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"THE HAND IS THE WORK-MAN'S TOOL."

BY MRS. MARY ANN CROSBY.

"Hands! I wish you were dead!
Enough I reckon you mean by that
Because you have caused me to weep
Have so the trouble of my life, Pat.

When gold was fresh and the boys were frisky,
And I was a young girl, and light as a fairy,
For anything—why or the price of a fairy.

Nothing of that sort, ch? That's strange,
Why, I thought you had loved me, Pat,
Heating your knee of a cold Sunday morning,
Praising my hair, and my hand, and my foot,
And saying 'twas all you could do to keep from
Dancing out of your chair, and—

Nothing of that kind, ch? You mean
Something milder? Well, go on—Oh, Jim!
Tell to the danger that lies in your hands,
Out of sin "Judas in the Garden," You know
Judas, was the same as give you, sir,
Two less bads in their teens, and forgiven
Then even the best of sinners and saints
Were they build upon, and not each day grave
Means to them.

No you know what the Scripture says—Rose
Cared to see it! they hide a mother,
Rumbling about in her grave for shame,
Tell me, Jim! on a corner like the other
That had gall to put up the "hands" on
Both sides, one in his speech, but really
Thinking of me; and why should you think
To get at the secret at all unlawfully.

For they were so quiet, so sly and shy,
Decisive to your cash either wisely,
That someone we'd always; but one spy,
And never seem to observe them which
As they passed to their work. 'Twas a warmed
And it paid them their grab. They could live with
Rogues to do it.

For the to be had a way of leaving gases
In their wake, and forgetting all about it.

Yet no one asked for their secret. Dumb
Lump as they by of their heavy hands,
It was understood that no one should come
To their secret, and share in the best and swallow.
So they lived alone. Until one warm night
I was sitting here as on this door, on, sir,
When out of the sunset's rosy light
Up rode the chief of Mordane.

I knew at once there was something wrong,
For his hand and his voice shook just a little,
Ah, there isn't much you can fetch along
To make the sinner of Jack Hill brisk.
"Do sure the Bailiff is the chief of mischief
Tell I'm coming—to get a d-ecent,
For I've a sore pain in my side, I guess,
I've got a warning, I do—I—I, Mary!

Too sat in their hard seats in the hall
I was to their back, and heard them lying
Dead in each other's arms, and still
Clasping the dirty they had taken dying.
And there lay their secret cold and bare,
Their bids, their trick—the old, old story!
For the robber has gone and the golden lump
Were a woman's shame and a woman's glory.

"Who was they?" Ask no more, sir, ask
The one that visits their graves so lightly;
Ask of the sorrow and the shame of the
The mourning relatives that shrivel slightly.
All of them who have lost their loves
Everything insulted and soft and signing;
Ask any one who has lost the World's love
Well—Roman Rentes—that's the secret.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

One fine morning at this time, Dick Mortiboy said to his ward, when they were out for a ride together:

"Bill, I do you the justice to believe that you don't care very much about your mother."

The boy shook his head.

"And you would not want to go away and live with her, I reckon, Bill?"

Little Bill's cheeks changed colour, and he turned his fine eyes appealingly at Uncle Dick.

"Very well, my boy, then never say anything about her."

The boy was mounted on an old pony that had been used occasionally to carry old Ready-money. It was very quiet and easy in its pace, and Dick had given his protege a few lessons in horsemanship before, and had ventured so far into the country together.

Of course, in a gossiping, little-tattling little place like Market Bosing, there was no abundance of rumours rife concerning the parentage and history of little Bill. Widow as some of these reports differed from others in my particulars, they were all agreed in one essential; it was that he was Ready-money's son. I have never heard that anybody connected the boy with Polly.

Now, I do not say that Dick Mortiboy's argument concerning his ward was sound or just; but it proved to him, by general inference—"A few months ago I was told this was my son. I had not seen him. I did not love him. I was a poor man, and I contributed what I thought sufficient for his support. The boy had the reputation of being my boy. Now I have seen him, and know that he is mine. I like him, and I will take care that he gets some of the benefits he would have got if his mother's pale had been true."

It was rather from impulse than from reason that Dick Mortiboy had acted. He was big, rough, and generous. He had taken the boy from Mrs. Raseboss's tender care, and brought him home with him. He had hardly thought of what he should do with him. He thought, after a time, to send him to school; for the boy was bright and sharp as a needle, and, till he talked, was quite a little gentleman in his manner of speech.

As he looked down at the child's thin face and deep blue eyes, his heart grew soft. It seemed as if he had missed something all his life, which he was finding now. What he was missing was the fondness of love; now they were upon him. He loved a woman. True, she did not love him; but she could in a way for him. It was something to know that Grace loved him "as a brother"—as girls are fond of saying when they mean that they feel a friendly interest in a man, but would rather not have him thinking love to them.

Then came the boy. His love for Dick was wonderful. His loyalty and obedience to what Dick told him, the pains he took to do everything that Dick said was right, the confidence and trust—all this touched Dick, and moved him; it was the first step upwards—to something like repentance. As yet, the faintest glimmer, like the first grey streak of light in the east.

So Dick Mortiboy rode along gently on the strip of grass by the side of the turnpike road, thinking of things, when he became aware that his ward was calling out lustily:

"Mikey O'Grady! Mikey O'Grady!"

The boy was in the middle of the road, some twenty yards behind. He had reined in his pony, and was addressing by name a ragged, shoeless, dust-covered tramp. Dick stopped also.

"Mikey O'Grady," the boy called out again.

"Shure enough it's me name, your honour," said the man, hat in hand.

"Don't you remember me, Mike?"

The boy took off his cap, and shook his light hair over his eyes.

The Irishman gave a yell of delight.

"It's little Bill," he cried.

Dick listened to the conversation, and said nothing.

"I'm going to London, Mike, ain't you? Go to the old place, and find out Peggy. You remember Peggy, don't you Bill? Well, then, give Peggy my love—did I say I was very well, and very happy, and—and I wish he was."

Poor little Bill's eyes began to fill with tears.

"Tell her my message, my man," said Dick. "Tell him, too, that when I come to town I shall go and see him. Perhaps I shall have something for him. And here's something to help you on your way."

The Irishman pocketed the crown piece with a low bow.

"Good bye, good bye. Another commission—Mind, Never forget old friends. What is the whole duty of a boy?"

"Never cheat—never tell lies—never swear—hold his jaw—do his work—go never from home—always be ready to fight—look out for shame—never be malicious—never forget old friends—a lot of 'em now, Uncle Dick."

"That's a curious coincidence," said Uncle Dick.

On the morning after his refusal by Grace Heathcote, Dick Mortiboy was down in his back full of his new purpose. It was to make Georgiana Grimes and Frank Mallisby his junior partners in the concern. The foundry and the brewery would still be managed by Grimes for Dick's sole benefit; but he had made up his mind to rehabilitate Frank's fortunes, and reward the assess and able services of Grimes, by doing what he thought was to both a simple act of justice.

Young Ready-money was not an adept in the art of speechifying, and did not follow exactly how to begin. He sat both his hands on the top of his stick, and gave his attention to Grimes in a very of preamble about Frank.

"Grimes," he said, "I've been thinking things over a goodish deal of late, and I've got a proposal to make to you. Sit down. When I was a boy—before I went away from the governor—if I had a friend to my word for and give up a word, beside a friend Hesthcote, it was my friend Mallisby."

"He was a very good lad, too," said Grimes, who was ignorant of what was about to come from his employer.

"He was," Dick assented. "Well, Grimes," he went on, "they've got a sort of rough notion in those parts I lived in a good many years, that one good turn deserves another. The very reason there not up to it. It seems to me that it's been offended by climate. My uncle Mallisby did me many good turns. Now I am going to do his one good turn; for, I'm bound to help Frank. That's all clear, isn't it?"

Mr. Grimes looked at Dick.

"Good. I knew you'd agree to all that. I've a word or two more to say before I've done. There's the business—the foundry and the wheels—and there's a good many of 'em to greasing of my affairs, who have managing straight and square, and seem to be doing it right steadily."

Mr. Grimes looked at Dick.

"That's you, Grimes. You are it. Well, I think I'm bound to do something for you."

The man of Dick's heart and hopes looked at the speaker of the chapel, and said nothing. He had not had much in his words yet.

"What can we do best—tell it us! The old back yard Mallisby, Barrister & Co. Why not revive the old title by taking Frank and you into partnership? Mortiboy, Mallisby & Grimes."

"Never since the death of Mallisby, said Grimes.

"Well, we'll have it Mallisby, Mortiboy & Co. I don't quite know how these things are done; but I suppose Mallisby will be anything to sign written in a lawyer's office."

"I don't know what you have to be prepared of, sir."

"Very well. You will do all that. Anything is what I want done."

"Mr. Mortiboy—this won't do."

"Why? Is partner now, Grimes? Call me Dick."

"Well, then, Mr. Dick. I don't see you know how to think for yourself. Anyone, I mean, is not a man of sense and judgment. Mr. Mortiboy, I speak, Mr. Dick, Another commission. Never forget old friends."

"Well, Dick, I reckon you mean by that Hiough! I reckon you mean by that Remember the poor old fellows that you have so the trouble of my life, Pat.

"You wouldn't let your everything, parlour," said Dick. "However, what is the use of talking?"

"Why, this; we must arrange terms of partnership, and have them down in black and white."

"I will see Battlecombe, then, at once. We will have a deed drawn up on terms which shall be advantageous to Frank and consistent with my desire to do a more than ample for Grimes, my best friend, and faithful servant."

"Dick Dale, the man who owes a hundred pounds of gratitude to your father; that Grace wishes it; that it will enable you to make a fortune for your father behind which your father's estate is encumbered; that it will do what is most desirable for your mother and Kate—bring them back to Market Bosing; and bring you back to Kate is anything to all your old friends. Grimes is most exact that you will see your friend Frank, and that you have the money. Dick Dale, the man who owes a hundred pounds of gratitude to your father; that Grace wishes it; that it will enable you to make a fortune for your father behind which your father's estate is encumbered; that it will do what is most desirable for your mother and Kate—bring them back to Market Bosing; and bring you back to Kate is anything to all your old friends. Grimes is most exact that you will see your friend Frank, and that you have the money. You ought to sit for Market Basing."

"Indeed!" said his lordship, with surprise. "I was not aware that I was of such importance."

"Property has duties, Mr. Mortiboy. You have, if you correctly informed, a very lovely large stake in the borough. You have a goodly number of boroughs. Dick Dale, the man who owes a hundred pounds of gratitude to your father; that Grace wishes it; that it will enable you to make a fortune for your father behind which your father's estate is encumbered; that it will do what is most desirable for your mother and Kate—bring them back to Market Bosing; and bring you back to Kate is anything to all your old friends. Grimes is most exact that you will see your friend Frank, and that you have the money. You ought to sit for Market Basing."

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