

breaker, menacingly—"better leave that alone. I've had enough of it I tell you."

"Well, to show you what a clever ass you are—what a sandy foundation a fool can build upon—I'll astonish you still further. Some one *did* see you open that cupboard and take something out."

Trescott gazed on him dumb founded, his dark face became ashy pale.

"Somebody did—who?" he asked, doggedly.

"I *did*!" replied the other.

Trescott gave a start, muttered a curse, but spoke not.

"Listen. It was ten o'clock at night, or thereabouts, and the storm was just coming on, as I came from the, 'Red Bull' to have a bit of talk with you. You see yonder lane-corner"—pointing out of the window. "Well, the window has rarely a blind—no matter if it had. The table was here," pointing again to the spot, "with the candle on it. Now, open that cupboard door, and tell me what would happen in such a case."

Trescott did so.

"It would come *between* the light and the window," he said.

"And a man could be seen taking anything out of it?"

"Y—e—s!" stammered the man, finding himself beset.

"Shut the door, and you see the candle again—is it not so?"

"Yes"

"And the man is seen now *between* the candle and window, and pouring something out of one vessel—say a vial—into another, call it a tumbler. Call the one landanum, and the other brandy and water eh? and—why, how you stare! Suppose I had come forward to tell all this, what would have been the result?"

"Why, you weren't there!" said Trescott, evasively.

"I didn't want to hurt an old friend like you, Trescott," said Glanvill. "I went away early in the morning. Now, you see it all."

The man, pallid and horrid to look at, seemed to be meditating some black and sinister design, which the bold foresight of the other easily read.

"It's of no use, my good fellow! My throat is perfectly safe. They know at the Red Bull that I'm *here*—they know I am going back there. Moreover, the whole of my evidence, as I could give it, is written down, and in my private drawer of my lodgings—no matter were just now—but it will

be found if I'm absent for more than a week; so that I'm safe from you at any rate; and you're safe from me, if you'll be a good fellow, and do me a turn, and, in addition, give me this paper"—taking, as he spoke, the folded paper which had belonged to the pedler.

Trescott looked at him now with that dead and torpid stare with which a man regards another, when a secret involving his very life is surprised out of him by one who can turn it against him, and to the other's own use. He submitted; he was cowed—conquered.

In short, it was a piece of desperate knavery, connected with some approaching races, where heavy stakes and heavier bets were risked on both sides. The gold Trescott had robbed the pedler of he was allowed to keep.

In addition, Glanvill gave him twenty pieces more; and the business being adjusted, after promising the horse-breaker, in the event of success, a handsome reward, Glanvill took his leave, after a short whispered colloquy with Mary Trescott; and in another hour was gently jogging along the road on his noble animal, and looking the handsome, dashing, dare-devil scamp that he was.

We do not here follow them in their complicated knavery—and whether successful or not matters but little. Suffice it, that very shortly after, Trescott left Troughton and altogether disappeared from that part of the country, nor was he ever seen there again.

Mary Trescott, who had been left behind for a day or two, disappeared also—it is said, with a handsome young fellow who had been seen with a chaise hanging about the neighborhood, and so the gossips had matter of scandal for a month, when all was forgotten, and the two had disappeared, never, perhaps, to be heard of more at Troughton.

* * * * *

Two years had gone by since the scenes already detailed have passed under the reader's notice and we are now in a tawdry first-floor room of one of those hybrid houses, then commencing an irruption in the pleasant suburbs of London, on the road to Hampstead, which was to end in blocks of dark and repulsive streams, crescents, and the like, heralding in the horrible age of stucco and veneer which characterize the large outlying districts of the metropolis.

In this room are two persons—three, properly speaking—a man and a woman, with a babe a few months old in her arms.

