

Grindley refuses him a character. Let the place be ever so menial, I will implore him to give him a chance of living."

I ushered her into the room without giving notice, contrary to all rule, for I was afraid he would refuse to see her. Rooted to the spot I did not offer to leave them. Rose made a passionate appeal to the hard-hearted old man in the name of her ruined husband, of her helpless babe, and her own bitter sorrow, nay, she even went down on her knees to the flinty hearted old money lender, but he sternly refused her prayer, so she went away more heart-broken than ever, and the last words he said to her were, "if he were my own son, and had done such a deed, I would let him die in a ditch before I would stretch out my hand to save him."

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I had for a long time encouraged in my own mind a desire to see more into the private life of my employer, and at last I made up my determination to follow him home from the office. It was quite an adventure: for there was such an air of mystery attachable to him that I was prepared for no little discovery, though hardly for so important a one as I was about to make.

So, in accordance with my intentions, I followed him one evening, keeping close after him all the way home. That home was a very pretty suburban mansion at Highgate, and as he got down from the omnibus a beautiful young lady of seventeen, one of the sweetest girls I ever saw in my life, came half way down the gravelled walk to meet him. There was something so angel-like in her beauty, that I stood at the gate watching them into the house, regardless of being seen, but they were too engrossed in their meeting to notice my presence.

It was as though I had seen a vision of Paradise, I was chained to the spot, and bound by some strange fascination. It was not that I had any chance of seeing her again that I waited, but I found a satisfaction in watching her shadow on the drawing room window blind as she occasionally flitted to and fro.

At last she came and stood close to the window, and was immediately joined by another—but that other shadow! the sight of it sent through me a thrill of amazement and wonder; *it was the shadow of the man that I had seen on the night that Gregory's bill was lost.* Of this I was convinced, for ambiguous and fleeting as shadows are, there was about this one unmistakable evidence. I do not for one moment mean to assert that I could recognize a person from seeing his shadow even under the most pronounced circumstances, but I felt sure that the shadow I was looking then at and the shadow I had seen in Old Broad Street were made by one and the same figure.

Hastily making up my mind to a course of action, and goaded on by the remembrance of all the wrongs my friends the Hares had suffered, I boldly rang at the garden gate and asked to be shown into the presence of Mr. Grindley. Whilst I was speaking to the servant the young lady I have told you of crossed the hall, and hesitated for a moment to ask in a petulant tone of voice, which showed how much her will was law in the place, what was the matter. Something within me seemed to whisper to me that it was better that I should speak to her than to old Grab, so stepping