THE DESERTER.

SCENE-IN BOHEMIA.

Glad ! Don't I say so ! Aren't your fingers mimi They've felt the home returning wanderer's gript

Sit down! I will
Put my umbrella somewhere
Where it won't drip.

My book—that parcel—thanks! What is it! Mrs. Rarbauld's—no, I mean, Plato's Nursery Rhymes— Barton's Anat—ob, never mind it! This is Just like old times.

Thank you, I will take something. No, not whiskey. I've cut that—oh dear, yes, of course! from choice. One lemonade! Jave! I feel younger—frisky—One of the boys.

Give an account? Oh. I've been quite the rover. These two years—yes, I've only just got home. Set out in April. Roughish passage over.

Went first to Rome.

I staid in Paris longer than I meant to:
(I had to break the trip there coming back
From Rome). Bonn was the next place that I went to (I had we see Boan was the new Met you there, Jack.

I say, what made you leave in such a harry On Christmas night!

1 get engaged that last week in December.

—Didn't you meet the Carletons in Bordenux i
You knew the girls. Mine's Florry. You remember—
The blonde, you know.

You-what? God bless me! And you were refused, eh t of course you were. That's why you looked so blue That Christmas! Ya-as! I called the following Tues-

Sorry for you. Hope, though, since then, some fair maid has consoled

yout Not Deuce you say. Poor fellow, that's too bad. My wife

Of course I sm. Hadn't I told you? I thought I had.

Well, this is pleasant. Bacco, tales vivacious, And beer. From youth's free spring once more I quaff. A wild Bohemian.

eman. Five schook! Good—gracious! So much? I'm off!

No. positively capit. My wife-may dinner.
Always in, evenings; people sometimes call.
tHere, Jack! one word-no gridge against the winner! Shake !! Good-bye, all'

DETER CURTAIN.)

KIT LAYER'S DAUGHTER.

It was a cobl. gloomy night, in the year 1722, when, at the Green Man, in Apping Forest, a small party had assembled estensibly to celebrate the birthday of Kit Layer's daugh-

She was a charming girl of eighteen, and the daughter of a well-known barrister, Christopher Layer, who was shrewdly suspected of being more devoted to the cause of the exiled royal family than to his profession.

Be this as it may, on the present occasion be was scated in a room surrounded by his family, consisting of his wife, his eldest child, Arabella, the young lady in question, other youngsters, and two friends, one John Dobson, a citizen of renown, and the other a student of his own profession, Lawrence Wilton, a stalwart, handprofession, Lawrence witton, a staiwart, nanu-some young man of one-and-twenty, whose proximity to Bella, with the sky glances with which she continually included him, together with his own whispered words, appeared to in-dicate a considerable amount of intimacy, if not of affection.

Christopher Layer- or, as his friends called him, kit-was a stont, burly, handsome man, of about forty; his wife, as is often the case in matrimony, a meek, timid little thing, with very little to say for herself; but, then, her husband made up for this deficiency by his loud talk with his compeer, John Dobson, a relative of his spouse.

tone, using old words to express their mean- with which money could be obtained from that ing, which sufficiently indicated the topic on quarter, all these movements to restore Catholic which they were engaged—the claims of "lames" supremacy would have been impossible. the Third" to the throne of England.

There was no particular reason for this secrecy just then, but it was a habit with those who were continually engaged in conspiracy had got into, and which were usually necessary, as no man could say from one moment to another into whose company he might not be thrown.

The mother contrived to amuse herself with her younger children, occasionally turning to smile at the elder-born, whose unalloyed happiness reminded her of her younger days, before Christopher Layer became the rather moody and thoughtful man he was now,

This had been the case ever since he had made a journey to Rome, to have an interview with "James the Third" and his consort, from which he had come back very elated, but, at the same time secret, and, save her, never telling his allairs to anyone.

His clation was caused by the fact of the Prince and Princess standing sponsors by proxy for his eldest child, Arabella.

But there all satisfactory results ceased.

The barrister had chambers in the Middle Temple, but he was seldom found there. His clerk either said he was gone out for the day, or was in the country, so that his business fell off rapidly, and had be not possessed a private fortune, things would have gone badly with Where was he all the time

It is well known that in this age and time of conspiracy, the movers in the contemplated rebellion and overthrow of the Government, in

Some of these travelled about the country: others lived in handsome lodgings, where they received their friends under the pretence of

routes and card parties.

In this way the conspirators had an excusor for meeting, which naturally allayed suspicion, and, as a rule, no one was admitted save known retired. and trusted Jacobites, all went swimmingly for

another bowl, when a loud knocking was heard | would come back. at the door.

Layer and Dobson exchanged startled glances, I none dated interrogate him. They looked troubled and alarmed.

Some mysterious arrests had been made of late, which seemed to indicate a greater know-

was going, on than was safe or pleasant.
"What can it be?" asked Layer. "Tis a late hour for travellers across Epping Forest?"
"I must go see," answered the laudford, rather ruefully, "or they will knock the door down !

And he went out, opened a small wicket in the stout oak panel, and period out into the

"Who knocks at this puseemly hour?" he asked, in a harsh and surly tone.

"Friends to see Kit Layer," replied a rather commanding voice. "We were told be was down here junketting, and have followed, having important business.

Laver, with rather a troubled face, was lis-

tening behind the burley host.
"I must open," whispered the landlerd. "He they are officers, they will have the warrant; if

not, there is no harm done. Go back to your feasting, and brew the punch.

With which words he opened the door, letting in a heavy amount of wind, show, and wearing three-cornered hats, requestires, and carrying heavy swords, with a formidable array

of pistols."
"See to our horses!" one of them remarked "we do not intend turning out any more to

night. Which way ?"

But as he entered the room, he found Layer

shaking hands heartily with both.

When they threw off their cloaks, they stood revealed plainly-dressed gentlemen of the per-

iod.
"There is supper left, and to spare," said
Layer, after handing them a steaming gablet of

The travellers confessed themselves hungry, having travelled from Dover with very little

amid general conversation the belies retired, as placed in a small bowl, did Lawrence Wilton. Much as he esteemed the barrister much as

he loved his beautiful daughter, he had no sympathy with his political proclivities -was, indeed, a frank supporter of the Government. Still, whatever he might suspect or know he

As soon as the four men were alone the landlord, after supplying all they wanted, dis-

kept to himself.

creetly withdrew—they began to talk carnestly.

The two new-comers were men of rank, of desperate fortunes, and little more than their lives to lose. In those days, as in ours, all movements which have a tendency to advance the cause of Rome were sure to find support They were speaking rather in an enigmatical from the Vatican. But for the fatal facility

One was Lord Creighton, the other Sir

Thomas Daring, "What news" asked Layer, taking out a

large jorum of punch from the bowl.
"All is ready," said Creighton, gravely;
"that is, if his Majesty can have assurance that he will find support in London. Doings in the country are all very well; but those who hold the purse-strings want to be sure of London."

"And they shall be made sure," replied layer, with that carnest enthusiasm and belief in his cause which specially characterized him. To-morrow night you shall be present at our meeting, where you will find nobles, citizens, and even apprentices."

"But no spies, I hope," continued Creighton, shaking his head. "There have been rumours in Rome that certain arrests have been made from treachery."

"I can scarcely believe it possible," replied Layer, gloomily; "and yet fears have entered

"I fear you have trusted women too much," was the dry remark of Creighton. "Rely upon it, the kind of women you have to employ are quite as likely to be traitors as conspirators."

Layer's dark face flushed. "My lord," he cried, "I believe I am as good a judge of human nature as yourself. I have only trusted Kate Carson where we meet to-morrow night, in Southampton Buildings, and Dorry Dorset in Queen Place, Lincolo's Inn. I would answer for their homesty with my life."
"I am bound to believe you, Layer; but if

agents, who were as active, employed female our great undertaking is a failure, I shall almore unscrupulous than the men.

Some of these trace W. 2.

let us have one more parting glass, and retire."

The landlord who had been smoking and drinking in solitary state, was now summoned to join them in a last bowl, which he accordingly brewed with his own hands. It was not the worst of the evening and that finished, all

Next day the birthday party went back alone, while.

But of these female agents and their influences The men rode on horseback, the women and

on the plot we have to speak anon. We are now at the "Green Man" in Epping Forest.

It is late. All the other guests have departed. The birthday party was to stay all night, and the landlord, a friend of Layer's, was suggesting another bowl when a hand knowledge may heard would some back.

This was a source of great misery to all, but

He was not a man to be questioned.

That evening as Lawrence Wilton was making his way up stairs on his usual visit, he met his ledge, on the part of the Government, of what future father in law descending, in a very grave and thoughtful mood.
"Going out, I see," said Lawrence. "May I

expect to see you any more this evening?"

"I cannot say, young man," replied the barrister, gloonally. "My business is very important

"My dear Mr. Layer," the young man went on, speaking in a low tone, "so soon to be my father-in-law, I wish you would also much practhes which I only too strangly suspect.

"Give up my God, my King, and my country!" was the carnest and fanatical reply "May they forget me if I do! Farewell! Check me

And he passed on, leaving the young man still more convinced of immediate danger.

other lived, full of gleomy forebodings.

and here be first adjourned. It was the place of rendervous with the Jacobs sleet, as well as two men closely wrapped up, life agents, who were there dressed like gallauts I his hat over his eres, and drawing his close

of the period, sipping their wine with perfect Modesick indifference. Layer, as a matter of precaution, joined them, and after some few words and a glass, they left.

A queer-looking man in shabby sluthes, with The place, as usual, was crowded; but Layer a patch on his eye, who had been watching knew it well, and, pushing through the crowd.

orders to a sleepy ostler, and then followed his the entrance of the house where Kitty Carson and tables, new guests in a very suspicious much.

Here he The lady, a blande beauty of averand-twenty, | pany being more select than numerous. appeared only too glad to play the part of hostess with other people's money, being an expert and well-known actress when her part was not dif-

ficult to play. She say to the tables, provided chordate and more potent liqueurs, moved about the rison, and then attended to the wants of the guests.

As they were nearly all gamblers, and devoted a large time to play as well as business, it was not an unprofitable concern. She received a stoppage, and therefore were glod of supper, not an unprofitable concern. She received a As soon as this meal had been disposed of, percentage on all winnings, which was regularly

> The rooms were well lighted, the company numerous - Kitty the only woman present when Layer and the two envoys entered. They were well received.

Kitts now received a hint that a more than usual luxurious and copious suppor was expected that night. After this, with a gracious smile, she retired to consult with—whom?

As soon as she was gone, and the door closed and locked behind her, the conspirators closed

round the newly-arrived chyons.

At first they contented themselves with reading their credentials, which were general and

cremptory. They had full powers to act.

enthusiasin, rush to our standard."

But their instructions on one point were clear and precise.

"We are well aware in Rome that there are parts of England," said Lord Creighton, "the parts where the faithful remain in large numbers, which are ready and willing to rise. But the Government has only to send out her troops and local militia to beat these risings in detail. London must set the glorious example. This would occupy the Coveroment and the army, and the whole hand would, in one burst of wild

"It shall be done!" cried Layer, warmly. "You must seize the Tower, and hold it until the advancing columns reach London, and the usurper is driven from the throne with shame and ignominy!" he continued. "Let this news teach his gracious Majesty, and he will himself land at Dover, and take the command of his

faithful friends and adherents.' At this moment the heavy thud of soldiers grounding arms was heard, and then, the door being found closed, there came a loud command | couraging all this Jacobite seum." to open in the name of the law.

Consternation sat on every face, but Layer drew his sword.

"We are betrayed!" he said, hoursely. "Let us sell our lives dearly! Anything better than Temple Bar!" he added, with a shudder.
"What did I tell you!" observed Lord Creigh-

"Did I not tell you what would come of trusting a woman ?"

At this moment the door almost yielded to the knocking. Not a moment was to be lost. "Gentlemen," suddenly exclaimed a young

man, a very exquisite, "no need to explain, but I know a back stairs by which this suite of apartments is reached. It the soldiers have for-gotten to guard this, all is well. Follow!"

He darted into Kate Carson's bedroom, hastily removed a per-glass, and revealed an opening in the wall. There was a sliding panel, which, honever, was not closed.

Leading, the young gallant, angry and moody, descended a natrow stairs, which brought them to a vaulted chamber, in which was a small doorway.

The gallant, with a meaning smale, produced

a kee, with which he opened it.
"Theperse," he said, waving his hand as he pointed to a dark and gloomy lane, now as much a thing of the past. "I return to punish the a thing of the past, traitoress, Fatewell."

"Do not be mad, Sir Frederick," ened one of his friends; "she is not worth a thought! If you remain, we all remain."

"I yield for the present," replied the young

As soon as they were in the lane they hurried in the direction of Fetter Line. Not a mo-

ment was to be lost. Doubtless the vity was in the bands of the toval troops, who would arrest every en-prisons person. There was one thing to disperse or reach shelter, the more that Kate Carson did not know the real names of one half of the constar-

Hoping for better times, those desperate men shook hands and parted, lew ever to meet agaun.

Layer, reaching a quiet street, stepped under an archway to sellect. To go home was mod-ness. He, at all events, was well known to Kate Parson, and to return to the Middle Temps would be to enter the hon's den.

What, then, should be do ! He knew several houses where he would be well sine, but teared to comprendisc Erricle.

Then it cornered to him that one of these incoor convinced of inthediate danger. | where swishbucklets and takes kept at tip all Lawreine went up to the floor on which the right would be the safest. He could get into a ther lived, full of gloomy forebodings.

Layer crossed Fleet Street in the direction of bottle, and then, before daylight, no would outlampton Buildings, Chancery Lane
There was a noted tavern a little distance off, in while he might hide for works.

This decided on be wired at once

The inn was at no great distance. around him, he stailed along with assumed indifference, in case he met the witch. But there was no interruption, and he entered the tax-in to all appearance unnoticed.

The landlord pointed to the room, gave his them, followed them, dodging their footsteps to proched a back room, where there were benefited

Here be ready found room by a fire, the counwas a part reserved for people who could pay Sec.

Layer at once gave a liberal enters met too liberal, for tear of exciting suspection- and then turned to gaze into the fire

What was he to do? His career was at an end; he was at the mercy of a venomicus we man, and Layer know wher.

Of late he had paid more attention to Darry Denset than to the other, and thus enabled the Jealous rival of Kate Caroon to have the greater amount of the business.

tio home he could not - not even to see his wife and children once more. Poor wife pour Bella

He must go into hiding for some time, and then fly to a leteign country.

But his family? Even if he could save some part of his property from sequestration othe universal punishment of absentors but little would remain. He must remain in poverty and misory all the feet of his life.

Did he regret is I Not for a moment. His fanaticism, of, or some would call it, his loyalts. kept him up.

He only movemed for his children.

While he was still thinking, his suppor was brought. He atout listlessly, and then, larying his head in his bands, rested them on the edge al the born to and about

How long he could not tell, but he was startled by a heavy hand being laid on his shoulder, and by a confused muritur of voices.

He started up, and knew at a glance what had happened. He was tracked arrested. "I have a warrant against you, Kit Layer,"

said a King's newsonger, with scant courtesy.
"I make no resistance," replied the barrister,
who saw that though all in the place sympathized with him by looks and murmurs, they dured not attack an official backed by four officers armed to the teeth.

Still, in such a company the King's messen-

ger felt uneasy. "Go," he said to the auspicious character, who had tracked them, "and say Layer is taken. I want a powerful guard to take him to the Tower. Now, landlord, an upper room, and a safe one, or you'll get yourself into trouble en-

(To be continued.)