. The Amers of that country have been noted for their antipathy to white tourists, and to avoid complications Great Britain has done its best to keep unauthorized persons out of Afghanistan. Col. Valentine Baker in 1873, and Col. MacGregor in 1875 set out to travel through the Amers's dominions. They had to give it up before they crossed the boundary, and Mr. Stevens will be remarkably fortunate if he has any better success.

# SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XX.

1. A ruler of the Jews who had a great benefit conferred upon him by Jesus.
2. One of Christ's names, in the vision of John.
3. Aaron's second son.
4. An idol worshipped by all but 7,001 persons in Israel.

The first letters spell the name of a famous Israelite general of a famous king; the last letters spell the name of the preceding king.

ANSWER TO NO. XVII.

NEROY AND TRUTH.—Prov. iii. 2.

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|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Mea t . . . . .   | Prov. xxx. 25   |
| 2. E-ro-r . . . . .  | Dan. vi. 4.     |
| 3. Re u . . . . .    | Gen. xi. 23.    |
| 4. O ve-r . . . . .  | Ex. xx. 17.     |
| 5. Y-out-h . . . . . | Eccles. xii. 1. |

Correct answers to No. xvii, have been received from the following: Mrs. T. M. Reid, Cascades, Que., to whom is given the prize; M. McLennan, W. H. Shrapnell, Maggie H. Patterson, E. Crawford, Maggie Rogers, Eliza Hayter, E. A. Heming, C.M. Hervey, Mrs. Hogle, W. T. Ross, Dolly Downey, Mrs. Walker, Mary Jane Murray, Mrs. Robertson, Jas. McGregor, E.A. Lloyd, Jas. Anderson, Mrs. L. O. Corbett, Jas. McMonie, P. M. Melkiesohn, L. Sander-son, E. McKay, Mrs. E. J. Pickering, Mrs. John Lahimer, Nettie Mulholland, Annie J. Mollon, Samuel Coyne, John Wad-dell, Fannie E. Ackley, William Carroll, F. W. Coyne, Mrs. S. H. Turner, Florence Burns, Miss Lucy Shankland, J. Mann, M. K. Service, Mrs. J. Robinson, H. R. Atkins, Mrs. F. G. Bushey, A. H. Kittzen, Harriet J. Holmes, Mrs. B. F. Bush, Mrs. R. Stokes.

A Protestant missionary at Okayama warns all concerned through the columns of the *Missionary Herald* that, unless prompt steps are taken to prevent it, the Government of Japan is likely to adopt Roman Catholicism as the state religion.



HAS THE GENTLEMAN A PAIN, PAPA?  
OH NO, MY DEAR, HE IS LEARNING TO RIDE.