

Whitley winced at the name, and Mr. Warren eyed him earnestly.

"I don't mean that," said Whitley, humbly; "it's a more dangerous matter. It is —; but I must speak to you alone. Will you give me a few minutes conversation with you in a private room?"

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Warren, who suspected what the wretch was aiming at. "You shall have all the benefit of a private audience. Dick," he continued, turning to the boy, "I shall want the gig after breakfast.—get the horse ready, and step next door to Mr. Wilson, and say I will be glad to see him as soon as he's ready. He can call in about half an hour."

Mr. Warren led the way into a private room, followed by Whitley, who trembled excessively. The ir retrievable step was now taken, and yet he had not courage enough to pursue it steadily. He feared that he should not be able to make as good a story as when at a distance he had imagined. But there was no retreat, and he could only hope the best. Mr. Warren came to the point at once.

"You called yesterday, I have been told, at Captain Willinton's," he said. "You had something important to communicate about the robbery and the robbers—what was it?"

Whitley was not prepared for so abrupt a commencement, and the question staggered him. He was silent.

"What was it?" again abruptly asked the magistrate, looking sternly at the self-convicted culprit as he spoke.

"I called on Captain Willinton," he replied, "to tell him I could prove who it was that made the attempt to rob him. But I expected—that is—I wanted—I hoped he would promise to take no steps against one of them whose safety I wished—was anxious—to secure."

"And Captain Willinton," said Mr. Warren, "very properly refused. So I have heard. Was it not so?"

"He did refuse," replied Whitley, trembling more violently than before, "and therefore I held my tongue. But now I have come to tell all to you. But, I want a pledge that you will protect the man for whom I am interested."

"I'll pledge nothing. You must first tell all you know, and then trust to the Queen's mercy. If you don't reveal all, I'll commit you on suspicion, and trust to circumstances for further information."

Whitley was confounded. He was not prepared for such a consummation. It seemed as if all were leagued against him, and for some mo-

ments he remained perfectly silent. At length, he mustered courage enough to proceed:

"You are aware that the robbery was attempted by three men—one of whom —"

"All the particulars are pretty well known to me," said Mr. Warren. "Dr. Greenleaf and Captain Willinton called to consult me on the subject, and put me in possession of the facts. I want now to hear who were the actors."

"Craighton —"

"What! Edward Craighton!" said Mr. Warren. "It is impossible that you are going to accuse him. Be careful what you do. He's not the man to trifle with."

"I am," said Whitley, gathering courage. "Two of the men went towards the door. I—for I will conceal nothing,—was one of them. Craighton was the other. He forced me to go before him, and followed close behind me. When Captain Willinton threw me down, Craighton attacked him, and fired a pistol, —"

"There's something wrong there," said Mr. Warren, "take care you speak the truth. I don't like Craighton, so you must do him justice when you speak to me. Proceed."

"A pistol was fired," said Whitley, losing some of his newly acquired courage, "and I thought it had been by him. At any rate the Captain was too much for him, and got the better of him."

Whitley paused.

"Proceed," again said Mr. Warren. "There was a third man. Who was he?"

"Greene—Bill Greene—one of Captain Willinton's men. He it was who was struggling with his master, when Mr. Bradshaw came upon them. He tried to murder me last night, because the whole thing was heavy on my conscience, and he thought yesterday that I was going to confess. This is the whole truth, and you may arrest them at once, if you can find where they are."

"Your story," said Mr. Warren, "does not greatly disagree with the facts as I have heard them. But who was it struck young Bradshaw? He says it was not the wounded man."

Whitley stammered, and said he supposed it must have been Craighton.

The Magistrate looked intently at him, and Whitley felt as if he was reading what passed within him. Mr. Warren asked no further questions.

Mr. Wilson now came in, and Mr. Warren desired him to sit down, and take a copy of the notes which he had made as the conversation proceeded. He then read it over for Whitley's