

MRS. DALE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE CHAPLAIN OF THE GAOL

Are you the good chaplain, sir? Sir, you had better
 Just first please to read my minister's letter;
 His name in the almanac, sir, you will see,
 The reverend Charles Thomson, of West Branksomeida.
 I'll no keep you long, sir, I'll no take a seat,
 I'm no tired, I didna come here on my feet;
 Our neighbor, John Brown, he lent me his cart,
 And he drove it himself, oh, bless his kind heart,
 I see, sir, the letter has told you all clear,
 Of the terrible grief that has brought me down here;
 Yes, sir, I'm the mother of poor Thomas Dale,
 The lad that last Friday was put into gaol.
 It's the drink, sir, the drink, that has ruined my boy,
 The pride of our hearts, of our household, the joy,
 The first in his class, and the foremost at fun,
 He learned his tasks quickly, and when they were done
 He would work in the yard, or the bairns he would mind,
 For he always was cheery, and canny, and kind,
 But he was the eldest and four boys beside,
 It was not for him at the homestead to bide,
 So to Glasgow he went, he had got a good place,
 Ay, I mind how the smile came all over his face,
 When his letter was answered by Kelvin & Co.;
 And they said that to town next week he might go,
 They told him they liked his certificate well,
 (He had got a good one from the master himself),
 And the minister, too, had written a letter,
 Which the gentlemen said had pleased them still better.)
 So he went to the warehouse of Kelvin & Co.;
 He went and did well, that's but four years ago;
 But he took to the drink, and you know all the rest;
 And I'm keeping you long. Oh! sir, when would he be best
 For me to get leave to visit my son?
 It's hard, oh! it's hard, but the Lord's will be done,
 And yet, 'mid my sorrow I cannot but think,
 That it's not the Lord's will that young lads should get drink;
 I make bold to speak, sir, I've found you so kind;
 And often the thought has come into my mind
 That the people's best friends a good work would begin,
 And hinder much sorrow, and hinder much sin,
 If they made it unlawful for drink to be sold
 To boys and to girls under twenty years old.
 —*Kirkland Davidson in League Journal.*

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")
 CHAPTER XII.—FOUR MONTHS HENCE.

Hinton had gone away the day before rather disturbed by Charlotte's manner. He had found her, for the first time since their betrothal, in trouble. Wishing to comfort, she had repelled him. He was a strong man, as strong in his own way as Charlotte was in hers, and this power of standing alone scarcely pleased him in her. His was the kind of nature which would be supposed to take for its other half one soft and clinging. Contrary to the established rule, however, he had won this proud and stately Charlotte. She thought him perfection; it was anything but that. But he had good points, there was nothing mean or base about him. There were no secrets hidden away in his life. His was an honorable and manly nature. But he had one little fault, running like a canker through the otherwise healthy fruit of his heart,

While Charlotte was frank and open as the day, he was reserved; not only reserved, but suspicious. All the men who knew Hinton said what a capital lawyer he would make, he had all the qualities necessary to insure success in his profession. Above all things in the world secrets, oppressed, irritated, and yet interested him. Once having heard of any little possible mystery he could not rest until it was solved.

This had been his character from a boy. His own brothers and sisters had confided in him, not because they found him particularly sympathetic, or particularly clever; not because they loved him so much, but simply because they could not help themselves. John would have found out all the small childish matter without their aid; it was better, safer to take him into confidence. Then, to do him justice, he was true as steel; for though he must discover, he would scorn to betray.

On the white, untroubled sheet of Charlotte Harman's heart no secrets yet had been written. Consequently, though she had been engaged for many months to John Hinton, she had never found out this peculiarity about him. Those qualities of openness and frankness, so impossible to his own nature, had attracted him most of all to this beautiful young woman. Never until yesterday had there been breath or thought of concealment about her. But then—then he had found her in trouble. Full of sympathy he had drawn near to comfort, and she had repelled him. She had heard of something which troubled her, which troubled her to such an extent that the very expression of her bright face had changed, and yet this something was to be ascertained from him—true only until the following day, but a whole twenty-four hours seemed like forever to Hinton in his impatience. Before he could even expostulate with her she had run off, doubtless to confide her care to another. Perhaps the best way to express John Hinton's feelings would be to say that he was very cross as he returned to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

All that evening, through his dreams all that night, all the following morning as he tried to engage himself over his law books, he pondered on Charlotte's secret. Such pondering must in a nature like his excite apprehension. He arrived on the next day at the house in Prince's Gate with his mind full of gloomy forebodings. His face was so grave that it scarcely cleared up at the sight of the bright one raised to meet it. He was full of the secret of yesterday; Charlotte, in all the joy of the secret of today, had already forgotten it.

"Oh, I have had such a walk!" she exclaimed; "and a little bit of an adventure—a pretty adventure; and now I am starving. Come into the dining-room and have some lunch."

"You look very well," answered her lover, "and I left you so miserable yesterday."

"Yesterday!" repeated Charlotte; she had forgotten yesterday. "Oh, yes, I had heard something very disagreeable; but when I looked into the matter, it turned out to be nothing."

"You will tell me all about it, dear?"
 "Well, I don't know, John. I would of course if there was anything to tell; but do come and have some lunch, I cannot even mention something else much more important until I have had some lunch."

John Hinton frowned. Even that allusion to something much more important did not satisfy him. He must know this other thing. What! spend twenty-four hours of misery, and not learn what it was all about in the end! Charlotte's happiness, however, could not but prove infectious, and the two made merry over their meal, and not until they found themselves in Charlotte's own special sanctum did Hinton resume his grave manner. Then he began at once.

"Now Charlotte, you will tell me why you looked so grave and scared yesterday. I have been miserable enough thinking of it ever since. I don't understand why you did not confide in me at once."

"Dear John," she said—she saw now that he had been really hurt—"I would not give you pain for worlds my dearest. Yes, I was much perplexed, I was even very unhappy for the time. A horrid doubt had been put into my head, but it turned out nothing, nothing whatever. Let us forget it, dear John; I have something much more important to tell you."

"Yes, afterwards, but you will tell me

this, even though it did turn out of no consequence."

"Please, John dear, I would rather not. I was assailed by a most unworthy suspicion. It turned out nothing, nothing at all. I would rather, seeing it was all a myth, you never knew of it."

"And I would rather know, Charlotte; the myth shall be dismissed from my mind, too, but I would rather be in your full confidence."

"My full confidence?" she repeated; the expression pained her. She looked hard at Hinton; his words were very quietly spoken, but there was a cloud on his brow. "You shall certainly have my full confidence," she said after that brief pause; "which will you hear first, what gave me pain yesterday, or what brings me joy to-day?"

"What gave you pain yesterday?"
 "There is no doubt she had hoped he would have made the latter choice, but seeing he did not she submitted at once, sitting, not as was her wont close to his side, but on a chair opposite. Hinton sat with his back to the light, but it fell on Charlotte, and he could see every line of her innocent and noble face as she told her tale. Having got to tell it, she did so in few but simple words; Mrs. Home's story coming of a necessity first, her Uncle Jasper's explanation last. When the whole tale was told, she paused, then said—

"You see there was nothing in it."
 "I see," answered Hinton. This was his first remark. He had not interrupted the progress of the narrative by a single objection; then he added, "But I think, even if your father does not feel disposed to help her, that we, you and I, Charlotte, ought to do something for Mrs. Home."

"Oh, John dear, how you delight me! How good and noble you are! Yes, my heart aches for that poor mother; yes, we will help her. You and I, how very delightful it will be!"

Now she came close to her lover and kissed him, and he returned her embrace.

"You will never have a secret again from me, my darling?" he said.
 "I never, never had one," she answered, for it was impossible for her to understand that this brief declaration in her confidence could be considered a secret. "Now for my other news," she said.

"Now for your other news," he repeated.
 "John, what is the thing you desire most in the world?"

Of course this young man being sincerely attached to this young woman, answered—
 "You, Charlotte."

"John, you always said you did not like Uncle Jasper, but see what a good turn he has done us—he has persuaded my father to allow us to marry at once."

"What, without my brief?"
 "Yes, without your brief; my dear father told me this morning that we may fix the day whenever we like. He says he will stand in the way no longer. He is quite sure of that brief, we need not wait to be happy for it, we may fix our wedding-day, John, and you are to dine here this evening, and have a talk with my father afterwards."

Hinton's face had grown red. He was a lover, and an attached one; but so diverse were the feelings stirred within him, that for the moment he felt more excited than elated.

"Your father is very good," he said, "he gives us leave to fix the day. Very well, that is your province, my Lottie; when shall it be?"

"This is the twentieth of February, our wedding-day shall be on the twentieth of June," she replied.

"That is four months hence," he said. In spite of himself there was a sound of relief in his tone. "Very well, Charlotte; yes, I will come and dine this evening. But now I am late for an appointment; we will have a long talk after dinner."

CHAPTER XIII.—HIS FIRST BRIEF.

Hinton, when he left Charlotte, went straight back to his chambers. He had no particular work to hurry him there; indeed, when he left that morning he had done so with the full intention of spending the entire afternoon with his betrothed. He was, as has been said, although a clever, yet certainly at present a briefless young barrister. Nevertheless, had twenty briefs awaited his immediate attention, he could not have more rapidly hurried back than he now did. When he entered his rooms he locked the outer door. Then he threw himself on a chair, drew the chair to his writing table, pushed his hands through his

thick hair, and staring hard at a blank sheet of paper which lay before him began to think out a problem. His might scarcely have been called a passionate nature, but it was one capable of a very deep, very real attachment. This attachment had been formed for Charlotte Harman. Their engagement had already lasted nearly a year, and now with her own lips she had told him that it might end, that the end, the one happy end to all engagements, was in sight. With comfort, nay, with affluence, with the full consent of all her friends, they might become man and wife. John Hinton most undoubtedly loved this woman, and yet now as he reviewed the whole position the one pleasure he could deduct for his own reflection was in the fact that there was four months' reprieve. Charlotte had herself postponed their wedding day for four months.

There was a proud man. When, a year ago, he had gone to Mr. Harman and asked him for his daughter, Mr. Harman had responded with the very natural question, "What means have you to support her with?"

Hinton had answered that he had two hundred a year—and his profession.
 "What are you making in your profession?" asked the father.
 "Not anything—yet," answered the young man.

There was a tone of defiance and withal of hope thrown into that "yet" which might have repelled some men, but pleased Mr. Harman. He paused to consider. He might have got a much, much better match for Charlotte from a temporal standpoint. Hinton was of no family in particular; he had no money worthy of the name. He was simply an honest fellow, fairly good-looking, and with the heart of a gentleman.

"You are doubtless aware," replied Mr. Harman, "that my daughter will inherit a very large fortune. She has been sought for in marriage before now, and by men who could give something to meet what she brings, both with regard to money and position."

"I have heard of Mr. S.'s proposal," answered Hinton. "I know he is rich, and the son of Lord—; but that is nothing, for she does not love him."

"And you believe she loves me?"
 "Most certainly she loves me."

In spite of himself Mr. Harman smiled, then after a little more thought, for he was much taken with Hinton, he came to terms.

He must not have Charlotte while he had nothing to support her with. Poo! that two hundred a year was nothing to a girl brought up like his daughter. For Hinton's own sake it would not be good for him to live on his wife's money; but when he obtained his first brief then they might marry.

Hinton was profuse in thanks. He only made on his part one stipulation—that brief, which was to obtain for him his bride, was in no way to come to him through Mr. Harman's influence. He must win it by his own individual exertions.

Mr. Harman smiled and grew a trifle red. In his business capacity he could have put twenty briefs in this young fellow's way, and in his inmost heart he had resolved to do so; but he liked him all the better for this one proviso, and promised readily enough.

Hinton had no business connections of his own. He had no influential personal friends, and his future father-in-law felt bound in honor to leave him altogether to his own resources. A year had nearly passed since the engagement, and the brief which was to win him Charlotte was as far away as ever. But now she told him that this one embargo on their happiness had been withdrawn. They might marry, and the brief could follow after. Hinton knew well what it all meant. The rich city merchant could then put work in his way. Work would quickly pour in to the man so closely connected with rich John Harman. Yes. As he sat by his table in his small shabby furnished room, he knew that his fortune was made. He would obtain Charlotte and Charlotte's wealth; and if he but chose to use his golden opportunities, fame too might be his portion. He was a keen and ardent politician, and a seat in the House might easily follow all the other good things which seemed following in his track. Yes; but he was a proud man, and he did not like it. He had not the heart to tell Charlotte to-day, as she looked at him