JOSEPH'S COAT

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MUBRAY.

egistered in accordance with the Copyrigh

Act of 1875.1 Before bed time a vast chest and two portmanteaus, crammed with articles of apparel, arrived at the hotel, and Mr. Bushell paid the bill presented-and paid it too, without even an inward murmur. The released felon wondered at his generosity, as well he might. It was unheard of and almost beyond believing, though his own eyes saw it. Ah! what had he lost by making himself unworthy of the service of so good a master! It had been actually said in his hearing at one time that a slice of his fortune, and he believed new that it most certainly would have been so. Yet, through it all, the manner to the man on whom he heaped these coals of fire was cold and forced, and weoden beyond words. There was something puzzling in it, had old George's manner been natural; as it was, the situation was almost inexplicable. But the exile was too content with his own as tounding good fortune, and too full of gratitude and excitement, to puzzle himself at

present over this a ngular problem. The two slept in the same room, and the schemer kept zealous watch over his charge every moment until the hour for retiring.

Then he locked the bedroom door and put the key beneath his own pillow, and the two began to undress slowly and awkwardly Young George, valiant in his new resolved knett down at his bedside, and the respecta ble benevolent old villain could do no other than follow his example, and being in posture for worship, he tried to go through some form of prayer, but the words stuck hard, and his head whirled. How, he thought, if he died upon his knees, defying God in that awful and presumptuous way, and at the stroke of that sudden fear he rose and he an to grope about in a twilight splashed with blots of ink and fire; until young George, having finished his devotions, rose and found his benefactor wandering with vague outstretched hands in chamter, and in much alarm helped him to a chair.
"Are you ill, Mr. Bushell?" he asked.
"I bain't well, Mr. Banks," murmured old

George hoarsely; "I'm very far from well." He would leave Dinah everything, and let her know her son's whereabouts. But he could not part with his money until—"till mind and chilled him strangely. defrauding the widow and the fatherless That was another phrase which laid a chilly and discomforting finger on him. The Bible made them sacred, he fancied. If he died thus set straight again, he felt himself in peril. But the human conscience is comform able to reason, and after all he was acting very kindly to a man who had treated him very ill. And if young George got his money in the end, it would be more than he de

served. Once in bed, old George applied himself to his pocket flask in the darkness, and got some comfort out of it, though but little. One of his discomforts was that he dared not tosi and tumble, since he dreaded to reveal his own uneasy soul. Nemesis comes upon us in odd ways at times. This may seem a sn.all affair; but if you tried it through a night. restless, and not to dare to move, to catch his breath and clutch the bed clothes with his weak sweating fingers, lest he should with lofty spiritual longings and a heart that cusing conscience in the face, and the coarse hell that ignoble and ignorant natures fear hereafter - was it a little thing? A hundred times that night the old scoundrel thought the game scarcely worth the candle. And yet, how could be give his money up to a man who was ignorant of the fact that be owned it, and wno, besides, was already overwhelmed with gratitude !

CHAPTES XIX.

Wrethedale on a Sunday, under the summer sunshine

I have been reading Monsieur Taine this cold March morning, and his descriptions of the English climate have set me out of sorts. I long for a day of sunshine, and I am sick for the time being of my benevolent rogue and my rascally convert. Come with me into the country, to the little western town, whose very walls you will find Arcadian after London. Let us go into sunshine and honest

company.

In the church of St. Stephen the Martyr the windows were all open, so that, whilst the sleepy curate bleated in the pulpit, you heard the sheep answer him from the mead ows; and the wind, warm and scented, meal a sad one. It was easy to recover component with it the rustle of the waying similar to a solution. The dusty old register was brought out again, and the entries for Wit-Sunday in the year eighteen hundred and fifty revealed the everything, and that would be terrible. You know what those stupid men do. They only the rustle of the waying similar to newspapers and make the property with it the rustle of the waying similar to newspapers and make the property with it the rustle of the waying similar to newspapers and make the property with it the rustle of the waying similar to newspapers and make the property with it the rustle of the waying similar to newspapers and make the property to the rustle of the waying similar to newspapers and make the property to the rustle of the waying similar to newspapers and make the property to the rustle of the waying similar to newspapers and make the property to the consult of a lawyer, you would have to tell him dead the everything, and that would be terrible. You know what those stupid men do. They was more helpless and more aston-time the property to the consult of the waying similar to the consult of the waying similar to the consult of the waying similar to the consult of the way of the consult of the waying similar to the consult of the way of the consult of the consult of the way of the consult of the consult of the way of the consult of the co brought with it the rustle of the waving sunlit shady trees outside. The day was broiling seemed a crime and most unnatural, and not hot, the church was cool and had a pleasant one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common on this day, and then the had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common on the three had the heart to be common on the three had the heart to be common on the three had the heart to be common one of the three had the heart to be common on the heart to be earthly odor. Flecks of sun-hine fell past place. So they ate in sadness and without the blinds and traveled slowly along the appetite; and in a little while Daniel went upasked Dinah, beginning to think that Ethel will have to know," objected Dinah. walls, watched by half slumberous worship pers sweetly unheedful of the curate's voice of his drowsy periods.

A hot day, a cool shady church, a bleating voice that soothed and faltered not, a lullaby -lulla lulla, lullaby-peace, peace, and deep ranquility of soul.

Na asieep, nor vet awake, and only alive enough to be placed and at rest, sat old Daniel with his plump hands caressing his round weistcoat, and his spindle shanks supported by a hassock. Dinah by his side, with a sore hear; soothed, not by the thrice three thousand times winnowed chaff of the bleating curate's discourse (an excellent young man the curate, a capital bat, but no orator), but tranquilized by the holy quiet of the place and time. For a little time. a heart at rest.

Not far away from the pew in which Daniel and Dinah sat, was the young lawyer Keen, with his long hair in picturesque disorder and his grey eyes, looking afar off through the curates Geneva gown and the curate's body. When the curate's bleating murmer was cut short all on a sudden. John awake with a start from his reverie, and the organ's voice was the voice of love to him. The hymn being sung and the benediction given, away scurried John to shake hands with old Daniel Daniel would not attempt to go homewards without Divah. Dinah would not attempt to go without Ethel, and the young man was wonderfully fond of the old one. Not that he was a hypocrite, more than ever so little; he really liked old Daniel, found him interesting and odd, as he had always found him - but perhaps he was a greater chum of Daniel's than he would have been if the old man had been more separable from his daughter, and his daughter had been more separable from Miss Donne. For this young man was in love full fathom five, and though he professed to know his passion hopeless, he fed it as often as he could. Whilst he shook hands with Dinah and her father in the porch, he had a lover's ears for the voluntary Ethel played inside. He would fain have stayed within to listen to it peace fully, but was beset with fears lest for once Daniel should have persuaded Dinah to start without the organist. "Good morning, Miss Banks," said John

with the old air of guilt upon him.

"Good merning, Mr. Keen," said Dinah, holding out her hand.
"How bin you, sir?" asked Daniel.

" How are you?" asked John in return.

Then the conversation languished and lawyer Keen felt desperately guilty, under Dinah's gentle geze.
"Lovely weather," he said at last.

"Yes," said Daniel. "It's fine likely weather for the time o' year. It strikes a bit cold to the bones, like, when you'm i' church though.

"It does," said John, catching at this conversational ark of safety. Aboard the theme he found footing until the organ ceased to sound, when he became silent again, and his guilty look returned. By and by Ethel emerged from the church-to John's fancy an angelic presence. Nor yet so far away from an angelic présence in my own. Her eyes were like dove's eyes, as the old Hebrew lover said of his love's: her face as good and

entle as it well might be, a little pallidwhich lay across the porch, and the light "I could get my lines now?" asl glorified her beautiful hair and the creamy with a face of wonder and dismay. laces at her throat. John began to blush and tremble in the presence of this beautiful divinity of his.

Dinah.

Dinah, with warm solicitous affection. she's had such trouble, it would be a shame could I, ould I, darlin'?"

Dinah, the full sedness of whose his me to trouble her further. And of course

In the passion of this entreaty she fawned had so lately begun to comprehend. in me to trouble her further. And of course In the passion of this entreaty she fawned for years and years to come, whenever any on Ethel and caressed her with imploring fellow looks at her as if he cared for her, she'll think of that scoundrel of a Banks. Of course she will! And I shouldn't care for you could. Whatever would have come to purchases to account for their lengthened to the course she will! And I shouldn't care for you could. Whatever would have come to purchases to account for their lengthened to the course she will a head in the course she will a head in the course of the course she will a head of the course she will a head of the course she will a head of the course of the course she will a head of the course of the course she will a head so lately begun to comprehend. The two conspirates as alved their consciences that day by a prief halt at the market of the course of the course of the course of the course she will a head so lately begun to comprehend. The two conspirates as alved their consciences that day by a prief halt at the market of the course of the cour her if I thought she wouldn't. But I'm not going to be beaten. If any other fellow comes in in the course of a year or two, any decent fellow that she can ity about him is that, until he comes to look back at his own raptures and despondings, he regards them as filling up the most miserable time of his life. It is only when the

We doubted, quarreled, tore ourselves asunder; Faith minicked falsehood, hope was likk despair;
We doubt not, strive not; calmly now we wonder | Dinah.

philosophy into a nut sell on this theme:

Then left no magazett pain; Now night brings rest, and day brings hope and gladness; Yet-could we only love and weep again!

John went to church with great regularity; and, if he wrote satiric verses on the bleat death do us part." The phrase came into his ing curate, forbore to give them publication The people of Wrethedale found no fault in him. He was as well conducted a young man as any in the town, and walked with so much circumspection that even Ethel could see nothing in him to blame. And I before that will was made and everything may say here, that good and charming as thus set straight again, he felt himself in the was, she regarded poor John with a very peril. But the numan conscience is comform unreasoning dislike and distrust; and had emontary twings of hatred over him, con erning which she rebuked and humbled her self continually. She had naturally a tender conscience and a vivacious tempreament. Tenderness of conscience grew morbid under the hands of Thomas a Kempis, and her youth and trouble were sure guarentees for an co-casional touch of anger in a woman of her complexion. You must understand that these ontentions were inward, and that she rarely by any chance spoke an ill natured word; but she used to feel mightily indignant at thousands of things which a year before would have you would find it mount into an agony. To passed her unnoticed, and having felt in-lie there ill at ease, longing to move, restless, dignant invariably felt sinful afterwards, and read her dear a Kempis with passionate desire o equal or come near his spirit. A good gir

> "Dinah." she said with some severity, John walked away into the sunlight of the street, "I wish that young man would not speak to us."

"Do you, dear?" said Dinah meekly. "He was an old friend of —ours."

On the wound, the wound towards which every chance arrow struck anew in both of them! Ethel took Dinah's arm, and without a word or a glance, apology and pity flashed from each to each, for

each other rarely.
"I likin' young Keen," said Dainiel; who,

s-echingly.

Ethel, by special invitation, dined with stairs for his nap.

" Sing me something, dear," said Dinah and oblivious of the meaning or no meaning and Ethel sat down at the piano and sang hymns, until the elder woman put her arm about the singer's neck, and sliding suddenly down, knelt at her feet, and dropped her head

into Ethel's lap.
"Hush, hush!" said Ethel, taking Dinah's head in both hands. "What is it dear? what is it ?"

"Oh," cried Dinah, "I've been a wicked woman all my life; a wicked, false, deceiving

"Nonsense, dear!" said Ethel decisively. Then more gently. "You mustn't talk so."
Then more gently still, "What is it?"
"How can I tell you?" wept Dinah. "Oh ny dear, it was all my wicked, wicked fault

as he went wrong—as he was tempted."
"Why, how could that be?" asked Ethel, with soothing incredulity.
"On! If I'd ha' told the truth from the beginning, if I'd had the courage to face the neighbors an' take my shame, he' ha' had his rights—he'd ha' had his rights—I know

Ethel recalled the words which had fallen upon her fainting ears on the day of George's "I've been here seven years, an' yo committal. "The child I bore!" Had she this lady is the second parties as has not dreamed or misheard them after all? Was this thing true of Dinah? -of Dinah,

mongst all women in the world!
"Dinah!" she said, forcing the other's face upwards, and looking at her with an almost fierce anxiety; "tell me what you "He would be here, I fancy,

mean, this minute."
"He was my child!" said Dinah. "My was looking on at this with a scared

found me out."

Ethel sat sternly amazed, and had nothing dream that she cared a copper to find out to say for a while. Dinah, thinking herself anything. scorned, and wholly feeling that she deserved

it, shrank slowly away and wept anew, hold-near as long as that. Only a few weeks ing her face in both hands.

And this was Dinah? thought Ethel; this was the woman she had so loved and pitied. For a second or two the thought was

very nearly as terrible as anything she had with a warning pinch yet endured. But as Dinah shrank away scared. "Wasn't it?" from her, the younger woman, with a sudden passionate impulse, cast herself upon her frightened voice. knees and snatched the sinner to her breast. and their tears mingled as they clung to gether, and Ethel rocked her to and fro as if Dinah had been a child

"I don't care!" her heart cried out, "I will love her. Whatever she has done, I will love her and hold to her." The girl's heart

hors have known?" " I'd lost my lines, darlin'," said the poor

innocent Dinah. nocent Dinah.
"You silly woman!" cried Ethel; "what stole it to rob him of his rights" "To rob you," returned Ethel quietly.
"You don't understand," persisted Dinah.
"Let us go back and think over what is to difference could that make?"
"You don't understand," persisted Dinah,

My weddin' lines."

"Yes, yes," said Ethel with tender imlawyer."

stience. "What difference could it make? patience. You could have got another copy from the in his defense with an indiscretion less pro-

" I could get my lines now?" asked Dinah,

"Of course you could," cried the other.
"At Waston Church?"

brokenly, "I wasn't an honest woman?" and Ethel roused to an almost heroic resolu-"Nobody!" Ethel answered again boldly. It is perhaps needful to explain, if and be happy with, -why --." John found that prospect unpleasant. A lover's thoughts much as ever she had loved him, for she had not imagine more than he can help, how it are likely to be contradictory. The peculiar- large capacities in that direction, and the one came about that Dinah had at last confessed villain she had known had brought them her secret. Whilst her mother lived there into play. But though she believed that she had been somebody to share it with, and time is over that be discovers how happy it longings, and her heart went with them. He had but the merest casual everyday acquain was. My friend Mr. Francillon has put much was a scoundrel, but justice was justice; tances; and if George had prospered, she obliosophy into a nut-sell on this theme:

it Dinah ought to have her right. "And to the end. But when the young fellow went Dinah ought to have herright. did Mr. Bushell know this before the trial ?" she asked after a time spent in soothing

Why we were nappy, yet we know we were.
Then dawned no day but brought twelve hours of sadness;
Then fell no night but knew twelve hours of the normalistic forms and the pretended to misbelieve me. I went to the court o' purpose to tell the magistrate, an' I should ha' done it if George

There she stopped, and Ethel kissed her with chilly lips.
"I'm eure he didn't really misbelieve me,"

said Dınah. "I could see he didn't. But he's a hard man, my dear, and he was afraid of losin' his money." She paused again, and hung her head when she continued "He miscalled me very bad my dear He said he wouldn't believe a word o' my sale' and he told me —her voice faltered righteous anger - ' that I ought to ha' had sinner still.

"He dared to say that !" cried Ethel indignantly. "Get your certificate at once, and take every penny of your husband's

noney from him "
"If I could only get enough!" returned Dinah dejectedly. "You know, it's his to be condemned or lightly spoken of. ights, after all, and what belongs to him be longs to him whether he's good or bad. Ethel made no answer. Young George wa a terrible theme for either of the women, bu, is worth notice that what are called the tor ments of conscience assail the best and leave the worst untouched.

Dinah found herself so pressed that she determined upon duty at any hazard. was hard, after hiding so long, to make the revelation she was bound to make. But she had sacrificed herself all along, and

whispered to Ethel, "if I go to look for it?" "Yes," said Ethel, with an air of resolu-

So next day the two women practiced a deceit on Daniel and Mrs. Donne, and under wicked cover of a pretended visit to the market town they took train towards their old four hour's journey, sought the view and belongs to you. Until we know what to do, with consoling arms about her. John looked made application for a copy of the certificate. apart from the difference of sex and age, was of a coarser fibre. "I wish my lad had took example by him. Eh, dear me!"

The vicar dispatched a messenger for the sexton, and that humble official conducted find out what to do?" asked Diuah. example by him. Eh, dear me!"

"Father!" said Dinah, warningly and beschingly.

"Et dear me!" Daniel said again. It certificate hunting. The sexton was one of the will never for a monogeneous control of the mon was little, but it was enough, and the two those people with whom single instances ment guess that I am offering him a real women's eyes brimmed over behind their make habits. Two swallows furnished ample

had been almost as ignorant as herself. 'Yes, ma'am," said the sexton. "That's the only one as is kep' here." Ethel, with a certain feeling of dizzy discomfiture, was turning over the half-dozen entries, rather to hide her own looks of dismay that

and to get time to think than with a hope of finding anything. Suddenly she gave a Unit.

sharp little cry.
"Dinah! Look here!" the third and fourth entries for that Whit-Sunday, lay the root of the missing leaf The eyes of the two searchers met with in-

stantaneous recognition of the truth. Ethel turned lawyer in a second. "I suppose," she said to the sexton, " that very few people come to ask enquiries of this kind?"

Wade, and will be pleased to see her at teath this kind?"

"Not many, ma'am," returned the sexton, with a tinge of sorrow. He suspected nothing, supposing the cry "Look here!" meant no more than the discovery of what his visitary

tors required.

' How many do you get in a year, now?" she asked. "Well, masm,' returned the sexton.

'I've been here seven years, an' you an' here. "Oh indeed!" said she. "Has nobody

been here since Mr. Bushell came?" "I don't know the party, ma'am," return-

mother passed him off as hers, but he was face, but Ethel was smiling and gracious mine. An' I've gone through life with a lie and the sexton thought her quite a nice i' my hand, an' now its found me out—it's young lady. Her manner was one of sweetfound me out." "Oh no, ma'am,' said the sexton, " not

back, ma'am. " And he didn't give you his name?

"No, ma'a'n."
"It was sure to be Mr. Bushell, darling,"
"It was sure to be Mr. Bushell, darling," with a warning pinch, Dinah still looking "It must have been," said Dinah in a

what was this gentleman like? asked Ethel, in a casual way.

"Why, he was a stoutish elderly party, ma'am,' returned the sexton; "pretty tall an' stout, with grey whiskers; dressed in black clothes, ma'am."

love her and hold to her." The gard acceptance and hold to her." The gard acceptance ached anew with sudden pity.

Then, as they knelt there, Dinah told her story; and it came out that the sinner was roos niner, after all. But when the tale was acceptance of the sunny road. Leaving the sexton to look to the sunny road. Leaving the sexton to look

arm, and speaking half hysterically, "he's

Then decisively, "We must see a

If young George had only played his cards

church were you were married. The copy nounced, and had never made that unfortu-"At waston current?"
"Of course you could."
"Oh my dear, if I'd only ha' knowed it!"
"At waston current?"
"Of course you could."
"Oh take sin and love the sin part at the whole world knew had a pleasant evening.
"Quite a nice evening, thank you," said
Dinah.
"Quite a nice evening, thank you," said
To hate sin and love the sin a

> your husband is lawfully yours." absence. They reached home dog tired, "An' nobody 'd think," asked Dinah Dinah quite broke by this latest difficulty. would not have lifted a finger in his behalf the burden was divided. From that time she could understand his mother's fears and until her introduction to Ethel, Dinah had to the end. But when the young fellow went so completely to the bad, and when the weight became too dreadful, and a part of it must at any risk be thrown away. And he pretended to misbelieve me. I went apart from that, Dinah was desperate and at bay, facing circumstance with a tragic circumstances run up to twelve, fifteen, and heart-broken beroism of which only twenty." women are capable. The psychology of the case is simple. Her own sin of secrecy in respect to the marriage had and I would not put it so, but it was inevi table that Dinah should fasten the two things She paused again, and together in that way. Her sin had led to sin, and she must make atonement. So the poor thing confessed, as the first step, to one she loved, and whom she had helped to injure. What Ethel could not achieve she John was delight lower as she repeated old George's words of did. She hated the sin, but she loved the He had gone in her arms as a my legs in the stocks for bringin' such a baby, she had kissed the rosy dampled feet now so pierced with the thorns of evil ways He was her child, after all, though he were a usand times wicked; and even now sh would have borne his punishment for him and have rejoiced to do do it. Foolish, but like a mother, and perhaps not altogether

CHAPTER XX. "Dinah," said Ethel next morning, "did you ever ask Mr Keen to tea?"

No," said Dinah listlessly. Will you write and ask him ?" "Why, dear?"

" I want to meet him."

"Did I?" asked Miss Donne disingenu she was bound to go on sacrificing herself to ously. "Well I want particularly to see the end. Will you ask me to tea to-"Will you come with me to-morrow," she morrow and ask him to come also. Ask two certain that even earlier than that it might or three of the people whom you know from the church, and have a little party." " Ethel!" said Dinah reproachfully

" My darling," returned Ethel with an air That wicked man must be punished for steal-

we can do nothing."

"But how will givin' a party help us to case. You don't want your secret to be made the common talk of the country, and we make believin'!" evidence of summer.

The dusty old register was brought out the common talk of the country, and we must manage it by ourselves. If we consult do whatever must be done quite quietly."
"But if you punish Mr. Bushell, people

"But if you punish Mr. " Not if you only punish him by frighten somewhere. And you don't want to do found me out. But I'll own

"Not for everythin'in the world," cried know what a wicked woman I've been.

"If you go to a lawyer," said Ethel, confisharp little cry.

"Dinah! Look here!"

Dinah came and saw nothing, but Ethel

strained the pages open, and there, between him guilty. Of course he knows that, an i when we know what to do we can frighten protested Dinah. "But I'll lead nobody him, and make him give up everything be else into wickedness again. has of yours. It is right that you should have it. Let me write the notes of invitation. Shall we ask Miss Wade? 'Miss Banks presents her compliments to Miss Banks presents her compliments her compliments to Miss Banks presents her compliments which was a miss and the miss an

promised to bring her mother, and the pur Most of them appeared to have been made in the morning. If not," he added rather with a view to this stroke of policy, now that the policy was revealed, and Dinah Dinah would have laid hands upon him, that the policy was revealed, and Dinah meekly and timidly submitted to Miss Donne's overwhelming generalship. On the morrow, with fluttering hearts, the conspiratresses met again, and shortly afterwards the guests began to arrive. The Reverend Walter Boyper, curate at St. Stephen the Martyr's; Miss Boyper, suiter of the foregoing; Mr. Gimble, the arrent duffer, who before Miss Donne's time had played the organ at the Mortyr's; Miss Donne's time had beautite, will want to see if you can recognize the man whom you left alone with the register."

"What might you want me to do, sir?"

"I want to see if you can recognize the man whom you left duffer, who before Miss Donne's time had curious scene he had witnessed.

Dinah after his departure exhibited an Wade, an elderly young lady of some priyete altogether new phase of character. She means, known to be a devout attendant at the service of the Martyr, and suspected of reason. the service of the Martyr, and suspected of the service of the servic curate sang :

What the bee is to the floweret When he seeks for honey dew, What the bird is to the boweret, That, my love, I'd be to you.

Miss Wade was understood to accept this as ightened voice.

"What was this gentleman like?" asked thel, in a casual way.

"Why, he was a stoutish elderly party, making a bown." Miss Boyper, sang "The Heart Bowed bown." Miss Boyper in musical repairs to Mr. Keen."

"By all means do what your conscience tells you," said Ethel. "But it is surely more musical repairs to Mr. Keen." sponse declared that she would marry herown lad, her own lad, her own lad; that she "Yes," said Ethel graciously. "Thank would marry her own lad, for true of heart and Mrs. Donne with stiff country dignity sat and encouragement to Dinah, when a rapid step came along the otherwise silent street, and paused before the door. Then the bell rang, and Dinah went herself to answer it. "Is Miss Banks within?" John Keen at last.

rights, he'd never ha'been tempted. Oh while she confessed to herself that the with repeated excuses followed, and became what a wicked, wicked, foolish woman I have mother's right must be respected. And the "Good morning, Miss Donne," said the tell fund to the end, and to do what she tremulous young lawyer, hat in hand. "Good morning, Miss Banks; good morning, Miss Banks; good morning, Miss Banks; good morning, Miss Banks," And away he went, routed for lin', when his time's right must be respected. And the off and the off student was clearly the right to care of the young and the student with any other's right must be respected. And the off and the student with any other in mother's right must be respected. And the off and the student with any other was all of the student with any other was all of the young woman arose finding John Keen away, and in due again, and found the resolve for her child to the end, and to do what she with a smile, and shook hands with him again, and found the resolve for her child to the end, and to do what she with a smile, and shook hands with him again, and found the resolve for her child to the end, and to do what she with a smile, and shook hands with him again, and found the resolve for her child to the end, and to do what she shield him from temptation. And Ethel could thing considered, as to be scarcely bearable him from temptation. And Ethel could thing sconsidered as to be scarcely bearable him from temptation. And Ethel could thing sconsidered as to be scarcely bearable him from temptation. And Ethel could thing sconsidered as to be scarcely bearable him from temptation.

Why can't I speak to her? Why do Italo Could I get enough to keep him and send good to them that despitefully use you" was like a fool whenever she looks at me? Ah. him away out o' the country an' let him have poor thing!" pursued the unvaliant John, a chance to be a good man again? Oh, science, and her heart was wholly with And she took his hat away and handed him and so the country and handed him a chance to be a good man again? Oh, science, and her heart was wholly with And she took his hat away and handed him and so the country and handed him a chance to be a good man again? chair. John sat down in a miserable ely-sium, and Ethel began to talk to him. Mrs. Donne had some time since put a shawlover her head and walked into her own house next door, through the wicket gate which configered the two heads. Dinah, the full sadness of whose history she chair. John sat down in a miserable elymingled expectation and fear.
"By the way, Mr. Keen," said Ethel

rather abrupily, "I want to make an appeal to your legal knowledge." Yes," said John.

"You rend quite unbelievable things in books sometimes — in novels, you know —and the critics often laugh at books for the false ideas the writers bave

certificate of marriage from a church register." "Well," said John, "I dare say a judge would make it depend very much upon the ssues involved. I should fancy the punishment wouldn't in any case go under a couple of years, and it might under aggravated

"So much?" asked Ethel with outward

innocence. "They wouldn't hang him?" Oh dear, no," returned John. The two women felt horribly guilty, and one looked it. Ethel carried on her scheme with an excellence of mendacity for which nobody would have given her credit.

" And now, how would anybody really go about, in real life, to find a certificate that

John was delighted to be questioned upon a topic of this sort.
"That depends," he answered, "on the date of the marriage. Nowadays, a man would be simply an ass for his trouble, if he stole a church certificate of marriage."
"Why?" asked Ethel almost too eagerly

"Because," said John, "all the registrars ecords are preserved at Somerse records Somerset House. Suppose, now, that I wanted to prove a marriage, and some clumsy London, to Somerset House, and pay for a certificated copy of the register there kept. "That depends, you say, on the date of the marriage?" asked Ethel, as calmly as ne wrote to Dinah informing her of his first she could—calmly enough for John to see

hide a marriage which had taken place the last thirty years. I am

not be trouble wasted, but of the thirty years at least I am quite sure." Ethel looked across at Dinah, and that the missing paglance completed what the journey and the the stolen leaf. of determination, "we cannot stay at the discovery of Monday, the suspense of Tuespoint we have reached. We must go on day, and the disappointment of Wednesday had begun and carried on. Dinah broke out the two had learned to love and undorstand home, and reaching Waston Church after a ling the certificate, and you must have what crying. Ethel was by her side in an instant

on helpless and astonished.
"Don't, dear, don't! Hush! hush! hush!" "Oh, my dear," wept Dinah, "no blessing 'il ever rest on anythin' got at i' that way.
Oh my dear, it isn't right. I don't blame you, my dear, because I led you into it, steal the entry. "You, as never spoke a word as wasn't true this book since then?"

come of my wicked hidin' of the truth? "Control yourself," whispered Ethel.
"My dear," said Dinah, struggling to speak

calmly, with indifferent success, "it's been growin' on my mind for years an' years. It ing him and taking your money from him. was wicked to hide it from Joe's father an' I believe they hang people for stealing from a mother, an' it was wicked to hide it from church register. I am sure I have read that mine. It's been a sin all along, an' now it's

John was more and more wonder-stricken. "You a wicked woman, you suffering

Wade, and will be pleased to see her at tea to-morrow (Wednesday) afternoon at five o'clock.' Shall we ask Mr Gimble, the organist at Shareham? 'Miss Banks presents, &c.' Now to Mr. Keen." gainst at Shareham? Aliss Banks presents, you are less sgitated, and more mistress of register for his minutes, and you it asked yourself. I would very much rather "—he for and trembling. Three young ladies and three young gentlemen were invited. Ethel your confidence had been surprised. Let me chases from the market were investigated. go away now, and if you see fit, send for me

Dinch would have laid hands upon him,

House, now that we know they are there; and we can write to Mr. Bushell, so go and see him, and tell him what we know, and frighten him into doing justice."
"I'll do what's right," Dinah sullenly de-

lared. "Nothin' shall change me,"
"By all means do what your conscience clared. not a matter of conscience with you to tell your private affairs to Mr. Keen."

"I'll do what's right," repeated Dinah.
"Nothin' shall change me." After this third declaration Ethel forbore to press her. Dinah, after all these years of self suppression, was in a mood to cry out with her hands crossed and her toes together, her secret from the house tops, and she lay and was deliberately uncomfortable. No a ake all night determining more and more i, Ethel asked in amazement,

But why, dear—why shouldn't the neights have known?"

But why, dear—why shouldn't the neights have known?"

I'd lost my lines, darlin'," said the poor

I'd lost my lines, darlin'," said the poor

Who was getting more framevery day, went to lime everything. Whatever was done now bed carly; and the guests taking this as a should be done openly—so she resolved began to leave. The summer dusk had settled into summer night, and Ethel go without the knowledge of a mother's love; last night had settled into summer night, and Ethel go without the knowledge of a mother's love; last night had settled into summer night, and the guests taking this as a should be done openly—so she resolved began to leave. The summer dusk go without the knowledge of a mother's love; last night had settled into summer night, and Ethel go without the knowledge of a mother's love; last night had settled into summer night, and the guests taking this as a should be done openly—so she resolved began to leave. had but lingered for a word or two of hope and she thought row with the knowledge of a mother's love; longing only a mother may rightly tell, how differently all might have gone had she been month or two, perhaps, when his brave enough to own him as her own. She brave enough to own him as her own. She could see now that almost anybody could have enlightened her ignorance about her marriage lines; and if she could but have

the lover's heart was piteous about the cause of the pallor at all times, when he saw now. You are a lawfully married woman, and now believed in him all through. It was now. You are a lawfully married woman, and now believed in him all through. It was now if here the came through a band of sunlight you need never, never be ashamed."

Incomparison the copy nounced, and now never mance that unlocked lously; and John entered fluent in apology. In add, she felt sure that he would have grown now. You are a lawfully married woman, and have believed in him all through. It was now you need never, never be ashamed."

In a copy nounced, and nad never mance that unlocked lously; and John entered fluent in apology. In add, she felt sure that he would have grown on the bedroom door and went out silently. Banks, "said John, "to a two-days' cricket secrecy and deceit had brough things to heren having closed the door behind him, he have the pallocked of the sure that he would have grown on the bedroom door and went out silently. Banks, "said John, "to a two-days' cricket secrecy and deceit had brough the pallocked have believed in him all through. It was now you need never, never be ashamed."

Sanks, "said John, "to a two-days' cricket secrecy and deceit had brough the pallocked have believed in him all through. It was now you need never, never be ashamed."

Banks, "said John, "to a two-days' cricket secrecy and deceit had brough the pallocked have believed in him all through with him have believed in him all through the pallocked have believed in him all through th ters stood, she began to believe in an indefinite way that the younger scoundrel had
been tripped into b-ing wicked by the elder.

| And only found your note on my re| their present evil pass, she would began to knock at it loudly with his knuckles |
| their present evil pass, she would began to knock at it loudly with his knuckles |
| their present evil pass, she would began to knock at it loudly with his knuckles |
| their present evil pass, she would began to knock at it loudly with his knuckles |
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| their present evil pass, she would began to knock at it loudly with his knuckles |
| their present evil pass, she would began to knock at it loudly with his knuckles |
| the way that the younger scoundrel had been tripped into b-ing wicked by the elder. |
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| the way that the reversal to the world with his knuckles |
| the way that the younger scoundrel had been tripped into b-ing wicked by the elder. |
| the way that the reversal to the world with his knuckles |
| the way that the reversal to the way the began to knock at it loudly with his knuckles |
| the way that the reversal to the way the began to knock at it loudly with his knuckles |
| the way Before Dinah could start with any hope cf The you

her were trouble thrown away, and in due accordance with his own resolves and Linax right to raise his hat and say "Good he's been so wicked. I bore him, an' I less degradation and compelled to crime, morning" was all poor John got out of linger ing at the porch on Sundays. "I haven't less the right of a mouse," I haven't sot the pluck of a mouse," he said to him so self reproachfully. "Why can't I speak to her? Why do I glook Could I get enough to keep him and send like a food when were cast about for a form of Ethel's own deceiful manceuvre was to be less to think of him as sunk into hope murmured, "Came to apologise and exclusive the nit of a comfort-less the nit of them to think of him as being undeservedly plain; sorry to miss the pleasure; trust to he do? Can I get his rights for him?

Why can't I speak to her? Why do I glook Could I get enough to keep him and send like a food when were cast about for a form of Ethel's own deceiful manceuvre was to be words. but having knelt for a decent energy and in the less degradation and compelled to crime, murmured, "Came to apologise and exclusing Ethel behind dissatisfied. Perhaps it members the chaptain, he knelt by his bedmurmured, "Came to apologise and exclusing Ethel behind dissatisfied. Perhaps it members the chaptain, he knelt by his bedleaving Ethel behind dissatisfied. Perhaps it members the chaptain, he knelt by his bedmurmured, "Came to apologise and exthe disvatisfaction found root partly in the fact that Mr. Bushell
than to think of him as being undeservedly plain; sorry to miss the pleasure; trust to the disvatisfaction found root partly in the disvatisfaction found root partl Mr. Keen's opinion, but she did not wish It was yet barely five o'clock, and there anybody to know that she could have found was nobody but themselves stirring in the

who had every right to be ashamed of hereth ter than the present, and regretted that he self. Oh, how she had deceived him pre-had a sakened his charge so soon. He sat next door, through the wicket gate which connected the two back gardens; and the guests having departed, John and Ethel and Dinah were alone. Dinah took no share in a novel, while she questioned him with an air the ding that she had merely taken a case from a novel, while she questioned him with an air the chest of drawers, casting furtive galances. And suppose -- lawyers took fees for advis- at young George now and again. The re-

about law. Now, I want to know what with little sign of amazement. Dinah laid looked across at him and wondered. Where would really be the punishment for stealing a the case before him with trembling, and exwasthere in his face a sign of that amazing

Dinah felt as if she had been speaking to and more resolved about the a statue, he took everything in so cool a way: bourne question. He pretended but when she had gone, the lawyer threw his professional bearing aside, and traveled up and down his room, pausing every now and expectant Nally and Talson would look for the contraction of the contracti then with some exclamation of astonishnow that his new client was not looking at

the London train. The railway station never deviate any more. being at no great distance from his house, he bimself carried his small portmanteau thither, and was whirled away to London; PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S OPINION OF arriving in time to drive straight to Somerset swindler stole the church certificate, all.

House, and secure a copy of the certificate of Dinah's marriage. With this document in his possession he drove to Euston, bocked for Birmingham, and before nightfall was settled in the smoky midland capital. Thence time was accustomed to the request John register. He received his new visitor, therefore, with calm satisfaction, and ushered him the missing page, and found there the root of

upon the sexton.
"Eh?" said that small official. If he were

said John tapping at the book. "It has been It was easy to guess that. Whilst the mar

or two?" John demanded.

alone at all?" "No, I didn't." said the sexton stoutly.

poor man quailed, and capitulated surlily.
"Well, there ain't no harm in that, as far as I know."

"Why, not above a matter o' five min

"You left a stranger alone with a church register for five minutes, did you !" asked John severely. "Now, I am a lawyer, and sweet," he murmured, holding her closely to

"No, sir; not particular." "Then, lock these things up and come with me." The man obeyed, but paused at the church porch to ask-

'I shall pay you for your time and trouble,' said John, relenting a little, "And now

him in pursuit of old George Bushell.

CHAPTER XXI.

When dawn began to broaden through me." the blinds of the double bedded room, old protege, who slumbered peacefully with his kiss you" themselves than they did in old George's case that morning. With his fluffy grey hair tumbled loose about his head, his eyes shrunken small, his wooden features puckered into corners and sharp edges, and his flannel tones, every word falling with terrible distance. night-gown opened at his throat, he sat and tinctness-John Keen, and no word from him. Daniel, to visit lawyer Keen in the morning and tell surveyed the object of his charity and shook who was getting more frail every day, went to dently very sound asleep, the elder grose and his mind to avoid a renewal of the terror of front of her. go without the knowledge of a mother's love; last night. He dared not go upon and she thought now, with what unavailing his knees again — just yet. In a

"Come in, Mr. Keen," said Dinah tremu- used a mother's love and authority with the tiptoe, and having washed and dressed with

The youngster obediently got out of hed

ing people—suppose he should fancy that leased one sat constrainedly doing nothing she had attempted to defraud him of his and wishing himself with all his soul at sea ee! and safely out of his benefactor's society.

When John came to hear the story, he He had had no idea that Mr. Bushell was a was naturally a good deal astonished; but man of such rigid religious practice as he though he was a young man, he was accustomed to curious stories in the exercise of man were undergoing, or had indeed undergoing. his profession, and he accepted this one gone, a remarkable change. Furtively he pected to be rebuked for all her wickedness; but the young lawyer faced it with a business sign visible to the furtive watcher's eyes. air, and seemed to have no great belief in If there had been in young George's mind the ber surprising wickedness. He made notes faintest ground for any suspicion of an inclear and succinct in form, and bowed his terested motive, he would have leapt to visitor away with a manner somewhat preoccupied.

"I will let you know something about appear. But there was nothing of the kn to take any other, however plausible it might the matter in a day or two," sail John and he was lost in amazement and gratitude, "It is not at all a complex case to deal though, in the midst of all his with." ith some exclamation of astonished tim in value. Yet he was full of good re-He could afford to be astonished solves, and was profoundly convinced of the necessity which lay upon him to be honest in the future. He was going to be more than him; but he would not waste time about it.

"I shall have lots of time to wonder," he said, "as I go up to town." With that reflection he began to pack; and on consulting a time table, found himself in easy time for once more within it, he would never, never, and the said of the sa

[TO BE CONTINUED.] SCOTCHMEN

Professor Blackie was one of the speakers at the Brewster centenary festival in Edinburgh. He said he was not in the habit of speaking smooth words of flattery to the Scotch people. He did not think they were success, and in the morning he made for the country church in which the marriage they ought to do. They had the forcible, the nothing, since he looked for nothing, but with enough disturbance to be seen by Dinah, and been solemnized. The sexton by this fervid the strong pushing of their way in the world, but he did not think they had had to proffer. It was getting to be quite a beautiful or the graceful. He did not deny "Well," said John, reflectively, "any such usual and ordinary thing for strangers to that the Scatch nation, thanks to God, had crime would be quite futile if it attempted to turn up and pay him for a sight of the parish produced great artists, and was producing them, but they had produced great artists a the Hebrews produced great prophets. The into the little vestry with the air of a man Jews were a stiff necked generation, and who is about his common business. John therefore the prophets were sent to correct who is about his common business. John therefore the prophets were sent to correct with the certified copy before him, turned to their stiff neckedness. The Scotch, in his opinion, were a hard headed, logical, bumptious, utilitarian, considerably commercial "Who cut out this page?" he asked quietly prosaic and vulgar minded people; and God but suddenly, and fixed a penetrating eye had sent to them Sir Walter Scott and these artists to lift them up to a higher platform of human existence. Because if the guilty of any share in the matter, he was a cool hand indeed.

"A page has been stolen from the register," were they to despise the beautiful, and only talk of the useful? for what? atolen within the last six or seven months." their pockets with hard cash? Pshaw! Utility was only a step to something higher riage remained a secret, nobody was likely to and if they did not worship the true and the "Who has had access to b autiful and the good for their own sake then, with all their newspapers, and all their "Who's seen the book, d'ye mean?" asked gas lights, and telegraphs, and all their logie the sexton. "Why, two ladies as was here make believin'!"

"Hush! hush!" implored the exposed conspiratress.

John was more helpless and more astonished than before.

"Should you know the gentleman again"
"Surely I should!" the man answered.

"Surely I should!" the man answered. "Are you busy? Can you come with me One fact to show how low they were. His -if I pay you for your trouble—for au hour father sent him to Rome when he was one-or two?" John demanded. r two?" John demanded.
"I ain't particular busy," said the sexton. the beautiful forms in antiquity — with the But what might vou want me to do?"

Hundelwelley, and the table to the land the beautiful forms in antiquity — with the dance. "But what might you want me to do?"

Wenus de Medici, with Apollo, and the danc"Wait a moment. Now try to remember ing nymphs; and when he came home he
very clearly. Did you leave that gentleman thought he would be a Professor of Greek or Latin in some Scotch university, and by He saw a chance of being got into trouble, With all his learning he found not a single and he made his denial with considerable thing was required. Nobody wanted it. The an' hear the blame, an' everybody shall emphasis. To John Keen's perception he perfection of human nature was to under "What, not to get a glass of beer?" asked to write a Latin sentence without a gram-John, at a venture. He put that query to matical error, or spell a bit of Homer or Horthe sexton with a look so knowing that the acc. He hoped that Professor Brown, in the fine arts chair, would do something to make the fine arts appreciated even in the petty, pedantic, elementary classes of their wretched We shall know more about that by and Scotch universities. (Laughter and ap-

SHE PROVED HER LOVE

"Do you love your Birdie as much now as

you did last Thursday?"
It was a beautiful girl who spoke these words as she leaned her head trustingly on the shoulder of a young man whose strong right arm encircled her corset. "Your heart must tell you that I do, my

his breast Juliet Mahaffy and George W. Simpson had plighted their troth months ago in the festal Christmastide when the earth was wrapped in a mantle of snowy whiteness.

each understood the other perfectly.

"But George, dear," said the girl again,

come along!"

And now "if you love me with a reality and true love kiss me again." A shudder passed over the young man's frame, and he changed the subject of conversation. But the girl would not listen. "You must kiss me," she said, "or you do not love

Turning ghastly pale in the dim half light George, looking woefully worn and lined, sat of the turned down gas, he averted his head up on his elbow and looked across at his and said in a low, choking voice, "I cannot

"Cannot!" shricked the girl in an agony mouth open and his eyelids and nose still a "Cannot!" shrieked the girl in an agony Ettle inflamed by the heat and salt of tears. of grief, clinging to him with the energy of Christian forgiveness and benevolence never despair, while a deathly pallor overspread her wore a guise in which they looked less like cheek. " Tell me, George, tell me truly what has

> For an instant there was silence, and then George W. Simpson said in low, bitte;

"I am chewing plug tobacco." Two minutes later Juliet came into the dress with great quiet, having it in room kicking something along the floor in

It was a cuspidore. She had proven her love.-Ex.

-It is about time for some antique old