

winked, leered and grinned as he opened his book and glanced at the contents.

"Ha, ha! worthy Isaac," he began in a grating voice, "we meet at last. Worthy Jew that thou art thou hast done more for me than I can ever repay. We are old acquaintances, friend, though thou dost not seem to realize the fact. Come now, thou could'st not answer one question; but perhaps you can answer this. How many bad, cruel deeds hast thou done in thy life?" And the demon—for demon he was—leered into his face, the hellish light from his eyes illuminating the banker's face. Dozorontz groaned. Bad deeds! Cruel deeds! Oh! how many? Worse were they by oh? so much, than the deed of his landlord years before. "Christ, have mercy!" moaned the banker.

"Why do you call upon Him?" mocked the demon. "You are a Jew. Besides does He not say that he who denies Him before men, He will also deny before His Father in Heaven, ha, ha!" Hollow groans alone came from the banker. "Come, now, my friend," continued the demon, "since you are so modest and have not perhaps a good memory I will read some of your deeds aloud. Who, worthy Dozorontz, was it who drove the poor widow with two helpless children into the street, for the matter of ten pounds she borrowed. Who was it who charged double usury to the young lord Moutwill, and by publicly disgracing him for the debt, drove him to kill himself. Who flung the sick mechanic into prison for a miserable debt. Who—" But the banker heard no more, for with a loud shriek he sunk senseless to the earth. At the same instant his eyes opened and he saw that he was seated in his own chair, in his own room and that he held that paper in his hand still. Another moment and the door opened, his daughter Helen entered, her high kerchief to her eyes, and without a word hastily threw herself at her father's feet, murmuring as she did so:

"Papa, papa, forgive me; oh! say that you will not be angry."

The banker stared at her, utterly dumb with surprise at this unexpected movement.

"Child! girl! Helen!" he cried at

length, "up from that posture! kneel not to me, for I am a sinful man. I forgive you, before hand, if you have done aught wrong."

"Deceived you?" murmured Helen.

"In what?" asked her father.

"When I was in Paris," replied the young lady, still retaining her position, "I became acquainted with a young Irishman, the only son of an Earl. He showed me great attention and affection on all occasions, and, dear papa, when he asked me to be his wife, I could not refuse, for I loved him dearly, but I did not tell you of it. When I left Paris, we met again. And now to-night as I wended my way to church, he came across my way and he is as true as ever. So I determined to tell you all to-night. Oh! papa, forgive me."

"Rise, my own good Helen," exclaimed the banker; "and if he is a worthy young man—an Earl's son did you say?—I shall make your happiness complete, and such a wedding you shall have as— But stay, I should like to see him."

"I—I,"—began Helen blushing, "I persuaded him to come home with me to learn your decision—and I'll have him here immediately."

"Helen quitted the room, her eyes lighted up with joy and love, and in a few moments ushered in a fair-haired, handsome young man. After saying a few words of introduction, she quitted the room.

The banker arose from his seat and advancing a pace or two, scanned the young man closely. One steady look, and he started as if an adder had stung.

"Young man," he cried, "your name, quick?"

"Ernest Fitz Stephen, now by my father's death, heir to the title of Earl of Moghlin-Adras," was the young man's answer. "But I would have you know that the family estate is no longer mine. I have nothing to bring your daughter, but my deep love for her."

But the banker heard not this explanation. The instant that he heard the name of his Helen's lover, he turned away and strode to the window. "Has it come to this, has it come to this," ejaculated he to himself, clenching his hands. "Am I to be balked of my vengeance. Helen, Helen, what have you done?" For a