Act of 1875.] This was a lie and a mere coincidence. Old

George knew nothing of Erebus.
"He was tempted very hard, an' he expected to be able to pay back," he went on, his furtive, snamefaced, hangdog look, and his husky voice making him almost eloquent to the financier's good heart. "Of course I'm not a sayin' as that's an excuse, Sir Jonas; but look at what he lest. His father was weil-to-do, an' now he'll cut him off. He was goin' to be married to a nice young gell as owned a freehold farm an' other property must be allowed to be a very hot sentence for a flist offense."

Who was the judge who tried the case?"

asked Sir Jonas.
"Mr. Justice Wormould," said old George. "Wormould is severe," said Sir Jonas --undoubtedly severe. I have had my attention attracted to one or two cases in which. as it appeared to me, he leaned rather to the side of strict justice than of a mercy which might be wiser. But in this case, Mr Busheli——" He paused and fidgeted. He wanted to shake old George by the hand, but he would not ac have betrayed himself for the

I wouldn't be so cruel," said George, with renewed tremor as he approached the nucleus of his plot, "as t'ask the Seckitary to throw the poor lad loose o' the world with out a prospect. What I say is, let him have Now, I've got correspondents in Australia, Sir Jonas, an' my object is to give him a passage out, an' a letter of recommendation, tellin' the wull story plain an' straght"—he saw that touch was needful 'an' perhaps a huridred pounds to begin

The great financier sprang from his chair and shook the country man of business by the hand.

"Mr. Bushell," he said with warmth, "rely upon my influence. Mr. Bushell's face went crimson and then

wet gray. "I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure Sir Jonas," he said, more hoarsely than ever, and Sir Jonas gave a renewal of the grip before he dropped his hand. But Old George had not yet reached the actual hub of design and detection was possible even now. I was a bold plan. He went on anxiously Theer's still one thing, Sir Jonas, if you'll forgive my mention on it. I'm in a pretty way o' business, an' I've got five and thirty cierks i' my empi'y, and three or four hundred men. Now, if it got to be known as I'd took a step to free this young man, the consequences might be dangerous. As it is, he's took for an example, an' I mek no doubt ha's talked about for such. Now, much as I wish it, I can't move i this matter i it is to get into the papers an' be known fur

an' wide."
" De good by stealth, and blush to find it fame!" said Sir Jonas to himself. "Thiman is a Christian! Ag ntleman at heart!

A jewel of a fellow!" The jewel of a fellow waited with bitter anxiety and fear.

"Do you think," he ventured to say after a pause, "as that 'ud be possible?" 'I cannot say what view the Home Secretary may take of the matter, Mr. Bushell, said Sir Jonas, walking up and down with his hands behind him, "but I can at least promise that your benevolent scheme shall not suffer at my hands. If you will allow me, I will see the Secretary this evening. shall meet him at the House, and will do my

best to secure you an interview."

"Thank you, Sir Jonas." said old George. "George Banks," said Sir Jonas, bending above the table, pen in hand, and writing as he spoke. "Private secretary to Mr. George Bushell. Tried for forgery before Mr. Justice Wormould. Where?

Stafford," said George. "When?" asked Sir Jonas as he wrote. " First o' Febiwerry last," George answer

ed. Good." Sir Jones Isid the sheet of note paper upon a blotting pad, folded it, and set his hand upon it. "You will excuse me his hand upon it. "You will excuse me now, Mr. Bushell. Where shall I write to

'I shall stop i' town," said George, " until I've seen the Seckitary for the Home Depart. ment." He named his hotel, and Sir Jonas again shaking him warmly by the hand, es corted him to the door and saw him off in

"That dull old fellow is an honor to hu-

man nature," said Sir Jonas.
"I didn't thing," said the dull old fellow thing, and as he walked away, "as I should ha'got anybody.
Tound him anythin' like so easy."

and laid George Bushell's story before him. "Heli,"
The official had that day been greatly tried the door. by a cucumstance which made him glad to

wish you could see the man. And life is not be really was at bottom. If he wept under so gracious a business that it is worth while the burden of these reflections and the to stifle anybody's generous impulses except shock of the warder's insolence, what wonder?

No." said the Secretary with a half laugh. udicial machine by laying a finger on the ture.

You figuring as the fly-wheel?" said Sir

"If you put it in that way," said the Sec retary.
"Yes, I put it in that way," said Sir

Jonas.
"Im horribly busy." "Busier than I am?" asked the great financier.

The Secretary smiled.
"You have the man's address?"

s couple of hours. Shall I send for him now ? " If you will."

Sir Jonas addressed a brief note to George Bushell, Esq., and dispatched a messenger by cab. Old George, when he came to think about it, had been comforted by his interview and that which remains before you is long. I with Sir Jonas, and had taken a glass or two
of whiskey on the strength of it. When the
Now there was a double insult, and George of whiskey on the strength of it. When the messenger arrived with the note he began to be afraid that he was scarcely fit to see a Home Secretary, or to be seen by one; but, having sluiced his head and face with fair aspect it is strictly punitive. In another it water, he felt better, and, joining the messenger, was driven to the palace of Westmin-to consider your past misdeeds, and to make

Now, the Home Secretary—as Sir William future." Harcourt knows—is an important personage, and for any criminal person, with a possibility of penal servitude for life hanging over the make if he were here?"

But the Chaplein habitually set the wear. him, to approach so great a functionary with ment to make a cat's paw of him, is an act of amazing boldness, possibly of amazing rashness, possibly of astounding folly.

This consideration began to weigh The Unaplain nabitually set the weather to work on stony ground, and would not have been much discouraged even if the prisoner had spoken his thoughts aloud. He went on, business like, startled echoes clanged and tingled through

heavily upon George's mind, and, when the Bude light became visible at the before him. Then he told him how unhappy to seffore him as with darts of anguish. But the heaver's tears lell fast. He told the he lacked the courage to run away miserable George bow he had sacrificed the tons to take it to the Governor; and then, a promise of benevolence? Who was likely And the more eloquent the Chaplain grew, Varue, horrible fears that the Home Score-tary might be personally acquainted with all the archives of Somerset House in detail was a thoroughly good man, pious and in assailed the miserable old schemer, and a carnest and we all like an appreciative its hundred other fears, as foolish and as visionary, chilled him to the marrow as he fol and the exhorter naturally felt well disposed owed the messenger into the strange precinets of the House, where, for anything old at your comic story and hed tears at George knew to the contrary, there might be your strokes of narrative pathos, brother

did not insist on privacy, and George in with hang dog furtive air, standing hat in given him.

The chaplain in parting shook him by pand in a corner of the smoking room.
Theer's another thing, Sir Jonas, as you've orgot to mention

"I can't move i' this matter at all, if anyit's to get into the papers as the young man sheer want of something better to do, that he nasn't served his sentence."

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it

ame," Sir Jonas whispered behind his hand "I've got thirty-five clerks i' my empl'y,"

n a fair way to success. He gave his home address, took a respectful

sovered?
Yet, a man will willingly endure a great tence which had been passed upon him, and leal for a quarter of a million of money, and out of the depths of his regeneration he wrote crother Joseph's quarter of a million had a letter to Dinah, a letter so rious and edify sken root in George's soul. have died than have surrendered it.

Every now and again it occurred to him enat it might be that all the trouble he had aken and the danger he had incurred, were unnecessary; but his fears goaded him, and error of his ways, and besought her also to he thinnest shadow of dreadful chance struck terror to his soul. He returned now to the Black Country, and was tried by the misery of reading this effusion. The local agony of the law's delay for three dreary postmaster returned it to the gaol, marked in an official note informing him that his pray or was granted, and that, except for the stabbed him tike a knife.

"Theer's nothin' for it," he said, sitting in so ha' done wi' it."

The official note inclosed an authorisation

very day." But, as he rose in blind haste to forward his scheme, that dreadful swim ming in the head from which he had twice r thrice suffered came back upon him. He aw nothing but a silvery mist, with splashes in it of alternate ink and fire, and he sank into his seat and lost consciousness.

CHAPTER XVII.

examined the evidence; he made all reason effects, and had not even begun to experience able inquiry; he would willingly have leaned its tonic influence—he sat down by his little to mercy's side if possible, but he was combit of gaslight, and began to cry. The way pelled in conscience to let the sentence take of transgressors is hard, and he felt the The most imparial of judges and best of bly absuid. And yet people actually did men are apt to be affected in this way.
"Wormould has a heavy hand," he said,
when he had heard the story through. "But felon, branded for life, lost, friendless, hopethink it, and as a consequence he was here, two years even for a first offense is not an less. And nobody pitied him, nobody thought how horribly untucky he was; nobody 'I suppose not," said Sir Jonas. "But I guessed how honorable and high minded

Since his entry to the juil he had been admirably subordinate, partly through policy "Except on a good reason. To is sort of and perhaps a little secuse he was prone by thing is really not so rare as you seem to nature to avoid resisting strong things. Here fancy. Prosecutors relent when they have authority, though calm, was strong enough gone too far, and think they can stop the to have cowed a much more pugnatious na-George's valor was essentially discreet, and he made a model prisoner. The Chap-lam had good reports of him, and, as luck Jonas.

"Precisely," the Secretary answered.

"Will you see the man? I shall take it as personal favor."

"If you pretice of him, and, as luck would have it, he paid his first real visit to his new charge whilst George was crying. He had gone formally into his cell before, and had dropped a text or two his new charge whilst in the had gone formally into his cell before, and had dropped a text or two his new charge whilst or two his new charge whil prepared with all the weapons of Gospel agriculture, to plow and sow and harrow the

culture, to plow and sow and harrow the c.iminal's heart.

The door opened, and the forger sat with his head in his hands, weeping. The door closed again, and the chaplain and the prisouer were alone. George knew him by his regs and had no need to look up to recognize

"You have the man's address?"

"You have the man's address?"

"Of course," said Sir Jonas. "He is within a mile of us. Come, the fight downstairs won't begin for you settened by your chastisement." The prisoner's gorge arose, but he said no-thing. Softened? Why should anybody be glad to find him softened, victim of injustice

and ill fortune as he was?

"The time already afforded you for reflec-

and strengthen holy resolutions for the "Canting hound!" said the prisoner to

But the Chaplain habitually set the wea-

guess his relationship with the criminal? the more the criminal was affected; and the

George Rnew to the control of the story for him, appealing to him now and then with a "That is oner's tears and its own cloquence, and the story for him are the story for him, appealing to him now and then with a "That is oner's tears and its own cloquence, and the story for him are the story for him, appealing to him now and then with a "That is oner's tears and its own cloquence, are the story for him are the sto Mr. Bushe 1?"
Oner's tears and its own eloquence That is so," George answered to each of the exhorting voice began to shake and to these enquiries, and his heart seemed grad-grow a little busky, the criminal murmured ually to come back to him. But Sir Jones that he felt the value of sympathy, and would

hand and left a tract behind him. That sort of literature never had any charms for the eriminal until now, but anything is better than nothing, and he read the tract and took ody's to know as I had a hand in it, or if an interest in it, and read it so often, for knew it almost by rote when the good man humbugging himself. Every man but the George went on, repeating his argument of greatest has a little of the chameleon in him, that afternoon, "an' some hundreds o' work- and takes his color from surroundings. men, an' it 'ud be a bad example. I should Young curates coming up to town and meeticar to set it."

Young curates coming up to town and meeting old college chums in bachelor chambers The great official said urbanely that the have been known in the course of a day or

and the chaplain and governor of the jail again, and to take a bashful hand at sixmust report on the criminal's conduct and penny napoleon. It is within living memory condition. The step suggested was a grave that the late Mr. Peace told the chaplain of old George, "an' may be to say a solemn word one, and must not be taken hastily. The proposal reflected the very greatest credit on Mr. Bushell's heart. And, in brief, it was show the chaplain how a Christian could after all." He was so falling into the part, plain even to old George himself that this die. Impressionable human nature—not al nost insolent and audacious of schemes was together deceived, nore more than nine tenths deceiving.

And so, on a sudden, this young man be

wave, and went back to his hotel; elated, yet came quite a model of Christian propriety. Buildering. If his motive should be dustouted the justice of the sence over red? He would rather ing that the Chaplain consented to let it go. and, by the Governor's permission, posted it with his own hands. In that epistle he set before his supposed sister the manner in which he had become converted from the seek the cleaning fountain in which he had been sanctified. Poor Dinah was spared the

weeks. At the end of that time he received red ink, "Gone. Left no address." the chaplain an official note informing him that his pray No. 32, B Corridor, became a sort of model young man." prisoner, and was in the main treated with necessary p blication through the ordinary great kindness. The pious warder even went official channels, which, of course, could not so far as to supplement his rations—against possibly be dispensed with, his desire for all rule—with bottles of warm tea and wed-secrecy would be respected. The reservation ges of pork pie, the which 32 of B Corridor gratefully received and disposed of. And look when at length, beneath the seal of official rascal his armchair and staring stupioly at the fire, secrecy, the inquiries prompted by old George "but to get out o' the country wi' a rush, an' Bushell were made by the Home Department. the Governor and the Chaplain were both

honestly pleased that a young fellow who to visit the prisoner, and intimated besides showed such sincere desire for amendment that the revused term of the prisoner's seemed likely to have another chance in the durance would expire in a month's time with world. Their reports were eminently favora world. Their reports were eminently favora in a day or two.

"I'll goo an' see him." said George, "this knew nothing of the negotiations. ble to the prisoner, who, as a matter of course The benevolent employer, awaking from

his swoon, found himself chilled to the very marrow, and so weak that he could scarcely rise from his chair. For a while he was no sure that he had not fallen asleep after read ing the official letter: but as he grew clearer he remembered that he had fallen suddenly back with an awful swimming in the head, and his fears once more got hold of him. Four and-twenty years ago and more, so his There was a pious warder in the jail in dull conscience now recalled him to the which young George was confined, and one truth, he had begun to plot against his night, as he locked the prisoner up, he threw nephew, only with the faintest hope that the plot might be successful. All these years man," said the pious warder.

"What's that?" said the prisoner. He was good deal reduced by prison diet, for one thing, and he was not too proud to speak to Well, then, he would make all straight and after the speak to the spe be lenient. A man somewhere in the North
of England had been found guilty of murder unhearing iron walls and the iron door, stead of one—an ample provision. And Home Secretary had gone through a most will be prison diet for as yet he was new to its would be queath everything his brother Jo and the prison razor and the prison prison priso rightful owner. Surely, thought the old sinner, tremulous now and full of fears, that was enough to do. Surely that put a new effect. The man had been hanged that ardship without fully recognizing himself as a transgressor. He was ill used. It was enough to the complexion on the matter, and made his a transgressor. He was ill used. It was enough to the complexion on the matter, and made his a transgressor. He was ill used. It was early editions of the evening arms in his position, and with his prospects in the early editions of the evening arms in his position, and with his prospect. The man had been hanged that he was chough to the matter, and made his complexion on the matter, and made his plot pious. If his own conscience could not what he has to say to you will make a proper believe or hope that the flaw went unseen? papers. He was sure he had done his best to be just—he believed the sentence deserved—three hundred pounds. A fool as gross as but, after all, there was a doubt in his ignorance made drunk could scarcely think tempted him too strongly to be resisted now. it was in his power to do justice at the end. Even in the mean time he was acting benevolently to the criminal George. He, at least

knows how to cheat his conscience.

Tremulous still, and looking old and hag gard. he began his preparations for his jour ney. He wrote and dispatched instructions to the managing clerk at his offices, with respect to some hitherto unarranged affirs, filled a pocket flask with whisky as a guard against any new attack of faintness, and, against any new attack of faintness, and, walking to the railway station, was borne away. People who met him noticed his haggard pallid looks, and said to one another that old Bushell was ageing fast and beginning to break up. He felt it himself, though he set down much of it to himself, though he set down much of it to bis late continuous anxiety, and looked

forward to a rapid recovery when its cause should have disappeared. The journey was not a lengthy one, and the sunlight was lying hot and white upon the main street of the country town when he reached it. But now a great reluctance to go near the jail fell upon him, and he walked who gazed idly after him, but all faces looked suspicious to him in in his timerous mood. and everybody seemed to know his errand. The sexton's statement oppressed him, and The sexton's statement opproach and he felt what an awkward thing it was for a deliberation, "I've come to see you on man who had a possible sentence of transportation for life hanging ever him to put hihead inside a jail. But the thing had to be done, and when the road was quite clear of observers, he advanced to the massive gate the very gate he had seen in his dream, though he had never beheld it with bodily eyes before—and rang the bell. The echoes went clanging and tingling shout the hollow courtyard and a warder opened a side door and de

manded to know his business. "Tek my card to the Governor," said old George with shaky pomposity. "I'm the bearer of a letter from the Home Seckitary, "I'm the

and, indeed, he stood condemned to go substance of happiness and prosperity for the through with the business now. And why mere shadow of a fleeting joy; and when forebead and said it was a roaster. Old should anybody suspect him? Why should George sobbed in answer the Chaplain George assented and looked at the orna anybody look for an evil motive behind such warmed to his text and grew nearly eloquent. agreeably suggestive of strong durance After what seemed a long pause, heavy footstep-set the echoes going in the courtyard again and the messenger reappeared. "The Governor's compliment, sir, and will you walk this way."

Out into the open yard, then through heavy door—which the warder unlocked to him, as you would feel to me if I laughed into a corridor, then through another doo ato a lengthier corrider. All the doors, old George noticed with an uncomfortable creeps less in the region of the spine, closed with a snap behind—and now, if the Secretary o State had pierced his plan from the first, how safe they had him! That was all nonsense and he knew it, but he shivered at it. He was relieved when, having traversed the whole length of the jail, they came upon an other open space, turfed and not paved this think of the good advice which had been time, and beyond it the Governor's house, ooking solid and prison like, but still a little more cheerful and less terrible than the liv ing grave behind.

The Governor was not in the least official in appearance—a grey, elderly gentleman, with a cordial look and manner. He re ceived his visitor with something more than courtesy, and shook hands as if he were pleased to see him. The fact was that he next visited him. And if on future occasions had heard of old George's amazing goodness, he humbugged the chaplain, he began by and, being himself of a kindly nature, was much impressed by the story. It is not every day in the year that a man who has been so ill-repaid for the affection wasted on a pro tege chooses to act in this Christian spirit of forgiveness.
"At present," said the Governor, "the

case should have his best attention. The two to throw off something of the restraint young man is of course unprepared. Perhaps, judge who tried the case must be consulted, of habitual piety, to drink bitter beer once. Mr Bushell, you would like to carry him the news of your own benevolence, ch? "I should like to see him certainly," said

that he began to regard all sides of it naturally. Those fears of possible detection had been purely nervous, and had not as sailed his reason; or at least he told himself so, now, when he saw the Governor so friendly. "They was all mere foolery, of course," said he to himself...
"Well, you know, Mr. Bushell," said the

Governer with a half laugh, "a prisoner's penitence is a thing the quality of which it ts very difficult to judge until you see it actually worn and tried outside. 'The devil was sick'—you know. And I dare say,' added the Governor, "that while the sickness lasted, his penitence was real enough. That's the way with 'em here."
"Ah!" said George, wondering what the

man was talking about : " so I should sup-"At the same time, I must tell you that the chaplain thinks very favorably of the

well. coming to be a good deal seamed and the rowed, it was pale just now, and had a worn look on it; immobile at the old whilst it was meant to disguise, his inward signature. Old George sto dethere wooden agriculture was, it was plainly to be seen agriculture was scarcely self-postulation. Old George sto dethere wooden and cold, but even he was scarcely self-postulation. as almost expressionless front, with only that look of late pain upon it had more effect than could easily have been fancied. The man looked so simple and genuine, not at all him, and his grand coup had yet to be made, like a schemer against his protege. A woodenly benevolent, good, stupid, slow creature! There is even a mournful admiring tender.

ness, a tinge of pathes, in one's thoughts concerning him.
"Would you like to see the chaplain?" asked the Governor.
"Well," said George deliberately, "I don't know as it mighten't be as well."
"Or perhaps," said the Governor, "

like to see the young fellow himself first?" "Well," returned George, "I don't know as I shouldn't. Yes," he added with a most nvoluntary sigh, "I'il get that over."
"Very well, Mr. Bushell. Come this way,

if you please."
George followed the Governor back into the ne word in season.

"There's a worse prison than this, young han," said the prisoner. He was going to be punished for his returned upon him. He was going to be punished for his returned upon him. It was not wickedness. These visitations frightened him, for they came in answer to his sins, pose there should be something in them. thing, and he was not too proud to speak to anybody. And besides, except the chaplain, nobody had ever offered him a civil word. So when he died. In the meantime, surely, no he answered quits bright and in a tone of the chapter of the surely of the surel Sir Jonas saw the Home Secretary that be answered quite briskly, and in a tone of evening in the smoking room of the house, interest, "What's that?"

when he died. In the meantime, surely, no Deity could be displeased by his benevolence to a young man who had so shamefully locking the doors, and fastening them behind, to a young man who had so shamefully locking the doors, and fastening them behind, betrayed his trust. He would be good to and at last he and they came to corridor B young Banks, and free him from prison, and and then to door 32, and this being opened George, as this theological bullet strack give him a new chance in the world, and revealed the figure of a man at whom the him, leaped to his feet and cried out to the money to start with, two hundred pounds in benevolent intruder looked with no recegni and sentenced to death. Streunous efforts had been made to obtain a reprieve, and the Home Secretary had gone through a most "Inscient cad!" Then, being weakened to death the strength of the and the prison razor and shears, that the old man might bave looked at him for five seph had left behind him to Dinah, its old man might bave looked at him for five rightful owner. Surely, thought the old minutes without guessing who he was. The little bent, stood in attitude of attention.

Now, the prisoner was making rapid pro gress towards spiritual perfection. He had forgiven all his enemies, theoretically, and he had cultivated all his own evil passions out interest in his own spiritual symptoms. Yet he did rile up a little at old George's intruwas not at present entitled to a penny or the money, and a year and a half imprisonment sion, and as the intruder walked into his central before him, apart from the self-excusing lay before him, apart from the self-excusing the criminal's newly holysoul went blique on a sudden. For he remembered yet—he had a sudden. nad only tried to borrow for a month or two to forgive old George, but human nature is

giveness for him. "Do you wish your interview to be absolutely private, Mr. Bushell?" asked the Governor, withdrawing him a little towards

remould the phrase. "I think I'd rather as you was with us."

The Governor was a little curious, and the situation was interesting.
"I shall be most happy," he returned.
"Wait there," he said to the warder, "until I tap the door, and then unlock it."

down the shady side of the road with new tremore and misgivinge, all undefined, and probably all the worse on that account He robably all the worse on the robably all the worse on that account He robably all the worse on that account He robably all the worse on that account He robably all the worse on the robably all the worse of the robably all prison lock, as I have before noticed, and even an undetected criminal may very well jump a little at it. But disturbed as he was, now accomplished, "you'll let me know the date on which this young man's sentence 'll date on which this young man's sentence 'll lay before him
"Mr. Banks." he said with labored

> The criminal with downward glance murmured to the effect that he poped so and believed so. He was near the truth in one respect, though unconsciously, for he loathed old George, and trembled with anger at the

sight of him.
"I'm willin' to hope so, also," said the wrongful heir, "willin' an' eager. I'm glad to hear from the governor of this jail as the chaplain believes as you're sincerely penitent.

"I trust I am," said the rightful heir. "I'm here as your sincere friend, Mr.

heavily upon George's mind, and, to set the enormity of the prisoner's offence the hollow court when the warder slammed Banks," the wrongful heir resumed. "I dare head up where people had known him. But on, and it would be suicidal to set such a

out his inward speech was unreportable.

our prospects was." ningled rage and pity of himself. The un-

letecred criminal continued.

"I'm glad to see as you feel your position

What was this? the prisoner asked himself with a heart that fluttered in his breast, like a flag in the wind. What was it?" "So I've used my influence," said the old scoundrel, "with the 'Ome Seckitary, an'

he's consented to reduce your sentence.

to say a word.
"I allays liked you," said old George, "an" I allays took a interest in you. An' now I've Sir Jonas Cree-us."-this, had, as it was The schemer's hair was grey, his face was Governor was affected and blew his nose re peatedly, waving a loud colored silk hand-

> sessed, as you may easily conceive. But neither of his auditors yet knew how the benevolent creature's kindliness had carried so far as they were concerned. "Now," he continued, when the prisoner's sobs had grown less violent and the Governor nad ceased to blow his nose, "this country's about played out for you, Mr. Banks, or at least I'm very much afeared it is. But it 'ud be cruel i'stead o' bein' kind to turn you loose o' the world again without a prospict

> tralia an' tryin' to begin atresh? I believe as you are penitent, an' I hope prosperous times 'll wait you upon you theer. Now, what do you say t' Australia?" What was young George likely to say to Australia under the circumstances? I was shout to say that he jumped at the chance in reality, he crawled at it, for he turned upon his knees and made at the undetected swin

Now, s'spose I give you another start i' the

world, what do you say to goin' out t' Aus

dier as if to embrace his legs, and had not old George retired precipitately behind the Governor, he would have done is:
"God bless you, Mr. Busheli!" he cried in a voice shaky with many sobs. "God bless you, sir! God bless you!" "I say the same, sir, as this poor fellow

forger crawled back to his bedside and wept old George's mental build. He wondered afresh. It was a moving scene, and the practical exponent of Christian charity, as he pedient had ever been hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the fancy within himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself for having hit upon before, and the wondered at himself where hit was a moving seen at the wondered at himself where hit was a moving seen at the wondered at himself where hit was a moving seen at the wondered at himself where hit was a moving seen at the wondered at himself where hit was a moving seen at the wondered at himself where hi "If they was to find me out, after all !"

CHAPTER XVIII.

" I shall give you letters of introduction, Mr. Banks, to my old correspondents in Meiborne, in Australia," said George. afcared I shall have to tell the truth about !

ha' no more temptation to depart from the straight road. It's that alone as leads to properity an' happiness, an' I do hope you'll "Mr. Banks," he said severely, "I'm a be-

And at the beginning he had never meant to swindle anybody. He had only helped his errant nopuew. Joe, as he was now helping eff rt.

accompany you on your journey, an' aboard ship I shall place the sum I've mentioned in your hands. I trust as you won't think as

appealing to the Governor.

'I think your whole scheme most praise He closed the cell door with a snap, and old George started at it. It had a strange worthy and admirable, sir, 'cried the Govern

I'm a-tekin undoo precautions, sir," he added

"I can tell you that at once." said the

Governor, "and as I am auth, rised to inform the prisoner, I may as well tell you here a most important matter-a matter as This is the 29th. On the 28th of next month, concerns you very deeply. You've had being Monday, he will be discharged at noon? time, since you was here, to think "I shall be here." said old George with time, since you was here, to think "I shall be here." said old George with things over, an' I hope you've done it, an' as cold deeperation, "to meet him." He turned you we begun to see things in their proper to the criminal and said "Good bye." The wept above it with inarticulate gasps of benediction and thanksgiving, until his benefactor lost patience and took warder came in answer to the Governor's ummons, and released them, and young George was left to his reflections. They were bitter, but sweetened by touches of gratifude and hope and new resolve. He

all judged thing it was you did let alone the nobody need know of his criminality. There-tound the punishment pretty heavy?'

If how decound it is alone the nobody need know of his criminality. There-tound the punishment pretty heavy?'

Mr. Bushell, his saviour and benefac-the house of the idelabate would be decounded.

that. You'd very like ha' been settled down an' married afore to-day, for I know what we so hot that it coed down all in a second, He must promise whatever he was asked to and before the young man could resolve to promise, and then being free, he must act barke that letter in case it were entrusted to for the best. After all, he would be only him, he was assailed by gust after gust of fulfilling his employer's desires of him, and grateful emotion, and this condition lasted doing his best to preserve an honest reputa-him for a week at least. Then he began to "I m giad to see at your feel your position that keen, Mr. Banks."

Oh, the surging rage and self pity in the little soul! A storm in a tea cup! Ay, but the vessel trembled, and was likely to break with it.

"I took a likin' to you from the first," old George went on, encouraged by the effect of this hair and rejoice to find it long enough to in jail commonly Before his waiting month old George went on, encouraged by the effect was out, his hair, which give rapidly, was must admit the cogency of young George's of his own oratory, and somehow, in a dim sort of way, feeling himself wronged and knew that he was pale enough to pass for one The situation was singular; the young magnanimous, an' you can't help allowin who had had a recent fever. At the first man concletulof gratitude to the old man as I did my best to push you forards. I was blush of his new resolves he had determined, who was robbing him—the old man passing who had had a recent fever. At the first man choketul or gratuate to the old man sal did my best to push you forards. I was forced to prosecute, because it was a public dooty, but now you've been punished, an' I'm not desirous of no revenge upon you, not that nothing is the world should tempt him fellow, in the middle of his gratitude and though I used to like you, an' you played me to deviate by a hair's-breadth from the truth bis good resolves, playing the devil with But before long he began to see what a hard his own small soul again; and his

The young scoundrel dropped on the side of his bed, which stood half-way retired in a niche in the wall. His head and the wall came pretty

He meant to be religious—he really meant to passengers had been to see a relative who be religious, and the best of Christians—but had misconducted himself. So far as he—did religion exact so rigid and even rideoulous the cabman—knew, it was not a habit and scripine? He themean to be religious—he really meant to passengers had been to see a relative who did religion exact so rigid and even rideoulous the cabman—knew, it was not a habit and its plane. The chaplain was often with him in these durance to weep on leaving gool; they did

scarce believe his eyes and cars.

"Banks," said the Governor, who was moved within by this strange interview, though he was too self possessed to show in the Governor, being interested in him, and the Governor had raised from work, but he was gently treated, their hats to old George when he parted from the first trust that never so long as you live will set him to do certain odd jobs about his hick-carriage theorised, and when he had you allow the memory of this generous forgarden, and relieved his own kindly feelings
giveness to fade from your mind."

graden, and relieved his own kindly feelings
received his fare, he fell into talk with a
giveness to fade from your mind."

graden, and relieved his own kindly feelings
received his fare, he fell into talk with a
giveness to fade from your mind." The prisoner was too amazed and agitated bear. Circumstances alter cases. Fancy been to the county gaol for to see a relation beer luxurious! Think of him accepting the

dong of the 'Ome Seckitary. In a month's been without the assurance of approaching time you'll be set free, an' then you must liberty, and in a while the torment and agony or you'll be set free, an' then you must liberty, and in a while the torment and agony or young George slid from the bedside where he sat, and kneeling there buried his face in his hands as now; but however long it seemed in coming, found Mr. Bushell and his grateful protege the cheap hard rug which made his coun howsoever long it seemed in coming, found Mr. Bushell and his grateful protege terpane and wept anew. This forgiveness the hour came at last—and with it, an empty compartment in a first class carreally broke him. It took him by surprise the man. At stroke of noon on Monday, the rage, and secured privacy all the way to terpane and wept anew. This forgiveness the hour came at inst-and with a ready broke him. It took him by surprise and by storm, and his sobs were torn up by the man. At stroke of noon on Monday, the rage, and secured privacy all the way to 28th, old George led young George through the roots. He had been a scoundrel—he to pison gates and into the street, where a his scheme.

"I've wrote a ready to Melbourne," he had been a back-coach awaited them and drove them to a "I've wrote a ready to Melbourne," he fool, he acknowledged it. For a minute or distant rallway station. The chaplain had said, "an, I we told 'em as I'm a sendi "Ah?" said George. "That's well. That's two the burden of his new born prayed with his departing guest that morning the chapter to give you another chance." out theer to give you another chance." out there to give you another chance." The ling, and had given him much fervent advice. "Then," said the rescued one to him. ng, and had given him much fervent advice. The Governor bade him farewell kindly and "I shall not go near your agents in Mel-

> abited like himself once more. He had wept anew with mingled feelings of all sorts at the parson's exhortations; and pursued old George, "an' at the same time when his late employer came to relieve him, be felt amazingly affectionate towards him. belief as you are to be relied upon, and I've The released convict felt that he loved old given 'em my guarantee for five hundred George. He looked at his unmeaning counternance, worn and strained and battered with Banks, you'll be black indeed. You'd be a the last six or seven months of misery; he robbin' me again, an' I don't think you'll its owner. The good man he was the for might after what I've done for you. giving practical Christian, who did good to one who had despitefully used him! In brief, he poor cad was quite melted and broken swered. upon this occasion, and vowed amendment hand than wrong you again by a farthing," with all his little heart and soul. The past He meant it, but he did not mean to go near scarified him his bygone hopes, his wasted Mesers. Nally and Tulson, of Melbourne, for scarified him—his bygone hopes, his wasted mesers. Namy and tuison, of Azerbourne, for chances; these make scourges for all of us at all that.
>
> One time or another, and surely here was a "I believe you," said old George stolidly,

> heavily.
>
> "I can never repay you, sir, for your kindness," said the young man brokenly as they drove away.
>
> Old George had his own troubles, and their weight pressed sorely on him just then.
>
> actin'. That you may be sure on, Mr. Banks.
>
> I repose implicit confidence in your future well doin'."
>
> It crossed his mind grimly that it might be no bad thing for him if young George turned criminal again out there. He wished him nothing worse than a new detection and a life's imprisenment. Hang him, the pesti-

Banks.' He was horribly afraid of being observed, not for any special reason, but in a general hell, "as I've promised. I shall pay your way. He was horribly afraid all round— passage out, an' I shall put two hundred afraid of being followed and taken back, pound in your possession when you start, so here," cried the Governor, with the silk handkerchief in full play again. "Yes, sir. Damn it all, sir, I say the same! You are a worthy man. Mr Bushell. I am proud, sir, to have met you."

"Thank you," said old George woodenly, and the transfer of the certificate. It was the said of the certificate. It was the case of the certificate of the certificate of the certificate of the certificate of the certificate. It was the case of the certificate of and the two shook hands, whilst the forgiven a nervous enterprise altogether for a man of the deeply-affected George's mental build. He wondered "Stop that snivellin'," cried the old man

he wondered at himself for having hit upon it. Whatever he thought of was perplexed, indeed." and entangled in his mind with misgivings and fears. It was not unnatural that he shoud they continued their journey in silence to ander these uppleasant circumstances, begin the most part. to hate young Gorge his companion. For Tue appears it was as clear as day that, if that young afcared I shall have to tell the truth about scoundrel had not been a scoundrel, Old benefictor bought a pair of dark you, because I don't rightly think as it 'ud be George would never have experienced any benefictor bought a pair of dark troubles. Direct would never glarses for him with shades at the sides, and bonorable to deceive 'em. I shall give you of these troubles; Dinah would never glasses for him with shades at the sides, and two hundred pound, an' a catfit, an' your have made her appeal to him, and insisted upon his wearing them to hide his passage money."

and he would never have know
The criminal was broken indeed at this, his secretary's heirship to Joe Bushell. of himself. For a month or two past he had and even the Governor, if there had been though he did begin to hate, he had his part strange glances. He put himself under the

of that reflection even whilst his tears were flowing. For though a small creature, he was complex, and had room in him tor all manner of conflicting id as and feelings at been gi'en to you is to come about. I shall hope to meet you here, Mr. Banks, an' to the same time, so that he had cried partly because it was the feeling thing to do and showed that he had a sensitive and emotional organisation. His eyes and nose were red and avollen with his tears, and his heard and moustache were as yet scrubby and stubble like; so that old George, looking upon him in an aspect more and more un favorable. The young villain had at least been personable, and now, confound him ! he was growing positively reputsive to look at. And in spite of this, the elder scounarel had to counterfeit some sort of interest and even of affectionate regard, for a day or two. until he could see him aboard ship for Melbourne, and have him safely dismissed the

Mr. Banks being reduced by his deliverer's admonition to an occasional gasp and snuffle of emotion, found in little time other things than his own emotions to think of. The youngster took his hand and kissed it, and question of the proposed letters of introducion occurred to him, and he began to wonder afresh Would they be entrusted to his hand or forwarded by the mail? If they were forwarded by the mail, would it not be better to escape the stigma they carried with them - say, by a change of name, and by presenting himself in search for employment lsewhere? Mr. Bushell had promised him would be a new man, and in that distant land £200 and that, though not a fortune o which he was bound he would lead a was a good round sum of money to begin the frugal, honorable, and industrious life. Mr
Bushell was right. England was played out
for kim, and he could never more hold his

bund the punishment pretty heavy? him. Mr. Bushell, his savionr and benefactories in the nouse of the need of genuous in this respect only, and after that the deserved it all, s:r," said described by the governor, it is shot easy to his agents in Melhe would be good and true and honest. He would be good and true and honest. out his inward speech was unreportable.

The undetected crim nal flowed on.

"You've had time enough to think o' what you've parted with through folly. Your to lose it; and with the upspringing of that defensive fancy in his mind, graticule began do an' respected now if it hain't ha' been for to cool a little, and reflections about his own But this particular new crime was necessary.

But this particular new crime was necessary.

But this particular new crime was necessary. bourne. Would he, in that case, sand the had had a roughish time of it; he had lost

measure that was. He must lie a little. Christian benefactor looking at him and hating him like poison. Cabby, as he drove could be confess to anybody the real reason of his pallor, or account with accuracy for the neither of his fares looked like a released felon. shortness of his hair? That would be suicidal. Cabby's fancy was that the younger of his He meant to be religious—he really meant to passengers had been to see a relative who charlain was often with him in these durance to weep on leaving gaol; they did sharply in contact, or he would probably have fainted with amazement and the revuision of his feeling towards old George. He could scarce believe his eyes and ears.

The charlain was often with him in these days of his imprisonment; reading and not even weep on going into it, if they were praying with him, and doing his best to build up in the eparting jail bird those principles had shaken hands with young George at the of honor and justice the want of which had gate with a hearty "Good-bye, Mr. Banks," George Banks finging bread and cheese and as was quodded theer, an' the young un he was that cut up he'd been cryin' fit to bust empl'yed my influence along wi my friend patronising presentation of it, and being hisself, an' what a pity it was as men as had a trat ful! chawnce in life would pitch it away volun-He was less grateful, perhaps, for this tary like, as a man might say. From which Sir Jonas Cree-us,"—this, had, as it was grat in:

meant to have, a certain weight with the Governor,—"an' I've had an interview along of the 'Ome Seckitary. In a month's been without the assurance of approaching think that, born in a less fortunate station of life, he might have given his imagination

distant railway station. The chaplain had said, "an, I ve told 'em as I'm a sendin' you "Then," said the rescued one to himself, with hope. The dress in which he had been bourne." But he only looked at his employ arrested was returned to him, and he was er in a meek and stricken air of grateful

humbleness. "I've put it for you as gentle as I could," ooked at it through his tears, and venerated find the heart to do that -be as bad as you

At this George the younger wept afresh. "I implore you to believe me, sir," he an-wered. "I would rather cut off my right

chances; these make scourges for an or us a cone time or another, and surely here was a time far a man's own hand to lay the lash on catin'. That you may be sure on, Mr. Banks.

"Say no more about it." he answered, a life's imprisonment. Hang him, the peeti-Dry them eyes o' yourn, an' be a man, Mr. ferous thieving young Rightful Heir! It

came natural to hate him. "I shall find you a outfit," said Mr. Bus-

"Do, then !" said the elder; and after that.

Tue appearance of the released convict was so peculiar by reason of his tea have known of eyes. The youngster submitted gratefully, Joe Bushell. Yet, for he felt nervous under the pressure of of himself. For a month or two past ne nad been quite saintly, and had taken the deepest anybody to look at him, would have been to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gentle to play, and nis part was one of gent ng intolerable. George's tears gave him a have set down the swollen aspect of that hance for a partial outbreak.

"Mr. Banks," he said severely, "I'm a be-fluenza. The two criminals took a private honesty had been quite insuperable lately. enough to turn your stomach to see a man a specting the sailing of a ship for Melbourne.

And at the beginning he had never meant to on on so." Inus roughly adjured, George made an eff rt. He had been crying all day up till now, and it was not easy for him to subdue himself. He read somewhere the words, "It is a terrible thing when manhood weeps," and he got some melodramatic comfort out of that reflection was not easy for him to subdue from the returning, released him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly to him and took him out in the evening hurriedly hurrie sume an air and voice of kindliness, he gave

the exile carre blanche.
"Get what you want, an' get it good," he said; and his young friend obeyed him. The outfitter kept one of those monstrous modern establishments at which you can buy anything, and would sell you a cradle or a coffin with equal willingness, and anything you might want in your journey out of one into the other. A tailor measured young Gearge, and a man in the shirt deparament measured him, and a man in the boot and shoe department measured him, and the customer ordered freely, as he would have done if the money to pay for been his own. For there was old George at his elbow:
"You'll want this, Mr. Banks, shan't you?"

"Do you think so, sir?" he would ask.
"Certainly. You must ha' that," and so on, until the repentant wretched George's eyes were moist again behind his darkened glasses, and he had to blow the tear swotlen

nose to hide his feelings. TO BE CONTINUED.

- Some temperance people found a man in they dropped his acquaintance when they learded that he had been a moderate drinke for three quarters of a century and had always chewed tobacco. He could not help their cause the way they expected.

-Turner, of Brantford, is shipping large