

"I did think of doing so; but I know he is very busy just now, and I do not want to trouble him till he has gone further into it myself. The man is coming again to-morrow. He is going to give me his statement in writing, and it will be time enough then."

It was always so with Eugene Temple. The work that ought to be done to-day looked so much more pleasant when quietly shelved for to-morrow. Julia made up her mind to let Mr. Drayton know the whole of the particulars, whether her brother did or not.

"And suppose," she said, "this man does not come?"

"I shall infer, on reflection, that he found he was out of his senses when he came to me, and I shall let the subject drop."

Miss Temple said nothing; but her look, as he stretched himself in graceful indolence on the old-fashioned, luxurious damask sofa, expressed much. He could not help smiling at the pretty, resolute face.

"If I interpret that rightly," he said, "you will not?"

"If brookdale is to be gone back," replied Julia, "it shall be for your sake, Eugene. It is right for us to bear our lot with Christian resignation; but resignation does not mean sitting down patiently in our little cottage while wicked people live in the dear old house where our parents died."

"Drayton has made you quite a heroine, pot," he smiled, and then his face grew gravely stern.

"If I had we have been betrayed, Julia, will you see that I can be very merciful, no matter on whose head the punishment may fall. We shall see, however, whether our friend will put in an appearance in the morning, or whether he merely came with that story ready made to scotch me out of a little ready money."

"Would any one do such a thing?"

"That is so like a woman," he smiled. "You can't think it possible for three or four gentlemen to enter into a conspiracy to rob us of our property at the risk of the felon's dock and penal servitude; but you cannot conceive that a London man-of-the-world—a drowsy, person, who should pick up a little information about our family, and then invent a tale, to get a five-pound note or so from me."

"I think you will see him."

"He promised to be with me bright and early—he has a charmingly graphic way of expressing himself—long before I finished breakfast, which, since we have sated our habits to our Arcadian income, is generally over by half-past eight. I shall give him till eleven—the fashionable hour for morning visits, as I once read in a foreign little book about etiquette. It was like studying society on stilts. There we were just as our servants see us. And I am inclined to believe the interesting instructions must have been compiled by a lady's-maid. I had almost forgotten, by the way, to tell you that our friend was good enough to explain the incomprehensibles. A pal is an acquaintance, in the language of his fraternity."

"Perhaps it is Greek," said Julia, innocently.

"Very likely; it has an Attic odour. Let us be ingenious, and find a classical derivation for it. Now I come to think of it, the ancient Romans had an ugly way of impaling their captives, and there you have the origin. Imagine two faithful friends martyred together in that fashion. Impaled—imp-pal—pal—there you have it. At least, if I do not, it is quite as good as some serious bits of etymology research I have seen."

It was evident that on reflection he did not put much faith in the story. Mr. Hawkins had told him, or he would have treated the matter more seriously. When he parted with Julia for the night he offered, laughingly, to wager her a startish to the moon that their visitor would not keep his promise in the morning.

"Depend upon it," he said, "he thought I was almost as simple as I look, and wanted a few stray sovereigns. He will not stand the test of writing it down."

Julia held a different opinion; but she kept it to herself, and waited patiently.

She was sadly disappointed when the morning came. Breakfast was over, and the table cleared, and Eugene, with a provoking smile, made and smoked a cigarette with delicate deliberation for an hour or so. Then he read for a while, and trifled over some music at the piano; but still Mr. Hawkins made no sign.

At a quarter past eleven he rang for his walking boots, and they were brought him by John, who knickered in, looking pale and scared.

"There's something been and happened," he said, laying the boots softly by his master's feet. "I see them taking him to the town on a hurdle. They do say he was checked over; but const-guards says he wasn't, 'cause there was nobody with him."

"What on earth are you talking about, Job?"

"Why, somebody were picked up on the rocks this morning early, and there's going to be a coroner's quest at the Sea View. They do say that's where he were staying."

Eugene put on his boots with a heavy stamp, as Job lumbered out. The same thought, with an undefined terrible background to it, occurred to brother and sister. The finding of the dead man on the rocks, perhaps, explained why Mr. Hawkins had not kept his promise.

"I will go and see," he said, answering her unspoken words. "It is very strange it should be so."

Eugene set off on foot for the town. He had to forego the luxury of a horse till he discovered how to work, and make the little income that kept them at Vale Cottage somewhat larger.

It was an hour's hard journey to the Sea View. When he arrived the tavern was nearly filled with groups of men, who talked in subdued tones of the dead man upstairs.

He was known to most of them, and they spoke of him regretfully after their own way. Even if he did know more than most of them at Millbank, and had exceptional fortune in the card-room, he was a lively boon companion, and spent his money liberally.

They had placed him in the bed-room he had occupied, and the key was held by the local inspector of police, who stood at the bar talking with the const-guard and the landlord. The inspector saluted the into master of Brookdale respectfully.

"There has been a sad accident, I hear," said Eugene. "Is it true that it ended fatally?"

"Quite true, sir," replied the inspector. "He died five minutes after he was found by Gibson here."

"Poor fellow! Was he a stranger to the place?"

"He had been staying here for the last two months nearly," said the landlord, with some quiet feeling in his voice; "and when he left here yesterday afternoon I never expected to see him brought back like that. Did you know him at all, sir?"

"I must be sure that he's the man I think before I answer that question, said Mr. Temple, gravely. "May I be permitted to look at him?"

The inspector replied in the affirmative, and led the way to the room, followed by the landlord and Gibson, the const-guardsmen; they went in bareheaded, and with silent footsteps, and Eugene approached the motionless figure on the bed.

(To be continued.)

LAUNCHED.

"Nenth a smiling sun and a wooing gale,
I set my feather-bonnet to sail,
By one, by two, by three,
One was laden with First Love's vow,
One had Fortune's flag at her prow,
One, Fame had freighted for us.

Never a weather sign I scanned,
As my gay bark left the dowry land
On a merry morn of May,
Down swept a squall of Doubt and Chance,
And wrecked on the shoal of Circumstance,
My first fair venture lay.

Gravely I looked to rigging and rope,
Ere, loathed in the letter of golden hope,
My next to the open bore,
But fierce and troublous rose the waves,
More ships than mine found fathomless graves,
Ere the noonlike storm was o'er.

To the lulling whispers of Art and Song,
I framed my last boat true and strong,
And decked her with joyous dreams,
And sent her forth with a rosy smile,
Tinsing her silken sails the while,
Caught from the sunset's gleams.

But oh, she never returned again,
'Till the wild waste water my sad eyes strain,
In the sickness of hope deferred,
And I think sometimes, should she yet come back
With the world's slow slanders hand on her track,
Will the grass on my grave be stirred?"

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**IN AFTER-YEARS;
OR,
FROM DEATH TO LIFE.**

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSA.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Sir Richard was walking down Oxford street into which he had strayed as he left Hanover Square followed by Catchem, who had learned in the course of his few weeks acquaintance with his titled client, that while he was in one of his berish moods he must not be spoken to, and therefore delighted himself by building a castle in the air; fancying just such a marriage party and beautiful bride for N. C. Catchem, at some future day when by his cleverness (in common parlance low tricks) he had made a fortune, and by services to the nobility (i. e. doing the dirty work of such as Sir Richard Cuninghame) he had by degrees entered their society and become a familiar associate of the aristocracy, the faces of whom he could not now couple with their names.

Catchem was roused from his pleasant day-dreams by Sir Richard saying in a surly tone: "The bride we saw just now between that Colonel of the Guards and the Iron Duke, is one of the young ladies I paid you to search out and find for me; ha, ha," continued he with a bitter taunting laugh, "I found a man of business habits and quick wits who know how to turn each to the benefit of his employer."

"I was not supposed to know what was going on inside Apply House," replied Catchem in an equally surly voice as that in which he had been addressed. Catchem not being posted up as to the Duke of Wellington's family fancied that Colonel Lindsay must be a son of his; and in his own admiration of the nobility wondered that this would not be a panacea for the loss of the anticipated revenge Sir Richard had expected to inflict on Catchem scarcely knew whom, Sir Richard warned by his first indiscretion in letting him know his title and the name of his estate, had been as chary as possible in admitting him to further confidence than was absolutely necessary, he could not however hide that revenge in some way or other was connected with his persecution of Adam, and his desire to get hold of his grandchildren.

Sir Richard made no answer, it did not suit him at present to quarrel with Catchem; short as the time had been since he found out the twin girls were beyond his power, he had conceived a plan for their ruin; in atrocity worthy of the Prince of Darkness himself, a plan in which the cooperation of Catchem was of vital importance.

"You have not heard from Pounder since the day on which you went to make the offer of the farm to the stiff-necked old wretch?"

Sir Richard asked in a more polite voice and manner than he had last spoken.

"No," was the reply, "he was only to send in case he thought the old lad was going to hop the stick, and I suppose he's strong enough to bear a week of the straps."

"Let him have them then," said Sir Richard.

"It'll do him good," returned Catchem, who always gloried in the pain or sorrow of another, "there's no one to blame for things turning out as they have done but him I suppose."

"You are right there, the girls could never have come to London without his aid and advice."

"Well then, you should just let him have a week of the straps; it'll cool his blood for him."

"A week?" said Sir Richard in a tone of surprise, "do you think I'm fool enough ever to think of letting him out of Pounder's care?"

"It will be a great expense keeping him there."

"Whatever the expense it will have to be done. Do you think I would permit that fellow to go home to the vicinity of my own Castle and tell his madhouse stories to the itching ears he would find ready to listen to all the lies he could invent and tell?"

"He'll tell no tales to anyone who will repeat them while he lives in Pounder's Paradise, and if you are willing to incur the expense it's the best plan."

"He deserves all he can be made to suffer," said Sir Richard, "the low born whelp, to think of a servant of my own, presuming to carry off my grandchildren from my own Castle."

"Yes," said Catchem "and the vilifying manner he spoke about you when I told him who wished to see him."

Sir Richard thought Catchem's insolence excessive in referring to this, and did not answer.

Catchem saw he had made a mistake and changed his tack.

"If you intend the old man to remain with Pounder for the term of his natural life, the best way and the cheapest, is to put him in at the lowest figure Pounder takes them, which is a pretty round price I warrant for a fellow who is to spend his time in idleness. And tell Pounder he'll have a certain sum down for

burial charges; this makes it worth Pounder's while not to pamper him with too much rich food and fresh air; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and Pounder is alive to his own interest."

"Yes," replied Sir Richard "you had better go to Pounder after the fellow has had his full week of punishment, and tell him what has been decided on, and make the best bargain you can; I had much rather give a stipulated sum as burial charges, than be plagued paying every year for his keeping and if a fire should occur perhaps hearing of his escape."

"I'll go now if you like," said Catchem with an eye to business, knowing he could charge more for instructions to Pounder concerning the old man than he could possibly do for time lost walking in Regent Street.

"No," I told you I wanted him to enjoy himself at least a week in his present retirement; when that is over you can go and tell Pounder what I say, at present I want you to come with me to the Angel; I intend going at once to Scotland and I wish to give you instructions as to the course I desire you to pursue with regard to these grandchildren of mine, in my absence. They have not seen the last of me, when they do, they will acknowledge my favour; it is the knell to their hopes in this world; and if I could it would extend to the next also."

"You are a good hater," said Catchem.

"I am," returned his client.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. George Cox, clerk and poet, entered as new clerk to Thompson Brothers on the day after he had paid his visit to Lady Hamilton in St. James' Square; he found his new situation more pleasant and profitable than his old one, in more ways than one.

Instead of his mother being called upon each three months to disburse money she could not ill afford, Mr. George himself received five pounds a quarter, with promise of a rise of salary when he became more useful to his employers.

Instead of sitting alone all day with no other companion than the cat, a joint stock cat who belonged to all the offices on the flat in common, and only came to Catchem's office because Mr. George being glad of even her society generally brought old scraps of meat and fowl from off his own plate, and which to avoid coming in contact with his fingers or pocket lining, he carefully folded in several pieces of paper. Catchem would not give her a halfpenny's worth of milk as the owners of the other offices did; he very wisely observed, a halfpenny a week was two shillings and two pence a year, and no body would give him two shillings and two pence a year for nothing.

Instead of the society of the cat alone, he had in Thompson Brothers the company of Mr. Burt always, and the cat officer then before, there being no scraps of meat or chicken (in favor of which last catable she had a strong predilection) to be found in Mr. Catchem's office now.

And last though not least in its influence on Mr. George Cox's future, he now commenced to learn his profession Catchem had only promised to teach him, that gentleman having scarcely sufficient employment for himself.

To Mr. George's surprise and disappointment a successor to himself was not likely to be appointed. The door of Mr. Catchem's office was kept shut nearly all the time. The lawyer himself came in the morning and remained for half an hour, before he went, hanging up a card on the door, informing clients that he had gone to the court of common pleas and would be back until one o'clock.

Sometimes the intelligence on the cards was a little varied, and informed Mr. Cox and Mr. Burt, who both, regularly after Catchem's departure went out to read the notice, that Mr. N. C. Catchem had gone to the Court of Chancery; at which information each of the young gentlemen generally put one thumb to the nose of his face extending the hands and fingers so that the little finger pointed at the card as much as to say, in their own expressive phraseology: "What a louncher!"

At one o'clock Mr. Catchem came again, accompanied by Sir Richard occasionally; when he would remain for some hours, at other times alone, when he always left the office in half an hour, putting up a third card to say, that he had gone to the country on business, and would be back to-morrow morning at ten.

Mr. Cox always left a little bit of the door beside which he sat open, so that he might see if any one came with message or letter to his old master, in case such a message or letter should relate to Adam; but none of any kind, or relating to any one ever came.

The truth was that previous to the advent of Sir Richard Cuninghame in number three Cecil Street, Catchem occupied the greater part of his time, in going from one low shop to another, wherever he expected to pick up a case of petty assault, or small action of damages, anything in short which could be turned to his own account; not hesitating when opportunity offered to make mischief between father and son, and for this amiable purpose simulating a pety he was incapable of feeling, deploring the necessity he was under, of telling a strictly temperate man, that his son drank and frequented low drinking saloons. This was often profitable lie, a lie it generally was, as the distressed father falling into Catchem's trap because of his affection for his son, would beg of the lawyer to try and win his child back to the ways of peace and sobriety, and when the wily man came to ask the loan of money, it was freely given and pressed as a gift, on the one, who by falsifying his child, was destroying the man's own peace.

Since Sir Richard Cuninghame became his client, Catchem had found his employment more profitable than the produce of all his other schemes put together, and assuming an air of intense abstraction on meeting any of his former clients or friends whose sons were in poorer times the objects of his supervision, he would occupy himself in the study of geology as it could be pursued by examining the stone pavement on which he trod, or taking a higher flight, make astronomical observations with eyes turned upwards to the clouds, until the old acquaintances, whom he did not think general enough for the friend and legal adviser of Sir Richard Cuninghame had passed by. He imagined he had ascended the first step on the ladder leading to intimate acquaintance with the aristocracy, and he would by no means allow his former low associates to drag him back to their level.

As Catchem's business depended entirely on his own active catering for such, and a client

had once been wheeled into his office and bled freely there, never came back again it was not to be wondered at, that Mr. George spent his time in vain expecting to see some one come with letter or message for that worthy.

It is true, his former clerk was wholly indifferent as to whether Catchem's business thrived or not; indeed if he had been asked the question he would have preferred the latter, but anxious to hear something of old Adam and watching for that, he could not but wonder at the total cessation of business that had fallen on the old office all at once.

On the afternoon of Miss Cuninghame's marriage however, this state of things was at an end.

Mr. George did not know of the wedding which took place in St. George's church Hanover Square that morning; if he had, he would have certainly contrived to be there; seeing the marriage would have helped him in adding several verses to his long poem, in a way that mere imagination could not supply, although when he did hear of the marriage having taken place, he went to St. George's and walked several times round the naves, imagining the ceremony, and bridal procession to the best of his ability.

On the afternoon in question Mr. George and Mr. Burt had just returned from dinner. The Thompson Brothers departed to take lunch in the Strand. The young gentlemen were amusing themselves by recounting for the twentieth time at least, the conquests each had made on the memorable night of Mrs. Hopkins's Ball; Mr. Burt had for the second time hinted, at some words said to him by Miss Hopkins in the maze of the flowery dance, and Mr. Cox had declared with a warmth he was little accustomed to use, that he would not stand such goings on any longer, but would call at Farringdon Street for an explanation that very evening.

Although Mr. George's own fancy was apt on occasions to wander, as it once did in favor of the sisters of the Lake washed mountains, growing up to full fruition in a night he would by no means permit a like license to Miss Maria Theresa.

Mr. Burt looked mysterious, and advised his friend not to go.

Mr. Cox assured him in reply that he would go if he pleased, as he had done for the last two years without asking Mr. Burt's advice, reminding Mr. Burt that he was a complete stranger introduced by himself (Mr. Cox) to the Hopkins family.

Matters were taking a turn which Mr. Burt being a man of peace did not like, and had not anticipated; besides, as the little anecdote he gave with such mystery, was an emanation from his own fertile brain, and the Hopkins family the most decidedly genteel he had ever been acquainted with, he dreaded of all things, an explanation which would end in his expulsion from the parties in Farringdon Street for the future; he had begun in joke, and now wished he had exercised his wit in some other subject.

Just in the nick of time Mr. Burt's sharp ear heard footsteps in the direction of Catchem's door, and going into the passage, saw one of Pounder's bull-necks pursuing the afternoon card.

"Here's your man, Cox," said he, thankful of an occurrence which would give a new direction to that gentleman's thoughts, until he had made up his mind what explanation to give, which would prevent his foolish words from coming to Miss Maria Theresa's ears.

Mr. Cox was in the passage in a moment.

"You want Mr. Catchem sir?" said he addressing himself to bull-neck.

"I want the man as owns office number three."

"Well, he's not in himself, but I am, so you can give your message to me."

"It's not a message, it's a letter, and I was bid give it to the man himself."

"You'll better take the gentleman into our office Mr. Cox," said Mr. Burt, glad of an opportunity to conciliate his angry friend.

"I think I will," replied Mr. Cox somewhat mollified by Mr. Burt's advances; Mr. Burt being senior clerk, Mr. George could not have taken the liberty of asking the man in without Mr. Burt's permission, which in the present state of affairs he would not have asked.

"Come in here."

The man came in, looked all round the office as if it was a new scene to him, and took the chair Mr. George offered, sitting down without moving his capacious hat.

"Now," if you'll let me see Mr. Catchem's letter I'll tell you all about it," said Mr. Cox in a patronizing way.

"It's not just a letter either," said the man "it's only a bit of paper out of the doctor's pocket book."

Saying so, he produced a dirty looking scrap of paper which he put into Mr. George's hand hesitatingly, as if half afraid he were disobeying the orders given him.

"Pounder bid me be sure and give it to the man himself," said he still holding a corner of the dirty looking missive.

"I told you, you can't do that," replied Mr. George assuming a dignity which evidently had the effect of impressing the man with an idea of Mr. Cox's importance.

"Mr. Catchem has gone to the country and won't be back till to-morrow morning; but I'm here, I was two years Mr. Catchem's only and confidential clerk, and I have been watching for this very intelligence for some days back. You are from doctor Pounder's are you not?" added he taking advantage of the man's own word in speaking of his errand, and who had sent him.

"Just that, I suppose it's all the same, you or the man himself," said bull-neck, this time speaking with more confidence than before.

"Of course it is," replied Mr. George as taking the paper from his now unresisting fingers he read:

"The old man has been in the straps since you were here, if you want to put questions again look sharp he won't last long."

"So, so," said Mr. George repressing the emotion he felt, at the intelligence he had thus received "and you nothing to tell besides what is written here?"

"No," replied bull-neck "only if the man wanted to come out, he was to come with me if he liked; I have Pounder's dog cart with me, an if he wants to come he'll better lose no time, I saw the old man this morning, and to my eye, he was ready to hop the twig then."

"I'll go and see if Catchem is off to the country and if he is not, he'll go himself. If I don't find him I must go, where is your place, in the what's it's name road isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the man "out behind Hampstead."

"I know that," replied Mr. George readily "but if I have to go myself, you must give me a better direction, I was never there."

"Oh you'll easily find it, it's about a mile after you pass the five mile house."

"I'll find the place, and if Catchem doesn't go I will."

The man rose as if half unwilling to go. "You don't want a Porter here, do you?" said he.

"I am not sure but we do," replied Mr. George, do you want to leave Pounder's?"

"I do that," replied bull-neck resuming his seat.

"You can't have much hard work there?"

"Not hard work, but it's a lonesome thing for a man to be shut up with mad folks all the time."

"That's true, and if you do leave, you might call here; if we do not want you ourselves I might direct you to some one who would."

"Thankee," said the man but did not rise from his seat.

"I must be off, and I think you had better go too. Perhaps Pounder won't be pleased if I arrive before you," said Mr. George who wished to get rid of the fellow in case Catchem might return to his office, notwithstanding the intimation to the contrary.

"Dear and he wouldn't," replied the man "an he's just the cur who can show his teeth when he's angry, I wish I was shot of the whole tont of them."

Mr. George had his hat on, the man still kept his seat, Mr. Burt saw and understood his friend's dilemma and taking his own hat off the peg where it hung said:

"When you are ready Cox, I'll lock the door after you, because it's time for me to go to the Court of Chancery."

"Oh very well, I won't keep you waiting," replied Mr. George walking out followed by his friend, who ostentatiously displayed the key, swinging it round and round on his finger.

The man saw he must go and rising himself from his seat to which he seemed to have taken quite a fancy, went down stairs with the two clerks who saw him safely deposited in his dog cart ere they left him.

"What do you think will Thompson Brothers say to my taking french leave like this?" said Mr. George, now for the first thinking of his own affairs, and what effect it might have on his own prospects, now better than they had ever been if he went off for a couple of hours without leave asked or given.

"Leave that to me," replied Mr. Burt, "I'll put it all right; the Thompson Brothers are not the most difficult people in the world to deal with, they are willing to live and let live; I think I'll go back to finish the deed I'm indulging in this evening, and you can come and make up your lost time, so there will be no loss to the firm."

"Oh, if you would, that would be famous, I could easily come back after tea and work as long as you stay."

"Well, I'll tell them I let you go, and that you're coming back to finish up to night."

This exactly suited Mr. Burt, George would not see Miss Maria Theresa to-night, and to-morrow he could tell the truth, it was only a joke and meant to rile him.

To be continued.)

\$1,000 REWARD:

OR,

THE STORY OF A BOY DETECTIVE.

BY A DETROIT REPORTER.

Perhaps some Eastern reader will recollect the *Weekly Friend*, which was published in the city of New York many years ago. It was what was called a first-class literary paper, at that date, and was, perhaps, too good for the times. As a rule, the experiment proved a failure, and the publishers were sold out by the sheriff.

I must, however, remark that the paper did not fail until after I had made my *debut* as its main "devil," or apprentice, and been kicked down stairs, à la Greeley, by the foreman. I had a longing to go to sea, from the time I was old enough to read "The Cruise of the Black Thunderbolt," until I landed in New York, aged thirteen, looking for a berth on some piratical craft or man-of-war.

My parents lived in Bister county, and many a time my poor old mother wept at my desire to step out of the beaten path which the Willys had followed for generations. And, I may add, many a time did my father take down a rod of correction and lay it over my back, because I preferred a novel to my school books. At last, when thirteen years old, I stole away from home one night, clothing tied up in a little bundle, and in due time arrived in New York.

My first sight of a vessel dampened my desire to become a sailor, and when I had been taunted, threatened, cuffed and indugered by a dozen captains, I abandoned my foolish idea and decided to return home. I had started to leave the city, when I was accosted by the foreman of the *Friend*, who was looking for a lad to do the chores about the office.

The idea of becoming a printer, even by starting on a salary of twelve shillings per week, struck me favorably, and I closed the bargain and was duly installed.

One of the printers got me a boarding place with an old lady, a widow, who thought a dollar per week would compensate her for all trouble, and so I went built air-castles on the banners of my stipend. I had served three months when the day of my exit came.

One night after having one of my boots cobbed, I was walking up Green street, when a number of young men came along in a jolly mood. Just before we were to meet, I got the idea that they might cuff or kick me, and so I shrank close to the side of a building, which I afterwards know to be a house of doubtful reputation. As the men went by I caught the sound of voices inside, and there was something said which made me linger.

"I tell you, Kate, I'm going to kill you!" exclaimed a voice, and I heard stops as if some one were walking about in an excited way.

"Don't, Ned—don't pinch me so," pleaded a female voice. "You have been drinking, and you are not fit to handle that knife."

I crept on the walk, and stood looking at the windows. The curtains were down, but were of such light material that I could see the shadows and the movements of the two inside. No one passed by on my side of the street, and I listened with much anxiety.

"You lie! You have tied to me a hundred times!" came the man's voice at last, and I saw the shadow of the man's arm, saw the