

is," and Bryan's face assumed a look of ferocity, and his fingers worked convulsively as though in the act of clutching the throat of the offending but innocent deputy.

This man was quite a character. Bryan said he was a "soaker." His face was horrid, and red, while his nose was large and swelled up, and presented the color and appearance of an over-ripe strawberry.

After another unsuccessful sally to procure the necessary funds, Bart one day wearily threw himself into a chair in the parlor, and during some casual conversation discovered that the ill-conditioned deputy was an educated man, and could converse intelligently on both literature and art, and said some pretty things about Bart's productions which adorned the walls on all sides. He was, moreover, possessed of a kind heart, and once, after carefully looking into the street, and behind all the doors leading out of the parlor, announced to Bart in a hoarse whisper that it was "A shame," and old Skinflint was "an infernal skunk."—I heard him, for I was at the stovepipe hole upstairs, and I'm sure Bart fully concurred in this opinion, for I saw him shake hands with the deputy. But the deputy's private opinions were never allowed to clash with his professional duties (until Mr. Bryan Lynch got hold of him) and he said impressively to Bart, that if the money was not forthcoming by 10 o'clock, Thursday morning, "every movable stick must go, for thus saith the bond," whereat there was a wail from the vicinity of the stove-pipe hole.

In the meantime Mr. Bryan Lynch, coachman to young Mr. Bentley, had not been idle, and had sought a private interview with his master, and with many tears and many "Moiras!" told him all, and moreover repainted Bart's last production in such glowing, incongruous, and startling hues, that his master, with a smile of amusement,

said, after a moment's thought: "Lynch, I will buy this picture, but cannot see about it just now. I'm off to Montreal by the 8.05 train this evening, and will be back about 8 Thursday morning, when I will have a look at this famous work of art," and picking up his hat and cane, Mr. Bentley went out, and Bryan was so elated that he then and there cocked his beaver hat over one eye, and executed a hoe-down, accompanied by a war-whoop of such vigorous proportions that several servants rushed in to see what was the matter, a pretty housemaid even going so far as to assert that Lynch was "drunk again," and the said Lynch further impressed her with this belief when he threw one arm round her generous waist and made her an unwilling partner in a wild pirouette around the room, while the rest gazed in open-mouthed astonishment. Then he stopped short, and explained, without going further into details than was absolutely necessary, and wound up with the exclamation: "The master's a brick. Bless his sowl an' inards, say I, an' its me as'll make him the natest coachman, and his the natest, and the toidiest rig in the town, s'help me Brian Boru, me antheater that was!" and with this awe inspiring oath, Bryan hurried off to the stables to "hitch up" and take his master to the station, while his hearers, with a last admiring glance at his retreating figure, scurried off to their several posts of duty.

Bryan had intended keeping his little secret to himself until the last moment, and enjoying the many demonstrations of misery depicted in every variety of form in all our faces.—the old rogue—but I think my lugubrious visage was too much for him, for placing his horny hands on my shoulders and gazing with loving pity into my face he said: "Kitty, asthore! its me as does'nt loike to see ye lookin' so, and ye must smoil at