

communion with her stern father, who was, however, never harsh nor unkind to her—simply stern, unbending, undemonstrative; having still less with the outer world around her—she had found the ideal her yearning heart had formed—and what woman that has lived has not done so?—in the person of Richard Glanvill.

She was innately pure, good, and loving; but, woman as she was, she was a mere girl—a child; and this young man had so speedily learned the alphabet of “life”—had read the “world” in the world’s worst lessons—that he had adopted all its vices, and surrendered in their place, one by one, all the virtues he might ever have been possessed of.

Jack Trescott and Richard Glanvill were alone in the room which the former occupied, and to which a certain privacy was attached, and then a very singular scene occurred, which shows that out of what is termed “chance,” or “accident,” may spring a series of events never contemplated by the individual first involved in the said accident.

“So you had a queer visitor the other night?” began Glanvill.

“Ay; but don’t speak of that! Cut it!” said Trescott, gloomily.

“Nonsense! He died, I hear, down stairs.”

And Glanvill pointed below.

“He—died—yes.”

And Trescott’s scowl became more truculent.

“Did you *help* him to die?” asked the young man, with a meaning in his eyes that made the other’s blood curdle.

“What the fiends!—take care!” cried the horse-dealer, springing to his feet, clenching his fist and pacing the chamber.

“Take care! Look here! you should manage matters a little better than you’ve done, old fellow!” returned the young man, scoffingly. “I’m going to astonish your strong, or rather weak nerves, a little.”

Glanvill rose, crossed the room, and, to the surprise, the consternation of Trescott, *opened the secret cupboard* as skillfully, and as noiselessly as he himself could have done—opened it with so much ease as proved he must long have been acquainted with it and its contents.

“Well, what of that? That’s where I keep my draughts—my horse physic—my little secrets. Ha, ha!” And Trescott laughed forcedly.

“And occasionally—*laudanum*!” continued Glanvill fixing an eye upon the desperate man that said something in favor of

his own nerves.

“Curse you if you know—”

But the horse dealer, finding himself likely to be at fault, stopped short, muttering a curse upon his embarrassment, and on his having been surprised into a half admission—willing, yet dreading, to know more.

“Come,” he said, “since you have begun this pretty little puzzle go on with it. What have you got to say against *me*?”

“Against *you*!” and the young man laughed. “What should I say against you when all the rest acquitted you—*eh*?”

“Then curse you what d’ye mean by asking me if—if fire and brimstone! the words choke me!”—and he clutched at his throat to loose his neckerchief—“if I helped him—ha, ha, ha—to die! Come, what did you mean by that?”

It was palpable enough to one who, like Richard Glanvill, had been “put up,” as the *farce* is, to so many things by the whole professorship of knavery ever environing a sporting man, that Trescott was overacting his part, simply from the reaction he was sustaining. He thought Glanvill had been merely jumping at a conclusion, and that it was time to stand upon his innocence—to take an injured tone.

“The coroner and jury acquitted you, didn’t they?” asked Glanvill.

“Ay, that they did. What could they prove?” retorted Trescott.

“Did they examine the house?” continued his querist.

“All over.”

“This room?” pursued the young man.

“Ay; this—room.”

“That cupboard?” added Glanvill, nodding towards it.

“No!”

But this time Trescott hesitated in his reply.

“Why?” demanded his tormentor.

“Because they didn’t know—S’blood!” shouted Trescott again, in momentary fury, “you’ll ask me a question too many, young fellow.”

“If they *had* known that cupboard—if they had examined it—they would have held a different opinion?”

“May be, may be,” stammered Trescott, “I hadn’t put nothing—I mean—it wouldn’t prove nothing—that is—”

“No one saw you take anything out, or put anything in it, *eh*?” continued Glanvill, with increased emphasis.

“No,” said Trescott, decisively, “No—no one did.”

“Not even the dead pedler?”

“Better keep quiet!” muttered the horse-