

"Then he blabbed, told everything he knew, an' a lot he didn't, an' the farmers stopped counting their cows long enough to listen. Hasty words flew round, about fraudulent subscriptions, vitiated transactions, no contracts, ruined farms, going to law — an' I thought it was time to skip. The firm had made me stop there up to this, an' as soon as I ran, they bounced me — I'm all played out here, sir. My native State bids me farewell!"

Hank suddenly ceased speaking, his head dropped on his breast, yet before it did so, he shot one appealing, hopeful glance at his listener. Despite his "don't-care" tone, and off-hand manner, it was plainly to be seen that he felt himself in trouble, and knew that there was one at hand who would help him.

"You've been in a poor business," observed Mr. Tracy, quietly. "You want to quit it?"

"Yes, sir," said Hank, meekly.

"Listen then —" and his companion in his turn began to speak rapidly.

'Tilda Jane, flying about the house, sent many an anxious thought to the closed parlour. What was