

lost a suit, he was ill for a week after; and I verily believe, there was never a lawyer with half his practice that lost fewer cases. His success was his boast. "A lawsuit," he would say, "is like a chess problem, its object is a certain result to be obtained by certain means; give me the winning side, and I care not how difficult the problem, I'll mate my adversary."

"I once threw him in a great rage by telling him that I did not think his simile a good one, 'for,' said I, 'if law be a critical position in a game of chess, it requires a good deal of tact to discern which has the better side; and it appears to me, as you have to choose what side you'll take, that you may choose the wrong one, and so be beaten.' He hoped he was a better player than I gave him credit for, and so the matter dropped."

Writ was unmarried, and although only five and thirty, looked at least fifty; thin and slightly made, his face plentifully furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes set deep in his head, twinkled cunningly; his hair gray. Though far from prepossessing in his appearance, he was when known, one of the kindest and best natured men that ever lived.

I who coveted a soldier's life, was equally disappointed. On leaving school, my father kept me at home till of age; he then sent me to Heidelberg, where I passed many of the pleasantest hours of my existence. I lived on the continent till seven and twenty, when my father dying, left his property, equally divided between his two sons, which, though small, was sufficient to enable us to live comfortably and independantly. On my marriage I materially increased my portion and now lived a life of ease and enjoyment. To fill up my time, which occasionally hung wearily on my hands, I became Treasurer to the "Kentish Orphan Home Society," a benevolent Institution got up by a few old ladies who honored me by placing their money in my hands.

My brother Harry was several years younger than I, a happy jovial fellow, much too fond of fun for his means, though not to my knowledge ever in debt, yet he had sometimes a little difficulty to make both ends meet.

The day which had hitherto been fine, now became overcast; and on entering the city the rain descended in torrents. It was after two o'clock when I reached Writ's office and found that gentleman busily engaged with a huge pile of dusty old papers, turning them over and shuffling them as if they were a pack of cards. No sooner did he perceive me, than dropping them he exclaimed, "why did you not come sooner? I expected you last night, or early this morning at least."

"Well you are a pretty fellow," I replied, "how

is it I find you here now? Why are you not off to Egypt with orders left for me to follow you?"

"Tut!" said he, "the business was urgent, or I would have met you."

"Then why did you not leave a note at Tindals? Do you think I was going to lose a night's rest running after you when perhaps a week hence would have answered your purpose? You see your excessive promptness has rendered me indifferent to a certain extent."

"Here, here, come in here," said he, in the quick nervous manner he assumed when excited, and motioning me to his private room, closed the door carefully after him; "your brother," he continued, "has committed a forgery."

"What!" I exclaimed, not exactly understanding him."

"Your brother Henry has forged a cheque on you for two thousand pounds."

"Pshaw! I don't believe a word of it; you must be mad."

"I can assure you, that it is the case."

"Why, I saw him only this morning, he spent last night at my house."

"Is it possible? I hardly thought he would have gone there."

"He did, nevertheless, and as for the forgery, you are either mistaken, or some one else is guilty."

"Well, you shall judge for yourself. Let us see, this is Thursday, it was on Tuesday morning after leaving you, that I went to your banker's, to make the deposit you left in my hands for your Kentish Society; while there, I thought it would be just as well if I examined the accounts and see how we stood, you may fancy my surprise, when a cheque for £2000, bearing your signature, payable to your brother, and endorsed by him, was presented to me as cashed the day before. I at first was on the point of proclaiming it a forgery, when it struck me, that if I saw your brother, I could, not only save you much pain, but force him to refund, by threatening to expose his rascality. I concealed my doubts of the cheque as well as I could, simply asking the clerk to whom he paid the money. He stated that Mr. Truewitt came himself and got the money. I then casually asked if he knew your brother. He told me, that he had seen him several times, and had recognized him on entering the bank. I told him that I supposed it all right, but that I was not aware of your giving such a cheque, and it was therefore I questioned him." I during this relation sank into a chair; I could scarcely as yet believe it true, his parting words, "*If you miss anything while I'm gone, you'll know who has taken it,*" rung in my ear a fearful confirmation of my doubts