

ZELIKA.

(Dublin Air.)

Brightly shine those fairy eyes,
Love upon each ray is dancing,
In each glance an arrow lies,
In each look a charm entrancing.
Mild and fair in beauty's glow,
Cupid's snares are centred in thee;
Woosers that come, in sorrow go,
My lovely dear, there's none can win thee.
No, my loved Zelika, dear,
Dearest, fondest, loved Zelika,
Whoe'er they be,
Not they for thee;
But thou for me, my loved Zelika.

Loosely flows that waving hair,
Shining with a liquid brightness,
O'er that snow-white neck so rare,
Upon that breast of pearly whiteness.
Cast in beauty's choicest mould,
Nature's charms are doubly shar'd thee;
Only with some nymph of old,
My lovely dear, can I compare thee.
O my loved Zelika, dear,
Dearest, fondest, loved Zelika,
Life would be
From trouble free
To live with thee, my loved Zelika.

Sweet to me the words that fall
From those lips, when I discover
Beauty seated in her hall,
To whom I fain would be a lover.
Freely from that loving breast,
My love, I know thy heart is lent me;
And I as truly feel at rest—
My very heart and soul are in thee.
Yes, my loved Zelika, dear,
Dearest, fondest, loved Zelika,
Earth would be
A heaven to me
To live with thee, my loved Zelika!

Montreal.

"DUNBOY."

THROUGH A JUDAS WINDOW.

II.—(Continued.)

"What sort of person is your new cashier?"
(This employé had been in the service of the bank for three months only.)

"A highly-respectable, quiet young man. I don't see much of him at all times; he's bookish, not in my line at all, and the only human being I ever knew Rosy to take a dislike to without reason."

"Indeed! Does Mrs. Quinlan dislike him?"

"Yes, it's all a woman's nonsense; we need not mind that. The point is, I do not suspect him. He made his cash all right, and he went away as usual that day, and I missed the money before he came next morning. Besides, our safe is the last patent, you know; his key could not open the inner compartment."

"You are quite sure you were alone in this room at the time when you locked the safe, after having counted the money, and that you could not have put the money into the safe and left it unlocked for any interval during which you were out of the room?"

"Certainly; I am quite sure," replied Quinlan. "Duggan left early that day and came late the next, because he was suffering from toothache—rather fortunate for me, as he was so taken up with the pain he did not mind me."

"He has no knowledge then, you think—no suspicion?"

"Positively none."

"And he has been going on as usual since this occurrence?"

"Exactly as usual."

"Where does he live?"

"In lodgings in the town; in the same house with Rosy's father, but they don't hit it off together either. I'm bound to say that's Jim O'Brien's fault more than Duggan's. No, no; he can't have taken the money—he can't—it's impossible; and yet, good heavens, what can have become of it?" And once more Michael Quinlan started up and resumed his troubled walk.

"I will see Mr. Duggan in the morning," I said, "and go into this matter. In the meantime, let it be understood that I have come down to inspect the bank as usual."

He said nothing, but he looked at me with eyes so full of misery and longing for assurance, that I could not resist the look.

"If it's any comfort to you to know that I am as certain you did not take this money as I am certain that you and I are living men at this moment, take the assurance, Mick," said I. "It may be difficult to get at the truth, and it may be your ruin in another way, but you may be easy on that point. And now I must go—you must leave me to deal with this in my own way—I shall be here in the morning."

He came to the street door with me. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the usual groups of idlers were dawdling about. I was pretty well known at Tubber, and I heard my own name repeated several times before I reached the inn. I wrote the necessary letters to the bank in Dublin before I went to bed, and then I put on paper, according to my custom in such matters, all the facts of the case as Quinlan had stated them, and the points which suggested themselves to me in connection with it. The latter were two in number:

1. Mrs. Quinlan had been so accustomed of late to see Michael in low spirits, that she had not divined the existence of a fresh cause for anxiety.

2. Mrs. Quinlan did not like Mr. Duggan, and there was some reason for her dislike, not apparently connected with Michael, who had very little intercourse with Duggan.

I made special notes on these points, and then I went to bed and slept soundly, as I always do

when anything specially interesting is awaiting my investigation.

III.

"If any place in creation can be more dull than the suburbs of Birmingham, that place must of a surety be the country round Tubber" (for the town has no suburbs), I thought, as I returned from my customary walk before breakfast on the following day, in which, under other circumstances, Michael Quinlan would have accompanied me. "And there does not seem to be even a chance of getting a peep at a pretty face like that I had seen in the dull English town in this Irish one, where a Kate Whelan would have seemed more likely to be met with." Immediately after breakfast I went to the bank, and in the doostop I met Mrs. Quinlan, who looked pale and sad. We exchanged a few sentences, and I passed on to the manager's room, where Quinlan awaited me. In the outer office were the cashier and a clerk, busy in their respective places with preparations for the day's work, which had not yet begun. I could see them through the Judas window in the wall, which I have described, but without moving from their respective places they could not see me.

While Michael Quinlan was getting out the books, and making the usual preparations for my official inspection, I occupied myself in observing Mr. Duggan. He was a tall, slightly-built young man, in whose appearance of delicate health and thoughtfulness I could easily discern the utter dissimilarity which made him unsympathetic to Michael Quinlan and his athletic boisterous brother-in-law Jim O'Brien; but whose calm business-like manner had not a touch of the confusion which my sudden arrival might have been expected to produce had he been guilty of the theft which must within so short a time be discovered.

After some time, when I had gone through some formal business, I asked for Mr. Duggan, and he presented himself at once. He was a good-looking man, with a pale face, brown eyes, and reddish hair. He was perfectly composed, and my keen observation made only one note. He did not look once at Michael Quinlan during the interview which ensued on his entrance.

I began by saying that I had discovered an inaccuracy of no very great importance, in the cash account, but which required investigation, and that I should be obliged so question him, as I had already questioned Mr. Quinlan, before preparing my report for the board of directors. He acquiesced frankly, and replied to all my questions with perfect ease and readiness. His narrative confirmed all that Quinlan had said, though I did not so direct my interrogatory as to make him acquainted with the particulars of the loss, supposing him not to be aware of them, nor did he evince the slightest knowledge of what was in my mind, beyond the reference to my questions to one special day. He remembered the incidents of it perfectly, the deposits and the drafts, and he assigned, unasked, the same reason for his exactness which Quinlan had given, his severe sufferings from toothache. The safe was examined; but it proved to be intact and in perfect order, and the two keys were fitted to it in my presence. Either opened the outer door, which disclosed an inner one, which, when both keys were applied, opened at once, while it steadily resisted the separate action of either. I dismissed Mr. Duggan, merely observing that his statement was quite satisfactory, and while he was passing from the inner to the outer room I drew its green silk curtain across the window in the wall, and whispered to Quinlan, "Show me noisily where you keep your duplicate key."

He sat down at the table, and with a key suspended to his watch-chain opened a small drawer under the desk. At the back of it, in a cardboard box, lay a key. I nodded, and Quinlan closed and locked the drawer.

The business of the bank was now commencing, and I begged Quinlan to leave me. He went into the outer office, and I applied myself to the external business of inspection, while deeply meditating on the circumstances before me.

I felt certain that I should have the permission of the directors to act in this matter according to my own discretion. Quinlan was at hand to be charged with the crime, if necessary; there existed no means of tracing the smaller notes, but there was a chance of tracing the larger. I need not enter upon the means which I adopted with that end.

I remained all day in the manager's room, and I kept Quinlan out of it as much as possible. All day I had the three men in the bank under my eyes, and all day I made them feel that they were so. To the clerk this was probably a matter of indifference, and Michael Quinlan did not mind it much, but I was quite aware that Duggan was restless and uneasy under the combined severity and uncertainty of my scrutiny. Occasionally I drew the curtain over my Judas window, and then softly withdrew it, gathering the folds in my hand and preventing the warning tinkle of the rings upon the brass rod; at other times I pulled it sharply back, making them sound smartly. But whenever and however I manoeuvred the curtain, I always caught sight of an uneasy conscious movement on Duggan's part, and once, when I put my face close to the glass suddenly, I saw him crumple up a sheet of note-paper on which he was writing, and cram it into his pocket—as if I could have seen what he was writing at that distance. But I was now satisfied at least that he had something to conceal,

and though it might be nothing more than a love-letter he was writing, and the concealment might have been instinctive, that was not an indication to be overlooked.

I abandoned my post for only a brief interval in the afternoon, when I paid Mrs. Quinlan a visit. She must be told the truth soon, because, as she was perfectly familiar with the ordinary process and duration of my inspection of the Tubber branch, such a departure from my ordinary custom as I meditated must necessarily be explained to her. I felt the greatest reluctance to inflict this shock upon her, but at the same time I fully intended to tell her that I was entirely convinced of her husband's innocence. I felt sure she would then bear it well, reduced as it would be within the compass of misfortune only. She was not a remarkable woman, but she was a high-minded one, and pious after a fashion and degree likely to stand to her now.

I found her in her comfortable parlor, with her youngest child, an infant, asleep in her lap. I did not entertain any expectation that she would throw any light on that strange saying of Quinlan's about her being used to see him look anxious now, because I knew her wifely loyalty would make her conceal from his friend anything it had not been his pleasure to tell. But I thought I might legitimately expect to get some information respecting Mr. Duggan. In this I was not disappointed: a very slight "lead" took effect, and Mrs. Quinlan waxed eloquent concerning the head cashier. He was a good man of business, she believed, but she did not like him, and she wished he had never come to Tubber. Michael was too easy, and too much inclined to take every one at his word; and Mr. Duggan was a plausible fellow. She had traced his tongue in some instances where it had been used very injuriously to Michael's credit; she would tell me the truth—the main cause of her dislike to Mr. Duggan was that he had talked in the town of Michael's imprudent dealings in horses, and had accused him of "taking more than was good for him." Michael had refused to believe these things, and called the rumor "woman's nonsense" (the very words he had used to me), and had made light of young O'Brien's evidence on the subject, because there had been a disagreement between him and Duggan, and had, with perverseness very unusual to him, rather taken to Duggan than otherwise.

There was a nervous flurry, a something almost like fear, in Mrs. Quinlan's manner as she told me this rather vague story which made me uncomfortable. It would all have meant little or nothing if I had not known what I did know, and if my mind had not been struggling between an instinctive conviction that Quinlan was innocent in the matter of the bank's loss, and a reasonable assurance that the man who had a motive for getting money at this time, by any means and at almost any risk, was the man who had committed the robbery.

"Michael's imprudent dealing in horses," "Michael's taking more than was good for him"—meaning drinking.

Unintentionally Mrs. Quinlan had given me two hints. One was, that Michael's changed appearance was to be imputed to anxiety of mind quite apart from the late occurrence; the other was, that Mr. Duggan had told the truth, and so indicated a motive for a crime on Michael's part, or he had told a lie, with the intention of affording a false indication and giving suspicion an erroneous turn. I took care to hide from Mrs. Quinlan that she had afforded me any unexpected information, and made some slight remark about the unmanliness of such gossip.

"That kind of thing is what the world is ungallant enough to say we may expect from women, Mrs. Quinlan, but we don't look for it from men. The mean jealousy of a stranger and inferior towards a superior, and one so well known and so much respected as Michael, may be the motive; but whatever it is, it is not worth your notice. There are so many real troubles in life, it is always a mistake to make mock ones."

She looked at me suspiciously, sharply, and with an expression which told me she longed to confide to me her "real troubles," which I suspected of having a close connection with the calamities imputed to Mr. Duggan. But she checked herself, and said only: "I am foolish to repeat these things to you, and to acknowledge a dislike which must seem merely a prejudice; but I never was more convinced of anything in my life than that Mr. Duggan has some object in view, near or distant, in injuring Michael's character."

I told Michael Quinlan before I left the bank that the time had come when his wife must know the truth; I advised him to tell her that same evening, and left him. A little later I had a private interview with a police inspector, of whose intelligence I had had former experience; sent a letter to Dublin by the night mail, which I expected would be responded to by procuring me unsolicited aid; and went out for a second lonely and uninteresting walk, this time by moonlight.

I returned to mine inn through the dingy street in which Mr. Duggan lived; and I observed the house closely. His rooms were above the drawing-room floor, I had been told. I noticed an open window, with the blind down, and reflected upon it the figure of a man, evidently writing. A glance at the other side of the street satisfied me that certain precautions which I had sketched had been observed. Very sharp and practised eyes were upon Mr. Duggan, and would not be removed from him until I should give the word.

With the following morning I resumed my proceedings of the former day. Mrs. Quinlan had been informed of what had occurred, and, though overwhelmed with grief, was, as I had foreseen she would be, much relieved by the knowledge that I believed Michael to be innocent.

"She only wants to know what must happen to me in case of the worst," said the poor fellow.

"In case of the worst—that is, in case we don't find out the real delinquent—I must have you arrested," I replied, "as you are of course aware; but I have every hope of avoiding that. But you must tell me all about yourself—how you stand in every respect."

Then Michael told me, in a simple, unaffected, regretful way. It was a long story as he told it; I can give the substance of it in two lines. He had been imprudent in transactions about horses, and he had "taken too much" to drown the care he did not feel strong enough to bear, and which was a painful puzzle to his far from clever head. Of both these facts Duggan was aware.

I heard him without comment, and put few questions to him.

"Did you ever invite Duggan to drink with you?"

"Not often; four or five times in all perhaps."

"Where are you in the habit of drinking of an evening?"

"In the manager's room," he answered; "I take the paper in there and read, while Rosy is putting the children to bed."

"Duggan has been with you in the manager's room, then, under these circumstances?"

"Only once—no, twice," he answered, correcting himself.

I made a note of these questions and answers, and Quinlan took his place in the outer office.

All that day I watched, and made it more remarkably evident than before to Duggan that I was watching him. There was a good deal of business done at the bank, and he made some mistakes. He was decidedly nervous, and I made him more so by sending for him, on pretext of requiring information in his department, on three occasions. I wrote and received numerous letters, and I kept the door of the room in which I sat locked, and took away the key with me at night.

During four successive days I stealthily pursued this course of conduct, and I could perceive, with satisfactory clearness, progressive symptoms of Duggan's breaking down under it. On the morning of the fifth day it was reported to me that he had not gone to bed at all during the previous night, and his appearance amply confirmed the statement. When I looked at him through my Judas window, as he took his accustomed place in the outer office, I saw that his nerves would betray him before long. I was forced to wait for their evidence, as absolutely no other was forthcoming to support my conviction that Duggan had stolen the money. During the few days I had been conducting my watch, I had caused inquiry to be made into the previous history of Duggan, and the results were placed in my hands on the fifth morning.

All this time my relations with Michael Quinlan had been growing more and more strained. I rarely saw him, and on those occasions our intercourse was strictly official. He, poor fellow, looked at me wistfully; but still his faith in me as one whom nobody could deceive and nobody could beat was firm. Mrs. Quinlan I had not seen again, but I had sent her a word of reassurance.

The particulars which had been ascertained by my agent concerning Mr. Duggan were of a simple kind, such as the life of any young man in his position in life in Ireland might have disclosed. He had come to Tubber with his mother, a widow, and had been given the post of cashier to the bank through the interest of a gentleman in the neighborhood. His mother had since died. His conduct was irreproachable in the past and the present. His expenditure fell short of what would have been permissible to his small salary and the proceeds of the little money left him by his mother, about thirty pounds a year. On the crucial question of any other female influence in his life, the information was scanty. He had been in love with a farmer's daughter in County Clare, but the girl had left the place before he did, and gone to Eng and. He had paid no attention to any one at Tubber, and was rather of a morose turn of mind, decidedly unsocial. With a record of these scanty facts in my note-book, I took my place on the fifth morning of my watch, and resumed the scrutiny under which Duggan visibly winced.

It was just twelve o'clock when I heard a low and cautious knock at the locked door. I drew the green-silk curtain over my Judas window before I replied to it by softly opening the door. Mrs. Quinlan was standing outside, in her bonnet and a shawl. "A man met me at the chapel-door just now, and gave me this for you," she said, she put into my hand a letter, which I perceived to be from my agent, who had been too cunning to come to the bank himself. I merely nodded as I took the letter, and locked the door again. The cover consisted of a square sheet of ruled paper on which these words were written:

"I breakfasted with O'Brien this morning, mistook his room, found myself accidentally in Duggan's, and caught sight of the enclosed among the scraps in the grate. It may mean something as the name is that of the girl he was in love with, and he is not supposed to have had