

"Pray had you any?"

"No, sir."

"Then how did you obtain this money?"

Robert hesitated; his hand, which rested on the table, moved nervously; he at length stammered out, "I would rather not answer that question, uncle."

"If you wish to clear yourself, it is necessary to do so; but your silence and evident confusion are answer enough to my mind. I brought you here and trusted you, and this is my reward. You have nothing to say in your own defence, therefore you can go home; I shall not make this matter public, as you are my brother's son."

Robert stood for a moment irresolute, then he turned and left the room in silence. At the foot of the stairs he met his cousin Florence, and was about to pass, when seizing his arm, she said, "Where are you going in such haste? I want you here for a few minutes. But, oh! Robert, what is the matter?"

"I am going home, Florry."

"Home, why?" And, drawing him gently into the sitting-room, she went on, "Now tell me all about it?"

Robert gave an account of the interview with his uncle.

"But surely," she exclaimed, "you did not take this money! I don't believe it, and I never shall!"

"I did not, Florry."

"Tell me, I will keep it secret if you wish."

"Well, you must promise faithfully to do so."

"I shall never mention it without your leave. Where did you get the money?"

"From Harry."

"Did you borrow it?"

"He owed it to me since last quarter, and I asked him to pay."

"Harry told me the other day he had not a farthing."

"He borrowed it from some of his friends—at least he said he would."