

have done, then turning, cantered back through a hand-gate which stood open, and rejoined his mother and sister.

"How could you do such a dangerous thing, Harry? You might have broken your neck, and I am very angry with you!" exclaimed Alice.

"And what do you say, papa?" inquired the young hopeful, in no way abashed by his mother's reprimand.

"What do I say?" returned his father, coming up out of breath with running, and considerably perplexed between his parental responsibility and his delight at his boy's spirit; "why, I say that if you don't mind what your mother tells you, the thrashing I shall give you one of these days will considerably astonish your juvenile intelligence; with which qualification I confess, taking you altogether, I consider you a very promising young four-year-old. And now, brats, be off with you! I have got a letter which I want to talk to mamma about."

As soon as the children had departed, in convoy of a groom and a nursery-maid, Harry drew from his pocket a letter with a black border and seal.

"It is for you, love," he said, "from your cousin Kate; but I can tell you the news it will contain; Arthur enclosed it to me, with a line, telling me that poor old Crane is dead at last."

"And Arthur writes to tell you—what does he say?" demanded Alice eagerly.

"He simply informs me of the fact; states that, for business reasons, Kate, who is left sole executrix, must immediately return to England; and suggests that till some permanent arrangement can be made for her, it would be well that she should come to us; adding, that if we agree with him in thinking so, he would be glad if I could make it convenient to go down to Dover and meet her, as professional duties will detain him in town,—which of course I shall be delighted to do, and she must come and live with us, poor thing."

Alice could not for a moment reply; but she pressed her husband's hand in silent acknowledgment of his kindness. Another week saw Kate domesticated beneath their hospitable roof.

Reader, our tale is well-nigh told. Horace D'Almayne had absconded with a considerable sum of money in his possession, and all attempts to trace him failed. His less fortunate co-swindler (if we may coin a word), Guillemard, became practically acquainted with the interior of a British prison and the amenities of hard labour. All that transpired in regard to D'Almayne's further career was, that some years after he was connected with a kindred spirit in conducting a notorious gambling house in New Orleans; a quarrel ensuing between Sedgwick (for so was his partner named) and D'Almayne, the latter gave his antagonist a practical lesson as to the advisability of studying the habits and customs of the natives before you settle in a country, by discharging the contents of his revolver into his