

approval, and having attested it, he said they would proceed no further in an informal manner, but as soon as breakfast was over, they would ride over to Dr. Greenleaf, and in his presence go over the whole matter thoroughly.

Mr. Warren, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, left the room, and proceeded to the breakfast parlor, leaving Whitley to his cogitations, taking care to turn the key upon him. He sent him some refreshments, however, as he appeared worn out with fasting and fatigue. Whitley, notwithstanding his anxiety, devoured them with avidity, and had hardly completed his repast when he was summoned to proceed, under the charge of a couple of stout constables, to the residence of Dr. Greenleaf.

Mr. Warren had already gone. He anticipated Whitley, as he determined to call upon Captain Willinton, whose presence he desired at the examination, and he feared the appearance of the prisoner might alarm his accomplice, Greene, for whom he had already made out a warrant of arrest, which he intended should at once be executed, should the man be at home. In this he succeeded, and in the presence of his master Greene was arrested. The Captain enquired the meaning of the proceeding somewhat testily, but Mr. Warren, handing the attested paper, simply said :

"Read that—if you want any other explanation, come with me. In the meantime, let this fellow be taken care of, and brought along. He and Whitley can be sent to jail together. We have time enough to get the other before dark."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Willinton. "It can't be that Greene can be such a villain. There must be some mistake."

"Deuce a bit!" said Mr. Warren. "Look at him! If I had not believed it before, his face would have been proof enough of his treachery."

In fact the face of Greene was a sad spectacle to look at. Fierce passions seemed to have got the better of him, as he roughly, though vainly, struggled in the grasp of the constables, who, with the assistance of his fellow servants, were binding his hands together.

"Fool—idiot!" he muttered, "as I was, to let the villain escape. I might have guessed all this! But he shall suffer too! The blow on young Bradshaw's skull shall not be overlooked."

Captain Willinton had already entered the house to take leave of his wife. In a few moments he returned, and the whole train set off for the residence of Dr. Greenleaf, where they shortly after arrived. Whitley with his convoy were there before them, having followed the di-

rect road, while Mr. Warren diverged from it to call upon Captain Willinton.

Dr. Greenleaf was considerably flurried when he found the assemblage becoming so large, for already the noise of all these doings had gone abroad, and a crowd had collected, but he nevertheless shook hands with Mr. Warren and the Captain, and shewed the way into his study where a young gentleman who acted as his clerk was in attendance, and they proceeded minutely to investigate the evidence which had been offered by Whitley, who in a short time was called before them to repeat in a more formal and regular manner, what he had already said.

This time he was confronted by Greene, but although he stammered and hesitated, he persisted consistently enough to satisfy all who heard him, that he spoke the truth. Dr. Greenleaf, however, and Captain Willinton, were much more searching in their enquiry than Mr. Warren had been, and they were not satisfied with the meagre confession of the traitor. Dr. Greenleaf said:

"All this, Whitley, is well enough, so far as it goes; but we must have more. Let us know who it was that so treacherously struck young James Bradshaw. I think he must have been the worst of the three of you."

"I don't know," said Whitley.

"You lie, you villain!" exclaimed Greene, interrupting him. "It was yourself."

They were the first words he had uttered. Until this moment he had maintained a dogged silence.

"It must have been so," said Captain Willinton. "By your own shewing, it was Greene who was struggling with me when Mr. Bradshaw released me. Craighton, therefore, must have been the man who interposed between him and me, and his arm was broken with the pistol bullet—I am sure it was, for it caught the ball which otherwise would have been fatal to me. He could not have struck my gallant young friend; and Greene, also, by your acknowledgment, had made his escape while the young man was in my house. There is not a doubt but that Whitley is himself the man."

Whitley staggered, and turned pale as death. He muttered an indistinct denial, in which he was interrupted by Greene.

"It was Craighton who saved your life, no matter now about who it was he ruined by it. If you want proof, go to his house; you'll find him there, dying probably from the wound. You need not be afraid of his escaping, unless death put him out of your power, and beyond the reach of this cowardly scoundrel."