

submit, Isaac, for you ha' got no loophole to act contrary-wise."

"And ef you felt this right ahrum, child, you mightn't like to feel it a second time," burst in Mother Bunch, as she brandished this powerful member in Dent's face.

"What am I to do?" he exclaimed. "I can't stay on here—I—I—just can't. You ha' got me in your power. You'll rue it some day. Ef I say what you want me to say, I'll go to prison instead of Will. It ain't in reason to expect a feller to say a thing like that."

"Isaac," continued Hester, "we don't care nothing about punishing you. This is what you've got to do,—you've got to take Will out of prison, and let him marry his own true love. And you have got to do it in this way. I'm going now to fetch Miss Mary Vallence, the young lady whose purse you stole, and she'll take down your full confession in writing,—all about how you planned to ruin Will, all your reasons, and what you did with the rest of the money: She'll put it down on paper—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and then you ha' got to sign your name to it, and Mother Bunch and me we'll witness it, and then after that, Isaac, we'll set you free, and one of us will go with you to the end of Paradise Row, and you shall have an hour—jest one hour—to get away in, before Miss Vallence lodges that paper with the police. Them's our terms, Isaac, and you ha' got to say yes or no to them at once."

"Maybe the child 'ud rather feel my right ahrum," burst from Mother Bunch:

"No," said Isaac, sullenly. "You have me in a trap,