

THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

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MASONS AND MASONS.

FOR THE CRAFTSMAN, BY G. S.

CHAPTER V.—TREASON.

It was on the day but one following Fred's departure that the writer had, for financial purposes, occasion to refer to the despatch-box before mentioned. He found it broken open and rifled of all the money he owned in the colony. Nolly, entertaining rather a contempt for bankable funds, treated the matter lightly at first, but, on consideration and with a mature recollection of her fidelity in guardianship, leaped, with fine womanly intuition to the only reasonable hypothesis available in the premises. "And, if he had only asked for it first, Harry," she mourned pathetically, "I should not have grudged the thing at all, for I am sure he was perfectly welcome."

"That he wouldn't, whoever he is," I made savage reply. "And if you had only kept your eyes open, as you promised, we wouldn't both be beggars to-day, thousands of miles from anybody, and right up under the Equator."

I can't say exactly whether the remorse which instantly afflicted me was for the exaggeration or for the roughness. Perhaps it had no better ground than the tears in two blue eyes not often used to them. "I know I left the door unlocked," she confessed piteously, "but it was only once, and how could I know he would have gone back for it? And ever since it has been as safe as the bank, and you can't tell how glad I was to have you back again, just to take it off my mind."

"Who went back—when, whence, whither? Tell me all you know