

"Go !" she said, fiercely, pointing to the door, "You have refused to *share my crime*. Go ! poor cowardly poltroon ! but remember, Madge Oranmore never forgives nor forgets !"

"But, my dear Mrs. Oranmore, just listen to me one moment," said the doctor, alarmed by this threat. "I have not refused, I only objected. If you will have the goodness to explain—to tell me what I must do, I will—see about it."

"See about it !" hastily interrupted the lady. "You *can* do it—it is in your power ; and yes, or no, must be your answer, immediately."

"But——"

"No buts, sir. I will not have them. If you answer yes, one thousand dollars and my future patronage shall be yours. If you say no, yonder is the door ; and once you have crossed the threshold, beware ! Now, Doctor Wiseman, I await your reply."

She seated herself again in her chair ; and, folding her hands in her lap, fixed her hawk-like eyes on his face, with her keen, searching gaze. His eyes were bent in troubled thought on the floor. Not that the crime appalled him ; but if detected—*that* was the rub. Doctor Wiseman was, as his name implies, a man of sense, with an exceedingly accommodating conscience, that would stretch *ad libitum* and never troubled him with any such nonsense as remorse. But if it were discovered ! With rather unpleasant vividness, the vision of a hangman and halter arose before him, and he involuntarily loosened his cravat. Still, one thousand dollars were tempting. Doctor Nicholas Wiseman had never been so perplexed in his life.

"Well, doctor, well," impatiently broke in the lady, "have you decided—yes or no ?"