

ALL SORTS.

All-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use.

The Yokohama bank will establish a branch in New York.

Coughs and Colds—If everything has failed, try Allen's Lung Balsam and be cured.

See Ad.

Colorado contributes 100,000 colts to the country's resources this year.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure and effectual.

The citizens of Oregon City, Ore., are hunting down a wild woman.

National Pills is the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

Senator Ingalls refuses to lecture for \$200 a night.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

The average income in Kamchatka is \$ per year.

Mr. Peter Mallen, 212 W. Twenty-fourth street, New York, says that he suffered six years with rheumatism and found no relief until St. Jacobs Oil, the sovereign remedy, was applied, which cured him completely.

New York's various prisons now have 15,600 convicts in custody.

Most every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in scrofulous sores, ulcers, or eruptions, or takes the form of rheumatism, or organic diseases, the suffering that ensues is terrible beyond description. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

It was Tompkinson who invented the headline "Sweet Girl Graduate."

Worms often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system.

A Michigan horse died with fear on seeing an elephant.

There are many perfumes which, when applied to the handkerchief, have a very agreeable odor for a few moments and then die away, leaving only a sickly, disagreeable smell. Not so with MURRAY & LAMMAN'S FLORIDA WATER; the longer it is exposed the more delicate and delightful becomes its rich aroma.

Nearly all the Chinamen at San Francisco have been vaccinated.

It is truly wonderful to see how the name of Mrs. Pinkham is a household word among the wives and mothers of our land. Alike in the luxurious homes of our great cities and in the humble cabins of the remote frontier, one woman's deeds have borne their kindly fruit in health for others.

A California colonel has lost his voice through excessive smoking.

NO ONE BUYS A "PIG IN A POKE"—in other words, purchases on mere guesswork—who buys for his or her relief Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The fact is too well known to leave room for any peradventure that it is a sovereign curative for Indigestion, Costiveness, Impurities of the Blood, Kidney and Female troubles, and other infirmities.

Clarence Three-Stars, the son of a Sioux chief, is employed packing goods in a Philadelphia store.

A Crying Evil—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

Three men were arrested in New York recently for keeping a still behind the bar of their saloon.

Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."

Adele's Belong is reported as saying: "I am not engaged to Signor Salvini, nor shall I ever marry him."

Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale which is richly merited. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain."

London has 26,000 acres of forest parks; New York, 1,084. Nine new parks are to be laid out in Gotham.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: "I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, and has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

London supports an eight-page penny monthly, the sole contents of which consists of selected poems.

To Remove Dandruff—Cleanse the scalp with Price's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the toilet.

One of the phrases given to the world by the new and entertaining Cincinnati Sun is "knowledgeable information."

Dr. J. Corlis, St. Thomas, writes: "During ten years' active practice I have had occasion to prescribe God Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of God Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda came under my notice, I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction, and is to be preferred to any I have ever used or recommended. I have used it in my own family almost as a beverage during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recommend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness of the muscular or nervous system."

The Earl of Lichfield has joined the Blue Ribbon Army. His son and daughter are attached to Lord Lansdowne's household in Canada.

DIAMOND DYES.

These wonderful dyes have almost entirely superseded all other dyes or dye-stuffs, both foreign or domestic, for all family uses. The days of the Indigo tub are past, and Madder, Cochineal, Logwood and all that class of crude dyes are well nigh forgotten. We warrant these Dyes to color more goods, package for package, than any other Dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors.

LOVE AND MONEY.

By CHARLES READE.
Author of "The Wrong Teller," "Crichton's Gains," "The Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—THE TWO FATHERS.

"Oh, sir! the very image of my own. It fills me with forebodings. I pity you, sir, with all my heart. That sad sight reconciles me to my lot. God help you!"

And he was going away; for now he felt an unreasoning, unmanly terror lest his own child should have turned from colored wax to pale.

Mr. Bartley stopped him.

"Are they so very like?" said he.

"Wonderfully like!" And again he was going; but Bartley, who had received him so coldly, seemed now unwilling to part with him.

"Stay," said he, "and let me think." The truth is, a daring idea had just flashed through that brain of his; and he wanted to think it out. He walked to and fro in silent agitation; and his face was as a book in which you may read strange matter. At last he made up his mind; but the matter was one he did not dare to approach too bluntly, so he went about a little.

"Stay, you don't know all my misfortunes. I am ambitious, like you. I believe in science and knowledge, like you. And, if my child had lived, you should have been my adviser and my right hand. I want such a man as you."

Hope threw up his hands. "My usual luck," said he, "always a day too late."

Bartley resumed:

"But my child's death robs me of money to work with, and I can't help you nor help myself."

Hope groaned.

Bartley hesitated. But after a moment, he said, timidly:

"Unless—and then stopped.

"Unless what?" asked Hope, eagerly. "I am not likely to raise objections, my child's life is at stake."

"Well, then, unless you are really the superior man you seem to be—a man of ability and courage."

"Courage!" thought Hope, and began to be puzzled. However, he said, modestly, that he thought he could find courage in a good cause.

"Then you and I are made men," said Bartley.

These were stout words, but they were not spoken firmly; on the contrary, Mr. Bartley's voice trembled and his brow began to perspire visibly.

His agitation communicated itself to Hope, and the latter said, in a low, impressive voice:

"This is something very grave, Mr. Bartley. Sir, what is it?"

Mr. Bartley looked uneasily all round the room, and came close to Hope. "The very walls must not hear what I now say to you. Then, in a thrilling whisper, "My daughter must not die."

Hope looked puzzled.

"Your daughter must take her place."

Now, just before this, two quick ears began to try and catch the conversation. Monckton had heard all that Colonel Clifford said;—that warrior's tones were so incisive; and, as the matter only concerned Mr. Bartley, he merely grinned at the disappointment likely to fall on his employer, for he knew Mary Bartley sat at death's door. He said as much to himself, and went out for a smothered, for it was his lucky time. But when he returned with stealthy foot—for all his movements were cat-like—he caught sight of Bartley and Hope in earnest conversation, and felt very curious.

There was something so mysterious in Bartley's tones, Monckton drew up against the little window, pushed it back an inch, and listened hard.

But he could hear nothing at all until Hope's answer came to Bartley's proposal. Then the indignant father burst out, so that it was easy enough to hear every word:

"I part with my girl! Not for the world's wealth! What! you call yourself a father, and would tempt me to sell my own flesh and blood. No! Poverty, beggary, anything sooner than that. My darling! we will thrive together or starve together; we will live together or die together."

He snatched up his hat to leave. But Bartley found a word to make him hesitate. He never moved, but folded his arms and said:

"So, then, your love for your child is selfish."

"Selfish!" cried Hope; "so selfish that I would die for her any hour of the day." For all that the taunt brought him down a step; and Bartley, still standing like a rock, attacked him again: "If it is not selfish, it is blind." Then he took two strides, and attacked him with sudden power: "Who will suffer most if you stand in her light? Your daughter! Why, she will die. Hope groaned: "Who will profit most if you are wise and really love her, not like a jealous lover, but like a father. Why, your daughter; she will be taken out of poverty and want, and carried to sea breezes and scented meadows; her health and her comfort will be my care; she will fill the gap in my house and in my heart, and will be my heir when I die."

"But she will be lost to me," sighed poor Hope.

"Not so. You will be my right hand; you will be always about us; you can see her, talk to her, make her love you, do anything but tell her you are her father. Do this one thing for me, and I will do great things for you and her. To refuse me will be to cut your own throat and hers, as well as mine."

Hope faltered a little.

"Am I selfish?" said he.

"Of course not," was the soothing reply. "No true father is—give him time to think." Hope clenched his hands in agony and pressed them against his brow.

"Is it selfish to stand in her light; but part with her—I can't—I can't."

"Of course not, who asks you? She will never be out of your sight; and, instead of seeing her sicken, languish, and die, you will see her surrounded by every comfort, nursed and tended like a princess, and growing every day in health, wealth, and happiness."

"Health, wealth, and happiness!"

These words made a great impression on the still hesitating father; he began to make conditions. They were all granted heartily.

"If ever you are unkind to her, the compact is broken, and I claim my own again."

"So be it. But why suppose anything so monstrous? Men do not ill-treat children. It is only women, who adore them, that kill them and ill-use them accordingly. She will be my little benefactress, God bless her! I may love her more than I ought, being yours, for my name is desolate without her; but that is the only fault you shall ever find in me. There is my hand on it."

Hope at last was taken off his guard, and took the proffered hand. That is a binding action, and somehow he could no longer go back.

Then Bartley told him he should live in the house at first to break the parting.

"And from this hour," said he, "you are

no clerk nor manager, but my associate in business, and on your own terms."

"Thank you," said Hope, with a sigh.

"Now lose no time, get her into the house at once while the clerks are away, and meantime I will deal with the nurse and overcome the many difficulties. Stay; here is a five-pound note. Buy yourself a new suit and give the child a good meal. But, pray, bring her here in half an hour if you can."

Then Bartley took him to the lobby and let him out in the street, whilst he went into the house to buy the nurse and make her his confidante.

He had a good deal of difficulty with her; she was shocked at the proposal, and being a woman, it was the details that horrified her. She cried a good deal. She stipulated that she should again be christened, and Bartley conceded everything, and offered to settle a hundred pounds a year on her, so long as she lived in his house and kept his secret, he prevailed at last, and found her an invaluable ally.

To dispose of this character for the present, we must inform the reader that she proved a woman can keep a secret, and that in a very short time she was as fond of Grace Hope as she had been of Mary Bartley.

We have said that Colonel Clifford's talk penetrated Monckton's ear, but produced no great impression at the time. Not so, however, when he had listened to Bartley's proposal, Hope's answer, and all that followed. Then he put this and Colonel Clifford's communication together and saw the terrible importance of the two things combined. Thus, as a congenial work grew up with John's gourd, and was sure to destroy it, Bartley's bold and elaborate scheme was furnished from the outset with a most dangerous enemy.

Leonard Monckton was by nature a schemer, and by habit a villain; and he was sure to put this discovery to profit. He came out of the little office and sat down at his desk and fell into a brown study.

He was not a little puzzled, and here lay his difficulty. Two attractive villainies presented themselves to his ingenious mind, and he naturally hesitated between them. One was to levy blackmail on Bartley; the other to sell the secret to the Cliffords.

But there was a special reason why he should incline towards the Cliffords, and that was in his brown study, we will let the reader into his secret.

This artful person had immediately won the confidence of young Clifford, calling himself Bolton, and had prepared a very heartless trap for him. He introduced to him a most beautiful young woman, tall, dark, with oval face, and glorious black eyes and eyebrows, a slight foreign accent, and ingratiating manners. He called this beauty his sister, and instructed her to win Walter Clifford in that character and to marry him. As she was twenty-two and Master Clifford nineteen, he had no chance with her, and they were to be married this very day at the Registrar Office. Managing Mr. Monckton they inclined to let Bartley's fraud go on and ripen, but eventually expose it for the benefit of young Walter and his wife, who adored this Monckton; because, when a beautiful woman loves an ugly blackguard, she never does it by halves.

It had not sooner thought out this conclusion than there came an obstacle. Lucy Muller's heart failed her at the last moment, and she came into the office with a rush to tell her master so. She uttered a cry of joy at sight of him, and came at him panting and full of love.

"O, Leonard, I am so glad you are alone. Leonard, dear Leonard, pray do not insist on my marrying that young man. Now it comes to the time, my heart fails me."

The tears stood in her glorious eyes, and an honest man would have pitied her, and even respected her a little for her compunction, though somewhat tardy.

But her master just fixed his eyes coldly on his slave and replied, brutally:

"Never mind your heart; think of your interest."

The weak woman allowed herself to be diverted into this topic.

"Why, he is no such great catch, I am sure."

"I tell you he is, more than ever; I have just discovered another twenty thousand pounds he is heir to, and not got to wait for that any longer than I choose."

Lucy stamped her foot.

"I do not care for his money. Till he came with his money, you loved me."

"I love you as much as ever," said Monckton, coldly.

Lucy began to sob.

"No, you don't, or you wouldn't give me up to the young fool!"

The very nature of a cynical reply that not every Novagrate thief could have matched.

"You fool," said he, "can't you marry him, and go on loving me? You won't be the first. It is done every day, to the satisfaction of all parties."

"And to their unutterable shame!" said a clear, stern voice at their back.

Walter Clifford, coming rapidly in, had heard but little, but heard enough; and there he stood, grinning and pale, a boy no longer. These two skunks had made a man of him in one moment. They recoiled in dismay, and the woman hid her face.

He turned upon the man first, you may be sure:

"So you have palmed this lady off on me as your sister, and trapped me, and would have destroyed me?"

His lip quivered; for they had passed the iron through his heart. But he manned himself, and carried it off like a soldier's son.

"But if I was fool enough to leave my father, I am not fool enough to present to the world your cast-off mistress as my wife!" (Lucy hid her face in her hands.) "Here, Miss Lucy Monckton, or whatever your name may be, here is the marriage license. Take that and my contempt, and do what you like with them!"

With these words he dashed into Bartley's private room, and there broke down. It was a bitter cup, the first in his young life.

The baffled schemers drank wrongwood too; but they bore it differently. The woman cried and took her punishment meekly; the man raged and threatened vengeance.

"No," said Leonard, "it serves us right. I wish I had never seen the fellow! Then you would have kept your word and married me!"

"I will marry you now, if you can obey me."

"Obey you, Leonard? You have been my ruin; but only marry me, and I will be your slave in everything—your willing, devoted, happy slave!"

"That is a bargain," said Monckton, coldly. "I'll be even with him. I will marry you in his name and in his place."

This puzzled Lucy.

"Why in his name?" she said.

He did not answer.

"Well, never mind the name," she said, "so that it is the right man, and that it is you."

Then Monckton's fertile brain, teeming with villainies, fell to hatching a new plot more felonious than the last. He would rob the safe and get Clifford convicted for the theft; convicted as Bolton, Clifford would never tell his real name, and Lucy should enter Clifford's house with a certificate of his death and a certificate of his marriage, both

obtained by substitution, and so secure her share of the twenty thousand pounds, and off with the real husband to fresh pastures.

Lucy looked puzzled. Here was not a brain to disentangle such a monstrous web. Monckton reflected a moment.

"What is the first thing? Let me see—Humph! I think the first thing is to get married."

"Yes," said Lucy, with an eagerness that contrasted strangely with his cynical composure, "that is the first thing and the most understandable."

And she went dancing off with him as gay as a lark, and leaning on him at an angle of forty-five; whilst he went erect and cold, like a stone figure marching.

Walter Clifford came out in time to see them pass the great window. He watched them down the street, and cursed them, not loud but deep!

"Mooning, as usual, said a hostile voice behind him.

He turned round, and there was Mr. Bartley seated at his own table. Young Clifford walked smartly to the other side of the table, determined this should be his last day in that shop.

"There are the payments," said he cavalierly.

Bartley inspected them.

"About one in five," said he, dryly.

"Thereabouts," was the reply. (Consummate indifference.)

"You can't have pressed them much."

"Well, I am not good at flogging."

"What are you good at?"

"Should be puzzled to say."

"You are not fit for trade?"

"That is the highest compliment was ever paid me."

"O, you are impertinent as well as incompetent, are you? Then take a week's warning, Mr. Bolton."

"Five minutes would suit me better, Mr. Bartley."

"O, indeed, say one hour."

"All right, sir; just time for a city clerk's luncheon—a glass of bitter, sandwich, pop at Punch, cigarette, and a chat with the barmaid."

Mr. Walter Clifford was a gentleman, but we must do him the justice to say that in this interview with his employer he was a very impertinent one, not only in words but in the delivery thereof.

Bartley, however, thought this impertinence was put on, and that he had grave reasons for being in a hurry. He took down the numbers of the notes Clifford had given him, and looked every grave and suspicious all the time.

Then he locked the notes in his safe; and just then Hope opened the door of the little office and looked in.

"At last," said Bartley.

"Well, sir, I have changed my mind half an hour, and I have changed my clothes and stood witness to a marriage. She begged me to hand I was at the altar. Such a beautiful girl! I don't think my eyes off her."

"The child?" said Bartley, with natural impatience.

"I have hidden her in the yard."

"Bring her this moment, while the clerks are out."

Hope hurried out, and soon returned with his child wrapped up in a nice warm shawl he had bought her with Bartley's money.

Bartley took the child from him, looked at her face, and said:

"Little darling, I shall love her as my own."

Then he begged Hope to sit down in the lobby till he should call him and introduce him to his clerks. "One of them is a thief; I'm afraid."

He took the child inside and gave her to his confederate, the nurse.

"Dear me," thought Hope, "only two clerks, and one of them dishonest. I hope it is not that good-natured boy. Oh, no! impossible!"

And now Bartley returned, and at the same time Monckton came briskly in through the little office.

"O, Monckton, I gave that fellow Bolton weeks' notice; but he insists on going directly."

Monckton replied, slyly, that he was sorry he heard that.

"Suspicious? Eh?" said Bartley.

"So suspicious that if I were you, indeed, Mr. Bartley, I think, in justice to me, the matter ought to be cleared to the bottom."

"You are right," said Bartley; "I'll have him searched before he goes; fetch me a detective at once."

Bartley then wrote a line upon his card and handed it to Monckton, directing him to lose no time. He then rushed out of the house with an air of virtuous indignation, and went to make some delicate arrangements to carry out a fraud which, begging his pardon, was as felonious, though not so prosaic, as the one he suspected his first clerk of.

Monckton was at first a little taken aback by the suddenness of all this; but he was too clear-headed to be long at fault. The matter was brought to a point. Well, he must shoot flying.

In a moment he was at the safe, whipped out a bunch of false keys, opened the safe, took out the cash-box, and swept all the gold it contained into his own pocket, and took possession of the notes. Then he looked up the cash-box again, restored it to the safe, locked that, and sat down at Bartley's table. He ran over the notes with feverish fingers, and then took the precaution to examine Bartley's day-book. His caution was rewarded—he found that the notes Bolton had brought in were numbered. He instantly made two parcels. Clapped the unnumbered notes in his pocket. The numbered ones he took in his hand into the lobby. Now this lobby must be shortly described:

First, there was a door with a glass window, but the window had dark-blue gauze fixed to it, so that nobody could see into the lobby from the office; but a person in the lobby, by putting his eye close to the gauze, could see into the office in a slinky sort of way. The door opened on a lavatory, and there were also pegs on which the clerks hung their overcoats. There was a swing-door leading direct to the street, and sideways into a small room indispensable to every office. Monckton entered this lobby, and inserted the numbered notes into young Clifford's coat pocket, and the keys into his bag. Then he whistled hastily back into the office, with his crooked face full of fiendish triumph.

He started for the detective. But it was bitter cold, and he returned to the lobby for his own overcoat. As he opened the lobby door the swing door moved, or he thought so. He darted to it and opened it, but saw nobody. Hope having whistled behind the open door of the little room. Monckton then put on his overcoat and went for the detective.

He met Clifford at the door, and wore an insolent grin of defiance, for which, if they had not passed each other rapidly, he would very likely have been knocked down.

As it was, Walter Clifford entered the office flushed with wrath, and eager to leave behind him the mortifications and humiliations he had endured.

He went to his own little desk and tore up Lucy Muller's letters, and his heart turned towards home. He went into the lobby, and feeling hot, which was no wonder, bundled his office overcoat and his brush and comb

into his little bag. He returned to the office for his penknife, and was going out all in a hurry when Mr. Bartley met him.

"Bartley looked rather stern and said:

"A word with you, sir."

"Certainly, sir," said the young man slyly.

Mr. Bartley sat down at his table and fixed his eyes upon the young man with a very peculiar look.

"You seem in a very great hurry to go."

"Well, I am."

"You have not even demanded your salary up to date."

"Excuse the oversight. I was not made for business you know."

"There is something more to settle besides your salary."

"Primum for good conduct?"

"No, sir. Mr. Bolton, you will find this no jesting matter. There are defalcations in the accounts, sir."

The young man turned serious at once.

"I am sorry to hear that, sir," said he, with proper feeling.

Bartley eyed him still more severely.

"And even cash abstracted?"

"Good heavens," said the young man, answering his eyes rather than his words.

"Why, surely, you can't suspect me?"

Bartley answered sternly:

"I know I have been robbed, and so I suspect everybody whose conduct is suspicious."

This was too much for a Clifford to bear. He turned on him like a lion.

"Your suspicions disgrace the trader who entertains them, not the gentleman they wrong. You are too old for me to give you a thrashing, so I won't stay here any longer to be insulted."

He snatched up his bag and was marching off when the door opened, and Monckton, with a detective, confronted him.

"No," roared Bartley, furious in turn, "but you will stay to be examined."

"Examined!"

"Searched, then, if you like it better."

"No, don't do that," said the young fellow; "spare me such a humiliation."

"Bartley, who was avaricious, but not cruel, hesitated."

"Well," said he, "I will examine the safe before I go further."

Mr. Bartley opened the safe and took out the cash-box. It was empty. He uttered a loud exclamation.

"Why, it's a clean sweep! A wholesale robbery! Notes and gold all gone! No wonder you were in such a hurry to leave. Luckily some of the notes were numbered. Search him."

"No, no. Don't treat me like a thief," cried the poor boy, almost sobbing.

"If you are innocent, why object?" said Monckton, sternly.

"You villain," cried Clifford, "this is your doing. I am sure of it."

Monckton only grinned triumphantly; but Bartley fired up.

"If there is a villain here, it is you. He is a faithful servant, who warned his employer."

He then pointed sternly at young Bolton, and the detective stepped up to him and said, curtly:

"Now, sir, if I must."

He then proceeded to search his waistcoat pockets. The young man hung his head, and looked guilty. He had heard of money being put into an innocent man's pockets, and he feared that game had been played with him.

The detective examined his waistcoat pockets and found—nothing.

His other pockets—nothing.

The detective patted his breast and examined his stockings—nothing.

"Try the bag," said Monckton.

Then the poor fellow trembled again.

The detective searched the bag—nothing. He took the overcoat and turned the pockets out—nothing.

Bartley looked surprised; Monckton still more so. Meantime Hope had gone round from the lobby, and now entered by the small office, and stood watching a part of this business, viz., the searching of the bag and the overcoat, with a look of irony.

"But my safe must have been opened with false keys," cried Bartley. "Where are they?"

And the numbered notes," said Monckton, "where are they?"

"Gentlemen," said Hope, "may I offer my advice?"

"Who the devil are you?" said Monckton.

"He is my new partner; my associate in business," said the politic Bartley. Then, deferentially to Hope, "What would you advise?"

"You have two clerks. I would examine them both."

"Examine me," cried Monckton. "Mr. Bartley, will you allow such an affront to be put on your old and faithful servant?"

"If you are innocent, why object?" said young Clifford, spitefully before Bartley could answer.

The remark struck Bartley, and he acted on it.

"Well, it is only fair to Mr. Bolton," said he. "Come, come, Monckton, it is only a form."

Then he gave the detective a signal, and he stepped up to Monckton and emptied his waistcoat pockets of eighty-five sovereigns.

"There!" cried Walter Clifford. "There! there!"

"My own money, won at the Derby," said Monckton, coolly; "and only a part of it, I am happy to say; you will find the remainder in bank notes."

The detective found several notes.

Bartley examined the book and the notes. The Derby! He was beginning to doubt this clerk, who attended that meeting on the sly. However, he was just, though no longer confiding.

"I am bound to say that not one of the numbered notes is here."

The detective was now examining Monckton's overcoat. He produced a small bunch of keys.

"How did they come here?" cried Monckton, in amazement.

It was an incautious remark. Bartley took it up directly, and pounced on the keys. He tried them on the safe. One opened the safe; another opened the cash-box. Meantime the detective found some notes in the pocket of the overcoat, and produced them.

"Great heavens!" cried Monckton, "how did they come there?"

"Oh, I dare say you know," said the detective.

Bartley examined them eagerly. They were the numbered notes.

"You scoundrel," he roared, "these show me where your gold and your notes came from. The whole contents of my safe—in that villain's pockets!"

"No, no," cried Monckton, in agony. "It's all a delusion. Some rogue has planted them there to ruin me."

"Keep that for the bank," said the policeman; "he is sure to believe it. Come, my bloke. I knew who was my bird the moment I clasped eyes on the two. Taint his shirt, job, gents, you take my word. We shall find his photo in some jail or other in time for the assizes."

"Away with him," cried Bartley, furiously.

As a policeman took him off, the baffled vil-

lain's eye looked on Hope, who stood with folded arms and looked down on him with a warning brow and the deep indignation of a just, and yet with haughty triumph.

That eloquent look was a revelation to Monckton.

"Ah," he cried, "it was you."

"Hope's only reply was this:

"You doubtless; false accuser and thief; you are caught in your own trap."

And this he thundered at him with such sudden power, that the thief went wringing out, and even those who remained were awed. But Hope never told any one except Walter Clifford that he had undone Monckton's work in the lobby; and then the poor boy fell upon his neck, and kissed his hand.

To run forward a little, Monckton was tried and made no defence. He carried not call Hope as his witness, for it was clear Hope must have seen him commit the theft and attempt the other villainy. But the false accusation leaked out as well as the theft. A previous conviction was proved, and in the dignified judge gave him fourteen years.

Thus was Bartley's fatal secret in mortal peril on the day it first existed; yet on that very day it was saved from exposure, and buried deep in a jail.

Bartley set Hope over his business, and was never heard of for months. Then he turned up in Sussex with a little girl who had been saved from diptheria by tracheotomy, and some unknown quack.

There was a scar to prove it. The tender parent pointed it out triumphantly, and nailed at the regular practitioners of medicine.

CHAPTER IV.—AN OLD SERVANT.

Walter Clifford returned home pretty well weaned from trade, and anxious to propitiate his father, but well aware that on his way to reconciliation he must pass through probation. He slipped into Clifford Hall at night, and culled his approaches by going to the butler's pantry. Here he was safe, and knew it; a faithful old butler of the antique and provincial breed is apt to be more unreasonably paternal than paterfamilias.

To this worthy, then, Walter ordered a good bed, a good supper, and good advice:

"Better not tackle him till I've had a word with him first."

Next morning this worthy butler, who for seven years had been a very good servant, and for the next seven years rather a bad one, and would now have been a handi master if the colonel had not been too great a Tartar to stand it, appeared before his superior with an air slightly respectful, slightly aggressive, and very dogged.

"There is your gentleman who would beglad to speak to you, if you will let him."

"Who is he?" asked the colonel, though by old John's manner he divined.

"Can't ye guess?"

"Don't know why I should. It is your business to announce my visitors."

"Oh, I'll announce him, when I am made safe that he will be welcome."

"What! isn't he sure of a welcome; good, dutiful son like him?"

"Well, sir, he deserves a welcome. Why, he is the returning prodigal."

"We are not told that he deserved a walf come."

"What signifies! he got one, and Scripture is the rule of life for men of our age, now we are out of the army."

"I think you had better let him ply his own case, John, and if he takes the tone you do he will get turned out of the house pretty quick; as you will some of these days, Mr. Baker."

"We shan't go, neither of us," said Mr. Baker, but with a sudden tone of abject respect, which alarmed the words of the true meaning. He added, hanging his head for the first time:

"Poor young gentleman! Afraid to face his own father?"

"What's he afraid of?" asked the colonel, roughly.

"Of your cursing and swearing at him."

"The cursing and swearing," said the colonel. "A thing I never do now; cursing and swearing, indeed. You be—"

"There you go," said old John. "Come, colonel, be a father. What has the poor boy done?"

"He has deserted, a thing I have seen a fellow shot for, and he has left me a prey to parental anxieties."

"And so he has me, for that matter; I'll forgive him. Anyway, I should like to hear his story before I condemn him. Why, he's only nineteen and four months come Martinmas. Besides, how do we know? he may have had some very good reason for going."

"His age makes that probable, doesn't it?"

"I darsay it was after some girl, sir."

"Call that a good reason?"

"I call it a strong one. Haven't you never found it?" (The colonel was betrayed into winking.) "From sixteen to sixty, a woman will draw a man where a horse can't."

"Since that is so," said the colonel, drily, "you can tell him to come to breakfast."

"Am I to say that from you?"

"No; you be— that much upon your self, have known you presume a good deal more than that, John."

"Well, sir," said John, hanging his head for a moment, "old servants are like old friends, they do not presume a bit; but then—raising his head proudly—"they cure for their masters, young and old. New servants, sir; why this lot that we've got now, they would not shed a tear for you if you was to be hanged."

"Why should they?" said the colonel. "A man is not hanged for building churches. Come, beat a retreat. I've had enough of you. See there's a good breakfast."

"Oh!" said John, "I've took care of that."

When the colonel came down, he found his son leaning against the mantelpiece; but he left it directly and stood erect, for the colonel had drilled him with his own hands.

"Ugh!" said the colonel, giving a snarl peculiar to himself, but he thought, "How handsome the dog is," and was proud of him secretly, only he would not show it.

"Good morning, sir," said the young man, with civil respect.

"You're most obedient, sir," said the old man, stiffly.

After that neither spoke for some time, and the old butler glided about like a cat, helping both of them especially the young one, to various delicacies from the side table. When he had stuffed them pretty well, he retired softly and listened at the door. Neither of the gentlemen were in a hurry to break the ice; each waited for the other.

Walter made the first remark:

"What delicious tea!"

"As good as where you come from!" inquired Colonel Clifford, insidiously.

"A deal better," said Walter.

"By the-by," said the colonel, "where do you come from?"

Walter mentioned the town.

"You astonish me," said the colonel. "I made sure you had been enjoying the pleasures of the capital."

"My purse wouldn't have stood that, sir."

"Very few purses can," said Colonel Clifford. Then, in an off-hand way, "Have you brought her along with you?"

"Certain," said Walter, off his guard.

"Her? Who?"

"Why, the girl that decoyed you from your father's room?" (Continued on p. 2)