

sofa, and wheeling the table close for the double purpose of keeping him from rolling off, and for placing liquid refreshment within easy reach, i.e. poured himself a modest finger from the deputy's bottle, and quietly left the room.

"Mr. Bart," he called softly up the stairs.

"Yes, Bryan."

"That divil beyonst is slapin sound, and when he wakes, there's somethin' beside him will make him slape again. Let me out and lock all th' doors, and don't let a sowl into th' house until I come back wid th' money, ye hear."

"All right, Bryan."

And so Bryan went out into the night, and we all went to bed. Next morning we peeped into the parlor, and saw that the deputy was still sleeping, and the bottle on the table half empty. He continued in this condition the greater part of the day.

At 10 o'clock the bailiff and his men came to carry out their nefarious work—nefarious I say, for such things have never happened in Ireland. There, tenants neglect or are unable to pay rent for twelve months or even years: they are evicted, and all the world howls with indignation; while right here in Canada—in Toronto, whole families, who have the misfortune to be poor, lose their all by virtue or vice of a lease, the conditions of which are galling in the extreme, and the amount due is in nine cases out of ten a mere trifle.

Well, the bailiff and his satellites did not get into the Bailly mansion, for the doors were all locked and barred. There they stayed nearly all day, a dirty, ill-conditional wretch at every exit, and passed the time with brutal jests, and coarse sallies. At two o'clock we were all beginning to feel anxious, when a clatter of hoofs was heard and a stylish brougham dashed up to the door, while an even more stylish coachman jumped lightly to the ground and assisted his master

to alight. Then he rang the door bell, and immediately half a dozen men crowded round the door, ready for a bold dash forward, as soon as the door was opened.

"Back, you hounds! What do you want here?" cried Mr. Bentley, for it was he.

"We wants to get in to that 'ere 'ouse, Guvenur; so just stand hout o' th' bloom'in' way, will yer," remarked a wretched specimen of humanity.

"No impudence, my man. Answer my question. You have papers there; let me see them."

There was an air of authority about Mr. Bentley that was not to be resisted. The bailiff handed him the wretched papers, whatever they were, without another word. Mr. Bentley carefully went over them, and then taking out his pocket-book he handed over the requisite amount, while the coachman, Mr. Bryan Lynch by name, grinned with delight.

The door had long since been opened by Nora, who politely invited Mr. Bentley to come in. At the same time Mr. Bryan Lynch hastily shook up the sleeping deputy, and commanded him to "get out for a thavin' trayspasser," a mandate which the deputy unsteadily complied with, uttering muttered curses the while.

He was awfully kind, this young Mr. Bentley (for he was only twenty-eight), and I noticed he stared at me so, when I wasn't looking. He was very handsome too, and when his eyes met mine, it gave me such a strange feeling—a thrill, whether of pleasure, or pain, I know not. He was so delighted with Bart's last picture, that he purchased it on the spot, and at a price that nearly took all our breaths away.

"I do not offer this amount, Mr. Bailly, on account of your present trouble; but because the painting is really worth that and more—'tis exquisitely treated, and a clever imitation of the lovely original" (Here he