

WAIT AND SEE.

When my boy, with eager questions,  
Asking how and where and when,  
Takes all my stores of wisdom,  
Asking o'er and o'er again,  
Questions off to which the answers  
Give to others still the key,  
I have said to teach him patience,  
"Wait, my little boy, and see."  
And the words I taught my darling,  
Taught to me a lesson sweet;  
Once when all the world seemed darkened  
And the storms about me beat,  
In the "children's room" I heard him,  
With a child's sweet mimicry,  
To the baby brother's questions,  
Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

In the hush, and in the stillness  
Of the evening of a calm day,  
It is then that memory lures us  
With the magic of her power,  
It is then, we drop the curtain,  
And draw close the river-man,  
Of the cozy shimmering firelight  
In whose warmth we sweetly dream  
In the corners dusky shadow:  
Amber lights on the floor;  
While around us chant the voices,  
We have known in days of yore;  
Softly rising like a naid,  
From her lair beneath the sea,  
Come the happy hopes I pictured  
That the years should bring to me.  
Thus the castles that I builded,  
Gleaming in the sea's heart;  
Thus the lying laurels I loaded  
From the city's busy mark;  
Wealth and happiness and pleasure,  
All were there within my call;  
Like the pictures in the sea-foam,  
The ashes fell and covered all.  
Fancy builds us many a castle,  
That like these will melt in air,  
With the clouds of ashes covering,  
Thus the beauty promised there,  
But to our awakened senses,  
Come so sweetly this refrain:  
In who home beyond the river,  
We shall never dream again.

MEMORY.

The soft eyes of a little girl—  
Half shadow and half shine—  
That tremble with the light they hold,  
Look hauntingly in mine,  
I kiss the sunny brow and put  
The baby from my knee,  
For something in her mournful eyes  
I cannot bear to see.  
I hush the little voice and sit  
Awhile with book and pen,  
And try to read—but only see  
The haunting eyes in mine.  
They look from each new-turned leaf  
And every thought engrossed,  
They sit among the words and steal  
The meaning from the page.  
The yellow moon now waxing full,  
Is up above the hill,  
And Eve goes gathering in the stars,  
Her horn of light to fill.  
I gaze—and yet I heed not aught,  
For everywhere I see  
The soft eyes of that little child  
Between the night and me.  
We had lunch together, and when we  
Spoke hands parted, I had no more  
Idea of seeing him again than I have  
of knowing you. In fact he told me  
he should sail for England in a week or  
ten days, and should not return to  
America. At parting he gave me his  
card. It was a modest piece of paste-  
board, and bore the name of "Geo.  
Raleigh," in old English script.  
Everything at the office went on  
as usual, and the 13th came at length.  
Law & Law had arranged for me to go  
down with the money, and I looked upon  
it as a business of no special importance.  
"We know you will be here," remarked  
the senior partner, as I was about to  
go; "but I want to give you a word of  
warning, nevertheless. Don't take any  
stranger into your confidence until you  
have passed out the money and look out  
who sits next to you."  
It was something new for him to caution  
me, and I could not but wonder at it;  
but in the bustle of getting on board  
the train, I forgot what he said. Ordin-  
ary prudence had induced me to place  
the money, which was all in bank bills,  
and divided into three packages, in my  
shirt, next to my skin, in the left  
hand of a fiddle-pocket could not reach.  
Interested in a newspaper, time flew  
by as the train flew West, and at length  
the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned  
me that I had reached Grafton.  
"Don't express your surprise," he began,  
as I stopped at the wharf. "I did  
intend to go away, but I changed my  
mind, and I like this seat. You will find  
it very comfortable. Look at a farm,  
with a view of purchasing. Come ride  
up to the hotel."  
We rode up, ordered a lunch, and  
while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh  
discovered that the farm he was going  
to see was just beyond the 8-mile mark.  
I was also pleased. If any one had  
told me, as we got into the buggy, that  
George Raleigh meant to return with my  
money in his pocket and my blood upon  
his hands, I should have believed him a  
humbug. And yet George Raleigh had  
planned to do that very thing.  
It was a lovely day in June, and the  
cool breeze and the sight of meadows and  
green groves made my heart grow larger.  
My companion was very talkative, but  
I didn't even hint at my errand.  
"O, excuse me," he exclaimed, after  
we had passed a mile or so beyond the  
village and were among the farm-houses,  
"I should have offered you this before."  
He drew from his pocket a small flask  
of wine, and handed it to me. Now, I  
was temperate in regard to drinks. In  
fact, I detested the sight and smell of any  
thing intoxicating; but I had not the  
moral courage to tell him so and hand  
back the flask undisturbed.  
I feared to offend him, so I drank,  
perhaps, three good swallows. He called  
me to the woods on the left, as he  
recoiled back the flask, and when I  
looked around again, he was just remov-  
ing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk  
heartily.  
In about five minutes I began to feel  
queer. The fencer, along the road,  
seemed to grow higher, and the trees to  
grow larger; something got into my ears,  
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded  
a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am  
going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding  
out to the seat with my right hand.  
"You do look strange," he replied, a  
sickly smile stealing over his face. "I  
shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."  
I did not suspect the game he had  
played. His eyes were like an eagle,  
and his face seemed twice as large as it  
usually was. My head began to snap  
and crack, and I was greatly frightened.  
You are badly off," he continued,  
looking into my face. "I will drive as  
fast as possible, and get a doctor."  
My tongue was so heavy that I could  
not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my  
eyes, and he put his horse at his best  
pace. We met a farmer's team, and I  
can remember that one of the occupants  
of the wagon called out to know what  
ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but  
urged the horse forward.  
About three miles from Grafton was a  
long stretch of forest, and this we soon  
reached. The pain in my head was  
so violent, and I was so badly affect-  
ed with opening my eyes. I had settled  
into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain  
so benumbed that I had to say to myself,  
"this tree is a stump," etc., before  
I could make sure that it was not wrong.  
Half a mile down the road, after we  
struck the forest, and then Raleigh turn-  
ed the horse into a blind road, leading  
back into the woods. I could not under-  
stand what he intended. I tried to  
grapple with the question, but I could  
not solve it.  
"Well, here we are," exclaimed  
Raleigh, when we had reached a point  
far from the road.  
He stopped the horse, got out and  
fastened him, and then came around to  
the wheel.  
"You don't feel just right, but I guess  
you will be better soon," he remarked.  
"Come, let me help you down."  
He reached up his arms, and I let go  
of the seat and fell into them. I seemed  
to me as if I weighed a ton, but he  
carried me along without an effort and  
laid me down within about a rod of the  
fence which ran along on one side of an  
old pasture. Just now the effect of the  
drug was wearing off, and I began to  
feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion  
that something unusual had happened.  
But I was powerless to move a limb; the  
sensation was like that when your foot  
goes to sleep.  
"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh,  
bending over me, "because if you can't,  
I will save me some trouble. I want to  
know where you have stowed away that  
money?"  
Now I began to realize my situation.  
His face looked natural again and the  
load was off my tongue.  
"George Raleigh! are you going to  
rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at  
last.  
"Well, some folks might call it rob-  
bing, but we dress up the term a little  
by calling it the only correct financial  
way of equalizing the floating currency,  
so that each one is provided for, and no  
one left out."  
"You shall have the money, I'll die  
first!" I yelled, rising a little.  
"Ah, I see—you didn't take quite  
enough," he coolly remarked. "Well,  
I have provided for this."  
He went to the buggy, procured  
ropes and a gag, and laid me down be-  
side me. I had but little strength yet,  
and he conquered me in a moment.  
Laying me on my right side, looking  
towards the fence, he tied my hands;  
and then forced a gag into my mouth.  
"There, now you see you are really  
fired up, and all because you acted like  
fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer  
son to be admitted to the bar."  
While he was speaking—indeed while  
he was tying me—I had caught the  
sight of the white face of a little girl  
looking at us between the rails of the  
fence. I could see her great big eyes  
fixed on me, and I felt that she was  
looking at me and on the little hand resting  
on the rails, and I knew that she was  
fearful of my daughter searching for straw-  
berries. I could not warn her of her  
danger, and I feared she would be seen  
or heard. While Raleigh was tying me,  
"We know you will be here," remarked  
the senior partner, as I was about to  
go; "but I want to give you a word of  
warning, nevertheless. Don't take any  
stranger into your confidence until you  
have passed out the money and look out  
who sits next to you."  
It was something new for him to caution  
me, and I could not but wonder at it;  
but in the bustle of getting on board  
the train, I forgot what he said. Ordin-  
ary prudence had induced me to place  
the money, which was all in bank bills,  
and divided into three packages, in my  
shirt, next to my skin, in the left  
hand of a fiddle-pocket could not reach.  
Interested in a newspaper, time flew  
by as the train flew West, and at length  
the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned  
me that I had reached Grafton.  
"Don't express your surprise," he began,  
as I stopped at the wharf. "I did  
intend to go away, but I changed my  
mind, and I like this seat. You will find  
it very comfortable. Look at a farm,  
with a view of purchasing. Come ride  
up to the hotel."  
We rode up, ordered a lunch, and  
while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh  
discovered that the farm he was going  
to see was just beyond the 8-mile mark.  
I was also pleased. If any one had  
told me, as we got into the buggy, that  
George Raleigh meant to return with my  
money in his pocket and my blood upon  
his hands, I should have believed him a  
humbug. And yet George Raleigh had  
planned to do that very thing.  
It was a lovely day in June, and the  
cool breeze and the sight of meadows and  
green groves made my heart grow larger.  
My companion was very talkative, but  
I didn't even hint at my errand.  
"O, excuse me," he exclaimed, after  
we had passed a mile or so beyond the  
village and were among the farm-houses,  
"I should have offered you this before."  
He drew from his pocket a small flask  
of wine, and handed it to me. Now, I  
was temperate in regard to drinks. In  
fact, I detested the sight and smell of any  
thing intoxicating; but I had not the  
moral courage to tell him so and hand  
back the flask undisturbed.  
I feared to offend him, so I drank,  
perhaps, three good swallows. He called  
me to the woods on the left, as he  
recoiled back the flask, and when I  
looked around again, he was just remov-  
ing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk  
heartily.  
In about five minutes I began to feel  
queer. The fencer, along the road,  
seemed to grow higher, and the trees to  
grow larger; something got into my ears,  
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded  
a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am  
going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding  
out to the seat with my right hand.  
"You do look strange," he replied, a  
sickly smile stealing over his face. "I  
shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."  
I did not suspect the game he had  
played. His eyes were like an eagle,  
and his face seemed twice as large as it  
usually was. My head began to snap  
and crack, and I was greatly frightened.  
You are badly off," he continued,  
looking into my face. "I will drive as  
fast as possible, and get a doctor."  
My tongue was so heavy that I could  
not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my  
eyes, and he put his horse at his best  
pace. We met a farmer's team, and I  
can remember that one of the occupants  
of the wagon called out to know what  
ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but  
urged the horse forward.  
About three miles from Grafton was a  
long stretch of forest, and this we soon  
reached. The pain in my head was  
so violent, and I was so badly affect-  
ed with opening my eyes. I had settled  
into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain  
so benumbed that I had to say to myself,  
"this tree is a stump," etc., before  
I could make sure that it was not wrong.  
Half a mile down the road, after we  
struck the forest, and then Raleigh turn-  
ed the horse into a blind road, leading  
back into the woods. I could not under-  
stand what he intended. I tried to  
grapple with the question, but I could  
not solve it.  
"Well, here we are," exclaimed  
Raleigh, when we had reached a point  
far from the road.  
He stopped the horse, got out and  
fastened him, and then came around to  
the wheel.  
"You don't feel just right, but I guess  
you will be better soon," he remarked.  
"Come, let me help you down."  
He reached up his arms, and I let go  
of the seat and fell into them. I seemed  
to me as if I weighed a ton, but he  
carried me along without an effort and  
laid me down within about a rod of the  
fence which ran along on one side of an  
old pasture. Just now the effect of the  
drug was wearing off, and I began to  
feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion  
that something unusual had happened.  
But I was powerless to move a limb; the  
sensation was like that when your foot  
goes to sleep.  
"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh,  
bending over me, "because if you can't,  
I will save me some trouble. I want to  
know where you have stowed away that  
money?"  
Now I began to realize my situation.  
His face looked natural again and the  
load was off my tongue.  
"George Raleigh! are you going to  
rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at  
last.  
"Well, some folks might call it rob-  
bing, but we dress up the term a little  
by calling it the only correct financial  
way of equalizing the floating currency,  
so that each one is provided for, and no  
one left out."  
"You shall have the money, I'll die  
first!" I yelled, rising a little.  
"Ah, I see—you didn't take quite  
enough," he coolly remarked. "Well,  
I have provided for this."  
He went to the buggy, procured  
ropes and a gag, and laid me down be-  
side me. I had but little strength yet,  
and he conquered me in a moment.  
Laying me on my right side, looking  
towards the fence, he tied my hands;  
and then forced a gag into my mouth.  
"There, now you see you are really  
fired up, and all because you acted like  
fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer  
son to be admitted to the bar."  
While he was speaking—indeed while  
he was tying me—I had caught the  
sight of the white face of a little girl  
looking at us between the rails of the  
fence. I could see her great big eyes  
fixed on me, and I felt that she was  
looking at me and on the little hand resting  
on the rails, and I knew that she was  
fearful of my daughter searching for straw-  
berries. I could not warn her of her  
danger, and I feared she would be seen  
or heard. While Raleigh was tying me,  
"We know you will be here," remarked  
the senior partner, as I was about to  
go; "but I want to give you a word of  
warning, nevertheless. Don't take any  
stranger into your confidence until you  
have passed out the money and look out  
who sits next to you."  
It was something new for him to caution  
me, and I could not but wonder at it;  
but in the bustle of getting on board  
the train, I forgot what he said. Ordin-  
ary prudence had induced me to place  
the money, which was all in bank bills,  
and divided into three packages, in my  
shirt, next to my skin, in the left  
hand of a fiddle-pocket could not reach.  
Interested in a newspaper, time flew  
by as the train flew West, and at length  
the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned  
me that I had reached Grafton.  
"Don't express your surprise," he began,  
as I stopped at the wharf. "I did  
intend to go away, but I changed my  
mind, and I like this seat. You will find  
it very comfortable. Look at a farm,  
with a view of purchasing. Come ride  
up to the hotel."  
We rode up, ordered a lunch, and  
while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh  
discovered that the farm he was going  
to see was just beyond the 8-mile mark.  
I was also pleased. If any one had  
told me, as we got into the buggy, that  
George Raleigh meant to return with my  
money in his pocket and my blood upon  
his hands, I should have believed him a  
humbug. And yet George Raleigh had  
planned to do that very thing.  
It was a lovely day in June, and the  
cool breeze and the sight of meadows and  
green groves made my heart grow larger.  
My companion was very talkative, but  
I didn't even hint at my errand.  
"O, excuse me," he exclaimed, after  
we had passed a mile or so beyond the  
village and were among the farm-houses,  
"I should have offered you this before."  
He drew from his pocket a small flask  
of wine, and handed it to me. Now, I  
was temperate in regard to drinks. In  
fact, I detested the sight and smell of any  
thing intoxicating; but I had not the  
moral courage to tell him so and hand  
back the flask undisturbed.  
I feared to offend him, so I drank,  
perhaps, three good swallows. He called  
me to the woods on the left, as he  
recoiled back the flask, and when I  
looked around again, he was just remov-  
ing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk  
heartily.  
In about five minutes I began to feel  
queer. The fencer, along the road,  
seemed to grow higher, and the trees to  
grow larger; something got into my ears,  
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded  
a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am  
going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding  
out to the seat with my right hand.  
"You do look strange," he replied, a  
sickly smile stealing over his face. "I  
shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."  
I did not suspect the game he had  
played. His eyes were like an eagle,  
and his face seemed twice as large as it  
usually was. My head began to snap  
and crack, and I was greatly frightened.  
You are badly off," he continued,  
looking into my face. "I will drive as  
fast as possible, and get a doctor."  
My tongue was so heavy that I could  
not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my  
eyes, and he put his horse at his best  
pace. We met a farmer's team, and I  
can remember that one of the occupants  
of the wagon called out to know what  
ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but  
urged the horse forward.  
About three miles from Grafton was a  
long stretch of forest, and this we soon  
reached. The pain in my head was  
so violent, and I was so badly affect-  
ed with opening my eyes. I had settled  
into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain  
so benumbed that I had to say to myself,  
"this tree is a stump," etc., before  
I could make sure that it was not wrong.  
Half a mile down the road, after we  
struck the forest, and then Raleigh turn-  
ed the horse into a blind road, leading  
back into the woods. I could not under-  
stand what he intended. I tried to  
grapple with the question, but I could  
not solve it.  
"Well, here we are," exclaimed  
Raleigh, when we had reached a point  
far from the road.  
He stopped the horse, got out and  
fastened him, and then came around to  
the wheel.  
"You don't feel just right, but I guess  
you will be better soon," he remarked.  
"Come, let me help you down."  
He reached up his arms, and I let go  
of the seat and fell into them. I seemed  
to me as if I weighed a ton, but he  
carried me along without an effort and  
laid me down within about a rod of the  
fence which ran along on one side of an  
old pasture. Just now the effect of the  
drug was wearing off, and I began to  
feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion  
that something unusual had happened.  
But I was powerless to move a limb; the  
sensation was like that when your foot  
goes to sleep.  
"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh,  
bending over me, "because if you can't,  
I will save me some trouble. I want to  
know where you have stowed away that  
money?"  
Now I began to realize my situation.  
His face looked natural again and the  
load was off my tongue.  
"George Raleigh! are you going to  
rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at  
last.  
"Well, some folks might call it rob-  
bing, but we dress up the term a little  
by calling it the only correct financial  
way of equalizing the floating currency,  
so that each one is provided for, and no  
one left out."  
"You shall have the money, I'll die  
first!" I yelled, rising a little.  
"Ah, I see—you didn't take quite  
enough," he coolly remarked. "Well,  
I have provided for this."  
He went to the buggy, procured  
ropes and a gag, and laid me down be-  
side me. I had but little strength yet,  
and he conquered me in a moment.  
Laying me on my right side, looking  
towards the fence, he tied my hands;  
and then forced a gag into my mouth.  
"There, now you see you are really  
fired up, and all because you acted like  
fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer  
son to be admitted to the bar."  
While he was speaking—indeed while  
he was tying me—I had caught the  
sight of the white face of a little girl  
looking at us between the rails of the  
fence. I could see her great big eyes  
fixed on me, and I felt that she was  
looking at me and on the little hand resting  
on the rails, and I knew that she was  
fearful of my daughter searching for straw-  
berries. I could not warn her of her  
danger, and I feared she would be seen  
or heard. While Raleigh was tying me,  
"We know you will be here," remarked  
the senior partner, as I was about to  
go; "but I want to give you a word of  
warning, nevertheless. Don't take any  
stranger into your confidence until you  
have passed out the money and look out  
who sits next to you."  
It was something new for him to caution  
me, and I could not but wonder at it;  
but in the bustle of getting on board  
the train, I forgot what he said. Ordin-  
ary prudence had induced me to place  
the money, which was all in bank bills,  
and divided into three packages, in my  
shirt, next to my skin, in the left  
hand of a fiddle-pocket could not reach.  
Interested in a newspaper, time flew  
by as the train flew West, and at length  
the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned  
me that I had reached Grafton.  
"Don't express your surprise," he began,  
as I stopped at the wharf. "I did  
intend to go away, but I changed my  
mind, and I like this seat. You will find  
it very comfortable. Look at a farm,  
with a view of purchasing. Come ride  
up to the hotel."  
We rode up, ordered a lunch, and  
while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh  
discovered that the farm he was going  
to see was just beyond the 8-mile mark.  
I was also pleased. If any one had  
told me, as we got into the buggy, that  
George Raleigh meant to return with my  
money in his pocket and my blood upon  
his hands, I should have believed him a  
humbug. And yet George Raleigh had  
planned to do that very thing.  
It was a lovely day in June, and the  
cool breeze and the sight of meadows and  
green groves made my heart grow larger.  
My companion was very talkative, but  
I didn't even hint at my errand.  
"O, excuse me," he exclaimed, after  
we had passed a mile or so beyond the  
village and were among the farm-houses,  
"I should have offered you this before."  
He drew from his pocket a small flask  
of wine, and handed it to me. Now, I  
was temperate in regard to drinks. In  
fact, I detested the sight and smell of any  
thing intoxicating; but I had not the  
moral courage to tell him so and hand  
back the flask undisturbed.  
I feared to offend him, so I drank,  
perhaps, three good swallows. He called  
me to the woods on the left, as he  
recoiled back the flask, and when I  
looked around again, he was just remov-  
ing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk  
heartily.  
In about five minutes I began to feel  
queer. The fencer, along the road,  
seemed to grow higher, and the trees to  
grow larger; something got into my ears,  
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded  
a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am  
going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding  
out to the seat with my right hand.  
"You do look strange," he replied, a  
sickly smile stealing over his face. "I  
shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."  
I did not suspect the game he had  
played. His eyes were like an eagle,  
and his face seemed twice as large as it  
usually was. My head began to snap  
and crack, and I was greatly frightened.  
You are badly off," he continued,  
looking into my face. "I will drive as  
fast as possible, and get a doctor."  
My tongue was so heavy that I could  
not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my  
eyes, and he put his horse at his best  
pace. We met a farmer's team, and I  
can remember that one of the occupants  
of the wagon called out to know what  
ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but  
urged the horse forward.  
About three miles from Grafton was a  
long stretch of forest, and this we soon  
reached. The pain in my head was  
so violent, and I was so badly affect-  
ed with opening my eyes. I had settled  
into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain  
so benumbed that I had to say to myself,  
"this tree is a stump," etc., before  
I could make sure that it was not wrong.  
Half a mile down the road, after we  
struck the forest, and then Raleigh turn-  
ed the horse into a blind road, leading  
back into the woods. I could not under-  
stand what he intended. I tried to  
grapple with the question, but I could  
not solve it.  
"Well, here we are," exclaimed  
Raleigh, when we had reached a point  
far from the road.  
He stopped the horse, got out and  
fastened him, and then came around to  
the wheel.  
"You don't feel just right, but I guess  
you will be better soon," he remarked.  
"Come, let me help you down."  
He reached up his arms, and I let go  
of the seat and fell into them. I seemed  
to me as if I weighed a ton, but he  
carried me along without an effort and  
laid me down within about a rod of the  
fence which ran along on one side of an  
old pasture. Just now the effect of the  
drug was wearing off, and I began to  
feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion  
that something unusual had happened.  
But I was powerless to move a limb; the  
sensation was like that when your foot  
goes to sleep.  
"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh,  
bending over me, "because if you can't,  
I will save me some trouble. I want to  
know where you have stowed away that  
money?"  
Now I began to realize my situation.  
His face looked natural again and the  
load was off my tongue.  
"George Raleigh! are you going to  
rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at  
last.  
"Well, some folks might call it rob-  
bing, but we dress up the term a little  
by calling it the only correct financial  
way of equalizing the floating currency,  
so that each one is provided for, and no  
one left out."  
"You shall have the money, I'll die  
first!" I yelled, rising a little.  
"Ah, I see—you didn't take quite  
enough," he coolly remarked. "Well,  
I have provided for this."  
He went to the buggy, procured  
ropes and a gag, and laid me down be-  
side me. I had but little strength yet,  
and he conquered me in a moment.  
Laying me on my right side, looking  
towards the fence, he tied my hands;  
and then forced a gag into my mouth.  
"There, now you see you are really  
fired up, and all because you acted like  
fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer  
son to be admitted to the bar."  
While he was speaking—indeed while  
he was tying me—I had caught the  
sight of the white face of a little girl  
looking at us between the rails of the  
fence. I could see her great big eyes  
fixed on me, and I felt that she was  
looking at me and on the little hand resting  
on the rails, and I knew that she was  
fearful of my daughter searching for straw-  
berries. I could not warn her of her  
danger, and I feared she would be seen  
or heard. While Raleigh was tying me,  
"We know you will be here," remarked  
the senior partner, as I was about to  
go; "but I want to give you a word of  
warning, nevertheless. Don't take any  
stranger into your confidence until you  
have passed out the money and look out  
who sits next to you."  
It was something new for him to caution  
me, and I could not but wonder at it;  
but in the bustle of getting on board  
the train, I forgot what he said. Ordin-  
ary prudence had induced me to place  
the money, which was all in bank bills,  
and divided into three packages, in my  
shirt, next to my skin, in the left  
hand of a fiddle-pocket could not reach.  
Interested in a newspaper, time flew  
by as the train flew West, and at length  
the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned  
me that I had reached Grafton.  
"Don't express your surprise," he began,  
as I stopped at the wharf. "I did  
intend to go away, but I changed my  
mind, and I like this seat. You will find  
it very comfortable. Look at a farm,  
with a view of purchasing. Come ride  
up to the hotel."  
We rode up, ordered a lunch, and  
while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh  
discovered that the farm he was going  
to see was just beyond the 8-mile mark.  
I was also pleased. If any one had  
told me, as we got into the buggy, that  
George Raleigh meant to return with my  
money in his pocket and my blood upon  
his hands, I should have believed him a  
humbug. And yet George Raleigh had  
planned to do that very thing.  
It was a lovely day in June, and the  
cool breeze and the sight of meadows and  
green groves made my heart grow larger.  
My companion was very talkative, but  
I didn't even hint at my errand.  
"O, excuse me," he exclaimed, after  
we had passed a mile or so beyond the  
village and were among the farm-houses,  
"I should have offered you this before."  
He drew from his pocket a small flask  
of wine, and handed it to me. Now, I  
was temperate in regard to drinks. In  
fact, I detested the sight and smell of any  
thing intoxicating; but I had not the  
moral courage to tell him so and hand  
back the flask undisturbed.  
I feared to offend him, so I drank,  
perhaps, three good swallows. He called  
me to the woods on the left, as he  
recoiled back the flask, and when I  
looked around again, he was just remov-  
ing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk  
heartily.  
In about five minutes I began to feel  
queer. The fencer, along the road,  
seemed to grow higher, and the trees to  
grow larger; something got into my ears,  
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded  
a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am  
going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding  
out to the seat with my right hand.  
"You do look strange," he replied, a  
sickly smile stealing over his face. "I  
shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."  
I did not suspect the game he had  
played. His eyes were like an eagle,  
and his face seemed twice as large as it  
usually was. My head began to snap  
and crack, and I was greatly frightened.  
You are badly off," he continued,  
looking into my face. "I will drive as  
fast as possible, and get a doctor."  
My tongue was so heavy that I could  
not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my  
eyes, and he put his horse at his best  
pace. We met a farmer's team, and I  
can remember that one of the occupants  
of the wagon called out to know what  
ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but  
urged the horse forward.  
About three miles from Grafton was a  
long stretch of forest, and this we soon  
reached. The pain in my head was  
so violent, and I was so badly affect-  
ed with opening my eyes. I had settled  
into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain  
so benumbed that I had to say to myself,  
"this tree is a stump," etc., before  
I could make sure that it was not wrong.  
Half a mile down the road, after we  
struck the forest, and then Raleigh turn-  
ed the horse into a blind road, leading  
back into the woods. I could not under-  
stand what he intended. I tried to  
grapple with the question, but I could  
not solve it.  
"Well, here we are," exclaimed  
Raleigh, when we had reached a point  
far from the road.  
He stopped the horse, got out and  
fastened him, and then came around to  
the wheel.  
"You don't feel just right, but I guess  
you will be better soon," he remarked.  
"Come, let me help you down."  
He reached up his arms, and I let go  
of the seat and fell into them. I seemed  
to me as if I weighed a ton, but he  
carried me along without an effort and  
laid me down within about a rod of the  
fence which ran along on one side of an  
old pasture. Just now the effect of the  
drug was wearing off, and I began to  
feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion  
that something unusual had happened.  
But I was powerless to move a limb; the  
sensation was like that when your foot  
goes to sleep.  
"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh,  
bending over me, "because if you can't,  
I will save me some trouble. I want to  
know where you have stowed away that  
money?"  
Now I began to realize my situation.  
His face looked natural again and the  
load was off my tongue.  
"George Raleigh! are you going to  
rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at  
last.  
"Well, some folks might call it rob-  
bing, but we dress up the term a little  
by calling it the only correct financial  
way of equalizing the floating currency,  
so that each one is provided for, and no  
one left out."  
"You shall have the money, I'll die  
first!" I yelled, rising a little.  
"Ah, I see—you didn't take quite  
enough," he coolly remarked. "Well,  
I have provided for this."  
He went to the buggy, procured  
ropes and a gag, and laid me down be-  
side me. I had but little strength yet,  
and he conquered me in a moment.  
Laying me on my right side, looking  
towards the fence, he tied my hands;  
and then forced a gag into my mouth.  
"There, now you see you are really  
fired up, and all because you acted like  
fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer  
son to be admitted to the bar."  
While he was speaking—indeed while  
he was tying me—I had caught the  
sight of the white face of a little girl  
looking at us between the rails of the  
fence. I could see her great big eyes  
fixed on me, and I felt that she was  
looking at me and on the little hand resting  
on the rails, and I knew that she was  
fearful of my daughter searching for straw-  
berries. I could not warn her of her  
danger, and I feared she would be seen  
or heard. While Raleigh was tying me,  
"We know you will be here," remarked  
the senior partner, as I was about to  
go; "but I want to give you a word of  
warning, nevertheless. Don't take any  
stranger into your confidence until you  
have passed out the money and look out  
who sits next to you."  
It was something new for him to caution  
me, and I could not but wonder at it;  
but in the bustle of getting on board  
the train, I forgot what he said. Ordin-  
ary prudence had induced me to place  
the money, which was all in bank bills,  
and divided into three packages, in my  
shirt, next to my skin, in the left  
hand of a fiddle-pocket could not reach.  
Interested in a newspaper, time flew  
by as the train flew West, and at length  
the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned  
me that I had reached Grafton.  
"Don't express your surprise," he began,  
as I stopped at the wharf. "I did  
intend to go away, but I changed my  
mind, and I like this seat. You will find  
it very comfortable. Look at a farm,  
with a view of purchasing. Come ride  
up to the hotel."  
We rode up, ordered a lunch, and  
while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh  
discovered that the farm he was going  
to see was just beyond the 8-mile mark.  
I was also pleased. If any one had  
told me, as we got into the buggy, that  
George Raleigh meant to return with my  
money in his pocket and my blood upon  
his hands, I should have believed him a  
humbug. And yet George Raleigh had  
planned to do that very thing.  
It was a lovely day in June, and the  
cool breeze and the sight of meadows and  
green groves made my heart grow larger.  
My companion was very talkative, but  
I didn't even hint at my errand.  
"O, excuse me," he exclaimed, after  
we had passed a mile or so beyond the  
village and were among the farm-houses,  
"I should have offered you this before."  
He drew from his pocket a small flask  
of wine, and handed it to me. Now, I  
was temperate in regard to drinks. In  
fact, I detested the sight and smell of any  
thing intoxicating; but I had not the  
moral courage to tell him so and hand  
back the flask undisturbed.  
I feared to offend him, so I drank,  
perhaps, three good swallows. He called  
me to the woods on the left, as he  
recoiled back the flask, and when I  
looked around again, he was just remov-  
ing it from his mouth, as if he had drunk  
heartily.  
In about five minutes I began to feel  
queer. The fencer, along the road,  
seemed to grow higher, and the trees to  
grow larger; something got into my ears,  
so that the rattle of the buggy sounded  
a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am  
going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding  
out to the seat with my right hand.  
"You do look strange," he replied, a  
sickly smile stealing over his face. "I  
shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."  
I did not suspect the game he had  
played. His eyes were like an eagle,  
and his face seemed twice as large as it  
usually was. My head began to snap  
and crack, and I was greatly frightened.  
You are badly off," he continued,  
looking into my face. "I will drive as  
fast as possible, and get a doctor."  
My tongue was so heavy that I could  
not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my  
eyes, and he put his horse at his best  
pace. We met a farmer's team, and I  
can remember that one of the occupants  
of the wagon called out to know what  
ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but  
urged the horse forward.  
About three miles from Grafton was a  
long stretch of forest, and this we soon  
reached. The pain in my head was  
so violent, and I was so badly affect-  
ed with opening my eyes. I had settled  
into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain  
so benumbed that I had to say to myself,  
"this tree is a stump," etc., before  
I could make sure that it was not wrong.  
Half a mile down the road, after we  
struck the forest, and then Raleigh turn-  
ed the horse into a blind road, leading  
back into the woods. I could not under-  
stand what he intended. I tried to  
grapple with the question, but I could  
not solve it.  
"Well, here we are," exclaimed  
Raleigh, when we had reached a point  
far from the road.  
He stopped the horse, got out and  
fastened him, and then came around to  
the wheel.  
"You don't feel just right, but I guess  
you will be better soon," he remarked.  
"Come, let me help you down."  
He reached up his arms, and I let go  
of the seat and fell into them. I seemed  
to me as if I weighed a ton, but he  
carried me along without an effort and  
laid me down within about a rod of the  
fence which ran along on one side of an  
old pasture. Just now the effect of the  
drug was wearing off, and I began to  
feel a little better, and I got a faint suspicion  
that something unusual had happened.  
But I was powerless to move a limb; the  
sensation was like that when your foot  
goes to sleep.  
"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh,  
bending over me, "because if you can't,  
I will save me some trouble. I want to  
know where you have stowed away that  
money?"  
Now I began to realize my situation.  
His face looked natural again and the  
load was off my tongue.  
"George Raleigh! are you going to  
rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at  
last.  
"Well, some folks might call it rob-  
bing, but we dress up the term a little  
by calling it the only correct financial  
way of equalizing the floating currency,  
so that each one is provided for, and no  
one left out."  
"You shall have the