

spelled to make some disagreeable confessions; so begone, and pack up," and Mr. Best loosened his hold of the old woman, who sank trembling into the nearest chair.

"Do you mean to say, too, Ellen, that you are married to that man?" asked he contemptuously. She did not deign to reply, but drew closer to her husband, who was twining himself strongly around her young heart, and to whom she now looked up confidently. Mr. Chiffney turned to Charles as if for farther explanation, but he said—

"Don't look at me, sir. Ellen has told me all about your infernal villainies, and I repeat that the sooner you leave this house the better it will be for you."

"And who the devil are you, sir?"—demanded Mr. Chiffney, stalking up to Charles, and goaded to madness by his conduct. "Who are you sir, that dare to use this language to me in my own house."

"My name is Charles Best, at your service. The son of an honest man, sir, and one who will love, cherish, honor, and protect this lady, my wife, so now be warned in time."

Mr. Chiffney sprang to the bell handle, and sounded a peal that brought the servants up in a moment; for, expecting a scene, they were all prepared and during the short time they had been alone, they resolved to stand by their young mistress and her husband.

"Turn this vagabond out of the house!" he roared as they entered the room; but not one advanced a step.

"You see, sir," said Charles, "I am as well known here as yourself. But

you seem to doubt me still. John, go to Mr. Chiffney's room and pack up every thing belonging to him—remove them instantly."

"Yes, sir," answered the mineal and vanished.

"You see, sir," said Mr. Best, "there is no use in resisting, and I now tell you, that if you hesitate another moment to do as I have bid you, I will take such steps as will not only steep you in infamy, though I believe you would care little for that, but will compel you to disgorge the thousands which you have stolen from my wife.— And do not think that I married Ellen in the hope of getting wealth. No, sir; large as her fortune is my own is larger, and I have no need for her wealth, and it is only through pity to your years and name that I spare you from exposure.

Mr. Chiffney cast a look of mingled hatred and revenge upon Ellen, who had remained silent, but as her face showed, not an uninteresting spectator of the scene.

"And you, you huzzy, you strum—"

"Don't call that lady names," said Mr. Best, again seizing Mr. Chiffney. "Don't do it. Do not tempt me too far, you old scoundrel. My stock of patience is not very large, and it is now almost exhausted.—Let me tell you, once for all, you had better retire; you are wasting precious time, if you think you can stir me from my purpose. Begone, sir, I pray you."

Mr. Chiffney uttered not a word, but gazing steadily and with a demoniac fierceness upon the pair, he retired, and as the door was closed, Ellen placed