WEEKLY SUN, ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 12, 1894.

BURGLAR JIM.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Bertrod Leyton was steadily migrating eastward. From Chelsea he had gone to Hampstead, from Hampstead to Hackney, from Hackney to Hoxton, and now he was not far from the purlieus of Whitechapel. At every successive migration his heart, and what was infinitely more to him, his wife's heart, had been wounded more deeply by the iron heel of misery. Till he was twenty Bertrod had lived near Stockport, in Cheshire. His father was one of the cotton lords of that dingy, dirty town, and had risen from councillor to alderman, from alderman to magistrate, from magistrate to mayor. His cotton mill was the largest in that town of cotton mills; his wealth surpassed that of his brother spinners. "An obstinate man," his friends and fellow-citizens called him; but his enemies used a harsher word. Once the mill workers went out on strike, and he had been the leader of the masters, the bitterest and most unyielding of all. The work people triumphed in the end, because the other masters were not so firm as he. He was reported to have said that his work people would "eat dirt" before he would have yielded, if he had been fighting for himself.

know. His words were passed from lip to lip, and the hunger-bitten operatives for a time hissed him in the streets. row morning." But having won, they were magnanimous; and as he-seeing he had gone too far-judiciously spent a few hundreds in charities that brought him prominently before the workers, the matter dropped. When next he stood for the town council, his opponents sought to make capital out of his words; but the attempt failed, and he was elected by a large majority. He had three children-Bertrod and two girls. On Bertrod his ambition was centered, and he told him, when but a boy of fifteen, that it would be his own fault if he did not wear a corogossip. net, and then sent him to Eton and Oxford. It was during the summer vacation

that the festivities of his coming of age took place. He developed a great liking for the mill that summer, and it was whispered that he was fond of to blush. visiting the porter's lodge, where a pretty girl, Rhoda Brighton, worked at roller covering. Rhoda was only a factory girl, but a superior factory girl. Of middle height, shapely and grace. ful, with a face that would have challenged admiration at a drawing room: was what she was to the outward eye. Bertrod soon found that she was refined as well. She had but a national school education; but she had made good use of her opportunities. The best man. commentary on her was that of the vulgar factory girls, who stigmatized her "stuck up"; the worst

possible sin in their eyes. son apart forever. Her father had been a mechanic, Give her up at once, or I've done wit.

When the manager came in, he found atmosphere they had created had its impossibility that they could , even if neighbor." his young master arguing with Rhoda effect on Rhoda, who wrote two or they would, alter their mode of life as to the best way of covering a roller, and was appealed to by Bertrod. He obtrusive pathos, which were accepted a superior couple happened to be pronounced against Bertrod, who ap- and paid tor.

peared to be much chagrined thereat. At last the novel was finished, written cut in Rhoda's clear-cut hand. a little when they thought of the pale-Didsbury Fields were a little bit of What a labor of love it had been ! Paradise that evening. Bertrod spoke How she had toiled till her eyes ached, frankly and to the point. He wanted Rhoda educated, because that was all destroying every sheet that was the that was necessary to make her an least blotted, or on which she had made ideal wife. "You have the instinct of a mistake or correction, till it was copy refinement and culture now, my dar-, clear enough to merit the encomium of ling; all you want is the polish. If you the most fastidious compositor ! ling; all you want is the polish. If you The story, amid many flutterings . love me, darling, you will consent to heart, and many a little ripple of what I now propose. No one must laughter at nothing in particular, was know of our engagement yet. You daintily packed, and without any due must give notice at the mill tomorrow sense of fitness, was sent to one of the evening. Then I shall find a place great London publishers. They prewhere you may get all the knowledge tended not to be castle-building; but and accomplishments of a lady. I all the same they counted on what was think I know a lady in Windsor who to come in the next twelve months; would be glad to take charge of you not a shop did they see but Bertrod -a lady who is a lady. Your mother pointed out what he would buy her when- when they were "better off," can live in Windsor, if you wish it. By the time you are ready, I shall be A fortnight of buoyant hope, and the in a position to marry you. I shall manuscript came back with a polite then announce our engagement; and if "Declined." It was a shock, and Berall the world says 'no,' I shall marry trod laughed a cheerless little laugh. you just the same. Have you any ob- "Of course it would not be accepted jection, darling? Speak frankly, as you at first. If it had been I should have love and trust me." given up in despair; genius, or even Rhoda had many odjections to make, talent, has never succeeded at the many fears to express, many doubts first attempt. Mark my words, to explain.But her love brushed them Rhoda-that same publishing house aside lightly, and they gave themselves will in a few months be asking me for a story-anything from my pen. up to the happiness that lovers only be magnanimous and forgive I'll

"Tell your mother," he said as they them.' parted, "I shall call and see he tomor-Time after time the manuscript came back. It was getting shabby and fray-Mrs. Brighton likewise had many ed at the edges. It had been everymisgivings, but they vanished before where, likely and unlikely, and the best they had received was: "If this the genuine frankness of the handsome young fellow. "Rhoda is my all story was twice as long we might -my pride," she said. "God bless you consider it." as you do by her." He answered that no Nothing but hope had kept Bertrod words of his should have any weight- from sinking under the great strain

only his objections. She consented to he had undergone. Now he sank his plans; and a fortnight later mother and sank deeply. Ghastly paleness, great circles round the eyes, sleepless and daughter left for Windsor. The meetings of the master's son and nlghts, irritable temper, had long warned him. At last he fell, and Rhoda had not been unnoticed by the neighbors; and the departure of the Rhoda's nights and days were spent Brightons gave food to much malicious in nursing him.

"A proud, saucy baggage," It was six months before he was out in the street again. Brain fever had was the verdict; "them stuck-up ups as looks down on the like of us are sure left him a wreck of himself. The firm had been very kind; they had to come to that. A good, honest paid his salary for two months, and woman as works for her livin' is worth then reluctantly had filled his place. a hundred o' their soort.' Happily, Bertrod had no pleasant prospect. Rhoda and her mother were not there Here he was weak and helpless, but a few pounds in the house, his occupation gone, and with a wife who Two years have passed, years big would soon give him another name. with happiness to the lovers. Bertrod Active labor was out of the queshas just left college to get a little intion, and it was only by exhausting sight in the working of the mill. Old effort that he managed to write, with Leighton is about to give up the mill, Rhoda's help, 'a few articles, that and has proposed that Bertrod should brought in about a gulnea a week on try it for six months. If, then, he an average. There was no help for should choose to follow the business, it; so with tears such as they had he, may; if not, it will be sold to a comnever dreamed they would shed, they pany, and Bertrod can play the gentlebegan to march backward. They took rooms in a northern district and there But a week after his home-coming, managed to exist. Bertrod would the bombshell explodes in the Leyton have sunk down in despair if Rhoda breakfast room, and blows father and had not played the part woman is ever called upon to play. He sought "Never ! never !" shouts the father. for work of all kinds, for the irregular

"Ah! that's out o' the Bible, I recthree short tales, full of a gentle, un- and change their nature just because kin. That book's right about some things, I've 'eared. I s'pose that's why you can't see your way to joinin' lodging in the same house. They did tone down their picturesque language me? "Yes; I cannot, because f believe

it is wrong."

faced, gentle trio in the room above: but when softened it was still torture to Rhoda.

CHAPTER II. Two of the lodgers puzzled the Ley-

tons very much. Jim Beadel and his wife rented the rooms under theirs. Jim was a burly, frank-looking fellow of about thirty; his wife was not more than twenty-five, rather pretty, and of a cheerful, good-natured disand it seemed as if the shadow of position, which found vent in singing all the comic and popular ditties of the day. In the daytime she managed to go through some half-hundred songs in a style that was very excruciating to Rhoda's ear. The Leytons could not make out what Beadel's ocupation was. He seemed to have nothing particular to do, and spent the greater part of the day at home. Liza seemed very fond of him and he ouly chance." of her, except when he got tipsy on Saturday, and then he was quarrelsome. She did not make any fuss. but simply said:"He's not nice when he gets boozy.' the cold weather sets in." One day the Leytons remarked that It was now the beginning of No Beadel had not ben at home for two or three days, and 'Liza seemed very downcast. "They've quarreled and he's left her for a time," said Bertrod,

who felt a relief in turning from his own troubles to discuss those of others. The following day Mrs. Beadel get caught in the rain, and very soon became ill, so ill that the doctor had to

be called in. "'E says it's inflimmition o' the lungs," said the landlady to Rhoda. "Do you think she would object to me going to see her?" "Bless yer 'art, no! She'd be pre

cious glad, I bet." And so Rhoda went to see her. She needed careful nursing, and, weak as

she was. Rhoda determined to undertake the task, for no one else seemed capable or willing. Bertrod demurred a little, but Rhoda silenced all objections by a few quiet words that appealed to his finer feelings. When it was gossiped about from door-step to door-step. Rhoda rose in Darkman street estimation. If not willing to do it themselves, they could appreciate its being done. The other inmates of the house in a rough fashion tried to help her as much as

possible-nursing Rhoda's little Gertrude and tidying her room-acts which Rhoda hardly appreciated at their proper value. "Would not your husband come to see you?" Rhoda ventured to en-

quire of her patient when confidence had been established between them. Mrs. Beadel looked at her enquiring ly and then said: "He can't." "I'm sorry to hear that, I thought perhaps you had-had quarrelled a

little." Not sne answered with e

Have seldom a call for any other powder or liniment than Manchester's. JOHN TITUS, Bloomfield, K. C.

I cured a valuable trotting horse of stiff lameness by use of Manchester's "Well, I'm mighty sorry. I wish I could have your respected parent in W. CAMPBELL, Liniment. the back yard for five minutes, St. John. though; I might knock sence in 'im.

Does 'e believe the Bible, mister?" "He does not follow it," said Ber-I keep several draught horses for trod with a sad smile, trucking purposes; would as soon be The next day was the beginning of without oats in barn as without Mandarker and more bitter time for the Leyton's. Rhoda, worn out by the chester's Powder and Liniment. nursing most probably, sickened again,

S. PUDDINGTON, St. John.

death was resting upon her. It was no positive illness, only the wasting of Manchester's remedies are the best all health and strength, brought an by horse medicine I ever used; would not anxiety and care and insufficient nourishment. Bertrod, not knowing where

the money was to come from, called in a doctor. He gave his opinion with a

brutal frankness: "She must get to a warmer climate at once-the south of Powders and Liniment to any one France I should recommend. It is her having a horse out of condition, sick "I carn twelve shillings a week, docor lame; have used them myself with tor; I cannot well send her on that."

best possible results. "I am sorry," said the doctor less curtly; "but she will die here, directly

vember. Bertrod stamped his feet in agony. His father, he had learned, for and one or two seemed greatly scanmore than a year had had a house in dalized at their galety. But they did town, and another at Henley, for he not know that the pair had passed was nursing the river 'side constitufrom death to life. ency. Once he made up his mind to

take a pistol and confront his father "Money for my darling's life, or your life." He gave up the idea in a saner moment, and also the idea that he by roughness.' would accept Beadel's offer, and in

their place arose the idea that grew stronger and stronger, "My darling will dis, and it will be better for her. I will keep sixpence for laudanum, and we will be happy together where fathers But the cup of bitterness was not

quite drained. His mind was so unbalanced that he failed at his work, and one day, making a big error, he was given three days' pay and told to be gone. He went with a curse in his heart, a bitter smile on his lips. He pawned his watch and best suit, and then went home to sit by his wife, who did not know the new horor that had been added.

are unknown."

Mrs. Feadel did all she could for the woman who had been so kind to her. But she was not marked out for a nurse, wiling though she was. She and Jim talked earnestly over their neighbors' affairs, and many a dainty did they get for the sick woman, giving it to her with the fiction that they were just having a bit o' dinner, and thought

she might like a bit. Four days did Bertrod wander through the streets seeking work and he said: 'I'm only sorry it wasn't more; finding none. He had three shillings but it was all I could find.' The acand twopence left, not enough to buy a bottle of port wine for his darling. The Beadels never asked, but they pretty shrey

week." dly the state of

who is a c son from u it by no othe self-sacrifice warn the guided, not facts." They we five minute question, but with th to mercy." "James "you are ments that course of li persist in t fallibly ma honest cou one day's i the term o It was plause the in the stre trod cam pressed for the robber Mr. Leyt what it wa raged opin constituen candidate required, the popula propitiate his son £5 fused it. gift. and for several been offere * Two ye died from stepped in Bu glar He is Be Henley, a light is to which he trod and Head Up. American wise, but t "Horrors, lishmen sa say the very love with he the modern lege man sa "In rock In the danc in boats at clumsier." Most won shoulders a swing, their and their a mand of t pitching of other is bo The typic tial charms Her movem altogether ally she i lines betw wears a k trifle below slips its n

up to it, From the

From the and grand.

women stud alty is the shoulders, crowns. M "She is t

never tire of Her Ma

A model long time, grace, was a militery "I never life," she the end of soiled. Bu the sole of you prefer business to has gentil

has gen

lightly!

I can go as a cat. woman w cultivated on her he body stra a noise. and step

weight is carried, "Before

"Before must sta lines in a to as the ural bust in the ski To cultiv be subdu ach in s

be subdu ach in, a and an ing touch "Now quiet as should be Take lon tice. Gi Let the touch the should no heavy.

heavy.

furs an

garment York W

Newca ting ra-trotting associat Wedness

classes: purse, \$ The n pleted. the tow looking imposin ready fo The R on the to three s finished The but three s finished The lu

seems the Min had tw terian church

Skin by bad Skin D Rashes Pimples ties fro to the

Gre

clated

Dear Bitters find it cure I Sarah

Larg

GEN Oil, an sprains All wi Montre

A

gence

Dr. worms Price

Tru

who white about

Fre

saw."

be without them. JOHN SMITH, Livery Stable, Sussex, N. B. I would recommend Manchester's J. ALLEN TABOR, Livery Stable, St. John. Bertrod thought more kindly of his father and his sisters than he had done since he left home. "He is relenting, Rhoda, and he tried to hide it

Their days on the Riviera were days that seemed Elysium after Darkman street. Bertrod was feeling much bette:, and, what was best of all. Rhoda was fast regaining her health and cheerfulness. Again could they talk of the rosy future, of what they would do and what they would be-

come, when they were back in England again. About a fortnight after their arrival, Bertrod was reading at breakfast time -Rhoda was not yet down-the English Standard of the day but one before. Suddenly a paragraph in the police court news met his eye, and his cheek blanched as he read: "James Beadel was prought up again on remand on a charge of stealing several hundred pounds, the property of Mrs. S. Leyton, River House, Henley-on-Thames. It will be remembered that the River House was broken into on the night of

the 22nd ult., and an escritoire was forcibly opened and the money stolen The accused, who is a man well known to the police, was seen in Henley that day, and the police arrested him at his lodgings in Hoxton. When charged cused was committed for trial at the assizes, which begin on Thursday

Bertrod nut on his hat and went out.

foreman of an engineering firm. He had saved a few hundreds, and invested them in a building society. The society was defrauded, and became bankrupt, and his heart broke with it. The week after the first and final dividend of sixpence, he was dead. His wife had nothing: and Rhoda, who was looking forward to a high school education, at fifteen was sent to earn her bread. By great good fortune, she got engaged as roller coverer, one of the

most genteel of cotton factory employagain." Bertrod was often in the lodge on various pretexts, but in reality to talk to pretty Rhoda. His father was not a Puritan, and Bertrod had some transient dreams at first of making Rhoda a shame. But a few days' conversation shame. But a few days' conversation with her made him hate himself for mill with her presence?" his half-conceived thought; and gradu-

ally there grew in his heart a hope that she might be his jewel, not his plaything. He gave no heed to the fact life and honor." that he was a master's son and rich, and she only a factory girl, and that the world would look upon such a union as debasing to him. He knew his be a thief." grandfather had been but an operator himself, and his immature intellect could not perceive any difference in rank. True, Rhoda was not so educated as he would wish his wife to be, but that could soon be remedied.

my sisters' will be wanting." If he looked forward with delight to his daily visit to the mill, Rhoda's heart had also begun to beat and her cheek to flush when she heard him, his only farewell. coming. One morning he went down to the mill and said straightforwardly: ble distress when they heard; but Ber-"Rhoda, I love you." trod, with cheerful optimism, chased Rhoda blanched to the lips. "Oh, Mr.

Bertrod. shame !" 'Shame. Rhoda ?"

"Yes, shame to make sport of me mouth, which ended tragically and abruptly, for they were summoned back

"Rhoda," he cried in a tone there was no mistaking, "by my life and honor, I eyes and receive her blessing. Under swear that you mistake me. I love such cheerful auspices' their married you-love you with my whole heart. If life began in a Chelsea flat. you will be my wife I shall behappy; if not-cursed. You will not curse me Rhoda ? She flushed then paled again. "Oh.

Mr. Bertrod, it cannot be. How can I, a poor-"Rhoda, do you love me ? 'Tell me

the truth." "Oh, please do not ask me. It can-

not-" hours together in peace. "I don't want to know what can or

cannot be," he said angrily. 'I want to know if you love me. Speak out honestly, in Heaven's name.

Rhoda was in dire straits. Visions of delight flashed across her brain, mingled with visions the reverse of joy. "Rhoda, as you are a true girl,

answer me yes or no." "Yes, I do," she said, summoning up courage to articulate the words and to

look him fully in the face. "But it cannot be; it is impossible He clasped her in his arms and kissed her trembling lips ."There are no im-

possibilities in love, my darling, as you see. You love me, and you are mine, wings, possible or impossible." Rhoda's eves were alight with love-

fires, but there was doubt in them, too. "How can I, a poor factory girl ? What will your father, what will the world, say ?

"Let them say what they will. What can they say when you are honoring me above all men, giving me what I most crave for ?" He kissed her again.

The manager was coming straight to Promise.

literary work was too precarious a livyou for ever.' "No, sir; as an honorable man, I cannot-will not."

* *

*

His sisters, from whom he has expected sympathy, murmur, "A factory girl," and show unmistakably that they are on their father's side. dearie," he said cheerfully. But , she "Hark you, my ungrateful son," said could give him no help; a fortnight the father after a pause. "You know after he got his clerkship a baby girl me. I give you a night to sleep on it. came. For a moment it was a bright If you do not obey me, you leave here spot in the dark clouds. But fresh

in the afternoon, and never a penny of sorrow was added. The weeks and mine or a word of mine shall you have months of ceaseless care and watching had drained Rhoda's vital forces Bertrod had inherited something of and it was her turn to be helpless his father's stubbornness, and there and suffering for weeks together. was love also to keep him unyielding. Then Bertrod became ill again, and At breakfast next morning he said to only by a great effort could crawl to his father: "Are you stil determined crawl to his work. to disinherit me because I choose to

The story of that spring-tide is too marry a girl who once honored your pitiful to dwell upon. Now faster, now slower, they went east, which "Are you going to give her up ?" is to say, down hill. In an agony of "Certainly not, father. I should not despair, when Bertrod became ill be your son if I yielded in a matter of again. Rhoda wrote to his father. telling him that his boy was in want-"Then I give you till three this after-"through sickness alone," she added noon to clear out. And you only take proudly. Rhoda did not tell him your personal belongings, please; don't that she was writing-if the father should aid his son in his strait, she "I shall take nothing that does not wished it to appear spontaneous. The belong to me." said Bertrod, calmly, in only answer was the letter returned spite of the taunt: "you may rest asthrough Mr. Levton's solicitor, who sured I shall not take all that does bewas "authorized to say that Mr. Leylong to me, for it seems your love and ton declined to hold any communication with his son or his wife." She Old Leyton kept out of the way till shower Bertrod the letter. He set Bertrod had gone; and the tips of his his teth firmly, but wept bitter tears sisters' fingers, grudgingly given, were as he went to the office.

At last they were in Hoxton, men Rhoda and her mother were in terriaced by the union. Bertrod was now pawnbroker's assistant at twelve shillings a week. Their lodgings were the shadows away; and a fortnight such as they would have shrunk with later he made Rhoda a wife. They horror from a year ago; now they had a quiet honeymoon at Bournewere thankful they had such a home Both were still weak and subject to spells of weakness. Their life could by telegram to close Mrs. Brighton's be summed up, when both were not ill, comparative happiness; one alone, tolerable; both, despair.

And yet they had managed to keep Bertrod, soon finding that an Oxtheir souls and minds intact. It was ford graduation was not a unique arwestern feeling in the heart of the ticle in the market, got engaged as east. Sometimes it worked for happitraveller for a firm of wholesale chemnes; at others it made life exquisite ists at one hundred and fifty pounds torture. The rough people among a year. The worst of it was it took whom they lived recognized the differhim a good from home. But they ence and christened them the Lady were all the happier at the week-end, and Gentleman. At first it was sar when they were able to spend a few castic and malicious; but by-and-by it became a good natured appellation, Bertrod took to literary work as he and by some even of affection. If

several articles and sketches were ac--the chief house-of-call of the street cepted by an evening paper. He was -he was cherry, and spoke kindly as delirious with joy as Rhoda herself. to them, some of whom addressed He was destined to be a famous him as "Sir." If Rhoda was a lady auth the idol of the reading public ! to them they soon began to find that He got eight pounds for seven articles, she was a lady after the order of the and the money was put by to feast vicar's wife and the Sister of Mercy, their eyes upon. They were not eight and ever ready to help in sympathy if paltry gold coins, but riches; and when she could not in purse. "A rale lady, either of the twain were depressed, they but comed down; as weak as a babby,

would go to the precious box and try and her man consumptive," was the with the coins, and under their potent general description of her by her influence care and depression took rough neighbors. Their fellow-lodgers were anything Bertrod was so elated and so proud but refined; and it was like an open of the sympathy and help of his wife wound in Bertrod's heart to think

that he worked early and late, and that, instead of giving the girl who after a day's travelling would often sit had worked in his father's mill a life up the whole night working hard on 'he immeasurably better, it was imnovel that was to bring him fame and measurably worse. Drink, fighting, bad language-such was the atmosfortune. He was delighted in work, for it was for her sake, and he often phere in which the gentle girl had to

quoted Carlyle and others who had live. And what of their child, the darwritten on the dignity of labor. Rhoda' ling girl who was to be such a jewel opied for him and talked over the as never child was before or since?

characters with him till he declared What would she be in the atmosphere the lodge, so he whispered:"Meet me in that the story was as much hers as his of Darkman street? Not that their "Nothing-only that my wife Didsbury Fields this evening at nine. and cught to be issued in their joint fellow-lodgers had no respect for their

ergy. "Jim'd be here if he could." ing. One week they might not receive "Would he not come if he knew how five shillings, another week three ill von were?" pounds might come. As spring came "Jim's in guod." Mrs. Beadel answer he managed to get a clerk's place at ed, half shyly, half proudly. thirty shillings a week. "I can do "In quod," echoed Rhoda. "Where is literary work in the evenings, that?"

"Why, in 'prison, of course." "In prison!" "Yes: doing three months."

"I am sorry to hear that," sale Rhoda. "Was he innocent?" "He was deuced unlucky. Jim's never been copped before. He's clever, is Jim: and if he had been sober he'd have been all right." "I am sorry for your sake he cannot be with you. I hope he won't get

-too much drink again." "Amen to that. If Jim'll keep sober there's not a cleverer burglar in London."

"Burglar!" Rhoda exclaimed in horror. "Surely he's not that?" "That just what he is," said Mrs. Beadel, excitedly and exultantly. Rhoda told her husband, and he was as much amazed as she was. "This is what we are come to," he cried bit-

terly, "herding with robbers." Rhoda was afraid that he might forbid her nursing 'Liza any longer, but to her relief, he did not mention it. Robber's wife as she was. Mrs. Beadel was grateful, and, little by little, as she got better, Rhoda found herself telling herpatient her history. "Ah! I knew you were a lady and 'ad 'ad trouble. A nice father-in-law. Why my Jlm is worth a cartload o'

Jim came out of prison just as his wife was able to do a little for herself. He certainly did not look in any worse health for his enforced holiday. He tried to express his gratitude to Mrs. Leyton; but it was a very awkward attempt. But he and his wife talked over matters together, and at last he determined to give his gratitude a tangible shape. He asked for an interview with Bertrod, which was

accorded. "Your misses been like a mother to my misses, and I'm mighty grateful for it. I shouldn't 'ave 'ad the little

ooman now, if it 'adn't been for your misses. Now I've 'eared, sir, as you've come down in the world-no offence meant. Everybody about 'ere can see you're a gentleman. You know what I am. Now, why shouldn't you join me and make a decent livin'? I wouldn't 'ave taken my own father rushed about the country in the train and, to his unspeakable satisfaction, the neighbors at the "Victoria Arms" on my own 'ook. But I'm mighty grateful, and I'll go 'alf profits and

put you up to the business.' Bertrod did not know whether to laugh or be angry. Yet he could but appreciate the man's earnest effort to aid him, and so he said: "Mr. Beadel, I am very grateful to you. You have a generous heart. But I could not join you. You see, Mr. Beadel, I have been brought up to think that robbing is wrong in itself, and even if we were totally without food, starving to death, neither of

us would touch a penny we had not come by honestly. Your ideas and mine are different, Mr. Beadel. I do not wish to offend you, but I must give you my honest opinion.'

"I'm sorry, sir. It strikes me, sir, you're a bit soft-'eaded. That is-I mean-'ang it, what do gentlemen never. Bertrod smiled. "Eccentric, per-

"That's it, I suppose. But there's no nore to be said, I guess."

affairs, and their conversation generally resolved itself into a committee of ways and means for their neighbors. And that night, while Bertrod was casting longing eyes on the Thames, Jim sprang up crying: "I 'ave it-I ave it." "What ?" said 'Liza.

"I 'ave it. Wait till I come back, 'Liza-wait." It was the following morning about

nine o'clock and Bertrod had just sunk into an uneasy slumber when he was roused by Beadel knocking loudly at the loor. He roused himself at once. "Quick, dress yourself," whispered Jim excitedly, "and come into my room.

Quick's the word now." In five minutes he had joined them. Husband and wife were standing, 'Liza with her thrown around her husband's neck.

"Oh, I beg pardon --- " Bertrod began. "Come in, come in; good news, mister."

Good news! Then it was not for him. "I've been to your father's, sir," Jim

began nervously, looking steadily away from his face. ("I 'ope you'll excuse 'im for the liberty," 'Liza put in.) "I said: 'Look 'ere; your son wants some tin tremendous bad: 'is wife's dyin' unless she goes abroad, doctor says. If you're a man' give 'im somethin'.

Bertrod's head seemed almost bursting as Jim paused. "Go on," he whispered.

"Well, sir, 'e looked at me, and I reckin 'e saw I meant business. Then 'e took out a pocketbook. ''Ere's four hundred and fifty in notes,' ses 'e 'take it to 'em. They've got nice friends,' ses 'e. 'But never let me 'ear from 'em again ; not another penny from me will they get. I curse 'em, with this.' "

'Curse 'em agin and double the money,' sed I; but 'e looked so black. I picked up the flimsy and come away.

"My father sent !" said Bertrod, his breath coming in gasps. "Did I say so ?" asked Jim half petulantly. "You must take her to France this very day. Take her, for you need it almost as bad." When Bertrod realized the truth, nature asserted herself, and he fell back in a faint. Jim always kept brandy at hand; and, restored by a

draught, Bertrod rushed off into his room. Husband and wife sobbed together such tears as they had not wept for many a day. But there was work to be done: and Bertrod was rushing about all day making purchases and preparing for

their journey. Hope is a powerful stimulant, and even Rhoda laughed merrily. They left by the evening mail, intending to rest a day in Paris. Bertained." trod vainly endeavored to give a little

of his unexpected wealth to Jim, but the housebreaker and his wife steadily refused the proffered gift. "No, sir," said Jim stoutly; "it's a shame to insult me so. When I wants tin, I works for it."

"Forgive me," said Bertrod. "I did not mean to insult you. But my wife and I will never forget your kindn

Rhoda kissed 'Liza as she went which, she afterwards said, was the one thing she was the proudest of, of any in her life.

Bertrod laughingly said that his fellow-passengers would think, if it not caring whether he lives or dies, not want any reward for what she did. were not for the baby, that they were names. What was better, the literary feelinge; but, of course, it was an She felt it her duty to help her a couple just off on their honeymoon; heart; and on the other hand, a man

He must have time to think ! He saw it all now. Jim. rough, uneducated burglar as he was, had risked his liberty to save him and his wife. His eart glowed within him as he thought of the unassuming heroism of the man. Come what would, he would go back to England and endeavor to save him. Should he tell Rhoda ? No; it would only distress her. He went back. calmer, now that his mind was made up. "Darling," he sand, "I must go to Englang at the end of this week. You will not mind me leaving you for a few days : "What is it ?" she asked, apprehen-

sion leaping in her eyes. "I do not wish to tell you, now,

dearest. It is something that concerns our future happiness-nothing evil." She had always trusted him implicitly. "Very well, my dear. But I shall

be glad when you come back.' He did not form his course of action till he reached London, then he made up his mind that he would tender himself as an informal witness, for he shrewdly guessed, from the way in which he had acted throughout, that the burglar would strongly object to his appearance in court.

For two days Bertrod sat quietly through the proceedings in court, waiting. On the third day his father came, and he knew that the case would soon be called. In fact, it was the first, and the prisoner was put in the dock. He did not seem at all abashed. but glanced nonchalantly round the court, though he did not notice Bertrod. Counsel opened the case, and after his father, the police and several others had been called as witneses, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence

"No, my lord," was the answer; when Bertrod, pale and determined, stood

"My lord, I wish to give evidence for the defence." He saw his father start and a look of surprise come upon the face of the burglar.

"My lord, pardon me, but it was only through acidentally seeing the report of this case before the magistrate, when I was in France, that I am here, and I did not know with whom to communicate so as to be heard in the regular way."

"Let the witness be sworn," said the judge abruptly. Bertrod told briefly but clearly, though with a nervous voice, the story

of his life, relating how his father had cast him off, and how, through misfortune, he had sunk deeper and deeper. Then he told of his Darkman street days, and how, in the last extremity, the money had been brought, which he really believed his father had sent. Then he went on: "My lord, it was not till I happened to see a report of the case in the Standard that I really knew how the money had been ob-

There was a strong attempt at applause; but it was sternly checked, and the prosecuting counsel rose to speak. "My lord, Mr. Leyton desires me to say that he had not the slightest suspicion that the prisoner came on any such errand. If he hed-

"That will do. Mr. Fardell " said the judge curtly. "I hold a strong opinion as to your client's conduct.' And when he came to sum up, he

gave voice to his opinion. "We have today been witnesses to the contrarie'y of human nature. Here is a man, holding a high position, who allows his son to sink into the lowest depths,

because he obeys the dictates of his



call it?"

haps."