

could bring himself to refuse compliance with anything proposed by his so-called friends, until at length he became involved in serious money difficulties.

At last all his resources had failed, and nothing remained but the dreaded alternative of applying to his father for assistance. "Yes, there was one other way," the tempter whispered; "he had tried it before, why not again?" "But the sum required was too large this time." "Well, it might be done by degrees."

Accordingly, driven to desperation, he abstracted on the first opportunity as much as would serve for a while to quiet his most clamorous creditors. The money was at once missed by the watchful Mr. Bunker, who duly reported the matter to old Mr. Manvers, now so far recovered as to resume the oversight of his own affairs; but though both were extremely anxious to find the delinquent, Harry remained unsuspected. However, Mr. Bunker was now on the alert, fearing his own son (who had obtained Robert's former post) might become involved in the accusation, and on the next occasion he marked exactly the hour during which the robbery must have taken place, and thus it was distinctly traced to his master's son.

As soon as Harry became aware that all was discovered he resolved to fly from the country, and without waiting for the dreaded interview with his father he started from home in the middle of the night, only leaving a farewell letter to his sister Florence, in which he confessed everything, and begged her to assure his father of Robert's entire innocence on the former occasion.

A year passed away; old Mr. Manvers was again an invalid, having never recovered the shock of his only son's disgrace and flight. Florence devoted herself to him, yet now and again found time for a visit to a cottage situated in that shady lane where Harry and Robert held their last conversation, for there Mrs. Manvers and