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We are nobody then; it is curious! Only the slave of the pen; The place where we designate "sanctum" Is the lair of a beast or a den. Our work any one could accomplish ! Just try it, dear sir, if you can; You'll find that in one thing your lacking-'Tis the snap of a newspaper man.

I've stood in the parvenu's parlors, Where wealth to the eye is unrolled-Where mankind is put in the balance, And weighed by the standard of gold; And creatures of beauty and fashion, Whose life is a frivolous span, Drew aside as if there were contagion In the touch of a newspaper man!

And I thought; are my hands red with murder?

Do 1 merit the signet of Cain? Nay, surely I must be a leper-All marked with the hideous stain! But no there are more potent reasons For putting me under the ban; The sneer and the look say I'm only-Only a newspaper man.

Is it wrong to use paper and scissors, Is it crime to get bread by the pen? Would intellect shine like a diamond If newspapers never had been? The man who absconds with a million

Is soon welcomed back from Japan; While he whose page sparkles with beauty Is only a newspaper man, I'm proud of my rank and my station, As the monarch is proud of his throne;

I've kindred in every nation, And brethren in every zone. The high, the rich, and the haughty -Deny it to-day if you can-Will fawn for the sake of a "notice" At the feet of a newspaper man.

I wonder, sometimes, in my sanctum, When alone with the work of the day, If we have a right to that haven, Beautiful, bright, far away. Will the angels who stand at the portals,

To welcome whoever they can, Turn aside when they see us, and whisper, "He's only a newspaper man!"

A GILDED SIN

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WEDDED AND PARTED," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

(Continued.)

She made no answer. In her heart she wished to be with him, but the very consciousness of it prevented her from speak-

'This is July,' he said; 'shall we say September, Veronica?

She agreed, and Sir Marc was so determined to keep her to her word that he went at once in search of Lady Brandon and told her. He brought her back with him to where Veronica still stood under the limes.

'I leave my interests in your hands, Lady Brandon,' he said. 'I shall return, with your permission, to marry Veronica on the twentieth of September. You will promise that she shall be ready?'

Lady Branden promised. "I do not think that I can live away from her altogether until then, Lady Brandon Will you invite me to come down in Aug-

'Come whenever you will, Sir Marc,' said Laly Brandon.

He pressed the hand of his love.

"I have bound you, sweetheart," he said-'you can never free yourself again.'

And, looking at his handsome face, his eyes lit with love, she said to herself that separation from him would be death.

CHAPTER IX.

August had come with its ripe, rich beauty; the fruit hung in the orchards, the gardens were a blaze of colour, the barley and the corn were ready for the reapers. Sir Marc had come down again to the Chace.

Those who had seen Veronica when she first reached England would hardly have recognized her had they seen her now. The beautiful face had changed so completely the pale, passionate leveliness had deepened into something more lovely still; there was more colour, more brightness; the dark lovelit eyes had in them the radiance of full and perfect content. Love had beautified her even as it had beautified her lite.

On this August morning she was in her pretty boudoir alone -- alone, for Sir Marc had gone in search of something to please her. He lived only to make her happy. She stood in the midst of a hundred beautiful things. Lady Brandon had determined to present her with her trousseau, and a large chest had arrived that morning from Paris. Veronica looked at her magnificent gat. It did not strike her as it would have done at | ing into hers grew deadly white. another time. She could think only of her

happiness and her love. She was smiling to herself, wondering whether a girl was ever so blessed, so happy, when some one rapped gently at her door. She looked up in surprise when her maid Clara Morten entered the room

'I want to speak to you, Miss di Cyntha, if you can spare time, she said.

Veronica made some courteous answer, and felt even more surprised when the girl closed the door and fastened the lock. The large long window that led to the terrace was open-neither of them thought of it.

'Why do you do that, Morton?' asked Veronica.

Because I have that to say to you which must be said without interruption.' Veronica looked up with haughty dis-

pleasure.

'You behave very strangely,' she said 'I do not like it.' She looked fixedly at the girl, whose face was not pleasant to seethere was a livid light in her eyes, an air of cringing, yet of defiance, in her whole man-

'You must listen to me, Miss di Cyrtha, she said. 'I hold a secret of yours, and I must be paid for it.'

'You can have no secret of mine,' returned Veronica.

'But I have,' said 'the girl. 'Listen to me. I am engaged to marry John Palding, who once lived here as head-groom. We have been engaged to be married for eight years, and fortune has never once smiled on us. He saved three hundred pounds and put it into a bank. 'The bank broke, and he was left penniless. I saved sixty pounds, and invested it in a building society, which became bankrupt. Fortune has never once smiled on us until now. Now John Palding has an offer from a farmer in Australia. If he can go out there, and take five hundred pounds with him, we shall make our fortune.'

'I'do not see what this has to do with me,' interposed Veronica.

'I do, Miss di Cyntha. I hold a secret of yours, and I want five hundred pounds as the price of my silence.' 'You are talking nonsense, Morton.

can only imagine that you have lost your

senses,' 'You will find, on the contrary, Miss di Cyntha, that I was never more sensible in my life. Let me tell you what I have to

Veronica looked at her. In the excitement of the interview she had risen and confronted her.

'Come to the point at once please,' said Veronica. 'What have you to say ?' The girl looked uneasily at her mistress; the colour came and went in her face; her eyes drooped. Raising her head, she said

suddenly ... 'It is for John's sake-I would de anything for John,'

Veronica gave a sigh of resignation. What this strange scene meant she could not tell, but it would end at some time no doubt .-Morton keard the sigh.

'You are impatient, miss,' she said. 'I am coming to the matter. I do not like to speak of it to you; you have been a kind mistress to me. But it is for John's sake -I would do anything for him.'

" Will you be kind enough just to come to the point?' said Veronica.

'I will,' answered Clara Morton.

Yet Veronica saw that she had to summon all her courage, to make a most desperate effort. She looked up at her.

'You remember Sir Jasper's death, Miss di Cyntha? You remember the day after it? Though it was a warm June day, you would have a fire in your room.'

Veronica started; her face grew white, a low cry came from her lips,

paused abruptly when she saw the change in her mistress's face. 'That very day, miss, I thought there

was something wrong, she said. 'Why should you want a fire when the June sun was shining so warmly? I said to myself that you had something to burn.'

Another low cry came from Veronica. -Morton continued-

'1-you will be very angry with me, Miss di Cyntha-I watched you; I knelt down and looked through the keyhole. The key was in the lock, so that I could not see much, but I saw distintly a roll of parchment in your hands, and I saw you put it on the fire. I saw it begin to burn, and I was wild to know what it was. All at once I had an idea that you were destroying something that belonged to Sir Jasper, and was determined to know?

She paused, while the beautiful face gaz-'I invented an excuse to get you from the

room, Miss di Cyntha,' she continued. "I told you that Lady Brandon had not answered a knock at her door-it was simply an' excuse to get you from the room. Then I took from the fire the charred remains of the parchment. I saw quite distinctly the words ' Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon,' Miss di Cyntha. It was but a charred fragment- I took it away with me; and now, Miss di Cyntha, I accuse you of having burned Sir Jasper's will. You cannot deny it-I have the proofs.'

Veronica stood like one turned to stone. She had lost all power of speech. The girl continued-

'I can form no idea why you did it-that does not concern me-perhaps lt was for your own interest. They said in the servants' hall that Sir Jasper had left you money ; perhaps the will you destroyed took it from you.

There was a flash as of fire from the dark

'I do not wish to do you any harm, miss. I have not mentioned what I saw to any one, and I never will ; but you must give me five hundred pounds for keeping your secret .-Give me that, and I will promise, I will swear, that n rallusion to what I have seen shall ever pass my lips. Give me that and I will bring the charred fragment to you. I do not wish to harm you, but Providence has given me this chance and I must make the most of it. From that one moment 1 said to myself that I would keep your secret until I could use it. Give me five hundred pounds, and I will be as faithful as death to you.'

Then the power of speech came to Veron-

· Even if I would condescend to bribe you, she said, 'I could not; I have not five hundred pounds of my own in the world.' "You have a rich lover,' returned the girl,

blood if you needed it.' 'Hush!' said Voronica, sternly. '1 will not allow you to say such words.'

with a significant smile. 'Sir Marc would

give you anything in the world-his heart's

'You may do what you like, miss-1 shall keep to my word. If you give me five hundred pounds, I will never reveal your secret; if not, I will betray it.' 'What if I refuse?' said Veronica. 'Tell

me the worst.' In her heart she knew the

worst must come; it was as impossible for her to find five hundred pounds as it would have been to find five thousand. 'The worst is that, if I fail to get the money from you, I must try to find out who is the next most interested in the matter:

There is one thing that you cannot deny, Miss di Cyntha-you burned the will.' She paused with a sudden cry. Unperceived by either, Sir Marc had entered through the open window, and stood

with a horror-stricken tace, listening to the

last few terrible words. With an air of terrible bewilderment he looked from one to the other; Veronica was white as death, the servart girl insolent in the full triumph of her accusation, in the knowledge of her victory. Veronica looked round when she saw the sudden dawn of fear in the girl's eyes. She uttered no cry when she saw her lover, but a cold terrible shudder seized her. He came to her and took

her hand. What is the matter, Veronica? What does this insolent woman say? Why do you

allow her to insult you?' 'Truth is no insult, Sir Marc,' put in

'Say the word, and I will send for a policeman, and will give her into custody. 1 heard a little of what has passed, and I see she is trying to extort money from you-why

not order her from the house?' 'Ah, why not?' cried Morton insciently. 'As you say, Sir Marc, why not?'

'I take the duty upon myself,' he said; 'I order you not only to quit the room, but to quit the house. Lady Brandon will approve of what I have done when she hears of your conduct.'

'I shall not leave the room, Sir Marc, she replied quietly, 'until I have Miss di Cyntha's answer. She knows what I want; let her say if she will give it to me.'

'You know that I cannot,' she answered. Sir Marc look at her in bowilderment.

'Surely you are not willing to compromise with this woman, Veronica? She must be punished -- any attempt to extort money is a crime that the law punishes very severe-

'Go on,' she said to the girl. who hal ly. Do not speak to her-leave her to me.' Then he paused in bewildered wonder; there was something he did not understand -a shrinking fear in Veronica's face and an insolent triumph in the maid's. Where was the indignation, the just anger, that she should feel? What could it mean? With a restless uneasy gaze he looked from one to the other. The dark eyes of the woman he loved had never met his own.

'I heard what passed,' he said. 'I was bringing you these Gloire de Dijon roces, Veronica, and I heard this insolent woman say that you had burned a will-that you could not deny it. I know the meaning of that. She brings this false accusation against you, meaning to extort money from you, and you very properly refuse to give it to her She ought to be sent to prison.'

'Stop. Sir Marc,' said the woman angi-'you speak too fast. Ask my mistool whether my charge against her is fall not.

To be Continued.