

"Now Fred, you must tell me who was the writer of that letter."

"It was Harry Walton."

"I just thought so. I'm sure, Fred, you are aware that Harry is noted for manufacturing falsehoods. If you believe him you are the only person in London who does so."

"But I have heard it from others, and they cannot all be liars. There is Mrs. Tennyson, for instance, an old respected friend of your own. One day she hinted sufficient to make me feel suspicious. Fernando Jones squirted a few dry jokes in that way. Sylvester Kennelworth termed me a hen-pecked bachelor. Even Julia Marks, Sylvina Oldham, and Sarah Silverstone bothered me almost to death one evening recently about Clara's intention of presenting me shortly with a 'ticket of leave.'"

"Wherefore, dear Fred, would you for even one moment direct your attention to the malicious falsehoods of such idle gossips as those you have referred to. They are a thousand times worse than the starving thieves that lurk around the dark lanes of the city, who steal only what is practically useful to themselves; while those others go about robbing the youthful and virtuous of their reputation, scattering the seeds of dissension, and fluttering in the sunshine of their folly like butterflies tasting of the sweets of every flower, but collecting no honey, therefore, my