

ences to saving grace, sanctification through faith, the happiness of repentance, the joys of a new life, and other indirect allusions to his proposed conversion and personal honor.

Finally he pushed back his chair, and, asking to be excused, was presently seen making his way toward the hotel where he usually spent his morning hours in company with a retired captain of the navy, who, like himself, was affected with a deep sense of personal honor, and addicted to deep potations and spiritual influences.

All this time Mrs. Hazard had been the life of the table, her clever wit and quick repartee proving exceptionally brilliant. She had turned to look after the Judge, remarking that salvation and brandy were evidently on equal terms with him that morning and was idling with her fork when Harry said something to Jack about driving down to the business part of the town.

She caught her breath, and then said in the most natural way in the world :

"If you are going near the bank, I hope you will not mind executing a trifling commission for me."

"Certainly not," replied Harry with urbanity, "certainly not. What is it?"

"I wouldn't trouble you, but the fact is that I so much dislike to go to the office of the hotel, the clerks stare at one so; and if you will get this draft cashed I shall be so much obliged."

She drew from her pocket the slip of paper, and with a light laugh put it into his extended hand.

"Not the least trouble, Mrs. Hazard. If it is not a large sum perhaps I can give you the money myself."

Bolton had opened the paper as he spoke, and remarking, "Please endorse it, Mrs. Hazard," handed her a stylographic pen for that purpose, while he proceeded to draw forth his pocket-book.

Jack had drawn his chair near to the window, saying :

"I have some money, Hal; if you haven't enough draw on me, with your permission, Mrs. Hazard."

"I am afraid I am troubling you, gentlemen," with a sweet smile; "but I really know so little of business and its forms."

"Oh! it's no trouble, Mrs. Hazard. Don't mention it." And Harry passed a roll of bills over to Jack, saying in an undertone :

"Put a hundred on that, please."

Mrs. Hazard had written the endorsement and had placed the draft in front of Mr. Bolton when a puff of wind through the open window lifted it and sent it fluttering into Miss Newell's lap. As she picked it up with one hand she glanced rapidly over the draft, and, stretching out the other hand, laid it on the roll of bills Harry had laid on the table, saying, quietly :

"Do not take that money, madam."

"I—what do you mean?" stammered Mrs. Hazard, her face for a moment changing color, and starting to her feet.

"That you must not touch that money."

"Explain yourself; why not?" said the other sharply.

Jack and Harry had arisen in surprise, gazing at each other inter-